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THE

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VOL. XXXVIII No. 1

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER year of our THEOSOPHIST lies behind us; another year of our THEOSOPHIST opens before us, our Thirty-eighth volume. Thirty-seven years of unbroken succession have passed over us. How many lie in front, who can tell? For the times are stormy, and the difficulties are many; our press is under heavy security, and I know not if it will be shut down, for I am not a prophet, nor can I forecast the incalculable. I do not know for what reason the security has been imposed, for the Executive gives no reasons. I have not received a warning of any kind, during my eight years of work, so I have nothing to guide me as to the wishes or the objections of the Executive. I am groping entirely in the dark. But in order to protect the press as much as I can, I have set up a new press in Madras, and have removed thither the *Commonweal* and all political pamphlets, leaving nothing for the Vasanta Press but purely religious and social publications. During these times of War, it is very difficult to keep a press going, all materials being so dear, and the price of paper also exorbitant. The printing of the *Commonweal* and of the political pamphlets has enabled me to maintain the Press during these War years, and unless we can obtain some general printing,

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it is difficult to see how it can be made to pay its way. The beauty of our Samskṛt publications has brought much credit to the Adyar Library among Indian and foreign scholars, but we cannot live upon these, as they are necessarily slowly produced. The great business has been built up during years of steady labour, but a stroke of the pen of the Executive menaces it with destruction. I do not complain; that would be childish. I merely state facts.

***

It will not be possible for me henceforth to write freely, as you, my readers, love that I should write, on my own work, and on the subjects which interest us so profoundly. This is a loss alike to you and to me, but it is inevitable, and we must make the best of it. I ask you to help me to carry THE THEOSOPHIST through the dark valley, while we hope for better days. It must be remembered that changes occur in the *personnel* of the Government, and that a change of persons may mean a change of policy. One office has just changed hands, another will be changed early in the coming year, so that half the *personnel* will be changed.

***

Two years will have passed, when next month opens, since I wrote fully and strongly on the War, and the noble part played therein by England. I desire now to endorse every word therein written, for I hold as strongly now as then that this War is a War of Ideals, not merely of Nations, and that the place of every true Theosophist is on the side of Righteousness and Honour, of the sacredness of treaties and the protection of the weak. There is but one end possible to this War, the triumph of Righteousness over wrong. If wrong could triumph, then the world would enter on a period of frightful suffering. European civilisation would perish as those of Babylon, of Egypt, of Rome have perished, and Europe would be trampled into ruin under the heel of the New Barbarians. That will not be.

Most of us believe in the Coming of the World-Teacher, and we look on the present World-War as part of the preparation for that coming. The old and worn-out must be destroyed in order that the new may come into its place, the weeds must be torn up in order that the shrubs which are to flower into beauty may be planted in their room. Hence, to us, the War is but a means to an end, and our hearts are neither troubled nor afraid. But they are set on the work of preparation, "to make ready a people prepared for the Lord," and it is worth while to consider along what lines we should work. I had intended to write for this first number of a new volume an article entitled, "On the Wider Outlook of the Theosophical Society," but the legal case in which I am concerned being fixed for September 27th, and considerable time being needed for its preparation, I have been obliged to defer the writing of the article, I hope only to next month.

***

Let us consider what movements there are in the world around us which are distinctly preparatory for certain definite lines of evolution. The Theosophical Movement is all-inclusive, the inspiring spirit of all, the ambient atmosphere by which all are nourished. Therefore I put that aside, to seek the more specialised movements, concerned not with the whole civilisation but with particular portions of it. Of these there are three on which we may specially dwell.

***

First and foremost comes the upbringing of the children of the day, those who will be lads and lasses, young men and women, when He comes. The very young are still malleable, and, placed in good conditions, would shape themselves into readiness for service. The boys and girls of the secondary school age are susceptible of high aspiration, and an education rightly conducted would yield the fairest fruits by the time that He will be among us, giving Him receptive and even eager listeners by tens and hundreds of thousands. The elder students of college age are necessarily more

formed, but the bulk of them are full of high ideals, are longing to serve. To them, in so far as they can be influenced, must fall much of the work of preparation, and we elders must look to them as our co-workers in the great task which has to be accomplished ere He can come.

***

The work of Education, then, comes first in importance. For this the little book, *Education as Service*, was written; for this the Theosophical Educational Trust, an attempt to form a body for that soul, was established. The Trust, started in India, has already taken firm root in England, and it may be that similar affiliated Trusts, each formed under the laws of its own country, may appear in countries within and without the British Empire. The key-notes of the Trust are: Education founded on and inspired by religion, the unity of religions being recognised, but each pupil being specially instructed in the tenets of his parents' faith, while trained to respect the religions of others. Cordial relations between teachers and students, marked by mutual respect, gentleness and affection, discipline being maintained by reason and love, not by punishments and harshness. Study of each student, so as to bring out his faculties, eliminate any undesirable tendencies, and help him in due course to the choice of a career in life. Avoidance of early specialisation; effort to evolve character and train will; careful development of the body, and therefore watchfulness over nutrition, exercise, rest, and self-control; presentation of high ideals of patriotism, courage, serviceableness, duty, sacrifice, and the stimulation of their practice by examples of, and if possible contact with, men and women who embody any of these to a marked degree. The balance of literary, artistic, scientific and manual education, to train the reason, the taste, the judgment, and the hands, in the early stages, preparing for the passing into the learned professions, the arts, the sciences, the crafts, according to ability and preference.

The spreading of the principles of the Theosophical Educational Trust by lectures, articles, discussions, conversation, the founding of schools under it, and the bringing of existing schools under its control, the collection of funds to increase its area of work, all these are part of the direct preparation for the Coming of the World-Teacher, and should be undertaken with that in view. We may be sure that this work would specially please the World-Teacher, and would receive His benediction, for He is the Lover of children and of the young, as we see Him in Shrī Kṛshṇa and in the Christ.

***

What can be specially done for the great religion He founded when last on earth, to which the western world instinctively turns, for the millions who cling to it, who love its ritual, who cherish its traditions, who fain would be distinctively Christian while still seeking for mystical interpretations, who feel the need of the sacramental order and the living environment of the Church? There is slowly growing up in Europe, silently but steadily, with its strongest centre perhaps in Holland, but with members scattered in other European countries, the little known movement called the Old Catholic, with the ancient ritual, with unchallenged Orders, yet holding itself aloof from the Papal Obedience. This is a living, Christian, Church which will grow and multiply as the years go on, and which has a great future before it, small as it as yet is. It is likely to become the future Church of Christendom " when He comes ". This is the second movement.

***

There are also many in the West who are not attracted to Christianity, but who feel a certain blank in their lives, when they have outgrown the old forms and have discovered none others to take their place. Many men in America and in Great Britain especially, having left the churches, have found in the great Brotherhood of Masonry an emotional and mystical satisfaction and a physical training. Masonry has,

to them, become a religion. But ordinary Masonry has the great deficiency that it excludes women. A body which shuts out half humanity cannot be permanent, and in these days—when women have shown such perfect heroism as doctors and nurses in the War-zone, such capacity for taking up forms of unaccustomed physical labour where men were wanting—it becomes even ludicrous. This lack of universality in Masonry, this disharmony with the spirit of the time, as well as this opposition to the ancient rule which disregarded sex as a qualification or disqualification for the Mysteries—these things make it imperative to open Masonry to women. Hence has arisen the Co-Masonic Movement, in which the ritual is, in all essentials, that of masculine Masonry, but in which Womanhood is no bar to admission. Started in France, it passed to England, and England has far outstripped France in the number of its Lodges. Here also is the germ of a mighty Movement, and wide vistas of advance are opening before it. It is the third movement.

***

Such are three embryonic Movements which will grow strong and powerful in the coming years. In each one of them work is going on in preparation for the Coming, and fortunate are those who, in the days of their weakness, are intuitional enough to seize their significance and to strengthen them with their adhesion. A dozen years hence, readers who remember these words will realise their truth.

***

The War has bruised many hearts, and has torn gaps in many a family circle, but nowhere, I think, has it made a rent more pathetic than it has wrought in The Priory, Bidston, in the family of one whose name is well known to our readers, Joseph Bibby. The peculiar charm of that household lay in the family relations, the husband and wife, middle-aged but keen in their interest and generous in their help to every good movement which came in their way. Many of our British lecturers have shared in their

lavish hospitality. Round them a circle of stalwart sons and one daughter, the sons strong, eager, gay, full of life and energy, beautifully tender to their mother, and the friends of their father. The charm of the household lay in the frank freedom of the younger generation, and the generous and ungrudging helpfulness of the elder, ready to give the advice of the more experienced but never seeking to control the sons who had reached manhood. Three of these gallant young fellows went to the front as privates in the "Pals," apparently a local regiment, and went to France last November as machine-gunners. All three of them have been wounded, and one of them, the midmost in age, C. Leslie Bibby, who had already been wounded and had rejoined his regiment before the recent "push" began, was again wounded, this time fatally, and died in France. The last time I was in Lancashire, this young fellow, who has died so worthily for his country, gave me a pleasant motor drive from Manchester through Cheshire to Birkenhead, whither I went to deliver lectures. The life cut off was a promising one here, and will long be missed, but Leslie Bibby has won a higher step in the forefront of the army of evolution, and those who thus die find in death a portal to a greater and a larger life, swiftly returning to the earth as one of the leaders in the advancing army.

***

It is rather odd that the Round Table, founded in July, 1908, has had its name taken—certainly an unconscious appropriation—by the groups which started in Great Britain and the Dominions in 1910 to study Imperial Problems. The original Round Table is an international organisation of young people, who desire to be of use in their day and generation. Associates are boys and girls from thirteen to fifteen years of age. Boys and girls over fifteen are admitted as Companions, and over twenty-one, if good workers, they may become Knights. A Knight makes another Round Table by gathering twelve Companions and Associates round him. Associates and Companions follow a simple discipline. In each country is a Senior Council,

and there are such governing bodies in England, Australia, New Zealand, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and America. Belgium must be scattered now, and in Italy and Spain there are only isolated workers.

***

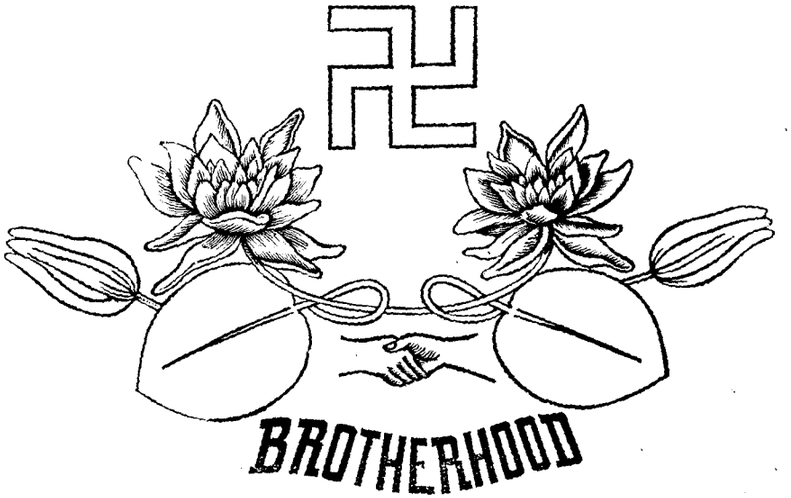
Theosophical work goes on steadily in India, and I leave this evening (September 22nd) to preside at a Theosophical Conference held at Negapatam on the 23rd and 24th. These Theosophical Conferences, held by District Federations all over India, resemble those held by similar Federations in Britain, and serve to draw the members together, and to enhance the sense of unity.

***

Dr. Otto Schrader, the late Director of the Adyar Library, has accomplished a fine piece of work during his internment as a prisoner of War in Ahmednagar. The military authorities have very kindly allowed Dr. Schrader to receive the necessary books, so that he has been able to utilise his enforced leisure in work dear to his scholarly heart. The book is a very learned one, and is intended to serve as an *Introduction to the Pāñcharātra and the Ahirbudhnya Samhiṭā*. Dr. Schrader had previously published a standard text of the *Ahirbudhnya* in two volumes.

***

The Theosophical Convention will be held this year at Lucknow, and a great crowd is expected. The last time that it was held in the United Provinces was in 1913, when we met in Benares. In 1914 we met at Adyar, in 1915 in Bombay. The plan lately adopted of moving from place to place has met with much approval, and is likely, I think, to be continued. But probably in this third year of the War, we shall, as at our two previous meetings, have but few visitors from abroad. Passport restrictions are so troublesome, and strangers so suspected, that it is far better that they should not come to India.



A POEM BY GIORDANO BRUNO

By F. L. WOODWARD

"THE following ode," says Coleridge,[1] "was written by Giordano Bruno, under prospect of that martyrdom which he soon after suffered at Rome, for atheism; that is, as is proved by all his works, for a lofty and enlightened piety, which was of course unintelligible to bigots and dangerous to an apostate hierarchy. If the human mind be, as it assuredly is, the sublimest object which nature affords to our contemplation, these lines which portray the human mind under the action of its most elevated affections, have a fair claim to the praise of sublimity. The work from

[1] *Omniana*, p. 367. Bohn's Complete Works of S. T. C.

which they are extracted is exceedingly rare (as, indeed, all the works of the Nolan philosopher), and I have never seen them quoted ;—

Daedaleas vacuis plumas nectere humeris
Concupiant alii; aut vi suspendi nubium
Alis, ventorumve appetant remigium ;
Aut orbitae flammantis raptari alveo;
Bellerophontisve alitem.

Nos vero illo donati sumus genio,
Ut fatum intrepidi objectasque umbras cernimus,
Ne caeci ad lumen solis, ad perspicuas
Naturae voces surdi, ad divum munera
Ingrato adsimus pectore.

Non curamus stultorum quid opinio
De nobis ferat, aut queis dignetur sedibus.
Alis ascendimus sursum melioribus!
Quid nubes ultra, ventorum ultra est semita,
Vidimus, quantum satis est.

Illuc conscendent plurimi, nobis ducibus,
Per scalam proprio erectam et firmam in pectore,
Quam Deus et vegeti sors dabit ingeni ;
Non manes, pluma, ignis, ventus, nubes, spiritus,
Divinantum phantasmata,

Non sensus vegetans, non me ratio arguet,
Non indoles exculti clara ingenii ;
Sed perfidi sycophantae supercilium
Absque lance, statera, trutina, oculo,
Miraculum armati segete.

Versificantis grammatistae encomium,
Buglossae Graecissantum, et epistola
Lectorem libri salutantum a limine,
Latrantum adversum Zoilos, Momos, mastiges—
Hinc absint testimonia!

Procedat nudus, quem non ornant nubila,
Sol. Non conveniunt quadrupedum phalerae
Humano dorso. Porro Veri species
Quaesita, inventa, et patefacta me efferat!
Etsi nullus intelligat,
Si cum natura sapio, et sub numine,
Id vere plus quam satis est.

"The conclusion alludes to a charge of impenetrable obscurity, in which Bruno shares one and the same fate with Plato, Aristotle, Kant, and in truth with every great discoverer and benefactor of the human race; excepting only when the discoveries have been capable of being rendered palpable to the outward senses, and have therefore come under the cognizance of our 'sober judicious critics' and the men of 'sound common sense'; that is, of those snails in intellect, who wear their eyes at the tips of their feelers, and cannot even see unless they at the same time touch. When these finger-philosophers affirm that Plato, Bruno, etc., must have been 'out of their senses,' the just and proper retort is;—'Gentlemen! it is still worse with you! you have lost your reason!'."

I here present the reader with a translation of the Latin Ode, which, though not approaching the "sublimity" of the vigorous, if faulty Latinity of the original, will yet give some idea of the proud scorn of our great

cannot be explained by any theory of association of ideas, as they concern ideas which have not previously entered into the consciousness. We are, therefore, obliged to seek another explanation. This involves a greater knowledge of consciousness itself than is generally possessed.

Consciousness may be considered to be one of the primal energies. It exists in, of, and by itself. Consciousness and life are interchangeable terms, since where life exists, there is consciousness, and vice versa.

Therefore the law of the Conservation of Energy applies also to Consciousness. It can neither be increased nor destroyed; it changes its condition but never ceases to exist. Light may be broken into spectra by a prism and consciousness may function through an organism, but both are independent of such media. Consciousness in human life exists in several states, and energises through different vehicles, which may correspond to the "Body, Soul and Spirit" of St. Paul.

During sleep, the consciousness retreats or involves itself into the higher conditions, and such recollections as subsist in waking consciousness are such as succeed in passing from the higher states or conditions of consciousness and in impressing themselves on the physical brain. Such impressions, however, are liable to be confused and distorted by the media: also they are often linked to other images of the lower mind, caused by external stimuli, which has the effect of throwing them out of focus, and so causes their degeneration from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The scientific study of dreams is a most fascinating branch of the new psychology, for by the analysis of our dreams, by treating ourselves as the subjects of

experiments, it is possible to acquire a certainty of things spiritual which nothing can shake.

The study should be made, however, upon strictly scientific lines. Dreams should be tabulated and classified. This new Science awaits its Linnæus!

Only incorrect assumptions can be made from incomplete data. Philosophers tend to accept such dreams as serve to illustrate their own theories and to exclude such as cannot be explained by them.

When we have a complete classification of dreams, then we shall be able to form them into separate species, genera, families and groups. When this has been done, then it will be possible for this science to take a great stride forward; it may well become the basis of a reconstructed and spiritual psychology. The Oracle of Delphi: "MAN KNOW THYSELF," may come to receive much greater consideration, when it becomes evident that there are depths in our nature which have existed all unsuspected by our greatest Philosophers, who have not hesitated to entitle themselves Agnostics, when they might with a more profound research into their own natures have quite as readily followed the old denomination and have called themselves Gnostics.

"That which we think upon, that we become." In our dream life it is well known that we tend to repeat those ideas and thoughts which have exercised our waking hours, so that it may become possible for persistent effort and high and noble thinking so to educate our dream life, that the hours spent in slumber may be a source of inspiration and enjoyment for our waking life.

Ernest G. Palmer

INDIVIDUAL AND NATIONAL KARMA

By W. D. S. BROWN

IN offering a few suggestions on this extremely difficult subject, I must warn my readers that the conclusions to which I have been driven for the time being, differ in many respects from those now gaining in favour; at the same time they are well supported by earlier testimony and—for us the chief consideration—by conformity with facts that can be observed by all. Needless to say, however, I have not embarked on this perilous voyage of discovery for the short-lived joy of airing personal opinions, but because, firstly, we have here a plain and vital point of contact between Theosophical knowledge and the national problems that are occupying the minds of all, and secondly, because it seems to me that by sorting out and examining our ideas in this connection we may avoid some of the pitfalls into which action based on popular catchwords must inevitably lead. My aim, then, is to invite my readers to consider (1) what are the facts that constitute (*a*) a race and (*b*) a nation, (2) the light that such facts throw on events, especially those through which we are passing, and (3) the use that can be made of such facts in influencing the course of future events.

At the outset it will be necessary to assume a general acquaintance with the field of thought covered by the word karma. Most people who admit the

universality of law in nature do so to a great extent intuitively, perhaps because experience has developed their own sense of order and fitness. But when we come to apply the analogies of physical mechanics—for instance: "Action and reaction are equal and opposite"—to the realms of thought and emotion, we are at once faced by our almost complete ignorance of the subtler conditions under which these psychic forces act, and we find it impossible to follow up any concrete case. In the investigation of even physical phenomena it is often difficult to obtain access to all the data necessary for calculating the result of a given operation. For example, it would be comparatively easy to predict the side on which a coin spun in the air would fall, if only we were given the force applied to the coin, its direction, and the point of its application; but in the absence of this information we are accustomed to regard "tossing up" as a typical case of "chance". But when we attempt to trace the more important consequences of human action, we are not only handicapped from the start by the absence of data as to the causes leading up to the action under consideration, but we have as yet no standard wherewith to measure the relative values of psychic and physical forces, and hence we are frequently finding apparently trivial causes producing what seem to be prodigious effects, and vice versa. We shall be wise, therefore, to content ourselves for the present with noting pronounced tendencies, and drawing tentative inferences to be subjected to the test of time. The personal element is still bound to influence our conclusions, but there is an habitual recognition of the fitness of things that is fairly constant for most trained minds and inherent in the idea of justice.

The difficulties involved in attempting to disentangle the threads of individual karma are still further magnified when we approach a problem of collective karma, such as that of a race or nation. The generation of individual karma is naturally associated with a certain responsibility incurred by the individual for his action, but who can be said to assume responsibility for a national action, such as an alliance with another nation? The first answer that will occur to most people is that this responsibility is distributed between the individuals composing a nation in proportion to the capacity and opportunity of each for arriving at a decision and carrying it out. But here we are at once met by the objection that very often the members of a nation who are chiefly responsible for great changes, do not live to experience those changes at all, while none live to reap their effects to the full. Even if their next incarnation is taken in the same nation, it is more than probable that the national characteristics and conditions will have been further modified by that time. Apparently, however, the more usual procedure is for the individual to incarnate in another nation for the sake of a change in experience, as it is held to be part of the purpose of reincarnation to develop every side of the character; therefore, while births taken in different nations are utilised to bring out different traits of character, a succession of births in the same nation would conduce to a one-sided development. Undoubtedly the individual will eventually have to meet conditions of the kind that he has set up, but this may not take place for a long time, and by then the circumstances may be very different. It is evident, then, that the karma of a nation cannot be represented by the sum of

any particular threads of individual karma, but rather as a pattern woven by portions of individual threads as they cross the national fabric.

On the other hand we are hearing more and more frequently nowadays that a nation is itself a larger individual, often called a "soul," with an independent existence of its own, and that therefore a clearly definable thread of karma attaches to it in that capacity. But let us try and be clear as to what we mean by the word "individual" in this connection. Is the word used merely as the equivalent of "unit," namely an organised body, having certain mutually dependent parts and functions that cause it to cohere and react to stimulus as a whole? In this case no one would deny that a civilised and fairly homogeneous nation would comply with this definition, retaining, as it does, the effects of its vicissitudes in the form of laws, customs, buildings, etc., as well as a distinctive physical heredity. Or is it implied that a nation is a *self-conscious* unit, of an order similar to and presumably higher than man, a being of superior knowledge capable of planning and initiating action? This is certainly the impression produced by many who are reviving the cult of the "Nation," whether as the "Empire" or the "Motherland" (no connection with the "Fatherland"!), as a means of raising the individual consciousness (to what level we are not exactly told) by merging it in the national "soul".

Midway between these two conceptions lies a plausible, but, I submit, entirely misleading analogy with the group-soul of an animal species. Now what is the function of the group-soul in the animal kingdom? Plainly to place at the disposal of each member of the species the results of the past experiences of the whole

Sonata". Those who have had the pleasure of listening to a rendering of this beautiful sonata, will have a difficulty in supposing it could have been produced merely by external stimulus during sleep. A state which could produce music of such a high order must be the antithesis of that condition of "disinterestedness," which Bergson regards as the peculiar characteristic of sleep.

There are many other dreams even more difficult of explanation by this hypothesis. For instance, Von Hartmann tells us of an abstruse mathematical problem, the solution of which eluded him while awake, being satisfactorily completed in a dream. This implies a mental coherence of a very high order, and is something very different to the dreams of which Bergson gives examples; and one cannot understand how mere "disinterestedness," or a relaxed state of consciousness, working without coherence and a close relationship and association of ideas, could solve a problem in higher mathematics.

There seems to be some evidence to show that dream life is influenced by Telepathy. Communication between mind and mind, other than by physical media, or what we ordinarily regard as physical, appears to be authenticated so far that Prof. Oliver Lodge considers Telepathy as scientifically proven. That imponderable something—which is at the base of all the phenomena of sound, light, heat, and electricity, and which, for want of a better name, we call "ether"—may be the medium through which these communications are made. We are familiar with telephones, and may yet become accustomed to that new invention which will show us the portrait of the speaker at the other

end. Marconigrams by wireless telegraphy are now of common occurrence and surprise none. Telepathy is not so well known, but it may readily be understood that when the mind is in a negative condition during sleep, a message of distress or indeed of any emotion of sufficient force, may be received in such a form as to appear in the waking consciousness and be remembered as a dream. This type of dream is not to be classed with those of a prophetic or previsional nature. It has rather to do with the past, and brings to the knowledge of the recipient something of which he was previously unaware.

There is, however, another class of dream, which proves the existence of something beyond the knowledge of Bergson. These are dreams giving definite prevision of future events. If all dreams are due to physical stimuli, such dreams as these would be impossible.

Many examples might be given, did space permit, of this kind of dream. Maurice Maeterlinck narrates one in which a long-connected series of events was foreseen in a dream, which happened three or four months before they occurred. Most people have either had such a dream themselves or have heard of others who have had an experience of this kind. The writer has been sufficiently fortunate to have had evidence of both kinds. He was able to investigate a prophetic dream of this nature which occurred to a friend, and from the evidence he was obliged to conclude that it was a genuine case of prevision. Such dreams have also occurred to himself.

Physiologists are unable to account for this class of dream, which clearly cannot be due to physical stimulus; while psychologists are equally at fault, for they

this class, judging by the results she achieved, though psychics seem rather fond of believing their "spirit guides" to be archangels.

Let us now return to earth for a while, and see if we can get some idea of the relative importance of the various factors that constitute nationality, and the extent to which they survive the passing of individuals and become the property of the nation and the basis of its conduct as a whole. In this way we may be able to see more clearly what is the "vehicle" of national karma, the reality behind the loose application of the theological term "soul".

The bond of nationality has always been symbolised by "blood," and the symbol appears to be founded on a fact in nature. The physical body, with all its hereditary tendencies, is obviously the principle factor in determining nationality. "Where were you born?" is the first question asked in any declaration of nationality; and if this does not satisfy, the next is: "Where were your parents born?" Colonists may wander to the ends of the earth, but the "accident" of birth brings them together or keeps them apart, often for generations. After all we must admit that during physical life the physical body has a good deal to say in the ordering of our lives, and probably its peculiarities extend far into the life after death by force of association. Not only has every change of consciousness to be translated by the physical brain and nervous system, but the predisposing tendencies of the physical constitution towards action are perhaps the most difficult of any to modify.

Next we might well place language. Here we enter the realm of mind, though the "mother-tongue"

is again more a matter of physical birth and consequent upbringing than a mere mental accomplishment. Every word of our native language carries with it a host of subconscious associations with the physical surroundings that we have grown to associate with ourselves from birth.

Under the heading of surroundings we may place parents, companions, landscape and customs. These all evoke a strong response from the astral body as it "sets," and continue throughout life as the inherent attraction exerted by the country of our birth and upbringing.

In education we have the basis of the mental equipment that the ego has to use through a particular life, and this must of necessity accentuate national distinction to a great extent, though it need not be allowed to do so to the same extent and in the detrimental manner that it does at present. History, for example, has long been about as natio-centric as it could be, and mediæval at that—kings, battles, dates, and "glorious victories". Other nations are mostly "the enemy" or "foreigners," "allies" at the best. Against this exclusive tendency in education, which has been the catspaw of militarism in Germany, we can turn with increasing hope to studies of a scientific trend, as helping the impressionable minds of the young to see nature as nature and not "territory," and man as man and not "subject" or "alien".

Coming to the life of the adult, "occupation" is of course not necessarily national, in fact the principal trades are common to all nations and form a bond of union among the workers that before the war was beginning to rival the national bond. On the other

species, until the animal is able to act independently on the results of its own experience. Roughly speaking the group-soul stands in the relation of a mother to her children; the aim of a healthy mother being to bring up her children to support themselves, and not rely on her for everything. Similarly true progress for the animal consists in gradually breaking away from the group-soul, until the point of individualisation is reached. Yet the upholders of this analogy seem to think that progress for man consists in going back to the group-soul type of consciousness in the form of the nation, whereas the real process of unification on the path of human progress is the exact converse of the group-soul consciousness. The group-soul is one intelligence *informing* many bodies, the "heavenly man" is one body *informed* by many intelligences.

The result, then, of surrendering individual intelligence to the mass intelligence of the nation, or, to put it bluntly, of allowing governments, newspapers, etc., to do our thinking for us, must be a step nearer to the animal kingdom, from which we have barely succeeded in extricating ourselves, and farther from the divine kingdom to which we aspire. The same argument applies to emotion, only much more so, because it is so much more contagious and, at our stage of evolution, unreasonable. Moreover if we had to choose between trusting the instinct of an animal and the promises of a political party, we might well prefer the former, as the animal group-soul seems to know its business; in fact it may be regarded as the monad working almost directly in dense matter, whereas, though national affairs may manifest in slightly finer matter, the matter seems to have fairly got the upper hand.

The answer usually made to this indictment is that the ordinary course of conflicting and mostly sordid interests along which a nation "muddles," is not a manifestation of the national "soul" at all. This amiable being, they say, keeps well out of the hard work of office and factory, until perhaps there is a war or something else exciting enough to provide him with an outing at his people's expense. Then, they say, the nation suddenly feels its unity with its "soul," and forgets about everything it formerly thought important, in the one impulse to save itself. So does a crowd in a panic; and the first way of salvation that comes handy is that of trampling down everything that comes in the way of escape. Do we find the nation as a whole displaying any special wisdom in such emergencies? Certainly we do find unsuspected powers of endurance in individuals; but if the national soul is at last doing something, we should naturally expect to see some evidence of it in the avoidance of obvious blunders, to say the least of it. Yet history shows that a nation "aroused" is generally a nation temporarily blinded, unless a strong individual is at the head to curb and direct the maddened steeds of popular passion.

The group-soul theorists are of course ready with the answer that the national leader, when he manages to do the right thing at the right time—which is by no means often—does not succeed by dint of his own ability, but because he is inspired by the group-soul. But what about the other people who are supposed to attain to union with the national soul? It rather looks as if this ungrateful being left them to their own devices while he lavished his attentions on a leader whose main idea was probably to get his own name up.

Who of the national heroes of history have left any records suggesting that they were aware of any abnormal state of consciousness which might be called union with their people? Has it not been in nearly every case the personal influence (often the physical presence) of the leader that has held the people together, with the result that confusion has followed when that personality has been removed? Many of these dominating personalities have admitted that they despised their own followers and used them as puppets in their game; others have believed themselves to be chosen and inspired, but always by no one less than the Almighty; they would be the first to resent the imputation that their God was a local production.

Most probably the origin of these two latter theories of national consciousness, *i.e.*, the demi-god theory and the group-soul theory, is to be found in the statement that every nation is a special object of interest to a deva or angel, who acts under the orders of the Manu of the root-race from which the nation is chiefly recruited. This statement seems to be quite in accord with what we know already. If we accept the existence of the deva evolution, as administering the elemental kingdoms under the four Devarājas, it is reasonable to suppose that the "type" of a race and, to a lesser degree, of a nation, is largely determined by the proportions assigned to the elements in the bodies of that race, astral and mental as well as physical. This work would naturally fall under the supervision of the devas, and we can easily understand a particular deva specialising on the requirements of a particular race or nation. Again, we have good reason to believe that the deva kingdoms, and through

them the elemental kingdoms, are especially connected with the working out of karma, and that therefore the deva of a race or nation would be concerned with the kārmic aspect of the national life, the liabilities incurred in the past, and the most suitable ways and times in which to meet them. This rôle exactly corresponds with the "impersonal" and often forbidding attitude attributed to the devas, to which scriptural tradition bears witness in its visions of "an angel standing over the city with drawn sword," foreboding national disaster.

But this is a very different thing from controlling the entire consciousness of a nation, in the same relation that the ego bears to the human personality. We have always been given to understand that the deva evolution was distinct from the human evolution, at least as far as the highest levels, and that between the two there existed a great gulf in consciousness that made close intercourse between them undesirable at the present stage. For instance, a deva's ideas of "morality" are said to be so different from our own, that to follow their example would soon get us into trouble both in the outer world and the inner. Still less can it be expected that a deva would be capable of understanding or sympathising with the complex social problems that play so important a part in the life of a nation, arising as they do from a variety of personal and economic interests that are continually acting and re-acting on one another. No, the national deva is just cut out for the part of "the property man" in *The Yellow Jacket*, who supervises the performance from the wings of the stage, and intervenes like the proverbial bolt from the blue when the occasion demands. One can easily picture Joan of Arc's "St. Michael" as belonging to

hand labour has set up an ugly barrier between white and coloured races owing to the lower standard of living accepted by the latter. We have to recognise this fresh industrial menace to the world's peace before we embark on reconstruction, and provide for it before it becomes acute. But when we look at trade from the commercial standpoint, we find that instead of its being a consolidating factor among nations, it is just the opposite—a national intensifier of the bitterest order. The result is that "keeping the foreigner out" looms very large in the consciousness of the average business man. The professions cannot be said to emphasise the national consciousness to any pronounced degree, that is to say if we exclude the army and navy, which live on national antagonism. Political life is of course essentially national in its methods and outlook, but on the whole it stands for the finer elements of nationality, though its undercurrents of intrigue by press and vested interests are not a hopeful feature. Yet the statesman of the future, if not of the present, must be prepared to come off his perch of cocksure imperialism and conceive new relations on a world scale and on eternal principles. I do not propose to trespass on the delicate ground of art, which usually receives a welcome share of attention in this magazine, except to remark that while it is undoubtedly enriched by all that is of distinctive beauty in a nation, its influence on the mind and emotions tends in the main to bring nations together through their very variety of expression, rather than to keep them apart.

This catalogue of truisms has been drawn up with the idea of giving a kind of composite photograph of the mental and emotional make-up of the average man or

woman from the nationalistic standpoint, and I claim that such a composite photograph represents the national soul, or what does duty for one. Of course the simile of a photograph fails to express many other aspects, such as magnitude, energy and inertia. We might also regard it as a mental and emotional atmosphere, a huge reservoir of psychic force, continually being charged by the similar thoughts and feelings generated by the real units of the nation, its individuals, and impinging on the aura of every member of the nation so as to give it a peculiar rhythm, which remains even after a change of country.

Such a powerful, though probably nebulous, body of thought and emotion can easily be understood to have a continuity and karma of its own, especially when we remember that it represents the field of evolution for a host of elemental, semi-intelligent beings. We can appreciate the tremendous inertia of public opinion, as well as its beneficial effect in uplifting and harmonising the less advanced members of the nation. We can imagine the effect of a clash between great masses of national pride, vibrating at mutually discordant rates, when these are launched at one another by the wanton devices of national ambition. But above all we cannot fail to realise that we can help our nation most by keeping our focus of consciousness above this cloud of self-satisfied prejudice, and charging it with our leaven of spiritual energy.

From this it follows that the really great national leader is such, not by virtue of being obsessed by the nation's fixed ideas, or even its aspirations, but by sheer ability to read the hearts of a people from the vantage-point of clear vision, admitting their failings as

well as recognising their potencies, and to utilise and organise the forces and forms already available for the next step in their national evolution, instead of either attempting to combat them or pandering to them.

In the same way the real vanguard of the nation is composed of those who can respond to the wider and often seemingly impracticable lines of thought and action advocated by the leader, and add their individual contributions. Such pioneers need not look for any reward but the knowledge that they are co-operators in evolution, and that the great law cannot fail. This is often the very reverse of "feeling oneself part of a larger life" in the sense of that easy-going *esprit de corps* that we hear so much about—an excellent thing in its way. The candidate for real union with the hearts of a people—the only national soul worth the effort—must effect this union from above and not from below, must learn to stand alone and demonstrate an untried principle, undeterred by abuse or flattery; when, suddenly, perhaps long after the sufferer has left the physical body, the saviour will stand revealed to his persecutors as the embodiment of their own aspirations. In this way "atonement" is made for "the sins of the people". It is the composite body of national psychic expression which slays the prophets by its antipathy to change, but which, when once harnessed to the wheels of progress, carries the nation to its appointed goal.

It may have been noticed that I set out by making a distinction between the kārmic status of a race and a nation, but have drifted into a survey of the nation alone. This is excusable in view of the interest now focused on nationality. However, I intended all along

to return to this larger and more natural unit, the race, in contrast to the smaller and more artificial unit, the nation. This contrast is all the more important, seeing that not only do races include more than one nation, but nations include more than one race, as, for example, the British nation includes members of both the Teutonic and Celtic races. So we have to allow for the constant overlapping and intersection of the two different units—race and nation; a fact which again it is not easy to reconcile with the theory of a higher mass individuality. I spoke of the race unit as being a more natural division than a nation, not only because the natural law of heredity tends to perpetuate the characteristics of a race in spite of interspersion and a certain amount of intermarriage, but because we Theosophists especially regard a race as a phase of evolution pre-existing in the divine mind or "great plan," and deliberately bred by the expert selection and stimulation of one of the great moulders of the human form that we speak of in Theosophy as Manus. In the case of a root-race I think we have the foundation for a genuine amalgamation of consciousness, for it is said that all who attain to adeptship in the same root-race are incorporated in a "heavenly man," whose head is the Manu and whose heart is the Bodhisaṭṭva of that race.

It is therefore not surprising that when the representatives of two races, or rather—in Theosophical terminology—sub-races, are brought together within the same nation by geographical, political, or commercial expediency, the racial bond should remain within the national bond, and often survive and even outweigh the latter. For instance there is more real resemblance

in temperament between the "Celtic fringe" of Ireland and that of Wales or the highlands of Scotland than between the north and south of Ireland. This is not to say that the juxtaposition of different racial characteristics is undesirable; it is evidently a most important factor in the evolution of both the races concerned. It is only by being confronted with differences that man is stirred to appreciate and reconcile them. In America, for example, we have the unique spectacle of a number of different races, and even nations, coalescing to form a type different from all. Nevertheless in the early stages, as history shows, this clash of races within nations must necessarily result at times in dissensions, civil wars and redistributions.

Neither must we forget, in attempting to estimate the occult value of nationality, that such results have also been brought about by religious, political, and social differences. Fortunately people no longer resort to arms to prove a theological quibble. Some may retort that religion is so effete that no one any longer thinks it worth fighting about. This may be true of dogma and ritual, and few will regret it; but it is much more likely that religion is coming to be understood as life, and not the taking of life or the torture of bodies. Similarly people are slowly beginning to see that kings, and even prime ministers, are not worth the sacrifice of the flower of the manhood of a people whom they should only exist to serve. But the social, or rather economic, cause of instability still remains, and shows every sign of increasing. When the nations shall agree *among* themselves to live together on the same planet and under the same God, they will have to learn to agree *within* themselves to assume responsibility for

the welfare of their real units—the producers, by hand, brain and genius. The neglect of both these conditions has prevented the fulfilment of either; the fulfilment of either will hasten the fulfilment of both. For centuries we have all been busy piling up the karma of war; it is high time we began to attend to the karma of peace.

In conclusion, the main point, as it appears to me, may be conveniently "potted" in the form of a paradox: Individual karma may be national karma, but national karma need not be individual karma. In other words the individual may, and should, voluntarily take upon himself more or less of the karma of his nation by the exercise of responsible judgment in national affairs. He may even refuse to accept the greater part of the karma devolving upon him through birth by becoming naturalised in another nation. But to allow the karma of any nation to usurp the sense of individual responsibility to God and humanity, is to my mind an inversion of the divine purpose for which nations exist. The graduated expansion of consciousness to humanity via family, school, parish, town, county, province, nation, empire, etc., may be necessary for some people in matters physical and even mental, but the bargee who jumps in after a drowning Somali stoker, has for the moment burst through these arbitrary divisions and has reached humanity by one stroke of spiritual transcendence.

W. D. S. Brown

pioneer for the Inquisitorial nincompoops who could not see an inch before their noses.

THE HEROIC SOUL

Let others seek the plumes of Daedalus
To grace their naked shoulders; let them float
Upborne on cloudy wings and strive to ply
The oarage of the winds to speed their boat,
Upwhirled into the flaming orbit's void,
Or stride the flying Pegasus.

But I with such a genius am endowed
That dauntless I can gaze upon my fate
And on the gathered clouds that lie before;
Lest to the sun's light I be blind, and deaf
To the clear tones of nature; lest I greet
The High Gods' gifts with thankless heart.

I little reck what fools may think of me,
Or what the value to their thoughts assigned;
On stronger wings than theirs I soar aloft;
For I have gazed beyond the clouds and seen
What lies beyond the highway of the winds.
Enough for me what I have seen.

Thither shall many climb, with me for guide,
Up the stout ladder fixed in each man's heart—
The gift of God and man's bright destiny.
But me no ghost nor feather, fire nor wind,
No cloud nor spirit, dreams of sorcerers,
Nor lively sense, nor logic shall confute;
No cultured mind's clear-cut charactery,

No scrutiny of balance, scale or weights;
Nay! but the frown of treacherous sycophants
Armed with a crop of miracles.

I need no grammar-rhyming pedant's praise,
Mouth-stopper of the Greeklings, letter writ
To greet the reader at the very door,
No dogs that snarl against the critics' lash;
Not these the witnesses I need!

Let the bright sun move on! Harness of brutes
Fits not the back of men. The face of Truth,
Sought for and found and to the world divulged,
Shall bear me on. Tho' none may understand—
If I be wise with nature, under God,
Enough, more than enough for me!

F. L. Woodward

KITCHENER'S NEW ARMY

Extracts from Letters of a Subaltern in France

July—August 1916

First Impressions

Yesterday we left England—we had to wait a long time in the great sheds at . . . before embarking, and did not sail until late afternoon. The sea was lovely and Southampton Water at its very best. A sea-plane was flying above us, about 1,000 feet up; the driver came down on a long spiral, and then shot swiftly along quite close beside us—we cheered him as he waved to us. They are wonderfully graceful and ride on the sea like great gulls when they come down. All the embarking was done in admirable order. . . .

We officers remained up on the hurricane deck until it was quite dark, watching it all—the sun, the sea, the long low coast of England and the Isle of Wight looming to the West. Ahead of us was our guiding and protecting destroyer. . . .

We landed at about 7 this morning and marched along to a rest camp, where we now are under canvas. There is a clearing hospital at the quay and many hospital ships . . . So far, however, one has not

had the feeling of France in this canvas camp quite near the docks. But we saw parties of German prisoners at work under a typical French escort, with his long thin bayonet . . . I am quite well, and happy to be in "beloved France". . . .

. . . We had to parade very early on Sunday morning. It took hours to entrain. . . Some kind ladies came to a coffee stall and provided refreshment for the men. It is really heroic of them, for they were there by 4.30 a.m. and it was everything for the men to have the food. We were in the train till 12 on Sunday night, and then we were in sound of the guns. It was weird to get out in the dark and see the dark sky all lit up with flashes, whilst the noise was like far away continuous thunder. But our chaps are simply splendid; they had been huddled up all those hours in cattle trucks, and at the end we had a six mile march up nearer the guns through the dark, with our heavy packs, and not a man fell out. Well—here we are in a small French village, typical of many such, behind the firing lines—almost entirely given up to billeting—the barns full of men, and the officers in the cottages. . . .

Your letter brought me a deep feeling of peace. It is wonderful how strong the inner things which we love *are actually*. In times when things are hard they seem to be reinforced and to give an inner serenity, which one can sometimes pour out from oneself to those around. I have felt it many times with these new friends here, and feel that in a small way I have my work here.

We have come up into the firing line, and this is written from the fire steps of the front line trenches, on this beautiful clear morning with the guns hard

CORRESPONDENCE

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT AND THE COMING RACE

The most interesting article by G. E. Sutcliffe, the first instalment of which has appeared in the July THEOSOPHIST, contains several suggestions which will bear discussion.

If it is permitted to deduce from the existence of a "day of judgment" in the fifth round that there are others of the second, third and fourth orders taking place in the fifth globes, root-races and sub-races, then, in order to be logical, the possibility of a judgment in the fifth chain should also be mentioned. The failures in such an examination would, of course, be delayed until the next scheme of evolution.

But is it permissible to assume such a series of "days of judgment"? In the case of the fifth round examination we are told that "the majority will be left behind because they are too young to go on" (*The Inner Life*, Leadbeater, Vol. II, p. 295). And it is to be noted that while the more evolved of the "failures" come into the next chain at about its middle point as its leaders, that all of the previous work has also been done by "failures" of the less evolved sort (*ib.*, p. 326 *et seq.*). If this rule were to apply to Mr. Sutcliffe's fourth order judgment in Atlantis, it would mean that all the hard preliminary work in the building of the fifth root-race would be done by the least evolved of the failures; but we have been told that the pioneers of the race were rather carefully selected (*Man: Whence, How and Whither*, chap. XIV).

Again: the failures drop out at the time of any judgment, and wait until there is a stage which will permit of their incarnation with benefit to themselves and to others. In the case of the fifth round examination, the dropping out means that they will have to wait until an entirely new humanity passes from the animal to the human kingdom, and until this humanity reaches a position not far below that of the "failure" at the time when he was dropped. In the case of Mr. Sutcliffe's second, third and fourth order examinations, however, the one who was dropped would seem to come back into incarnation into surroundings and among neighbours more advanced than those from whom he was taken.

The above are some of the questions raised by a reading of the article in question, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Sutcliffe will find them of sufficient interest to justify his attention.

HERVEY GULICK

AMERICA AND THE NEW RACE

It is with regret, sadness, and foreboding that I read in the June THEOSOPHIST Mary Berry's words upon America and the New Race. Since the outbreak of the war, America has been attacked and criticised by both sides, but this has been the portion always of nations who remained even nominally neutral in the wars of history. Hitherto we have understood the strong feeling, which in such periods of intensity prevails over justice—understood and forgiven it. Now this sweeping condemnation of a whole people is so manifestly unjust that answer must be made.

Yet above the sense of injustice to a great people rises the sense of danger to the Theosophical Society; a menace, at this time of inflamed passions, which may undermine the great ideal of our order; which may do more to impede the evolution of man than the failure of any one nation—the danger of race jealousy among Theosophists. It has been given us at the time when the need of brotherhood is greatest, to manifest it to the world, based upon scientific truth and religious ideals. Shall we fail of this great purpose because we cannot live the teaching in our own ranks?

Most members of the Theosophical Society have made sacrifices in order to gain the privilege of working with this movement. Almost all are imbued with the feeling of grave responsibility which lies upon them in having joined it. They are so convinced of the vital importance of the work to which they have put their hand, that all other ties in life become less than that which binds them to the service of the Lodge. Therefore I know I must find answer in the hearts of Theosophists when I say that, higher than patriotism, deeper than love of race, should flame in each soul the love of man. He who seeks to follow in the steps of the great Teachers can belong to no one country, to no one people, but to the world; and he must give honour equally to all nations, knowing each one is necessary to the perfect whole, each destined to fulfil one essential role in the cosmic drama. If for a moment we could rise above all personal considerations and realise with our

hearts as we do with our minds that all are one, dependent each upon the other as are the members of the human body, that the failure of one endangers the welfare of the whole, we should be slower to condemn any race or people, and readier to hold out encouragement and succour to the soul of each man and of each people in its struggle for perfection.

It is useless to enter here into the question of America's duty in regard to the war. We are still too close to the issues involved, to see clearly whether we failed in a great crisis, or whether our neutrality resulted from some great inner scheme to hold steady certain portions of the planet, lest it be rent asunder by the violence and scope of the forces involved. It is significant with regard to this idea, that a political hazard only kept us out of war. The unexpected forming of a third great party brought Wilson into the Presidency as the choice of a minority of the people, an occurrence not paralelled in many years.

A few months ago, the English papers stated clearly that they recognised America could not enter the war, but they desired her moral support. Now that this has been granted them, now that Germany looks upon us as so hostile in feeling that she has given up all attempt to influence our opinion, England is not satisfied but demands active participation. Let me say just this: If America had broken openly with Germany, Belgium would have fared far worse than she did. At the time of her direst need, her resources, and such supplies as the various countries contributed, were organised by the genius of an American, who as a neutral was permitted to establish a temporary currency and a distributing government, by means of which food reached the people who needed it. Such was the disorganisation of government, railway and monetary system that without such aid many must have starved, even with food from England in their very harbours. Further, if America had made war on Germany, the last check upon the submarine warfare would have been lost. America has not been neutral in heart. American doctors and nurses gave their lives to cleanse Serbia. Side by side with France and England fights the American legion; from almost every town in the land come bandages and supplies for the Allies; and a stream of gold pours Eastward to the distressed countries, that often leaves our own people in want. If we have been less partisan than England, convinced as every nation is of the justice of its own cause, could have wished, it is in part because we have by our remoteness a better perspective, a clearer vision. In this titanic struggle we cannot see the villainy of one people made manifest, but the logical result of the policy of greed and deceit with which every government is tainted in the past

five hundred years. It is an evil, long in the blood, come to a head at last. That some nations are more wholly diseased than others, we have realised, but we have no hereditary enemy. We be the sons of all countries, the children of many nations, and our sense of brotherhood is strong. German, French, Italian, English, break bread with us and become part of our national family. Knowing here, as we do, these brothers of ours, beneath the treachery or cruelty of their governments we feel the soul of their people still true; and we cannot cast them out nor hate them, no, not if they slay our own kin. And they have. Many a family here mourns its dead. My brother-in-law died for France scarce a year ago; his brothers and my own cousin fight upon the battle line to-day.

Within the soul of this people works a leaven which compels them to see the other man's point of view. Perhaps its end will be a step towards real brotherhood. At present it is visible in the sympathy with the under dog, even with malefactors, so that juries often refuse to convict in the face of strong evidence of guilt. It is this same spirit of sympathy which makes them understand in part how the German people came to their tragic destiny. Misled, deceived by their leaders, they must pay a heavy price for their unwisdom. May the penalty exacted be not too hard! Perhaps out of this mooted question of neutrality good shall come; perchance by our very lack of passion, the period of hate in Europe shall be somewhat shortened. Shall, then, a whole people be condemned upon one decision at one moment of history? Shall they be judged unworthy of esteem because of the action of the political party in power at one short period of time? Is there indeed one nation whose hand is so clean that it dare to cast the first stone?

Now as to the question of the New Race, the destiny promised America by H. P. B. The American section has accepted the utterance gravely, with no elation but with the seriousness of deep responsibility, knowing responsibility is always a heavy burden. As Theosophists there can be no quarrelling as to whose is the greater honour. Conscious as every nation must be of its own shortcomings, we Americans will gladly relinquish any claim to be the parents of the New Race if others can be found more fit. Surely, surely the only important thing to anyone interested in the welfare of humanity is that the new child, the promise of the future, should have the best possible conditions for its growth and development. As for the honour involved, to desire it for its own sake is like desiring crucifixion for its notoriety. The honour of a grave responsibility! There is never a mortal high in power who will not bear witness to the unutterable

spiritual and physical leaders. After his journey to India in 1894 (during which time his monthly magazine, *Sphinx*, dedicated to Theosophical and similar subjects, that till then had such widespread influence, ceased its publication), he retired to a more solitary life, dedicating himself more and more to his scientific work, which consisted in demonstrating scientifically the truth of Reincarnation and Karma. But he did not altogether neglect the outer movement, so dear to his heart; for always, when the Section seemed in danger or difficulty, he appeared on the scene with word or action to put things in what to him seemed the right way.

This he did during the latest most serious difficulty, during the schism of the German Society produced by Dr. Steiner's movement. Those outside the German Section can hardly imagine the difficulties against which he had to work, how he had been attacked, calumniated, ridiculed and slandered; he, nearly alone against the great mass of Dr. Steiner's followers. And always he remained gentle, kind, courteous; so much so that he was called hypocrite and liar. There was certainly in him a great amount of adaptability, and an elasticity in his thinking process; so that after all it was not to be wondered at that he was accused of want of sincerity.

Thanks to his strenuous efforts, however, he succeeded in raising a new German Section from the small remnant that was left after the secession *en masse* of Dr. Steiner's majority. About the same time he introduced in his country the Order of the Star in the East, publishing also a little monthly magazine dedicated entirely to the spreading of the good news of the near coming of the Great One.

So Germany has not been quite lost to our Society. His friends will not forget him, remembering his gentleness and constant readiness to help. He will live amongst them as the personification of the three virtues demanded from us as members of the Order: Devotion, Steadfastness and Gentleness.

Yet he needed and deserved his rest, after long years of persevering work, of continuous struggles, and after the last months of painful suffering. But a soul of his calibre will not want to rest too long, and surely he will be judged useful and necessary for the great work in the near future.

G. B.

happiness of obscurity. If, therefore, another race be better fitted for the task, let her claim it. America's hour has not come; yet she knows that if the child race is to be brought forth, she must pay the penalty in blood and tears. She must make the great sacrifice and perchance lose her own life for the life to come. Do you who condemn America know the ordeal facing her? Take it if you will in her stead, and take with it into your bosoms the ancient evil of Atlantis with which she is already struggling, which she has undertaken to cleanse away for humanity's sake. It will be a mortal combat rivalled only by that which preceded the sinking of the great continent. You in Europe have met the outer evil. It lies with America to meet the inner. Give her help if you can.

Let race and people fulfil their destiny, but let us as Theosophists strive to fulfil our destiny as the brothers of the world. Let us hold intact that ideal of brotherhood without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour, that great first principle for which this Society came into life. If we fail of that we shall fail utterly. Let us not wrangle for bread from the Father's table. Let our motto be not to attain honour, not even to be worthy of honour, but humbly to serve mankind.

California MARY GRAY

QUERY

On page 4 of the collection of the *Esoteric Writings* of the late Mr. T. Subba Row, it is stated: "Find out the numerical value of the letters composing the word according to the methods given in ancient Tāntrik works." Will you kindly let me know where can I find this dictionary in which the numerical value of letters in Samskṛt is given, and oblige?

P. J. PURANIK

BOOK-LORE

Mind in Evolution, by L. T. Hobhouse, D.Litt. (Macmillan. London. Price 10s.)

The first edition of this book appeared in 1901; since then, as the author reminds us in his preface, psychology has made such rapid strides that the second edition calls for more than the usual notice. It is certainly a most careful and comprehensive study of animal consciousness in its development from the most elementary instinct to the dawning intelligence of the higher animals, concluding with a philosophical forecast of the social possibilities of the human mind. In Mr. Hobhouse the analytical introspection of the psychologist is found allied to the patient observation of the naturalist; as may be imagined, the combination is a singularly happy one, especially when it is backed by the power of clear expression and an evident love of animals for their own sake.

To follow this treatise (for it amounts to no less) conscientiously, requires both time and sustained application, but in spite of its length there is no appearance of superfluity or repetition, and the language is not unnecessarily technical. It is therefore quite within the capacity of the average student, and well calculated to repay a certain amount of effort by conferring a sure grasp of the steps by which the mental process has been acquired in the course of evolution.

The writer holds that the evolution of forms is not necessarily towards a higher type, but towards a greater variety of types, of which the most adaptable survive according to the conditions obtaining in different times and places. The only line of development that may be traced as continuous is that of mind. Instinct and intelligence are diametrically opposite in point of method, but intelligence "arises within the sphere of instinct," as the automatic actions of the latter become

correlated by experience and directed, first by desire and finally by conscious purpose. The connecting link between the two stages seems to consist in what the author calls "practical judgment," *i.e.*, when a definite choice is first made between alternative courses of action. The following illustration may be quoted as throwing a good deal of light on the working of nature:

> One may perhaps convey some conception of the difference by an image. Three persons start for a certain place. One does not know the way, but is directed to follow a certain road. Keeping to this road, he arrives safely and speedily unless there should be any unforeseen obstacle, such as a broken bridge, in which case, as he knows no other paths, he is blocked. This is the case of "organic growth". Another, Intelligence, knows where the point is and finds his way there, going by a detour if the direct road is impossible. The third wanders at random, but as everywhere there are hedges and walls, preventing him from getting far out of the way, and as hedges grow up behind him to prevent his return, he gradually arrives by eliminating all possibilities of going anywhere else. This is the evolutionary process. We might vary the image by substituting three companies for three individuals. Of the first company, three or four out of ten would arrive, and that speedily, but the remainder would be unable to swim the stream where the bridge was broken. Of the second class, all would arrive, and, on the average, still more speedily, since, taking obstacles into account, they know the best way. Of the third, the different members would start together and gradually disperse, and, having a tendency to keep apart, one out of the number would in time happen on one of the paths leading to the right spot.

A large proportion of the book is filled with the results of numerous and instructive experiments in the training of animals, the motive power being always supplied by placing food in some place where intelligence had to be exercised to secure it, and never by fear. The heroes of these exploits were drawn from the ranks of dogs, cats, monkeys, elephants, etc., including an otter. The monkeys seem to have reached a stage distinctly in advance of even the dog in respect of "articulateness" of ideas and "analogical connection". The factor found to be most essential to the solving of a canine problem, such as the drawing of a bolt to open a box, was attention; and in this respect the cat generally proved inferior to the dog, though more skilful when once interested.

There is a particularly interesting appendix on the famous Elberfeld horses, who were credited with the ability to do sums of arithmetic—even square roots. Mr. Hobhouse confesses that he has not enough evidence to form a conclusive opinion, as his intended visit to these horses never came off. But he examines very thoroughly the evidence already published, and is certain of this much at least—that however

remarkable their development of memory may have been, "Muhamed" and Co. did not paw out their answers through the ordinary process of arithmetical reasoning. Add to which, the only experiments made in the absence of their master were made by an enthusiast, and were anything but successful; a fact which, among others, points very strongly to the use of some form of signal, however subtle and concealed. In our opinion, not the least damaging incident reported was a hasty order given by Herr Krall to his groom to give the horse a sharp cut with the whip when he gave a wrong answer. However far animals may be trained by fear, we cannot believe that the effect of such treatment on the hyper-sensitive nervous system of a horse could be otherwise than prohibitive to any concentrated mental effort.

There are many other matters of Theosophical as well as general interest to be found in this important work, but we can trust students to explore it for themselves, hoping that they will find it in their respective libraries.

W. D. S. B.

Christianity After the War, by Frank Ballard, D.D., M.A., B.Sc. (Charles H. Kelly, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The world at present is viewing perhaps the greatest example of precept versus practice, in the shape of the European War, that has ever occurred in history. Christianity has always been held up in the West as pre-eminently the religion of Love. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God" and "Love thy neighbour as thyself" are its two great commandments, and yet we have on a greater scale than ever a War waged mainly between so-called Christian nations. Truly it might be described in the words of Browning as a War of peoples

> Whose life laughs through and spits at their creed!
> Who maintain Thee in word, and defy Thee in deed!

Dr. Ballard cannot find much of Christianity at the present time, and yet he feels that it is not the fault of Christianity, but of its followers. Real Christianity is strangely absent, and after the War we shall have to amend our ways. Christianity must, he thinks, become broader, and advance

with the times, in fact evolve. Its spirit remains as ever the same, but the forms that spirit inhabits must become more adaptable. Principles of reason and justice alone will not avail much, in his opinion, to reconstruct a cosmos out of the vast chaos these last years have produced. Something deeper, something more impalpable, but infinitely more powerful is needed, a change of heart, which can be brought about alone by religion—Christianity, the religion of the West. But the Christianity after the War is in no sense to resemble the so-called Christianity of the non-Christian civilisation of to-day.

> Christianity, as represented by its adherents, must learn to set higher value upon TRUTH, whatever becomes of tradition. It must lay ever greater stress upon CHARACTER, whatever be the fluctuation of creeds. It must insist upon more ACTUAL OBEDIENCE to the law of Christ and pay less heed to the conventions of society or the customs of a non-Christian civilisation.

The Theosophist will find many points wherein he can agree with Dr. Ballard, whose chief limitation seems to be his inability to recognise the value of any other religion than his own. But if we are to carry out his widening process of Christianity to a logical conclusion, we think it will develop into something very similar to Theosophy. We agree heartily that the world is in need of a change of heart, and that change of heart, it seems to us, must be born of the Spirit, and something a little beyond Mr. Blatchford's "principles of reason and justice" appears necessary. And who will quarrel with Dr. Ballard's main contention that we must follow Christ? It may well be that after the War, a Great Teacher will come to point out the way still more clearly to our now clouded eyes, and the "Christianity" of the future will embody in its widest sense the Catholic faith. We have dealt with but one—we think the most important—aspect of Dr. Ballard's book. The thoughts contained in it are broader and greater than the words in which they are expressed, and the casual reader might find himself somewhat disappointed at the rather narrow outlook from which Dr. Ballard seems to view life and things from time to time. This is why we have emphasised what we consider to be the real message of the book, but the reader will find much to ponder over, much perhaps to cavil at, which we have been obliged, from lack of space, to refrain from noticing here.

T. L. C.

The Supreme Quest: or the Nature and Practice of Mystical Religion, by P. Langham. (Joseph Johnson, London.)

"To call the attention of the devout to the inward and enduring realities of religion," says the author, "is the object of this book." And again he observes later: "We write for those who feel the heavy slumber of animal contentment disturbed by dreams of transcendent experiences." Such persons are very numerous in these days of "divine discontent," and the book will appeal to many.

It is divided into three parts, besides the Conclusion—The Supreme Quest, Mystical Religion Unveiled, The Practice of Mystical Religion. The whole is written from the standpoint of the Christian mystic, and echoes of John Cordelier, Madame Guyon, and others of like mind, haunt us as we read. There is nothing particularly striking or original in the author's presentation of his subject, but it is pleasant to read, in devotional mood, the familiar teachings earnestly expressed, often in the words of "some dear familiar strain" from Scripture or the writings of the poets.

A. DE L.

The Shadow on the Universe: or the Physical Results of War, by J. M. Clayton. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The purpose of this book is plain. It is simply to remind any who are not completely blinded to the fact, that war is race-suicide. The author sees that the physical deterioration and disfigurement caused by war can have but one end, namely, loss of recuperative power and consequent extinction. However, he considers it not yet too late to avert the final stages of the ruin man has brought on himself, if he will only use the powers of reason and will with which nature has endowed him. He admits that the momentum of a heredity infected with the virus of militarism is enormous, but he denies that it is any excuse for the fatalistic shibboleths repeated by the militarists, such as "it is the will of God"—"war is the method of nature"—"man is incurably ferocious"—"war is the great purifier," etc., etc. He maintains

that, in the case of war, a man strikes a blow simply because he has been told, as have his forefathers and mothers, that it is noble to strike blows, not because he has anything to gain by doing so. The few who expect to gain do not strike the blows themselves, but take care that the unselfish and docile are nurtured in the belief that striking blows is noble. When people begin to believe themselves instead of their exploiters, they will know that blows are cowardly and that generosity is noble.

Women, says the author, already know this more naturally than men, and when once they begin to act on their knowledge, they will transmit this tendency to their offspring. Hitherto, he contends, the military propagandist has systematically suppressed the higher side of woman's nature by stimulating the lower, and so the offspring has continually inherited the destructive tendencies of the father, without their being counteracted by the constructive tendencies of the mother, as provided by nature. The remedies urged as being the only means of escape from the present situation are the recognition of womanhood, liberal education, and a policy of respect for nationality, especially towards the smaller and less developed nations.

Mr. (or is it Mrs.?) Clayton only essays to deal with the physical aspect of the peril, but his faith in the power of the human will to shake off its fetters of pious resignation and work with the beneficent plan of nature instead of against it, is essentially spiritual, and even Theosophical. Doubtless many will call his language exaggerated, and they may be right; he certainly calls a spade a spade, erring on the side of the shovel rather than on that of the agricultural implement; but he is an avowed enthusiast, and enthusiasm covers a multitude of—terminological extensions. Many more will call him mad, dangerous, unpatriotic, etc., but not the people who think for themselves. We believe that the warning contained in this book is needed, and that its message of mental reconstruction is sound in principle.

W. D. S. B.

The German Soul, by Baron F. von Hugel. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd. London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This book is divided into two distinct essays. The first is entitled "Christianity in Face of the War: The 'Realist' and the true Solution of the Problem". Here the question asked and answered is: How can we reconcile State Morality with the private morality of the Christian? This is a very real and pressing problem, and the author's discussion of it circles round the Sermon on the Mount. Are the rules there laid down for human guidance compatible with the duty of the man as a citizen in public life? The conclusions arrived at are disappointing. They are of that vague order which neither boldly denies the value of Christ's teaching, nor accepts it ungrudgingly, nor, again, assigns it a definite place in the moral scale. By way of compromise the author seeks refuge in what he calls the "double Christian polarity". Man leads a dual existence, an "amphibious" life. He belongs to the kingdom of heaven and also to that of earth. His two aspects, the divine and the human, are two incommensurables. There can be no common law which shall regulate both. Yet we must never cease from our efforts to make our life "here below" approach as nearly as possible our heavenly life by means of "a levelling up, a standing on tip-toe, a yearning to kiss the feet of the Crucified". To keep alive this hunger for the supernatural life, which "cannot be perceived, still less lived, except as a gift, in rare moments where at all fully, in modest fragments where at all continuously," is the business of the Church. By "the persistent, vivid witness to the reality of God and of his kingdom in the Beyond and the continuous encouragement of and labour at the most fully Christian compromises, the nearest approaches to the Sermon on the Mount fruitfully possible in any age or place," this task is to be accomplished.

These rather unsatisfactory conclusions are led up to by an exceedingly interesting analysis of the position of Friederich Naumann and Professor Ernst Troeltsch with regard to the relation between *Real-politik* and Christian morality.

The second half of the book is entitled "The German Soul". It is a study of great value to all who would understand the situation in Europe at the present time. It is

obvious from the views expressed in the course of the exposition, as well as from his own account of himself, that the author's sympathies are entirely with England and her Allies, and yet with the German part of him—his father was a German, but anti-Prussian, let it be remembered—he is able to appreciate and understand those peculiar characteristics of German mentality which have made possible the present crisis.

His special concern is not with the specific Prussians. He states at the very outset that he cannot add much towards explaining the origin of the mentality which has given rise to their "frankly Machiavellian policy". What he wishes to do is to elucidate and analyse those generally German idiosyncrasies which have "permitted, or even favoured, this large domination of the Prussian spirit, and those general characteristics which we can trust will eventually overcome that same spirit—a spirit not confined to Germany, and which is even more the enemy of the German soul itself than it can ever be of our own military peace". An exceedingly suggestive analysis follows, in which we are shown how the very qualities of the German soul which have made it great, its thirst for theory, for completeness, its idealism, are also the groundwork of those characteristics which have made it susceptible to domination by the spirit which built up the Prussian State, that "close-knit, conscientiously heartless and humourless bureaucratic hierarchy". The author next discusses the four main philosophic and religious groups which have helped and hindered the growth of the German character —the Roman Catholic, the Protestant, the Idealist, the Materialist. And finally he makes some practical suggestions as to the lines along which changes may be expected and encouraged in the German Soul. He hopes that after the war Germany will realise her nobler self—but first she must, in his opinion, be definitely beaten.

A. DE L.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND THE DRAMA

The above is the title of an article by F. R. Scatcherd which appeared in the *Asiatic Review* for July. It is a critique of the play, "The Barton Mystery," by Walter Hackett, produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, and reveals a sympathetic understanding of the penalties that psychics, and especially mediums, have to pay for their abnormal sensitiveness at the hands of a "faithless and perverse generation" that is ever seeking a sign and never satisfied. The play is chosen as being remarkable, if only for the fact that it is the first in which psychic research has been introduced seriously on the English stage. Apparently the hero, Beverley, is not possessed of a very high order of psychic faculty; psychometry and trance mediumship seem to be his chief accomplishments; and, as is too often the case with people of one-sided development whose bodies have not been trained to withstand the abnormal tension, he is also the victim of occasional outbursts of intemperance. But in spite of, or perhaps partly because of, his trying circumstances, Beverley bears the stamp of genuine greatness. We read:

> All this and more Mr. Irving makes his audience feel. He arouses a strange pity for, and contemplation of, the pathos and tragedy of such a life as that of the Society Medium. He shows him to be, at his worst, a victim of the defects of his gifts; at his best, generous, forgiving, long-suffering, tolerant of the vices and stupidities of his clients, because he knows how much all men are at the mercy of circumstances. He remains at heart a child, suffering keenly, but not resenting the pain, for his wayward genius has revealed to him in his moments of true inspiration glories unspeakable. He has seen the "light that never was on sea or land," and feels himself a "strayed angel" from realms supernal, doomed for some inscrutable reason to sojourn awhile on the dark planet men call Earth.

The play has the useful merit of being founded on fact, and the phenomena are sufficiently striking to arouse public interest in their rapidly growing acceptance by qualified observers. Not only is the central character true to modern life, but also those of Sir Everard and Lady Marshall are easily recognisable as types of what the author calls the "scientific-academic" and the "feminine-mystical" minds.

> What opened-eyed student of psychical matters has not met many Sir Everards even in the exalted ranks of the Society for Psychical Research, men credulous in their incredulity, who, rejecting genuine evidence, fall a victim to "faked phenomena" because, forsooth, the latter complied with conditions laid down by themselves in their colossal ignorance of the laws governing those unexplored fields of knowledge. But having been led into the truth by false evidence, having "seen the light," Sir Everard Marshall becomes a staunch and courageous pioneer, and thus illustrates and

THE NATURE, POWER, AND EVOLUTION OF FAITH

ITS RELATION TO CHARACTER AND ACTION

By ERNEST KIRK

WHY does a man have faith in this, that, or the other? What is it in him that induces him to give himself whole-heartedly and without fear of ridicule or opposition to any particular action, policy, or truth? Most people are aware, at one time or another, of an inner something which makes it not only possible to exercise faith along certain lines but comparatively pleasant to do so. What is this something, whence comes it, and how does it operate? A satisfactory answer to these questions would, so it seems to me, go a long way, not only towards a better understanding of others and thus a greater and truer tolerance, but towards the acquisition of that knowledge the possession of which makes clear to one the why and wherefore of one's attitude towards life.

As to the power of faith, judged by outer results, there can be no two opinions. We see that it is one of the world's most inspiring and most potent forces. Even the casual observer must notice that its presence in any outstanding degree makes all the difference

between the efficient and the non-efficient, the purposive and the purposeless. It is more powerful and valuable in the world of commerce than steam or electricity, in politics than oratory or close reasoning, in religion than dogmas and creeds. Indeed, faith is the inspiring and sustaining force in almost every great enterprise in the three worlds. One has only to look carefully around to be convinced of the truth of this. It is seen in the man (or the nation) whose faith goes out towards the "mighty dollar," as the one thing above all others worth living for. Such a man does not theorise about money, he just lives for it. Quietly, but as resolutely and effectively as possible, he brings the whole of his life into harmony with his faith. Experience has taught him that he cannot obtain his object without knowing and respecting certain laws, and so he acts accordingly.

Or take the case of the average earnest and intelligent Christian missionary in India, the missionary, I mean, who in the main labours from altruistic motives. In the majority of instances such a missionary's attitude towards India, her people, and her religions, is actuated and governed by his belief. If he has come to regard Christianity as being unique and supreme over all religions—perchance the one religion destined finally to embrace in its fold the whole world—and has surrendered himself to that idea, he will most assuredly act in consonance with it. Thus motived he will go about his duties as skilfully and as wisely as he can, but whether he runs a school, or a Y. M. C. A., or whether he co-operates with the devotees of other religions in a score of matters touching, as he may think, the political and

justifies Professor James's contention as to the superior capacity of the scientific mind over the mystical one in dealing with ascertained facts. The wild advocacy of the sentimental Lady Marshall, who adopted a new religion every few months and deemed it her duty to convert her much tried husband, is a case in point. Her deliberate "helping out of the phenomena," in her anxiety to convince her husband, evinces a disregard for truth and a lack of conscientiousness of which the scientific mind is rarely guilty, but which is not infrequently displayed by over-zealous propagandists of various religious schools of thought.

The Theosophical student will doubtless have made considerable capital out of this play, and we may safely infer that many fruitful discussions will have arisen, not to mention the favourite warnings against the "lower" mind—which at least does its best not to be taken in, though it cannot help being caught napping sometimes—and vindications of budding intuitives who "do but don't know why".

Besides affording a striking object lesson to the general public, it is to be hoped that the play will compel the ministers of religion to widen their outlook on the superphysical, especially in this time of trial when their conventional agnosticism is being weighed and found wanting. Mr. Scatcherd significantly points out how the much-abused psychic is often the only foothold left to the truth-seeker between doubt and despair.

And Richard Standish, M.P. (powerfully portrayed by Mr. H. V. Esmond), who, in his agony of anxiety to save the life of an innocent man—against reason, against common sense, against all that such a man stands for—clutches at the proverbial straw, and consents to consult a "weird" being whom he regards as eccentric and absurd—is he not multiplied amongst us to-day by the thousand—nay, by the million—in the crushed and grief-stricken men and women who find no consolation in orthodox religion, no answer from official science to the problems that threaten to overwhelm the very citadels of reason—nay, of life itself? Hard-hearted science and soft-headed religion drive them in crowds to Beverley and his like, and be it said in all seriousness and admitted with thankfulness that these much-sinned-against members of the human family, against whom all doors are shut, to whom all justice is denied, these men and women possessing the "sixth sense" do often prove a tower of strength in weakness and despair, and a source of guidance and enlightenment in bewilderment and perplexity when everything else has proved of no avail.

We hope that this debut of the psychic play under such favourable auspices will pave the way for others of equal quality; the psychic novel has already done much to break down the outer prejudices of "Society," but the possibilities of the stage in this direction have until now remained unexploited, though we must not forget Mr. G. K. Chesterton's play "Magic". We are indebted to the *Asiatic Review* for its excellent description.

W. D. S. B.



VOL. XXXVIII No. 3

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER of our very useful Theosophical workers, Captain Cannan, has heard the Master's call on the battle-field and has gone Home. When he volunteered at first, he was refused as over age, but later he was given his chance, and has been for months at the front, serving with great courage as a gunner, and winning the D.S.O. His passing away leaves lonely a wife in feeble health, to whom we can only offer, in her sorrow, our deep and affectionate sympathy. The War has claimed so many of our good present workers, as well as of our promising workers for the future, that our ranks show gaps that need to be made good.

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Our Theosophical Danish sculptor, Miss Dietrichsen, one of whose beautiful statues adorns the Hall at the Adyar Headquarters, is working very hard in preparation for the Coming of the World-Teacher. She has translated into Danish a useful article from the *Herald of the Star*, entitled, "Can We End the War by Thought?" and has circulated 4,000 copies, sending it to all Danish Bishops, to the prominent men among the clergy, and to men and women of eminence in science, literature, education, legislative and social work, to political and commercial associations, and to libraries, periodicals and newspapers. Another booklet

has been sent to all the Danish clergy, about 1,000 in number, as well as to the above. Miss Dietrichsen is also carrying on a lecturing propaganda, and thus the good work goes forward, despite all untoward circumstances.

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A touching and beautiful celebration in Ceylon marks the end of twenty-five years of unselfish and devoted work in opening the doors of education to Buddhist girls without perverting them from their ancestral faith; the Musæus Buddhist Girls' School celebrated the Silver Jubilee of Mrs. Musæus Higgins on November 16th. "Old Girls"—if we may feminise "Old Boys," though it sounds irreverent—gathered in numbers, and breakfasted together, before the turn of the general public came. At the large garden party to which outsiders were admitted, an address was presented to Mrs. Higgins, which aptly remarked that this western invader came to an eastern land to help, not to hinder, and had proved to be a friend, "nay, a truly devoted and affectionate mother". She had saved to their own noble faith the future mothers whom she trained, and as the address said: "We shudder to think what the condition of female education among the Sinhalese would have been, had you not with your wise foresight and sympathetic devotion to our cause brought about our training and instruction on essentially Buddhist lines." All accounts of the days before the Buddhist revival, brought about by Colonel Olcott's splendid work, say that the educated Buddhists were then somewhat ashamed of their faith, and, as all the eastern world knows, it was by him and his great colleague, Madame H. P. Blavatsky, that Buddhism was again regarded by the English-educated as a crown of honour to be boldly and proudly worn, and not as a secret amulet to be worn under a covering. A missionary complained in his anger that in the witness-box a Buddhist witness used to hang his head when he had to state his religion, while, since Colonel Olcott's work, he held up his head and said proudly: "I am a Buddhist."

*

It is Mrs. Higgins who has saved the girls of the faith from perversion, and has trained the mothers to love and worship the supreme Flower of our Humanity. Rightly then was she honoured after her 25 years of work. As Mr. Woodward, the Principal of Mahinda College, Galle—one of the Colleges of the Buddhist Theosophical Society—said, in opening the new buildings for the training of teachers, fitting memorial of the Silver Jubilee, built by her old students and Mr. de Abrew, teachers would go out from that school to all parts of the Island, to carry on education on the lines of the parent institution.

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We do not often print newspaper accounts in the Watch-Tower, but this occasion is unique; it is so great a tribute to the work of the T.S., and the recognition is won by so noble a service, that we give here one of the many accounts from outside journals, so that Theosophists may see what this one Theosophist woman has done; here is the account of the work from the *Ceylon Independent*:

> To-day the Musæus School attains the twenty-fifth year of its establishment. A representative of this paper, who called at the school in Rosmead Place yesterday morning, struck upon a bustling hive of industry, Mrs. Higgins and her pupils being intent on the preparations for the celebration of the event. Mrs. Higgins can look back on a record of work of which any educationist may well be proud, though the dignified directress herself is the very personification of unassuming and unostentatious humility, with which she combines a keen practicality, evidence of which is writ large in the well arranged and well managed establishment over which she presides. Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky, on a visit to Ceylon over a quarter of a century ago, saw the need for an institution for the education of Buddhist girls, and their keen insight into, and consummate knowledge of, the requirements of Buddhist children helped them in the selection of a directress. Their choice fell on Mrs. Higgins. This lady arrived in Colombo, and a mud and wattle cadjan hut was quite good enough for her to begin work in. To-day, in a well appointed, excellently equipped establishment, founded on the very spot where she began her early struggle, Mrs. Higgins treasures among her most cherished possessions a picture of the little old school, worked in silk. She proudly shows it to her

visitors. In this little unpretentious hut, Mrs. Higgins, with the co-operation of Dr. English, Miss English and Miss Emma Allison, began laying the foundation of a great educational work. The ravages of white ants threatened the extinction of the humble abode. Mrs. Higgins, with her usual tact and energy, then laid her plans for a solid brick building. A row of rooms for the boarders and lady helpers was run up, and Dr. English contented himself with sleeping in the old and half dismantled cottage, which had served all purposes till then. Soon the cottage came down. Mrs. Higgins' persevering spirit continuing unabated, the buildings were gradually added to. Mr. H. P. Fernando built at his own expense a second block, while Mr. P. D. Khan very generously added the finishing touches. It was at the Musæus School that the training of teachers was first attempted, and Mrs. Higgins' efforts in this direction have met with considerable success, while the education imparted to the children has borne good fruit, among the distinctions won by the girls being the Jeejeebhoy Scholarship at the Medical College. Mrs. Higgins is a firm believer in the combination of religious and secular education, and her efforts have been specially directed at deepening the tone of religious education in the school. Her ideals have been so shaped as to give her pupils the best of their own country with a suitable leavening of the West. The establishment consists of an up-to-date English School, an infant school, an elementary school, a department for higher work and a training school for vernacular students.

A Letter from Mrs. Annie Besant

The following appreciative letter has been received by one of the teachers of the school from Mrs. Annie Besant:

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,
Adyar, Madras, S., Nov. 5, 1916.

DEAR MISS DE SILVA AND OTHERS,

I should much like to be with you for noble Mrs. Higgins' Silver Jubilee, but it is not possible for me to go to Ceylon, as I have an engagement I cannot break on Nov. 17th. I send my very best wishes, and pray that she may long be spared to continue her uplifting work.

Ever yours,
ANNIE BESANT

A Tribute in Verse

Among many messages of congratulation and tributes of praise received by Mrs. Higgins is the following from Mr. F. Gordon Pearce, of Mahinda College, Galle:

To Mrs. Musæus Higgins, on the 25th Anniversary of her educational work in Ceylon, 1891-1916, a humble tribute of love and respect:

Revered and gentle lady, whom this day
Thy friends, co-workers, pupils, come to greet,
And lay our grateful tribute at thy feet,
What words of loving homage can we say?
What if in sounding syllables we pay
The honour for thy tireless labours meet,
Or tell how kind thou art, how just, how sweet,
And how thou comest to us from far away?

Thus might we do thee homage. But 't would be
How slight a thing compared with thy real worth;
For thou hast gained the dearest name on earth,
"Mother" to many daughters! How can we
Give thee more honour or more lasting fame
Than thou hast won for ever by that name?

Mahinda College, Galle, Nov. '15. F. GORDON PEARCE

Despite the multifarious and self-imposed duties she performs, Mrs. Higgins has found time for literary work. Her *Stories from Ceylon History*, in English and Sinhalese, is a well-known work, while *The Jataka Mala*, the birth stories of Buddha, is very popular. She is now engaged in writing another book for children, which will be published next year.

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It is sad to be obliged to warn our readers that the Government of Madras may put an end to our Theosophical publications. The Vasanta Press was put under a security of Rs. 5,000, although it would have been easy, even under the Press Act, to have put the security on the *Commonweal*, if so desired, and to leave out the Press itself. In fact, it was indicated to me that a member of the Government wished me to know that if I removed the political printing the security would be returned. This may have really come as stated, or may have been an invention. Anyhow, the security has not been returned, although all political printing has been removed to a new press in Madras. It is therefore clear that the security is placed on purely Theosophical literature. This is of a piece with an order from the Central Provinces Government which forbade me to enter those Provinces, whither I was going to preside at a Theosophical Federation. Such treatment is not new, as far as THE THEOSOPHIST is concerned, for, before

it came into my hands, it used to reach its Russian subscribers occasionally with paragraphs or whole pages blotted out by the Censor. We wish that in adopting the system of repression here, the authorities would follow the more liberal Russian plan of blotting out only the parts of a journal to which they object. So far as I know, THE THEOSOPHIST has not suffered in this way since it came into my hands. My strong defence of Great Britain and her Allies in entering into the War, and my statement that Germany was embodying in the great War the superphysical forces which worked against human evolution into a higher stage, were allowed to pass into Germany, and, quite naturally, turned German Theosophists against the T.S. It seemed to me, at the time, to show an extraordinary liberality on the part of Germany to allow so deadly a criticism to circulate in her Empire. But so it was. And it is indeed strange to find the same magazine, unchanged in views, menaced with destruction under the British Flag.

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Our cold-weather visitors are not so numerous as usual, in consequence of the War, but still some have come. The Scottish General Secretary, Major D. Graham Pole, discharged from the army as unfit for further military service, and wearing his badge of honour, is with us; he remains in the Reserve, having long been in the Territorials. He came over here partly to recruit his health, but mostly to acquaint himself thoroughly with the details of the Press Act case in the Madras High Court, so as to be able to instruct our London Solicitor and Counsel. He is himself, as our readers know, a Scottish Solicitor, and is now joining also the English side of the profession, as he is settling in London. Another General Secretary with us is Mme. Anna Kamensky, from Petrograd, who has done such brave and successful work in Russia, lifting the Society there into a position of security and respect. With her is Mme. Pogovsky, the worker for cottage industries in Russia, devoted to the improvement of the peasant class. I felt somewhat

amused when, in answer to my somewhat apologetic request that she would report herself to the District Magistrate, she replied serenely: "Oh yes; I am quite accustomed to that in Russia." Two faithful friends from Java are also with us—Mr. and Mrs. Vreede, and Captain Meuleman looked in upon us when his ship was in harbour for a few days. Miss Burdett is another addition to our number, well-trained in shorthand and typewriting, and in all secretarial work.

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Mr. and Mrs. Hotchner are staying in Madras, and we had the pleasure of their company for a long day at Adyar on the 26th November. Mrs. Hotchner's house in the Headquarters is not suitable for a married couple, and they are thinking of building another in a more convenient spot. On account of War conditions, I have been warning all members from neutral countries that it is better for them not to come to Adyar; last summer it took many weeks to gain permission for a Dutch lady, who had been living with us for years and was much run down by the climate, to take a short respite from the heat with friends in the hills; and I doubt if we should have obtained permission, had not it not been for Colonel Nicholson's kind interposition with the District Magistrate. Hence, I have been asking neutrals not to come to us, but my cable to that effect to Mr. and Mrs. Hotchner missed them in America; some one warned them at Colombo, so they went to a hotel. I do not feel justified in making any complaint about restrictions due to military views.

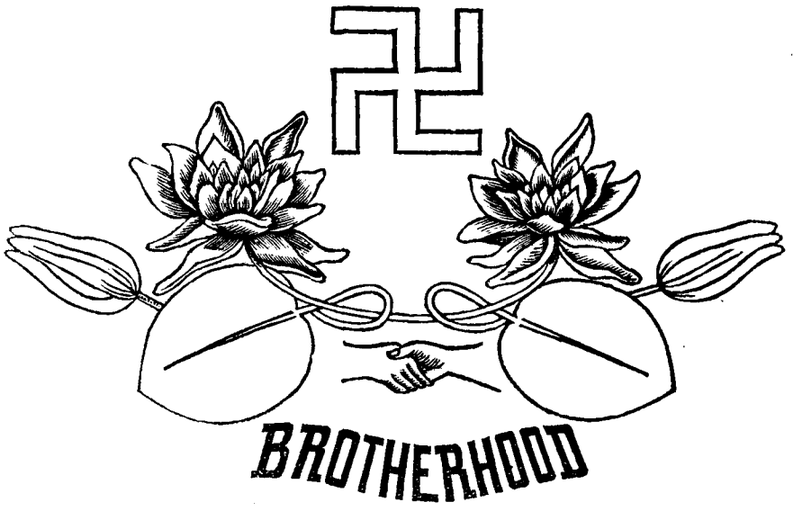
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Miss Arundale is settled down in Benares, as the head of the Women's educational work there. Miss Browning, M.A., is Principal of the College, and Miss Palmer, B.Sc., carries on her best-loved work as head of the School. The Āshrama is in the charge of Shrīmaṭi Sīṭābāi Ḍevī, a widow, who has it under her complete control and is an admirable head, while Shrīmaṭi Paḍmābāi Ḍevī, one of our best lady workers, gives her help freely, and has been

very successful in gathering funds for the upkeep of the institution. Miss Arundale tells me that there is now much sympathy with girls' education in the United Provinces, and that people are very much more inclined to help it than they were some years ago.

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Thus the work goes forward, wholly unaffected by all the storms of War abroad, and of all the difficulties created for us here by a nervous and non-understanding Executive. Worldly people cannot understand that any men and women will give themselves to altruistic work, "hoping for nothing again," and they are constantly seeking for non-existing motives, and making up in suspicions what they lack in knowledge. It is a pitiful example of the little influence exerted by Christianity over its followers, that they are sceptical of all high aims as motives for action, and of all unselfish work. Christianity seems to be a religion which is wholly apart from life, so far as the bulk of its adherents is concerned. Born into it, educated in it, they take it for granted, but it is not a living power in their lives. Among the poor, it is more vital. But the well-to-do middle and upper classes wear it with their Sunday coats and dresses, and hang it up in the wardrobe during the week. True belief is found among sisters of charity, Salvation Army workers, and very largely in the lower ranks of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and the religious orders of both men and women. Here, in India, we see Protestant Christianity at its worst, in its most unreal and aggressive aspects. Split into quarrelling sects, they unite to persecute those who hold wider and more Christ-like views, and we have a Church establishment supported by the money taken by taxation from the "heathen" whose religions it attacks. Some day, we may hope, the real Christian religion, removed from an artificial pedestal, with its adherents placed on an equal footing with believers in other faiths, will shine out in its purity and true beauty, a sister faith in the Indian household.



OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

By M. L. L.

(*Concluded from p. 164*)

PUTTING aside now the consideration of the failings attributed to us, let us consider what should be the attitude of the ideal Theosophist to the world in which he lives.

The Theosophical conception of brotherhood is one hard for outsiders to grasp; but perhaps it would be less so if we demonstrated it more effectually in our daily life. The lay mind naturally tends to confuse a declaration of universal brotherhood with the advocacy of socialism, communism, or what not, and to suppose that the promotion of brotherhood necessarily implies

an attempt to level external differences. Yet it is not so. Much of the explanation given by Mrs. Besant in *Dharma* and elsewhere of the origin and significance of the Hiṇḍū caste system is applicable also to social distinctions in the West. Knowing this, the Theosophist believes that these classes exist in order that every soul may be born into just the family, just the social conditions, just the surroundings best fitted to promote the working of that great law of Cause and Effect which we call Karma.

Roughly speaking, the latent capacities and tendencies of the ego are developed in two ways: first, by the affording of favourable opportunities; secondly, by the setting up of obstacles. For the soul grows both by encouragement and by correction, just as a plant grows not only through the help of rain, sun, and fertile soil, but also through the hard discipline of the pruning-knife. Believing this, the Theosophist would as little wish to translate an individual forcibly from one class to another, or to break down arbitrarily the distinction between class and class, as he would wish to convert a man from one form of religion to another, or to break down arbitrarily the distinction between Hiṇḍūism, Buḍḍhism, and Christianity. I am careful to use the words "forcibly" and "arbitrarily," for doubtless the time will come when these distinctions, having served their purpose, will cease to exist. But to anticipate that time is as foolish as to force apart the bud of an unopened flower.

If, then, we do not seek to obliterate class-distinctions, but only to better the social conditions which make those distinctions burdensome, how do we reconcile with them the ideal of brotherhood? Above

all, how are we to formulate that ideal in the teaching of our children?

Naturally, the simile of the family, with its older and younger members, is the one most often employed to illustrate a brotherhood which does not imply or involve equality of outward conditions. We are reminded that in the perfectly constituted family, the accepted principle is always: "To the younger, more privileges; to the elder, more responsibilities"; that the elder brother and sister do not despise the baby in the cradle for being unable to do the work which they themselves can do, but that, on the contrary, they shield and care for him, develop his bodily and mental powers, forward his growth in every way they can, till he who was before on a lower step of the ladder, is able to climb and stand where they are standing now. This is the Theosophical conception of brotherhood; and it implies no more "contempt" for the younger souls than the mother feels for her youngest, most helpless, and perhaps dearest child.

But the practical difficulty arises when we begin, as it were, to assign the parts; to recognise where we ourselves stand on the ladder of evolution, what is our place in the great family; and so to regulate our duties to its other members.

A writer on moral education, Dr. Adler, advises that all children should be taught their duties to "superiors, inferiors, and equals" as definitely as they are taught them in the catechism of the English Church. Only, the words must have a well-defined connotation. Not for a moment must the child be allowed to set up or to accept a standard of values based on worldly prosperity, rank, or wealth.

Dr. Adler's suggestion—a strictly Theosophical one indeed—is that we should regard as *superiors* those who are able to give us more than we, in our present relation to them, can hope to repay, and as *inferiors* those to whom we are in the position of givers rather than of receivers. Between those approximately *equals* there can be an exchange of mutual service; but so vast are the divergencies of human character and circumstance that this relation is the rarest of the three.

We might well adopt the above series of definitions with our children, leading them at the same time to understand something of that reversal of worldly standards in the light of which the "superior" is proud only of his privilege of greater service, and the motto of the ruler becomes "*Ich dien*". Such teaching will form a sound basis for study of many of life's problems —the improvement of the outward forms of Government and of society, the treatment of the insane, the criminal, the aged and the undeveloped, the adjustment of religious creeds to the requirements of an evolving humanity. It will, if firmly grasped and patiently applied, help every thoughtful Theosophist to define his own attitude towards his fellows, and to dispel that nebulosity which reiteration of an abstract principle, however exalted, is apt to produce.

Even the most imperfect account of the Theosophist's attitude towards the world around him must include some reference to his relation with so-called "inanimate Nature".

This, no less than his view of his fellow-men, will be affected by a fuller realisation of the divine immanence, and will approximate to that of Wordsworth and other poet-mystics, who see in the outer world the

living garment of God. The good Theosophist will probably grumble little at the weather, for to the man who sees Nature with the eye of a mystic she can never appear hostile, or even unfriendly. He does not fear that her breezes will give him cold (alas! for the vitiated air of many a Theosophical lecture-room), nor her showers, fever. Looking at her face as a friend's face, he will see in it a perpetual beauty, not dependent on fine dress or gay surroundings, nor even on the smiles she wears. The arid line of a dusty high road under an August sun will kindle his inward vision, symbolising to him, as to Wordsworth,

> An invitation into space
> Boundless, or guide into Eternity.

A still, grey, louring autumn afternoon, mist overhead and mire underfoot, will fill him with

> A sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Often, indeed, the very absence of the more obvious charms of Nature seems to invite the bold spirit of the wisdom-seeker to a more intimate communion, and the green moss on a railing in some poor backyard may speak to him of a revealed God as a whole landscape of Italy might fail to do. It is all a question of what we *bring*; "to him that hath shall be given". Let us Theosophists open ourselves, heart, mind, and soul, to Nature; let us study reverently and carefully her minutest manifestations; and we shall soon find that another channel has been cleared, another link of communication made, by which sudden

and wonderful messages may be transmitted to the waiting soul.

In conclusion, let us return to the idea of the contrast between our own view of ourselves and that taken by others.

We think of ourselves as pioneers of a new age, a new race, a new dispensation; as men and women to whom some illuminating gleam of the Wisdom has been vouchsafed, some key to the problems of existence handed; to whom the scattered letters of life are just beginning to spell intelligible words. Knowing how the world is transformed, for us, by this illumination, we expect others to recognise us for light-bearers, and to accept, or at any rate be willing to consider seriously, the views we present.

Others think of us as people who make wild assertions and advance unprecedented claims; who have (confessedly) forsaken the guidance of reason to follow the will-o'-the-wisp which *we* call intuition or spiritual perception, which *they* call fancy or delusion. They see us led by this chimera to action which reason disapproves; they observe that under its guidance we leave the old paths, and stray (rather than walk) into new ones which are obscure and dangerous. All our personal faults seem, in certain cases at least, intensified. And these opinions too often find apparent justification through the wreck of a Theosophist's life in the jungle of delusion, mental instability, abandonment of the moral code, and so forth.

What is the point of contact between these opposing views, both of which contain much truth? Are we humble servants of the Wisdom, or foolish fanatics, dangerous to ourselves and to others? In

answering this, let us remember the words spoken of many who aspire to the Path of Wisdom:

> Behold the host of souls. Watch how they hover o'er the stormy sea of human life, and how, exhausted, bleeding, broken-winged, they drop one after another on the swelling waves. Tossed by the fierce winds, chased by the gale, they drift into the eddies, and disappear within the first great vortex.

Or again, let us recall the metaphor often used of the Heavenly Wisdom, the keen two-edged sword, capable of wounding its possessor the moment he ceases to wield it aright. True it is that the would-be follower of the Path may, at any moment, cease to be what he conceives himself, and may thus fall into the very dangers which the children of this world ("wiser in their generation than the children of light") see before him.

For we average Theosophists are all in a critical and transitional stage of our development. Men of science tell us that evolutionary progress does not appear to be always at a uniform rate. The steps on the great ladder are set at irregular intervals, and now and again a gap has to be crossed. Such gaps—such critical periods—seem to coincide with *a raising of the permanent centre of human consciousness from one plane to the next above it.* The change from emotion to reason as the guiding principle in life (in other words, the rising from the astral to the mental plane) constituted the last transition; now, reason has in turn to give way to a higher faculty—intuition, cosmic consciousness, the consciousness of the buddhic plane.

During all the long ages of the past, *some* souls in each generation have attained to this; now the time is approaching when the majority will do so. The result

is a trembling of the balance; many individuals crossing from one scale to the other; those left behind trying to strengthen their position, to emphasise the principles for which they stand; great doubt, discussion, criticism, strife, confusion, both in the individual and in mankind as a whole. The quickening of the tremendous process by the War brings all these jarring elements into sharper and more terrific collision.

At such a time we, in whom the new consciousness should be beginning to regulate life, are in some danger of abandoning the lower faculty of reason before the higher is sufficiently developed to stand alone, "throwing away our candle before the dawn breaks"; and when we do this we lay ourselves open to the charges lately discussed. A person who is really leading the spiritual life, whose lower nature is directly controlled by the Higher Ego, the true Self, can do much without offence which the ordinary person cannot do. Others feel the force that is playing through him, and respond to it. He may indeed be misunderstood by the wholly *un*spiritualised, but those who are in any degree prepared will be able to receive at least a part of his message. Most of us, however, are in the condition of instruments just in process of being tuned, channels only half cleansed. The force cannot play through us unhindered; at times, its flow is not merely blocked, but diverted by our impurities until it seems itself impure. This is where, and how, the opinions of outsiders as to our imperfections and limitations become most lamentably true.

The only remedy is constant watchfulness and self-training; holding ourselves braced, strenuously exercising and cultivating the higher consciousness by

right thought, speech and action. We are training the infant King who is to rule over us; nurturing the yet unborn Christ in our hearts. The life of the Wisdom-seeker differs from that of others chiefly in the earnestness with which he uses *all* the powers and faculties of heart, mind, and spirit, striving for a complete and perfect, instead of a one-sided development. He knows that only thus can that stupendous birth take place; only thus can he ever approach the stature of the Divine Man; and to do so is the aim of his age-long pilgrimage. His kindled imagination, aspiring to the contemplation of the Ineffable, finds refuge in the sublimely simple phrase: "When I awake up after thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it."

M. L. L.

THE SOUL: ITS PLACE, CHARACTER AND EVOLUTION [1]

By JAMES H. COUSINS

I. THE PLACE OF THE SOUL

WE accept the *fact* of the soul.

In its widest sense, the realm of the Soul is all that region that lies between the Absolute and the relative, between body and Spirit. It is analogous to the region between an act and the totality of forces that culminated in the act. Between the total (which is the analogue of the Spirit) and the act (which is the analogue of the person or body) there is an intermediary body of experiences that are in affinity with the act, to which the act will add a new experience. This is the analogue of the Soul.

But Theosophical teaching is not content with this diffuse connotation. It reduces the area of the Soul, but in the reduction it adds much to its significance. Behind the physical body, Theosophy sees a subtler body (the Etheric) which acts as the interpreter between sensation and its realisation in consciousness; but this is not the Soul; it is one of its instruments. So also is that still subtler body (the Astral) that acts as

[1] The substance of an address delivered under the auspices of the Wirral (Cheshire) Lodge of the T. S., as one of a series of propaganda lectures.

focus and interpreter of the emotional activity of humanity. When one says: "I feel," one is putting a gulf between the Soul and one of its functions, between the "I" and a process that is not the "I". Feelings fluctuate, desires wax and wane, but I, who know this, remain. And when one says: "I think," one is affirming the Thinker as distinct from thinking and from thought. We are perpetually "thinking," and in normal activity the thought is identified with the Thinker: it manifests the invisible One. This is so where thought is genuine; but much that passes for thought is only echo from memorised prejudice, or reflection from flying thought-stuff "in the air," or waves in the waters of the mind after the passing of some breeze of thought. Descartes took the power of thought to be the sign of individual existence: "I think, therefore I am." I am inclined to think that a still surer sign is the power *to cease thinking*. Tell your pack-mule of thought to fling its burden off its back and stand still, and in less than five minutes you will have discovered that you are not your mule, either in its refusal to obey you, or in your power to make it do so. A few such efforts, and you will know that you are no more your mental body or your brain than you are your desire body or the lips that sip the wine of pleasure. Every atom of the brain has disappeared in seven years: every attitude of thought to life may also have changed; but the "I" remains.

The process of thinking, however, is not simple and single. It "looks before and after": it can only step forward into assertion by stepping backward into recollection. Every utterance of thought implies a basis in former thought: the middle distance is filled

with the thoughts of the past in *this* life; but Theosophy teaches that the background is the summary of the thoughts of lives on lives, and is the true inspiration and determining power from life to life. That side of the organ of thought, the lower manas, that is sense-ward, is beneath the Thinker. That background of the past (the Buddhic) is above the Thinker. The realm of the Thinker is the higher mental: there he-she makes his-her home in the "house not made with hands"—the causal body.

II. The Character of the Soul

The experiences of daily life may appear to influence only a circumscribed area of the individual consciousness, but, in fact, such influence is much wider. It is a recognised law in education that the effect of attention on the attainment of any particular faculty will be seen in other phases of the student's life. Neatness and precision in writing will not remain confined to pen and paper. In the same way a new experience in consciousness will show itself not only on other parts of the surface of the consciousness, but also in deeper regions. A vivid event may revolutionise the whole attitude to life. In this way the "middle distance" of the present life is modified: thought is revised, and the automatic reaction to further impacts from the outer world is changed to some extent. To some extent also there is an analogous influence on the "background," though the full influence of the current life is not felt until the husbandman in the world of matter returns to his hidden granary "bringing his sheaves with him".

We see, therefore, that the Soul is not primary, but derivative, a product of the interaction of the essential Ego, the Monad, with its shadow in manifestation. In Theosophical teaching the Soul began its existence, as a Soul, at that stage in the Cosmic evolution where the formative urge of the Second Life Wave had differentiated the diffuse matter that was vitalised by the First Life Wave, and had acquired faculties that rose up through the mineral (formal), vegetable (vital), and animal (appetitive) kingdoms, to the human kingdom in which, on the surmounting of the purely passional and emotional elements, the down-reaching Third Life Wave found a responsive quality on which it could take hold. It was then that the "Son of Man," the individualised product of development through matter, began to dream of the glory of the "Son of God," and to begin the struggle for an eternal throne. Self-consciousness was evolved, and henceforth every experience must add to that consciousness. The "sleeping dog" of the mind has been aroused—the Caleb (dog) that is the helper of Joshua who will lead the chosen people—the redeemed qualities of the Soul—into the Promised Land of pure spiritual realisation.

Then comes the flying of the shuttle—to change the figure—that weaves the wonderful fabric of the Soul. Outward it goes into the world of sense, taking with it a thread from the inner realm: back it goes, carrying with it something that will alter, even though it may be to a microscopic extent, the next out-going. In this way the influence of the environment of the outer side of the Soul is carried back to the inner: the character of the Soul becomes modified, and it in turn modifies the subsequent action of the personal outer

social well-being of the country, back of his mind all the time will be the dominating and inspiring idea of winning India and the Indians for Christ and Christianity.

Those who knew personally the late General William Booth, founder of The Salvation Army, know that the one great secret of the success of his wonderful life lay principally in his invincible faith in the revivalistic panacea advocated by him for the ills and woes of mankind. In this connection one might with interest consider the Kaiser and the War; Mazzini, Garibaldi, and the liberation of Italy; Prince Bismarck, General von Moltke, and Greater Germany; Columbus and his discovery of the New World; Mrs. Annie Besant and Home Rule for India; Savanarola, Bruno, and others. In all ages faith has been the leverage to great achievements, the inspiration of mighty deeds. Where there have been mediocrity and confusion of faith there also have been mediocrity and confusion of thought and action; where the faith has been true, strong, and robust, there too has been true, strong, and robust thought and deed.

All this holds good in the T. S. with respect to its members and their faith—or lack of it—in karma, reincarnation, the existence of the Masters, and so on. And have we not here also the secret of that diversity of outlook in, and attitude towards, life existing not only among Theosophists but among all men?

But what after all *is* this subtle, potent, something in us we call faith? How comes it, and why? "Now faith," says St. Paul (*Heb.* XI. 1), "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." That is a definition well worth pondering over, for are not thoughts and feelings "evidence of things not seen"? And are not the thoughts and feelings of the present largely the result of the past?

In the *Dictionary of the Bible* edited by Hastings, faith is defined as that which "does not import mere belief in an intellectual sense, but all that enters into an entire self-commitment of the soul. . . ."

"True faith rests in knowledge, and without knowledge there can be no faith," once remarked Paracelsus.

> If I know that divine wisdom can accomplish a certain thing, I have the true faith; but if I merely believe a thing might be possible or if I attempt to persuade myself that I believe in its possibility, such a belief is no knowledge and confers no faith. No one can have a true faith in a thing which is not true, because such a "faith" would be merely a belief or an opinion based upon ignorance of the truth.

But by far the most illuminating, convincing, and suggestive definition of faith I know is that given in the Seventeenth Discourse of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. There Shrī Kṛshṇa, speaking to Arjuna, says: "The faith of each is shaped to his own nature, O Bhārata. The man consists of his faith; that which his faith is he is even that." And again: "Threefold is by nature the inborn faith of the embodied—pure, passionate and dark."

Here we see that faith is not an opinion, not a mere intellectual belief, not something "created" or imposed upon us by outward authority, environment, or influence; not something imparted suddenly and "miraculously" as a "divine gift"; on the contrary it is the deeper man himself, or rather that which is the expression of, the essence and fragrance, so to speak, of his very nature. By that nature is a man's faith shaped and vitalised, and if the nature be pure then will the faith be pure also. In other words a man's faith will correspond exactly to what he *is*. He may, for the

Consciousness: in short, since the weight of influence increases perpetually on the side of the Soul from life to life, as against the transient personality of the single life, we may put the process into the phrase that the evolution of the Soul is the soul of Evolution.

III. The Evolution of the Soul

The law of Evolution is defined as "the doctrine that higher forms of life have gradually arisen out of lower". This statement is usually taken to imply the annihilation of the old Christian idea of the *special creation* of a Soul with each human being that is born. A moment's thought on the definition will show that it is itself a statement of special creation, the only difference between it and the theological idea being that it is in steps. To remove the offensive *special* character, we have to remove the mysterious ability within the forms to respond at all to impact. Such removal would reduce the universe to a dead stop and nonentity. Sir William Barrett, in his essay on "The Creative Power of Thought," has followed this power of response to its most elementary manifestations, and has shown that it is due to the diffusion of *consciousness* in every atom of the universe.

In the strictest sense of the term this consciousness is "super-sensual". It does not depend on physical forms for life: it, itself, is the fountain of life: in its totality it embraces all possibilities of differential evolution: it is the spring of all action; the x quantity of *involution* whose recognition alone makes intelligible and complete any system that would explain the universe.

Theosophy teaches the law of involution as the spring and guide of evolution. Its details may be found in many books. My purpose is not to repeat them, but to offer an illustration of the operation of the law in the familiar terms of mathematics.

Assuming the Absolute totality to be a unit (1), any process of involution (involvement or entanglement) can only take place within itself, and can only be represented in the form of a fraction. A unit raised to any power of itself remains a unit ($1^5=1\times1\times1\times1\times1=1$). Here we have a figure of the metaphysical truth that the Absolute unity can never be brought down from its level: it remains transcendent. Assume now that the unit separates into seven parts. Seven new units are established, but they are not absolute units: they are relative units, dependent on one another, and owing their existence to the basic Absolute unit. We do not figure this division as 7×1, for that would give 7 absolute units, which is impossible. We figure each part as $\frac{1}{7}$, thus symbolising the dependence of the fraction from the unit, and shadowing the immanence of the Absolute unity in its constituents. If we divide each seventh into sevenths, we shall have 49 parts, and we may carry the process from stage to stage, each time we multiply the fraction giving us a greater total, an expanding multiplicity, but with a corresponding contraction of the value of each new relative unit. A child, not knowing the value of money, might prefer 48 farthings to one shilling, or 192 pies to a rupee, but a shopkeeper would not be induced by number to give any more sweets than for the single silver coin. So in the process of involution, the one became many—not many *ones*, but many relative

units, increasing in number and in the illusion of separateness and individual importance as they shared less and less directly the essence of the Absolute unity.

Evolution is the reversal of the process. Mathematically speaking, it absorbs one of the elements, and raises the efficiency of the remainder; and this process will go on until unity is reached. So is it in the life of the Soul. Wherever a number of persons meet for a worthy purpose, there is a withdrawal from involvement in the details of the separate lives: a new fraction of less multiplicity and greater potency is created: this is the secret of the power of organisation. So too, in the individual, the nearer the active consciousness approaches the Soul-level, the level of abstract thought, the farther it recedes from the illusory separations and false evolutions of the emotional and physical degrees of life, and experiences an enhancement of power. Mind asserts its influence over matter, not by opposing material power with material power, but by drawing nearer to the omnipotence of the Absolute unit.

This process of evolution is in constant operation. Physical science sees it in forms: psychological science sees it in consciousness. Its tendency is towards groupings on ever higher levels; towards reducing the fractional figures as to number, and increasing them as to value. Neither nature nor man can escape the sum which the Master Mathematician is working out. We cannot delay it beyond His Will: we *may* expedite it by the stimulation in humanity of a love of Beauty, a participation in altruistic activity, a joy in the great simplicities; and by the realisation in ourselves individually of the stable and fundamental elements of our true nature, by moving stage by stage

back from the fractions of the self in oscillating emotion and undisciplined thinking, towards the unit of the Self.

This is the path of the Universe, and they who enter that way in full consciousness have not only their faces toward the Ultimate Bliss, but are already sharers of it in themselves and among humanity.

James H. Cousins

TOLSTOY'S "WHAT IS ART?"

By G. HILDA PAGAN

Art is not a pleasure, a solace, or an amusement; Art is a great matter. Art is an organ of human life, transmitting man's reasonable perception into feeling. In our age the common religious perception of men is the consciousness of the brotherhood of man—we know that the well-being of man lies in union with his fellow men.

The task of Art is enormous. Through the influence of real Art, aided by science, guided by religion, that peaceful co-operation of man which is now obtained by external means—by our law courts, police, charitable institutions, factory inspection, etc.—should be obtained by man's free and joyous activity. Art should cause violence to be set aside.

And it is only Art that can accomplish this.

SO wrote Count Leo Tolstoy in *What is Art?*, an earnest little book that he produced at a time when he had laid aside his own wonderful achievements in art as novelist and story-teller, and was giving his whole mind and soul to the working out of his strong and sincere thoughts concerning life and its meaning. Written almost twenty years ago, an English translation by Mr. Aylmer Maude appeared straight from the manuscript, for the Russian press censorship did not allow any of Tolstoy's ethical works to come out in full, owing to their unorthodoxy. One must confess that, on totally different grounds, the English reader is also tempted to make "cuts"; for the author has loaded his early chapters with conscientious quotations from various European philosophisings upon

"beauty" and "æsthetics," which—if the shades of the philosophers only knew it!—make very dull reading. But Tolstoy's own ideas upon *What is Art?* are most striking; and one comes to them in time!

Firmly established in the faith that "Humanity unceasingly moves forward from a lower, more partial and obscure understanding of life, to one more general and lucid," Tolstoy describes art as "one of two organs for human progress"—thought or science or knowledge being the other. With the idea of "Art for art's sake"—that art is self-expression merely, and has no ulterior aim—he has no patience whatever. After years of thought upon the matter he formed this definition:—*Art is a human activity consisting in this, that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings and also experience them.* Of course, not all artists would agree with this definition, and even people who are not artists at all are at liberty to have notions of their own. To take only one instance—but it is that of an expert—there is a teacher in the Theosophical Society in England, Mr. W. Wroblewski, who defines art as follows: "Art is the psychic capacity of registering in matter one's own psychic progress or individual relationship both with regard to the Whole (God) and to the details of life (one's own neighbours). It is a synthetical expression of human emotions, thoughts and needs. If art were an expression of mere human emotion and thoughts, and not needs, it would not be the true expression of the human soul, for the life of the latter depends on all three factors." This more elaborate explanation gives art a fuller place in life; but Tolstoy

deliberately limits its sphere to that of our feelings. "By words," he says, "man interchanges thoughts, by the forms of art he interchanges feelings, and this with all men, not only of the present time but of the past and the future." Having accepted this view, Tolstoy found himself obliged to consider that much of what is ordinarily admired and applauded is so narrow in its appeal that it hardly merits the name of art. "Art unites people," is what he claims. When one is affected—or, as he calls it, infected—by any work of art, one feels nearer not only to its originator but to all the other people who like it or enjoy it or are touched by it too. From this he argues that true art should be such that it should draw men together, however great the barriers of race and period might be between them. In this he seems to make no allowance for the different types of humanity, or the varying complexities of their natures. This was the more extraordinary, in that in his own art he had portrayed type after type, all well drawn, alive, growing up or growing old, each according to his own temperament. But in his old age he came to believe that all men ought to be alike. This is one of the instances of his tendency to "over-simplify life," a characteristic well and thoughtfully noted in his biography by his friend and translator, Mr. Aylmer Maude. In preparing *What is Art?* Tolstoy studied much—read a large number of new works in various languages, Kipling's early tales and the verses of Swinburne among the English examples; he listened (with great discomfort) to "modern" music; and examined recent paintings of the impressionist school—all with care, and a sincere desire to find in these things the pleasure and refreshment that

they could be seen to give to others. Then, realising that these others were people practised in the study of such things—stylists and specialists, as it were—he formed the curious opinion that art is not true art unless it can be appreciated by *all*.

This misconception on Tolstoy's part apparently arises from a misunderstanding of the term brotherhood —his watchword at all times. Because men are *brothers*, he thinks it follows that they are *equal*; and that therefore they can receive the same impression from the same artistic work—be they Jew or Greek, ancient or modern, gentle or simple, country peasant or city artisan. Any art, therefore, that exercises its influence, not because of some fundamental and essential emotion—religious feeling, compassion, charity—but which depends on the trained minds, cultured sentiments, perverted and degraded senses of town dwellers, and especially of the upper classes, he sweeps aside as false. This particular theorising is the natural outcome of Tolstoy's strong conviction that it would be better if all people lived a life of bodily labour upon the land which nourishes them—a life of health and of few wants, of fruitful activity and kindly fellowship. It appears to him the extreme of degradation that unwholesome city places, such as factories, printing offices and theatres, should employ thousands upon thousands of men and women in producing meaningless books, bad music and worthless plays. He goes farther, and will not even hear of its being of value to anybody to learn to act, to play upon an instrument, or, let us say, to dance upon the tight-rope, if thereby is excluded the perfect, all-round development which he believes can best be attained in country life.

What then remains that can be truly termed art, among present and past achievements? Very little, one must admit! Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, he regretfully decides, must go—what peasant audience could sit out its performance? And all opera must go—who can rightly follow music if combined with dramatic dialogue? (!) All the obscure and puzzling verse that occupies the intellect or excites the senses but stirs no feeling in us; and, for the same reason, all such novels, plays, poems or pictures as are merely well-informed —"interesting"—and describe scenery, houses, foreign travel, historical incident, technical processes even—these also are not art. Nearly all of his own works—and here, I think, there is no reader who will not rebel —are absolutely (and heroically!) condemned likewise; among them his huge and beautiful novel *War and Peace*, which his wife once described as a "prose poem". Almost the only things "universal" enough to be counted as art, seem to be the story of Joseph and his Brethren and the Psalms of David—and these latter he intends us to outgrow!

Let us go back, however, to the wide range that Tolstoy gives his subject. He says:

> Art extends from cradle-song, jest, mimicry, the ornamentation of houses, dress and utensils, up to church services, buildings, monuments and triumphal processions.

And again:

> The business of art lies in just this—to make that understood and felt which, in the form of an argument, might be incomprehensible and inaccessible. Usually it seems to the recipient of a truly artistic impression that he knew the thing before but had been unable to express it.

These words are most suggestive of the manner in which art influences us. Moreover they bring us to a

fresh part of the question, and it is one about which the author cared very deeply. Granted that "truly artistic impressions" reach us, *enter* us, what type of art ought we at our present stage of evolution to designate as "good art"?

Tolstoy, as we have seen, not only firmly believes in human progress but speaks as though man had already arrived at the consciousness of brotherhood. All art, therefore, that is separative in its tendency, must be retrograde in its effects. Tales that exalt pride, ambition, hate, revenge, warfare, or any form of strife, are bound to be harmful. Also the writings, music, painting or dress that arouse unwholesome excitement with regard to sexual love—all these things are "*bad art*". It may be mentioned in passing that he is very chary of encouraging love stories at all, partly because he found among his peasant readers and auditors that love was thought but a poor subject for art. If only we stopped to think about it, he declares, we should consider even a masterpiece like *Romeo and Juliet* the last thing desirable for our young girls to read or witness, lest it awaken their emotional nature too soon and exaggerate it. Even in such innocent love Tolstoy could discern too much of selfishness. But in heroism and self-sacrifice, benevolence and forgiveness, chastity and renunciation—in these he finds fit matter for what he deems to be *good art*.

> All that now, independently of the fear of violence and punishment, makes the social life of man possible (and already this is an enormous part of the order of our lives)—all this has been brought about by art. If by art it has been inculcated how people should treat religious objects; their parents, their children, their wives, their relations, strangers, foreigners; how to conduct themselves to their elders, their superiors, to those who suffer, to their enemies and to animals—so that

the force of such customs can in no way be shaken but by means of art; then by the same art, other customs more in accord with the religious perception of our time, may be evoked.

For the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with Tolstoy's philosophy of life, it should perhaps be pointed out here that many of the apparent virtues touched on in the paragraph just quoted, were to him anathema. "How to treat foreigners" is a negative piece of advice in the case of a man who has come to believe that patriotism—involving as it does the setting up or acknowledging of barriers between nation and nation—is an actual sin against brotherhood; in the same way, the correct procedure with regard to religious objects is a needless prescription for one who no longer admits that the Church is sincere in the doctrines and symbols that it gives to the people for their enlightenment and spiritual nourishment; and a teacher who desired to see perfect loving-kindness go out from us at all times to all men, has no use for any directions as to our conduct to our "enemies".

In fact, it here becomes apparent that *What is Art?* is written for that future period when laws, Churches, and Governments shall no longer be required. Possibly that is one reason why the book has had so little notice taken of it as yet. But are the dreamers, the idealists, the optimists, necessarily always in the wrong? It has been said elsewhere that Tolstoy foreshadows, in his life, the Root Race—the Seventh—which may some day make use of his country as its early home. In that Race the form side of life will be transcended by the spiritual aspect. His biographer somewhere remarks that the drawback to Tolstoy's outlook upon life is that it is apt to do away with one's sense of the usefulness of any

human activity whatsoever. That is true. But even now, in our very active, material and worldly Fifth Race, we have prophets of our own whose voices are in unison with that of the great Russian brother. In a book upon *Modern Problems*, by one who stands as high in the world of Science as Leo Tolstoy does in the realm of Literature, there is a passage so similar to some of *What is Art?*, breathing the same faith in man's inner nature and its continual unfoldment, that I wish to quote it here. Its author, Sir Oliver Lodge, in an essay on "The Position of Women in the State," is dealing with social service, and especially that branch of it known as Child Welfare, when he says that its difficulties cannot be solved by the intellect alone.

> To coerce sane people into arrangements made in accordance with statistical and medical advice alone, is quite impracticable, and would lead to furious revolt. Besides, even if practicable, it would be unwise; Love is a spirit which rises superior to human understanding, and in its majesty affords a surer and diviner guide than any law or system. The spirit can appear in many disguises—strict justice, public service, organising energy and social work, among others—and can assume unexpected shapes; already it achieves more than is generally recognised, it must ultimately dominate all human activity; and when the affairs of the world are really controlled in harmony with the spirit of Love, the millennium will have come.

And it is this same millennium that Tolstoy believes shall be brought about by Art.

G. Hilda Pagan

Beethoven was the greatest musical genius the modern world possesses. In the silence of his thought-world were born the wonderful sounds that electrify us to-day. His was a stormy karma, we say, meaning that his life was full of "stress and storm," of grief and bitter disappointment. Joy was his as well, and wondrous glimpses of a future happiness, not alone for himself, but for all humankind. "Karma?" some of you will ask, "what is that?" I answer: "The Law, the great Law of compensation. It never rests, it is a law of cause and effect, of action and reaction, of ebb and flow. It is the law of justice. The sun shines and the rain falls on the just and the unjust, on the rich and the poor alike. Nature equalises all things."

Had Beethoven been brought up in luxury, devoted to drinking, duelling and the other pursuits of the German student corps of his native town of Bonn, think you we should have the melting melody of the Moonlight Sonata, or the divine dignity of the Pathétique, as our heritage and our joy? "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "The pepper-plant will not give birth to roses, nor the sweet jasmine's silver star to thorn or thistle turn." This is the law of Karma, and it runs through all our lives.

Emerson says, in that incomparable essay of his on Compensation, that for everything you have missed you have gained something else: "The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing, than the varieties of condition tend to equalise themselves." Sometimes this truth is patent to us in the lives of our heroes and demi-gods, and in our own lives, for is not the life of hero and demi-god

lived over again by us, consciously or unconsciously? And sometimes it is hidden deep and must be dug up from beneath much rubbish of passion and error, much debris from the wreck of a storm-swept life. Thus it was with Beethoven, master music spirit of the Ages, the passion flower of music. It matters not to us when nor where he was born, for Spirit is eternal, is never born and never dies.

It is not for us to ask why this wondrous spirit, so alive, so sensitive to all beauty, should have been encased in an undersized, ugly body, with an unbeautiful temper and a venomous tongue, instead of being endowed with the grace and charm of a Mozart or a Mendelssohn. It is one of life's mysteries, and what boots it? The contrasts in his character give us the wonderful contrasts in his music, the bold dissonances and modulations, rhythmical thought-effects never dreamed of before and never equalled since. The thunderstorm that raged in his soul gave us that passionate storm in the Pastoral Symphony. This is no so-called
sic, no stage thunder or mock lightning, n
but the real thing, an expression of
quieting down as the infinite Spirit c
of the mind and the birds of hope and l
song of thankfulness and peace: at last t

The widest range of feeling is e
music, in fact it is not too much to say t
ed feeling into instrumental music. Mozart took the forms laid down by Haydn, the father of the symphony, and enlarged and enriched them, making the most beautiful music the world had ever known up to that time, but Beethoven takes us through the whole gamut of human feelings and experiences, makes us think,

NOW—AND TO COME

THE shadowy wings of war enfold the earth.
Shrouded in darkness, she speeds along her path,
A globe so sorrowful that her sister-stars
Shudder at her approach, and in her wake
An icy wind disturbs the ether.

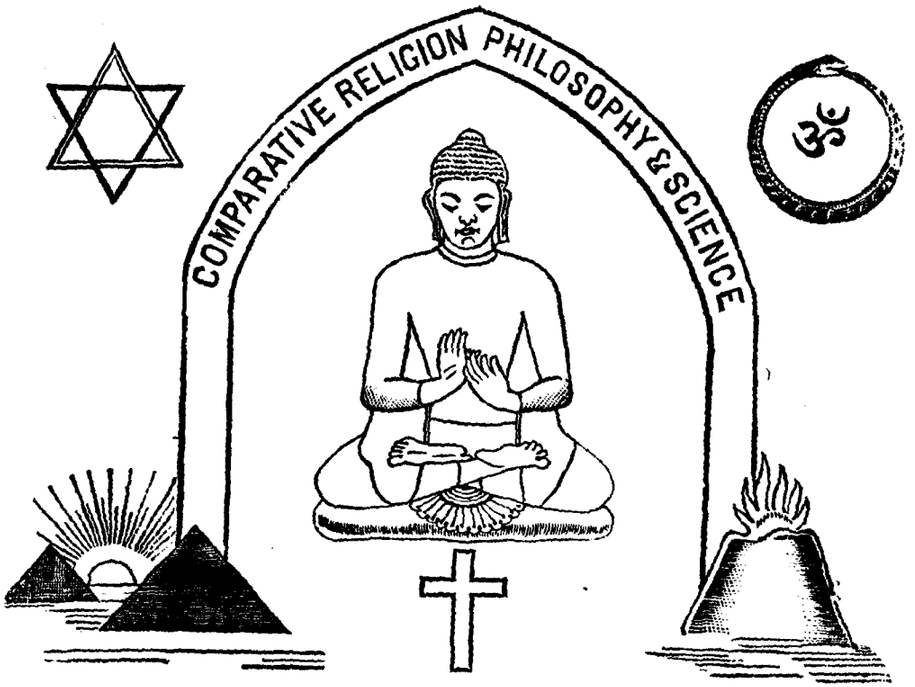
Sorrow and pain greet one another,
Hatred and cruelty go hand-in-hand.
Their eyes flame and their brows are dark,
They stride over the mountains,
And at their coming the waters are poisoned, and the plains
[are a grey desolation.
For the voice of war rises upon the wind—
A voice so terrible that the souls of men
Are shocked out of their bodies, and wander dumbly,
Estranged from the warm homes that once were theirs.

Yet there are other voices.
Youth and self-sacrifice now make a song—
A song of courage that flings scorn in the face of the Grim
[Angel,
Courage that laughs 'neath the hand of the Angel of Pain,
Courage that forgets self and dies magnificently,
Hastening to give all, all that it has to give,
In the great cause of Humanity.

When the voices are stilled,
When the wind of war has died down,
When Peace arises from the grave
Where she has long slept with her parasites, Sloth and
[Selfishness and Love-of-Ease—
What voice will then ring out over the desolate earth?

The voice of Love will be heard at the sunrise,
The hand of Love will heal all suffering,
The tears of Love will water the desert places,
And the heart of Love will beat among the stars.

EVA MARTIN



BEETHOVEN: A STUDY IN KARMA

By JESSIE WAITE WRIGHT

BEETHOVEN, born in a garret, beaten about by a brutal father, made to earn money by playing in beer gardens and dance halls while yet a child, waked in the middle of the night and made to practice, exploited and betrayed by selfish and self-seeking brothers, cajoled and rejected by capricious women, heart-broken in early manhood because of almost total deafness—this

weep, smile and suffer, yet at the end leaves us satisfied, calmly happy. Rubinstein says: "His music emanates not from a human being, but as from an invisible Titan, who is filled with joy, who now rejoices over humanity, now is offended, who laughs and again weeps, a supernatural being not to be measured." And still, such are human limitations that it was with much labour and in sore travail that his immortal children came into the world. Not all at once, fully clothed, did they emerge from his thought, as Minerva from the brain of Jove. His sketch-books show that measure after measure was rewritten many times before the casket seemed worthy the jewel of his inspiration. So it is always. It is work that wins. However great the genius, work makes it greater. God means us to work—and win.

At twenty-eight years of age Beethoven was hopelessly deaf. His sensitive soul was almost submerged by this sorrow, so much it meant to him, such sacrifice of sweet sounds, such severing of companionships, such subjections to misunderstandings. And yet this very affliction, weaning him away from the gay and happy life he yearned for, drew him nearer to the source of his inspiration, developed in him a sublime discontent, a noble contempt for the pettiness of human life, and opened up to him that inner vision of a higher life within —a life of freedom, hope, joy. To him the true religion was love of humanity, and his motto was *God before all.*

He has been accused of being irreligious because he chose for his prayer book *Thoughts on the Works of God in Nature*, because the woods and fields were his temple wherein he offered up the sweet incense of his song and received divine inspiration in return. And

the music in which he has immortalised these experiences—how many lives have been enriched, ennobled, sanctified by it.

He believed in the *I am.* He kept constantly on his work-table these lines, framed under glass: "*I am that which is. I am all that is, that has been, and that shall be. No mortal hand has lifted my veil. He is by himself and it is to him that everything owes existence.*" This inscription, found in a temple at Sais, in Egypt, dedicated to the Goddess Neith, so impressed Beethoven as to become part of his very existence.

Far from being illiterate; as has been supposed, he was a thorough student along lines which interested him. "Plato's *Republic*," says Schindler, "was transfused into his flesh and blood." He was an ardent republican at heart, and took great interest in America's struggle for independence. His literary idols were Homer, Plutarch, Shakespeare and Goethe. He was an individualist and a humanitarian. He was sufficient unto himself and yet a devout believer in the brotherhood of man. He was a dreamer and a worker. He was one of those of whom it is said:

We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world forsakers
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world, for ever, it seems.

With wonderful, deathless ditties,
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story,
We fashion an empire's glory;
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And *three* with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the Old of the New World's worth;
For, each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

He dreamed of a future when all men should be brothers, and we are told that the *Finale* of the Ninth Symphony is the musical expression of the dream and of the wish. His final note is always one of triumph, of rest, never of uncertainty or of unrest, as in Chopin's mournful melody; and so he found, always, at the last his compensation.

His the privilege to stand on the watch-tower and to sound forth to a waiting world the "*Everlasting Yea*". "God's in his heaven—All's right with the world." If all is well with the world, the individual must know that all is well with him also, since he is a part of the whole. He must feel this in spite of the fact that he suffers; even the agony which seems past bearing must be borne. He must learn to say: "All is Love! All is Law."

If in the fulfilling of the Law
I am broken, bruised and bent,
I must know it is best so,
And be content, and be content.

For:

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!

Bach, Beethoven, Brahms! The immortal Trinity in music. Bach, the foundation; Beethoven, the flower; Brahms, the future hope, the carrying on of the note of spirituality sounded by Beethoven.

Bach, Beethoven, Brahms; and the greatest of these is Beethoven. Why? Because of his humanism, because he voices the longing and love of the human heart in no uncertain tones. When humanity has *arrived*, as the French would say, when our evolution has progressed through many stages, when the new Sixth Race has been born and has taken its place in the history of the ages, we shall be ready for Brahms. Brahms the mystical, Brahms the subtle, Brahms the dweller on the loftiest mountain peaks of consciousness.

Those of us who are students of Theosophy can understand how a master like Beethoven, suddenly plunged into surrounding materiality from the creative heights of genius, from converse with the gods, should appear strange, uncanny, to the ignorant bystander. When the divine ecstasy possessed him, he would sing aloud and beat his breast, as he walked bareheaded through the streets. When he was made to realise where he was by the coarse and mocking derision of the crowd, he would turn from them in contempt and flee in terror to the woods and fields where, under the open sky, much of his best work was done. It is said that "when the master could lift up his shaggy head to the sky and cry aloud all undisturbed, he both heard and *saw* the sounds he sang". Sounds to some are invisible symbols of form and colour. Beethoven's heart was filled with love, with divine, unselfish love, love of his kind and of all nature. He wrote to his friends: "Forgive me, then, if you see me turn away when I would gladly mix with you. For me there is no recreation in human intercourse, no sweet interchange of thought. In solitary exile I am compelled

sake of "policy," or in order to avoid giving offence to a friend, or out of respect to some authority, accept tentatively this or that person's views or statements, but in reality he will not go much beyond what he is by nature. To change his faith, and hence his actions, you must change his nature; but as this is a complex thing, spun partly out of the threads of heredity and environment, but mostly out of his own thoughts and feelings of this and other lives, the changing of it is by no means an easy matter, and involves long and strenuous effort. It is true there is a point in the soul's evolution—called by some conversion—when it seems to leap suddenly forward, to break suddenly loose from comparative darkness and bondage and enter into comparative light and freedom, but in reality it is but a stage in its growth, never to be reached before the full time is ripe.

From Shrī Krṣhṇa's definition of faith we learn also that the necessary evolution of man, and consequently of his faith, passes through three definitely marked stages; namely, "dark," "passionate," and "pure," and those who know anything at all about the actions of men, individually and in the mass, will know that this classification is remarkably accurate, illuminating, and significant. In the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Discourses of the *Gītā* some striking particulars are given of the characteristics peculiar to the people belonging to each of these three periods of evolution. The foods, for instance, "dear to the pure" are described as those which "augment vitality, energy, vigour, health, joy and cheerfulness"; those of the "passionate" as "bitter, sour, saline, over-hot, pungent, dry and burning, and which produce pain,

grief, and sickness"; the food most liked by the "dark" as "stale and flat, putrid and corrupt . . . unclean".

Respecting *sacrifice* (or service), this is offered by the "pure" as duty and "*without desire for fruit*"; by the "passionate"—"with a view verily to fruit and also indeed for self-glorification"; by the "dark"—"contrary to the ordinances," etc. Again, the "dark" are spoken of as "discordant, vulgar, stubborn, cheating, malicious, indolent, despairful, procrastinating," of that which "thinketh wrong to be right" and which "seeth all things subverted". The "passionate" are referred to as of that which "understandeth awry Right and Wrong, and also what ought to be done and what not to be done," those who desire "to obtain the fruit of actions, greedy, harmful, impure, moved by joy and sorrow". The "pure" are of that which "knoweth energy and abstinence, what ought to be done and what ought not to be done, fear and fearlessness, bondage and liberation, not egoistic, endued with firmness and confidence, unchanged by sickness or failure". Broadly speaking, the people in the first, or "dark," stage—the earlier and more primitive races of man—may be said to be almost entirely governed by bodily appetites, by their feelings and passions; those in the second stage, the "passionate," by a mixture of emotions and lower mind (with flashes of the higher), resulting mainly in selfishness and competition; those in the third stage by the Higher Self which is really the Law of Love and the Will of Īshvara. These are the people (they seem to me to be extremely rare) in whose hearts and lives the notes of Union, Co-operation, and Universal Brotherhood sound forth clearly and insistently.

to live. When I approach strangers a feverish fear takes possession of me, for I know I shall be misunderstood. But Thou, O God, lookest down upon my inward soul! Thou knowest, and Thou seest that love for my fellow men and all kindly feeling have their abode here. Patience. I may get better; I may not; but I will endure all until death shall claim me, and then joyously will I go."

Music is both a science and an art, and it is because Beethoven in his music weds the two, that he will be understood for all time. Wagner says: "Melody has by Beethoven been freed from the influence of fashion and changing taste, and raised to an ever-valid purely human type." Before Beethoven, music was an experimental science and an artificial art. Bach laid the broad foundations, but it remained for Beethoven to build the perfect temple. Sir Hubert Parry says: "Inspiration without methods and means at its disposal will no more enable a man to write a symphony than to build a ship or a cathedral. What is needed is the perfect balance of expression and design. This Beethoven gives us."

Tennyson tells us, in that strong story of the evolution of a soul, that vision of individual freedom and universal peace, that poem said by some to be the finest in the English language, "Locksley Hall":

> Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger
> [on the shore,
> And the individual withers, and the world is more
> [and more.
>
> Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears
> [a laden breast,
> Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness
> [of his rest.

Knowledge is the accumulation of facts. Wisdom the transmuting of facts into faculty or power through experience. We who are students of the Ancient Wisdom try thus to transmute our experience into power, and that power into peace, the peace that passeth understanding. *Peace to all beings.*

Beethoven bore his karma well. If he seemed morose and peculiar to those who knew him none too well, it was because of the inner struggle, the longing for love, for light, for truth, for peace. The longing, the love, the light and the peace are all portrayed for us in his marvellous music. He made amends for many mistakes. He made return of love for abuse. He forgave those who reviled and despitefully used him. He was human; he tried to be divine. For thousands of weary souls he has helped to make life more beautiful, more bearable. He has helped to lift the heavy karma of the world.

Master! It is well with thee.

Jessie Waite Wright

GOD THE ONLY REAPER

By An Irish Catholic

AN Irish legend tells us that when St. Brigid coaxed from the king as much land as her neckerchief would cover, it was found, in stretching the garment out, that it spread over an acre of land, upon which she was able to build the Church she had in mind. There is a saying of St. Paul: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"; which is like the Saint's neckerchief, not only because it can be widely extended but because on it we can build, not exactly a Church, but a whole Theosophy, a guiding principle through life.

Great is the confidence of the farmer as to his sowings. From barley seed will come forth barley; from oats, oats; and so on. And seed badly sown will produce a thin crop, whereas careful seeding brings a sure and more abundant harvest. Thus in agriculture effect follows cause with mathematical exactness and certainty, because of some hidden law of which the world knows little. Why should we conclude that the operations of this great law are confined to agriculture? Are there no seed and soil and harvest save those with which the farmer deals?

We know what the Christ referred to when He spoke of sowing and reaping (*Matt.* xiii, 24). He had in mind every thought and act of a man's life. Thoughts and acts

are the seeds we scatter every day, every hour. They are each and all followed by a result. Ill thoughts lead to ill acts from which an evil harvest is sure to come. And if our thoughts are good the resulting crop will be the same; and if the seed of good thoughts is plentiful the harvest of good will be bountiful.

Most men and women to-day have hesitated to take the Christ at His word. They declined the Divine bargain He offered. And as a result the world is full of trouble and sorrow, despair and confusion.

If Man only had Faith; if he could only bring himself to trust in the Divine assurance of the Christ; a new light would break on the world. He would then see that the accidents, the strokes of Fate, that brought him trouble and confusion, were no haphazard blows from chance, but all part and parcel of his life and its deserts.

"Burden not the back of Aries, Leo or Taurus with thy faults," wrote Sir Thomas Browne, "nor make Saturn, Mars, or Venus guilty of thy follies." We are wise when we recognise that our Fate in business and in everything else lies in our own hands. We are the architects and builders of our fortune, as Longfellow pointed out in his sweet verse. The common experience of life proves that all men who deserve to get on are sure to prosper. The world, in short, is governed by Law and not by Luck. There are cases that seem exceptions to this rule, but they only seem so. When we enquire fully about them we discover hidden facts that confirm us the more strongly in our belief in the great Law.

Animated by this new faith a man would face the world with hope and courage. Whole-heartedly always

and everywhere would he bend himself to his work, the work that lies next to his hand, as Carlyle called it, entirely indifferent as to wages or profit, knowing that a full and ample reward would follow, that, in fact, he could not escape it if he tried.

Emerson, the great American Seer, emphasised this truth. He had in mind those humble employees toiling all day long for little wage and less acknowledgment, and thinking they were deserted by the world and forgotten. But God never forgets; not even is the humblest of us out of His Mind for a single moment. "If you serve an ungrateful master," says Emerson, "serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the debt is withholden, the better for you, for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer."

If this great truth could only become universally known and accepted, it would bring hope and comfort to millions of poor toilers. Trade Unions might not all at once disappear, but men would learn to appeal in their hearts from the employer they distrusted to the Great Master of all on whom they relied. Knowing that in the long run no employer could defraud them, they would harbour no bitter feelings, but continue their work with confidence and goodwill.

And the employer, when he learns the great truth and accepts it, will be a different man. For him also Emerson has golden words: "It is always the part of prudence to face every claimant and pay every just demand on your time, your talents and your heart. Always pay; for first or last you must pay your entire debt. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the

universe—to receive favours and render none. The benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent."

This new faith enables us to drive away the demon of fear that has been so productive of evil in the world. The children of fear are coats of mail, locks and keys, barred doors, policemen, armies and navies, lawsuits, wars, etc., a foul progeny indeed. When we learn to trust in the Divine assurance, we shall scrap our fleets and all the rest. Nothing can come to us but what God wills, and He will send us only the punishment we deserve. With our fears we built up most of the evil things on earth, and they will remain with us until we get rid of the fears.

Above all we must get it out of our heads that any outside force can injure us wrongly. There is no outside force but God, and He will send us only the fruit of our sowing. "Men," says the American Sage, "suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by anyone but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time."

A man's true wealth is the result of his work; it is part of himself, and he can no more be robbed of it than he can be separated from his shadow in the Sun. When he realises this he will rely no more on bolts and bars, on locks and safes, on police and soldiers.

He will understand also that any ill will towards him in the world is solely a reply to his own ill will in the present or the past. It is a product of his own sowing, the fruit of his own thinking. If he has to suffer anything from it, he must bear it without grumbling as something he himself has earned. It is an effect

flowing naturally from a cause. If he replies to it with a blow, he is only sowing further ill seed. If he recognises it, as he should, as coming as directly from the hand of God as the harvest in the autumn, he should not be angry or vengeful. He must learn the wisdom of turning the other cheek.

To beginners this is by no means easy. Our mental body in the past was fed on such unsound, unhealthy thoughts. Those thoughts are still there, at least many of them are, and they govern our sub-conscious mind. By continuous thinking along right lines we shall in due course alter the constitution of our mental bodies. We shall oust the wrong thoughts and put the sound, healthy ones in their place. At present in every decision we have to take, those wrong thoughts influence us more or less, and it is only when we have thoroughly supplanted them that our mental bodies will be the perfect instruments that in our better moments we want them to be.

And the more learned amongst us must be interested to realise that the teaching of the Christ in this connection is supported and largely endorsed, not only by the American Emerson but by philosophers like Berkeley, Kant and Hegel, and the rest. They did valuable work in rousing a materialistic age out of the ignorant complacency with which it regarded, loved and almost worshipped the objective world. What a rude shock it must have been to materialists to learn that there were grave doubts as to whether the objective world existed at all. Berkeley aimed at convincing his followers that a man has only to deal with his own thoughts and with God, and the teaching of the Kantian School was largely in the same direction. Turning to

the East, we find the same great truth taught with greater clearness, greater knowledge and deeper conviction. From the Vedas and other sacred writings of the East we learn that for man nothing really exists but his Higher Soul and the Cosmic Soul, and that these two are in reality One. In the East it is taught with greater emphasis that a man reaps as he sows. Because of the religious doctrines held by the people, the value of thought and its possibilities are better understood. There the people appreciate the effective use that can be made of right thinking. We in the West also must learn to realise that the important thing for man is to think rightly, and that he has in his own hands the selection of his thoughts. He must realise that his thinking and acting are the sowing to which the Christ referred, and that for the real punishment or reward for his thinking and acting he must look, not to any relative or neighbour near or far, but to the Absolute. God and God alone is the great Reaper, the eternal Reaper of all harvests, great and small.

An Irish Catholic

A SONG IN SEASON

I

A time for laughter, a time for fear,
A time to gather the growing corn,
And now the time for us to tear
The Veil of Night from the rising morn.

II

The Sun that set in the West has risen
Long since in the land of the rising sun,
But shadows still from the West imprison
Our souls in the night of a work undone.

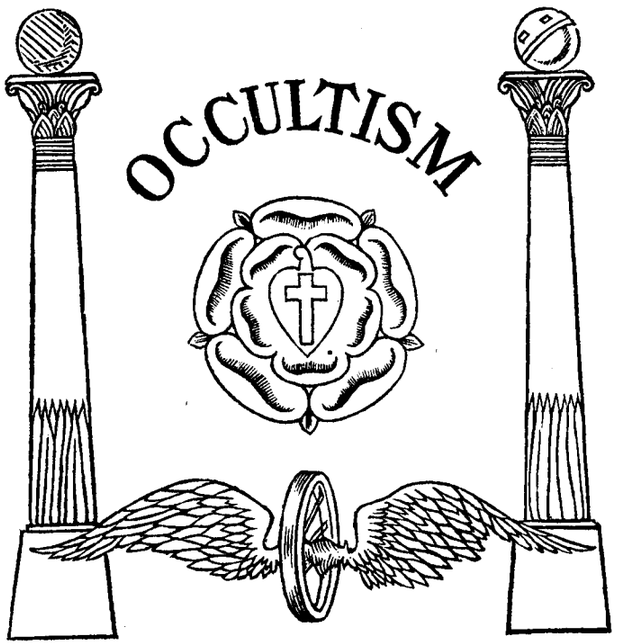
III

A world in pain, a world in labour,
A wonder child soon to be born,
But on our lips the same sad savour,
Of bitter poppy, of musty corn.

IV

Wake, for the sun burns overhead,
Rise, for the time of serving is here,
Live, for new life quickens the dead,
Work, for the time of harvest is near.

JIVAN LAL KATHJU



MAGIC IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By HOWARD E. WHITE

THE Christian Church, as it now exists, divides itself into two sections, when regarded not only from the standpoint of theological doctrine, but from that of practical life considered in its most essential features. This division is into Catholic and Protestant, and if we take these terms in their broader sense, leaving on one side all questions of detailed belief, we shall see that it is due to the fact that Catholic Christianity has as its

basis the Sacramental Principle, whereas in the Protestant Churches this principle is not found. It is true that the latter have two sacraments, Holy Communion and Baptism, but the one is but the outward expression of admission to membership, and the other merely a commemoration; whereas in the Catholic Church the sacraments act *ex opere operato*, *i.e.*, by their own inherent virtue, or, in other words, the rites themselves, when performed by duly authorised persons, and with right intention, are sufficient to bring about the desired sacramental change in a man's nature.

We can, for our present purpose, consider the "Catholic Church" to be represented by the Roman, Greek, and Anglican Churches. The title "Catholic" is only claimed by a section of the Anglicans, the so-called High Church—and this claim is repudiated by the Roman Church; but in a consideration of the Sacramental Principle such disputes do not concern us. Further, we shall find that it is most convenient to take the Roman Catholic Church as representing "Catholicism," for the Greek Church only differs in matters of detail and in questions of jurisdiction, and the "higher" the Anglican Church, the nearer it approaches to the Latin. The word Catholic, then, as here used, is applied to the principles underlying the above Churches, but as exemplified in the Roman Catholic Church, and this apart from any of the vexed questions existing among the Churches themselves.

This Sacramental Principle dividing the Churches is said by Occultists to be but one of the manifestations of what is called Magic; and this, in fact, has been brought forward in disparagement of the occult view, it being claimed that to hold such an opinion is to

reduce the Christian sacraments "to the level of heathen magic".

Such a statement, however, is due to a misunderstanding of the term Magic, and it will be well to consider some definitions of the word. It is derived from a Greek root which meant the science and religion of the Magi, or Priests of Zoroaster; but this has become changed, and according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* it is "the general term for the practice and power of wonder-working as depending upon the employment of supposed supernatural agencies". Let us now look at some occult and esoteric meanings. Eliphas Levi tells us that "Magic is the traditional science of the secrets of nature which has been transmitted to us from the Magi". Mrs. Annie Besant states that "Magic is the use of the will to guide the powers of external nature, and is truly, as its name implies, the great science". A most helpful account of its nature and value has been given by a modern Magician, Frater Perdurabo; he is speaking of the Mystic Path and its Goal, and says:

> The Infinite is always present but veiled by the thoughts of the mind. . . . To attain knowledge of That it is only necessary to still all thoughts. . . . to attain perfect vigilance and attention of the mind, uninterrupted by the rise of thoughts. . . . Before concentrating the mind, the lower principle, one must concentrate the higher principle, the Will. . . . There are methods of training the will by which it is easy to check one's progress. The whole question has been threshed out and organised by wise men of old, they have made a science of life, complete and perfect, and they have given it the name Magic.

It is due to the failure to understand Magic in this sense, as the Great Science, that such objections as above stated have been made; and it is to avoid such misunderstandings and to distinguish true Magic from so-called Black Magic, Fortune-telling, Witchcraft, and

the like, from sleight-of-hand, etc., that Frater Perdurabo has recently proposed to adopt the old form of the word—"Magick".

From the above explanations and definitions we see that Magic consists in the use and the development of the will. In considering its connection with the Catholic Church we shall be concerned mainly with the former aspect, the use of the will to guide the powers of external nature, although its other form is also involved. The division of Magic into White and Black, depending upon the unselfishness or selfishness of the Magician, is well known and need not detain us; but we also have a division into Natural Magic and Ceremonial Magic, the one working directly by the force of the will, and the other, as its name implies, using rites and ceremonies to assist and strengthen the will. It is probable that to a highly developed man ceremonies are unnecessary in bringing about the desired magical results, although it would seem that to work directly must involve a far greater expenditure of energy than would be necessary if Ceremonial Magic were employed; and for the large majority, at any rate, ceremonies are essential, enabling results to be produced that would be otherwise unobtainable.

In Ceremonial Magic the will is assisted by an intense concentration of the mind, brought about by the nature of the ceremony itself, which is so arranged that every faculty and every sense is brought into play, and every impression made upon the mind repeats and recalls the one thing desired. Eliphas Levi tells us that "all faculties and all senses must share in the work, nothing has the right to remain idle; intelligence must be formulated by signs and characters and summed

by pentacles, will must be determined by words and must fulfil words by deeds, the magical idea must be rendered into light for the eyes, harmony for the ears, perfumes for the sense of smell, savours for the palate, objects for the touch; the Operator must become a magnet to attract the desired thing". The effect of this has been very well illustrated by a Brother of the A.·.A.·. as follows:

> The will of the Magician may be compared to a lamp burning in a very dark and dirty room; first he sets to work to clean the room out, then he places a brightly polished mirror along one wall to reflect one sense, and then another to reflect another, and so on, until, whichever way he turns, up or down, to right or left, behind or before, there he sees his will shining, and ultimately so dazzling become the innumerable reflections that he can see but one great flame which obscures everything else.

To turn now to the Catholic Church. If we look back over its history we shall find this sacramental or magical principle existing from the earliest times. It is impossible to trace at all clearly the development of its rites, as there is very little evidence upon the subject, and even the documents which exist are silent to a very considerable extent with regard to the Sacraments and the most sacred doctrines and teachings. Altogether apart from any question of esoteric tradition, it is known that there existed what was called a "Discipline," which aimed at preventing sacred subjects from being profaned by those who were outside the Church; we find this, for instance, discussed by Cardinal Newman in his *Essay upon the Development of Christian Doctrine*. As an example we have the Mass divided into two parts, and after the first part the catechumens, unbaptised persons, and children were dismissed.

There seems good evidence for believing that in the early days Christian Mysteries existed, similar to

the famous Egyptian and Greek Mysteries; among the Gnostics it is known that Initiations and Mysteries were found. As evidence it has been pointed out, for instance, that the technical terms of the Greek Mysteries are found throughout the Gospels, Epistles, and the writings of the early Fathers; also that the language used throughout many of these writings implies, and often directly states, that there existed an inner and higher teaching for "those that are Perfect". Saint Clement says: "These are divine mysteries, hidden from most and revealed to the few who can receive them." Statements such as these are so frequent that a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* admits their existence and applicability to Mysteries within the Church, but, having started with the assumption that such did not exist, he is compelled to treat them as so much exaggeration and affectation. This question is, however, beside our present subject, and we must return to the other aspects of the Church.

There was a gradual growth and development of doctrine and practice, but the rites which we now have, existed in simpler forms in the earliest days. We can see this from such writings as those of St. Ignatius, dated by modern scholars about A.D. 120; and the sacramental, or magical, character can be clearly seen from such statements as that of Theodotus, about the year A.D. 165, where, speaking of the Consecrated Elements of the Mass, he says: "They remain the same in outward appearance as they were received, but by that power they are transformed into a spiritual power. So that the water, when it is exorcised and becomes baptismal, not only drives out the evil principle, but also contracts a power of hallowing." The great rites

of the Church are the Mass and the seven Sacraments: Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Communion, Matrimony, Penance, Orders, and Extreme Unction; and they have been slowly elaborated until they reached their present state of perfection, and to the majority of people their elaboration of detail and beauty are unknown.

The Mass is the great central point of devotion, and according to the doctrine of the Church it consists in the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the Trinity incarnate, offered up to God in His undivided nature. This was offered once upon the Cross, and is now perpetuated in the Mass; the latter being, however, a real sacrifice—one with that upon the Cross—and not a commemoration. In it, Christ is both Priest and Victim, and at the time of consecration the substance of the bread and wine is changed into the substance of the Body and Blood of Christ. This is the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and it has been very much misunderstood. According to the scholastic terms in which it was defined, every object consists of "substance" and "accidents," the substance being the underlying Reality, of which we know nothing save that It is, It being out of all relation to time and space; while the accidents are the qualities perceived by the senses, extension, appearance, taste, etc. Now in the consecration it is the substance only that is changed, the accidents remain in their normal condition. Cardinal Newman, describing this doctrine, tells us that the Body of Christ exists "locally" in Heaven, that is the glorified and risen Body which exists in space. In the Host, however, it exists "in substance," sacramentally and after the manner of a spirit in a body; but as it does not exist in space, it cannot be said to descend upon the altars, nor

does it move when the Host is carried in procession, and also from this results the possibility of its appearance upon every Catholic altar throughout the world at the same time.

The Mass itself is divided into two parts: (1) The general preparation, the Epistle, Gospel, Creed, Sanctification of the bread and wine, or Offertory as it is called —not the consecration but the offering to God of the unconsecrated elements. Then follows the Lavabo—the ceremonial washing of the Priest, the Preface and Sanctus. (2) The Canon, or main action of the sacrifice, the consecration of the bread and then the wine, followed by the Communion, the latter being that of the Priest himself, forming the completion of the sacrifice. We cannot attempt to enter into any detailed consideration of the Mass, but in passing may note that if the ceremony is examined, it will be found that every part is designed to emphasise the one idea of the sacrifice, made possible through the "Real Presence" upon the altar; and this consecration of objects preserves them from the influences of evil spirits, and also imparts "a power of hallowing".

Another point to be considered in all these ceremonies is the use of Latin. The use of mantras is well known in connection with the Eastern religions, but is frequently lost sight of in the Christian Church. The most important parts of the rituals of the Church should be considered as mantras, and hence as productive of a definite magical result, apart from their meaning as prayers; from which it follows, of course, that they cannot be translated without losing their value. These mantras would seem to be assisted to a remarkable degree by the Gregorian Plain Song developed and used

by the Church. A modern Catholic writer, Huysmans, has described the effect of one of the Offices sung in Plain Chant in a Trappist Monastery, he says:

> The Office began. It was not chanted but declaimed. The one side of the choir made all the vowels sharp and short letters, the other on the contrary altered them all into long letters. Thus chanted it became strange, and ended in rocking like an incantation and soothing the soul, which fell asleep in the rolling of the verses, interrupted by the recurrent doxology.

But this aspect, of the magical effects produced by certain sequences of sound, which is the basis of the mantra, opens up a whole subject in itself.

Howard E. White

(*To be concluded*)

JOAN OF ARC: A PRACTICAL MYSTIC

By J. GRIFFITHS

ONE of the most inspiring figures in mediæval European history is that of Joan of Arc, who was recently brought before the notice of the newspaper reading public through her canonisation by the Roman Catholic Church, which arose out of a petition made by the Bishop of Orléans in 1869. The matter has undergone many prolonged stages, including an enquiry at Orléans which lasted fourteen years. The final pronouncement took place in 1909. The Romish Church has officially, even if somewhat tardily, recognised the Maid of Orléans after a lapse of 478 years. Nevertheless, the Romish Church is in advance of the dogmatic scepticism of our age; for some historians regard her as a deluded individual, whilst many people think of her as a rather mythical character. This is not to be wondered at, for truly hers was a life of marvels blended with the supernormal, so often incorrectly called the supernatural.

Yet there is not a single incident in European history of the last five hundred years more thoroughly authenticated than the life and experiences of Joan of Arc. During her trial she was closely questioned, and all her answers were recorded by the notaries appointed for that purpose. Twenty-one years after her death the

petition for her rehabilitation (for she had been excommunicated prior to her death) led to an enquiry which lasted over six months. Over 170 witnesses were heard, and much valuable evidence was brought forward by those who had known the Maid from her childhood onward, yet not a single well substantiated charge was brought forward against her, and all the evidence showed how deeply she was venerated by almost all who had known her.

To those who believe that unseen powers are ruling and shaping the world, it will be interesting to learn from a celebrated historian that

> France in that period was a profoundly religious country; there was ignorance, superstition and bigotry, but there was Faith—a Faith that itself worked true miracles, even while it believed in unreal ones. At this time, also, one of those devotional movements began among the clergy in France, which from time to time occur in National Churches without it being possible for the historian to assign any adequate human cause for their immediate date or extension. Numberless friars and priests traversed the rural districts and towns of France, preaching to the people that they must seek from Heaven a deliverance from the pillages of the soldiery and the insolence of the foreign oppressors.
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> The idea of a Providence that works only by general laws was wholly alien to the feelings of the age. Every political event, as well as every natural phenomenon, was believed to be the immediate result of a special mandate from God. This led to the belief that His holy angels and saints were constantly employed in executing his commands and mingling in the affairs of men. The Church encouraged these feelings; and at the same time sanctioned the concurrent belief that hosts of evil spirits were also actively interposing in the current earthly events, with whom sorcerers and wizards could league themselves and thereby obtain the exercise of supernatural power.

This indicates the favourable state of the public mind to accept the Divine interposition through the instrumentality of Joan, and those who did not believe her to be inspired by superhuman beings were ready

As the majority of mankind are still in the second stage—busily developing the lower mind—it is but natural to expect that the average faith of the world will show forth second-stage qualities also. And nowhere is this more manifest than in the religions of the world, for though there is happily an encouraging movement towards the unity and tolerance which shall eventually render obnoxious and impossible any idea of proselytism, the " I am I " principle is still very strong and active in most religions, and particularly, I think, in Christianity.

From what has already been said it will be evident that in the earlier part of man's pilgrimage, before mind had been developed and before he could be said to have arrived at the point where he really began to think for himself, to initiate his own thoughts, there was little or none of that genuine belief which is the conviction of the heart and which invariably results in definite action. What faith there was at that stage was of a conventional and superficial kind, easily adopted and as easily put aside. The absence of mind, of independent thinking, means also the absence of independent faith, and it is not until the mind is strong enough and man begins to think for himself that he begins to exercise a faith worthy of the name, and likely to be of service to his fellows. While he is motived in his actions by his feelings, or while his thoughts are mere repetitions of those of others, no matter how highly esteemed and venerable, his faith, though useful to himself as a means of evolving will, must be comparatively useless as an instrument of public service. The faith that counts, the faith that is able to " remove mountains," is the faith that is the cumulative

result of a long series of experiences in a long series of lives. And it is this past, stretching away back into infinity, which gives the impulse, character, and environment of the present, and out of which, as we deal with passing opportunities, will the future be woven.

It will thus be seen that faith, like thought, is progressive. The stages of its growth are often preceded by periods of healthy scepticism and honest doubt. In some respects we repeat in miniature in this life—in childhood, youth, young manhood and full maturity—what we have passed through in the long sweep of our evolution. The matter comprising our physical, emotional, and mental bodies represents fairly accurately our place in that evolution. Put otherwise, the Divine Self within each is limited in his expression down here by his vehicles, and faith is a mode of that expression, is, in fact, that Self in the process of struggling through and with those vehicles, to respond to, to contact, to at-one the Truth. He can only do this with any degree of perfection when the vehicles are pure and harmonised. Given a certain type of nature, a certain type of vehicle, and you have a certain type of faith; change that nature, and the faith changes also. The more evolved the person, the higher and purer the nature, the higher and purer the faith. It is only when truth is perceived by the intellect or glimpsed by the intuition that there can be true faith. The faith of primitive peoples is more properly speaking a kind of blind super-animal instinct, not unlike that manifested by the group soul. What is called " blind faith " can exist only at certain lower stages of growth, and, as a Master once wrote:

enough to regard her as the instrument of the powers of evil.

The country was politically in one of the last stages of national extremity. The Dauphin had not been crowned, and three-quarters of France was under the sway of Henry VI of England, who had been declared King of France by his Burgundian allies. Orléans was the only large town loyal to the Dauphin, and it was the key to Southern France. Prior to Joan's arrival there its position seemed quite hopeless, for famine was looming ahead. Meanwhile the Dauphin dallied with his court at Chinon, letting national affairs drift. The extinction of France as an independent nation seemed inevitable; all her Generals had been entirely unsuccessful. The suitable man to infuse new life into the nation was not forthcoming, so the Higher Powers chose a woman—a mere girl—as an instrument whereby to accomplish their work, for France had a future before it.

In the year 1412, in Domremy, Joan was born. Her father was a well-to-do peasant, a dark, stern man, inclined to be gloomy and morose. Her mother trained her in household duties and the art of spinning and weaving, whilst she also taught her the devotional exercises of the Church. As a child Joan was eminent for piety and purity of soul, also for her compassion for the sick, poor or suffering; she was ever ready to aid, and much given to prayer and devotional exercise in the village church. When thirteen years of age, she said "a voice from God came near to her to help her in ruling herself". She heard voices more frequently than she saw visions; the usual time she heard them was when the church bells were sounding for prayer.

They always spoke soothingly to her, their Presence gladdened her even to tears. They told her that France would be saved and that she would save it. As she grew older the visions became more frequent, yet she never mentioned them to anyone, for the voices bade her to be silent.

When she was about seventeen years of age the voices ordered her to leave home and go to Captain de Baudricourt at Vaucouleurs, and he would send her to the king. She revealed her mission to her parents, who would not believe in it. But her uncle accompanied her to Vaucouleurs. After seeing her, de Baudricourt, who thought the maid to be mad, told her uncle to take her home and give her a good whipping. Yet her faith in her mission never faltered, although she was laughed at as the maid who was going to save France. She had the will to believe; the greatness of the task did not deter her, but she was simple enough and strong enough to do just as she was told. In her difficulty Joan resorted to prayer and spent whole days in the little church. Gradually the villagers were won by her sweetness, piety and devotion, sustained by the firm assurance of her divine mission. News of a further defeat of the French arrived, and de Baudricourt, although he never expressed belief in her mission, recognised that she might be useful. Perhaps, of the many souls who have been divinely commissioned to carry out important work in the world, few have suffered more keenly from ridicule, as well as unbelief, than Joan, and nobody believed in her less than her own family at first. Later on, some of her officers were unwilling to obey her commands, for how could she know anything of war; but when her sagacity was proved beyond the possibility of doubt, they declared her to be

a witch. Perhaps the first stage of the Maid's career marks one of her greatest victories. She wore down doubt and ridicule by non-resistance, but meanwhile she steadily pursued her purpose. She insisted that she alone could save France, that it was God's will she should go the king, although she herself would rather remain with her poor mother and spin. On the morning of her departure from Vaucouleurs she assumed the arms and apparel of a knight, as bidden by her voices, and as she sat upon her horse with quiet and gentle dignity, she was asked: "Are you not afraid?" In her clear sweet voice, which even her enemies allowed was womanly, she said: "I was born to do this."

Seven in all, the little band rode off to accompany Joan to the king, and it is related that her wonderful purity and childlike simplicity made the deepest impression on her escort. One of her greatest charms was the entire absence of self-consciousness; she was as simple as a child, a mixture of simplicity and courage which appealed to the chivalrous knights of her escort. When they arrived at Chinon, the Dauphin refused her an audience. Joan was not deterred, but resorted to prayer, and three days later a small body of armed men arrived from Orléans and asked the king if he had heard of the wonderful maid. This strongly affected many of Charles's commanders, and he sent a commission to interview her; when, after a careful examination, they reported they could see no wrong in the maid, he consented to receive her. She was brought to the room where Charles was mingling with some three hundred of his courtiers. He had purposely dressed in unattractive garments, yet she instantly singled him out, and kneeling before him said:

"Noble Dauphin, the King of Heaven sends me to you, to raise the siege of Orléans and crown you king at Rheims." Joan's simple dignity carried her triumphantly through what would have been to most people a very trying ordeal. Little resulted from her first visit, although messengers were sent to her home to make enquiries concerning her. Later on, a commission of the Paris University was appointed to examine her at Poictiers, and Joan's quiet dignity and wisdom astonished them. One learned Dominican asked her, if she came from God, why did she ask for men-at-arms, for God could work without human means. Joan answered: "The men will fight, but God will give the victory." The commission reported favourably, yet the Dauphin still vacillated, whilst the Maid meanwhile spent much of her time in prayer, when not occupied in learning how to use the weapons of war. Finally the Dauphin presented her with a suit of white armour and a stately black war-horse; then she requested that a messenger might be sent to Fierbois, for there would be found a sword with five crosses graven on the blade, buried behind the altar. This sword was brought to Joan, and she also had a banner embroidered according to the instruction given by her voices. With the banner in her hand she rode at the head of the force placed at her disposal, admired, loved and revered by the soldiery.

Now wherein did her power lie? In the absolute conviction she carried with her, also in her purity of motive and perfect integrity. No one seemed to think her a self-seeker. Her remarkable powers of intuition enabled her to appoint the most trustworthy people to the important positions, yet it is related that she did

not interfere much with manœuvres of the troops, always leaving them to Dunois her chief in command. In the matter of moral discipline she was inflexibly strict; chaplains and priests marched with her. No foul language or oaths were allowed to pass without censure or punishment, and both Generals and men had to attend regularly at confession. She kept her men well braced morally and physically, so that they were ready for instant and effective action; even the roughest and most hardened veterans obeyed her and put aside the life they had been wont to live in those times of bloodshed and rapine, for they felt that they were going forth under a new influence to a nobler career. They acknowledged the moral beauty and holiness of the Heaven-sent Maid. Even the terrible La Hire, noted for his violence and swearing—a habit that had such a hold on him that Joan permitted him to swear by his staff—even he daily partook of the sacrament, kneeling at the side of Joan whenever possible. A sign of great promise was the devout love and reverence with which the soldiers regarded her. When asked at her trial what spells she used, she answered: "I used to say to them: 'Go boldy in among the English,' and then I used to go boldly in myself." Such was her spell, the spell of moral force.

When all was ready, a detachment with a convoy of provisions left for Orléans; they entered the city as Joan had foretold, without any resistance from the English, who seemed to be paralysed with fear. That night a feast was held; the Maid did not attend, but as usual partook of a piece of bread, and this extreme abstemiousness characterised her short life throughout. The next morning she rode

through the city in solemn procession, clad in complete armour and mounted on a white horse; the whole population thronged around her, and men, women and children strove to touch her garments. Joan spoke gently in reply to their acclamations and addresses; she told them to fear God and trust in Him. Then again she resorted to prayer. On the following day she sent heralds to the English, summoning them in the name of the Most High to give up the forts to the Maid who was sent by Heaven. Later on, she repeated the summons in person, but they told her to go home to her cows, abusing her with such foul language that she wept for shame. Although vaunting loudly, they so strongly realised the power of Joan's presence, that when the French army arrived with a further convoy of provisions, they made no attempt to attack it, but cowered behind the walls of their forts as Joan and La Hire passed with their troops. Thus, whilst the French were being strengthened by the unifying forces of love and reverence for the Heaven-sent Maid, the English were shaken and distracted by the separative forces of fear and hate with which they regarded her whom they termed a witch. The French were being reinforced morally, whilst the shattering force of hate worked its way through the English camp. Fully considered, this explains the breaking up of the well tried English veterans, without resorting to supernatural explanations. The next day an attack was made on one of the forts without Joan's knowledge and whilst she slept. When wakened by her voices she made straight for the conflict. On her way she met numbers of the wounded being carried into the city. The sight of their suffering made her weep, yet she did not flinch, but entered

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bravely into the conflict, turning the tide of victory against the English by the inspiring effect she had upon her soldiers. Altogether several forts were taken, and on one occasion Joan was wounded by an arrow in the shoulder just as she herself had foretold. She fell into a ditch, when the English thought her killed. However, she was carried away and the wound was dressed; she cried a little during the operation, but afterwards returned to the fight, much to the dismay of the English, who shortly after surrendered. On the fourth day the siege was raised.

In four days the Maid had accomplished what had been regarded as utterly impossible. Having fulfilled the first part of her promise in less than three months, the enthusiasm of her countrymen knew no bounds, for had it not been prophesied many years before that France should be saved by a woman? The English were equally well aware of this prophecy, and great must its effect have been upon them as they suffered defeat after defeat. The day on which they retired from Orléans was a Sunday. Prior to their departure they formed themselves in battle array before the city and the French wished to attack them, but Joan refused permission. She then led the citizens and the army forth in solemn procession round the city walls; then they knelt and gave thanks for the deliverance vouchsafed. Joan left Orléans to meet Charles, and begged him to come to Rheims to be crowned; but he would not consent, for much of the intervening country was in the hands of the enemy. She was sorely disappointed, but gave up her wish and set about clearing the country of the enemy. "Sire," we are told she said to Charles, "I can scarcely last another year, make

good use of me while you may." In vigorous pursuit of her campaign several towns were stormed, others surrendered, whilst a most disastrous defeat was inflicted on her foes in open battle at Patay, where an ambuscade was rendered ineffective by a stag rushing from the open into the forest. The noise and disturbance of the frightened animal betrayed the position of the English, who were defeated before a juncture with their other forces could be effected. After the victory at Patay, Charles journeyed to Rheims, and there the coronation took place with imposing ceremony in the great cathedral; Joan, with the embroidered banner in her hand, standing at the side of Charles.

Her mission was accomplished, and she hung up her armour in the cathedral and begged permission to return home. Charles was not willing to lose so valuable a servant, so he persuaded her to stay on. Subsequently she fought in many engagements with conspicuous courage, but the Maid now no longer believed herself to be a minister appointed by Heaven to lead her countrymen to victory. Two or three slight reverses were experienced, and on one occasion a severe defeat was suffered; then, later on, whilst heading a sally outside the walls of Compiègne, the retreat was cut off by the Burgundians, and after a severe fight Joan was captured. After the king was crowned the unbroken successes had ceased, and many had begun to lose faith in the Maid, yet it is remarkable that after her capture not a single attempt of any kind was made to effect her rescue. She nearly managed to escape, but was then removed to a castle in the forest where she was imprisoned in a tower. She again tried to escape by jumping from a window and falling sixty

feet to the ground, but although badly bruised and shaken, she was not seriously injured. This, Joan told her inquisitors at the trial, was the only occasion on which she disobeyed her voices, her extreme anxiety for her friends in Compiègne, about which she had heard bad tidings, moving her to try and escape. She was eventually handed over by the Burgundians to the English, who had commissioned Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, to give a sum equal to £23,000 for the witch. She was removed to a tower in Rouen, and there placed within an iron cage, chained in an upright position by hands and feet. She was allowed no privacy, and five of the roughest soldiers were always kept on guard in the room night and day, but she bore her suffering with great calmness and fortitude.

It was arranged to try her in open court on the convenient charge of witchcraft. Cauchon arranged the trial and picked his assessors carefully, but it soon became evident that a public trial must end favourably for Joan, although she had not been allowed an advocate in her defence. So a private examination was resorted to in order to convict her. Meanwhile the strain of the cruel treatment during the captivity had told upon her marvellous constitution, and her life was almost despaired of; but under the care of a physician she recovered, and was afterwards kept chained to a plank bed.

During the public trial and private examination many efforts were made to entrap her. On being asked which was the true pope—for at that time there was a second claimant—she answered: "Are there two popes?" Then, when asked why she, rather than another, was

chosen for the work, she answered with gentle dignity: "It had pleased the Lord to do so by a simple maiden." Cauchon found that they could not get any condemnatory evidence from her by ordinary means, so he wished to submit her to torture, but only three voted for it. Then a digest of the examination was drawn up in seventy articles, which were finally reduced to twelve, and the Maid was represented as a devil worshipper, traitress and coward. The majority of the assessors accepted these, but the minority said they were true *unless* Joan's revelations came from God. The Bishop of Avranches announced that nothing she affirmed could be rejected as impossible, for which he was thrown into prison as a partisan of France. Nevertheless the Maid was handed over to the secular arm, and that meant death by fire. When all had been prepared and the death sentence was being read, Loyscleur, the infamous priest who had endeavoured to obtain condemnatory evidence from her in confession, whispered to her that she might save herself by signing the document and putting on a woman's dress. This implied she was wrong in putting on a man's dress, for which she claimed to have God's command. Joan pleaded that she could not write, she was weak and fearful after months of suffering, and she allowed them to guide her hand to sign her name.

After being taken back to prison she was seized with grief because of her action, and vowed that she did not understand and never had understood what was in the form of abjuration she had signed; further: "What I said, I revoked through fear of the fire." This relapse to her former position sealed her fate. The following day, when told of her sentence an hour before its

execution, she cried out in great grief and said: "Alas, am I to be so cruelly and horribly treated?" Joan devoted the remaining time to prayer and the receiving of the sacrament, before being led to the stake with a hideous mitre upon her head bearing the inscription: "Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolater." She bore herself bravely towards the end, and died resignedly, calling upon her saints. It is related that Cauchon, the perfidious Bishop of Beauvais, just before the final act, left the scene weeping. After all was over, many of the crowd left in great grief saying: "We are all lost, for we have burnt a saint." Such was the closing incident of one of the darkest pages of English history.

The unanimous testimony of historians regarding Joan's transcendent heroism and devotion, along with her pure disinterestedness, are the surest test of her greatness of soul, for not a single instance is given into which we can read the motive of self-gratification. She died before her nineteenth birthday after a short but wonderfully inspiring career. Her whole thought was how to be of service. Not a single instance do we read of her own desires or her personality obtruding and hindering her work. When her power began to be realised, it was beyond the understanding of most men. The noble, loving and charitable, realised that it must proceed from a higher source; but the jealous and the fearful, the ignoble and superstitious, believed it to be witchcraft, or what we now term the black art, or black magic; for those who do not rise above what is ignoble are apt to think that it is impossible for others to do so. One marked feature of Joan's life was her source of inspiration, or the "Voices". The hearing of voices is generally considered an unfavourable sign by doctors,

and is looked upon as one of the first signs of a disordered mind, or madness. The madman, however, is unable to discriminate between the physical and the astral, he confuses astral entities with those existing on the physical plane; but there is not the slightest doubt that Joan was fully conscious that the voices were from the higher worlds. Myers writes:

> We need not assume that the voices which she heard were the offspring of any mind but her own; yet on the other hand we have no right to class Joan's monitions, any more than those of Socrates, as incipient madness. To be sane, after all, is to be adjusted to our environment, to be capable of coping with the facts around us; tried by this test, it is Socrates and Joan who should be our types of sanity; their differences from ourselves lying rather in the fact that they were better able to employ their own whole being, and received a clearer inspiration from the monitory soul within.

To express the latter portion of this quotation in Theosophical terminology, we might say that the Higher Self—the Ego—was able to express very much more of itself in Joan than is usual amongst good men and women.

Sir Edward Creasy writes with a noble appreciation of Joan's heroism, but he endeavours to explain away her inspiration in a manner that expresses the scepticism of our day. He writes: "At length she believed herself to have received the supernatural inspiration she sought." In *Cassell's Popular History* another appreciative account is given. This writer states that "her own thoughts and hopes seemed to take audible voice and returned to her as assurances and commands of her saints". A similar explanation is given in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Some excuse must be made if an explanation is beyond the power of the historian. But viewed in the

light our teachers bring to us, it is not difficult to explain reasonably the power possessed by the Maid; for she was a mystic, and all mystics claim to have a wider range of consciousness than the intellectual. Perhaps in most cases the mystic uses his wider range of consciousness to help him in his work as a spiritual teacher. In Joan's case she used her super-consciousness as the director of her practial work, and through it was enabled to act with a clearness, insight and decision quite beyond the more vacillating process of reasoning.

Professor W. James tells us that St. Ignatius was a mystic, but his mysticism made him assuredly one of the most powerfully practical human engines that ever lived. He also considers that the evidences for the mystic state of consciousness are so strong that "they break down the non-mystical or rationalistic state of consciousness based upon the understanding and the senses alone. They show it to be only one kind of consciousness. They open out the possibility of other orders of truth, in which, so far as anything in us vitally responds to them, we may freely continue to have faith." This is the summing up of a man who pursues his researches into the mass of mystical writings in a truly scientific manner. The evidence shows that there is a higher state of consciousness, that the mystic reaches it by other methods than the intellectual, and that this higher state of consciousness may be directed to what men term practical purposes. The practical mystic is more intensely practical and energetic than the practical but merely intellectual man, for the mystic can bring a greater force, gathered through his wider consciousness, to aid him in anything he undertakes, and

therefore he is a greater power for good or evil. There seems to be no evidence that Joan had any intellectual training worthy of the name, yet she was more than a match for her inquisitors at the trial. Again, she had no training in strategy or the tactics of war, yet after the first attack her officers deferred to her. Although she was quite unlearned, she was not warped by the desires of the lower self.

The Maid of Orléans was but a peasant girl; she could neither read nor write, but she had "ceased to hear the many"—her own lower desires and the desires of those around her. She was simple, strong, pure, loving and utterly devoted, for she had learnt "to discern the ONE, the inner sound or voice which kills the outer".

J. Griffiths

A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE

By HELEN VEALE

IN the summer preceding the outbreak of the great war, two sisters made up their minds to spend a day of their holidays at Stonehenge; not only to see that mighty monument of the past, but also to put to a practical test their own awakening powers of sensing the superphysical. They were in the happy position of being sometimes able to supplement each other's work, the one being able to exercise some clairvoyance, while the other could bring through a mental impression by means of writing—not exactly automatic, but spontaneous.

It was a hot day, and after a dusty walk from the country hotel in which they had spent a not-too-comfortable night, it was with some sense of disillusionment that they came at length on the stones—insignificant objects in the vastness of the surrounding plain, and guarded by a barbed wire fence from the intrusion of such sightseers as could not pay for the privilege of closer access.

Even within the magic enclosure, they could not at first put out of mind the tawdry modern setting, for the prosaic figure of a policeman loomed portentous, and his voice warned visitors not to stand on the stones, or otherwise molest them, while noisy parties of

Americans and natives frolicked around, and photographed each other against the Altar of Sacrifice as background.

The sisters despaired of attaining their object, but had no choice but to stay some hours, having made all arrangements to do so. Accordingly, they seated themselves in a central position, leaning against a recumbent stone, and were overjoyed to find that, as the lunch hour approached, the other visitors gradually dispersed, and they were left in undisputed possession, even the policeman thinking them sufficiently harmless in appearance to warrant his taking a short leave of absence.

Now then was the time, and the one sister opened her notebook. She had not long to wait before the question came: "What do you want to know?" Her mental questions then elicited the answers that her informants were Deva guardians of the place, and that the stones had been set up by an Atlantean race, about 17,200 B.C., but the date was rather hesitatingly given; it seemed to the writer that her own mental preconceptions, pronouncing such figures preposterously out of reason, here put a barrier to free information. She asked then if her sister could be shown something of what used to take place there, and the answer was that they were willing to help her. Almost immediately the other exclaimed that she could see a temple, in which a ceremony was taking place, but it was not in the open air, and the stones were nowhere visible. At once the explanation was supplied in writing that it was underneath, in a subterranean chamber, and that an ancient initiation ceremony was being performed. The clairvoyant then described the hierophant as wearing

a square head-dress, as seen on Egyptian mummy cases, and again the written commentary was that this was a branch of the Egyptian mysteries.

The temple was described as semicircular towards the east, the circle being completed by pillars evenly placed from the altar in the middle, while the western end was square. Prominent in the south was a very high door, going right up into the roof, and closely shut.

A candidate was brought in and led to the altar, where he was confronted by the hierophant, who held in his hand a dart or javelin. This he held by the middle, and suddenly cast at the candidate, who appeared to fall lifeless on the altar. An exclamation of horror escaped the witness of this violence, but reassurance was promptly given to the scribe, to the effect that he was not killed, but only temporarily driven from the physical body. As she read this aloud, her sister answered: "O yes! I see him standing in his astral body, and now the great South door is open, and the Sun shines down through the top, causing such curious shadows on the altar, like a cross." A moment later, she exclaimed that a cross was visible in the Sun, or rather a Svastika, moving round, and that the candidate had been drawn right up into the Sun, passing between the spokes of this wheel.

"Will he return?" they asked, and the answer came: "The priest will call him back at sunrise on the third day."

This ended the vision, and soon the stream of visitors recommenced, and the two sisters left.

On enquiry they found that it had been stated by H. P. Blavatsky, and corroborated by Mr. Sinnett,

that subterranean chambers existed under Stonehenge, though they had hitherto never come across the statement. Also, a curious passage was found in *The Secret Doctrine*, recalling the Svastika seen in the Sun. Moreover, some authorities ascribe an Egyptian origin to the temple, the antiquity of which also is beginning to be allowed to be much more hoary than used to be thought.

Such was an authentic experience of two novices in psychic investigation, recounted almost verbatim from the original notes. It was intended to seek further corroboration before giving them any publicity, but great things have intervened to hinder fireside study, and lest the episode should fade completely out of memory, it seemed worth while to record it, where at least it will undergo the test of criticism, and may be illuminated and supplemented by the researches of other students.

Helen Veale

LITTLE SEAWEED

By AHASHA

ON the bottom of the sea stood the palace of the sea-king. It was built of all kinds of shells in many colours. Here was an opening and there was an opening, through which the fishes swam in and out. There were no doors and windows.

Everything in the palace was very beautiful. The throne was made of coral; and the furniture was made of wood, which grew in the forests on the bottom of the sea. The wood was yellow and sometimes it spread out light. And if it was still too dark, the king gave order to his subjects, the mermen and mermaids, to bring light-spreading fishes, and then it was very snug and beautiful in the palace.

The palace was large, so large that you could nearly lose your way in it. There was also a large hall, and only the king was allowed to enter it. In this hall about a hundred bottles stood on shelves, and in every bottle was a jelly-like substance constantly moving to and fro; these were the souls of the drowned people, and the king preserved them.

The king was married, and had one little daughter: Seaweed. Little Seaweed was a kind, good girl; and she was always very obedient. She could play for

hours in the garden at the back of the palace and there she made cakes of the white sand.

Sometimes she went out for a drive on the back of a dolphin, but she liked best to listen to the stories of her mother. The queen sat with Little Seaweed in an arbour of seaweed and anemones; the queen was then making gowns or little baskets of sponge, and Little Seaweed sat very, very quiet at her feet. One day they were talking again to each other.

The queen told her about people on the earth, how they built ships and how they crossed the seas. But when a storm came on, the ship was sometimes wrecked, and the people who were on it sank down into the sea, deeper and deeper, till they came to the palace of the king. . . .

"And then?" Little Seaweed asked.

"Then? Yes, then the king takes them with him to the large hall, and he locks up the souls in the bottles."

"But . . . that . . . that is not very kind of him," Little Seaweed cried out.

"Be quiet, little one, he is your father, and you should not speak of him in this way." He has to do it, because he is the king of the sea. And if we don't get sons, your father and I, *you* will have to do the same when your father has died.

"But I won't, mamma dear," sobbed Little Seaweed, "please don't let me reign. I feel so sorry for those poor souls. Where is their home?"

"Far away with All-father."

"All-father?"

"Yes, darling."

"Shall I come there also?"

"That is impossible. You have no soul; only men, and animals, fairies, gnomes, and ghosts have souls; and if they are dead, their souls go to All-father."

"And when I die?"

"You will become sea-foam."

"Can't I get a soul?"

"It would be very difficult. You ought to do a very great deed. . . . But, dearest, be happy; you have got everything you want, you are princess of an immense kingdom, what else do you want?" "A soul," she thought, but she dared not say that to her mother.

That night Little Seaweed could not sleep at all. 'Oh," she thought, "how splendid it would be if I had a soul and could go to that All-father of the story. He will be very kind, I suppose. But then I have to do a great deed. What have I to do then? What?"

"Seaweed, Little Seaweed!" suddenly she heard a little voice.

She looked up and saw a little man standing beside her. He was dressed in green, and had a green cap on his head. He looked just like a little frog.

"Who are you, and where do you come from?" whispered Seaweed.

"I am a gnome, my name is Tula, and I will help you to do a great deed, that you may get a soul."

"Thanks ever so much, dear Tula," and she kissed him on his cheeks so full of wrinkles.

"Be quiet, you will wake the king, and if he sees me . . ."

"But how do you know I want a soul?"

"The crocodiles told me, and the sharks told it to the crocodiles, and the sharks heard it when they were swimming about the arbour."

"What must I do, Tula?"

"You have to give their freedom to all the souls which are locked up in the bottles in the large hall, and after that you must flee with me."

"Flee? And leave father and mother?"

"Yes, if you really want to go to All-father you have to leave everything you love. Will you do that?"

She loved her father and mother dearly, so she thought it a hard thing to do. She loved the palace and the fishes so dearly. Her whole family had become sea-foam, why would she then have it different? She was born to rule over the mermen and mermaids.

"Tula, won't they despise me because I am of a family who really ought to become sea-foam?"

"No, little one, they will love you. In reality you first have to become a fish, but if you do a very great deed you can be an Undine directly."

"What is an Undine?"

"A kind of a water-fairy, small and delicate, and if you die you become a ghost and then an angel, and after many years you can go to All-father."

"You also?"

"I also."

"Very well, I'll go with you."

Tula helped her to fasten her frock, bound her blonde curls together, and then she went to the room where her parents were sleeping, and she kissed them long and fervently.

"Farewell for ever!" she sobbed.

Then they walked through several halls to the large hall where all the bottles stood. The hands of Little Seaweed trembled when she opened the first bottle.

"The era of blind faith is gone; that of enquiry is here."

Have we not here the root explanation for the differences in the quantity and quality of faith in different people, and even in the same person at different times? Is this not one of the chief reasons why some people take to the truths of Theosophy like ducks take to water, while others are not attracted by them at all? And do we not see from this that while faith is one of the most powerful forces in our midst, it is nevertheless as fallible and as unreliable—as a cut and dried rule for all—as is the thing we call conscience? Nor is it any proof that a man is right, simply because he believes he is right. Presumably Calvin believed in the abominable doctrine that still goes by his name—so many born to be saved, so many to be damned, irrespective of individual choice or action—but that did not make what he believed true. No, the fact is—men are swept away by the momentum they have themselves set going in this and previous lives.

> He who fell away from Yoga is reborn in a pure and blessed house. . . . There he recovereth the characteristics belonging to the former body and with these he again laboureth for perfection, O Joy of the Kurus. BY THAT FORMER PRACTICE HE IS IRRESISTIBLY SWEPT AWAY."—*Gītā*, Sixth Discourse.

It is this view of faith which, when applied to the normal attitude and actions of men and nations, is, I submit, the most interesting, illuminating and satisfactory of any known to us. It shows us why men, as well as nations, act as they do; for the faith of a nation is but the reflection, the expression, of what is the average standard in character and development of the individuals composing it. Looked at thus, almost every

event of importance connected with an individual, a nation, or a collection of nations, can be explained. On this hypothesis, and keeping in mind God's great plan of evolution, man is seen to be the creator of his own faith, sowing exactly what he reaps, and reaping exactly what he sows. There is no place in this faith-scheme for favouritism, or injustice of any kind; each is left free to be the captain of his own soul, possessing and manifesting just that kind of faith he has earned and deserves, and no other. And from this point of view it is clear also that the royal road towards the attainment of a pure, noble, and lofty faith is by the development of a pure, noble, and lofty character.

Ernest Kirk

Sjsjsj—, and the first soul flew away.

Sjsjsj—, another, and another, and so they all flew away.

"And what now?"

"Come with me directly."

They clasped each other's hands lightly. First through the garden, and then through woods and meadows, where the sea-cows of the king were grazing.

On and on they went; at last it was growing dark, and the water didn't move any more.

"We have nearly reached the place," sighed Tula.

"I am so tired. Let us rest here for a short time."

They sat down near a coral-reef and ate and drank there.

"Look how the water is moving here," exclaimed Little Seaweed.

"That is because we are near the shore."

After some hours they had reached the shore and Tula shook the water from him.

"O Tula, are we now near All-father? How very beautiful it looks here. Just look how lovely sand is. And mountains . . . and what's that over yonder?"

"A ship; but let us go to the wood. I know a brook there, and near that brook lives an Undine. You must now also become an Undine."

Little Seaweed couldn't get on very well at first. She had always been accustomed to live in the water, and so she could not walk at once as a gnome. When they came into the wood she got frightened, and she was very sorry she had left everything to get a soul. She asked Tula to return, but he said: "It is too late now. The souls are on the way to All-father, and the king would be very, very angry. We can't return now, really we can't."

Tired and hungry, they reached the brook at last.

"Undine, Undine!"

The water was beginning to move, and slowly a woman rose up from it. She shook all the water drops from her body and looked with her pale blue eyes at Tula.

"Well, Tula, is there any news?"

"Good news, Undine," and now Tula told her the story of Seaweed.

"Poor Little Seaweed," sighed Undine. "Poor Little Seaweed. Are the souls saved?"

"They are saved."

"Is the little one here? All right, I'll help her."

Undine now came out of the water, her golden hair like a mantle around her. Her delicate, pink little wings moved to and fro in the evening air.

She approached Little Seaweed.

"Seaweed!"

Little Seaweed looked up.

Surely that was All-father. *So* beautiful, *so* pure, *so* delicate! Little Seaweed, who had never knelt before, knelt before Undine and bowed her head.

"Don't kneel before me, my dear, I'm only a water-fairy, an Undine, and you will be what I am. You have done a very great deed. You have left your father and mother, and now you'll get your reward, and get a soul."

Undine softly kissed Little Seaweed on the forehead, and it was as if she was taken up in the air and floated about in the universe.

When she dared to look up she floated softly hand in hand with Undine over the brook. She wasn't any

more hungry and she wasn't any more tired, and she felt she could sing, sing as an Undine.

Together they sang, and Tula accompanied the song upon a golden harp. Every evening he came back and they sang, and floated, and drank the dew . . . till death would come and they would become air-ghosts.

Ahasha

OCCASIONAL NOTES

By ALICE E. ADAIR

I. LATTER-DAY ART

TO understand modern painting some acquaintance with the past history of art is essential, which is only another way of saying that if we wish truly to enter into the aspirations of the Futurists we must have some friends amongst "the Primitives," and know something of the happenings in the painters' world between their day and ours. Indeed the threads of past, present and future are so closely woven together that it is practically impossible to assert where any art movement has had its beginnings. Because it is a living spirit as well as an outward form, it appears as a continual flux. Many tributaries feed the main stream; the course varies; the channel deepens or becomes shallow, increases or decreases in breadth; but the current flows on unimpeded. Egyptian artists clasp hands with post-Impressionists, and the principles of "Synchromism" were present in the decorations of ancient Babylon.

It has been truly said that "every period in art contains within itself the germs of every movement, the seeds of its own dissolution and the germs of its succession". Hence no dogmas regarding the arts may be accepted blindly or looked upon as final. The

singling out of a particular phase or method which happens to dominate certain periods and labelling it "classic," tends to obscure the fact of this continuity. It obstructs the free expansion of new ideas by giving exaggerated importance to the old. It veils from the eyes the inextinguishable light of the eternal youth of art, and too often blinds men to the worth of the artists of their own period. Were it more commonly recognised that the evolution of life and the evolution of art are inseparable, all these tendencies to fossilise into the formal worship of mere conventions would be arrested, and the happiness of many a great master assured to him while living, instead of the empty posthumous fame which is, not always ungrudgingly, his.

Observation proves that this evolutionary process is dual: more and more complexity of form—technique, greater expansion of life—appreciation, pleasure, æsthetic rapture; and this process implies the preservation of the highest achievements of genius in the past and the destruction of forms which cannot expand in response to increased æsthetic stimulus. All the struggles of different schools and all the battles of artists with the public have been conflicts between the conventional and the novel, between accepted presentments and new methods.

The artists seem naturally to group themselves into two distinctly marked types, in which the Theosophist will recognise the temperaments of Occultist and of Mystic; and it is interesting to observe how constant is the reproduction of these types, which sometimes succeed and sometimes supplement each other in all great periods of inspiration. At one time it is the mystic-genius who occupies the stage, scoffed at by the public,

frequently on account of some defective technique, of which he is often quite as conscious as his critics. In spite of this, being more spiritually enlightened than they, he works in obedience to an impelling force from within, and becomes a fount of inspiration to scores of fellow artists in his own and succeeding generations. At another time it is the genius of occultist temperament who dominates his period. He is as a rule a man with great strength of character, remarkable versatility, insight and skill, and is usually endowed with the attractive qualities which create a magnetic personality. In his case the opposition he arouses is perhaps more virulent, for no fault can be found with his workmanship. His crime is the greater one; he is an iconoclast. "Away with your stupid and useless conventions," he cries, "I have other and finer forms to show you." And the bewildered people, finding their darling, painfully acquired idols thus derided, and fearing they may slip from their grasp, turn upon the insolent innovator and pour over him the vials of their righteous indignation. His life is one long battle, but in the end he succeeds in remodelling public opinion. The mystic type finds success in a spirit communicated, the occultist type in a truth embodied.

The unravelling of the tangled thread of latter-day art becomes simpler if these three points are kept in view: that the stream of art is continuous, that the evolution of art is a dual evolution, and that artists are the agents of forces which work along different but not antagonistic lines.

The history of European art has been broadly classified into four great periods: the period of the

primitives, which formed as it were the elemental essence of later forms, the period when line and form were especially studied and cultivated, the period when artists occupied themselves foremostly with the mastery of problems of light and shade, and lastly the period when attention was turned more especially to the analysis and development of colour. This classification obviously applies to painting, but there is evidence enough that in some of the sister arts this modern note is dominant, for poets, musicians and sculptors strive to express "colour," to create atmosphere in their work.

It is in this fourth period that latter-day art has its being—a period with many cycles, culminating in such an artistic upheaval at the beginning of the twentieth century as has not occurred before. The ordinary man has been quite unable to keep pace with the bewildering number of "sins" which have burst upon an astonished world in such rapid succession as to seem to have had simultaneous life, like sparks from the blow of a hammer. There have been Classicists, Romanticists, Idealists, Pre-Raphaelites, Impressionists; and to-day we have Neo-Impressionists, Pointillists, Luminists, Futurists, Orphists, Sensationalists, Compositionalists, Synchromists, Cubists; and no one can say what we shall have to-morrow. It is confusing, but it is hopeful, for whatever else may be said of art, at least it is not dead.

Turning to the beginning of the nineteenth century, we find the revolt against Classicism has begun, and the whole evolutionary trend of art during the ensuing years has been away from the "studio" picture and towards an ever closer contact with, and interpretation of, nature, until the dawn of the nineteenth century,

when unmistakable signs appear of a reverse swing of the pendulum towards imaginative painting.

After the "Classic" came the Romantic, then the Realistic and the Impressionistic phases of nineteenth century art.

The treatment of the nude was the special study of the Classicists, and in draughtsmanship they excelled. David and Ingres were the two most remarkable artists of this age, and both of them in their work expressed the mood of France. Colour implies sunshine, and France was enveloped in the storm clouds of revolution; hence what has been described as the "heroic austerity" of David. Neither of them was a colourist. Ingres was David's pupil, and in his turn taught: "A thing well drawn is always well enough painted." He regarded the rebels against cold classicism, Decamp and Delacroix, as traitors; for to him: "To be careless of a correct contour, to concentrate your thoughts on colour and action—that was to do nothing less than to offend against morality." Nevertheless in his later years he did not wholly escape the influence of the new spirit. Men had become thoroughly weary of the continual procession of meaningless "gods and goddesses," of artificial poses and stereotyped compositions. "Let us have warmth of colour and freedom of movement," cried the Romanticists, and this they achieved. Remarkable changes took place in figure painting and in landscape; but this movement in turn had to give place to a still more radical change. The Realists now appear upon the scene, and shepherds and shepherdesses, nymphs and cupids sporting in the woods, are banished.

It must not be forgotten that there are always men who combine in themselves characteristics of more than

one period, for example Corot's works have both classic and romantic elements, while he also adopted the practice of the impressionists of painting out of doors. The things he considered most important in the technique of pictures were drawing and values. To his treatment of the latter he largely owes his fame as a painter. "He succeeded in applying the principle of values to landscape painting as fully as Rembrandt had to figure painting."

The Barbizon School represented the Romantic element in landscape, and then we find in France naturalistic and realistic painters, such as Jongkind, Boudin, Courbet and, most important of all, Manet, blazing the trail for the later Impressionists. The Barbizon painters also had their formula: "There must be a rough foreground, a darkened distance, and perhaps, in the mid-distance, a glint or gleam of sunshine striking some rugged tree-trunk"; so once again new experiments were tried, and new discoveries displaced outgrown conventions. Jongkind and Boudin occupy the intermediate period between the Barbizon group and the Impressionists. On that account chiefly their work is interesting. Both men were exceptionally unfortunate (penury reduced the former to dipsomania), probably because they represented a transitional period; but Jongkind sowed the seed which afterwards flowered in the work of the greatest of the Impressionists—Monet. He was "one of the very first men in France to occupy himself with the enormous difficulties surrounding the study of atmospheric effects, the decomposition of luminous rays, the play of reflections and the unceasing change crossing over the same natural form during the different hours of the day".

Boudin was an ardent advocate for out-of-door painting and was thus linked to the Impressionists. He was persuaded by "la mère Toutain," one of the innkeepers, typically and peculiarly French, known as "mères des artistes," to open an Academy of painting at her inn at Saint Simeon. As a scheme for making money the Academy was a failure, but the inn itself became a delightful centre where for twenty-five years the most celebrated artists met continually, attracted by the beauty of the surroundings and the charm of Boudin's personality.

Courbet was essentially a realist, but romantic leanings filled his pictures with colour. Unhappily, owing to the failure of his experiments based on his own theories in regard to colour, the pictures have faded. He induced the younger amongst his fellow artists to turn to everyday life for their subjects, and his influence over Manet, the greatest of the Realists, in his earlier years was very pronounced. Later he could not follow this brilliant painter in his artistic flights. When "Olympia," one of Manet's most daring ventures, was exhibited to a rebellious public, even Courbet's sympathy failed. "It is flat and lacks modelling. It looks like the queen of spades coming out of a bath." To this criticism of his Manet's reply was: "He bores us with his modelling. Courbet's idea of rotundity is a billiard ball."

We have seen Romanticists in rebellion against the superstitions of Classicists, then, later, the arrival of the day when the former lost their grip upon truth, seeking emotional gratification at any cost. So that in their turn they are forced to make way for the Realists bringing a new message: "Fancy is

leading you astray, the charm in nature is greater than any you can invent." Many of this band of Realists were on the outskirts of Impressionism, although never identified with it—amongst them Manet, the most commanding personality amongst the painters of that era, who was one of those I should venture to call occultist—as distinguished from mystic—artists. A mere paragraph is not enough to do justice to this man and his remarkable influence; to him and to Impressionism, representing the evolutionary fruits of nineteenth century painting, future studies will be devoted.

No student of this period can fail to observe the rapid development of art in England and the extraordinarily vitalising influence of some English Masters, notably Turner and Constable, upon the French painters. Wynford Dewhurst says:

> Excluding the miniaturists, and such foreign masters as Holbein, Vandyck, Kneller, and Lely, English art could hardly boast one hundred consecutive years of history when its landscape artists first exhibited in the Paris Salon. The French School could not forget Italy and its own past. Even to this day the entrance to the Ecole des Beaux Arts is guarded by two colossal busts of Poujet and Poussin, and the supreme prize in its gift is the Prix de Rome. But English art has never been trammelled excessively by its own past, simply because it did not possess one, and, with insular pride, refused to accept that of the Continent.

Hogarth was a sturdy example of British independence uttering all manner of "blasphemous expressions against the divinity even of Raphael, Correggio, and Michelangelo"; and indeed all the Englishmen made truth their goal, a trait which characterises the later Impressionists. In Mr. Dewhurst's opinion the impressionistic idea originated with the Englishmen; but this is perhaps claiming too much. It seems more probable

that the new impulse was at work in both countries, but that it found earlier and freer outlet in England because France was in leash to her traditions. For, curiously enough, after Constable and Turner, English art declined steadily until it was revivified by the French Impressionists, who were the flower of the seeds of inspiration carried to France by these masters. Constable and Turner helped France to break the fetters of Classicalism, and France in her turn repaid the debt. The inspiration and encouragement the rebellious Frenchmen received from the great Englishmen was acknowledged most generously, for they showered upon them all the honours which their own countrymen denied them. In England these masters met with the proverbial fate of prophets in their own country, but Paris welcomed them with open arms; and if Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, Manet, Monet, Sisley and Pissaro owe much to Englishmen, what do later English painters owe to them?

This study of the outlines of Art progress during the last century brings certain features into prominence, and they are these. Paris and London have been the vital centres during that period. The tendency has been a steady pursuit of truth with the consequent closer contact with Nature. This love of Nature resulted in remarkable discoveries in relation to light and to the possibilities of colour; and the naturalistic tendency was the reflection in Art of the Scientific Spirit of the age.

The Realistic Spirit flowered in Impressionism, and when its work is, for the time being, ended, we may, in obedience to cyclic law, which governs Art as well as life, expect to find the wave of inspiration pass to

the decorative arts and more purely imaginative painting. In that age we may expect a number of mystic-painters who shall bring to earth the dream beauties whose garments the nineteenth century has woven.

Alice E. Adair

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

By G. E. SUTCLIFFE

IN scientific investigations, in order to understand and interpret the phenomena, it is customary to form provisional hypotheses, which link together the discovered facts. When new facts are found which do not agree with the hypothesis, it is abandoned, and a new one is tried, until eventually a law of nature of the highest generality is established.

This method of cross-examining nature, and worming out her secrets, does not appear to have been yet adopted by Theosophical students to any great extent, and the following is an attempt to apply it to some of the occult teachings.

I propose to put to the test of experiment two hypotheses which may be thus stated.

(1) When a conscious entity changes from one plane to another, as in the case of birth or death, the energy of the vehicle in which the entity functions after the change, is the same per unit of volume, as the energy of the vehicle in which the entity functioned before the change.

To illustrate this by a concrete example, let a cubic inch of a man's body be taken, and its molecular energy measured, which let us suppose has the value w. Then if the man dies and the energy in a cubic inch of his astral vehicle is measured, this energy on the above hypothesis will still be w.

This first hypothesis is merely an extension of the law of the conservation of energy from the physical to the higher planes.

The second hypothesis is the following:

(2) The quantity of consciousness which can be experienced by an entity in unit time is proportionate to the vibratory velocity of the vehicle in which it is functioning.

To illustrate this second hypothesis by an example, if the vibratory velocity of the astral vehicle were ten times as great as the vibratory velocity of the physical vehicle, then one

day's experience on the astral plane would contain as much consciousness as ten days' experience on the physical plane.

The energy of unit volume, which by the first hypothesis is the same on all planes, is obtained by multiplying the weight of unit volume by half the square of the velocity, and to illustrate the two hypotheses in combination, if the astral velocity were ten times as great as the physical, the weight of unit volume of the physical, or the density of the physical vehicle, would be the square of ten, or one hundred times as great, as the astral vehicle.

Since both the density and the vibratory velocity of the physical vehicle is known, the energy of unit volume can be calculated. These data, with suitable mathematical proofs, are given in an article by the writer in *Modern Astrology* for August 1916, to which the reader is referred. The molecular velocity of the human brain v, is *228150·3* centimetres per second; the density of the human body d', being the same as that of water approximately, we have $d' = 1$; and since the energy per unit volume w, is the density multiplied by half the square of the velocity v, we have for the energy of unit volume of the physical vehicle

$$w = \tfrac{1}{2}d'v^2 = 2{\cdot}60263 \times 10^{10} \text{ ergs} \qquad (1)$$

By hypothesis (1), this is a constant on all planes, so that the quantities of energy per unit volume of the physical, astral, and mental vehicles are all equal to w in *(1)*. In the above the unit of volume is the cubic centimetre.

Suppose now the consciousness is transferred from the physical vehicle to a vehicle composed of the ether of space, which has the vibratory velocity c. Now the vibratory velocity of the ether of space is well known, it is the velocity of light, so that $c = 3 \times 10^{10}$ centimetres per second. This is much greater than the velocity of the physical vehicle v, as given above, in fact it is $c/v = 131492{\cdot}3$ times as great; so that, from hypothesis (2), the amount of experience that the entity would have in four minutes in its new etheric vehicle, would be as great as would be experienced in a physical vehicle in $4 \times 131492{\cdot}3 = 525969{\cdot}6$ minutes. Dividing this number by the number of minutes in a day $24 \times 60 = 1440$, so as to get the corresponding time in days we have

$$525969{\cdot}6/1440 = 365{\cdot}256 \text{ days} = 1 \text{ year} \qquad (2)$$

In other words, according to the second hypothesis given above, if an entity changed from a physical vehicle to one composed of the ether of space, it would become conscious of a year's experience in four minutes of physical time. Contrariwise, if the entity changed from a vehicle composed of

the ether of space to a physical vehicle, the experience of four minutes in the etheric vehicle would expand out into a year's experience in the physical vehicle. An illustration of such changes in the time ratios of conscious experiences is given in *The Secret Doctrine* (vol. III, p. 259). Now according to one of the laws of Astrology, known as the system of Primary Directions, each four minutes of time after the birth of the native is the equivalent of one year of physical life, hence the method of Primary Directions merely supposed that at birth the entity is changing from a vehicle composed of the ether of space, with the vibratory velocity of light c, into a physical vehicle with the molecular velocity of the human brain v.

Another system of calculation, much used in Astrology, is the method of Secondary Directions, in which each day after birth is the equivalent of one year of physical life. This implies that in the process of birth the entity changes from a vehicle having the vibratory velocity V, to the physical vehicle having the known vibratory velocity v, and that V & v, are so related that

$$V = v \times 365{\cdot}256 = 8{\cdot}3334 \times 10^7 \text{ centimetres} \qquad (3)$$

A system of electrons, which were acted on by a difference of potential of two volts, would have the required velocity V in *(3)* (*X Rays*, Kaye, Longmans, p. 96), and such a system of electrons would be identical with what are known as the Delta Rays (*Modern Electrical Theory*, 2nd. Ed., Campbell, Cambridge University Press, p. 323).

If, therefore, during the process of birth the incarnating entity changed from a vehicle having the vibratory velocity of the ether of space, passing through an intermediate vehicle, on the way to the physical, having the velocity of the Delta Rays, the two systems of Astrology known as the Primary and Secondary Directions would be scientifically accounted for. The latest investigations prove that the velocity of the Delta Rays is A UNIVERSAL CONSTANT (*Philosophical Magazine*, vol. XXII, p. 300, and vol. XXIV, p. 786).

Having thus obtained the vibratory velocities of the three vehicles, it is possible to obtain the densities also, because the density multiplied by half the square of the velocity, is equal to w, as given by *(1)*, which is the same for all the vehicles on all the planes, in accordance with hypothesis (1).

The density of the physical vehicle is, of course, known; let us therefore ascertain the density of the vehicle having the velocity V, of the Delta Rays, as given by *(3)*. Let this

TO ANNIE BESANT

CRORES of stars swing through the violet night,
Stupendous in their ancient majesty;
Far suns, great nebulæ, the Milky Way—
We watch them in their awful flight
Until they pale before the coming day,
As in his solitary, unmatched glory, free,
Our sun bursts flaming on our eager sight.

Beloved Lady, there be men indeed
Who glitter brilliantly, who, like a galaxy,
Command the admiration of the world—
But cold their course, far-off, set, decreed.
We watch with curious gaze these stars thus hurled
Aloft, but turn in eager love to thee
As to the sun—thou Truth-Star, one of the Freed.

F. K.

THE WHITE ARMY

By A. R. WARREN, F.T.S.

[NOTE.—It will be evident to our readers that this article was written before the war. The idea of a line of pacificists long enough to stretch across Europe is picturesque but still somewhat premature, to say the least of it. Nevertheless we publish the article as evidence of the existence of a strong desire to bring together all who are prepared to work and suffer with the definite object of influencing public opinion in all countries to oppose every policy likely to lead to a repetition of the present tragedy. It is both probable and desirable that this movement should assume a more practical form after the war.—ED.]

A NEW movement has been started in Sweden to bring about world peace. It is the formation of a White Army, whose work shall be to place itself between the warring armies, and prevent them fighting by refusing to allow them to meet. This movement works on the principle that like is only killed by like. The principle in this case is that the only way to stop people from fighting is by fighting them both, and thus forcing them to become friends in the face of a mutual enemy. Another principle shown is the very new one of aggressive passive resistance—a somewhat Irish expression—which means that if you place yourself between two combatants as a dividing wall which they cannot get rid of, they forget in time that they ever wanted to fight, and thus peace is restored before the fight. Passive resistance alone meant that one stood

density be d, so that the energy of unit volume is $\frac{1}{2}dV^2$, and by hypothesis we have

$$\frac{1}{2}dV^2 = W = 2{\cdot}60263 \times 10^{-6} \text{ ergs}, \qquad \text{from (1)}$$

$$d = 2\,w/V^2 = 0{\cdot}0000075636 \qquad (4)$$

which gives us the density of the vehicle, the vibratory velocity of which is that of the Delta Rays. The density of the vehicle having the velocity of light c, may be left as an exercise to the student. It is given in *Modern Astrology* for August 1916. The density of air is *0·0012923*, which is much greater than the density of the vehicle given by *(4)*. The exact relation between the two may be ascertained by division thus:

$$0{\cdot}0012923/0{\cdot}0000075636 = 170{\cdot}86 \qquad (5)$$

from which it appears that air is about 171 times as dense as the vehicle occupied by the entity whilst the Secondary Directions are operating in the horoscope of the native. We are fortunately able to test the result given by *(5)*, by actual experiment. Dr. J. L. W. P. Matla and Dr. G. J. Zaalberg van Zelst, of The Hague, Holland, have ascertained the density of bodies used by discarnate entities, or the spooks of the spiritualists. A review of their work will be found in the September number of *The Occult Review* for 1916 (pp. 130—40). They are well known men of science, who have done original work in high-frequency currents of electricity, liquid air, and the compression of gases, and have now published the results of twenty-two years of labour, in spiritistic and occult matters, in a voluminous work, in Dutch, entitled *The Mystery of Death*.

The experiments have been carried out without the aid of mediums, and purely with scientific apparatus, as in a chemical or physical laboratory, and one of the results is that they find that the vehicles in which the discarnate entities function, HAVE A DENSITY WHICH IS *176·5* TIMES THE DENSITY OF AIR (*Occult Review*, September 1916, p. 133).

Considering the delicacy of the experiments, this is in agreement with the result obtained theoretically in *(5)*, from hypotheses (1) and (2). The difference between our theoretical result, *170·86*, and the experimental result, *176·5*, being about *3%*. Part of the discrepancy is due to our assumption that the density of the physical body d' in *(1)* is the same as the density of water, whereas the density is slightly less than water, since human bodies will float. But the agreement is close enough for all practical purposes.

By our hypotheses, therefore, one of which is merely an extension of the well known law of the conservation of energy to other planes, and the other a rather obvious relation between

the vibratory velocity of a vehicle, and its capacity for manifesting consciousness, we are able to link together facts in nature, which appear as wide apart as the poles; facts, such as the fundamental bases of Astrology, which have been handed down to us from the remotest antiquity, and those most recently obtained from our physical laboratories. We are brought into touch with three fundamental velocities, which govern the interchange of life-forces between three planes, probably the three worlds of the Scriptures: the physical velocity v, or the molecular velocity of water or the human body, the velocity V, the velocity of the Delta Rays, probably the vibratory velocity of all astral vehicles, and which physicists have recently found to be A UNIVERSAL CONSTANT, and the velocity c, or the velocity of light, the vibratory velocity of the ether of space, and probably the vibratory velocity of the mental vehicle, the Causal Body of the Theosophist. The ratios between these three fundamental velocities are the reciprocals of the time ratios of Primary and Secondary Directions as used in the science of Astrology.

We are told that before descending into a new incarnation, the human consciousness ascends into the Causal Body, and whilst there, sees the events of the coming life; this may occur during the few hours after physical birth whilst the Primary Directions are operating. The Secondary Directions are operating during the three months after birth, when the incarnating ego may be supposed to be mostly in an astral vehicle, having the velocity of the Delta Rays, since it is not until the seventh year that the ego may be said to be fully incarnated. The Delta Rays consist of slowly moving electrons, and there are good grounds for supposing that electrons are the atoms of the astral plane (THE THEOSOPHIST, October 1908, p. 68; February 1909, p. 483; March 1910, p. 791).

G. E. Sutcliffe

CORRESPONDENCE

A POINT OF DOGMA

I thank you for your kindness in printing my letter covering the words of our dear brother in service, Jinarājadāsa, wherein he maintains, as clearly as words can, the doctrine of transubstantiation as held by the most simple or unenlightened R. C. devotee, and I shall now put what I would say in reply as briefly as I can for your convenience:

1. We admit, of course, the magic process. We know that a good woman or a good man can so vitalise, or, as some would say, magnetise, bread or wine or water, that such may become the veritable vehicle or body of Life or God to the soul who partakes of it worthily, *i.e.*, in living faith. To this soul it will actually convey the holy thing of life, or the Divine Essence, and will accordingly bless this soul, and through this soul, the body. In this process is the work of the white magician.

2. But we know that it is equally true that an "evil" or unclean or unspiritual woman or man can, by identical act of will, effect a corresponding result in these elements, and that an unwholesomeness, or uncleanness, or a spiritual unhealth would be conveyed through them to the soul and body of the communicant, and this is black magic. Thus it follows, as I have often been told, that the presence of a certain type of priest at a death-bed for this service has produced a deep and lasting depression or dread in the passing soul.

3. Thus we admit a change of power or virtue in the elements, and the whole question resolves itself accordingly into what is the nature of the change. But this is very different from saying that the bread and wine, as soon as a duly consecrated priest utters the words, become the actual live flesh and blood of a Saviour.

4. Further, if we admit that any consecrated priest can effect this change, we must admit that the vilest priest can effect it too. But our most common experience teaches us that a holy substance cannot be conveyed holily, *i.e.*,

as a holy substance, through an unclean vessel. And we know also that as above, so below; and as in the outer, so in the inner. And by thus observing the truth in external nature we can surely and easily know the truth in the ways of the hidden things of life.

5. I know what I have seen on many solemn and illumined occasions. I have always seen these elements become the vehicle or body for the virtue of the living Spirit whom we name Christ. But these elements remain the material elements of bread and wine, and if subjected to the usual disintegrating forces of nature, would in time corrupt and perish.

And it has been laid upon me by this same holy Christ-Spirit to say so, in order that Her children may be delivered from the bondage of casuality or materialism, through the opening of their eyes to see and feel the power of the deathless and incorruptible, live Body of God. And this, dear Editor, is why I had to write you that letter.

6. I think your readers will at least concede that this unqualified doctrine of transubstantiation may be fraught with the grossest issues. To my seeing it could lead us easily into a materialistic psychism, far more dangerous than is the crudest Spiritism, because more subtle, giving sanction to what may be in very fact black magic. Again thanking you, believe me to be yours ever faithful in the cause of truth.

JAMES L. MACBETH BAIN

ROMAN CATHOLICS AND THEOSOPHY

I send the following extract. Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., M.A., in the concluding chapter of his book entitled *Theosophy*, says:

> I have sometimes been reproached for "taking Theosophy seriously"; I frankly confess I take it quite seriously. It is a form of religious belief and practice, and I cannot conceive myself taking any such form, however unprepossessing or remote, otherwise than seriously. What means to deal with God cannot be trivial.
>
> Moreover, Theosophy consists of its ultimate doctrines, and of their popular presentment. Its elaborate historical, philosophical, and "occultist" *mise en scene* is probably what attracts the very great majority of its adherents, and this is serious.

After this frank confession from a Jesuit Roman Catholic priest, I hope my Roman Catholic friends will betake themselves to the study of Theosophy, as I myself, an Indian

Roman Catholic, do; for Theosophy teaches, among other things, that all human beings, without any exception, will finally go to "Heaven"; whereas Roman Catholicism teaches that the greatest part of humanity will go to "everlasting Hell".

Rangoon A. ARULSWAMI

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT AND THE COMING RACE

In reply to Mr. Gulick, I would point out that two opposite principles appear to come into operation, in the early and late portions of a chain. In the early portion, the advanced are held back, and the laggards pushed forward, whilst in the later portion, the advanced are pushed forward, and the laggards held back. Since the fifth race belongs to the later portion of the chain and of the globe, the fact that the pioneers of this race were rather carefully selected, that is, were advanced egos, is quite normal and accords with rule.

The word laggard is not always appropriate to the class temporarily thrown out of evolution, for it may be unfit because it is too far advanced, and evolving along wrong lines. This was the case with the Lords of the Dark Face in Atlantis. They were more advanced intellectually than the rest, but were deficient in altruism, and in the virtues based on love; their return to evolution, therefore, in the fifth race, will place them on more equal terms intellectually with the rest, hence they can rejoin without dominating us, and forcing the race along wrong lines of evolution. Those that cannot be assimilated in this way will come under the third order "Day of Judgment," and will be suspended for a globe.

It is quite apposite that the principles of a Day of Judgment may apply to still higher cycles, and there may be such a re-classification in the fifth chain, and in the fifth set of chains. As far as we know, the only one of our current schemes that is in the fifth chain, is the Venus scheme, and the coming of the Lords of the Flame from Venus, six and a half million years ago, may have been an incident in such a re-classification.

The period of a chain is that of a Day of Brahmā, 4,320,000,000 years (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, pp. 397, 403, 719), so that a set of seven chains occupies a Week of Brahmā. Now just as this cycle can be split up into chains, rounds, and

globes, so the Māhamanvaṇtara, or hundred Years of Brahmā, can be similarly split up into Kosmic Chains, Kosmic Rounds, and Kosmic Globes, in which seven Kosmic Chains embrace the whole period of a hundred years, or Age, of Brahmā. In such a classification, a set of our chains, or seven chains, is a Kosmic Globe period, and in the same way that the seven races of a globe build up seven Heavenly Men, so the seven chains of the Kosmic Globe have as their fruitage the Hierarchy of seven Creative Powers recorded in the Zodiac (*S. D.*, I, p. 233). Hence the relationship of a globe to a Kosmic Globe is that of a planet to its Zodiac.

Our present chain is the 1st Day of the 51st Year of Brahmā (*Central Hindū College Magazine*, vol. X, No, 11, p. 290, Nov. 1910), so that we are just a little over half way through the Age of Brahmā. From an Atlas of Occult Chronology, which I constructed some years ago on the above data, it appears that we are now in the fourth Kosmic Globe, of the fourth Kosmic Round, of the fourth Kosmic Chain; so that we may regard ourselves as in the fourth globe, of the fourth round, of the fourth chain, of the fourth Kosmic Globe, of the fourth Kosmic Round, of the fourth Kosmic Chain. Hence not only our earth evolution, but the evolution of the solar and planetary Logoi throughout the whole sidereal system, is at its lowest descent into materiality, and just beginning the ascending arc. Perhaps the Kosmic Chains and Rounds bear the same relation to Solar and Planetary Logoi that the ordinary chains and rounds bear to man.

We are apparently living in the critical period, not only of our earth or solar system, but of the whole sidereal system; and the victory of the Light Powers over the Dark, in the present struggle, may be a victory not only for our Day of Brahmā, but for the Age of Brahmā. If this be so, the crisis we are passing through is immeasurably more important than is shown in my article. It is the era *par excellence* of the Kosmic Evolution.

The relationship of the globes and rounds to the Kosmic Globes and Rounds may throw light on the doctrine of Æons, as taught by the Gnostics. A period of seven chains, or a Kosmic Globe period, would be an Æon of a planetary order, the fruitage of which is the Hierarchy of the Planet's Zodiac; and the relationship of man to the Zodiac may be the relationship of the human consciousness to the consciousness of the Planetary Logos. The Logos of our Terrestrial Chain is Brahmā, and each of us is entitled to exclaim with truth: "I am Brahmā," though we shall not adequately realise this until we are part of the Heavenly Man of our Root Race, and

have become assimilated to our Zodiac. When this is accomplished, our consciousness will be felt as an element of the Logic consciousness, and thus, being one with the Logos, we become a part of the evolution of the Solar and Planetary Logoi in the Kosmic Rounds and Chains.

G. E. SUTCLIFFE

RELATIVITY

The imaginative sketch with the above title in your issue for October contains, I venture to think, a fallacy which is common to most efforts of the kind. A terrestrial being presumably has a body to which he is tied, and which forms part of the material of the earth, and takes part in its rotation. One might possibly imagine the time or motion sense of such a being slowed down, or accelerated, by endowing it with enormously extended microscopic or telescopic vision, so as to bring within its purview the infra-world, or the supra-world (to borrow M. Fournier D'Albe's terms). In the former case, motions which are so slow to us as to be imperceptible, such as the growth of plants, or the movement of the hour hand of a clock, would be fairly rapid motions, quite cognisable. In the latter case enormous stretches of our terrestrial time would appear quite small intervals; the sun might appear to race round the sky, or rather, the earth to spin as fast as a football, while the movements of people on it would be so slow as to be imperceptible—probably only the geologic changes would be seen, and they would follow each other like c nema pictures.

In the first case, the appearance of the world would be so changed that the objects on it would be unrecognisable. While the growth of different parts of a plant or tree could be followed, the tree as a whole could not be seen, as it would enormously transcend the field of vision. The tip of tne hour hand might by seen to move fairly fast, but the clock-face would be indiscernible. In the second case, we must imagine a being with a body co-extensive with, say, the solar system, or with a good slice of interstellar space. Such a body could not be tied to the earth at all, and would have to use microscopic vision to see the earth and its movements, just as we would have to do to detect the revolutions of an atom or electron.

For a being to be conditioned as we are as regards space, while at the same time transcending our time and motion

limits, seems inconceivable. Space and Time are inseparable, and must vary *pari passu*. As long as a clock looks like a clock, and as long as the world wears its familiar features, so long must the ordinary movements of objects remain as they appear at present.

H. L. S. WILKINSON

SWĀMI VIVEKĀNAND ON MEAT-EATING

In the *Prabuddha Bhārata* for May last, some conversations of Swāmi Vivekānand are recorded by a disciple. The latter is told by the Swami that in all the Upanishats, there can be found no such beautiful book as the Kathopanishat; that it should be committed to memory, and that one should try to instil into one's life the faith, the courage, the discrimination and renunciation of Nachiketa. Further it is taught that: "Liberation or Samādhi only consists in doing away with the obstacles to the manifestation of Brahman. The Self is always shining forth like the sun. The cloud of ignorance has only veiled it. Remove the cloud and the Sun manifests. Then you get into the state in which the knots or bondages of the heart are torn asunder. The various paths that you find all advise you to remove the obstacles on the way. The end of all ways is the Knowledge of the Self." Then it is explained that intense longing is the means to realise religion. In the present Yuga there is the necessity of performing work as taught in the *Gītā*, and India requires the quality of *Rajas* to be developed. The dialogue between the Master and the pupil makes excellent reading, and is very suggestive and instructive.

As the discourse almost came to an end, word was brought that supper was ready for Swāmiji, who told his disciple to come and have a look at his food. "It is not good (said the Swāmi) to take much fatty or oily substances. *Roti* is better than *luchi*. *Luchi* is the food of the sick. *Take fish and meat*[1] and fresh vegetables, but sweets sparingly." While thus talking, the Swāmiji enquired: "Well, how many *rotis* have I taken? Am I to take more?" The disciple observed that "he could not remember how much he took, and did not feel even if he yet had any appetite. The sense of body failed away so much while he used to talk. He finished after taking a little more."

[1] The italics are mine.—N. D. K.

After the beautiful and uplifting impression created by reading the first part of the dialogue one would think that the Swāmiji, in asking his disciple at the end to come and see his food, was going to show him what simple and harmless food he was living on. One cannot but feel a rude shock when—after reading about the Swāmiji's exhortation "to do away with the obstacles to the manifestation of Brahman, so as to obtain Knowledge of the Self, and the realisation of the Self"—the disciple is told to take fish and meat, which the Swāmiji was with relish feeding upon.

It is hardly necessary to point out here that if we cease eating the carcasses of dead animals, then only shall we cease to feed certain evil entities in ourselves. So long as we eat meat habitually, we shall never be quite free from the influence of entities who live on the blood and other properties of meat. Let us eat purely, and by and by we shall find ourselves thinking purely and desiring purely. How can our inner bodies be purified, and how can "the obstacles to the manifestation of Brahman" be removed, so as to realise the Self within us, if we are advised to eat fish and meat.

The Swāmiji had a great admiration for Westerners, and in the dialogue, the disciple—in answer to his question: "Do you hope when you find Rajas in the Westerners that they will gradually become Sāṭṭvic?"—gets the following answer: "Certainly; possessed of a plenitude of Rajas, they have now reached the culmination of Bhoga or enjoyment. Do you think it is not they who are going to achieve Yoga?" The Swāmiji deplores in another place that the Bengalis, whom he admired for their brain power, had no strength in their muscles. It was probably to make up for the want of muscular power that the disciple was advised to eat fish and meat. A very wrong notion is entertained by some Indians that to make themselves more energetic and active in their nature they must stimulate Rajas by eating meat. Properly selected and well prepared non-meat food is more nutritive and productive of the right sort of energy than bestialising meat food. Even under the great stress and strain of this devastating War, it has been found that grain and vegetarian diet is more suitable than a flesh dietary.

N. D. K.

BOOK-LORE

The War and Religion, by Alfred Loisy. Translated by Arthur Galton. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. Price 1s. 6d.)

In the preface to the translation of his book the author writes as follows:

> It is on account of the serious friction which the religious problem has caused in France during some twenty years; on account also of certain movements which seem likely not only to revive but to over-stimulate those religious questions after the war; as well, too, because some people have proclaimed that the whole French Nation, both those who have been fighting and those who are proud of their defenders, being carried away by the war, will surrender itself entirely and without reserve to the Catholic and Roman faith: for these reasons, it has seemed advisable to show how groundless the latter assertion really is, and at the same time to draw attention to the disagreeable and unfavourable position that the papacy has brought itself into by its attitude towards the European conflict.

This statement makes quite plain the aim of the book, which comprises four chapters: The War and Religion; The War; The Churches; Religion.

At the end of the second chapter, in which a summary review has been given of the situation in Europe at the time when the French original edition first appeared, the author asks: "Meanwhile, what is happening to the god of the Christians? Governments and peoples," he continues, "are behaving as though they knew him not; though the world is still crowded with his official representatives, who assuredly will not remain silent in the present crisis, which is the most uncompromising challenge ever made to their faith since it came into existence."

And then he proceeds to a discussion of the question now causing so much harassment to many earnest and thoughtful people. Can we be patriotic and at the same time truly Christian? M. Loisy's answer is: No. The Gospel, he says, knows nothing of patriotism. "The gospel of Jesus implies the non-existence of nationality: it effaces it." We must

choose. The true believer who "endures persecution, suffering, and death, because the kingdom of heaven belongs to him," cannot be roused to a sense of national responsibility, and the Churches which preach patriotism are deviating, more and more in proportion to their fervour, from the teachings of the Christ. A man cannot fight and pretend at the same time to be a follower of Him who preached the Sermon on the Mount.

In this connection the author criticises the attitude of Pope Benedict the Fifteenth very severely. "From Belgium and from France," he says, "devout Catholics have turned in their distress towards the throne of Peter; and they discovered, to their confusion, that his throne was empty." The reason for his having failed his people at this crisis is due to his having ignored or mistaken the proper meaning of the word impartiality, behind which he shelters, identifying it apparently with the word neutrality. His view of this identification the author expresses as follows:

> By impartiality is understood that perfect justice which ought to be followed in the treatment of persons and the estimate of things. Neutrality has nothing moral in it, has no common link with justice; it implies a wholly passive attitude with regard to other people's quarrels, considering neither the facts nor the reasons which may influence the opposing parties. Impartiality is a duty and a virtue: neutrality is only a matter of common prudence, one might even say of policy. Thus impartiality and neutrality are quite different things: in fact they are incompatible with one another in the sphere of morals; for no one has any right to be neutral in moral questions; and whoever pretends to be neutral in matters where justice is concerned fails to be impartial.

The gospel having failed us, the Roman pontificate having failed us, a choice must be made between Christianity and patriotism. M. Loisy chooses the latter. And in his fourth chapter he points out that the "religion" of the army as of the rest of the people is now love of their country and an imperishable belief in her future.

The book is very much worth reading, whether one sympathises with the author's point of view or not. For it puts a very real problem before us with that clarity of thought and simplicity of expression which characterises the true artist.

A. DE L.

The Nation of the Future: A Survey of Hygienic Conditions and Possibilities in School and Home Life, by L. Haden Guest, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (G. Bell & Sons, London. Price 2s.)

Readers of *The Herald of the Star* and *The Commonweal* will doubtless remember two series of articles Dr. Haden Guest wrote for these journals; the title of the former was "The Nation of the Future," and that of the latter "The Method of Medical Inspection of Children in Schools". These articles are now published in book form, together with the original eight photographs and a paper that first appeared in the proceedings of a Congress on Public Health and in the *Journal of State Medicine*; and we welcome this little volume as a more permanent means of bringing the articles before a larger public. Though it may not be necessary to remind many of our readers of their contents, a brief summary may be useful to those who have not already made their acquaintance.

First of all we read of the most common ailments and defects from which many children continually suffer, while supposed by their parents to be quite fit to attend school; then of the method of inspection now in practice; finally some simple but effective remedies are indicated. But Dr. Guest is not content to stop at purely medical and hygienic prescriptions; his sociological training has impressed on him the necessity of dealing with causes rather than tinkering with effects, and with no uncertain voice he denounces the root cause of all the needless wastage of child-efficiency he meets at every turn—poverty.

A section of special interest to Theosophists is one in which the author forecasts the possibilities and the gradual adoption of "a regular and systematic inspection of the mind and of the emotions". He mentions the significant step taken by the London County Council in employing a professional psychologist to develop this aspect of education with a view to adapting teaching to temperament. But he goes a great deal further in the direction of that more spiritual ideal of education towards which the Theosophical Educational Trust is working.

Short as the book is—and this is no disadvantage to a busy public—it is packed with practical information, and makes its

chief appeal to the loftiest sense of national and human solidarity. Speaking of the value of School Clinics the author sums up as follows:

> Medical inspection of school children reveals defects which are common to the children of the human race in all parts of the world, and belonging to all its subdivisions of which I have been able to get any knowledge. The cure of those defects by School Clinics, or, better, their prevention, will achieve one of the most striking changes in the physical well-being of mankind that history has to record. Contemplating the massed statistics, the records from all countries, we get the impression of the human race waking up to a sense of the value of its child life, an impression of the human race determining that, what of service we know for the improvement of mankind, that serviceable knowledge shall be applied.

The "prevention" hinted at above is defined in a single sentence that may well be taken as the starting point for social reconstruction: "The measures designed to achieve this end must be based on the explicit assumption on the part of the Government of responsibility at all times, and in all places, and under all conditions, for the well-being of every citizen." Dr. Guest writes a forcible preface from "somewhere in France" to the effect that he has nothing to unsay; on the contrary his experience with the R.A.M.C. at the front entirely bears out his contention that the foundations of a sound physique must be laid in childhood.

W. D. S. B.

Thoughts from Trine: An Anthology from the Work of Ralph Waldo Trine. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. Price 1s. net.)

To all who seek inspiration in New Thought literature the books of Ralph Waldo Trine are well known. They have done much to hearten up the dispirited and strengthen those who lack self-reliance. The present selections from his work are well chosen. The author beams at us from the frontispiece, and the passages here gathered together are well calculated to communicate to the reader his cheerful outlook on life.

A. DE L.

The Making of the Old Testament, by W. F. Lofthouse, M.A. (Charles H. Kelly, London. Price 1s.)

This book is written in an interesting way, with the reverence we should expect from one of a series of Christian Manuals, yet with a breadth of view which permits the author to point out errors and alterations in the Old Testament which exist in spite of the care of the scribes, whose duty it was since the fifth century B.C. to preserve the text.

We are taken back in the history of the only extant literature of the Hebrews, older than 200 years B.C., to the clay tablets of Babylonia, where, according to a theory of Prof. Sayce, this literature may have existed before its translation into Hebrew. Then we hear of its probable existence on leather rolls, such as were used, we know, as far back as 2000 B.C. Coming to later days, we read that existing MSS. are not earlier than the ninth century after Christ, with the exception of a fragment of papyrus dating from the second century A.D.

After reading this book we may wonder at the care taken by the Jews to preserve the Old Testament from error, but we certainly shall not underrate their efforts, or regret having followed the author's investigations.

E. S. B.

What to Eat and How Much, by Florence Daniel. (C. W. Daniel, Ltd., London. Price 1s.)

The old proverb: "We do not desire and follow after the things that we think to be good, but we think to be good the things that we desire to follow after," is generally borne out in the study of any question concerning our food.

This book is not a compendium of "don'ts," but rather a plain and sensible summary of what is taught by various qualified medical men about food, made readable and convincing by the author's charming individuality. She tells us what food is, the relative value of its different elements, what are its most suitable combinations, how much is required, and the effects of taking too much or too little of it.

We are also told the reasons why our grandmothers were restricted to a more simple but beneficial diet, and how our choice should be governed by the knowledge and selection of what contains the largest amount of feeding material and the smallest amount of waste. Her conclusion is that practically all those who can afford to do so, eat too much, and that too great a carelessness prevails in learning how to keep the body fit.

G. G.

The Kingdom of Heaven as Seen by Swedenborg, by John Howard Spalding. (J. M. Dent & Sons, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

The aim of this work, as explained on its cover, is "to present the main principles of Swedenborg's teachings in the simplest possible way, so that the reader who wishes to consult his works for himself may have some conception beforehand of the system of thought they expound, into which he may be able to fit the many unfamiliar statements which he will meet with in the course of his study".

The problems of the nature of God, of creation, of the Word, of the Incarnation, of the Second Coming of the Lord, of heaven and hell, of evil, of pain, of free will, etc., are examined and explained in simple, clear language, and judging by the author's evident love for and knowledge of the subject, it is fair to assume that he is in a position to interpret rightly the spirit of Swedenborg's philosophy. It might have been an advantage to intersperse the text with frequent quotations from Swedenborg's writings, so as to bring the would-be student to some extent into direct touch with them and to give him a taste for, an insight into, Swedenborg's manner of presenting his revelations, apart from the interpretation put on them by the author of the book.

The subject-matter is undoubtedly interesting, for Swedenborg's visions were of a high order, recorded in good faith and with the best of motives. Being a scientist and a philosopher, as well as a man of pure and blameless life, possessing a well balanced mind, his intercourse with the

spiritual world, which began at the age of fifty-six and continued without interruption for twenty-eight years, till a few days before his death, cannot be put down to the hallucinations of a diseased mind. They are definite evidence of the possibility of communication with the invisible world, well worth serious attention, provided always one bears in mind the difficulty of presenting the truths of the higher worlds in terms of physical plane language, and makes allowance for the personal equation which is bound to affect every seer. To us, Swedenborg's teachings seem incomplete in the absence of certain doctrines, like Reincarnation, which alone can solve some of the problems of life, and which have since his time been proclaimed to the western world; but as they stand, they have satisfied and helped many in the past and are accepted by many in the present. Mr. Spalding's book will therefore serve as a welcome aid, not only to enquirers, but probably also to older students, and we heartily recommend it as a most useful contribution on an important subject.

A. S.

Christus Consolator, by the Right Rev. H. C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham. (S.P.C.K., London. Price 1s. 6d.)

This book is written with the object of bringing comfort to those in sore trouble through the war, and is full of consoling and helpful thoughts. Its various chapters lead us from "Sorrow," and "The Mystery of Death" to "Christ" and "The World to Come". The chapters entitled "Passing Souls" and "With Christ" are beautiful and comforting, but as Theosophists, we are thankful to possess deeper knowledge of these mysteries of the life hereafter than is shown in the author's treatment of the subject.

E. S. B.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

MR. GANDHI ON AHIMSA

In *The Modern Review* (published in Calcutta) for October we find an effective vindication of the eastern doctrine of *Ahimsa* (non-injury) by Mr. M. K. Gandhi of South African fame. It is primarily a reply to Mr. Lala Lajpat Rai, who had previously written asserting that the elevation of this doctrine of Ahimsa to the highest position in religion had contributed to the downfall of India, a charge which is here refuted by the counter-claim that it has been internal dissension—the very antithesis of real religion—that has weakened India.

Mr. Gandhi has the double advantage of not only having studied and assimilated the theory of this doctrine, but also having practised it with conspicuous success. Comparatively few people are aware of the difficulties he surmounted in his campaign of passive resistance to obtain redress for the grievances of his fellow-countrymen in South Africa, but the mere fact that this movement accomplished its object without violence and consequent bitterness, is a memorable object lesson in the working of the Great Law and the ability of ordinary humanity to apply it when the way is shown by personal example.

The doctrine of Ahimsa, as Mr. Gandhi points out, is not peculiar to any one sect or religion, though it has come to be popularly identified with Jainism. It is to be found in the Scriptures of all the great faiths of the world, from the Hindu Shastras and the Buddhist Suttas to the Christian Sermon on the Mount. Neither is it, in Mr. Gandhi's opinion, a doctrine only fit for Sannyasis, but a practical rule of conduct that all may obey with equal advantage to themselves and others.

The usual objection raised by the casual enquirer is that the duty of protection is thereby abandoned, in fact becomes impossible. Mr. Gandhi would be the last man to harbour such a misconception. To use his own words:

> In its negative form it means not injuring any living being whether by body or mind. I may not therefore hurt the person of any wrong-doer, or bear any ill will to him and so cause him mental suffering. This statement does not cover suffering caused to the wrong-doer by natural acts of mine which do not proceed from ill will. It therefore does not prevent me from withdrawing from his presence a child whom he, we shall imagine, is about to strike. Indeed the proper practice of Ahimsa *requires* me to withdraw the intended victim from the wrong-doer, if I am in any way whatsoever the guardian of such a child. It was therefore most proper for the passive resisters of South Africa to have resisted the evil that the Union Government sought to do to them. They bore no ill will to it. They showed this by helping the Government whenever it needed their help. *Their resistance consisted of disobedience of the orders of the Government, even to the extent of suffering death at their hands.* Ahimsa requires deliberate self-suffering, not a deliberate injuring of the supposed wrong-doer.

Further on he enlarges on the same aspect as follows:

> And so the South African passive resisters in their thousands were ready to die rather than sell their honour for a little personal ease. This was Ahimsa in its active form. It *never* barters away honour. A helpless girl in the hands of a follower of Ahimsa finds better and surer protection than in the hands of one who is prepared to defend her only to the point to which his weapons would carry *him*. The tyrant, in the first instance, will have to walk to his victim over the dead body of her defender; for it is assumed that the canon of propriety in the second instance will be satisfied when the defender has fought to the extent of his physical valour. In the first instance, as the defender has matched his very soul against the mere body of the tyrant, the odds are that the soul in the latter will be awakened, and the girl would stand an infinitely greater chance of her honour being protected than in any other conceivable circumstance, barring, of course, that of her own personal courage.

But it is not enough, says Mr. Gandhi, merely to abstain from ill will; there must be a positive cultivation of goodwill in the face of injury from others. A point which is well brought out is that such an attitude demands the most complete fearlessness; it is the very reverse of weakness.

> In its positive form, Ahimsa means the largest love, the greatest charity. If I am a follower of Ahimsa, I *must love* my enemy. I must apply the same rules to the wrong-doer who is my enemy or a stranger to me, as I would to my wrong-doing father or son. This active Ahimsa necessarily includes truth and fearlessness. A man cannot deceive the loved one he does not fear, or frighten him or her. अभयदान (Gift of life) is the greatest of all gifts. A man who gives it in reality, disarms all hostility. He has paved the way for an honourable understanding. And no one who is himself subject to fear can bestow that gift. He must therefore be himself fearless. A man cannot then practise Ahimsa and be a coward at the same time. The practice of Ahimsa calls forth the greatest courage. It is the most soldierly of soldier's virtues.

We have quoted rather fully because this is a case where a record of first-hand experience is both rare and invaluable. The writer is not deceived by the many specious imitations of "harmlessness," but exposes in the plainest language the inconsistency of people who make a big show of charity, while all the time they allow others to be killed "by inches" through unjust trade and other "respectable" forms of crime.

Such a doctrine may sound utterly incongruous under the conditions prevailing in Europe; but may not the latter appear to the Ahimsaist as the great incongruity? There is a half-way school who believe in forgiving their enemy when they have so far injured him that he can no longer injure them; and these are the people who answer with "this is not the time". Of course it is something to be thankful for nowadays

to find anyone ready to forgive at all, even when it is quite safe, but such a patchwork charity finds no place in Mr. Gandhi's creed. He clearly sees that a spiritual law must by its very nature be eternal and unchanging, and not a matter for compromise and opportunity. He does not prescribe his remedy as an occasional palliative, but as a universal cure for human suffering.

Ahimsa, truly understood, is, in my humble opinion, a panacea for all evils mundane and extra-mundane. We can never over-do it. Just at present we are not doing it at all. Ahimsa does not displace the practice of other virtues, but renders their practice imperatively necessary before it can be practised even in its rudiments.

W. D. S. B.

Kosmos—The Monthly Magazine of Universal Interest: "The Twenty-four Preludes of Chopin: Their pictorial and poetical interpretation." Illustrations by Robert Spies. Poems by Laura Vulda. Translation by R. J. Minney. (The Eastern Bureau, Ltd., Calcutta. Price Re. 1.)

Rarely does one find such a successful combination of the arts of poetry, illustration and publication in the service of the interpretation of music, as in the issue of *Kosmos* devoted to the Twenty-four Preludes of Chopin. A medallino portrait of the great Polish composer forms the Frontispiece, and a short Biography constitutes a fitting Preface. Each succeeding page illustrates a Prelude by means of a short poem, in French, named and derived by the writer from the inspiration of the music; a dainty sketch in black and white, visualising the poem; and an English prose translation of the latter.

With one or two exceptions the poetry and illustrations show clever and original powers of interpretation, and will give pleasure even to musicians who delight in music as a "thing-in-itself" without any desire for its more concrete expression.

The English translations are, unfortunately, unworthy of the production, and are like the weak translations of a schoolboy, at times showing an entire lack of good taste, even in the choice of words. The publication is very artistically displayed in purple printing, and is to be recommended as an interesting and unique addition to a musical library.

M. E. C.

VOL. XXXVIII No. 4

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

MRS. BESANT is away from Adyar on a visit to Benares and then to Lucknow, where our Convention takes place, and expects to be back at Adyar in the first week in January.

A happy New Year to all our readers. Ānanda, Bliss, Joy, are at the very core of Being, and the human craving for happiness is but the natural expression of the yearning for Divinity which man, woman and child, in East and West alike, manifest to-day as they have manifested since the Dawn of the Great Day. Different people mean different things when they speak of happiness; the devotee craves for the rapture of Love; the man of knowledge for the rapture of Truth; the man of action for the rapture of Service. Our Indian poetess, Sarojini, has well expressed in her musical words the idea:

To field and forest
The gifts of the spring,
To hawk and to heron
The pride of their wing;
Her grace to the panther,
Her tints to the dove . . .
For me, O my Master,
The rapture of Love!

To the hand of the diver
The gems of the tide,
To the eyes of the bridegroom
The face of his bride;
To the heart of a dreamer
The dreams of his youth . . .
For me, O my Master,
The rapture of Truth!

To priests and to prophets
The joy of their creeds,
To kings and their cohorts
The glory of deeds;
And peace to the vanquished
And hope to the strong . . .
For me, O my Master,
The rapture of Song!

Thus to each one what he desires—to each one the fulfilment of his own aspirations. From one point of view the world is made up of Theosophists only—some are conscious of their unfolding Divinity, others, the great majority, are unconscious. The savage who kills and steals is even thereby unfolding his soul-powers—his very weakness and deformities and ignorance being made, by the Powers unseen, instruments of help and progress; such is the wonderful and ever-compassionate way of God. The man of ambition, with his desire for wealth and comfort and power and love, learns through that ambition and grows out of it. The Great Economist is Ishvara, who blends harmoniously the forces of His Nature, and utilises the weaknesses of the flesh as aids to the vision of the Spirit. For the conscious

Theosophist, who has come to know something of the marvellous Plan of the Great Hierarchy of Adepts, happiness lies in deliberate efforts at the widening of his spiritual horizon, bringing him a better and deeper understanding of his brother man and Nature, with a view to serve humbly those fellow men and reverently that Nature. We wish all readers of THE THEOSOPHIST happiness in this sense, so that 1917 may prove a year of inner joy and peace, and of outer helpfulness and service to all.

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A few years ago our President—she was not President then—wrote an article in this magazine from which we quote the closing paragraph:

> We are all parts of the Theosophical Movement, and the Society should joyously recognise this, even though the others be blind to it.
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> It is this which gave its impress to the late International Congress in London, which saw in painting, in arts and crafts, in music, in drama, vehicles for Theosophical thought; which welcomed to its platform representatives of kindred movements; which claimed for itself only the privilege of serving all. All the precedence the Society can claim is that it knows whence it comes and whither it goes, and its wisdom lies in the frankest, fullest, most ungrudging recognition of the fact that many, besides itself, are labouring towards the same end, and that greater than the Theosophical Society is the Theosophical Movement.

The central idea of the above she has expanded in her recent article on "The Wider Outlook" in our November number. In the coming year, let us hope, our members will vivify public institutions and activities to a greater extent. Two years ago it was written in *The Adyar Bulletin*:

> The Society at large is recognising more and more that its potential influence is greater than its members ever conceived, that it can vivify more lines of human activity which make for civilisation, than was thought possible. The

aside and refused to fight, but now it is extended in its scope by becoming aggressive, and using its principles to prevent others from fighting. Our feeling that we have a duty to our neighbour which we must carry out, will not allow us to live our own lives only, but forces us to try and make them do what we think right, hence the need we feel for aggression. Passiveness does not satisfy us. If we do not want to make another do wrong, we also want to make him do right, so that we become aggressive, whatever our principles.

Like all the other movements to rid the world of war, the White Army has many difficulties before it, and yet at the same time many of the present characteristics of human nature favour its success.

One of its difficulties lies in the fact that an aggregate of human beings does not make a human aggregate. An army is composed of human beings who, separately, have all the sympathy and love that civilians have, and often they exhibit more human love and devotion than some civilians, but when these human beings join together under disciplinary rules, they do not *in toto* show these human qualities at all. When these human beings band themselves together, even voluntarily, and formulate disciplinary systems to preserve their union, they lose so much of their humaneness that others are forced to protect themselves from them. Take the Trade Unions for example. Primarily they were formed to enable the workmen to provide better homes for their wives and children, and to give the children an opportunity of receiving an education before starting out in life as workmen. But when the question of strikes comes up, do the workmen think of the sufferings of their wives and children by the want that will ensue?

Or does it affect them very much when they see the sufferings actually going on during the strike? No, these human emotions are entirely lost in the union discipline. I have seen strikers allow children to die for want of milk and food rather than give up the strike, and yet, on the other hand, after a colliery disaster I have seen men of their own free will take a woman and her children and provide for them. In the latter case there was no union, with disciplinary laws or systems, but each man was an independent unit and could therefore exercise his human qualities, whereas when united these qualities were almost numbed.

This is the difficulty to be faced by the White Army. They may place themselves between the two armies, and each man of those armies may of himself wish to refrain from wounding a non-combatant, even though between himself and his enemy, yet the warring armies would probably shoot at each other owing to their disciplinary system; and if the White Army is in the way, well, it will be killed out of existence. We have seen much the same sentiment acted upon in England with the militant suffragists. Parliamentary discipline had practically succeeded in killing out the suffrage movement, but the militants insisted on keeping it alive, so the prison tortures and the Cat and Mouse Act were resorted to in the hope that it would kill out the offenders who insisted on keeping up the suffrage agitation in the face of Parliamentary discipline. The Government simply says it is the fault of the militants, and so will the warring armies say of the White Army when they shoot through it. They will say it was its fault for insisting on being in the way to prevent them from carrying out their disciplinary rules and systems.

speciality of the T.S. seems to be in its power to unveil knowledge at all grades of Her shining forth. The T.S. realises that it has the power to lift veil after veil of that great *pardanashin* Goddess; that it can show Her in the very simple aspect of the teacher of the alphabet or in the very mysterious one of the revealer of the Hidden Light. To put it otherwise, the T.S. has come to self-consciousness, and has recognised that its life need not be confined, but may be allowed to permeate many walks of life, and that to its own advantage also. It has realised, what hitherto was an intellectual recognition, that greater than the Theosophical Society is the Theosophical Movement.

More and more Theosophy has been influencing the political, social, artistic, educational, religious progress of humanity. May our readers, may all members of the T.S., participate in an ever-increasing degree in that service of the world which is the surest proof of our belief in the Universal Brotherhood of humanity.

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For the Editor and those closely associated with her work at Adyar, 1916 has been a year of struggle and strife; but throughout they have been fully conscious of the righteousness of their cause; and on the stormiest of nights, when the wind blew and the rain poured, and the very heavens were falling, uprooting giant trees and causing damage to hearths and homes all around, in the very flashes of lightning we saw the Power of the Lord which surrounds our Society and protects our President. Through stress and storm we are progressing in our march which inspires us, and the Star of Hope lightens our weary way.

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The world is sore with struggle, and how can it be possible that this ancient and holy land of India should be altogether free of it? Also, how can we expect such an embodiment of sacrifice and

service as our President not to be in it? This War, let us hope, will settle the issues of freedom against slavery, of liberty against tyranny. There is a war within war going on at this moment everywhere, and the future progress of the world will depend not only on the terms of peace but on the programme of political and economical, social and religious activity which the nations on both sides will plan and carry out. The world is a heap of ruins—not only physical but moral, philosophical and religious. May this year enable our race to transform that chaos into an ordered and harmonious Cosmos, and in that great work may our Society and its members contribute their legitimate share. By the grace of the Lords of Light, who are our true Leaders, may we go forth into a veritable hell of lust and carnage and vanity, and by the end of 1917 help in transforming it into a New Earth and ultimately into a New Heaven.

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This year's Convention will be over by the time this reaches our readers, even in India. Instead of one lecturer and four lectures, this year's programme announces seven lectures, divided between three speakers. Our President gives three on "The Duty of the Theosophist to Religion," "The Duty of the Theosophist to Society," "The Duty of the Theosophist to his Nation and Humanity"; two lectures, on subjects not announced, because he arrived just in time for the Convention, will be given by Mr. Jinarājadāsa; Mr. G. S. Arundale gives two on "Education". With other meetings besides the regular Convention ones, the programme is a very crowded one.

This number of THE THEOSOPHIST contains the first instalment of a series entitled "Letters From India" by Maria Cruz. These have been translated from the French of the book *Lettres de l'Inde*, published by friends to whom the original letters were sent. Those of us who remember Miss Cruz at the Convention of 1912, when she was staying at Adyar, will especially appreciate these spontaneous and realistic impressions. Miss Cruz had collected notes for a book which she intended writing on her return to France, but unfortunately the climate of India had affected her health, and she did not live to carry out her intention.

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The loved and much respected Madras leader, our brother Sir S. Subramania Iyer, though old in body, is young in his outlook on the transforming world. This trusted servant of our Masters, who has served our Society so well during a long course of years, is ever ready to help the young man or Theosophist. The students of Madras, who have formed for themselves a body of their own called the Madras Students' Convention, are holding their first session in this city in the Gokhale Hall belonging to the Y.M.I.A., which owes its birth and steady activity entirely to Mrs. Annie Besant. They have selected the old veteran, who is the prime leader of the Presidency, to guide their deliberations. The Presidential Address, read out at their meeting on 27th December, contains the following, which our readers will like to see. These are the words addressed to future servants of the Motherland:

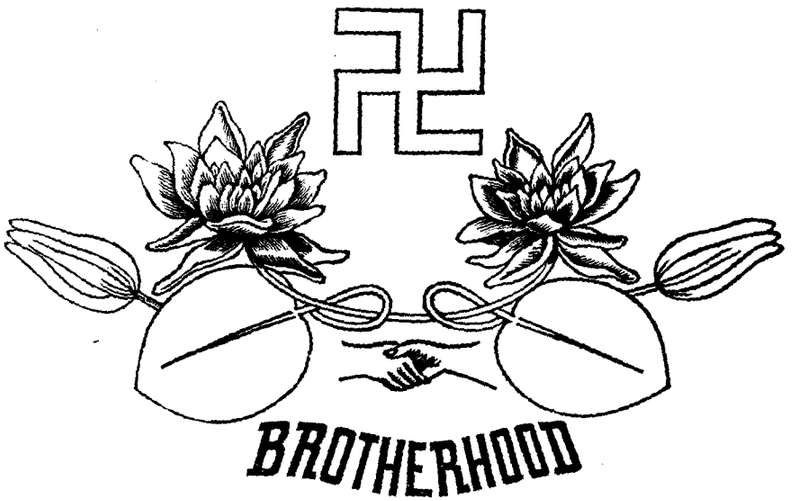
> You are eager to render service to your country, to your fellow-men; make yourselves worthy for that high calling. You have within you the spirit of self-sacrifice, but ask yourselves whether you have anything worth offering. You aspire to worship the Motherland, let me exhort you not to go to the National Temple empty-handed, empty-headed, empty-hearted. Let your heart be a veritable mine of sparkling gems of pure emotions—diamonds of power, rubies of love, emeralds of deep sympathy; let your head be a silent lake wherein are reflected the grandeur of the mountain peak of knowledge, the golden clouds of understanding, the marvellous foliage of logic and reasoning; let your hands carry the flowers of virtuous action—the Lotus of Duty, the Rose of Purity, the Jessamine of Faith, the Lily of Sacrifice, for no action which is not duty, which is not pure, which does not deserve faith and does not evoke sacrifice, is worthy your handling. Make yourselves ready then, do not waste your time.

The same sage advice may be given to all our members who, ever eager to serve, are often hampered because of the lack of adequate knowledge and necessary efficiency.

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Those whose function it is to reveal gradually the mysteries of Nature to the enquiring mind of man, and who are always ready and willing to respond to the legitimate thirst for knowledge, appear to be using the War in an opportune manner. War is related to death, and death to the great Unknown. Human intelligence darkly gropes after that Unknown; and because of his immortality, though he is not consciously aware of it, man feels certainly that all of him does not die. He feels that there is another side of the grave, that the fire which consumes his dead body of flesh wafts to subtler regions his immortal soul. Orthodox religions do not fully and scientifically explain the conditions of after-death states, or satisfy completely the concrete mind of our concrete race. In our Theosophical literature a detailed description is given, which has brought illumination and comfort to thousands, thanks to our great teacher Mr. C. W. Leadbeater. To

the man of scientific temperament who demands first-hand knowledge and proofs under test conditions, Mr. Leadbeater's teachings appear to be only the authoritative dicta of a religious enthusiast. To such the unseen powers have also to bring some kind of aid. While thousands are dying every day on account of this ghastly War, thousands are left behind in their ignorance to mourn the "loss of the dear departed". For the latter, the new book of Sir Oliver Lodge, let us hope, will bring a comforting message. *Raymond* is a volume which we think will convince many of the fact that death is not the end of things, and that beyond is a condition of life and incessant activity. A few months ago we reviewed in these pages *The War Letters of a Living Dead Man*, which spoke of that other side; and now comes, associated with the name of one of the world's greatest scientists, another volume giving proofs, obtained by reasonable, sane and honest people, that man is not mortal and that death is but a portal to a richer and more beautiful life. What ancient Indian teachers taught in full measure in their old Universities, a modern University man gives out haltingly to a materialistic generation. But we are once again coming unto the days of Light and Wisdom, and our T.S. is the herald of their approach.



TOLERANCE AND INTOLERANCE

A STUDY IN NATIONALITY

By SRI PRAKASA, B.A., LL.B. (CANTAB.)
BARR.-AT-LAW

The multiplicity of beliefs which results in . . . toleration finally results also in weakness. We therefore come to a psychological problem not hitherto resolved: how to possess a faith at once powerful and tolerant.[1]

AT the very outset we shall accept, as a working hypothesis, that every period of human history, describing a definite phase of human civilisation, bears the stamp of an intention to satisfy some one deep craving of the human heart, and to fulfil some one

[1] *The Psychology of Revolution*, by Gustave le Bon, translated into English by Bernard Miall, p. 48. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.)

insistent desire of the human soul. The ancient Hindū civilisation stood for the giving to the world a philosophic polity that divided man's life into stages, and human beings into classes, in order to eliminate competition—as far as practicable—from life, and to assure every person a definite position in society by right of his birth; and also to lead the individual from stage to stage and from life to life to the destined goal—Liberation. The ancient Greek civilisation stood for the satisfaction of the human desire for Beauty; and in its Arts it developed, to a perfection difficult to understand and impossible to underrate, the great ideal of Beauty in all its aspects. In its gymnasiums it required of every man and woman to undergo strict training, to ensure the bodies of the citizens achieving the highest pitch of physical beauty imaginable. The ancient Roman civilisation stood for the giving to the world of law and organised government on an extended scale, to satisfy the craving of the human heart for peace and order, for security of life and limb. The mediæval European civilisation stood for the realisation of the splendid ideal of the harmonious union of Church and State, so that both the spiritual and the temporal wants of human beings might be fully met. The dominant civilisation of to-day, called Modern, European, or Western, stands pre-eminently for Liberty—Liberty to every individual to think as he likes, to speak as he likes, and to act as he likes; in other words it stands for the granting, to every human being, of freedom in every branch of human endeavour, freedom in thought, word and deed.

It might be pertinently argued here that in a thousand ways we see around us how freedom is denied

to man and woman in the modern world; there are innumerable conventions and legal enactments that bind us, and social and political pressure forces us all down. To this the only answer is that the ideal is the goal that is striven after; it is not anything actually realised. Just as hundreds of defects can be pointed out in all the previous phases of civilisation—the Hindū, Greek, Roman and mediæval European—showing how these failed to attain their ideals, so can the shortcomings of the modern world be pointed out; the more easily as its defects are living realities to us and we suffer under them from day to day. But at the same time we cannot deny that in every branch of life the Modern Age is *attempting* to grant to every man and every woman the utmost freedom possible. The general principle that is enunciated is that, in the exercise of one's own freedom, one ought not to take away the freedom of another. If it be regarded as an exception that the privilege of a few to abuse, if they like, their freedom, is taken away, it might be pointed out that this principle ensures the others their own freedom, and protects their honour, their persons and their property from being violated. This is done by the strict adherence to the clauses and the sections of the criminal law in every country.

How modern civilisation tries its best to grant freedom to every individual can be easily realised by taking a few facts into consideration. Freedom can take three forms: freedom of thought; freedom of speech; freedom of action. So far as the first form of freedom goes, all attempts that were made in centuries gone by to get at the very thought of man, to make one confess his religious opinion by putting before him the terrors

of the Inquisition, have now been abandoned. No one need now fear to entertain any thoughts on religious or other matters. In the past, for the sake of the enforced imposition of any one particular religious creed, freedom of thought has often been unhesitatingly violated, and the most revolting cruelties have been practised by the strong in order to force a particular faith on the weak.

Nowadays, however, it has been taken for granted that religion is the expression of the relationship of the individual with his Maker, and that it is not the business of temporal powers or other persons to impose their own views, by force, upon anyone that does not agree with them on the subject of religious faith. No interference is now permitted in religious matters, and every one is free to worship, or not, as he pleases, and seek God in his own way. The most vivid expression of this is seen in the successful efforts that are being constantly made to dissociate the Church from the State, by disestablishing all churches and allowing members of every faith to maintain, or not, their own houses of worship, their priests and their clergy. Even after all these efforts some people are not satisfied. They feel that there is still a great deal of social and political pressure in such matters, and more freedom should be granted. All this goes to prove the contention that freedom of thought is demanded, as of right, by the modern world—a phenomenon not witnessed on such an extensive and continuous scale ever before, because in the past, till comparatively recent times, doctrines of faith were not discussed, and but few dared to feel that these might be questioned and argued and put to the "divine test of reason".

Next we have the question of the freedom of speech. Subject to their laws of libel, treason and sedition, modern nations allow entire freedom of speech. This right has come to be so deeply ingrained in the human mind that in case any restriction is put upon it, even at such critical times as those of foreign aggressions or internal confusions, the subjects feel that one of their cherished privileges has been violated and that their first duty is to get it re-established.

Then we have freedom of action. Scarcely, if ever, was there such widespread security in the world as there is to-day. An inhabitant of one country can go to other lands without let or hindrance, can wander round the world safely—armed with no other weapon than an umbrella to protect him from sun and rain—and come back home after years of extended travel without so much as a scratch on his body. This is a splendid achievement of modern civilisation. It has made the world safe for all to go about at will. By its imposition of mutual understanding between country and country, it has secured freedom from molestation for the subjects of one sovereign travelling about in the land ruled by another.[1] It has even carried this principle to a cruel extreme, and is already attempting to grant "free trade" to all. It has almost ignored, in its desire for the spreading of Freedom, the fact that in certain circumstances the State should protect industries; and we have been witnessing the spectacle, for some time past, of a certain class of political economists demanding freedom in trade all round. In these days there is practically no pressure being exercised on any person to act in any particular way or to follow

[1] The abnormal conditions produced by the present war are not taken into consideration in this connection.—S. P.

any special vocation, and every human being is allowed to seek his fortune in his own way, to follow his own free will, provided always that in so doing he does not come into conflict with the freedom and the rights of others.

In order to attain the highest amount of freedom and to ensure to every individual the greatest amount of liberty imaginable, modern civilisation has evolved nationalities. The world of human beings is split up into various nations, and every nation tries its hardest to maintain its liberty and its individuality as a separate nation, and to grant as much liberty as is possible to every individual that belongs to the nation.

It stands to reason that when we have limited ourselves by dividing ourselves up into nations, we have also limited our freedom to a certain extent. And in the modern world we see the phenomenon that in pursuit of liberty, human beings are deliberately restricting their individual freedom whenever it comes into conflict with the interests of their State. The State is, at times, more important than individuals, and for its defence subjects are required to yield up all their rights, because it is supposed that, by this temporary suspension of their individual liberties in defence of their State, they ensure the permanence of their freedom for evermore. Thus the State, by its laws of treason, sedition and conspiracy, protects itself from possible dangers from within; and by its recognised right to call on all its subjects to take up arms at a time of foreign aggression, to yield up all their property at critical junctures to save the State from bankruptcy and embarrassment, it protects itself from dangers from without. At the moment of danger, necessitating these extreme steps, individual rights are eclipsed in the

more insistent demand for the preservation of the State. But no sooner is the danger passed, than the old order of things must come back forthwith; and freedom, in all its varied forms, must be granted once again.

By a careful consideration of these facts we are led inevitably to conclude that the ideal of the Modern Age is Liberty, and that for its fullest possible expression in an imperfect world, nations have grown, and nationality has become one of the fundamental characteristics of the times in which we live.

And here comes a paradox. A modern man is proud of two things: firstly, that he belongs to a particular country, which country is bound to protect him through all vicissitudes; secondly that he enjoys freedom to think, speak and act as he likes. In other words he is the subject of a State that ensures him liberty. In fact it is for the granting of freedom to individuals that nation-States seem to have been established, and, as we have already said before, the only reason for which individuals have from time to time to forego their liberties is for the safety and the maintenance of the State.

Now we shall discuss how these nation-States came into existence at all. We contend (and here is the paradox) that these nation-States came into being by the forcible suppression of what they ultimately came to stand for; that is to say, nations have grown by the crushing down of individual liberty. At the time when nations were forming, there was the greatest amount of intolerance prevalent in the western world, and our contention is that strong nations could never have come into being if this had not been the case. It seems to us that historians commit a very gross inconsistency when

they admire the growth of nations and the freedom enjoyed to-day by the citizens thereof, on the one hand, and condemn their forefathers, who brought these nations into being, for their cruel intolerance in everything. For, we believe, if this cruel intolerance had not been practised, nation-States would never have been born, and the amount of freedom that individuals enjoy to-day, under their auspices, could never have been enjoyed at all.

Let us explain ourselves. During the time preceding the Modern Age, the great bond of union between man and man—perhaps the only bond of union—was the adherence to a common religion. This bond obliterated space and time; it took no account of the barriers of seas and mountains, of language and custom. The very fact of belonging to the same religious faith made two strangers friends; and the fact of belonging to different faiths made two brothers enemies. The pathetic story of the Crusades—when all Christendom poured forth from its homes to traverse distant and hostile lands to meet the foe of their faith in a far-off spot of earth—shows how strong was the bond of religion to the men of that time. Then, as the Middle Ages were ending and the "Reformation" was spreading, we find that under the influence of the members of the Society of Jesus—the last champions of the age that was dying—a brother would bear witness against a brother in a case where the two belonged to different denominations. In short, the supreme bond of religion between individual and individual was religion throughout the mediæval period of European history.

In a world like this, nationality was to be established. Nationality takes no account of the religious beliefs of individuals. It depends upon territory. The earth's

surface is divided up into various parts—sometimes the dividing line between one country and another is only an artificial one—and each such part constitutes a nation. The inhabitants of each nation owe allegiance to that nation, and it is their duty to protect it against outside attack and to strengthen and enrich it from within. The bond of union between man and man is not the fact of belonging to the same religion, but the fact of inhabiting the same territory. Religion, as a binding force, has been thrust so much into the background that we learn that in Japan, the most wonderful of modern nations, one and the same family might consist of persons belonging to different religions—Buddhism, Christianity and Shintoism.

From the "love of a common faith" of the mediæval world, humanity—at least the dominant portion thereof—had to come to the "love of a common land" of the modern world. How was this to be effected? If religious tolerance, if entire individual freedom had been permitted by the greatest and the most powerful persons of that time, and humanity left to evolve peacefully along its own lines, we fear that modern nation-States could never have grown at all. Persons who were the great magnates at the close of the Middle Ages—for selfish reasons, of course—decided that they must strengthen their territorial possessions; that the wealth of their territories should remain in their own territories, and not go to keep a distant spiritual lord, the Pope, in luxury. Stringent steps had, therefore, to be taken to suppress the people whose religious faith was stronger than their "patriotism" (a term, till then, unknown). Persons of English birth, for example, who prayed for the success of the Spaniards at the critical time of

the invasion of the Spanish Armada, needed to be put down!

If one desires the welfare of a member of his own faith in these circumstances, there apparently seems to be no harm, provided we recognise that the bond of a common religion should be stronger than love of country. But if we say that love of land should throw every other consideration to the four winds, then it is obviously criminal to desire the well-being of the enemy of one's country—even if that enemy belongs to one's own religion. Judgment on these matters entirely depends upon the *ideal* one has in view. The ideal being now that the defence of one's country is more important than defence of one's faith, it becomes essential that all subjects who belong to a religion that is not the religion of their State (and who, because of this, are disaffected towards that State and friendly to an enemy State), should be punished, and should be forced to adhere to the religion of the State. There could be no tolerance safely practised at such a time, if the ideal of a nation-State was to be kept in view. Either nationality need not evolve, with its rich possibilities of granting individual freedom; or toleration must temporarily be disregarded.

It was by the infliction of extreme penalties, by the complete ostracism of toleration, that modern nationalities came into existence: each nationality became bound to its ruler by every possible tie; it thrust out of its fold such subjects as belonged to a different creed and would not accept the creed of their State; it allowed these "disaffected" persons to migrate to lands where their own Gods were worshipped.[1] To take any one instance, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes

[1] See Articles of the Religious Peace of Augsburg (1555).

by Louis XIV, the French Huguenots migrated to Flanders and to England, where their own creed was the dominant creed. Every denomination of the Christian religion persecuted every other, till definite territories came to form their own nationalities, based on the adherence—active or passive—of all their subjects to a common faith and a common sovereign. When such nations grew in strength from day to day; when the feeling of nationality became an all-absorbing and all-pervading passion; when the growth of science, commerce and industries showed how important and useful the bond of a common nationality was, and how unimportant the bond of a common faith; when, in short, the very mental outlook on life was changed; then no more persecution of religious faith was necessary; then every man could safely be allowed to worship God in his own way; then religion became an intensely personal matter, and came to have, practically, no part in the daily political life of citizens.[1]

It is necessary to mention here that, historically speaking, religion does not only consist of the usually supposed three factors, *viz.*, (1) the enunciation of a peculiar cosmogony, offering an explanation of the beginnings of life; (2) a definite set of rights and ceremonies that the followers of a religion have to perform; and (3) a number of moral teachings regulating man's relation with man, having their sanction in rewards and penalties, if not in this, in the next world; but religion also consists of a social and a political factor. Looking at the early history of religions, we find that every religion first collected its followers

[1] The writer hesitates to pass his judgment as to whether this is desirable or not. He only seeks to record facts as impartially as possible.—S. P.

The point that will favour the movement to form this White Army is the fact that we have a natural tendency to unite in bodies to bring about any reform. The workmen united to reform labour, then the capitalists united to preserve their interests, and formed trusts and other great combinations. Gradually the women are uniting in that great movement that is called Feminism, of which the suffrage is only a small manifestation. Religious Societies were formed to band the people together against the encroachments of priestcraft, itself a union for a purpose—that of preserving the sanctity of the religion from the ignorant mob. All over the world one sees every movement and shade of thought becoming the basis of a union of some kind, for it is demonstrated that union is strength, and the stronger the union, the greater the certainty of success. Every union more or less accomplishes its object, though it is a case of time versus human will. The occult reason is very obvious, for our human wills are in essence divine, and the union of two divine things means the increase of divine strength that can be utilised by the world to a much greater degree than merely double. The union of two entirely physical things means only double the quantity, but the union of two divine ones means a quantity very much more than double.

A union of human wills is necessary to bring about any reform, and the reform will not be effected till the union has been made, so that if we wish to bring about a reform in international relations, we must find some means to bring those in favour of the reform together into a compact body with at least one object in view and one to which they are all agreeing. At the present

time all those who are in favour of abolishing war are scattered, and each is doing all that he or she can in this respect, but effects nothing, because one small unit by itself cannot hope to bring about such a huge international reform, by which nations will settle their differences by other means than by fighting each other, or inventing terrible machines of slaughter to frighten an unruly neighbour into giving what is wanted.

If the White Army does nothing more, it can perhaps bring about the abolition of war by the simple means of bringing together all the people in favour of abolishing war into a union pledged to bring about international peace. The fact that all the pacificists make a public declaration to the effect that they are pacificists in deeds as well as words, is enough to give strength to the movement for peace, and to make it finally successful. There are pacificists all over the world, all working for peace, but with different motives; and it is these motives that are the important objects of their unity, not merely the attainment of peace. For example, the Quakers declare that war is wrong, but they have formed themselves into a Society for other objects besides peace, so that peace is only one of their objects, and subsidiary to their chief one. So also with the Theosophical Society. We practically stand solidly for peace, but the objects of our Society are other than that of peace, which is only one of our subsidiary ones. Then again the Socialists stand for peace, but international peace is not with them one of the primary objects, but only subsidiary. The Humanitarians also stand for peace, but they have so many other objects that peace becomes merely one of the minor ones.

into a strong social union, usually at a time when the greater number of the people around were hostile to it. Both the comparatively new religions—Christianity and Islām—bear out this contention. Each of these brought its first converts into a strong social bond: the novelty of a new faith; the hostility of others; the hope that it offered of a better life to those who are crushed by the burden of the present—and this was especially the case in the history of early Christianity; the illumination that a new faith vividly gives to many searching questions of the heart—any one or all of these factors produce in the minds of the first converts a mystic relationship between one another. This social bond, developing and gaining strength by the overcoming of obstacles, becomes later on a political faith. It formulates a definite political programme, and the might of a strong belief enables people to do wonders, for they are willing to undergo the utmost sacrifice for their faith. Thus the political aspect of a religion is brought out. In this way it comes into conflict with other established political orders, which naturally try to crush this new political activity; they either succeed in crushing it out, or are in turn crushed out themselves.

If we take these facts into consideration, we shall see clearly that when we condemn intolerance in religious matters on the part of the sovereigns of Europe at the beginning of the Modern Age (and these sovereigns actually ushered nation-States into the world), we must not forget that they were not trying to stamp out merely a peculiar theology, merely a particular form of belief, but that they were attempting to put down the social and political aspects of that theology and that belief,

which, if allowed to grow unchecked, would have cut at the very roots of their desire and their mission to establish strong nation-States.

The history and the present condition of our own land might well be examined in this light. The great characteristic of the Hindū faith, that has been often pointed out—and rightly pointed out—and in which we can take legitimate pride, is its *tolerance*. But we cannot deny the further fact that this tolerance resulted in our complete inability to form a strong nation-State for any length of time. A thousand different faiths, with conflicting ideals and interests, have grown up in the country, which, because they have been strengthened by the passage of time and allowed uninterrupted growth by the feeling of tolerance, have, at all critical periods of our history, proved a great bar to national union.

Because in the East—excepting Japan—religion is still the bond of union, and the political sense, based on considerations of territorial patriotism and territorial nationality, has not yet grown, the spirit of tolerance of our forefathers—admirable and praiseworthy as it doubtless was—is to-day proving a barrier to our homogeneity and national solidarity.

Sri Prakasa

WAR—AND WORSE

By M. A. KELLNER

IN the midst of its keenest agony, it seems a strange and hopeless attempt to minimise the horrors of war. Yet even in this direction, there is surely something to be said, for by our ways of thinking we are prone to magnify its all too terrible aspects.

There is war everywhere; it permeates the whole creation, as we know it, and therefore we must conclude that its presence is a law of our being, a condition of our progress. Nature, wherever we look, is one continuous, never-ending struggle between opposing forces. Wherever there is life, there is war; in the vegetable and animal worlds, a grim, relentless, all-pervading struggle—the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. So, too, there is war among men.

It is contended that men should have got beyond this stage, that arbitration should supersede war. So it should, and so, no doubt, it eventually will; but we shall not thereby have got rid of war. War is woven into the very fabric of our present life—it is, indeed, the very essence of that immaterial fabric—it represents the inevitable and necessary opposition between the warp and the woof.

Even when the happy day to which we look forward comes, when physical war between nations has

been abolished, other and perhaps worse kinds will remain. We shall only have scotched the serpent, not killed it. What can there be worse than the horrors of the present war?—some one may ask. If we kill a man because we hate him, the hate is more evil—incomparably so—than the physical injury. If—as most of us are prepared to grant, at least in theory—motive is more important than action, then it follows that the prompting motive must be, for those who have eyes to see it, a more terrible thing than the resulting blow. But war consists mainly in killing without hatred. Soldiers have no personal quarrel with the men they kill; therefore war must be a lesser evil than other things with which we are familiar and which appal us less—or, it may be, do not appal us at all—such things as unscrupulous competition, bad class-feeling, industrial struggles, and all unfriendly behaviour between man and man; for we have seen that it is worse to hate a man, although we do not kill him, than to kill him without hating him.

There remains, then, to explain our supreme horror of war, only its physical consequences—its effect upon the bodies of men, and the resulting separation from those we love. Both these results are facts and must be admitted, and yet both we are apt to magnify unduly.

Certain sections of that universal war which permeates nature and life, we recognise as good and desirable—that, for instance, between a man's good feelings and his bad, or between the disease germs which enter the blood and the white corpuscles which attack them. Why is it that these kinds of warfare appear to us desirable, while other kinds appear the

reverse? It is because, in these cases, we are able to have a long view, and to see and approve the *purpose* of the conflict. We realise that it is well for the individual and for the world that good qualities should overcome bad ones; and equally we see it as desirable that disease germs should be eradicated from the system; therefore we regard these forms of warfare not only without horror, but with positive satisfaction. But from the point of view of the bad qualities and the disease germs, and no doubt of the white corpuscles also, the struggle is as sad and terrible as is the present European conflict to us. They, too, must shrink from injury and death, although *we* count the destruction or crippling of the disease well worth the cost.

Can we not then believe that even *our* war has a purpose, and a purpose which is equally worth the cost? To us it seems a gigantic, world-up-heaving event; but to higher beings whose view, embracing the entire universe, sees that universe as one mighty organism, the present war can be no more than a single, short-lived effort to purify the great system from some local disorder. We need to take a longer view—to withdraw ourselves, sometimes, in thought, from the midst of the turmoil, for there all perspective and sense of proportion is lost, and our minute experiences are magnified and distorted till they actually eclipse the vast purpose which lies behind the mighty scheme of which our entire universe is but an infinitesimal part.

So, too, in the case of separation from those we love—it is the longer view we need. Physical separation will remain a fact for most of us, however much we think and talk; but if we *really* believed in the immortality of man's spirit and in everlasting life,

should we regard this separation with such utter despair? We feel this despair, because those who die pass out of our ken. Were we able to see them still —to follow them in thought, and communicate with them freely, we should see death in truer proportions. It is not *death* that we fear so much, but the veil which hides from our senses all that lies beyond. Emigration would be almost equivalent to death, were there no post, cable, or passenger ships. If, standing afar off, we could see the partings of death in their relation to the unending life of man, they would seem, in the shortness of their duration, no more than the daily absence in the city of men who return at night.

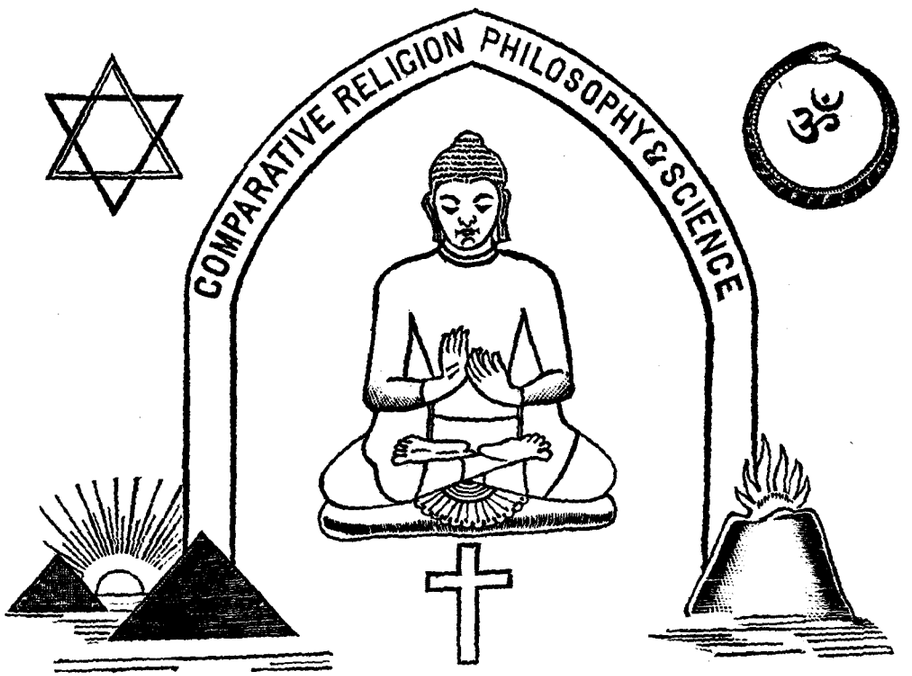
Let us, then, in thinking of the war, strive to take this longer, wider view; for in so doing, its worst terrors will grow less terrible, and facing calmly the worst, we shall be able to realise that, fearful as its details are, even this war may—nay, *must*—have behind it some divine and wholly beneficent purpose.

But while the horrors of the war grow less in our eyes, we shall find that other evils increase in import-ance. As we learn to look more calmly on the destruc-tion of the physical body, regarding it simply as an outer garment which a man may cast off without any injury to his real self, so we shall realise more and more clearly the terrible import and results of evil thinking and bad motive. We shall see how a blow is over and done with almost as soon as given, whereas the anger which prompted it is like a festering sore in the great human organism.

Therefore the incidents of life will take to them-selves new values; many things which before we re-garded as undesirable perhaps, but venial—such, for

instance, as class antagonism and religious bigotry—we shall now recognise, not as minor ailments of the body politic, but as a fell disease, threatening its very life. And the lesson of the war for us will be to realise that, terrible as is this strife which we see, with its horror of bloodshed and pain and misery, yet more terrible must be the results—notwithstanding that they are invisible—of every form of hatred, malice and ill-feeling. Therefore we shall not only work, by every means in our power, to establish a better means than warfare of deciding the differences of nations, but shall seek yet more strenuously to supersede all such ill-feeling and hatred by that serene and changeless Love which, in its perfect beauty, is a foretaste and a promise of the life of God Himself.

M. A. Kellner.



THREE SAINTS OF OLD JAPAN

I. KOBO DAISHI

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

KUKAI, popularly known by his posthumous title, Kobo Daishi ("Glory to the Great Teacher"), is generally regarded as the most famous of all Japanese Buddhist saints. As a rule saints are not versatile, for their spiritual enthusiasm is generally all-absorbing. It is said that Leonardo da Vinci was called away while

painting "The Last Supper" in order that a distinguished lady might have a hot bath, the water supply being defective. He was a plumber as well as a painter, one well versed in alchemy and medicine, a mathematician and an inventor, almost everything except a saint. Kobo Daishi was equally versatile. He was renowned as a distinguished preacher, painter, sculptor, calligraphist, inventor of the *Hiragana* syllabary—a form of running script—and traveller; while we learn in the *Namudaishi*, a poem on the life of Kobo Daishi, that "it was he that demonstrated to the world the use of coal".

To the Theosophist, Kobo Daishi is of special interest as a great Occultist. He seems to have plumbed the depths and scaled the heights of Occultism without coming anywhere near St. Francis of Assisi in simple holiness of life. Judging from the almost inexhaustible store of miraculous stories associated with this Japanese saint, Kobo Daishi performed a sufficient number of miracles to embellish the lives of at least half a dozen Oriental sages. Professor B. H. Chamberlain writes: "Had his life lasted six hundred years instead of sixty, he could hardly have graven all the images, scaled all the mountain peaks, confounded all the sceptics, wrought all the miracles, and performed all the other feats with which he is popularly credited." But even if we make ample allowance for popular credulity, for an age that extolled the worker of wonders, Kobo Daishi still stands out as a profoundly interesting figure, one almost as brilliant, almost as eminent, as Shotoku Taishi himself.

Kobo Daishi was born in A.D. 774 at Byobu-gu-ura, near the modern temple of Kompira in Shikoku.

His conception was miraculous, for at his birth a bright light shone, and he came into the world with his hands folded as if in prayer, incidents which are also recorded of other Japanese saints. When five years old he displayed none of those healthy traits associated with boyhood. He did not fly a kite or with a shout race after a burnished dragon-fly, or pretend that he was a great Japanese hero, a Bankei or a Yoshitsune. He was subject to no impulses of this kind. He was born old and wise and saintly. Indeed, when only five years old, he seems to have lifted the veil that to many separates this world from the celestial regions. We are told that he sat upon lotuses and conversed with Buddhas. The boyhood of Christ displays no such depth of initiation, even if we take into consideration some of the apocryphal stories relating to the childhood of the Master. Even at that early age Kobo Daishi was sorely affected by the sorrow and pain of humanity. Indeed, the misery of the masses, their poverty and degradation, touched him so acutely that while on Mount Shashin he sought to sacrifice his own life by way of propitiation. He would assuredly have done so, had not a number of angels revealed to him that in life and not in death lay the salvation of the souls of others. These heavenly beings consoled him in that dark hour. They told him of the great mission he was destined to fulfil. While still a child, he made a clay pagoda. As soon as his little hands had finished moulding the soft, moist substance, he was surrounded by the Four Heavenly Kings (originally Hindū deities). The miracle was seen by the Imperial Messenger, who, utterly amazed, described young Kobo Daishi as "a divine prodigy". We read

in the *Namudaishi* that while at Muroto, in the province of Tosa, a bright star fell from Heaven and entered his mouth. A few hours later he was accosted by a dragon, "but he spat upon it, and with his saliva killed it".

In the sixth century Myong, King of Pekche, one of the Korean kingdoms, sent to Japan a golden image of the Buḍḍha, together with volumes of *Sūṭras* and men who were able to expound their wisdom. The King of Pekche wrote to the Emperor of Japan: "This doctrine is amongst all doctrines the most excellent. But it is hard to explain and hard to comprehend. Imagine a man in possession of treasures to his heart's content, so that he might satisfy all his wishes in proportion as he used them. Thus it is with the treasure of this wonderful doctrine. Every prayer is fulfilled and naught is wanting." Kobo Daishi would have most fervently endorsed these words, for he himself said: "Many are the ways, but Buḍḍhism is the best of all."

In his nineteenth year Kobo Daishi became a Buḍḍhist priest. He was particularly interested in the Shingon doctrine, with which his name is now closely associated. According to the late Arthur Lloyd, Shingon "contains doctrines very similar to those of the Gnostics of Alexandria". It was certainly very far from being pure Buḍḍhism as expounded by that religious zealot, Nicheren. Shingon was dualistic, for it represented the World of Light, or the Diamond World (*Kongo Kai*) and the World of Darkness. The one was fixed, eternal, the abode of permanent ideas, the other was the place of birth and death. In the World of Light the Egyptians placed the unknown I AM, whose name was never uttered by the priests of Pharaoh. The Gnostics called Him *Pater Innatus*, while the followers of Shingon called Him *Roshana*, the Buḍḍha of Light. Arthur Lloyd writes: "From that central and eternal Deity emanate, or proceed, four Beings—Æons in Gnosticism, Buḍḍhas in the Shingon—who surround the central God on the Four Quarters. The Gnostics termed them Logos, Phronesis, Sophia, Dynamis. The Shingon personifies them as Ashuku, Hosho, Amida, Fujkujoju." But the Shingon sect is not exclusively devoted to the study of esoteric problems: it is also associated with magic spells and incantations, and from what we know of Kobo Daishi, it was the occult in religion that particularly appealed to him. He was undoubtedly a religious reformer, and it is claimed by more than one authority that he was instrumental in uniting Buḍḍhism with Shinto on the assumption that the Shinto *Kāmi* are *Avaṭārs* of the Buḍḍha.

All things were not miraculously revealed to Kobo Daishi. A certain abstruse *sūṭra* connected with the Shingon doctrine had long puzzled him, and it was not until he went to China and sat at the feet of the great abbot Hui-kwo (Japanese, Kei-kwa) that he was able to acquire the knowledge which he so earnestly desired.

Even in China, where the great pagodas are miracles of loveliness, the fame of Kobo Daishi had spread. The Emperor sent for him and bade him write the name of a certain room in his palace. He set to work with a brush in each hand, another in his mouth, and two others between the toes, and wrote the required characters with lightning rapidity, but in a manner which suggests a certain kind of music hall turn. The Emperor, astonished by the performance, named him

Gohitsu-Osho ("The Priest who writes with Five Brushes"). Such a feat was mere child's play to Kobo Daishi, for he could write on the sky and upon running water.

When Kobo Daishi was about to leave China and return to his own country, he went down to the seashore and threw his *vajra*. It was not grasped by a mysterious hand, like the Excalibur, and dragged under the ocean wave. It flew over the sea, as if it had been a swift-flying bird, and was afterwards found hanging on the branch of a pine tree at Takano, in Japan. At this time he consigned to the waves an image of himself, which he had carved. It eventually floated into the net of a Japanese fisherman and was finally housed in a temple at Kawasaki, where it is said to have performed numerous miracles. "The trees in the temple grounds," writes Professor Chamberlain, "trained in the shape of junks under sail, attest the devotion paid to this holy image by the seafaring folk."

Without a doubt Kobo Daishi obtained knowledge of an occult kind in China, which he had been unable to glean elsewhere. If genius, as some assert, is closely connected with abnormal vitality, then Kobo Daishi was beyond question a notable spiritual genius. His wonderful sermons drew men to him. He poured light into their darkness and healed the wound in many an aching heart. He preached incessantly, and with a kind of radiant joy that must have been most convincing. In 810 he was appointed abbot of Toji in Kyoto, and a few years later he founded the great monastery of Koya-san, where he spent the closing years of his life in incessant toil. While engaged in a religious discussion

the Divine Light streamed from him. He made brackish water pure, raised the dead to life, and seemed to be in constant communion with certain deities. On one occasion Inari, the God of Rice (later known as the Fox God), appeared on Mount Fushime and accepted from the great saint the sacrifice he offered. "Together, you and I," said Kobo Daishi, "we will protect this people."

In 834 this remarkable saint died, though there were many who claimed that he did not see death but retired to a vaulted tomb where he awaited the coming of Miroku, the Buddhist Messiah. Whether he died, as we understand the meaning of that word, or whether he had solved the mystery of human immortality, matters but little after all. Those who loved him worshipped him and went on spinning their incredible stories, while others added still more wonderful details. Kobo Daishi had performed far-famed miracles, and, thought these weavers of fantastic stories, he who could write on the sky could with a glance, a magic word, stay the hand of Death. It was only adding a drop of wonder to a cup that was already brimming over with a sparkling draught of the miraculous. It is said that when the Emperor Saga died, "his coffin was mysteriously borne through the air to Koya, and Kobo himself, coming forth from his grave, performed the funeral obsequies," while the Emperor Uda received from this saint the sacred Baptism. It is also recorded that when the Imperial Messenger went to Koya and was unable to see the face of this holy man, Kobo Daishi "guided the worshipper's hand to touch his knee. Never, as long as he lived, did the Messenger forget that feeling!"

F. Hadland Davis.

THE PROBLEM OF SPACE

By H. L. S. WILKINSON

THE enigma of Space and Time lies at the back of everything in the objective universe. We may conjure the enigma away by denying the objective reality of the universe, by asserting that consciousness is the only reality, and that outer and inner are the same. But this does not explain things as they are on the physical plane, for we are at once met with the objection that seer and seen are fundamentally two, not one. They are separate and distinct forms of consciousness. Our consciousness of outer things is different from our consciousness of ourselves. The former seems to stand in a sort of relation of *compulsion* to the latter (the compulsion of inertia) dominating and compelling it. If there is any form of consciousness which unifies the two, it must be something very different from physical plane consciousness. But one feels one would like to understand something more of the enigma of space without soaring away to this transcendental plane. One would like to understand, for instance, how the space of our solar system is related to the surrounding interstellar space, and whether it is possible by means of terrestrial geometry to gauge to any extent the distances and positions of

stars, and to ascertain the configuration of the galaxy of which our solar system forms a minute part.

Astronomers have not been backward in attacking this problem. At first one or two, and finally over a hundred stars were found to show parallaxes, that is, an apparent shifting of position round a tiny circle in the heavens corresponding to the movement of the earth in its orbit. The diameter of the earth's orbit being known, and the diameter in decimals of a second of a degree of this corresponding parallax in the heavens, the distance of the star can be calculated by triangulation, the same as in a terrestrial survey. In this way the distances of some two hundred stars have been calculated, and found to vary from 27 billion to 100 billion miles. Lately, stellar parallaxes have been found by photography very much more easily and exactly than has been found possible by a measuring instrument, and it is confidently expected that the number of stars showing parallaxes will soon amount to thousands.

With the aid of the spectroscope, which enables us to measure the motion of stars towards or away from us, and by various other methods in which guess-work and the law of probabilities plays a part, we have discovered that our solar system occupies a nearly central position in a vast star-cluster, which is supposed to have the shape of a cloven grindstone. This galaxy, familiar to us as the Milky Way, is a broad nebulous belt of stars which girdles the entire heavens, above and round the Antipodes, and is supposed to be about ten thousand light-years across; the lesser diameter or thickness of the grindstone being about 2,000 to 3,000 light-years (one light-year is equal to 5·86 billion miles).

Probing through the stratum along its lesser diameter we find practically soundless depths of space, in which, here and there, white nebulæ appear, whose spectrum shows them to be star-clusters, though our utmost telescopic power is unable to resolve them into separate stars. Their distance may be anything from 30,000 to 100,000 light-years, or about two to six trillion miles, a trillion being 10^{18} or unity followed by eighteen ciphers. This distance is, of course, practically infinite, and might be represented by the symbol of infinity. Yet it is suspected that each of these white smudges in the infinite blackness is a universe of stars similar in extent to our own galaxy, or perhaps vastly bigger.

So, notwithstanding the infinite gulf which separates us from these galaxies, their light finds its way across and impinges on our retinas, though the etherial waves may have been emitted 100,000 years ago!

But if this is so, there seems no reason to stop at these universes. Number in the abstract is unlimited, and so must space be. Consequently there must be further and further chasms of space beyond these star-clusters, tenanted by further universes whose light, owing to the enormous distance, cannot reach us at all; and so on, for ever and ever, without end. We are, in fact, compelled to believe the starry universe to be infinite in extent—a sort of sphere of infinite diameter, with centre everywhere, and circumference nowhere. We are compelled to believe this, because in actual experience we never come across bounded space. There is bounded matter of some kind, but there is always space outside the boundary.

But if we try and picture this idea of infinite space to the mind, we are at once impaled on the horns of a dilemma. We find two opposed and mutually exclusive ideas simultaneously suggested to the mind, and we have to embrace both, we cannot choose between them. The consequence is, the mind succumbs asphyxiated.

The finite and infinite seem mutually opposed ideas. The universe cannot be infinite as a whole and yet composed of finite parts. If infinite, it must be indivisible into parts, for any part, however large, would be zero or nothing in relation to the whole, and would consequently vanish. All size or magnitude is really a ratio or comparison; but the ratio of N, a finite quantity, to infinity, is nothing. Consequently, all finite universes, from atoms to star systems, become non-existent, and nothing remains but infinity itself, without form, or size, or particulars at all, a blank negation or "nothing" in another form. So our assumption destroys itself. On the other hand if we consider the universe finite, our conception calls up the infinite at once like a spectre, or shadow, which we cannot evade. We are caught between a pair of opposites, and there is no escape.

Again, there is the parallel mystery of the infinitely minute. We can conceive of nothing so small that it cannot be subdivided still further; however small, it must always have parts or magnitude. Apparently, therefore, infinity stretches downwards in fractions as well as upwards in integers, and the trend of discovery in physical science appears to confirm this, for the inconceivably minute atom is now discovered to be a little solar system. It has even been said that if our

solar system was by sudden magic reduced to the size of an atom, we should not be aware of any change, except perhaps in meteorological and astronomical phenomena.

Euclid, in his system of geometry, defines the point, the absolute limit of smallness, as that which has no parts or magnitude. It is evident, too, from his definitions and postulates, and their application, that a line is made up of points, a plane of lines, and a solid of planes; so that cubic space is somehow made up of a threefold infinity of points, the cube of infinity, if that were possible; or we might rather say that space in itself, cosmic space, is an infinity of points raised to the 4th power, for an infinity of points make a line, an infinity of lines a plane, an infinity of planes a finite solid, and an infinity of finite solids infinite space.

All this may be considered to be ideal and conventional, and not actual; but this at once raises the question as to what is real. If Euclid's symbols enable us to chart the positions of the heavenly bodies, are they not real? It is commonly said that space is not *made up* of planes, lines, and points, but these magnitudes must be imagined to *move* in a certain way, and by their motion they generate the different elements of space; the point generates the line, the line the plane, and so on. But this is only another way of stating the same thing. Suppose a sphere rests on a plane, it touches it in a point; suppose it rolls, every instant there is a fresh point, an infinity of fresh points, and the original point becomes a line. Motion does not explain how nothing becomes something. Motion *achieves* infinity; strides over it instantaneously; it does not *explain* it. Euclid avails himself of the results of

motion, as in his postulate about line-drawing. But we should like to know *how* point becomes line.

In Algebra there is a similar paradox; the magnitude or cipher, Zero, is not merely nothing; it is the infinitesimal, the limit of infinite subdivision; for

$$a-a\left(\tfrac{1}{2}+\tfrac{1}{4}+\tfrac{1}{8}+\ \ldots\ \textit{etc.}\ \text{to infinity}\right)=0.$$

Also

$$\frac{N}{0}=\text{Infinity}:\ \frac{N}{\text{Infinity}}=0:\ N=0\times\text{Infinity}.$$

It is useless and disingenuous to evade the inconceivability involved in these formulæ by saying that they are not real. Pragmatically they *are* real. Platonically, they are a good deal more real than the counters and formulæ of physics and chemistry. And on this quagmire of unthinkability we base our sciences of number and measurement!

The well known paradoxes propounded by Zeno the Stoic are based on these antinomies. The following problem exhibits a similar puzzle, and is well worth thinking over.

Imagine a horizontal plane extended to infinity, and suppose the setting sun casts an ever-lengthening shadow on it of some vertical object, such as a tower. Suppose the sun sets below the top of the tower at seven o'clock. At any finite instant of time before seven o'clock the shadow of the tower has a finite length. We may decrease the interval of time remaining before seven o'clock to as small a fraction as we please, and we shall still find the shadow of a finite length, though approaching the infinite by leaps and bounds. At seven o'clock the shadow is of an infinite length, but how or when the

If, therefore, we had a body standing only for world peace, to which we could attract all these people until it could be strong enough to make itself felt, then the world's peace would be assured. This is a much more effective way of bringing it about than the spending of money or the compiling of statistics. A man may give money to try and bring this about, but he fails dismally, because he does not thereby obtain the co-operation of the remainder of the people. Those opposed to the amassing of wealth will oppose by their own thought-forms the effective use of this wealth; and also the more a man has to give, the more satisfaction there is to other people to see him giving it away, so that they unconsciously produce thought-forms to preserve the condition of affairs and make him go on giving away his money. A man may also write books and bring up wonderful arguments for peace, but if his book becomes popular, no one reads it seriously; and if it does not, only a few people in the world read it at all. Few people produce effective thought-forms when they read, and even then, admiration for the writer often almost kills those that are produced.

The question of whether the White Army is the ideal union for all the pacificists in the world is quite another matter. It is very difficult to get all the people who believe in peace to come together; and as the union would bring about some success, it would almost appear that whatever means are used to effect the union are legitimate. This savours at once of the much abused doctrine that "the end justifies the means," or, as a Socialist put it at a meeting I attended, "success justifies the means". My retort to him was

that if all means were right that lead to success, then bribery was right, for nine times out of ten it leads to success! The question of peace is so much discussed, that to find a basis for such a union or body as we have in mind, and one that will satisfy *everybody*, is very difficult. If we place peace on an economical basis, we have to combat all the differences of opinion that there are in regard to economics. If on a political basis, we have political wrangles to disentangle. If on a humane basis, we have the differences of opinion in regard to food, cruelty and slaughter to combat. If on a religious basis, we have the endless religious wrangle. What basis, therefore, can we find?

Judging from the popularity of a military or naval display or tournament, one would almost think that some body like an International Army would draw into its ranks the general mass of the people by a display of uniforms and team work. We love team work, as we know because we see the popularity of games like baseball or football. We love to watch displays that are given by teams working together, and what is even more important, we love to try and learn to do likewise. For these very considerations, it would seem better to cease trying to find a basis on which to start a union large enough to bring about world peace, other than the simple object of the prevention of war for the sake of peace, and leave it to the popularity of team work and displays to draw the mass of the people into its ranks.

The White Army is not a movement to be belittled, as so many think, but one to be developed, though it may seem only a crude expedient for gaining a great occult ideal—peace. The world is not composed of

finite becomes infinite passes our comprehension altogether. It is a miracle, just as all motion is a miracle, and all space also. We can analyse space and time (or we think we can) into infinitesimals, but the synthesis escapes us.

The answer to the above problem is that the construction is an impossible one, as all space is relative, and consequently a tower of finite height on an infinite plane would shrink to zero, which is another way of saying what we said before, that on a background of infinity, no space, time or motion, as we know it, is possible. The idea of the infinite swallows up everything but itself, or *seems* to; and yet again this is only for an instant, so to speak; for the two ideas, finite and infinite, like all opposites are interdependent. The mind wobbles between them like the needle of a telegraph instrument between its stops.

All this perplexity seems to come from the fundamental error of imagining that the tested uniformity of Euclid's laws confers some sort of objective reality on space, apart from the matter contained in it; makes space more solid and real and persistent, more a thing in itself, than matter. The truth seems to be the other way, that as we approach reality, objectivity seems to disappear.

We find, as a matter of experience, that space extends outside all material forms, and permeates inside them as well. Therefore we look upon space as continuous and infinite, transcending all boundaries both within and without. But reflection shows that this very continuity and infinity is unrealisable in thought, and becomes a contradiction in terms. It follows, therefore, that space, to us, stands for some uncompleted

perception, and is therefore not a complete idea at all. There is something hazy and hypothetic about it, and we have no right to speak of it as if it were something constant and persistent. It varies as *we* vary, as our consciousness varies. Our consciousness is masked and incomplete, and just as *our* space is much more real than that of an insect or an animal, so our space must fall far short of that in which superior beings live and move and have their being. There are as many universes as minds, though on some plane beyond space and time, where all minds merge into One, these universes all also become one.

The universe as revealed to us by science has a threefold appearance: (1) Overhead is the firmament of stars, called by Professor Fournier D'Albe the supra-world. (2) Under our feet is the planet we live on, and around us are other planets constituting the solar system. (3) Within us, and in the stuff of the planet we inhabit, is another world below the threshold of sense, what Professor D'Albe calls the infra-world, the world of atoms and electrons. Now these three worlds, supra-world, actual world, and infra-world, are mere names or symbols, referring to different stages of consciousness. We have absolutely no right to assume that they exist in the order we have named, or that they exist separately at all. They may, for all we know, be reflections of one thing, not three different things. Size has not existence in itself—it is purely a matter of development of consciousness. Our actual world may be the infra-world of higher beings, and our supra-world may be their actual world. Our infra-world may be the actual world of inferior creatures, with our atoms their solar systems, and our molecules and masses their

stars, set in a firmament overhead. Cast out the geocentric tendency to refer everything to our own standard for comparison, and try and view the universe as it is in itself, and we literally "don't know where we are". We cannot get beyond these three appearances, and we somehow feel that size is a delusion.

If we are to consider space objectively, we must regard it as a *quality* attaching to some *substance*, and we must regard the substance as the reality, and not the quality. We must look upon the laws promulgated by Euclid as being ultimately empirical and experimental, possessing no separate intrinsic virtue or sanction of their own, but dependent on the properties of this substance. We must regard space as only one degree removed from matter, and its laws as being, in the main, material laws.

Now the only substance which science knows of, which fills every corner of space, is the ether. Evidently, then, it is the ether which somehow is responsible for our sensation of extension. If there were no ether, we should have no space, and should never have known geometry, or the science of forms, at all. It is the ether, together with matter, which supplies the objective element of space—all of it which is not purely abstract or mental. So if we would thoroughly understand what space is, we must first of all try and understand the physical properties of the ether, on which the laws of space depend.

Now science considers the ether to be a continuous, homogeneous medium, which extends to the uttermost bounds of space (*we* should rather say, which *constitutes* space) and fills up the voids between the ultimate

particles of matter. But science is still puzzling over the relation of matter to ether. It somehow looks upon the universe as an infinite globe of ether, in which stars and planets swim, as fishes in the sea. But when bodies move through water or air, there is always friction between the latter and the former, whereas, curiously enough, no trace of friction has been discovered between the moving planets and the etheric medium.

Another curious thing is that the ether is subject to wave motion, or what we perceive as light, which is propagated through it at 186,000 miles per second. But, one would think, if the medium is infinite in extent, it could not have waves travelling through it at a finite velocity, which indicates *structure* of some kind. One would imagine it to be structureless, and to transmit vibrations instantaneously. Here again we have the mystery of *form* in that which is *formless*.

But the most serious difficulty attending the conception of the universe as an infinite static sea of ether with material bodies moving about in it, arises from the very nature of motion, regarding which there is much misconception. If there is one thing which appears established by every advance of physical science, it is that *all* matter is in motion, and that motion is only relative.

Supposing we are adrift in an open boat, without oars or sail, in the ocean, and no shore in sight; a floating object passes us. How can we tell whether the object moves, or whether *we* move?

If we have oars or motive power to propel us along, we can infer that *we* move, and we can verify our inference by watching the disturbance caused by the friction of our vessel with the water. But what if

there were no friction, and yet we were propelled by some invisible *external* motive power? And supposing we had strong reason for supposing that the very source of this motive power was *itself* moving—that there was some vast current carrying along with it the ship and the very water in which, and with reference to which, the ship was supposed to be moving?

Now suppose for a moment that the surface of the ocean was flat instead of convex, and that we somehow possessed the faculty of seeing to a vast distance along its surface. And suppose we saw other ships at distances so great that after we had been moving for a very long time, there was still no appreciable change of position in any of the distant ships. But suppose that we increased enormously the delicacy of our measuring instruments, and finally managed to detect a trifling parallax, amounting to 1/3600 of a degree or less, in the position of one of the ships with reference to the rest. And supposing we attempted to make our own motion, and this small parallax, the basis of an attempt to estimate the ship's distance, neglecting the current by which we are ourselves being carried along, and neglecting also the proper motion of the distant ship, and any current to which it may be subject. What would be thought of our attempt at measurement? Would it not be thought laughable, and the merest wild guesswork? And supposing, not content with ascertaining, by these enormously elongated triangles, the positions of a few of the distant ships, we actually presumed to chart the whole ocean and even make some guess at its limits and the distant shores. Would we not be attempting to catch a whale with a fishing-rod, or to swim in a vacuum, or something equally absurd and

impossible? Yet it is exactly this which astronomers are doing, in gauging the distances of the fixed stars.

In triangulating on the earth's surface, surveyors have a fixed base-line to start from, and a reasonable approach to equality between the base and vertical angles of the triangle. In triangulating on to the nearest star, the sides of the triangle are so nearly parallel, that if we were to try and draw it to scale on paper, representing the base-line, 192,000,000 miles in length, by a line a quarter of an inch long, we should require, not ten or twenty strips of foolscap, but a strip *over half a mile long* in order to draw the triangle! Consider the liability to error involved in that sort of triangulation, even on solid, prepared ground, and then ask yourself what sort of result can be hoped for when the base-line is flying through space in an unknown direction at the rate of $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles per second. During the six months which must elapse between the two observations of the star, the whole solar system must have moved through space a distance equal to a whole diameter of the earth's orbit, that is, equal to the base-line itself. This may, for all we know, double the assumed length of the base-line, and make the calculated distance of the star enormously short of the actual. Then there is the star's own peculiar motion to consider. Surely it must be evident that to attempt the topography of flying bodies from a flying basis must be a hopeless task. There is, by hypothesis, nothing fixed or static to lay hold of but the ether itself, which is so elusive that it *will not be* laid hold of!

Apart from this, it is difficult to see how we could be aware of the sensation of light at all, let alone

measure its waves and their velocity, how in fact we could know anything about the ether or subject it to mathematical treatment, on the hypothesis that it is an independent medium, separate from the bodies which move in it. For the rays which come to us from the sun would, owing to the sun's motion of rotation and translation, every instant come to us from a different part of space. The rate of impact of the waves on our telescopes would necessarily be affected by these motions, and by the earth's orbital motion. The waves would be accelerated sometimes, and retarded at others, and the result would be a jumbled chaos of light and darkness. The ether would be a turbulent chaotic sea of waves of all sorts of periods, emitted by thousands of dancing, gyrating suns, and the result would be a chaos instead of cosmos.

Clearly, the idea of the universe as a stationary sea of ether with bodies moving through it independently is untenable. Hence arises a theory of relativity which treats all motions, and consequently all space and time, as relative to one particular system. It emphatically denies that there can be such a thing as absolute motion, and asserts that consequently space and time, considered as absolute things, are delusions.

Unfortunately the existence of the ether is an obstacle to this theory of relativity, and consequently several relativists conjure it away altogether—how, we need not stop to enquire. This constitutes a flaw in the theory. The ether has established itself too firmly to be conjured away. But what *can* be conjured away is the idea of a *separate* ether, independent of material bodies. We must try and realise

that ether and matter are not separate things, but one thing.

We usually consider matter as comprised within that portion of space which it insists on occupying, beyond which it will not extend, and within which it will not be compressed without the expenditure of force. But beyond the limits of this space, every lump of matter has an *aura*, consisting of lines of force like tentacles, which tend to lock themselves into the tentacles of other matter, to draw that other to it and to resist being drawn by it. The result is that the two bodies, under the influence of these opposed forces of gravitation and inertia, tend to form a system, the lesser revolving round the greater at a certain constant distance from it. Any attempt to force the two bodies together, or to decrease the distance between them, would be met by the same sort of resistance as the molecules of matter offer when force is used to compress them.

It follows, therefore, that solid masses which appear isolated in space, are in reality just as much bound together and continuous as their own intimate particles are, and that there is in reality just as much non-material space, or ether, *inside* as there is *outside* a body. The lines of force constituting the aura of a body outside are simply an extension of similar, but differently functioning, lines of force inside; and these lines of force *are* the ether. There is no other ether. Their properties and our reactions to those properties constitute space to us. There is no other space. The laws of geometry are a machine forged by the mind for dealing with our mental reactions to those properties. The efficiency of this machine is the sole validity geometry

possesses. Like good coinage, its value consists in its function for exchange purposes. It has no other intrinsic or transcendental value.

Space is therefore the aura pertaining to an attracting body, including the super-physical auras. On the physical plane it is defined by the centripetal and centrifugal forces peculiar to the body. Force is therefore part and parcel of the idea of space. Take away force, and space is annihilated. Space is extension, and extension connotes force. " Position " only has meaning with reference to the aura of a larger body in which a lesser is enfolded. Outside that aura, the term has no meaning except with reference to a still larger aura enfolding the other two.

The aura of the sun, which extends beyond the outermost planets up to the boundaries of the auras of the adjacent stars, determines space and time and motion as far as we are concerned. Outside the limits of the solar aura we can know nothing of space or time unless and until we can detect the position of some larger sun, or group of suns, round which our solar system revolves. When we can sense that distant sun, we shall perhaps gradually be able to gain some idea of the scope of its aura, and to chart the positions of the stars included within its extent, and paying tribute to its sway. It seems doubtful, however, whether we shall be able to do this with the instruments now at our command, which only serve to reinforce the geocentric, or heliocentric ideas without altering their character. It seems more likely that we shall have to go to work to develop and expand the vehicle of consciousness, and to free ourselves from the limitations which now hem us like an iron wall. When we develop a superphysical

vehicle, with superphysical means of locomotion, our whole idea and conception of space will alter, and with this superphysical faculty to reinforce physical methods, we shall be far better equipped to study the great auras outside our own cosmos.

Curiously enough, when we expand our consciousness in this way, we come into touch at once with the infinitely great and the infinitely little; with the latter, in the stuff of which our vehicles are made; with the former, in the scope and field of the mighty force-vibrations to which they respond. Expansion within is *pari passu* with expansion without; which seems to indicate the interdependence and correlation of the two infinities, and to foreshadow their mergence beyond the plane of space and time.

Space is, in fact, nothing but limitation. The measure of space is our ability to burst the bonds which imprison our consciousness and restrict our freedom. On the astral plane we can overcome the resistance of the medium in which we live by a mere effort of will, and can move with the speed of light, though still restricted to the astral portions of the earth's aura. There can be no doubt that our sense of space and time under such conditions would be enormously modified.

Authentic communications from spirits working on the astral plane speak of a different measure of time to which astral dwellers are subject, the said dwellers only coming under the influence of terrestrial time when they visit the earth's surface.

C. W. Leadbeater mentions the case of an astral explorer who was marooned on the moon, owing to his missing the occasion when the astral auras of earth and moon were in contact during a part of their revolution,

and having to wait for the next contact before being able to return. All this bears out our theory.

This brings us to a consideration of the so-called higher dimensions of space. There is every reason to suppose that the unveiling of each new sense which brings us into touch with higher planes, discloses an additional dimension of space. But there is no necessity to look upon these higher dimensions as additional co-ordinates, superadded in some incomprehensible way to our familiar three. Space, not being a rigid something, but a quality pertaining to force or motion, these new dimensions may be some additional manifestation of the all-embracing force which surrounds us, or some extra manifestation of time or motion. Or, if we wish to carry on the idea of co-ordinates, we may remember that size, in the absolute sense, is an illusion; so there is as much scope for extra dimensions in the direction of the infinitely small as towards the infinitely great. Most probably it is in this way, by plunging into the *recesses* of matter, so to speak, that the higher senses are awakened, and as before mentioned, each new dimension inwards discloses a vaster area of space outwards. As we have now become cognisant of three dimensions in the outward direction, so we may perhaps look in the future to gain three corresponding ones in the inner direction, and finally, perhaps, a seventh to synthesise the other six, and in so doing, abolish and supersede space altogether.

The mystery of the absence of slip or friction between the ether and the bodies moving through it, is fully accounted for under our theory. For as the ether is itself nothing but the lines of force, the latter of course partake in the orbital revolution of the bodies

just as if they were material bonds. This does not mean that the aura of the earth or sun partakes in the *axial* revolution of these bodies. It is only the internal line of force—those which constitute the dual forces of cohesion and elasticity, and are bounded by the material surface of the body, which partake in this revolution. The gravitational lines of force partake in the *orbital* motion which they, in combination with the resisting force of inertia, bring about. If several planets revolve round one centre at different speeds, each has its own appropriate lines of force, and these do not interfere with each other.

It will thus be seen that the lines of force between two bodies constitute the space between them. There is no other space. If the two bodies are tied to a common centre, then the lines of force radiating from this centre constitute for both bodies their field of space and time.

We can of course *see* stars and nebulæ outside the aura of our solar system. But to locate them by the same triangulation by which we locate terrestrial objects is futile. We may get results, but those results are certain to be widely different from the truth. Obviously, the path of light from the star to us is bent out of the straight when it enters our atmosphere. What bending must there be at the junction of our solar aura with the aura of the star? Most probably the ray passes through at least three different orders of ether—not the physical ethers spoken of by Theosophy, but higher grades of matter, astral and mental. In passing through each of these, the ray might traverse one of the higher dimensions of space, so that all we see really is a sort of mirage of the star.

THRENODY

AH! My beloved must I sing thee now,
Now thou art gone from me.
The sunlight has deserted the green wood
Where we were wont to walk,
The very flowers that sweetened all the meads
With their rich fragrance hang their heads and droop
Because thou art not here.

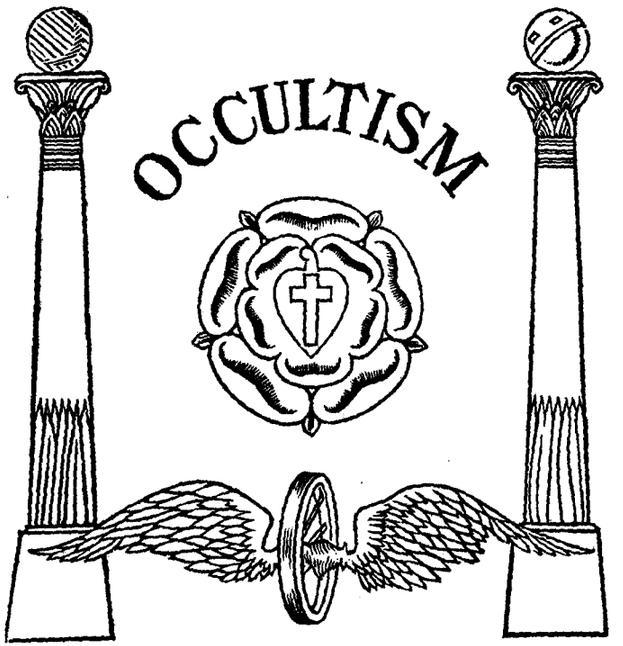
The trees wave listlessly their laden boughs—
Laden with summer's riot of greenery
As yet untouched by autumn's mellowing wand—
These boughs, which used to shade thy head for fear
The jealous sun should strike thee with his heat,
These boughs are weary with their weight of woe
Because thou art not here.

And only I am left to mourn for thee
In words that give expression to the pain
That Nature, albeit silent, shares with me
Because thou art not here.

Why didst thou leave us, dear?
Did the flowers' sweetness weary thee?
Did the green boughs press heavy o'er thy head?
Did the sun's rays strike with unkindly warmth?
Or did I fail in any way, beloved?

Speak just one word o'er the wide distances,
A whisper which the airs of heaven may carry
To one whose heart is beating.
Is there a wrong that still waits to be righted
That if thou shouldst return—?
Ah! If thou shouldst return.

T. L. CROMBIE



MEMORY IN NATURE

By W. C. WORSDELL

THIS paper is penned with a view to showing with what strides biological science is coming into line, as regards some of its most important view-points, with the teaching of Theosophy. This subject of Memory is a most important and profound one, and we may consider it under two headings:

1. SCIENTIFIC

Orthodox biological science, as represented by such men as Charles Darwin and Huxley, would hardly

It is possible that, notwithstanding this, the observed parallaxes of the stars *do* furnish some rough clue to their distances. We are not in a position to definitely challenge the results so far obtained, except in their neglect of the solar motion. But it does appear certain that until we can find the common centre of attraction round which our sun and his neighbours revolve, we shall not be able to know much about the positions of those neighbours with reference to ourselves. As for ascertaining the structure of our galaxy, we may definitely give up any such wild idea.

To sum up. Space is not the fixed, rigid, three-dimensioned, infinite receptacle for matter which we suppose it to be. It is more a quality than a thing—more a condition than an object. It is part and parcel of matter, and what we call the ether. It is connected with our sense of weight and gravity, with our restriction of locomotion, with our feeling of motion and time. Objectively, it is that dynamic compulsion to our consciousness, which is the chief feature of the outer world, masked by the nature of our vehicles. As we react to the lines of force which constitute the aura in which we live and move and have our being, so does the sense of space arise. These lines of force constitute a great vibration, and our sense of space is our response to that vibration. Subjectively, therefore, space is the interaction between the consciousness of the Logos, outpoured in His aura, and our consciousness. The measure of our response is the measure of space to us. It is largely a matter of our Karma and our Will. The space we know to-day is the result of our thought and will-power in the past.

But the seemingly adamantine bonds of space which hem us in, the pressure which girds us about on all sides as by an iron wall, is an illusion. We can overcome it if we will, and we *shall* overcome all the sooner if we give up that fatal habit of accepting the face-value of things for reality. Things are *not* what they seem, and the sooner we understand this, the sooner shall we plant our feet on the path to knowledge and freedom. To recognise matter as *force*, and space as its radius of action, is the first step.

When we overcome these bonds of space, the spectre of infinity will also vanish. Our mathematics and philosophy will be freed from delusive "pairs of opposites," and we shall discover processes which will outstrip our present halting methods as much as the calculus outstrips the child's arithmetic.

H. L. S. Wilkinson.

regard memory as occurring lower down in the scale of nature than man and some of the most advanced animals. All the phenomena connected with the life of the lower animals and the plants, such as growth, nutrition, irritability, etc., they would regard as merely the reaction of the blind chemical and physical forces within the plant to the influence of the environment, controlled, of course, by that mysterious factor, heredity. They would not allow that anything psychic, any quality at all analogous or comparable to any mental attribute of man, could possibly exist in these lower organisms. Animals and plants are very complex machines, built up upon a very complex material basis, but that is all. Such was, in brief, the teaching of the last century.

But with the dawn of the twentieth century a new era of biological thought seems also about to awaken. How illuminating, to one who is at once a Theosophist and a botanist, was, for instance, the address given, as President of the British Association in 1908, by Mr. (now Sir) Francis Darwin, the son of Charles Darwin. He, on that (to me) memorable occasion, elaborated his belief in the existence of a factor in plant-life, governing and underlying its whole course, which orthodox botany had rarely heard mentioned before, *viz.*, that of *memory*. Let us see what he says:

> The reaction of an organism depends on its past history, and in the higher organisms past experience is all-important in deciding the response to stimulus; the unknown process intervening between stimulus and reaction (on which indirectness of response depends) must have the fullest value allowed it as a characteristic of living creatures. . . . The fact that stimuli are not momentary in effect, but leave a trace of themselves on the organism is the physical basis of the phenomena grouped under memory in its widest sense as indicating that action is regulated by past experience. . . . The essential features in behaviour depend very largely on the history of the individual.

This same idea had already been recently formulated by Semon[1] in Germany in a work of some note, in which he set out that the traces left on the organism by external stimuli, and which he termed "engrams," constituted in their *ensemble* a species of *memory* enabling the organism to react over and over again in the same way to the same stimuli. This theory is, however, as one might expect, formulated strictly along the rigid lines of orthodox science, and thus entirely in a mechanical sense. We may quote a sentence from his second chapter:

> We have shown that in very many cases, whether in Protist, Plant, or Animal, when an organism has passed into an indifferent state after the reaction to a stimulus has ceased, its irritable substance has suffered a lasting change: I call this after-action of the stimulus its "imprint" or "engraphic" action, since it penetrates and imprints in the organic substance; and I term the change so effected an "imprint" or "engrave" of the stimulus; and the sum of all the imprints possessed by the organism may be called its "store of imprints," wherein we must distinguish between those which it has inherited from its forbears and those which it has acquired itself. Any phenomenon displayed by an organism as the result either of a single imprint or of a sum of them, I term a "mnemic phenomenon"; and the mnemic possibilities of an organism may be termed, collectively, its "Mneme".

Another German writer, Hering,[2] also formulates a theory of memory as the main factor in organisation. He says:

> An organised being stands before us a product of the unconscious memory of organised matter which, ever increasing and ever dividing itself, ever assimilating new matter and returning it in changed shape to the inorganic world, ever receiving some new thing into its memory, and transmitting its acquisitions by the way of reproduction, grows continually richer and richer the longer it lives. Thus regarded, the development of one of the more highly organised

[1] *Mneme, a Principle of Conservation in the Transformations of Organic Existence*, 1904.

[2] *Memory as a Universal Function of Organised Matter.*

animals represents a continuous series of organised recollections concerning the past development of the great chain of living forms, the last link of which stands before us in the particular animal we may be considering.

This "memory" of Hering's consists of vibrations along the nerve-fibres from all parts of the body to the germ-cells, storing up in them the characteristics and experiences of every part, to be transmitted in turn to the next generation. Hartog suggests that the mechanism of memory is to be found in rhythmic chemical changes[1] rather than in molecular vibrations, a view also put forth by J. J. Cunningham in his "Hormone Theory of Heredity".[2] In this connection we are naturally led on to the consideration of the nature of Habit. It is remarkable how Francis Darwin, in the above address, testified his appreciation of the work of Samuel Butler who, in the seventies, was a most outspoken opponent of the views held by Charles Darwin. Butler, in that original book *Life and Habit*, published in 1877, sets forth that the most perfect powers or knowledge are those which have been the most habitual in the case of the individual, that unconscious actions are the most perfect, that the perfect instincts of animals are merely the inherited memory of the race; each individual organism being merely a reproduction of its parents, and thus reproducing by unconscious memory all that they ever were. That all the successive tissues and organs formed during the growth to maturity of the young animal or plant, each developed in its proper place and sequence, are the result of this same unconscious memory, perpetuated

[1] "The Fundamental Principles of Heredity." (*Natural Science*, Oct. 1897.)

[2] (Archiv fur Entwicklungsmechanik, 1909.)

in "generation after generation". In brief, that every function and structure of the individual and the race is perfectly performed and builded, because of their repeated recurrence through millions of generations, whereby a memory of them becomes ingrained in the organism; for the nuclear substance of the germ-cells is, of course, continuous between the successive generations, and thus such memory could be transmitted right through the race.

Let us return to Francis Darwin's statements.

"Habit" he defines as "a capacity, acquired by repetition, of reacting to a fraction of the original environment".

"When a series of actions are compelled to follow each other by applying a series of stimuli, they become organically tied together, *or associated*, and follow each other automatically, even when the whole series of stimuli are not acting."

This exhibition of "memory" is afforded by an experiment with the animalcule *Stentor*:

Stimulation by a jet of water containing carmine.

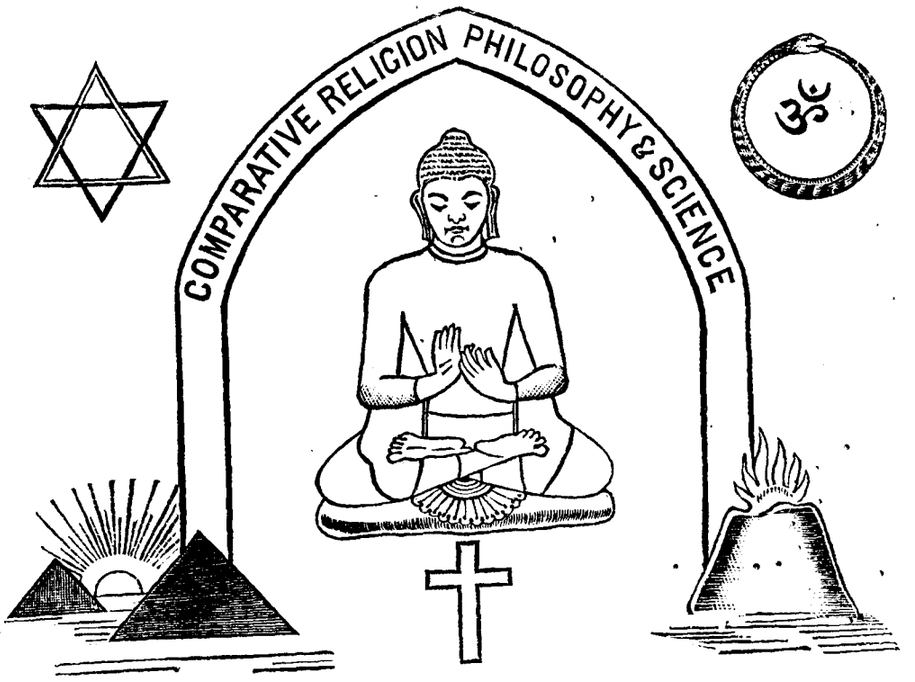
Stimuli.

1. State A.....no visible reaction.
2. „ B.....bends to one side.
3. „ C.....reverses ciliary movement.
4. „ D.....contracts into tube.

advanced egos, capable of living spiritual lives for the sake of spirituality only; and therefore whatever we can do to attract the non-thinkers to help us to bring about an ideal is quite permissible. Stop the evil first, and then reform the people; for our reform will be aided by the diminishing of the thought-forms generated by the evil as it dies. While it exists, the thought-forms are often too strong for us, in spite of our reforming zeal.

The White Army movement calls for our support, and the call is a worthy one.

A. R. Warren



THE EARLY JAPANESE MYTHS: I

By F. Hadland Davis

THE early myths of Japan, as we find them in the *Kojiki* ("Record of Ancient Matters") and the *Nihongi* ("Chronicles of Japan"), not only provide us with a number of beautiful and quaint stories, not only open a wonderland to our gaze, but they provide us with something more than mere mythology. Most of us are familiar with Japan's flag, a red sun on a white

After many repetitions of the stimulus, state D is produced at once, by a short circuit, as indicated by the large arrow.

Another instance of an ingrained habit, implying a kind of memory, is afforded by the experiment with Clover, whose leaves, in normal circumstances, "go to sleep" at night, and open again in daylight. If the plant is kept in *continuous* darkness, the leaves will, for a certain period, continue to close and open their leaves at the same regular intervals as when exposed to the normal alternation of day and night! Such is the force of habit. And habits, like those shown by the *Stentor* and the Clover plant, are due to the working of an unconscious memory, which is thus seen to be independent of external stimuli. F. Darwin states that the objection might be raised that if associative action occurs in plants, this would imply the presence of consciousness; and he proceeds to say:

> It is impossible to know whether or not plants are conscious; but it is consistent with the doctrine of continuity that in all living things there is something psychic, and if we accept this point of view we must believe that in plants there exists a faint copy of what we know as consciousness in ourselves.

This is surely rather startling language to come from a leader of orthodox science. He goes on to suggest that the phenomenon of ontogeny in animals and plants, *e.g.*, embryonic, and seedling development in the latter, is due to habit. As the young plant grows upwards to maturity there is a rhythmic sequence shown in the construction of each successive type of organ and tissue in the right time and place. The ingrained habit or memory would seem to work in this way: that each stage of development serves as a *reminding stimulus* for the next, *e.g.*, the formation of the cotyledons in

the seedling would be the signal for that of the first plumular leaf or leaves; without the antecedent cotyledon formation no subsequent leaves could be formed, for the unconscious memory of the plant would prove defective without the accustomed stimulus to prompt it. It is like the recitation of a poem in which each verse suggests and brings into view the next, as is shown by the fact that if a verse is, for some reason, suddenly forgotten, it can often be recalled by the repetition of the one or two preceding verses.

As, in the long ancestry of plants, cotyledons and plumular leaves have constantly and invariably been associated according to the sequence of development so well known, the memory of this sequence and development has become perfect, *i.e.*, under all normal circumstances. But if memory and repetition were all, there would be no evolution. F. Darwin appears to have held that the individuals could acquire new characters and transmit them to their progeny, just as a man may learn or concoct a new verse of a poem and add it on to those already familiar to himself and the race, until it, like the preceding verses, becomes habitual. Most biologists, however, as well as some great philosophers, like Bergson, are antagonistic to the idea that acquired characters are ever inherited. (This subject cannot be gone into here.) F. Darwin's conclusion is that "evolution is a process of drilling organisms into habits".

We thus see from the above that modern biology is beginning to believe in a kind of psychic energy, a consciousness, in plant and animal life, which directs their growth and functions, and that these latter cannot be ascribed to the blind working of chemical and physical energies. Nevertheless, in the cases of Semon

and Hering the theory of memory remains quite materialistic.

2. THEOSOPHICAL

This conception of scientific men, that the organisation, habits, and functions of living things are due to an ingrained memory, is a perfectly correct one. Indeed, no more advanced or enlightened view than those propounded could well have been given from the point of view (which could not be departed from) of strict *biological* enquiry.

When we turn our attention to the far broader, more comprehensive Theosophical view of the matter, we see that the limitations which inevitably prevent a full and complete explanation on the part of the scientist lie, firstly, in his attempt to explain phenomena in terms of physical matter only, and, secondly, in the non-recognition of a *Consciousness* or Life which can function on material planes subtler than the physical.

The remarkable phenomena (so familiar that we hardly pause to consider them) of instinctual actions and functions, of organisation, the rhythmic succession of events which we see in plant and animal life, are, according to Theosophical teaching, due to memory, *i.e.*, to unconscious memory; and this memory must be, in part, purely physical. How are we to account, otherwise, for those peculiarities of gait, posture, expression, etc., in which a child simulates one or both of its parents? as also the numerous phenomena of heredity in animal and plant? Yet it is hard to believe that the vital, impelling, organising force which produces the oak tree or the lily, the sea-anemone or the elephant, is derived merely from a *physical* memory, *i.e.*, matter vibrating under the influence of chemical and physical energies;

or that this theory can explain the flight of the chick to the mother's wing on its first sight of the hawk.

At any rate, a far more plausible and comprehensive theory, once the reasonable idea of the Divine Life in the Universe and that of the graduated planes of matter can be intuited, is afforded by the Theosophical teaching of the Group-soul. That for each kind of animal and plant there is a "block" of Divine Life or Soul existing on the astral plane, portions of which inform or ensoul every new individual of that particular kind as it is born. That the experiences which each individual plant or animal goes through, leave mnemic imprints (engrams, if you like) upon its informing soul; and when, on the death of the physical and astral forms, the soul (which had been residing in the astral body and through it receiving impressions from the physical) merges back into the general or Group-soul, it adds its quota to the reservoir of experience-imprints therein stored and, as we may suppose, uniformly distributed throughout the reservoir. Each newly born soul is a portion of this undifferentiated reservoir, and carries with it the imprints of the experiences of many preceding souls of long-extinct forms. By dint of innumerable experiences of much the same kind, repeated life after life, *habits* are set up, habits in the building of tissues and organs, habits of action under particular stimuli, habits of function, of feeling, of perception. Here is the working of unconscious Memory: the experience-imprints of the Group-soul reproduced through each individual soul as habits in the outer world. And these constitute the *instinctive* life of animal and plant, founded on the experience of the race.

If scientific methodology be alone employed, if we are to speak in terms of biological science only, following Professor Lloyd Morgan in his recent interesting book[1] and recognising that science deals only with process and its products, and not with the source of phenomena, then, indeed, the theories of Semon, Hering, Butler and F. Darwin are all-sufficing. But the intuition of some among us students of Nature enables us to recognise the possibility that a wider portion of the realm of truth in these matters has been explored than is given in the mere physical organism with its chemico-physical energies and material framework; and once the reasonableness of the world-theory which includes these other factors of the Divine Life and the higher planes is seen, we can most legitimately add to our scientific studies of "process and its products" those also of "source" and all the innumerable and important factors intervening between these two, which constitute the rational, as well as grandiose, Theosophical teaching.

From this latter we see that memory really inheres, not in the physical organism (for how could mere energy-imbued matter act in the ordered way of Instinct?), not even in the astral form, but in the immaterial Group-soul, of Divine Source, working through the material forms. Hence F. Darwin's suggestion that the memory of plants may be something *psychic* and *conscious*, would seem to be a tentative bridging of the gulf between the scientific and the Theosophic teaching with regard to the organisation of lower forms.

W. C. Worsdell.

(*To be concluded*)

[1] *Instinct and Experience*, 1914.

MAGIC IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By HOWARD E. WHITE

(*Concluded from p. 293*)

TO turn now to the Sacraments. From the standpoint of Catholic theology the essential features, called the matter and form, are very simple. For instance, in Baptism all that is essential is to pour water upon the head and repeat the baptismal formula: "I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." In spite of this, however, we have in all cases a most elaborate ritual, as already stated, and this is used on all possible occasions. The simple essential features constitute the sacramental portion of the rite, and Mr. Leadbeater has told us that in the Christian Church there exist forces which may be called down by a priest in the Apostolic Succession, that is by priests in the Roman, Greek, and Anglican Churches, and it is these forces which are poured out in the Sacraments, called down by the Words and Signs of Power. Apart from this result it will be interesting to enquire what is the precise value of the elaborated magical ritual as used by the Church. It would seem possible that the essential sacramental features complete this aspect of the rite, and that the remainder of the

ceremony is purely magical, and as such has a definite value of its own, additional to any sacramental result.

According to our definitions of Magic it is clear that the purpose of the elaboration of the ritual is to assist in increasing the power of the Magician by bringing about more definite concentration of the mind and will. Now it is true that the ritual of the Church may be considered, in connection with the words of the prayers, as explanatory of the theological aspect of the particular rite. Thus, for instance, in the ceremony of Baptism the whole of the ritual may be, and has been, interpreted as emphasising the unfortunate condition of the unbaptised person due to original sin, and, in the case of adults, to sins actually committed; and in the second place the purification of the soul—its spiritual birth, admission into the Church and the outpouring of "grace," these being the results of the Sacrament according to the theological explanation. The question, however, that I would here ask is whether in the ceremonies is to be found an esoteric meaning, foreshadowing an esoteric or magical result; in other words whether it is possible to discover from the rituals themselves a magical intention, such as might be held by anyone performing the rite who had been "initiated into the Mysteries," and thus in reality form a magical ceremony, as covered by our definitions, directed to a definite magical or mystical end.

We have already noticed that the Mass is the most important of all the rites of the Church, but it is far too complex to examine here; so we must select a simple ceremony such as Baptism, which will be of additional value to us as we have already considered its orthodox interpretation, and in addition its general scope and

meaning is much more widely understood than any of the other sacraments.

In endeavouring to trace the symbolism in this ceremony we shall have to do so largely by means of Kabalistic methods, correspondences of number, colour, form, and material; and to some it may seem that such correspondences are fanciful, possibly that they have been elaborated simply for the purpose of reading into the ceremony things which are in reality not to be found there. It should be pointed out that such correspondences as will be used are those which have no connection with any system in particular, or perhaps they would be more correctly stated as being connected with all systems; for they can be, and are, applied not only to such ceremonies as we are now considering, but to those of other religions, to Initiations in Occult Orders and Schools, and, I believe, to Freemasonry. They were used by the Kabalists, Alchemists, Mediæval Mystics, etc., and it is stated by those who have an extensive knowledge of such matters that the more the different Orders, Religions, Philosophies, and Schools are examined in the light of such correspondences, the greater becomes the certainty that all are but different expressions of the great underlying truths of Mysticism and Magic.[1]

The Baptismal Ceremony is as follows: The Priest, vested in a white surplice and a violet stole, receives the person to be baptised outside the Church, as the purpose of the ceremony is one of consecration and admission. After asking his, or her, name, he performs

[1] On the Kabala see *An Introduction to the Kabbalah*, by W. Wynn Westcott. John M. Watkins, London; and for complete tables of correspondences of all schools see *777 vel Prolegomena, etc.*, Wieland & Co., Avenue Studios, South Kensington, London.

the first exorcism; and we may note in passing that it is stated that the name should be that of a Saint, this being interesting in view of the occult teaching with regard to names and sounds, and the effect of their constant repetition, it being considered that a name has a definite occult value and is connected with the nature of the thing itself; while in some, at least, of the Occult Orders different names are taken at the different stages of initiation. To return to the exorcism: the priest breathes three times upon the face, the breath being a symbol of Spirit—the words "breath" and "spirit" being originally the same, as seen in such a word as "inspiration"—and it is triple, symbolising in the Kabala the Supernal Triad, the first three Sephiroth or Emanations: (1) Kether, the Crown; (2) Chokmah, Wisdom; (3) Binah, Understanding. In the different religions we have, as is well known, this Triad or Trinity; in Christianity: Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; in Hinḍûism: Shiva, Viṣhṇu, and Brahmă; in Taoism: Shang Ti, the Yang, the Yin; and so on. We may also notice that breath, or Air, corresponds to the first of the Four Magic Powers: *Noscere*, to Know. The words of the exorcism begin: "Go out of him, thou unclean spirit, and give place unto the Holy Spirit"; and we can, of course, consider the threefold breathing as representative of the Third Member of the Triad instead of the Three, and thus connect this with the fact that it is the Third Person of the Trinity who is mentioned in the exorcism itself; this, according to the Kabalists, being Binah, Understanding; and from this we have the influx of the higher Understanding purifying the lower elements. The Priest then makes the Sign of the Cross upon the head and breast, consecrating both intellect

and emotion, and laying his hand upon the head of the unbaptised person, he repeats certain prayers.

We may notice here that there is a difference between the Sign of the Cross used by the Church and its occult form, known as the Kabalistic Cross. The former is made by touching the forehead, breast, left and right shoulders, while repeating the words: "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." The Kabalistic Cross is made as follows: Touching the forehead, say Ateh (Unto Thee); touching the breast, say Malkuth (the Kingdom); touching the right shoulder, say ve-Geburah (and the Power); touching the left shoulder, say ve-Gedulah (and the Glory); and clasping the hands upon the breast, say le-Olahm, Amen (to the Ages, Amen). These words, as you will notice, are the closing words of the "Lord's Prayer" as found in the Protestant Churches; they are not found in the original manuscripts and are not used in this connection by the Catholic Church. Malkuth, Geburah, and Gedulah are three of the Ten Sephiroth; Malkuth is the tenth, and is called the Kingdom; it is the lowest, and we are said to live "in its shadow"; Geburah is the fifth, and is usually translated Strength; while Gedulah is the fourth, usually translated Majesty, but more frequently known by the name Chesed, Mercy. The Tree of Life, being a diagrammatic representation of the Ten Sephiroth, consists of three "pillars"; the pillar on one side, having Geburah at the head, is known as the Pillar of Justice; and that on the other side, having Gedulah at the head, is called the Pillar of Mercy; the centre pillar, having at the head Kether, the Crown, and the foot, Malkuth, is called the Pillar of Mildness. From this it will be seen that in making the Kabalistic Cross,

the Magician identifies himself with the Tree of Life, and in repeating the names of the Sephiroth, he touches the parts of the body corresponding. These two pillars, represented by Geburah and Gedulah, are the Jachin and Boaz of the Temple of King Solomon.

To return to the ceremony. After the prayers mentioned, follows the exorcism and consecration of the salt, salt being said by the Church to be the symbol of Wisdom and also of the preservative forces of the Spirit. If taken as a material object, salt corresponds to Earth in the Four Elements, and Pṛthivī in the Ṭaṭṭvas; and of the parts of Body and Soul it is Nephesh to the Kabalist, the Animal Soul, and to the Hinḍū it is Sṭhūla Sharīra, or, as sometimes stated, Kāma. It is, then, the symbol of the lowest part of a man's nature, which is here exorcised and consecrated, and, as we shall see later, a part of this consecrated salt is placed in the mouth, the organ of speech; and salt corresponds to the fourth of the Magic Powers: *Tacere*, to Keep Silent. If, on the other hand, we consider the salt as representing Salt in the Alchemical Elements: Sulphur, Salt, and Mercury (Hinḍū: Rajas, Ṭamas, and Saṭṭva), we shall again have a correspondence with Binah, Understanding, also called the Supernal Mother. The exorcism of the salt begins: "I exorcise thee, creature of salt," and continues, invoking the names of the three Persons of the Trinity, with the Sign of the Cross made over the salt at each repetition of the name; then follows: "I exorcise thee in the name of the Living God, the True God, the Holy God, the God who hath created thee," the Cross being here made four times over the salt. At the conclusion of the exorcism the salt is consecrated and the Sign of the Cross twice repeated.

These repetitions of the Sign of the Cross are interesting in respect of the exorcism with three and four; three being the Supernal Triad and also "the Creative Mind, the divine Activity ready to manifest as Creator"; four being "God manifested in the Universe, the triad resumed by Unity, source of all combinations and origin of all forms". The consecration, on the other hand, with the double sign shows forth the Second Person, the harmony of which we shall see a little more clearly when we remember that in Hinḍūism the name given to Viṣhṇu is the Preserver.

A small quantity of salt having been placed in the mouth, preparation is made for entering the Church. The person to be baptised is sealed with the Cross upon the forehead, the priest using his thumb for this purpose; and the thumb is the sign of the Spirit, as the fingers are signs of the elements. The priest then lays his hand upon the head of the person, and also lays on him the end of his stole, the latter being the symbol of authority, and admits him to the Church. Prayers are repeated, and before the Baptistery is entered another exorcism takes place. The priest wets his right thumb with spittle from his mouth and touches with the Sign of the Cross first the right ear, then the left, and afterwards the nostrils, saying "*Ephphatha*"—a Hebrew word meaning "Be opened". This word is the only one in the Hebrew language used throughout the ceremony, and it is taken from the account of a miracle recorded in the Gospel. Then follows a renunciation of Satan, and after this the priest dips a small silver rod into the Holy Oil, previously consecrated, and anoints the person on the breast and between the shoulders. Of the Holy Oil we are told: "The Holy Oil is the

Aspiration, not the desire of the lower to reach the higher, but that spark of the higher which wishes to unite the lower with itself." The rod is of silver, and this metal corresponds to Yesod, the Ninth Sephira; and in man to the Ruach, the Intellect—the lower Manas according to the Hiṇḍū. It is dipped into the Oil, symbolising the consecration of the intellect by the Aspiration. Yesod is sometimes taken to correspond with the Animal Soul, which also might be considered to have been consecrated. The Oil is used to anoint the breast and the shoulders, and once again, from another standpoint, we have the same symbolism; the astrological rulers of these parts of the body are the Sun and Moon, corresponding to the Higher Self and the lower self respectively. Thus the whole man is consecrated. The priest at this point changes the violet stole for a white one, and from this again we can see the nature of the rite; violet is the colour of the Ninth Sephira and the intellect, this being changed to white, the colour of the First Sephira—Kether, and in man to Jechidah, the Self (to the Hiṅḍū, Āṭmā)—thus showing the raising of the consciousness from the lower mind, the intellect, to the Highest, the Self.

Immediately after this is an expression of belief and the Baptism itself. Water is poured three times upon the head in the form of a Cross, and the baptismal formula is repeated. With regard to the use of water, there would seem to be a very elaborate system of correspondences, and we might note that it represents *Audere* in the Four Magic Powers, and in the Tarot it is attributed to "The Hanged Man," having as one of its meanings Redemption through Sacrifice. Water also is a symbol of the Great Work, corresponding to the Lotus—a symbol of attainment, and its common

use in the West is similar to that of the Lotus in the East. It should also be noticed that in the West a man is "Born of Water and of the Spirit," and in the East he is said to "Enter the Stream"; and another interesting correspondence is seen in the words immediately following those above quoted, where it is stated: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou . . . canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." And we have exactly the same idea in the East, where a man who has "Entered the Stream" is called a "Wanderer".

After the baptism proper, the man is again anointed with oil, this time upon the head, showing again the nature of the Aspiration, the descent from above; a white linen cloth is placed upon his head, the colour being that of Kether, and a lighted candle is placed in his hand. Fire corresponds to Spirit—the Ruach Elohim, the Spirit of the Gods, in *Genesis i.*—to the highest of the Four Worlds, Atziluth. It also represents the third of the Magic Powers, *Velle*—to Will—and in the Tarot it is: "The Angel," the Completion of the Great Work. With this the ceremony is concluded: "N., go in peace and the Lord be with thee."

Let us now attempt to sum up some of the features of the ceremony. We have the exorcism twice performed, and the consecration of all the different elements in a man's nature, the senses, the emotions, and the intellect. We have the lower self connected to the Higher Self and consecrated by the Aspiration, the desire of the Higher to unite the lower with itself. Then we have the main purpose of the rite shown in many ways, this consisting in the raising of consciousness from its present low plane to the Highest, from

Malkuth to Kether, from our present normal consciousness to Samādhi—Ātmadarshana, Nirvāṇa. This constitutes the Great Work, which is symbolised by the principal element used, Water. It is the Birth of Water and the Spirit by which a man "Enters the Stream". It is brought about by the Aspiration; the Higher Self is the cause of this activity, and to this end it is necessary that the Path should be entered upon. The Four Elements, Air, Earth, Water, and Fire, are consecrated and used, showing the consecration of all the elements in a man's nature; these to the Kabalist are five, the highest is Jechidah—the Self—and the other four which are consecrated, as stated above, are Nephesh—the Animal Soul, Ruach—the Intellect, Chiah—the Life Force, and Neshamah—the Intuition. The elements also correspond to the Four Powers of the Sphinx, which are essential to the Great Work, these being—To Know, To Dare, To Will, and To Keep Silent; and the Air, Salt, Water, and Fire are all applied directly to the individual, conferring upon him these powers.

The completion of the Quest is foreshadowed in the condition of the neophyte at the end of the Ceremony: The Holy Oil is upon his head, together with the white cloth, showing forth the Crown; the lower self has been raised to the Higher through the Aspiration, the ascent has been made from Malkuth to Kether; and in his hand is the Fire—Atziluth; the highest world has been reached and transcended, all of which is again shown in "The Angel," of which it is said: "It is the accomplishment of the Great Work in answer to the summons of the supernal—which summons is heard and answered from within."

Howard E. White.

LETTERS FROM INDIA

By MARIA CRUZ

I

BOMBAY,
November 1912.

DEAR FRIEND,

They tell me that the mail leaves to-morrow, and I do not want to let it go without sending you a few lines from a hand lame with fatigue and melted with the heat. We landed to-day between two and four, in sunshine that has almost driven me mad, and found ourselves in a red-hot furnace, surrounded by trunks and boxes, with voices howling all around us in some infernal gibberish. Then, after wearing out my feet running round after my luggage, more dead than alive I started out for the hotel, the road to which was one long nightmare of fantastic faces, which I was too dazed to be able to look at. All journeys end; and at last mine did, at the hotel, where to my great satisfaction I met Mme. Blech, who had arrived that morning as arranged. She was already attended by her "boy," a young Hindu with a beard, whose name I have not yet succeeded in remembering. A dark-complexioned "brother" came to call on us, and we went for a drive towards six o'clock. As for impressions, I

remember nothing but a glamour as of the Arabian Nights: villas, or rather sparkling palaces, among the palm trees, a seething mass of turbans, a sunset beside which fire would seem pale, and against which there stood out, along the sea, the silhouettes of coco-nut palms and a line of club-buildings—the European, the Japanese, the Parsi Ladies', and so on. My poor head is bursting, and my body has been done for, ever since this morning when, with the terrible sun shining into my cabin, I packed my boxes at seven o'clock.

Our "brother" escorted us through the native quarter, ubiquitous as a shadow, and took us to see the Towers of Silence, which, as you know, are the cemetery of the Parsis of Bombay. This brother, our guide, was a Parsi, which fact made it possible for us to gain entrance to the place, although we arrived after hours. The last part of our drive had been up a hill, tropically green, and now, on foot, we continued the ascent under a leafy canopy to a splendid garden, shady with palms and full of myrtle. The red earth and luxuriant vegetation reminded me of the Alhambra and the Généralife. A fountain was playing in the middle of the garden, and hospitable seats held out their arms to us. Nothing suggested a halting-place of Death; nothing, save the high, white wall which was just visible through a curtain of flowers, and on the top of which were massed together, in two close ranks, a crowd of vultures and crows.

The Parsis reverence fire too much to allow it to be polluted by the touch of a corpse, nor do they wish the dead to pollute the earth. They think the best way of disposing of the body is to throw it out to carrion

birds. A Parsi multimillionaire gave of his abundance enough to build these five towers, where the thing is done far from the eyes of men—for of the living none but the attendants are allowed inside. A model of one of these towers is shown to visitors in the garden. It is circular. Inside is a kind of grating, divided into three parts, on the first of which the men are laid; the second is for women, and the smallest for children. These compartments are crossed by gutters running down towards the centre, where there is an immense pit. The corpse, taken from the hands of the bearers, after the last ceremonies have been performed, is laid, naked, in the division alloted to one of its age and sex. From two to three hundred vultures swoop down upon it. In two hours' time they have done their work. The sun then takes up the task of drying the bones. Water is forced up through pipes and cleans the rest, washing away the bones into the bottom of the pit. Then the water, having accomplished its task, is carried away through four pipes into a bed, first of carbon and then of lime. Through this it filters and re-emerges purified, to quench the thirst of the living.

II

BENARES,
December 1912.

I am writing from Benares, where I arrived a day or two ago under the wing of Mme. Blech, just when the Ganges was reflecting the setting sun.

At the station two students were waiting for us. One took charge of our boxes and the other took us in

a carriage to Headquarters. Mme. Blech was to stay with Mrs. Besant, and I in the European quarters. Picture to yourself a "finca" in America: the low houses covered with leaves, the cattle wandering all about, the Indians, half or three-quarters naked, round a fire just outside their doors; people coming and going with lanterns, and a silhouette of coco-nut palms sharp-cut against a red sky. My dear friend, it seemed to me that I was back in my own country.

On the threshold of Mrs. Besant's little house, Miss Arundale, the aunt of the Principal of the College, received us with that brotherliness which we miss so much away from our own people; and she put herself to no end of trouble to supply us with everything we could possibly want. My neighbours, two English-women, also received me with great kindness, one offering me a shawl, the other a candle; and, as soon as I had tidied myself up, I started off to dine with Mme. Blech at Miss Arundale's, preceded by another sister who had come to fetch me and show me the way and lend a lantern.

Yesterday, at the rather impossible hour of noon, escorted by the black eyes and white teeth of our student of the station, we went to make the acquaintance of the Ganges. Everything swam before me in a golden dust so dazzling that, in addition to your grey veil, I was obliged to put on smoked glasses, which changed all the colours for me and made the domes and glowing walls dingy and sad—but then it was a choice between a spoiled view and ophthalmia. In two places they were burning corpses. Through the smoke from the pyre could be seen a man armed with a long stick, who seemed to be poking the fire or

else breaking obstinate bones. One could hear the crackling and frizzling of the flesh; it was horrible. I saw a piece of a knee near a calcined skeleton; and then I turned my back on the whole thing. Just close by, people were bathing, chatting, smoking, ruminating, meditating, sleeping, eating. From the domes and roofs of several temples, partly sunk into the water and looking like islands, people were throwing flowers into the river and saying their prayers before bathing. The whole of Benares seems to live either on the brink or in the water; but as for me—nothing is real to me at midday.

We dined with Miss Arundale and her nephew whom you saw in Paris. He polished off his dinner in two minutes, and then left for his evening meeting, to which he had invited us. At about half-past seven Miss Arundale, Mme. Blech and I went to the hall. Mr. George Arundale was there already, wrapped in a yellow scarf and curled up among the cushions of a large arm-chair.

In an easy, informal way he received the band of students who, also for the most part in yellow scarves, glided in barefooted and silent as shadows, seating themselves on the floor in a semicircle at Mr. Arundale's feet. They asked questions and Mr. Arundale answered in the simplest way in the world; the beauty of that scene lay in its simplicity. Few things have affected me so deeply as the sight of that young man, surrounded by students who seemed to worship him, and who come every evening to sit at his feet and listen to him as he talks of the spiritual life. To me that picture was worth the whole journey and all the solemn lectures in the world.

Yesterday morning Krishna Lal took us to the daily opening service at the College, which stands just across the road. This College, which was first begun in the palace of the Maharaja of Benares with a handful of pupils, now occupies huge buildings where hundreds of boys are educated in their own faith. Hardly any of the Professors are salaried. Everywhere one is conscious of that feeling of satisfaction which surrounds those who serve for the love of service. Before going to their several classrooms, the students sing a hymn together with deep earnestness.

Miss Arundale wanted to have a school for girls. She made a beginning with two or three little ones, to whom she gave lessons in her own house. Then, as the number of pupils increased, she finally built the school we visited to-day. It is in splendid working order, and there are about two hundred pupils. The school deserves another hundred; and what I cannot admire enough is the devotion and energy of all those people, who do not even give themselves time to eat or sleep. I am not sorry I came, in spite of the misgivings I experienced at the thought of the journey; it has cleared up many things for me which before were dark.

We expect Mrs. Besant to-morrow. I have already seen two of her dresses that she wore in Paris, hanging on a string on her veranda and warming themselves in the sun—in true Guatemalian style. We may possibly leave with her for Madras, and then it will be I who will make her tea or her soup in the train. Chimène, who would have foretold that? Rodrigue, who would have believed it? Not I, certainly!

MARIA CRUZ.

THE LITTLE HUNTER

By AHASHA

"JUST listen, my boy," Jack's father said to him one hot day in June, "it will soon be holiday time; then you will have to leave school and learn a trade; what would you like best?"

Jack didn't know at this moment, and said: "Father, may I tell you to-morrow?"

"Of course, my little fellow," said his father.

That night Jack couldn't sleep, and so he was thinking about all kinds of trades, but he couldn't come to a conclusion.

While he was staring in the dark, he saw on the wall opposite his bed a round, bright spot. This spot became larger and larger, and at last he saw the figure of a woman wearing a robe with a long train. Her eyes were kind, and she moved up and down before Jack's bed.

"Good day, Jack," she said.

Jack dared not give any answer. He had never seen such a wonderful thing—in the depth of the night, while he was awake, a ghost had come to his bed and said: "Good day, Jack."

"Jack," continued the woman, "you don't know what you want—you have to choose a trade, have you not?"

ground. The symbol upon that flag is also the symbol of the Japanese nation. Japan's ancient worship of Ama-terasu, the Sun Goddess, has been perpetuated ever since, for the Mikados are the direct descendants of this deity. As such they have always been regarded as sacred beings whose shrine was a palace and whose throne was an altar screened from the sight of their subjects. To-day the Land of the Rising Sun has become the Land of the Risen Sun. The ancient veil has been removed, and the Emperor, instead of being a sacred puppet, always kept well in the background while others exercised his authority, has come boldly forward, and remains to-day the visible manifestation of the Sun Goddess and actual ruler of his country. This great sun myth has been a connecting link throughout the ages. Thousands of years ago it was a Shinto cult, to-day, without losing its old association, it has evolved into a kind of patriotism that centres round the Emperor, a kind of patriotism that is wholly self-sacrificing. Such a myth, and those connected with it, cannot fail to be of absorbing interest, and it is my intention to trace the sacred relationship between Ama-terasu and the first Emperor of Japan.

In Japan's cosmogony story we are informed that in the beginning "Heaven and Earth were not yet separated, and the *In* and *Yo* [the male and female principles] not yet divided". As in more than one cosmogony story, we are told of a gigantic egg that contained germs. Of how the egg and its potential life came into existence we are told nothing. All we know is that there were clear and murky elements in that egg; the one rose and became Heaven, while the other, gradually sinking, became Earth, which was

said to resemble "the floating of a fish on the surface of the water". A strange form resembling a mighty reed-shoot then sprang into existence between Heaven and Earth. This manifestation speedily changed into a *Kami* called Kuni-tokotachi ("Land-eternal-stand of august thing"). Some authorities do not regard the word *Kami* as the equivalent of "deity" or "god," but rather as invisible beings of no divine import. It is quite possible that the early *Kami* were not deities, but in course of time they certainly became so. We find no mention of sex in regard to the early *Kami*. Gradually, however, they lose their vagueness, and their very names suggest earthly relations, such as "the *Kami* of the perfect exterior" and "the *Kami* of germ-integration". In the fifth generation of the *Kami* there is no mistaking the sex of the two deities Izanagi ("Male who desires") and Izanami ("Female who desires"). Concerning these divinities the following curious myth, the first love story of Japan, is recorded.

Izanagi and Izanami stood on the Floating Bridge of Heaven, and far below them stretched the blue sea. They had been commanded to "make, consolidate and give birth to the floating land". In order to accomplish these things they thrust down a jewel-spear into the ocean. When the weapon was raised, the drops of water that fell from it solidified and became Onogoro-jima ("Spontaneously-congeal-island"). Upon this island, known to-day as Awaji, they descended, and when they came to earth it was spring-time. These childlike deities chanced to observe the mating of a pair of wagtails, and immediately commenced a love affair on their own account by frankly confessing that each possessed a generative organ. Having agreed

"Yes, . . . mad—am," stuttered Jack, and he thought to himself: "I'll be polite; it is a pity I have not got my cap on my head, otherwise I could take it off."

"Jack, you must call me 'Nobleyard'."

"Yes, Mrs. Nobleyard."

"Look here, Jack, I'll give you a piece of advice; you must become a carpenter, mason, or blacksmith; then you'll be a decent man in the future. Well, what do you choose?"

"Blacksmith, if you please."

"Very well, Jack, that's all right; you'll become a blacksmith."

"Yes, Madam—I mean Nobleyard."

The woman disappeared, leaving Jack alone.

So he would become a blacksmith.

He got up very early the next morning, and took a walk in the garden. He still was under the impression of what he had seen in the night, and couldn't forget it.

All at once he saw a small thing running across the garden path. It looked a little like a squirrel or a hare. It stopped, and when Jack approached he saw it was a little gnome.

Jack knew there were giants, and gnomes, and fairies; but he had never seen one so near to him.

It was an ugly little man—very ugly. His little coat was brown, and so were his tiny trousers. His cap was black, and his little face was dirty. But the most disagreeable part of him was his eyes. He didn't look straight into Jack's face; first he looked at the ground, and then he peeped at Jack.

"Oh dear! such a little monster," Jack thought.

"Well, Jack," said the little man.

"Good day," Jack said, but he didn't like to speak to him.

"I say, Jack, you were talking with Nobleyard last night, weren't you?"

"How do you know that?"

"My dear little fellow, I know everything, *everything*. That Nobleyard is a fairy, and she is my greatest enemy."

"Well, she was very kind to me."

"Ha ha," laughed the little fellow, "do you think I'm kind too?"

"I don't know," Jack answered, "I really don't know," and he got frightened.

"No, Jack, I'm neither kind nor good; I'm a jolly little fellow, I only say—let us live and be happy." When speaking these words, he began softly to dance, and then Jack saw he had no feet, but . . . goat's hoofs.

"Listen, Jack," he continued, "you mustn't become a blacksmith. If you are a blacksmith you will work all day long, you will be as black as a nigger, and besides all this, no girl in the village will dance with you when it is fair time. Then you'll stand all by yourself, will you not? No, my boy, you must become a hunter. That's the best thing I know—a beautiful green suit, a nice hat with a feather, a gun, a couple of good dogs, and then to the wood; and when you see the tail and the ears of a hare, then . . . you shoot. That's better than being a blacksmith. Don't care what Nobleyard says."

Jack was thinking for a little while. No girl to dance with when it was fair time. Always to stand before the big fire when it was summer. A bad job

indeed! No, rather be a hunter and be free in the wood. He was sure *now*.

"All right, I choose to be a hunter."

"Hurrah! my boy, that's what I wanted. Won't we be friends?"

"All right."

"Your name is Jack, isn't it? My name is Lucifa; I'll now return to my cave. So-long, Jack."

"So-long, Lucifa."

Jack walked home, and when he came there, papa and mamma were taking an early cup of tea on the veranda.

"Good morning, mamma! Good morning, papa!"

"Good morning, Jack; slept well?"

"Fairly."

"Well, and, . . . and?"

"I want to be a hunter, papa."

"Hunter? What a strange idea! Do you know what a hunter is, my boy? A hunter kills animals. So my eldest son is to be a . . . murderer. Very fine, indeed!"

"But, papa, people eat meat; and whether *I* kill the animals or whether somebody else does—it's just the same, isn't it? They have to die after all."

"Jack, I won't say it's good, yet people *will* eat meat; but a hunter, you know, only does it for his pleasure; so I'll never consent to your being a hunter."

"Papa!"

"No, you'll become a carpenter; you are not able to choose yourself; next week I'll send you as a pupil to Peters."

Papa and mamma went inside, and Jack followed.

At breakfast he didn't say anything, but in school he was thinking all the time what he could do to become a hunter.

"O Lucifa, Lucifa!"

"Here I am."

And look! his little friend sat on the desk, invisible to everybody but Jack.

"I know all about it. Go to Peters, and I'll help you."

* * * * *

Jack was satisfied, all would be well now.

It was holiday time, and the day came that Jack had to go for the first time to Peters.

Peters was a good man. He taught him all kinds of things, and gave him books to read. But Jack didn't want to learn. The books were found in a corner, and of course he didn't get any more books.

In this way summer passed, and autumn and winter also; and it was spring already, and still Jack was working with Peters; but he wasn't a bit cleverer than when he first entered the workshop.

One evening in summer, when Lucifa was walking with Jack through the wood, he said: "Jack, we have to make an end of it."

"An end?"

"Yes, to-morrow you must tease Peters, and then of course he'll go to your father."

"All right, I'll do what you tell me."

Next morning Jack went to the carpenter's shop as usual, and when Peters said: "Jack, will you take this drying-frame to the vicarage?" he said: "You can do it yourself." Peters said nothing; but in the afternoon he went to Jack's father and said that he didn't want Jack one day longer in his shop.

Jack had to stay at home the whole day.

"Please, papa, let me be a hunter," he cried; and his mother said: "It is best for him to follow his bent. Then we shall see how it turns out."

And so Jack became a servant to the forester. He got a fine suit and a little hat with a feather, and . . . a game-pouch and a gun round his shoulders. But he had not yet a dog. . . .

It was a beautiful day in autumn; the sky was so clear, and the leaves on the trees looked so green. The sun still gave a little heat; he had to exert himself, and presently he sat down. Everywhere the gossamer was floating; on such a day Jack had gone with his gun to the wood.

Suddenly he saw a little hare running across the path. One—two—three—the hare fell down.

But what happened? He felt at the same moment that he left his own body, and he saw himself standing outside it. Was he himself? He felt that he was pressed into the body of the poor little hare, and he felt the pain of the bullet. Oh, how painful it was! And there was his body standing, looking at the poor hare. The little hare died, and the little soul rose.

When Jack was back again in his hunter's body, he threw the gun aside. "Never, never again do I want to go out hunting. Lucifa, O Lucifa, go away from me."

There stood Lucifa and grinned at him.

"Go away, far away, bad Lucifa."

"Do you mean what you say?"

"Yes, yes, I do mean it!"

Lucifa disappeared in the air, and Jack was alone—alone with the little dead hare.

"Nobleyard," he whispered.

There she came flying over the moss.

"I forgive you, Jack; you are just the same as any other little boy. It is much easier to follow *him* than *me*. You have conquered at last. Come along and let us bury the poor little hare, and then—then you must learn—learn hard, my boy." They buried the little hare and Nobleyard continued: "Jack, you have wasted nearly a whole year by listening to Lucifa. You must regain all that time. I'll bring you for seven years to the fairies, and they will teach you all you need."

She placed her hands on Jack's shoulders. Jack was in terror, his body shrank, and now he was as small as a gnome. "Now follow me," she exclaimed, and he ran as fast as his little feet would carry him. How strange everything was now; the grass looked so high, and the mushrooms so thick. After a quarter of an hour the wood became more open.

Formerly Jack had been here very often, but how different it seemed now!

Ten or twelve gnomes were sitting there reading in books. "Look, here is my friend Jack. He has to become a blacksmith." Having said this, Nobleyard went away.

"Well, my young friend," said one of the gnomes, "Do your parents know you are here?"

"No they don't."

"Then you had better write to them, little man."

Jack took a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote:

MY DEAR PARENTS,

Don't think I am dead; I have seen much, and when I come home I'll tell you all. I have to remain seven years here with the gnomes.

A kiss from your loving son,

JACK.

A little bird brought the note to Jack's parents, and threw it into the house, and that night Nobleyard appeared to his mother in a dream, and explained everything to her. And now his parents knew all was well with him.

* * * * *

For seven years Jack worked in the smith's shop with the gnomes. He worked from five in the morning till noon. Then they all took a bath in the brook and ate fruits and nuts. After that every one went his own way to help and comfort the people, and at night they again ate fruits and nuts, and when the sun had set, and the moon stood high in the sky, they went to the brook, and there they found fairies, undines, hares, rabbits, birds, and oh, so many other things. And then the fairies danced, and sang in the moonshine, and they talked with Jack. Those evenings were very snug.

The seven years were soon passed. Then came the time when he was to return to his parents, his village and his home. They all were quiet and serious. Jack saw they whispered to one another. One of the eldest gnomes approached him, took his hand and said: "Dear Jack, you have been a good pupil. We all love you, and know your character. We know that gold is for many people a misfortune, but with you it won't be the case. Your parents are not rich; take this lump of gold, and when you have arrived at your parents, it will just be sufficient to buy the smith's shop from the village blacksmith. He is already an old man, and would like to rest from his work." He then handed Jack the gold. Oh, the gnomes had been so kind to him, so very kind.

That night he slept for the last time in his little bed with a pillow of moss, and sheets of fern. And

when the sun rose the next morning Nobleyard came, and looked deep, very deep into his eyes, and he felt that he grew, and grew, till she turned away with a smile and said: "Now that's enough."

He was now a young man of twenty years. Nobleyard nodded her head once more, and then disappeared. She had sunk away into the earth.

* * * * *

He hurried home. His father didn't remember him at once, but his mother did. Oh! how glad they were! Jack was *so* tall and he was such a nice young man.

His mother gave an extra good dinner that day. "Well, Jack," said his father, "take some mincemeat, and some pears." . . .

"No, no meat for me, father."

"How is that?"

"Father, I still feel the pain I felt when I was in the little body of the hare; no, never, never again will I eat meat. When I lived with the gnomes, I never ate any meat."

"Just as you like," said his father.

Jack bought the smith's shop with the money he got from the gnomes. He worked very hard. People thought him very foolish, he wouldn't eat any meat; and they called him a "vegetarian". But he didn't care. Some people said: "He will get too ill to do heavy work, through eating no meat." But Jack laughed when he heard this, and he lifted a heavy iron bar, and said: "Look at the strength of a vegetarian!"

He now understood why Nobleyard had chosen the trade of a blacksmith for him.

Ahasha.

A FABLE

By E. M. M.

THERE was once a little boy who went to school, and refused to believe that two and two made four until his teacher gave him four hard strokes with the cane and made him count them. When he grew older he would not believe that the earth moved round the sun, for he saw the sun rising in the East and setting in the West, and preferred to trust his own deluded eyes rather than the superior knowledge of others. Nor would he believe that the moon had any influence on the sea, because he saw no actual connecting link between them; or that the stars were larger than the earth, because to him they all appeared smaller.

When he was getting on in years, a stranger came one day to the little village where his narrow life was spent, and told him of some of the wonderful new inventions that men had made in the outside world.

The old man laughed at him.

"Mean to tell me that if I stood at one end of a tube and you at the other end a hundred miles away, you could make me hear what you said? Why, if you talked to me through a tube from the end of the village street, I shouldn't hear!"

"But do you mean to say that you haven't read about telephones and wireless messages and aeroplanes?" asked the stranger.

"I don't read the papers much, and why should I believe what they say? Half the pictures they publish are faked. I can't fly myself, and I'm pretty sure no one else can. You can't gammon me with that kind of nonsense."

The stranger was silent a moment.

"And when this life is over—when Death comes to you—what do you suppose is going to happen then?"

"Nothing happens," said the old man. "No one's ever come back to tell me about it, and if there was any life after death you may be sure they would have."

"I am more sure that you wouldn't have either seen them or listened to them!" said the stranger. "But some day you will know, for that's a thing that even the most ignorant have to learn. And some day you'll be sorry that you weren't more ready to believe those wiser than yourself."

Before very long Death did come to the old man. For some time afterwards he was dazed and bewildered, and when at last he made his way back to his old home, to his surprise no one took any notice of him, or answered him when he spoke. Finally he sought out his little grandchild, a boy of seven years.

"Why, grandpa," said the child, "what are you doing here? You died three weeks ago!"

"Died! How dare you say such a thing? I'm as much alive as you are. . . . . " But in the midst of his wrath he realised the truth of the child's words, for he perceived that he had no physical body. The lighter body with which he was clothed seemed full of strange knots and twists, and as he stood looking down at himself in puzzled surprise, the stranger whom he had once met on earth came up to him.

"Beginning to realise that there *is* a life after death, eh? Though no one ever came back to tell you about it! But never mind. You'll soon be seeing much greater wonders than aeroplanes and telephones. Only first—and before my earth-body wakes up—we must try to get some of these knots undone, for you'll have no peace or comfort until you are rid of them. Heavens! how many of them there are!"

"What are they?" asked the other meekly, for he saw that it was no use disbelieving any longer. "I don't like them. They. . . . they hurt me."

"Good sign, that!" said the stranger. "There's some hope when narrow-mindedness and prejudice begin to hurt. For that's what has caused them, my dear sir—nothing else! Now we'll set to work to undo them. But it will take a long time, and just think how much trouble you'd have saved us both if you had been a little more open-minded on earth!"

E. M. M.

A WAR PROPHECY

By R. G. M.

MY attention has been called to a short article entitled "Una Profezia Sulla Guerra" which appeared in the Italian *Scena Illustrata* of January 15, 1913, about three months after the termination of the Italo-Turkish war. The following rendering into English may be of interest to those who are familiar with the forecast contained in Chapter XXVII of *Man: Whence, How and Whither*. In 1903 there appeared in France and England a singular booklet which, while exhibiting no mean knowledge of politics and avoiding any apocalyptic tone, foretold—with a wealth of geographical and political detail and of exceedingly precise dates—the events which would trouble Europe during the years to elapse between that year (1903) and 1931.

The pamphlet was not one of political propaganda; rather did it seem, or was it intended, to be a means of evangelisation; in fact it described everything which was to happen according to the prediction of the Prophet Daniel. And now, after ten years, it is not without a curious interest that we glean a few items from the many flights of fancy which, with unshakable conviction and an apparently natural interpretation of Holy Writ, the author retails to us through many pages.

Some of the predictions touch us Italians very closely, and cannot but cause us some astonishment at the present moment.

From 1906 to 1919, then, great revolutions and great wars. . . . . About 1919 a Confederation *of the ten States of Europe.* In the same year will come, it is not stated where from, another Napoleon, who from 1926 to 1931 will be President of the Confederation. But there is still better to come. From February 26, 1924 (mark the precision of dates) to a date to be determined in 1926, the ascension to Heaven of 144,000 Christians; which superhuman event will be followed—it is not clear why—by a persecution which will last no less than three and a half years; and the persecution will at last be put an end to by the descent in Jerusalem of Jesus Christ, who will remain there at His pleasure from May 2, 1929 to April 9, 1931. Putting aside the descent of Christ and the ascent of the Christians, let us rather enquire how these ten Kingdoms have arisen? The Prophet Daniel, through his modern commentator, hastens to enlighten us, after drawing a picture of the twenty-two States which are now grouped around Europe.

And here we must draw attention to a note: "Morocco will be annexed to France; *Tripoli will be joined to France or Italy.*" We must not ask too much. France, I admit, comes in, showing some doubt in the mind of the prophet; but we must remember that the commentator was probably a Frenchman. On the other hand we know that the prophetic style is generally of this nature.

Elsewhere, however, he gives fuller details, and is more sure of himself. "The ten States will unite in

a Confederation which will take the place of the present Triple Alliance between Italy, Austria, and Germany, and of the Dual Alliance between France and Russia." And among these ten States will be: FRANCE, which will annex many smaller States up to the Rhine and to the Roman ramparts of Bingen to Ratisbon (the reason being that that river and these walls were once the frontier of the Roman Empire between France and Germany); ENGLAND, separated from Ireland, India, and all the other colonies (because these never formed part of the Roman Empire); SPAIN, with Portugal and that portion of Morocco which will not be annexed by France; GREECE, with Thessaly, Macedonia etc.; TURKEY, which will only comprise Ancient Greece and Bithynia, etc., etc.; ITALY, *probably with Tripoli.*

We must really congratulate the Prophet Daniel and his modern commentator on having been, ten years ago, more far-seeing than European diplomacy and those who thought to keep Italy on the leash.

R. G. M.

CORRESPONDENCE

A CURIOUS OCCURRENCE

A friend of mine, Mr. Somasundaram Aiyar of Poovalur, gave me the following information, which may be of interest to the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST—especially those who look to the coming of a great World-Teacher:

Poovalur is a small village in Trichinopoly District—about thirteen miles from Trichy Fort Station, S.I.R. There is a channel, called *Panguni*, running on one side of the village. One day Mr. Somasundaram Aiyar and some other villagers were cleaning their teeth in the channel in the early morning—as is generally the custom in our country parts—when they saw a number of palm leaves floating down the current. Some of the leaves were collected, and it was found that they contained Tamil verses written therein in the old way, with an "yezhuttâni" (as it is called in Tamil). On trying to decipher the contents, Mr. Somasundaram Aiyar found that they referred to the Advent of a Great Leader soon to be among us, and urged us to prepare ourselves to receive Him when He comes. Unfortunately they paid no serious attention to the leaves and their contents.

Trivandrum. R. SRINIVASAN.

THEOSOPHICAL POETRY, ETC.

On reading Mr. J. H. Cousins' article in THE THEOSOPHIST for May ("On Theosophical Poetry"), I wondered whether he was acquainted with Joaquin Miller's last poem. I enclose a copy, in case he is not. It appeared in the daily papers here soon after his death.

I think it is rather to be regretted that the recovery from poisoning by carbolic acid (May THEOSOPHIST p. 193) should

have been published as a case of invisible help. It struck me, while reading the article, that the statements therein were rather wide of the mark; so I took some trouble in turning up the literature of the subject. Instead of "10 minims or less being sufficient to cause death in anybody within 10 minutes," the smallest fatal dose I can find recorded is *60* minims in 12 *hours*. There are many cases where death has occurred in a much shorter time, but after taking much larger doses, though it *has* been delayed for 60 hours; and, on the other hand, recovery has sometimes followed enormous doses—as much as 900 to 1,000 minims.

Given proper treatment, it would seem from the data given in the article that the chances were distinctly in favour of a recovery, and the case for invisible help correspondingly weak. The other case—the fall of a ceiling—is much more striking.

"AT THE FINAL PARTING"

(Written on his death-bed by Joaquin Miller

"The Poet of the Sierras.")

"My Last Message to the World"

Could I but teach men to believe,
Could I but make small men to grow,
To break frail spider-webs that weave
About their thews and bind them low;
Could I but sing one song and lay
Grim doubt, I then could go my way
In tranquil silence, glad, serene,
And satisfied from off the scene,
But ah! this disbelief, this doubt,
This doubt of God, this doubt of good,
The damned spot will not out.
Wouldst learn to know one little flower,
Its perfume, perfect form, and hue—
Yea, wouldst thou have one perfect hour,
Of all the years that come to you?
Then grow as God hath planted; grow
A lordly oak or daisy low,
As he hath set his garden; be
Just what thou art, or grass or tree;
Thy treasures, up in heaven laid
Await thy sure ascending soul—
Life after life; be not afraid.

A. HOWARD.

THE DAY OF THE WOMAN

Miss Stark, in her illuminating note on Strindberg's naturalistic plays, says of the characters of Adolph and Gustav: "They failed to see in woman the eternal, incorruptible dignity of the individual." Truly they did, and the statement of their error leads the reader from Strindberg's instance to the wide field of life in general; one asks oneself, a little unassuredly, how many men do see the eternal, incorruptible dignity of the individual in a woman; how many are free from sex illusion.

From the present writer's point of view, the greatest need of any human being is self-respect. There is nothing that a man who has it prizes more, for he knows that upon it depends all else he values, that with its loss his very life were over; and yet there is nothing men in general less help their fellows to attain, or when it is attained to keep, than this same prized possession. Continually they break the bruised reed, continually they quench the smoking flax of this foundation of all virtue; continually they degrade the ideals of others, continually pinch out the buds of their divine virility; and very specially is this lack of brotherly kindness shown by men, in the narrow acceptation of the term, to women. How often do we not hear the phrase: "I respect" —wife, daughter, sister, it may be, or simply women—too much to let . . . "? The conclusion does not matter, for the "respect" that will not let another Soul judge for itself, rule its own life, learn by its own experience, is, frankly, not respect at all, but self-regard.

"Neither do I condemn thee," said the Master to her whom men would stone, "go, sin no more." And the woman left Him in a dream. The Prophet had not blamed her—had not questioned her right to live even as she had lived! The Prophet had not threatened her—had actually believed her capable of choosing better things! Truly "a bruised reed shall *He* not break, and the smoking flax shall *He* not quench". Truly *His* love "believeth all things, hopeth all things".

Maeterlinck, in his *Marie-Madeleine* has given a very perfect study of this scene, and of the whole question now at issue. Marie has heard the Master's voice, and her heart burns within her; she would go to Him. The men would stay her; if she must go, they would go with her; they call her mad when she declines their proffered aid, and does the thing she wills. The intellectual Silenus observes sententiously that a woman's thoughts would sometimes puzzle a philosopher; but yet, whether from an incipient respect for Marie's selfhood, or from Stoic self-control, restrains the

amazed and angry Verus from pursuit. Swift follows the attempted stoning, the Master's wonderful rebuke, His gentle words to the astounded woman. Then:

> Verus s'avance pour soutenir Marie-Madeleine, qui s'est arretee et demeure droite et immobile au milieu d'allee. D'un geste sec et sauvage, elle refuse l'aide offerte, et regardant fixement devant elle, seule, entre les autres qui la considerent sans comprendre, elle gravit lentement les degres de la terrasse.

Yes, see the bruised reed straightening its stem once more beneath the cooling drops of the Lord's dispassionate "Nor do I condemn". Yes, see the long dulled spark divine kindling to flame, at the breath of the Master's faith-full "Go, and sin no more". The basis of all virtue, self-respect, is born in Marie's Soul, and with it such a mighty love for Him that had begotten it, that she is lifted on its wings into another world, stands so securely there that the worst this world can hurl upon her fails, as the last scene of the drama shows with exquisite art, to beat her back to its forsaken level.

The Day of the Woman—do we in truth believe that it is coming—is upon us? With glorious faith the writers of *The Perfect Way* thirty-four years ago began to date their publications Anno Dominae, from the Year of Our Lady. But the Day of the Woman is not yet, nor will be, until Woman takes what Man is slow to give, her liberty; takes it, as all the free have taken it, at cost of her heart's blood, compelling in the far end that respect man would not grant her of his grace.

Yet surely there are some among us who can help and will? Yes, there are men who understand, men whose respect for women is real and profound; and yet their help seems only to increase the suffering of those for whom they cheerfully would give their lives. Their fellows laugh at them, or sneer, and think still more contemptuously of those whose actions they support. A man must be most sure of the way he treads before he joins this band. To his faith he must have added virtue, to his virtue knowledge, and—difficult task indeed—to his knowledge abstinence. For knowledge scarce can bear to stand by and see badly done work it could perfectly accomplish, to stand by and see blunders made it could prevent almost without an effort. The man who knows is tempted constantly to meddle with the lives of others; now he will stand between them and the profitable pain their dharma has prepared for them, now he will push them into an experience that must needs be at the moment profitless, because untimely. "Add to your knowledge abstinence," cries the Apostle; and truly, would one be a helper of his fellows, one must learn when not to act, when not to intervene, when to stand by

upon marriage, these deities set up a pillar upon the island, round which they walked in opposite directions. When they met each other, Izanami exclaimed: "How delightful! I have met with a lovely youth." Izanagi, however, was not at all pleased with these words, and he answered angrily: "I am a man, and by that right should have spoken first. How is it that on the contrary thou, a woman, shouldst have been the first to speak? This is unlucky. Let us go round again." They accordingly resumed their walk round the pillar, and when they met a second time Izanagi exclaimed: "How delightful! I have met a lovely maiden."

We are told that the first effort of procreation resulted in "a leechlike abortion" which was placed in a boat made of rushes and allowed to float away. Then followed the creation of a number of islands, including Great-Yamato, the Luxuriant-Island of the Dragon-fly, known to-day as the Main Island. In addition rivers, valleys, trees, mountains, and personifications of various natural objects were created, such as the *Kami* of the "wind's breath," of "foam calm," and "bubbling waves".

All went well with the mother of these geographical children, as we may fittingly call them, until Izanami gave birth to Kagutsuchi, the God of Fire. In giving birth to this deity she died, or as it is written in the *Nihongi*, "suffered change and departed". While Izanagi crawled round her head and feet, his tears changed into a deity called "Weep-abundant female". Weeping finally gave place to anger, and Izanagi took his ten-span sword and cut the God of Fire into three pieces, each of which became a deity. The blood that fell from his weapon changed into the rocks that lie in

the bed of the Tranquil River of Heaven, otherwise known as the Milky Way, concerning which both China and Japan have weaved many a pleasing legend. Having slain the God of Fire, Izanagi set out for the Land of Yomi (Hades) in the hope of finding his spouse.

In the dim region of the Underworld Izanagi met his wife. It was so dark that he could not see her, and she begged her lord to return and allow the darkness to conceal her. Izanagi, overcome by curiosity, broke off a piece of his comb and lighted it. A bright flame revealed a dreadful scene, for Izanami had become a festering creature and was undergoing the process of decomposition. To make matters worse, eight Thunder Gods rested upon her. Izanagi, horrified by the spectacle, fled from the foul place. But he did not fly alone, for Izanami, angry that she had been put to shame, sent the Ugly Females of Hades in pursuit. Izanagi, fearing capture and wishing to check the flight of those who followed him, flung down his back headdress, and it immediately changed into a bunch of grapes. The Ugly Females paused for a moment to eat the fruit, but, their hunger satisfied, they resumed their pursuit. Once again he checked their approach by causing bamboo-shoots to grow out of his comb. It is recorded only in the *Kojoki* that when Izanagi reached the Even Pass of Hades he saw three peaches. He plucked the fruit and flung them at his enemies so that they fled. He then said to the peaches: "Like as ye have helped me, so must ye help all living people in the Central Land of Reed-Plains when they shall fall into troublous circumstances and be harassed!"

Izanami, perhaps aware of the failure of the Ugly Females, decided to pursue her lord herself. She met

and see—the ruin of a Soul? Nay, but "the salvation of the Lord".

The man who would help woman must be prepared to see her do that which he personally, if asked, would not advise, that which he personally, if asked, would not approve; must be prepared to see her fail of her endeavour, to see her broken by forces she has over-eagerly invoked; he must be strong enough to show his perfect sympathy both with her failure and her heroism, her suffering and the bravery that brought it her. On peril of his Soul he must not say: "I warned you"; "You see what flying in the face of custom means"; "You are going the wrong way to work"; though the unregenerate man of him, keen to parade its masculine superiority of foresight, yearn for such utterance. He must wait till balance is restored, and then, if heart and brain be still for effort, he must say: "Bravo! This time you shall succeed." If the lust of battle is still strong within the warrior, he must cry: "On! and the Gods go with you!" Counsel, if he have counsel worth the giving, he may give her—give as a man gives counsel unto men, straight craft talk, offered to a fellow craftsman for the precise measure of its worth to him and not a scruple more; to be left, at his discretion, without prejudice to fellowly relations. So only can he help—all other kind of counsel is betrayal. Weak moments come to all, and Woman in the moment of her weakness will call this faithful counsellor a brute; but when her weakness passes, if so be he has kept his feet, he will reap the rich reward of *her* respect, and of a love that is beyond the foolish thing that most know by that name, a love that sits securely in the stirless deeps beyond the surge of passion, a love akin to worship.

His men friends for the most part will not understand. They will say many things of him, and, since extremes inevitably meet, will deem him wanting in respect to women; but he who has embarked upon this quest is not concerned with what his men friends say of him; he knows the cost of his adventure, and right cheerfully he pays it. Yet, for the Cause he serves, and for the Coming Time in which that Cause shall triumph, he wishes sometimes that his fellow men were something clearer-eyed.

TUTANEKAI

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Raymond: or Life and Death, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen and Co., Ltd. London. Price 10s. 6d.)

Only the tragedy of this European War could have evoked such a book as this. It is not remarkable on account of its literary and scientific merits, for its distinguished author's reputation is already established as to these. Its unusual interest lies in the fact that it is a human document recording an intimate phase of personal experience with unsparing sincerity. Only those who understand the English character, with its impenetrable shield of reserve ever covering the deeper emotions, will appreciate adequately the sacrifice involved in this revelation. It is the kind of gift one accepts with bowed head and in silence.

A fragmentary collection of poems and character pencillings at the beginning shows the esteem in which Raymond was held by his relatives and friends, though it is not an essential part of the book. Then follows the first section of the book, which introduces the reader to the youth as he was in life. No claims are made to any exceptional abilities in his son by Sir Oliver Lodge, but the portraits illustrating the book, and the letters from the Front, give the impression of strong will, intellectual capacity and engaging frankness. Raymond Lodge went to the War at the call of duty, for he had no military leanings whatever; indeed there are hints in his bravely cheerful letters of how distasteful the whole business was to him.

The Second Section gives the communications with him after death, and it is this which will be of the deepest interest to those who have lost relatives and friends in the War and to all who are interested in Psychical Research. It is so written as to be useful alike to those who are just beginning to study psychic phenomena and also to more

advanced students, on account of its carefully arranged data. The communications are classified as verifiable and not verifiable; the former refer to facts which can be easily and satisfactorily proved by ordinary physical plane evidence, the latter relate to the experiences of Raymond in the other world and cannot be so tested. There are several interesting points brought out; amongst them the anxiety of those on the other side to get into touch with those on this, and their distress at the, to them, unnecessary grief of those they have left on earth; the fact that they find the ability to communicate quite as difficult on their side; and the different types of mediums and their various idiosyncracies.

Theosophists will find it difficult to bring some of the information given by the "Controls" into accord with their theories in relation to the astral plane. For instance, we are told of houses built of bricks, these bricks being "unstable atoms from the atmosphere" which crystallise "as they draw near certain central attraction"; of a sister who "has grown up in the Spirit life"; of clothes made of the decomposed elements of worsted; of all manner of things made from the smell of decomposed objects, and finally "when any body is blown to pieces, it takes some time for the spirit body to complete itself".

The third Section of the book is devoted to proving that Psychical Research is a genuine branch of psychological science, and that efforts to establish communication between the two worlds are not as idle as ignorant and prejudiced people suppose. The author refutes the argument for a dynamical theory of the Universe. His philosophy has its foundations in biology. Life is intelligent, it *times* and *directs*. Death is a "separation of a controlling entity from a physico-chemical organism". Experience is our only authority for existence, and it is as difficult to prove the reality of existence here as elsewhere. Bodies are merely "means of manifestation," therefore why not an ethereal body, even though it be invisible to our physical senses? There is a connection between mind and the brain, but memory is seated in the mind; it is not possible to assert that it, or "any kind of consciousness, is located in the brain, but without the aid of it memory, as far as this planet is concerned, is latent and inaccessible. "In the past and future we really live . . . the experience of the

past and expectation of the future," and the possibility of foretelling events is allied to this, for "to a mind of wide enough purview, where hardly anything is unforeseen, there may be possibilities of inference to an unsuspected extent". All these, and other facts in addition, demand an open attitude of mind in wise and earnest people towards psychic phenomena. Several chapters are given to the discussion of communication between the worlds and one to table-tilting. Then the author gives what one may call his articles of belief, based on data he has acquired of the survival of life and of individual life.

In conclusion he reviews these new discoveries in relation to the Christian views, and declares them to be firmly rooted in truth. His final words are: "God through his agents and messengers is continually striving and working and planning, so as to bring this creation of His through its preparatory labour and pain and lead it on to an existence higher and better than anything we have ever known."

A. E. A.

Psychical and Supernormal Phenomena: Their Observation and Experimentation, by Dr. Paul Joire. (William Rider and Son, Ltd., London. Price 10s. 6d.)

The author of this book is a professor at the Psycho-Physiological Institute of France, and President of the Societe Universelle d'etudes Psychiques. We may expect then—and we are not disappointed—a really scientific presentment of the subject treated. In the first chapter, "Psychical Phenomena in General," the author very clearly states the position of the scientist—a position of open mind—a position which, in the region of psychic phenomena, has not always been maintained. Science is not stationary; and to reject a fact because it does not fit in with the theories of official science is utterly unscientific.

> We ought only to regard as scientifically impossible that which is absurd, that is to say, contrary to mathematical or geometrical truths, the only ones which are immutable. Even opposition to a physical law should not suffice to make us deny a fact. Physical laws may be momentarily suspended or have their effect destroyed by other laws; whether we know these laws or whether we do not. . . . What is here said of physical laws is equally true of physiological laws: we must therefore deny only what is absurd.

But unfortunately the study of psychical phenomena (with the exception of a very small number) has not been subjected "to sufficiently serious observation and truly scientific analysis". There is a tendency even among scientists to despise psychical phenomena, "not because they cannot study them, but because they do not believe in their existence, and declare them impossible without having studied or even seriously examined them". It is this rigid insistence on truly scientific investigation of these supernormal phenomena, on which our author insists, that makes his book so valuable. He has studied deeply the science of hypnotism, and written of it in his *Traite de l'Hypnotisme*, but in the volume under review he rather studies phenomena which lie either on the confines between hypnotic and psychical phenomena, or go over the boundary line altogether. We are first given some of his own experiments to demonstrate externalisation of sensibility, produced under hypnotism, but manifesting peculiarities which go beyond the domain of hypnotism. As is to be expected, the book is filled with example after example of every kind of psychical phenomena. We have instances of abnormal dreams, haunted houses, telepathy, crystal-gazing, typtology, lucidity, photography of the invisible, levitation, and, finally, materialisation.

The majority of readers of THE THEOSOPHIST are not sceptical as to psychical phenomena—in many cases, perhaps, they err on the other side—and they may be rather inclined to show impatience at the apparently negative conclusions which Dr. Joire draws from the results of his experiments. But herein, to our thinking, lies the value of the book for Theosophists, who must bear in mind constantly that though the Theosophical explanations often overleap the difficulties encountered by the scientists, these explanations are in reality to the ordinary Theosophist but theories built on observation made clairvoyantly by most trustworthy persons, but presenting no evidential proof to the scientist. We may take one example. A chapter is given to "Photography of the Invisible or of Thought".

This shows the great advance made in psychical research. Actual photographs of some strongly thought-of object have been made. To the Theosophist, familiar with the idea of

thought forms, it is but a further confirmation of a truth he thinks he knows—but it is more than that; it is evidential. So with telepathy, or appearances at a distance of a newly dead person to a friend. But the mental and astral worlds, as the Theosophist understands them, are not scientifically proved. It is in a book such as the one under review, that we seem to be growing nearer the possibility of scientific proof of these hypotheses. In any case it is a distinct step towards that.

For the sceptic, the careful precautions taken by the scientists, the full and uncoloured records of their experiments, must bear the impress of truth, and he cannot disregard the evidence presented. Even Professor Richet, whose account is given of the phenomena at the Villa Carmen, though he will not admit himself convinced of the fact of materialisation, is bound to confess:

> After all, it may be that I have been deceived. But the explanation of such an error would be of considerable importance. And then—need I say it?—I do not believe that I have been deceived. I am convinced that I have been present at realities, not at deceptions.

The latter part of the book is devoted to methods of experimentation in the truly scientific manner, eliminating as far as can be all possibility of fraud. The scientist, *qua* scientist, must do this, however convinced he may be of the *bona fides* of those on whom he may experiment. When we learn that there are known at least five possibilities of "faking" a spirit photograph, one sees what precautions must be taken.

As was said before, most of the book is taken up with carefully selected examples of the different kinds of phenomena. These form most interesting reading; and some of the communications gained through typtology, and their subsequent verification, are truly marvellous. We can recommend this book to all, in that, though scientific, it is not dull, and opens out the infinite possibilities of this form of scientific research. "What we find in fact," says Dr. Joire, "is that with every discovery we make, the extent of our ignorance appears more clearly before our eyes."

The translation from the French is admirably rendered by Mr. Dudley Wright.

T. L. C.

Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology, by C. G. Jung, M.D., LL.D. (Bailliere Tindall & Cox, London. Price 12s. 6d.)

As stated in the Preface, this volume of 377 pages contains a selection of articles and pamphlets on Analytical Psychology, written at intervals during the past fourteen years and now presented for the first time to English readers. The author, formerly Professor at the University of Zurich, represents the Zurich school of Psychoanalysis, differing in important points from the Viennese school as expounded by Freud and Adler. Briefly put, "the Viennese school takes the standpoint of an exclusive sexual conception, while that of the Zurich school is symbolistic. The methods of the former school are analytical and causal; those of the latter analytical and causal as well as synthetic and prospective "in recognition of the fact that the human mind is characterised by *causae* and also by *fines* (aims)".

Causality is only one principle, and psychology cannot be exhausted by causal methods only, because the mind lives by aims as well. The Vienna school interprets the psychological symbol as a sign or token of certain primitive psychosexual processes; it reduces the phantasy products of the patient to the fundamental infantile desire for pleasure or power, in accordance with scientific biologism and naturalism.

The Zurich school, while recognising the value of this conception, "considers it to be but a half-truth, and has in view also the final result of analysis, regarding the fundamental thoughts and impulses of the Unconscious as symbols indicative of a definite line of future development". It is from this point of view that the papers collected in the volume before us are written. They contain a view of life as yet unrecognised by present day science, which is based as a whole on causality and, as Dr. Long remarks in his editorial preface, "they will come as a relief to many students of the Unconscious who will see in them another aspect than that of a wild beast couched, waiting its hour to spring".

In fourteen chapters on the Psychology and Pathology of so-called Occult Phenomena, the Association Method, the Significance of Number Dreams, the Psychology of Dreams, the Importance of the Unconscious in Psychopathology, the Content of the Psychoses, New Paths in Psychology, etc., the author presents most interesting and valuable material in support of his theory. Speaking of dreams, he shows how an apparently senseless dream is quite full of sense, and deals with extraordinarily important and serious problems of the soul; how the dreams and phantasies of patients may be interpreted so as to yield a clue to their real meaning and to the treatment of the mental disease.

In his "Association Method" he employs a number (100) of definitely chosen words (head, green, water, to sing, dead, long, ship, to pay, etc.) to which the test person is asked to answer as quickly as possible with the first word that comes to his mind. From the time of reaction and the nature of the reply he is able to obtain a definite insight into the test person's mind. As an example he shows how by this method the person guilty of theft was discovered among a number of hospital nurses.

Chapter IX contains the most interesting correspondence between Dr. Jung and Dr. Loy on "Some Crucial Points in Psychoanalysis," in which Dr. Jung explains his reasons for giving up hypnotic suggestion in favour of his method of psychoanalysis, though recognising that the former, as every other method, has its use in particular cases, and none can be employed in all cases. He makes a distinction between the practitioner who employs certain methods and the scientist who investigates new ground, who searches for truth and for newer and better methods.

These are but a few indications of the contents of the book, which are naturally of a technical character, most of the papers having been prepared for medical congresses. They are not, however, incomprehensible to the lay mind; on the contrary, the book can be read with profit by anyone interested in the problems of dreams, mental disease, and psychology in general. The author is not only a scientist, but also a philosopher, broad-minded and tolerant, and it is not possible to follow his exposition without feeling that one has gained a new and deeper insight into the working of the human mind, and recognising that the new methods of psychoanalysis, at present in their infancy, may lead to great results in the future. We highly recommend the book.

A. S.

Principles of Plant Teratology, by Wilson Crosfield Worsdell, F.L.S. Vol. I. Issued by the Ray Society, London. (Dulau & Co., Ltd., London. Price 25s.)

As the author remarks in his preface, "during the last forty-five years our knowledge of abnormal structures has increased enormously". He explains that his intention is to carry a step further, both in respect of matter and mode of treatment, the work of Dr. M. T. Masters on *Vegetable Teratology*, issued by the Ray Society in 1869. In his introduction he gives clear reasons for the importance he attaches to abnormalities as clues to the relations between different varieties and their original forms. He contends that such "freaks of nature" are not isolated exceptions to the rule of purposive adaptation to conditions, but are themselves adaptations to abnormal conditions; also that they are by no means invariably reversions, but often actually progressions.

Non-vascular plants, such as fungi, are first dealt with; then vascular plants, the consideration of which naturally takes up the greater part of the volume. The former are classified under types of abnormality, and the latter under the headings of the various main organs or parts of the plant —root, stem and leaf—the second volume will treat of the flower.

A standard work of this kind is of course too technical for anyone but a specialist to appreciate or even follow, but to those of our readers who are botanists the merits of the book will be obvious. Apart from the value of the information *per se*, a fruitful field is opened up for the testing and elaboration of Theosophical principles by examples taken from vegetable life. To the mere layman the illustrations, especially the excellent plates at the end of the book, are a pleasing incentive to the study of this complex subject, a study that will be much facilitated by the glossary and copious bibliographies that are included. The volume is got up in a style worthy of its contents.

W. D. S. B.

The Witness of Religious Experience, by the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, R.C.V.D., D.D., D.C.L. (Williams and Norgate, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

As a Christian, the author claims that God may be known by the individual as a great reality, and in this series of lectures—the Donnellan Lectures delivered before the University of Dublin in 1914 and in Westminster Abbey in 1916—he tries to answer the questions: Is this claim a legitimate one? What is the nature of the religious consciousness? Whence comes this active force we call religion? How does this force manifest itself in human lives?

The most interesting part of the book is that in which the fourth question is dealt with. The first three are disposed of in a rather unsatisfactory and superficial way. According to the author the religious consciousness is a fact—no distinction is made between knowing God as a great reality and any form of consciousness that has ever been called religious—for although efforts have been made to find some race or tribe without religious rite or feeling, these have all proved unsuccessful. This mysterious force, religion, he then proceeds to analyse, showing that it is one which permeates the whole of life, and comparing its influence with that exercised by Art, Science or Ethics. This unexplained force, this religious consciousness "is after all due to the fact that He was in us, and it has led us on to the discovery that we are in Him who is true". The author now compares the religious experiences of St. Paul with those of Jesus, and describes these as typifing the two main varieties of religious consciousness. St. Paul is the "twice born" soul, to use Professor James's phrase which the author himself adopts, and Jesus the "healthy-minded". This comparison, to which three of the lectures are devoted, is very interesting. The conclusion drawn from it is that though the actual experiences which a soul undergoes, because of this impelling force of religion, vary according to his temperament, in essence they are all of one kind, namely, that which leads to the "unselfing" of the man. They stimulate the highest in him and lead to self-surrender.

A. DE L.

Hungry Stones and Other Stories, and *Fruit-Gathering*, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan, London. Prices 5s. and 4s. 6d. respectively.)

The former of these the two latest productions of this distinguished author consists of thirteen short stories translated from the original Bengali with the assistance of several of the author's friends, and in one case by the author himself. They are for the most part simple tales of Indian life, lit up with flashes of rare poetic insight. The rich shades of local colour, both in temperament and surroundings, are blended with all the subtlety of a master artist; the tragedy is sharp and poignant, but transmuted by unexpected revelations of nobility; the humour is free and natural; and the whole is guiltless of exaggeration.

To Theosophists, by far the most interesting study is to be found in "The Devotee," portraying, as it does, a phase of Indian religious life almost incomprehensible to western minds. The situation on which the story hinges is the homage paid by a woman who has renounced the world, to a man apparently unknown to her, but whom she worships as an embodiment of the Deity she lives but to serve. The man at once understands her point of view, and is neither gratified nor disconcerted at being addressed by a strange woman as "my God," but listens in complete sympathy while she confesses the disillusionment that drove her forth to seek for truth.

Another story of more definite bearing on Theosophical teaching is "My Lord, the Baby," in which a supposed case of reincarnation supplies the motive of the principal character. Raicharan, a man-servant, is devoted to his master's little son, so much so that when the child is drowned while under his care, he allows the mother to accuse him of having stolen her son, rather than confess to the child's tragic death. When, however, his wife gives birth to a son not long afterwards, he recognises in his own baby all the winning ways of his former charge, and takes for granted that his "little master" has come back to him. Acting on this belief he spends his last penny on the boy's education and brings him to his old master and mistress, who believe that he is their own child and that Raicharan has really been keeping him away from them. This is the bitterest part of his renunciation, for he is turned away from the door of his son's new home.

The first story, from which the book takes its title, is of a haunted palace, and conveys a realistic impression of "borderland" experience, incidentally introducing a "theosophist kinsman" with some humorous references to his credulity. Of the remainder, "Once there was a King," "The Home-Coming" and "The Cabuliwallah" linger foremost in the memory as gems of child-study, especially the latter story. "We Crown Thee King" and "The Babus of Nayanjore" are full of quiet humour, the former providing a delightful Indian commentary on Anglo-Indian self-sufficiency.

Fruit-Gathering is a worthy sequel to *Gitanjali*, now a household word among lovers of mystical poetry. Through all these songs of praise and prayer runs a confident and almost familiar affirmation of the divine life in man and nature. Theosophists may not be able to pick out odd "texts" in support of their more specialised tenets, but none the less will they find the very essence of Theosophy expressed in thoughts and measures of intrinsic beauty; hence the wonderful power of these lines to create an atmosphere of self-forgetfulness and aspiration.

This later work possibly connotes a field of vision wider even than its predecessor, though its general tone is more subdued and sometimes sombre. "The Oarsmen" is a fine example of the poet's later and bolder style, whilst a picturesque background is formed by several anecdotes from the life of the Lord Buddha and other spiritual teachers. It is certainly difficult to make selection from among so many treasures, but perhaps the following is characteristic of Tagore's message:

I will meet one day the Life within me, the joy that hides in my life, though the days perplex my path with their idle dust.

I have known it in glimpses, and its fitful breath has come upon me making my thoughts fragrant for a while.

I will meet one day the Joy without me that dwells behind the screen of light—and will stand in the overflowing solitude where all things are seen as by their creator.

In these troublous times, when national barriers are being fortified all round, it is well that the world still has a few men who can strike the lofty note of universality, and we should ever remember with gratitude that India has rendered such a service in the works of Tagore.

W. D. S. B.

The Coming End of the Age: Its Imminent Nearness and What It Means for Our Race, by Dr. C. Williams. (Jarrold and Sons. London. Price 1s.)

Written to prove the nearness of the end of the age from Biblical prophecies, this book also contains very strong condemnation of the Higher Critics, especially when they attack the Book of Daniel, the chief source of the prophecies mentioned.

We also find much attack upon Christian Science, Theosophy, the New Theology, Spiritism, Mormonism, etc., and read that those who follow the above "forms of infidelity," as the author's expression is, will have a worse time in the future than the faithful Christians, as they are followers of "doctrines of devils and of false prophets"—expressions which, in his opinion, clearly point to Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Eddy, etc., and their adherents.

We are promised further information later, which of course we shall look forward to, for he gives us such exact details as to the date of the end of the age, also the coming visit of Satan, who is to rise from obscurity to be a statesman, military commander, and ultimately a king. We are even told what his manner and appearance will be like, also that he will be attended by two satellites called in Biblical prophecies "the Antichrist" and "the False Prophet". They are to have supernatural power, for they will bring fire down from Heaven and will make statues speak, establishing a new religion which the author seems to think will be a mixture of Paganism, Spiritism and Buddhism. He does not tell us what will happen to this religion when the coming visitors are cast into the "Bottomless Pit" and "the Lake of Fire," which is their ultimate fate, or why they have these different warm places reserved for them and are not put away together, but perhaps these details are left for the promised second volume.

E. S. B.

The Village Gods of South India ("The Religious Life of India" Series), by The Right Reverend Henry Whitehead, D.D., Bishop of Madras.

The book under review is one of a series of little volumes intended "to produce really reliable information for the use of all who are seeking the welfare of India". Editors and writers of this series promise to work in "the spirit of the best modern science, looking only for the truth". We are told that they will seek "to bring to the interpretation of the system under review such imagination and sympathy as characterises the best study in the domain of religion to-day". These editors and writers declare that they had "religious intercourse with the people who live by the faith described" and that they have persistently questioned "those likely to be able to give information". The pious hope expressed by them is that readers in India will recognise the value of this practical method of bringing out the salient features of Indian Spiritual Life.

One expects after this declaration a constructive criticism on various superstitions that might be associated with the worship of the village Gods in South India. The expectation increases when one sees that the Bishop of Madras, ably assisted by his wife, has undertaken such a task. Both the learned Bishop and his wife have long associated themselves with the social activities of the Hindus in this Presidency, and they are supposed to have a sympathetic attitude towards their religious beliefs. At any rate the Bishop and his wife know, or ought to know, that the Hindus themselves are working in the direction of reform and trying to root out superstitious beliefs from amongst their community. The Social Service League, the Social Reform Association and other similar institutions are not unknown to the Bishop. These reformers want reform and not destruction. What has their friend the Bishop to say to them? Says he: "We can only condemn it (the system of worship) from a moral and religious point of view as a debasing superstition, and the only attitude which the Christian Church can possibly take towards it as a working system is one of uncompromising hostility." The most sympathetic and constructive remedy that he suggests is, in his own words, as follows: "The first step towards any religious

progress in the villages of South India is to cut down this jungle of beliefs and practices and rites and ceremonies, and clear the ground for the teaching and worship of the Christian Church." The Bishop finds one hopeful sign in this village worship, which is that no particular caste has any predominance in it, and that there is still the instinctive craving of the human heart for communion with God. He concludes that this attitude of mind towards the spiritual world is to a certain degree a preparation for the Gospel and thus not a bad foundation for the Christian Church to build upon.

Thus does the learned Bishop of Madras, perhaps following the traditions of the early Muhammadan invaders of India, try first to destroy the Village Gods of South India and then to build upon that destruction the Church of Christ. His chief instruments of destruction are the animal sacrifices that take place in some of the village temples, and the habit of drink. The Bishop thinks that the object of these sacrifices is to propitiate various spirits, good and evil. Animal sacrifice is never justifiable, but one must be consistent in condemning it everywhere. It is equally wrong to sacrifice animals by thousands in slaughter houses to propitiate the tongue of man, and the sight in a slaughter house cannot be less repulsive than that in any stray temple of a village God. While the Hindu Reformers are paying attention to the improvement of their backward classes, will it not be better if the Bishop will turn his attention to his brothers in Christ who sacrifice animals to propitiate themselves and to add to the beauty of their dress? Similarly must the habit of drinking be condemned, but the Hindu religion does not give it any encouragement —at least not more than Christianity does. What about the licences given away profusely, not only in towns but in villages and in almost all localities—at times even against protests from the residents thereof? Are Hindu Gods responsible for these also? The Salvation Army has been doing splendid work among soldiers, and has cured people by crores, but their work is real, and so less noisy.

V. R. S.

Man's Hidden Being, by Annie Pitt. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

The inspirer of this book is "Aziel," who is supposed to be but the mouthpiece of a powerful band of "spirits," some of whom are very ancient, and are engaged in mission work, chiefly in South Africa. This band, which is called "The Love Circle," is said to have its Hall of Praise in the Sixth Sphere of Paradise, a region too lofty to permit many of its most high and holy members to come near the earth plane. Their teaching is therefore brought by Aziel, and transmitted through his medium, Mrs. Pitt, who receives it either through trance or automatic writing.

This particular message, written in very simple language, is full of uplifting and helpful advice for the perfecting of human nature. It traces the spiritual progress of a soul seeking light, up to the point where it attains illumination; then follow the rewards attending such seeking; but the whole amounts to little more than the "be good and you will be happy" philosophy. Three truths are elaborated—"perfection is our goal, angels are our guardians, and God is our Father".

G. G.

Science From an Easy Chair, by Sir Ray Lankester. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 1s.)

Science used to be a rather severe and appalling word in the ears of the untrained, non-scientific person, but of late years many of the secrets of nature which science has discovered have been presented to the public in a very simple and attractive way. One of these glimpses into the Fairyland of Science comes to us through the present collection of essays. The book has reached its eighth edition in its original form, and now a popular edition—the ninth—has been published, with a very few omissions only. The thirty-six little essays are illustrated by 64 woodcuts.

A. DE L.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

THE NEW EDUCATION

In *The Nineteenth Century and After* appears an article by the Bishop ot Carlisle under the above title, which shows how the truer view of education that inevitably follows from the application of Theosophical principles, is slowly but surely gaining ground among the leaders of public opinion. The first complaint the Bishop has to make is that hitherto national education has been too much of a machine through which all children are passed, irrespective of their inclinations or capacities.

> The radical defect of our present national education is not that it is systematised but that it is over-systematised; not that it is scrupulously organised but that it is scantily vitalised; not that it has become methodical but that it is growing mechanical. Just as the universality of machinery is perverting much labour into monotonous drudgery and is killing the labourer's joy in his work, so our mechanical education is devitalising our schools and killing the children's delight in knowledge. It should be impossible for even the most backward child to regard his school as a prison, and look forward to the day of his final leaving as a day of glad emancipation. Yet what the coming of legal age is to the hungry and expectant heir, that, or something like that, the growing out of school age has become, through our "system of education," to multitudes of our mechanised children.

The writer blames neither teachers nor administrators, in fact he gratefully acknowledges the generous supply of voluntary service that distinguishes this branch of public work; what he is trying to find is a practical remedy. In his opinion the compulsory establishment of "continuation" schools does not go to the root of the trouble, if it merely continues a routine already hateful to the young, while the increase of scholarships may have quite the opposite effect to what was intended, by imposing undue strain on the unformed brain of the average child The fundamental "heresy" that he sees beneath all educational progress before the war, lies in "the illusion that education is principally an affair of the head, and that schools are the all-supreme instrument in the development of children". He considers that the home should play as important a part in education as the school, by reason of its influence on the heart; and yet parents seem to think "that when they have sent their children to school they have done all that is required of them and that everything will turn out right".

The next step, according to this writer, is to form a clear idea as to the real aim of education, and here, we think, even a slight acquaintance with the Theosophical outlook would obviate much dissipation of well meaning energy. It is not enough to lament the fact that material success has so far been the only standard by which education has been judged—even in this respect it is generally a failure—but the creative impulse must be understood, evoked, and directed by true ideals of life. However, it is something to find the writer laying such stress on the development of a strong and altruistic character; even though such efforts be limited to the sphere of "morality," they will be some guarantee against a lop-sided mentality of the kind the writer cites in the case of Germany. The following extract contains the pith of his recommendations:

> To gain this great end it is essential that boards, committees, inspectors, managers, and teachers should intelligently, diligently, sympathetically study child-nature and master the laws of its development. Our old education had a superabundance of logic in it, not unfrequently based on doubtful premises. It gloried in miles of tape that did little but tie. Our new education must build less on dubious logic and more on sound psychology. It must labour under fewer fetters and rejoice in more freedom. Every child is a seed; but all children are not the same seed, or even seed of the same kind. They need, therefore, different soils, different tillage, different methods of cultivation. Hitherto these beneficent diversities have received but scanty recognition. Children have been treated too much as if they were all alike. They have been taught the same things, standardised by the same measure, run into the same mould, forced into the same bed.

We find no mention of the need for better remuneration in the teaching profession, not only to attract the most capable teachers but to give the profession its proper status in the eyes of the public. However, the article winds up in a hopeful tone as to the fresh impetus that we may expect education to receive after the war.

> Our State ideals are steadily, although slowly, ascending; and no inconsiderable proportion of our teachers and managers are craving for larger freedom to foster their own ideals. So are our universities, both ancient and modern. The influence of these latter in some of our great cities is most benign. They are creating around them an intellectually lucent and morally bracing atmosphere. Some of the Professors are recognised leaders of thought and civic progress. They dwell among the people and identify themselves with the best interests of the communities in which they live.

The results to be achieved by "the new education" are summarised as: (1) the narrowing of the gulf between "classes" and "masses," (2) the growth of a corporate

national consciousness, and (3) " the exaltation of labour to its proper and inherent dignity ".

Another article of more definite interest to educationists is one in *The Contemporary Review* by Sidney Webb. It is entitled " Half-Time for Adolescents," and is the first of a series under the title " The Coming Educational Revolution ". After calling attention to the premature employment of boys and girls in competitive industries, often of the " blind alley " type, to the detriment of their efficiency as adults, Mr. Webb outlines a measure for providing further training for adolescents. His main propositions concerning this measure are as follows: (1) The measure must be made compulsory on employers. (2) It must be made simultaneously obligatory on all Local Education authorities. (3) It must be made simultaneously applicable to all employers. (4) It must come into force gradually, by yearly stages. (5) Its requirements must be made to vary according to the conditions of each industry. (6) It must provide for more than technical instruction in a particular industry. (7) It should apply equally to both sexes. (8) It should stipulate for " Half-Time for Adolescents ". (9) It should involve practically no increase in the local Educational Rate. (10) It should not be made an excuse for any diminution in the present inadequate scholarship ladder, or in the provision of secondary schools, which both need to be greatly increased.

Each of these propositions is backed by solid arguments, stated in the businesslike manner one associates with this exceptionally effective social reformer. Theosophists will understand his impatience with what he calls the feeble-minded philanthropist, and will appreciate his clear-cut demands for specific legislation.

W. D. S. B.

VOL. XXXVIII No. 5

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IT has been a wonderful week, the National Week, in the old royal City of Lucknow, and there is no doubt of the wisdom of the decision of the General Council to have the choice of the place of meeting left open, to be decided year by year. The most important Societies in India, engaged in work religious, social, temperance, industrial, humanitarian, etc., gather round the National Congress, and all that is best and noblest in India makes pilgrimage to the political Mecca, and pitches its tents as near as may be to the central spot. The brotherly love that is the atmosphere of all the many activities is breathed in with delight; differences that seemed insuperable at a distance become dwarfed when heart touches heart; it was verily a United India, not united by a dull uniformity of opinion, for that would mean an India intellectually and emotionally dead, but an India throbbing with eager life, with innumerable differences, all merged into one Aim, one

him in the Even Pass of Yomi where he had blocked the passage with a great rock. Izanagi, instead of being content with a curtain lecture or with a gracious apology for his unseemly conduct, solemnly declared a divorce! On hearing this, Izanami adopted a militant attitude by saying: "My lord and husband, if thou sayest so, I will strangle to death the people in one day." This threat did not cause her lord to yield. He observed that her act of slaughter would be futile, seeing that he had the power to create in one day no less than fifteen hundred men and women. It was unfortunate that deities who had married each other after seeing the mating of wagtails should have ended their wedded life with such bickerings, but even the Olympian deities were subject occasionally to bad temper and anything but friendly conjugal relations.

Izanagi left the Land of Yomi and underwent a very elaborate purification in a small stream in the island of Tsukushi in order to cleanse himself from the pollution he had incurred with the dead, which, as Brinkley observes, "inaugurates the rite of purification practised to this day in Japan". Before entering the water, Izanagi removed his garments, his necklace and his bracelets. *Kami* were born from these articles and also from the pollution which was washed away during this great lustration. From his left eye was born Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess, from his right eye, Tsuki-yumi, the Moon God, and from his nose Susa-no-o, the Impetuous Male. We read in the *Nihongi*: "After this, Izanagi, his divine task having been accomplished, and his spirit-career about to suffer a change, built himself an abode of gloom in the island of Ahaji, where he dwelt for ever in silence and concealment."

The moon figures so frequently in Japanese poetry and is always described with such intense delight that it is surprising to find that the Moon God is only referred to in one Japanese myth, and then in a manner in no way compatible with a poet's reference. On one occasion Ama-terasu sent the Moon God to wait upon Uke-mochi, the Goddess of Food, who dwelt in the Central Land of Reed-Plains. When the Moon God saw her, he noticed that when she turned towards the land, boiled rice issued from her mouth. When she looked at the sea, all manner of fish, "broad of fin and things narrow of fin," gushed from her mouth, and when she gazed at the mountains, "there came from her mouth things rough of hair and things soft of hair". When she had brought forth these things, she set the food upon a hundred tables and invited the Moon God to the feast. But the Moon God refused to eat, saying: "Filthy! Nasty! That thou shouldst dare to feed me with things disgorged from thy mouth!" He then slew the Goddess of Food and returned to Heaven. When he gave the Sun Goddess an account of his doings, she became extremely angry, and said: "Thou art a wicked deity. I must not see thee face to face." And so it came to pass that the Sun Goddess and the Moon God were separated by a day and a night. The Sun Goddess, distressed by the news brought her by the Moon God, sent another messenger, who found that although the Goddess of Food was dead, she bore upon her head an ox and a horse, millet on her forehead, silkworms over her eyebrows, panic in her eyes, rice in her stomach, and elsewhere wheat and two kinds of bean. When the messenger returned to Heaven and made his report,

Hope, one Will—the welfare and the splendour of the Motherland.

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Among the many Conferences, two and three a day, the Theosophical Convention was much approved. We had a very fine pandal, holding, when crowded, some four thousand people, and it was packed to the uttermost for the Convention Lectures. It was gay with pennons, and very well arranged; the whole centre was without chairs, the ground being the universal bench; at the back, and down each side, chairs and benches were arranged for all who preferred their stiffer welcome. The platform was high, so that the voice might travel far. The Chairman of the Theosophical Reception Committee was the Hon. Pandit Gokarannath Misra, who was also one of the Secretaries of the Congress Convention Committee. Much of the success of both gatherings was due to his unwearied labours, for he worked day after day for months before the important Week, and was literally worn out on the last day, and obliged to gaze at the last meeting of the Congress from the depths of an arm-chair.

***

Our Cadets from the Cawnpur Theosophical School, in their handsome uniform, led by their Head Master, made a gallant show. Lads who are working together the whole year round have a great advantage over those who only meet for a few days; and it would be well if every town that invites the Congress would request its High Schools and Colleges to put their lads through a regular course of military drill, in order that they may preserve order in the huge meetings of the Week. To guide delegates to the seats assigned to them, to keep

the passages open, to receive distinguished visitors, and to be useful without being obtrusive, all these duties need to be practised together, and advantage of the town's meetings during the year may be taken for such practice. An Indian paper remarks:

> Of all the gatherings held at Lucknow, the Theosophical Convention was the most orderly and the best organised. Its proceedings are an example in punctuality, personal discipline and earnest devotion to a good cause. And it is a very hopeful sign of the times that, like the Ārya Samāj and the Hindū Conference, the Theosophical Society has been trying to spiritualise public life in India. Only last evening, Mr. Vernon, of the Cawnpore Elgin Mills, said that the Theosophical High School there was the best in that town. Here again Mrs. Besant has earned our gratitude. Out of her 26 Educational Institutions, this is being nurtured by the joint co-operation of the Hindū and Muslim graduates, who work like brothers. The Besant National College in Bombay will soon take shape, and the present T.S. Educational Trust will, in a short time, be constituted into a National Education Trust. It is inspiring to see that several Englishmen, like Mr. Arundale, Mr. Wood and Mr. Kirk, are working hard for it at great personal sacrifice.

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We must try to deserve all the nice things said of us by increased devotion, bearing the good fruit of earnest work. I may add that the co-operation of Hindūs, Musalmāns and Pārsīs is going on in many of our schools, for we try to find teachers of each faith to teach their own form of religion to the boys belonging to it.

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Mr. Bal Gangadhar Tilak must have felt that the intense love and gratitude which flow out to him wherever he goes is some compensation for all the agony he suffered during seven and a half years of prison life. He is the most modest of men, for all his strong views and his deep devotion to the Motherland.

He must have spoken much to his own people in their mother-tongue, for his speech is lucid, simple, in short sentences, sometimes humorous, or biting or sarcastic. It is no wonder that "the common people hear him gladly," and that the scribes and pharisees hate him. He is totally unselfish, his thought fixed only on the Motherland; no personal desires cloud that pure upspringing column; he would sacrifice his dearest, as he would sacrifice himself, on her altar. What matters it if such men live or die? Living, they lead a Nation to the Promised Land. Dead, they become a deathless inspiration and—they return.

***

The great events of the Week in the political world were the reunion of the Moderates and Extremists in one National Party, and the union of Hinḍūs and Musalmāns into one Nation. Long may that blessed union continue for the good of the country, the Empire and the World.

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Mr. Arundale spoke to enthusiastic audiences on Education, the subject nearest to his heart. Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa also gave two lectures, on "Theosophy and the Modern Search for Truth" and "Theosophy and National Life," all to very large audiences. There was a Star Meeting on December 28th, meetings of the E.S., the Theosophical Trust, the Councils of the T.S. and the Indian Convention, and of the Governing Body of the Trust. At all three of these Council meetings resolutions of far-reaching importance were passed. At the T.S. Council, the Scottish General Secretary proposed and the Russian General Secretary seconded a resolution directing the President to

determine the book business, left for the support of the President of the Society by the President-Founder. In making the Deed of Gift, he left the power to determine the business in the hands of the Council of the Society. He valued the business at Rs. 5,000, and the monthly income was from Rs. 50 to Rs. 250. I brought into it the Theosophical Publishing House from Benares, and before the War the monthly turn-over was about Rs. 30,000. I draw from it Rs. 1,000 a month, and pay income-tax on that amount, although over Rs. 600 a month goes to school and college fees and scholarships and educational help to teachers. The less than Rs. 400 cover my personal expenses and other charities. This is right enough, but we cannot ensure always having as President a man or woman who will follow out this policy, and it would be disastrous to have a President attracted by the income of the post! So I asked the Council to determine the business, and allow me to make a new Deed of Gift, vesting the whole thing in the Executive of the T.S., elected annually by the General Council, and leaving them to assign to the President a sufficient, but not extravagant income. I retain Rs. 1,000 *per mensem* for life, so that, if I am not re-elected, the educational charities will not suffer.

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The important resolution of the Council of the Indian Section was the transfer of the General Secretaryship, with the late incumbent's glad assent, to our revered Mr. T. Ramachandra Rao, Retired Sub-Judge, with two Asst. Secretaries, Mr. Wagle for office and Mr. Harjiven Mehta specially for lecturing. Our good Paṇḍit Iqbal Narain Gurtu had broken down from overwork, and he now resumes his favourite work only, that of teaching,

as Head of our Benares Boys' School. It is right that South India should give the T.S. in India its most capable Provincial Secretary, and we look forward with confidence to the coming year.

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The Governing Body of the T.E.T. decided to merge in the National Educational Trust now forming, earmarking its funds and buildings, as all other schools can do.

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A very delightful letter has come from one of the Muffasal Pañchama Schools, managed by the Kumbhakonam T.S. The school has just been recognised up to the Third Standard, and there is only one pupil in that:

> But he is helping the teacher in teaching the other classes, and is paid Rs. 3. He is a really intelligent student, and is willing to go to the Training School, and after that to take charge of the school itself. There is also another smart boy in the Second Standard and he is also being trained in the same way. The example set by these is catching, and some parents of these children are really anxious to educate them. One such parent has actually given up drinking and saved his income, with which he is now able to feed his children without compelling them to work with him and thus preventing them from going to school. You may ask: "Is this all for three years' work?" Yet, though it may appear very poor, I believe we have laid a strong foundation, and it is only in future years we can hope to reap the full reward of our labours.

All? I think it is splendid. A man redeemed from drunkenness, and using the money saved to educate his boys. Who can tell how far that example may spread? If the school were closed to-morrow, its work would have been more than worth while.

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Among good workers who have gone to the Peace from India, I must mention our Brother B. P. Oza, President of the Bhavnagar Lodge, and a most helpful

worker. "His life," writes a member, "was an ideal one." Such men will return to carry on the Great Work.

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Very beautiful is the testimony to the character and work of our Brother, Captain H. J. Cannan, D.S.O., who passed away last November, of wounds received some nine days previously. His holding of the Ypres salient for three long months, exposed to fire on three sides, won mention for him in Dispatches of January 1, 1916, and he gained the D.S.O. for exceptional bravery in the battle of the Somme and in a long series of reconnaissances. A superior officer in his Brigade wrote to his wife of his exceeding regret at his death, and a friend writes that this officer

> spoke so enthusiastically of him. He said he could not think of anyone whom they admired or respected more; that he "was an example to all of us regulars, and his influence with the young officers was something quite by itself—quite wonderful". He said that Capt. Cannan was "always so modest and unassuming, that he probably had not the least idea of what they all thought of him". He said he should always remember one morning at dawn, before the Lille Gate at Ypres. General Jackson had been meeting them, and he said afterwards to this Major: "Cannan is the stoutest-hearted of them all." He said that "on the Somme every one was talking of him" (of course necessarily in their own area), and he finished by saying: "He was one in ten thousand." It means the more, all this, I think, because Capt. Cannan's manners were not what you would call ingratiating, and he never took any pains to create a good impression on the outside.

I like to mention here any such records of "our living dead".

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Mr. T. H. Martyn has been made General Secretary of our Australian Section, Mrs. John remaining as Asst. General Secretary, the office she held for many

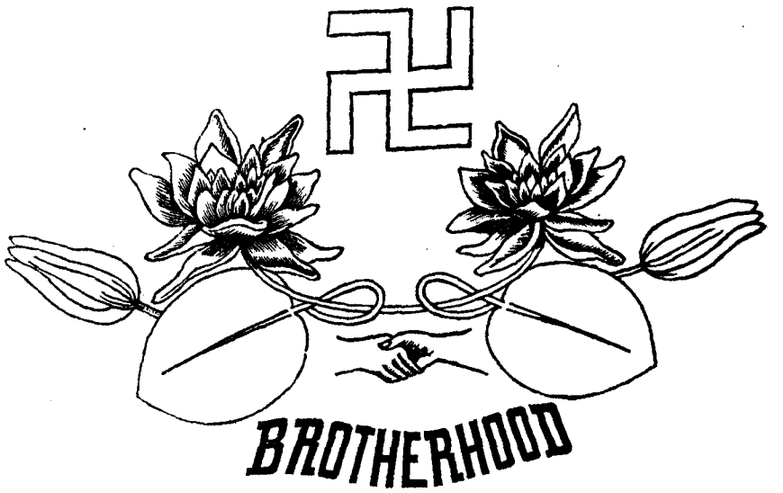
years under her husband. I congratulate the Section. It can have no better General Secretary than this quiet, strong man.

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The Asst. General Secretary sends me the following from the Asst. Surgeon, Civil Hospital, Basra, relating to my para of November last, p. 122, wherein I spoke of the Basra Lodge as founded by soldiers. I print the correction, of course, though I spoke to one of the founders of the original Lodge, when he returned to India, and he was certainly a soldier. Perhaps the original Lodge died when the regiment left, and rose again as civilian. Dr. Jacob E. Soloman, President of the Basra Lodge, must certainly know its present composition:

> Will you kindly correct our President's mistake regarding the Basra Lodge which was noticed in the last month's THEOSOPHIST. Our Lodge does not consist of members from the ranks of soldiers and officers. It consists of civilians attached to the expeditionary Force, a few merchants from India, and local men. When the Centre was started here, we had four civilians and two local members, one of the latter working as an interpreter during the study classes. Shortly after that our members increased, and on 22nd November, 1915, our Charter was granted by the President. Now the total strength consists of 22 members, of whom 13 are local members and the majority of the rest are Government servants attached to the force. A few of the Indians joined the Society here and are now in India, their names being transferred to India, or are still here attached or unattached to our Lodge. Brother Mathalone, the Secretary, is also the interpreter of the Lodge. In our Lodge there is a majority of Jews, but there are also Christians, a Muhammadan and a Hinḍū.

We wish the lonely Lodge all usefulness and prosperity. But why should I say "lonely"? No. T.S. Lodge can be really lonely, when it is part of the great company of the Divine Wisdom.



THE UNITY OF THE HINḌŪ FAITH

By T. R. RANGASWAMI AYYANGAR, M.A.

THE absence of a connected and rational exposition of Ontology, as conceived by the ancient Hinḍūs and handed down with scrupulous care to posterity, has given rise to various misconceptions and perversions. The innate indifference of the Hinḍū mind to creating a favourable impression in the mind of a foreigner about his own views of life and religion has easily paved the way for the grandest conception of God which the human mind is capable of, to be roughly handled, if not positively misrepresented, even by an earnest seeker of truth from foreign lands. From the earliest times it has been an established canon of the

Hiṇḍū faith not to seek converts and evince a spirit of anxiety to impress one's own views upon the mind of a foreigner. On the other hand, a seeker after truth within the fold was subject to a series of disciplinary measures and even humiliation, so that many a disciple had to give up the attempt with a sigh of pain, if not of relief. It is beside the province of this paper to account for this state of affairs, but when the political and social condition of the race in the past and the practically insular nature of the country are taken into consideration, it is no wonder that the rich heritage of wisdom acquired by the simple law of inheritance has been so zealously guarded and shut out from the prying eyes of a foreign enquirer. The unshaken belief in the Law of Karma and in the evolution of each race on its own lines of perfection or imperfection, has heightened this spirit of isolation. Successive waves of foreign incursions and domination have not been able even to shake off the external web of Hiṇḍū society woven by the hands of time and accident. But a faith which can produce a sage who complacently smiled and cried: "Yet even thou art He," when an infuriated British soldier thrust his bayonet into his bosom on the banks of the Gaṅgā, and a set of devotees who would not allow their evening meditations to be distracted by cannon shots on the banks of the Cauvery in the famous siege of Trichinopoly, must have a mysterious power within it.

The nobility of a religion must be determined by the nature and qualities of its followers shown in *actual* life, and not by the volumes of books which pretend to expound the views and life of its founder or founders. It is a true saying that nothing bad is found in print, at least in the domain of religion and philosophy, and it is equally true that since creation more crimes have been committed in the name of religion and God than good. The burning of the library at Alexandria, the inhuman massacre of millions in the conquest of Mexico, the awful burning of Protestant heretics in Catholic Europe, the throwing of the primitive Christian into the mouth of a starved lion to glut the eye of a Roman populace, the fierce persecution of the Jain and the Buḍḍhist by the Shaivites of Southern India during the Dark Ages—a singular instance of intolerance even in this land of peace and religious freedom—have all been done in the sacred name of God, as seen by jaundiced eyes through the thick glass of bigotry and presumption.

Be the cause what it may, even the worst enemies of the Hiṇḍū faith readily concede that as a race the Hiṇḍūs are docile, patient, law-abiding and unworldly, and that nothing can provoke them to acts of violence and resentment unless their religious suceptibilities are wounded. Even at this day, when gross materialism has entered into this land in the shape of Western culture, it is but a plain statement of fact that many a Hiṇḍū is prepared to sacrifice anything for the religion of his forefathers. There are instances on record which show that kings sacrificed their thrones, ministers their power, warriors their lives, devotees their limbs and eyes, and even women their lives and children—all for the sake of a faith with all its anomalies and diversities. To a sincere Hiṇḍū the world is only a place of toil and torment; the family, a useless encumbrance brought on by his own desires and actions; power, an easy road to perdition; and life, but a preparation for the other world. Is it possible

for a false faith to create such a spirit? The boldest reasonings of the most intellectual western philosopher fall flat upon a Hinḍū's ear, the proudest discoveries of science create in his mind no sense of *incompatibility*, the grandest inventions excite no admiration in him, and the most enlightened form of Government is only a convenient garb in which he can safely work out his own salvation. The religion of such a race of people deserves careful study and the idea of God as conceived by such a race, if properly expounded, can gratify the curiosity of even a casual thinker.

The first idea that strikes the mind of a student of the Hinḍū religion, especially if he happens to be outside its pale, is that it does not seem to be *one* religion, with a system of dogmas and ritual of its own, but a congeries of various *forms* of faith with different conceptions of God, the soul and immortality, and with beliefs and observances essentially differing from one another. It is not associated with the name of any particular individual claiming to be its founder, like the other great religions of the world. There is no cut-and-dried system of doctrines and principles of its own, a belief in which is essential for any man to claim to be within its fold. The grossest forms of nature worship and demon worship are found side by side with the highest form of philosophical development and the purest form of devotional worship, and all claim a common origin and base their existence on the authority of a central textbook which itself seems to be but a collection of various hymns and songs sung in the course of several ages and at several stages of intellectual progress. A student of the early Vaiḍic texts, like Max Müller, calls Hinḍūism a form of nature worship. One who

has made a special study of the later Veḍas calls it an elaborate system of ritualistic offerings made by a primitive race in a spirit of terror or thankfulness to a legion of supposed deities, which are believed to preside over the destinies of the human race. A study of the Upaniṣhaṭs makes one think that the Hinḍū faith is a series of philosophical speculations made by a highly imaginative race in its unaided struggle to weave a rational system of religious belief. On the other hand, a student of the Purāṇas will unhesitatingly pronounce the Hinḍū faith to be a sort of hero worship and the celebrations of the rejoicings of tribal warfare and conquests. To a casual observer who has no knowledge of any sacred book of the Hinḍū religion—a western traveller or a Christian missionary for instance—the Hinḍū religion will appear to be a gross form of superstitious idolatry full of objectionable practices and childish beliefs.

The fault is neither here nor there. It is an infirmity of human nature not to dive into the inner nature of things, but to rush to conclusions and opinions formed by a hasty judgment, resulting from superficial observation through coloured glasses and preconceived notions. A non-Christian has as little right to condemn the religion of Christ and its soul-stirring message to the world, by observing the conduct of some of its so-called followers in a particular age and in a particular part of the world, as a non-Hinḍū has to condemn the grandeur of the Hinḍū faith by observing the gross forms of worship practised by a particular set of people in a particular part of the country. Buḍḍhism has not lost its excellence because it has been expelled from the land of its birth or assimilated by the very faith

which made its rise possible. The religion of Muhammad has lost nothing of its grandeur and fame for wisdom, though some of its so-called followers gave it a turn of military aggressiveness. An earnest student of religion and philosophy must, as far as possible, divest himself of all preconceived notions, exercise his imagination so far as to identify himself with the race whose system of religion he presumes to study, go directly to the fountain-head with an open mind and a humble heart, cut out the weeds of obstruction on his onward march, and grasp the *genius* of the race which has evolved such a form of worship for its guidance. Then he will understand that God's chosen seeds are found everywhere, and that no particular nation, race or tribe can claim the exclusive privilege of being nearest or dearest to God. Different individuals work on different planes by the necessity of their nature and environment, and nations themselves have different ideals, but at the root of all aspirations and achievements, there is this common thread of thirst for eternal happiness, call it salvation if you like, deeply embedded in the heart of every rational soul.

A humble attempt is sought to be made here to present, as far as possible, a rational view of God as conceived by the mystic expounders of the Hinḍū faith and meekly accepted by their followers, who, in handing down their heritage to their posterity, cared only for the ennobling influence of the resultant force, without taking the trouble of systematically presenting the various forces at work. It is not the aim of the writer to adopt any scholarly method of historical exposition and trace the different stages of the evolution of philosophical or religious thought in this

land. It is for a more masterly pen to make that attempt.

The aim of the present writer is only to present before the reader a string of reasonings and ideas which go to prove the possibility of the existence of different and various conceptions of God and His nature, and yet all traceable to a common fountain, so that in the midst of hopeless diversity there is an undercurrent of admirable accord, and there is perfect fellowship in a society which is apparently divided by various forms of observances and worship.

Since the aim of this article is only to attempt a rational explanation of the various creeds and conceptions of God now prevalent in this land and all passing under the common name of Hinḍūism, it is not proposed to examine in detail the creed of each sect and trace its origin to the fountain of all creeds—the Veḍas of the ancient Hinḍūs. It must be carefully noted that each sect is anxious to base its beliefs on the authority of the Veḍas, which themselves are believed to be of divine origin—in the sense that the ultimate ideas of God, the soul and immortality contained therein cannot be the outcome of the mere human reason or imagination, but of divine revelation. This view is commonly accepted by all sects, and anybody presuming to advocate a set of views on the authority of his own intellectual greatness without pointing his finger to any part of the Veḍas in support of his views, has always been looked upon with disfavour. This accounts for the immense trouble taken by even the most original thinkers, the founders of the various sects in the country, in repudiating all claim to originality, but maintaining by means of chapter and verse that they

are only expounding the truth of the Vedas in an easier and more assimilable form. The moment a reformer succeeds in tracing his view to any text or texts in the Vedas, and weaves out a consistent system in the light of his own interpretation, he is surrounded by a number of admirers and he claims to be the only true interpreter of the Vedas, exactly as an adventurer who could muster a troop of horse could aspire to a throne in the days of Aurangzeb. Themselves and their followers know that other interpretations are possible, but rest satisfied with an air of self-complacency that their own view of the matter is the most correct. Their unshakable belief in the law of Karma makes them tolerant of other views and even religions, and to the dismay of a foreign observer, the people of various sects, whose views on the cardinal points of religion and philosophy materially differ from one another, are found to live together in perfect peace and accord.

If it is true that all the various sects claim a common origin and are able to weave a consistent whole from the parent stalk, why should the parent itself, which claims to be of divine origin, be so very elastic as to render the existence of different views on the same one subject possible? The very excellence of the Vedas, commonly believed to be their bane, consists in their chameleon-like myriad-mindedness. Truth, even in the abstract, is many-sided, and a one-sided representation of it can be neither comprehensive nor perfect. The excellence of a thing is seen by its contrast, and the moment the whole is levelled to a dull uniformity, intellectual stagnation is the inevitable result—a consummation neither possible nor desirable. Even the simplest religions of the world, having pronounced views in the

clearest terms, in their essential beliefs and doctrines have given rise to various sects, which go to the length of even warring upon one another. It is as it should be; and no genius, earth-born or heaven-born, can wipe out the existence of this dissimilarity in any society and at any stage in the progress of civilisation. Why such differences exist, is not a proper field of enquiry; but how such differences came to exist, will amply repay investigation. Avoiding the pitfalls of interminable sectarian controversy let us dive deep and directly to the central idea of God as revealed by the Hindū scriptures, whose authority is undisputedly owned by all the sectarians who claim a Vaidic origin for their beliefs.

Since creation there has been no nation, however low, which has been completely devoid of a vague consciousness of some supreme Power controlling the destinies of the human race. Whether it is due to the impotency of human nature or an innate idea caused by the necessity of the human intellectual frame, or the mere outcome of the workings of the inexorable law of Relativity, the idea is there and nothing has been able to shake it out of existence. So then the ancient Hindūs also had their own consciousness of the existence of a supreme Power or Powers in common with the rest of humanity. For that consciousness, necessarily vague at first, to take shape and become matured into a regular conception must have been the work of ages. The point at issue is not whether it is produced by slow evolution or a sudden revelation at any particular stage of intellectual progress. A presumably mature conception in all its variety is found in a number of books, unquestionably the most ancient documents which the

human mind has created on the globe. Is the conception found there adequate to satisfy the longings of a thirsty soul, and is there any means of appealing to human experience for at least an approximate verification of the same? All knowledge is of necessity the outcome of observation and experiment or inference, and can this knowledge of God, as conceived by the ancient Hinḍū, be brought within the sphere of human observation and inference? Is it too grand an attempt and must it necessarily be inadequate and unsatisfactory? However, an attempt is not out of place, and failure is no disgrace.

It is not proposed to adopt the usual *a priori* method of beginning with certain generalisations and then deductively reasoning to account for the various shades of opinion prevailing among the different sects into which the believers in the Hinḍū faith have divided themselves. Having recourse to the more scientific method of proceeding from the known to the unknown, the present writer proposes to take an average individual man as the unit of Consciousness for purposes of metaphysical reasoning. Even an uncultured man is conscious of an entity in himself called the ego, or self, or individuality, as apart from the non-ego, or something different from himself—a living organism like himself or a material object, devoid of activity and motion, *i.e.*, inanimate in the ordinary sense of the word. He feels that his own physical body is something apart from his mind, and no amount of reasoning can make him feel that his body is only an illusory manifestation of his own consciousness, or that his mind is only the outcome of a number of physical forces evolved out of, or acting through, his body. In spite of

all the reasonings of materialism, the world will continue to believe in the existence of an individual soul, and no amount of reasoning can turn a Johnson from stamping upon the earth and believing in its separate existence, in spite of all the persuasions of a Berkeley, who would explain it away as nothing but a consciousness of expanded muscular energy. To an average mind, matter and mind are two different entities, though inseparable from each other in common experience.

Another thing that he easily realises to himself is that all animated beings are of two sexes—the male and the female, the one an active agent and the other a passive receptacle. This differentiation of sex is found to exist even in the vegetable kingdom, and the bold imagination of some thinkers would find it to exist even in the mineral kingdom. Here too an attempt may be made to deduce the one from the other, but for all practical purposes it puts no strain upon anybody's credence to accept the separate existence of the two sexes at least in the animal kingdom. Then again the individual man, the hero of our study, is conscious of three states of consciousness—the wakeful, the dreamy or sub-conscious, and the dormant or the sleep condition of his mind. It may be safely asserted that all living beings are subject to every one of those conditions at some time, and we cannot possibly conceive of any living object absolutely free from all these necessities of life. The differentiation of sex and the above-mentioned three conditions are purely of a physical nature, though they have their corresponding influence on the mental side of nature. Apart from all physical causes the average man is conscious of certain mental activities of an evanescent nature, a perfect release from which

cannot possibly be imagined as long as human nature continues to be what it is.

Psychologically they have been analysed into thirteen qualities, and morally into three guṇas—the Saṭṭva (the good), the Rajas (the active), and the Ṭamas (the bad or dark). These three guṇas are interpenetrative. Each divides itself into a number of permutative triads, and in each triad one quality is predominant with an admixture of the other two in different proportions. In other words, the three main guṇas do not act independently as absolutely apart from one another. This point should be carefully noted, as it gives an effective explanation for the various discrepancies and deficiencies found in human nature, and in the same man at different stages of his life, and for the varying moods to which a man is subject even in the course of a day or even an hour of his existence. This is no empty metaphysical theorising, as it is found to be true in the experience of every human being on the globe. The world has yet to produce a perfect saint or prophet, absolutely free from all weaknesses, nor has it produced hitherto an unalloyed villain of the worst stamp. There is no guarantee that a saint will ever be one incapable of falling into a weakness in thought, word or deed; nor is it impossible for a villain to reform and become a better man.

This threefold aspect of nature is at the root of all experience, and education or deterioration has become possible on account of its changeability. This serves as the basis of all speculation in the hands of a Hinḍū metaphysician. These guṇas are subject to the working of certain cosmic laws, an investigation of which is beyond the scope of the present enquiry. But it may

be remarked in this connection that nature, viewed in the light of this explanation, offers a workable, if not a satisfying, solution for many knotty problems of philosophy and metaphysics. Every state of consciousness is under the control of these guṇas, and the fleeting nature of consciousness is due to the fleeting nature of these guṇas which set it in motion, and the ever-occurring and impermanent cogitations and sensations are the direct outcome of the workings of these guṇas, from whose toils the human soul cannot shake itself free unless the guṇa germs are detected and burnt away—an apparently hopeless task.

With all the fleeting nature of the body and its functions, the mind and its states of consciousness, the world and its environments, we feel that there is something permanent inside and outside, round which the whole world seems to be revolving and have its being. Mind is only a conventional name for all the states of consciousness passing in rapid succession in varying degrees of intensity, but the feeling of this feeling and the consciousness of this consciousness is strongly embedded in an inner entity which cannot be influenced by any kind of stimuli, external or internal. This permanent something is the soul, which by its very nature cannot be mortal. Just as in science destruction means change of matter from one state to another, so in philosophy mortality means change of one order of consciousness into another order of consciousness, and just as it is impossible to get rid of the irreducible atom in the physical world, so it is impossible to get rid of the irreducible minimum in the mental world. The mysterious "I" persists in having a local habitation and a name, in spite of all the

Ama-terasu said: "These are the things by which the race of visible men will eat and live." She planted the millet, wheat and beans in dry fields and sowed the rice in fields covered with water. We read in the *Nihongi*: "That autumn, drooping ears bent down, eight span long, and were exceedingly pleasant to look on."

If the Sun Goddess was unfortunate in having for a brother the Moon God, she was still more unfortunate in her other brother, Susa-no-o. He was wayward and impetuous, bad-tempered and spiteful. His long beard gave him a patriarchal appearance, and at first sight suggested wisdom and benignity. But unfortunately his appearance was deceptive, for whenever he could not get his own way he wept profusely. He was, in short, the one Japanese deity who may be said to have run amok both in the Plain of High Heaven, where the Tranquil River flowed, as well as during his wanderings on earth. When Susa-no-o was angry he destroyed mountains and forests and slew many people, instead of ruling over the sea according to the decree of his father.

Izanagi, hearing of Susa-no-o's unseemly weeping and his still more unseemly destruction of life, desired to banish him to the Land of Yomi with "a divine expulsion". Susa-no-o, who knew how to wheedle very effectively, said to his father: "I will now obey thy instructions and proceed to the Nether-Land (Yomi). Therefore I wish for a short time to go to the Plain of High Heaven and meet my elder sister, after which I will go away for ever." Izanagi fancied he saw in this speech the promise of better things and no little filial piety. He accordingly granted the petition,

and the Impetuous Male ascended to Heaven while the sea roared and the mountains groaned aloud.

When the Sun Goddess heard that Susa-no-o was about to enter Heaven, she was filled with grave misgiving, and said to herself: "Is my younger brother coming with good intentions? I think it must be his purpose to rob me of my kingdom. By the charge which our parents gave to their children, each of us has his own allotted limits. Why, therefore, does he reject the kingdom to which he should proceed, and make bold to come spying here?"

Having murmured these words, she prepared to defend herself. We read: "She bound up her hair into knots, and tied up her skirts into the form of trousers. Then she took an august string of five hundred Yasaka jewels, which she entwined round her hair and wrists. Moreover, on her back she slung a thousand-arrow quiver and a five-hundred-arrow quiver. On her lower arm she drew a dread, loud-sounding elbow-pad. Brandishing her bow end upwards, she firmly grasped her sword-hilt, and stamping on the hard earth of the courtyard, sank her thighs into it as if it had been foam-snow, and kicked it in all directions. Having thus put forth her dread manly vigour, she uttered a mighty cry of defiance, and questioned him in a straightforward manner."

At this point Japanese myth strikes a deliciously humorous note, though the humour is probably unintended. The Impetuous Male, as he stood on the bank of the Tranquil River of Heaven, affected to be much surprised and not a little grieved when he saw the warlike preparations of his sister. Sometimes the Impetuous Male could control his petulance, and he did

reasonings of a materialist, a phenomenalist or a nihilist, and insists upon keeping itself aloof from any state of consciousness, and calls this his own without identifying himself with it. The very expression "my mind" implies a possessor owning a mind, and no amount of philosophical quibbling can gainsay what is warranted by the universal experience of all sentient beings.

The next thing that our hero is conscious of is the idea of time and space. It is not our present purpose to enter into an elaborate enquiry into the origin of this idea, for be it the result of intuition or experience, the idea is there and no external influence has put it in his mind. Whatever else he may try to get rid of, this he cannot shake off, and, according to the Hinḍū faith, not even after his physical death, till his soul becomes finally free from the bondage of the guṇas and its consequent activity. Ideas of home and country, birth and death, youth and age, far and near, and now and then, are only concrete embodiments of this abstract idea, and no philosopher is required to come out of his seclusion and teach us this simple fact.

The idea of limitation has crept into his soul, and the impermanent nature of his joys and sorrows, rank and fortune, and health and prosperity, has made him feel discontented with his earthly existence, and nothing can fill up the void in his heart which he is painfully conscious of every moment of his life. It is in this gloomy aspect of his nature, this longing for something else, that lies the path of redemption. In the work of creation, with growth and decay going on within him and around him, he is conscious of a mysterious Power over which he has no control, and by the very necessity of his nature he begins to speculate upon a

world beyond, a life beyond and a power beyond what has come within his own experience. However callous a man may appear to be, there is this thirst in his heart, of which he himself may not be conscious. The veil of guṇa is thick enough to conceal it from his view, but is not powerful enough to root it out. It manifests itself in proportion to the grossness or the subtlety of the web woven by the guṇas around his soul.

Summarising, then, the result of our enquiry, we arrive at some elementary notions which even a primitive man should have been conscious of, and they are the ideas of matter, mind, spirit or soul, sex, the three *avasṭhās*, the three guṇas, time and space. The first includes the perception of the world and the physical body, the second accounts for the feeling, volition and thought into which all human experience is ultimately resolved, the third is the intuitive consciousness of an individual soul apart from every physical or mental state, the fourth is the invariable distinction of male and female, observable in all living beings, the fifth is the phenomenon of wakefulness, dream and sleep, which every sentient object is necessarily subject to, the sixth is the grand moral law working in the whole universe, and the seventh is the ultimate principle into which all human knowledge reduces itself, giving rise, by the working of the law of Relativity, to ideas of God, the soul and immortality. This is the *summum bonum* of human experience, and any rational system of theology must be able to give an adequate explanation for the existence of all these notions, and since we cannot possibly conceive of something coming out of nothing, it is the duty of a philosopher, prophet, or reformer to propound a system

of philosophy or religion which gives at least an intelligible, if not a realisable, account for the existence of such physical and mental phenomena in the world—a set of phenomena which are the common property of all nations, irrespective of caste, colour or creed. A system which has no explanation for any or all of these phenomena, is at best an imperfect one, and it is the duty of an earnest enquirer and seeker after truth to compare the existing systems of philosophy and the religions of the world, and to decide for himself which gives the nearest scientific explanation that can appeal to his sense of propriety and reason.

T. R. Rangaswami Ayyangar.

(To be concluded)

WHAT IS THE OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH?

By An Old Catholic

THE Old Catholic Church, which in the aggregate numbers from twenty to twenty-five thousand, traces its episcopal lineage to the ancient Church of the Netherlands, founded in the Seventh Century by a Briton, S. Willibrord, and consolidated by his successor S. Boniface; the hierarchy was overthrown in the sixteenth century when the Dutch provinces revolted from Spanish rule, and its place was taken, as in other countries, by Vicars Apostolic. During the persecution of the Jansenists, the Dutch Catholics extended to them sympathy and hospitality. The Jesuits, implacable enemies of the Jansenists, brought about the suspension of Peter Codde, who was Vicar Apostolic in 1702. Codde, who was elected Archbishop of the Chapter of Utrecht (which had been reformed in 1631) fought against unjust persecution until his death in 1710. The Chapter of Utrecht, supported by the Staats-General, maintained the struggle for liberty, and elected as his successor Stenhoven, the Vicar-General. The supply of priests was kept up by sympathetic French and Irish bishops, who ordained the candidates for the Chapter.

In 1719 a certain Bishop Varlet, who had been Bishop of Ascalon and Coadjutor to the Bishop of Babylon, arrived in Holland *en route* for Persia, and at the

request of the Chapters of Utrecht and Haarlem, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to some six hundred persons, no Confirmation having been given in Holland for ten years. For this act of Christian charity Varlet was suspended. Varlet returned to Holland and consecrated successively four Archbishops of Utrecht, by the last of whom the succession was continued, and the bishoprics of Haarlem and Deventer established.

The legality of Varlet's act was defended by the celebrated canonist Van Espen. It is interesting to note that Bishop Varlet traces his episcopal succession through his consecrator Bishop de Matignon to the renowned James Benigne Bossuet, Bishop of Condom and afterwards of Meaux, the golden tongued "Eagle of Meaux," who in his turn through his consecrator was linked with the celebrated Cardinal Barberini, nephew of Pope Urban the Eighth; of such an ancestry any prelate might well be proud.

The Dutch Church has continued its existence ever since. Termed Jansenist by its traducers, it has nevertheless repeatedly cleared itself of this charge of heresy, and its Orders are unquestioned and unquestionable. It is known in Holland as the Old Roman (Oud Roomsch) Church or Church of the Clergy, and at the present day numbers some 8,000 persons.

The next step in the formation of the Old Catholic Church was taken at the time when the Vatican Council decreed the infallibility of the Pope. Dr. Döllinger, of Munich, the foremost ecclesiastical historian of the day, protested against this innovation, backed by the flower of continental scholarship. In 1871 the leaders of this movement who had remained true to their convictions,

organised themselves into Old Catholic congregations. Dr. Reinkens received episcopal Consecration from the afore-mentioned Dutch Church, and the new movement received governmental recognition, several churches being made over to them. Anglican bishops and representatives from various other bodies have attended Old Catholic Congresses, so that the movement is widely respected for its stand for liberty.

Dr. Herzog was consecrated Bishop for the movement in Switzerland in 1876, and established a Theological faculty at Berne University.

In Austria there is a "Los von Rom" movement. Dr. Ized is administrator, but no bishop may be consecrated.

There is also a branch movement in France. In Poland, the Mariavites, numbering some 15,000 and possessing three bishops (Archbishop Kowalsky, Bishop Golembiowski, and Bishop Prochniewski), have recently united themselves with the Old Catholic movement. In Switzerland the Bishop is Dr. Herzog of Berne.

In America there is a Bishop of a National Polish Church, Bishop Hodur, who was consecrated by the Archbishop of Utrecht.

There is also a movement headed by Archbishop Vilatte, who was ordained priest by Bishop Herzog and received episcopal Consecration from the independent Archbishop Alvarez, of Ceylon, who is in union with the Jacobite Patriarch of Antioch.

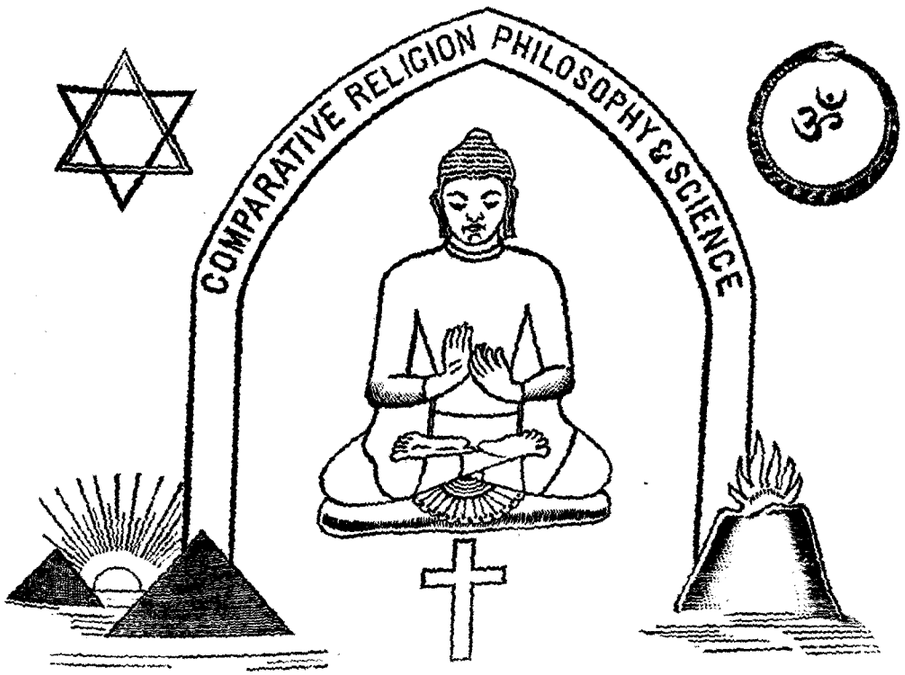
The validity of Archbishop Vilatte's Episcopal Orders is frequently impugned, but the doubt would seem rather to be suggested by malice prepense, than to have any real foundation.

In England, the Old Catholic movement was introduced by Dr. Arnold H. Mathew, *de jure* Earl of Llandaff and Thomastown, who was consecrated by the Archbishop of Utrecht on April 28th, 1908.

Unfortunately the magnificent prospects which lay ahead of the movement were marred by some want of statesmanship in its management. The Bishop quarrelled simultaneously with the Dutch and the Anglican Churches, and few of those who were consecrated as Bishops Auxiliary remained in the movement. Eventually, having ordained several clergy with liberal outlook, the Bishop found occasion to disagree with them, whereupon in December 1915 he made his submission to Rome and addressed a letter to the press declaring that he was "absolutely and irrevocably" convinced of the necessity of actual union with the Roman See and accepted "without hesitation or doubt" the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope.

The English movement continues, however, under other Episcopal auspices, and intends working quietly and unostentatiously to minister to the rapidly increasing number who find spiritual satisfaction therein.

An Old Catholic.



LIFE, DEATH, AND WHAT THEN?[1]

By G. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

WHEN, two years ago, the peaceful life of the world transformed itself into one of warfare, there were certain words that suited better that transformation than any others that I know: "In the midst of life we are in death." We have always had the problem of death before us as a mystery which has been little

[1] A Lecture delivered in the Maclellan Galleries, Glasgow, on Sunday evening, 8th October, 1916.

explained, but I think thousands in these lands of the West will agree that that mystery has become more profound since the days of the war. For when the war broke out for us of the Empire, what did it mean? Thousands of young men, the flower of the land, at once volunteered for a cause that did not touch them personally; they sprang forward to a great ideal, they responded to a call from God. And what was their reward? The reward has been, for thousands of them, death; and so many of us have wanted to know why these, the flower of the land, should have been taken from our midst when we could have spared so many other men.

Now if you consider, in the light of such religious ideas about after-death conditions as you profess, the fate of those who have died, you will not find the problem easy to solve. It is quite true that all the religions of the world tell you that death is not the ending of man, that there is a life beyond the grave, and that life there is a happy one or an unhappy one according to what you have thought and felt and done before you died. Take the Christian conception of the life beyond the grave; there is a heaven of happiness and there is a place of pain, and after death you go to the one or the other according to what you have been in life. Think now of all those young men who have passed away. They were called suddenly from their ordinary occupations; no time was given them to prepare themselves, to purify themselves. Had they all lived to old age, perhaps some of them would have had more opportunities of purification and so a better chance of heaven. They were not, most of them, saints; and there would be nothing for them specially

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appealing in the ordinary conception of heaven. Nor were they all entirely sinners, so as to merit any kind of hell; they were like most of us, with good and evil in them. What is their condition beyond the grave? Where are they? There is the problem that so many thousands are asking. Is there any light to be had on this matter? We say yes, and not only light, but accurate knowledge.

It is true that there has been nothing in religious traditions that could be called real scientific knowledge, but that was only because hitherto men have not wanted it. For ages we have been satisfied to respond to the message of religion with faith; but in the modern world, with our scientific education, we desire to understand with the mind, not only to believe with our intuitions. It is because there is this new need of knowledge that there is a new possibility of fulfilling that desire for knowledge; and I want to show you that there is a knowledge on the subject as precise, as definite, as anything that you will get in any department of science.

Now that seems a striking statement to make, does it not? Let me therefore show you first how this knowledge is gained; because, even if you may not immediately be able to accept it, still, if only you could see a rational method of gaining that knowledge, you would be willing to investigate. That is what I would like to do for you, to rouse in you the desire to investigate.

For a few moments I must take you away seemingly from my subject, to analyse for you how we know anything at all according to such facts as science has told us. I see you before me, and that knowledge is a fact of my

consciousness. But how has that fact reached me? Now, says science, there is a mysterious substance everywhere called the æther, so tenuous and fine that it is finer than the finest gas that we have. This æther interpenetrates all substances; and the substances of the pillars, the walls, the tables and the chairs in this room, and of our own bodies, are porous to this mysterious æther. This æther is put into waves by the light that comes from the electric bulbs in the room. Some of those waves in the æther are reflected by your bodies, and are sent to my eye; and as my optic nerve is thrown into vibration by those waves, a particular centre in my brain is also thrown into vibration; and thence arises in me the knowledge, "I see". You hear my voice, but that is only because I throw into vibration, by means of my vocal chords and lips, the air in this room; those vibrations impinge upon your auditory nerve, and send a vibration to a particular centre in your brain; and then arises the consciousness in each of you, "I hear". So you see that the method of knowledge by any of our senses is by means of a response to vibrations, which vibrations are produced in a medium that exists between each of us as the knower and the thing to be known.

This world in which we live, which normally we know by means of our five senses, is, according to science, a larger world in reality than we are aware of; there are myriads of things which we do not see, which we do not hear, which we do not in any way cognise, because of our limitations. Take, for instance, the matter of sight. We know that when the sun shines, the sun's rays are composed of great series of vibrations; what is called the white ray of sunlight is a bundle of many such

series. We can sort out these vibrations by means of a glass prism, and when we do so, at once there come before our eyes the colours of the solar spectrum—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. But science tells us that there are colours in the sun's rays which our eyes cannot see, that before the red, which is the first colour that we see, there are the infra-red rays, and that beyond the violet there are the ultra-violet rays; and those new colours are everywhere, and they come in with their shades into the objects round us, but our eyes cannot see them. Then, furthermore, we know that we do not hear all the possible sounds. There are some people who cannot hear the squeak of a bat, because its note is too high, and there are sounds too which can be produced by mechanical means with vibrations so slow that though they are really sounds our ears do not hear them. There are many, many other vibrations all round us in this our mysterious world to which we are utterly blind, deaf and insensitive.

Now supposing we were sensitive to some of those mysterious things that are around us, the world which we look at would be quite different. It was Sir William Crookes, the great chemist, who many years ago took a very instructive simile. He said: Supposing you had a man who was so organised that he did not respond to the waves of light, as you and I do, but did respond to the waves of electricity, which we do not—for electricity to us must become light before we see it, or it must affect our nerves by a shock before we can feel it—if you had this peculiarly gifted individual, then, as he stood in this room which is now lit, it would be absolutely dark to him, because he would not respond

to the waves of light; but wherever there was an electric wire; by means of the electric flow in it he would know the room and the things in it. If he were to be outside this room at noon, when the sun was shining, there would be no light in the world to him, it would be all dark; but wherever there was an electric wire, a telegraph wire, or a telephone wire, he would see light; wherever there were two atoms moving, creating thereby electricity, there he would see light; and he would see the world around him by means of electrical waves, but not by means of the light waves from the sun. I mention these things only to show you how limited in reality we are as regards knowing the world in which we live. The statement has been made by scientists that of the knowable world recognised by physical science—to be known of course by means of vibrations, the only method—we, constituted as we are, know only about one-eighth.

Now supposing you had a person with a nervous organisation so constructed that he began to see something, if not all, of the other seven-eighths of the world that science says is not known by us; then at once would he not see many curious mysteries of life solved? Let me take a crude instance to suggest to you the line of solution. Supposing you had a man who could not see *water*, or *vapour*, but could see solid things. Supposing, then, you took him to the seaside; he would not see the water, he would see stretching before him a vast emptiness, and in this hollow he would see fishes moving about unsupported in the air, or what is to him air, and so breaking all the laws of gravity. But supposing he could see the water, then at once he would know that those mysterious breakages of the laws of

gravity were not such at all, that the fishes were using the very laws of gravity as they moved. Similarly too, when the sun was shining, and there were clouds moving across it, he would see the sun but not the clouds; and he would note that mysterious shadows fell on the ground from the direction of the sun, and that objects round him were sometimes more illuminated than at other times. We of course would know the reason, that the shadows were cast by clouds and that the sun's light was being diminished by clouds as they passed in front of it; but till he could see as we see, it would all be a great puzzle.

Now it is in such a way that the moment an individual begins to see more than others of this mysterious world of which they see normally only one-eighth, that the great problem of life beyond the grave becomes solved by him; for the simple reason that he sees that there are other worlds of finer matter everywhere round him, interpenetrating all things, and that in these other worlds the so-called dead live. You may well ask the question: How is it possible to have, here in this room, other worlds? The answer is a very simple scientific reason. Matter such as we know—solid matter, liquid matter, gaseous matter—is not so closely packed as we imagine. The hardest piece of steel, we know from our scientific experiments, is a very porous thing indeed; between the particles of steel there are enormous vacancies. You can take a piece of lead half an inch thick, and put it in the way of a discharge of ions and electrons, and those tiny particles of matter will go through the piece of lead as if it were nothing more than a wire screen. Such is the constitution of matter as we know it; matter does not fill space

absolutely compactly; there are enormous empty spaces between our atoms, and, says science, in those empty spaces matter of a finer composition can exist.

If you were to have this hall packed full of cannon balls, then, because cannon balls are spheres, as are atoms of matter, you could not pack this hall absolutely without empty spaces; in the vacant spaces between the packed cannon balls you could have thousands of tiny shot, and each shot could move about in the empty spaces without being hindered by the fact that there were those monstrous cannon balls about; and you could have a few millions of bacteria also moving about in the same room, quite unconscious of the huge worlds of little shot and cannon balls.

It is because there are finer types of matter than our senses recognise that there is the possibility in one space of many worlds. It was over thirty years ago that science came upon the verge of some of these many worlds. When Crookes put a gas into a tube and exhausted the gas so that there was only one-millionth part of it left, he found that the gas had changed; it became radiant matter, matter of a new kind, matter that glowed with a charge of electricity, matter that behaved in all kinds of queer ways. And since that time of Crookes's radiant matter, finer types of matter—ions, electrons, and so on—are the commonplace of science. It was at that time that Crookes, puzzled over the nature of his radiant matter, made a suggestion which is very striking. He suggested that the matter of a comet's tail might be this mysterious radiant matter, for the matter of a comet's tail behaves so very differently from matter such as we know. The tail of a comet is millions of miles long, and broad and thick,

and as a comet goes through space its tail is whirled at incredible speeds. Now that tail has a certain definite shape; but no bar of steel of that length and size would retain for a moment its shape at that speed; it would all evaporate into gas; but the tail of the comet does not. Crookes therefore suggested that perhaps in a comet's tail we were dealing with this new type of matter, radiant matter; and then he said that if only we could get the matter of a comet's tail and reduce it to such matter as we know, it would not perhaps fill more than a tea-spoon. Radiant matter in a tube is invisible, but in a comet's tail it is visible because of the volume there—another most suggestive idea.

It is because there are invisible worlds of matter all round us that we have here in this room finer worlds of matter than the eye can see. If my personal testimony is worth anything, I can give you this much of my own consciousness, that here, in this room, interpenetrating your bodies, my body, the walls, everywhere, there are finer types of matter; I have seen these finer types of matter for many years, not in trance, not dreaming, but awake, in full consciousness; and I see them now, as I am looking at you; what I see is not an imagination, not a delusion; it is matter, intensely real, intensely alive, moving with new movements that I suppose are fourth-dimensional; there is a far greater reality to me in this invisible world that I see, than in you, the audience I am talking to. Now this knowledge that I have is only a tiny part of a greater knowledge that I am going to describe to you; what I see is an infinitesimal fraction of the many worlds to be seen. Though I shall have to tell you many things I cannot yet see for myself, yet I do see something;

I know the invisible world is a fact, and that this which we call the world is only a part of a larger world. Others more gifted than I have gathered this knowledge bit by bit, investigating as the scientist investigates, which is by the exercise of the trained reason; the knowledge has not been gained by going into trances, nor by table-turning, nor by any kind of inspiration, but by direct personal observation. Just as the scientist, looking through a microscope at a drop of blood, sees the corpuscules there and draws deductions from them, just as he looks through a spectroscope and notes the lines there and then draws his deductions as to the composition of the object he is investigating, so has this work been done, according to the methods of induction and deduction after observing the facts.

And now I come to the knowledge itself, and I must sum up that knowledge very briefly for you. I cannot expect you to believe it, because the knowledge will seem so strange at first, but I am delivering a scientific lecture, propounding certain things worthy of your investigation; belief must be a matter of your own personal judgment. Now supposing there exists a person endowed with these added sensibilities, what does he see? He sees in this world, through it, here in this room as elsewhere, several worlds; each of its own type of matter, with its own vibrations, with its own sounds, with its own colours, and with its own inhabitants. He sees that we ourselves, you and I, have our lives in two of these invisible worlds, the two that fade off, shall I say, and are nearest to this our earthly world; and these two worlds are called in Theosophical studies the astral world and the heaven world. The first is

called the astral or the starry, for a very simple reason; every particle of matter there is so luminous, because of its rapidity of movement, that the impression you get is like millions of little stars everywhere, exactly like the effect you get when snow is lying about at night, and a gas lamp shines above it, and each snow crystal has become a tiny star. The other finer world is called the heaven world, because of the conditions of bliss there for all those who live in it.

In these two invisible worlds we have our part, as we have our part in the visible. My body is made up of matter that is in the earth; the carbon, the phosphorus, the calcium, the oxygen and the hydrogen in it are what are in the earth, but that crude matter of the earth has been transformed by the life processes into living cells and organs, into a living body. Similarly, each one of us has a part in the astral world and in the heaven world, for we have aggregated from each of them an astral body and a heavenly body; and we have these bodies here and now. As I am speaking to you, your eyes see only my physical body making movements; but could you see with the higher sensitiveness, you would see, as I talked, that my astral body, which is here interpenetrating my physical body, and also extending with an aura outside of my body, was all being thrown into waves of colour; and similarly you would see, had you a higher faculty still, that my heavenly body was being thrown into waves of colour by my attempt to make certain ideas clear to you. Now this is our normal life. As I make a movement, I use my physical body; as I have a desire or an emotion, I use my astral body; and as I have a thought of aspiration, of unselfishness, a dream

of some human service, I use the powers of my heavenly body.

Every day, then, we are using these three bodies, though only one of them is seen. Now after the hours of active waking life—which we call "life"—each evening we put the body on the bed, and, as the phrase is, we "go to sleep". But we do nothing of the kind, for *we* do not sleep. What sleeps is the body; we live in our astral and heavenly bodies, and there we continue our thoughts, our worries, our happiness, while our physical outer garment is on the bed. Now that thing on the bed is not dead. It has a life of its own, a curious, limited childish consciousness, sufficient to protect itself, to cover itself if the blankets are slipping off, to turn over if it is tired on one side, and so on; it does all these intelligent things with what is called the sub-conscious mind. But during this time we are in the astral world, sometimes hovering near the physical body and seeing it lying on the bed. Haven't some of you had those dreams when you seem to be outside your body and yet you see yourself lying on the bed, and you are rather shocked and wake up with a start? Sometimes it happens that you travel about the world in your astral body, and see an event at the other side of the world, and you wake up with a full, detailed remembrance of what you saw; there are hundreds of such cases of "veridical" or truth-telling dreams, which have been proved true afterwards by confirmation. It is in the astral world, and in the astral body, that each one of us lives during the hours of sleep every day of our lives. So, as a matter of fact, we play a dual rôle during life, one in the visible and one in the invisible.

Then comes, sooner or later, that change which is called death, and when death happens, nothing new happens to us that has not been happening every day of our lives. Each day we left our earthly body at night, when we went to sleep; when death comes we do it for the last time, for we do not return to the body again. So that, so far as the real you, the soul, is concerned, death is not the mysterious, awful something that you are told to expect; you have "died" every night, and to do it once more is not such a shock, and when you do so, death makes no change whatsoever in you.

C. Jinarājadāsa.

(To be concluded)

so on this occasion. With knowledge of the histrionic art worthy of a better cause, he concealed his evil motives by adopting the air of one grievously wronged. When he looked across the River of Heaven and saw his sister in all her "dread manly vigour," he said with great pathos: "From the beginning my heart has not been black. But as, in obedience to the stern behest of our parents, I am about to depart for ever to the Nether-land, how could I bear to go without having seen face to face thee my elder sister? It is for this reason that I have traversed on foot the clouds and mists and have come hither from afar. I am surprised that my elder sister should, on the contrary, put on so stern a countenance."

Ama-terasu was not wholly convinced of her brother's good intentions, and she resolved to test his sincerity. She accordingly took her brother's ten-span sword, broke it into three pieces, and rinsed them in "the true-well of Heaven". She then crushed the fragments in her mouth, and in blowing them away they were converted into three female deities known as the "*Kami* of the torrent mist," the "*Kami* of the beautiful island," and the "*Kami* of the cascade". Susa-no-o then took the Yasaka jewels which his sister had worn in her hair and round her wrists, and, having also rinsed them in "the true-well of Heaven," crushed them in his mouth and blew out the fragments, which were immediately changed into five male deities. Now the condition of this deity-producing competition was that if Susa-no-o created female *Kami*, his motive in visiting his sister was evil. If, on the other hand, he produced male deities, his motive was good. It will be seen, therefore, that by the condition imposed the

Impetuous Male was "honourably acquitted". But unfortunately the Sun Goddess informed her brother that the female deities fashioned from his sword belonged to him, while she had every right to possess the five gods, seeing that they had been created from her Yasaka jewels.

When the Impetuous Male heard that he was to have the female deities while his sister was to possess five gods, simply because she had been clever enough to beg the question and to indulge in artful sophistry, he became exceedingly angry. He knew that his sister was extremely proud of her rice-fields, and in the spring he broke down the boundaries between the plots, and in the autumn he completely ruined a promising harvest by letting loose a number of piebald colts. Unfortunately he was not satisfied with this malicious act, for while the Sun Goddess sat in the Weaving Hall, weaving garments for the Gods, he made a hole in the roof of the palace and flung down a "heavenly piebald horse which he had flayed with a backward flaying". Many of the Sun Goddess's women were frightened to death, while Ama-terasu herself was injured with the shuttle. Angered by her brother's treachery, she hid herself in the Rock Cave of Heaven and the world was in darkness.

F. Hadland Davis

THREE SAINTS OF OLD JAPAN

II. SHOTOKU TAISHI

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

PRINCE MUMAYADO (572—621), better known by his posthumous title of Shotoku Taishi, has been described as the "Constantine of Japanese Buḍḍhism". He was the son of the Emperor Yomei, and acted as Regent under the Empress Suiko, that ardent Buḍḍhist convert who issued religious edicts bidding princes and ministers possess images of Shākya Muni, and who showered royal favours upon sculptors of Buḍḍhist deities. Shotoku Taishi, like Kobo Daishi, was extremely versatile, and to his credit it must be admitted that he was equally brilliant in his many accomplishments. He was a devout Buḍḍhist saint and propagandist, a famous General and statesman, a distinguished artist and sculptor, as well as a notable historian.

Shotoku Taishi's influence upon Buḍḍhism is incalculable. He was not only one of Japan's most notable saints, but he was also the first great Japanese patron of learning in its widest meaning. He was not one of those who accumulate knowledge simply for their own personal use or for their own particular glory. On the contrary he gleaned wisdom solely that

he might shed it abroad for the advancement of his people. He constantly poured into the darkness of ignorance the light of science and art, and propounded a religion that struck deeper roots than Shintoism and gave forth more profound and more vital truths than those associated with the national faith. In short, he revealed to the wondering eyes of the Japanese people the great civilisation of China.

He was not simply a mystical dreamer, for he framed the first code of laws based upon Chinese philosophy, and these laws still bear fruit in Japan. It has often been said of the Japanese people that they are not original, that they are incorrigible borrowers of every kind of knowledge, from the painting of a *kakemono* to the construction of a battleship. This opinion, so frequently expressed, is perfectly true, but we do not sufficiently appreciate the fact that Japan's genius is to be found in borrowing silver, as it were, and transmuting it into gold. That is to say she borrows freely, but always pays back at a very high rate of interest. This was the case with Shotoku Taishi's code of laws, known as the Constitution of the Seventeen Articles. The code was undoubtedly based upon Chinese philosophy; but it was very far from being simply a slavish imitation. He studied Chinese philosophy deeply. He knew its profound complexities, its tedious diffuseness, and he knew that in its original form it was much too unwieldly for the comprehension of the masses. He squeezed, as it were, the quintessence of that philosophy into a few terse sentences, just as a Japanese poet manages to express in a verse of only thirty-one syllables a poem as brief, but as suggestive, as the bugle notes of the Last Call. The

Articles are briefly as follows: Art. I. A plea for concord. Art. II. The acceptance of Buddhism. Art. III. The dignity of the Emperor. Art. IV. The duties of rulers and magistrates. Art. V. Bribery and corruption. Art. VI. Lying and flattery. Art. VII-VIII. The evils of hereditary office. Art. IX. The result of those evils. Art. X—XIV. The responsibility of hereditary holders of office. Art. XV. The significance of sages and saints. Art. XVI. The exercise of patience and self-control. Art. XVII. "Never act on your own private initiative or authority; and never take any step of importance without consultation. In a doubtful case consult the more."

Shortly after the promulgation of his Constitution, he lectured in his palace at Naniwa on the *Saddharama-pundarika-sutra*, the *Vimala-Kirtti-nirdesa-sutra*, and the *Srimaladeni-simhananda-sutra*, known in the Japanese as *Hokekyo*, *Yuima-kyo* and *Shomagyo*. The first *sutra* dealt with theology, the second with the duties of faithful laymen, and the third with the duties of faithful women. "On these three *sutras*," writes Arthur Lloyd in *The Creed of Half Japan*, "he preached and also composed commentaries." Shotoku Taishi did not preach the wonderful life of Shākya Muni with all its simplicity and all its beauty. He did not portray the Lord Buddha as Sir Edwin Arnold portrayed him in *The Light of Asia*. Just as St. Paul added to Christianity a wealth of mysticism and revealed a sublime communion with his Master in a way beyond the conception of St. Matthew or St. Luke, so did Shotoku Taishi preach a form of Buddhism which was essentially esoteric. He represented Shākya Muni as "the Eternal Buddha, without beginning and without end,

manifested in India as Gotama, but manifested often both before and since." Shotoku Taishi portrayed the Lord Buddha as "spiritually present with his people, giving them His spiritual Body for their worship, with four great Ministers before Him, and surrounded with a glorious company which no man can number, of perfected saints who rise to greet Him out of the clefts of the earth". It was a wonderful conception, vital, soul-stirring; and propounded by a saintly prince, it was a teaching that did not fail to create a large number of converts among both sexes.

Saints seldom, if ever, escape the embellishing hand of legend. Shotoku Taishi was certainly no exception, though the miraculous stories told of him are neither so wonderful or so numerous as in the case of Kobo Daishi. Zealous Buddhists saw in the Prince a holy man worthy of high honour. Some went so far as to assert that he was an incarnation of the Buddha. Those who were not religiously inclined were by no means meagre in their praise. They believed that this preacher-prince gave fresh life to the nation, that he raised the status of the Empire, laid the foundations of Japanese learning, fixed the laws of decorum, and dealt with foreign affairs with conspicuous success. His religious followers were not content with merely princely attributes. They very naturally regarded saintliness as of far more importance than good statesmanship, and in so doing probably failed to recognise how good and how rare such a combination is.

According to legend, Shotoku Taishi could speak when he was four months old, while we are informed that eight months later (eight is a sacred number in Japan) he turned to the East, folded his hands, and

prayed to Buddha. So potent was the invocation that when the boy opened his hands, one of them was found to contain the pupil of Shākya Muni's eye. At a much later date the Prince built the monastery of Horyuji, between Osaka and Nara, and here the holy relic was deposited. The monastery, which exists to-day, is the oldest type of Buddhist architecture in Japan. It contains paintings alleged to be the work of the founder. A heap of swords, tarnished by time, and a pile of mirrors, both simple and ornate, testify that many a believer has received an answer to his or her prayer.

Shotoku Taishi received the name of Mumayado ("Stable Door") because he is said to have been born outside the Imperial stables. He was also called Yatsumimi-no-Oji ("Prince of Eight Ears") because it is recorded that he was able to hear the appeals of eight persons at the same time, and what was much more important, able to give to each a fitting answer. When he was sixteen years old he was on the battle-field, fighting against the traitorous head of the Mononobe who had opposed the Emperor's accession. When the Imperial army had received a third repulse, the Prince exclaimed: "Without prayer we cannot succeed." He accordingly carved a representation of the Deva Kings and wore it in his hair, while to those who served him he gave pictures of these Buddhist Guardians, and bade them wear the sacred figures upon their armour. The young Prince vowed that if success should crown his efforts, he would build a temple in honour of the Deva Kings. Having invoked, not the power of ancestors, as Shintoists would have done, but the much greater strength of divine beings, he rallied

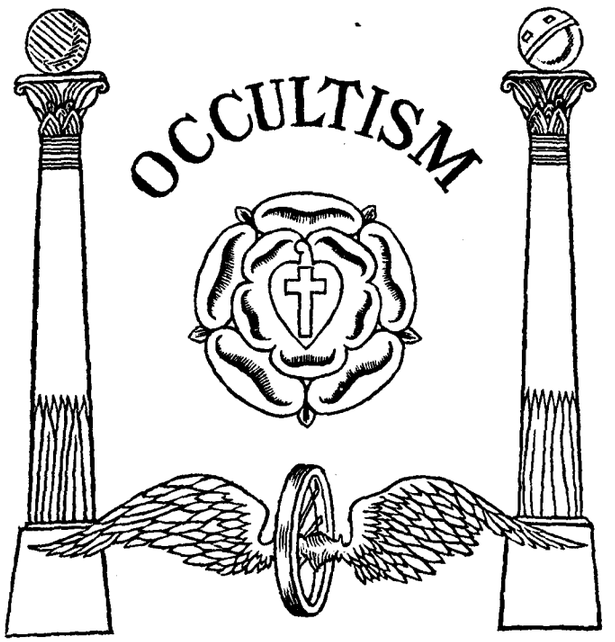
his men, and an archer killed the head of the Mononobe. The opposing army, destitute of a leader, was utterly routed.

The Prince did not forget his promise in the event of victory. He built, in fulfilment of his vow, the famous Temple of Tennoji at Osaka, which Lafcadio Hearn described in one of his letters as "a queer, dear, old temple". To-day the original dedication seems to be lost sight of. The Deva Kings sit, as it were, in the dust of long neglect, while he who prayed to them has become a god, if posthumous honour and a saintly life can make him so. There is a shrine called Taishi-do, dedicated to Shotoku Taishi, and another shrine containing what is known as the "Bell of Leading". This bell is rung in order that the saintly Prince may lead the dead into Paradise. Among the departed must be many souls of children, for various toys are to be found before the shrine. Within the temple is a stone chamber where water pours forth from the mouth of a stone tortoise. Slips of bamboo, bearing the names of those who have recently died, are dipped into the sacred water by means of a long stick, and the stream is believed to carry prayers for the departed to the great Shotoku Taishi. Running water in Japan, as in other countries, is the great highway of prayer. It leads to Jizo, the God of Japanese children, and it plays a most important part in the great Festival of the Dead.

Shotoku Taishi died in the year 621. He seems to have known the day and hour of his decease. Hyecha, a Buddhist priest who had instructed the Prince in the "Inner Doctrine," decided to pass into the Beyond on the first anniversary of his disciple's

death, so as "to meet the Prince in the Pure Land and, together with him, pass through the metempsychosis of all living creatures". Rich and poor alike mourned the loss of one who was a devout saint and a loyal and wise prince. The people exclaimed: "'The sun and moon have lost their brightness, Heaven and Earth have crumbled to ruin—henceforth in whom shall we put our trust?'" But the master-hand is never still. It guides behind the Veil. The *Kojoki* informs us that at the death of this saint the old felt as if they had lost a dear child, the young as if a beloved parent had taken the last journey of all. That is a tribute worthy of a great saint; but in course of time human love quickened into the divine, and prince and saint became a god in the eyes of his people.

F. Hadland Davis.



DEVACHAN—A WORLD OF THOUGHT

A TALK WITH A CLASS

By ANNIE BESANT

WE are often asked questions about Devachan, and specific information about it has been given in our books and in our lectures. But if you understand only stray *facts* concerning Devachan, you will really have only fragments of knowledge, for though your immediate question may be answered, it may not help

you to deal with your next question. What you want to do, if you are really to get a grasp of the laws of the spiritual world, is to take the underlying *cause*, study it and grasp it. You do not then answer questions by *facts*, but you apply the *principle* that you grasp to explain the facts that you come across. That is the only way really of gaining knowledge worth calling knowledge, because there is no end to facts and therefore no end to questions; but you can answer them yourself if you can only apply their underlying principles.

So with regard to the underlying principle of Devachan. If it is grasped, if you really understand what it means and work it out, you will be able to answer all the subsidiary questions for yourselves, instead of bringing them to other people and memorising, as it were, the answers. The object, you must remember, of all our teaching is not to give facts to memorise, as is done in the case of ordinary knowledge, but to evolve in yourselves the faculties which will enable you to understand and grasp facts and arrange them in their proper place. Of course it is enormously more difficult, but it means growth, whereas the other really only means marking time.

With regard to Devachan, the whole principle is that it is a World of Thought. That is a phrase with which the whole of you are familiar; and if you are asked what Devachan is, you can say: "A world of thought." But if you realise what those three words, "world of thought," mean, you might work out the whole of the devachanic conditions for anyone whose mental possibilities would enable him to understand it.

You have to realise what it means to be living in the mental body. It does not mean in Devachan something quite different from what it means down here. Only down here you do not realise your life in the mental body, but in the workings of the mental body as transmitted to the physical brain, which is a very different matter. You cut off at each stage a large number of your mental perceptions. It is just like shutting windows as you go down. On the mental level the windows are very, very numerous—practically continuous. As you come down into the astral, a number of those windows are closed; into the physical, nearly all of them are closed. If you do that in thought, if you use your imagination to do it, you would be able to understand practically the devachanic state, and you would give the right meaning to such words as "illusory," and the others which are used in describing it.

Try to think of yourselves without the astral and the physical bodies. You know I have often told you that one of the most useful exercises is to take the physical body as it is, and shut off one of your senses mentally, taking first of all that which affects you the least, and so going on and on until only one sense is left. You will find, if that is then eliminated, the physical world is out of contact with you. H. P. B. was very fond of teaching her pupils to do this. She would say: "Go and meditate as though you were blind." You would shut out your sense of sight, think, as far as you could, as though you had not the sense of sight. It is difficult to do that, because of all the mental impressions that you gained through that sense in the past. That is where the real difficulty comes in. You

can shut out the sense of sight by thinking of yourself as in the dark, but it is far more difficult to shut out all that that sense of sight has impressed upon you during the whole of your waking life, and to get back into the condition, say, of the man born blind, who has never seen.

I remember trying to do that once in Avenue Road by talking a great deal with people who used to come to the meetings from a blind asylum close by. I made friends with them, and gradually they came to tell me how the world seemed to them. Of course there was an enormous difference between the person who had been born blind and the person who had seen and could re-create the world around him. But the ideas of the man who had been born blind were very peculiar. His ideas of the world were based on what people said to him about it, and he had to add to their words meanings of his own which they could not convey. Take the idea of colour. To convey the idea of colour to a man who has been born blind is an almost impossible thing. You have nothing to go upon with it.

In that fashion you can practically learn something at least of how the world seems to these people; then you can imagine this in meditation. Again, a way of getting some ideas on the subject would be to take the biography of Helen Keller, who was practically out of contact with the world, you might say, except by touch. From that you would see what the world was to her, and how it gradually changed with the very beautiful course of instruction through which she was taken.

It is only by this kind of definite, practical effort of the imagination, trained by facts, not allowed to fly all

over the place, that you will really gain the power of isolating yourselves from the physical sheath deliberately and consciously. Then you try to do the same thing in the astral world; then observe what you come to in the world of mind alone. You take with you, of course, into that world of mind all the impressions which have been made through the physical and the astral bodies. The workings of the mind have been thus focalised, and the result in that manner is not fabricated but is nearer the truth. If you can work that out, not hastily, but slowly and gradually and steadily, you will be able to get a very clear idea of the devachanic state, because all that you have left there is the mental body as a means of contact with the outer world. Hence, of course, as you know perfectly well, the immense importance in your present life of gaining a very great variety of mental impressions, a rich consciousness full of impressions, and above all full of what you have made out of the impressions, which is the real work of thought; not the mere bricks which have been given you from this outer world of the senses, but the houses that you construct out of those bricks, because that is done by the building power of mind.

One valuable thing H. P. B. taught us was that you do not jump at things in Occultism; you gradually, bit by bit, build them up. Her idea, for instance, of creating the picture of the Master was very different from the idea of most people when they do it. Of course I know that if you have a strong power of visualisation you can do it very quickly, but even then, if you want the training that she laid so much stress upon, so that every power that you have becomes a tool for your use, you would find her method very helpful.

She told us that the way to make a picture of the Master was to begin at the feet and to work up step by step as though we had a paint brush in our hands, and paint the picture mentally bit by bit. Not one of the impressionist pictures, because that is not the sort that she wanted us to do. She wanted an accurate picture of the physical thing, very, very carefully created. I am not saying that that is the highest form of painting, but I am only telling you what she wanted us to do. If that is done, you may say that it is done once for all; and that you can do by concentrating the mind.

Similarly when you are trying to realise this mental state apart from the continual checks that your thoughts receive by the grosser matter of the physical world, which you are not able to affect very strongly by your thought. If you take the pains to do that thoroughly and carefully, you will find that the result is that you get a clear idea of the devachanic state.

There are two points about that which need special notice. One is that there is no check upon it from outside. When you are thinking here in your brain, your thoughts are constantly corrected by outside happenings, and constantly corrected also by the working of the reason from the impressions of the senses, which is a very important factor. The senses convey the *impressions* which they receive from outside; there is no guarantee that those are accurate as regards the *facts*. The senses are perfectly accurate so far as the impression goes of what they get; but the conclusion drawn from that impression is very often entirely wrong, as you know. For example, take the common illustration of the sun rising. You see it rise; there is no doubt

that you see it rise. The eye is perfectly accurate in conveying to your brain the impression made upon it. But the conclusion that the sun is moving is, as you know, quite wrong. Hence with every mental impression you get a double action: you come up against certain physical facts that you can't get away from; then by your reason you have to correct the impression they make upon you.

There is nothing of that in Devachan, and that makes an immense difference naturally. Hence the importance of accurate thinking here, if Devachan is to be useful. You must train your imagination not to be controlled by the impression which physical plane facts make upon your senses. Then in your Devachan you will not have a very mistaken sort of idea of things in general. The use of the physical plane is to make your mental powers precise and accurate, to give them a precision which in their own plane they have not got, until the mental powers of that particular person have been subjected to a long amount of training from the physical plane. It is only that which takes away the vagueness, the cloudiness, such as you will find, for instance, in all the inferior ranks of devas.

The devas have the vaguest and cloudiest conceptions of things; very beautiful from the artistic standpoint, exceedingly beautiful, but inaccurate so far as facts are concerned. They don't know the facts; they are not living in the world of physical facts. They have no experience of it except by playing upon it from outside, and they are not corrected by it in any sense. That is one of the reasons why we are told that while a deva friend may be an exceedingly interesting person, you had better be very careful how you follow out his

ideas, because he may lead you into the most extraordinary bogs; not only bogs of inaccurate thinking but also bogs of exceedingly immoral conduct, judged by the ordinary standard. That is a danger from the lower order of ḍevas—not, of course, from the higher: they are not in themselves immoral at all in their world, but they are entirely different from us. They have no relation to the facts in which humanity is evolving, because, as I think I once explained to you, they see only the end and they don't care one scrap about the means. A certain thing has to be done and they do it. And that is all right in their world. But supposing they tell you to do it; you come up against all the facts of this world, among which there are laws, such as: "Thou shalt not kill." Now the ḍeva's particular business may be to kill at the moment. He cares about nothing except that particular thing which he has to do. But if he used you as an agent, as he is quite willing to do sometimes to save himself trouble, then naturally you come into contact with the forms of human justice. Hence the unwisdom of taking a ḍeva as a guide; I am not speaking about the high Ḍevas, of course, but of most of the ḍevas on the astral plane, the nature-spirits as we often call them, who are most in contact with human beings. They are very pleasant friends, because they can be very loving creatures, and there is no earthly reason why you should not enjoy their company, provided you realise that the power to make pictures does not necessarily go hand in hand with an understanding of human affairs. As I have sometimes told you, when such a ḍeva occasionally comes in contact with a human being and guides him, that human being becomes the most

annoying and troublesome person; very charming, but most troublesome in ordinary human society. You don't know what to do with him or her.

When you come to Ḍevachan you carry into it just the mental furniture that you have—neither less nor more. You should therefore take advantage of your stay in the physical world to make your thinking accurate and precise, because the amount of inaccuracy in people's ordinary talk is something astounding when you begin to analyse it. You had better find it out in yourself first; it always answers to make one's experiments in one's own body. If you try it, you will find out how extraordinarily untruthful you are. I am not being rude, because I found the same thing in myself, though I rather prided myself on being very truthful and accurate. Without thinking, you colour things; without thinking, you make a nice story about a thing, a little more or a little less than actually happened, and so on. All those things will very much limit the usefulness of your Ḍevachan, because you will carry with you a whole mass of imaginings and fancies which are not in either heaven or earth. Hence you will not get out of Ḍevachan all you should get, the growth of all experience into faculty, which is one use of Ḍevachan.

That lack of correction, then, by the hard outside experience which you cannot manage, is one thing to think of; and remember that in the mental world matter answers to whatever you think, at once responds and takes shape according to your thought.

The other important point, which you should specially notice with regard to your stay in Ḍevachan, is your inherent shades of perception and your capability

to appreciate. That is the other great limit. You know in Devachan everything to which you can answer, and nothing more. You can increase that capacity in Devachan if you started here on any point, but you can't begin a new starting point there. It is not a world of causes; it is a world of effects. Hence the great importance of multiplying, so far as possible, your points of contact with other minds, as well as your points of contact with the outside physical world, so as to get many starting points of new lines of development in Devachan.

Every great mind that you come into touch with is one such germinal capacity for evolution in the devachanic state. Where you begin is the great point, for you will thus make endless opportunities for evolution in Devachan. I think on the whole that the "capability to appreciate" is the most important point as regards the devachanic life. Think for a moment of the very little that we can appreciate in the Master. We do not know the Master; we know only the impressions to which we are able respond to that He makes upon us. You come, let us say, in the night-world, in the world when your body is sleeping, into touch with the Master. You feel you are coming into touch with Him, which is perfectly true; but only with a little bit of Him, that fragment in Him to which you are able to answer.

You want to increase your capacity to respond to greatness; and there are two ways of course—by the expansion of the intellect, and by the expansion of devotion. The expansion of the intellect is the more difficult and slow work. It has to be done, of course; you must not neglect it. The expansion of the heart by love and devotion is comparatively rapid, and the

tendency, when you come across anyone who is a good deal greater than yourself, to try to appreciate rather than to criticise, means that you are increasing the part of you which is responsive to that which is beyond your present capacity.

It is not necessary to limit that to persons greater than yourself. One can learn something from every individual one meets, because every Self is unfolding in his own way, not in yours nor in the way of anybody else. He may be very much less unfolded than you are yourself; but on the other hand he may have unfolded a particular point that you have not unfolded, and one way of profiting by people around you is by trying to come into touch with them on the point on which you do not sympathise. If you sympathise, that would mean that you had the power to respond; when you do not sympathise, it means that you have not the power to respond to that particular point. That is the simple answer. Instead of thinking of the person: "He is irresponsive, he is uninteresting and very dull" (I dare say he may be), adapt yourself to him and try to find something in him which you do not appreciate and which you ought to appreciate.

A witty Frenchwoman once said, when she had been to a party and was asked if she had not found it dull: "It would have been very dull if I had not been there myself." That is exactly the spirit you want. There is nothing dull in this world for a person who is himself intellectual and responsive; and if he finds it dull, it is because he is lacking in something which he ought to supply.

Every one who does much in the way of leading, or who has what is called the power of leading, is a

person who, whether he knows it or not, is always learning something from every person he meets. A person may be very dull, stupid, undeveloped, but instinctively the person who is a leader at heart and has the power to lead, will meet that man on the one point that the man knows more about than he does, and he will learn something from him. The attitude of receptivity makes the man open out, and he will explain the best that is in him, and the leader will get that out of him, and so much will be added to his own capacity to respond, while the man will love him.

That is one of the most practical and useful lessons that I know. When you study Occultism you come into it with an understanding as to why you are doing it, which you did not have before, but it is a wonderful thing which is instinctive in a person who has the power to lead. The very fact that he leads means that he is more developed along a certain line than the other people whom he leads consciously. Hence his need to be able to come into contact with very large numbers of people, because he is not effective as a leader if he does not get a big following. Some do this naturally, and I suppose instinctively; but Occultists do it deliberately. With every person whom they meet they say, as it were, to the ego of that person: "What have you got to say to me?" and they do not try to push what they have to say on the other person. They give the other person a chance to explain himself.

If two people happen to meet who are both trying to do this same thing, it may be a little amusing, because each is trying to find out the point on which he does not contact the other. Well, then the stronger

wins, and the one who has the more power of assimilation is the one who will get the most out of it. But this deliberate effort is comparatively rare, and if you will really practise it, you will find the world becomes enormously more interesting; you never will find it dull, for the reason that you are always learning something.

That is one of the practices which makes Devachan rich. You have developed an enormous number of points of contact with the outer world of thought, and along each of those you can work. That is what makes the Devachan of the developed person who goes there so very long; he must have time to work out all these different things, and his progress is enormous. I think I have said to you before that there are two sides to that, and that the very, very long Devachan is apt to take a person too much out of touch with the world and thus make him forget it, as it were, so that when he comes back again the world has changed so enormously that there are a great many things in it to which he does not respond and he has to learn to do so.

You cannnot have everything in character and responsiveness at the present time, until you reach perfection—perhaps I won't say perfection—until you reach the Jīvanmukta stage. There is always a certain lop-sidedness growing out of our past, and we gradually learn to understand our own lop-sidedness.

If you can follow out these lines of thinking, you will be able to answer all the questions put to you on Devachan, and that is the value of it to you. It should help you not only in your own experience at present, but also in helping other people to understand. This clear appreciation of what Devachan means will be

PERIODIC REST IN HELL

By THE LADY ABBESS X——, O.S.B.

MUCH has been written about Happiness in Hell, and opinions given on a subject of dire importance by persons more or less capable of their self-assumed task. There is another side of the momentous subject, as old as Christianity itself, and that is the idea of periodical rest and immunity from suffering in that place of punishment. From the first ages of Christianity, such ideas have taken a more or less tangible form and have become more or less popular from their adaptation to the temper of the people and the times; indeed they sprang from both people and times.

It is not wonderful that such should be the case. If there is belief in a future at all, above all in one where the justice of an all-holy God must be satisfied, the heart of every creature must ache to know the likelihood of mercy, both for the sake of those it loves, as for its own sake, when its time too shall come; and so the present century, in its discussion on the eternity of suffering, is but echoing the cry of human nature in the first, that claimed some rest at least for unhappy souls, brought into existence without their will, and then condemned to endless woe for sin committed during that existence.

In the famous *Visio S. Pauli* a moving scene is depicted. Guided by the Archangel Michael, S. Paul entirely traversed the *doloroso regno*; he has beheld the different orders of sinners and the bitter punishment to which Divine Justice has subjected them; and at the sight he has shed tears of compassion and sorrow. He is about to leave the horrors of this place of darkness, when the damned cry out with one voice: "O Michael, O Paul, have pity upon us, pray for us to the Redeemer." And the Archangel replies: "Weep, all of you, and I also will weep with you, and with me will weep Paul and all the angelic choirs; who knows whether God will not have mercy on you." And the damned cry: "Son of David have mercy on us." Behold, Christ, crowned, descends from Heaven and reproaches the reprobate with their wickedness and reminds them of the blood uselessly shed for them. But Michael and Paul and thousands upon thousands of angels kneel before the Son of God and cry for mercy, and Jesus, moved with pity, grants to all the souls in Hell the grace, that they may rest and be without any torment from the hour of None on Saturday until Prime on Monday.

This shows the bent of men's minds. God was so good, they thought, His mercy was over all His works; and therefore they did not doubt that in His all-powerfulness He would devise some means for the mitigation of pain imposed by Himself. And this was a belief not held by the common people only. In the beginning of the third century, Clement of Alexandria denied the purely afflictive pain of Hell. According to him, the end and character of punishment was simply pedagogic. Origen, too, his illustrious disciple, affirmed the final

found helpful in answering people's questions, which seem sometimes puzzling to you.

It has been said that our ideas in Devachan are of the ego's own making. Do not mistake that, as so many people do, by thinking it less real than what your ego is going through down here, because the whole of your contact with the world here is also of your ego's own making. He cannot alter the facts that he meets that are not his own, so to speak, but he alters his attitude to the facts, and so the impression that the facts make on him.

Each one of you in his own world is living quite separate from everybody else in his own world. You only know the impressions that other people make upon you, modified by your own receptivity. You do not know other people. Just because one of them, who may be stronger, can knock you down physically, you think that is real. That does not make him real to you. It only means that down on this physical plane one kind of matter does not readily permeate another, and if one kind bangs up against another, the stronger knocks the weaker down. It is merely that one fact.

You are already living in the world of your own making. That is what I want you to realise. It is not real; it is a world of your own impressions only, and that is what you are living in, and that is why you make so many mistakes, which we all do and have done. It is because we are living in an unreal world among other people, each of whom is living in his own unreal world; it is because we come tumbling up against each other with all our unrealities that we naturally misunderstand each other. If you saw a human being as he is, you would misunderstand,

you would understand him. Then you would never quarrel with him. It is because you see him, not as he is, but as he appears to be, that you have misunderstandings and quarrels and all the rest of it. Unrealities make these; not realities. So you are truly living now in a world of your own making.

In Devachan the difference is that all the disagreeable things are kept out. Of course that makes a great difference in your happiness, but they are artificially kept out, just as artificially as, when you go into your own room, you close the door and thus shut out the outer world.

Annie Besant.

MEMORY IN NATURE

By W. C. WORSDELL

(Concluded from p. 416)

WE saw that Hering, Butler, and Sir F. Darwin held that the line of living organisms, generation after generation, is perpetuated; like producing like, time after time, by means of a process of memory transmitted by the germ-nucleus from parent to offspring; Hering holding that vibrations along the nerve-substance from all parts of the body impinge on the germ-nucleus and therein store up impressions.

Now the Theosophical teaching is much akin to this. But while, in the scientific view, physical matter only is considered; in the Theosophical, many planes of matter and, in the case of man, an immortal Ego are added factors, giving a much more comprehensive outlook upon the subject. In Theosophy, too, we have the teaching of the Divine Life, as a force distinct from that of the chemistry and physics of the cell; a force guiding and controlling these lower energies.

For each group (composed of allied individuals or species) of mineral, vegetable, and animal forms there is a block or reservoir of this Divine Life, spoken of as the "group-soul". In this, not in the physical germ-cell only, as science would have us believe, is stored the

fund of experiences obtained by the Divine Life during its separate incarnations in each of the physical forms. For on the birth of each new organism a portion of the group-soul-life flows into it, giving it the Instinct whereby its destiny is guided and controlled. This Instinct, the result of the accumulation of many separate experiences in the common group-soul, is the unconscious memory of the race exhibited in each individual organism. Hence the embryo plant remembers how to build up its tissues and organs in the right order and way, the duckling remembers how to swim, the young crystal the proper angles to lay down.

Organisms cannot be adequately explained on the basis of their ensoulment by chemical and physical energies only. It is necessary to postulate another factor, that of Life. If the chemico-physical energies dissipate, as they do, with the break-up of the physical form, this Life does not likewise perish, but persists; not as something transcendental, outside of the world of matter, but, in the case of the mineral Life, on the higher levels of the physical plane; in the case of plants, on the astral; and in that of animals, on the mental plane.

Thence the idea of the group-soul is a natural one, and explains in a rational manner the growth and development of organisms.

In the being known as Man there is the added factor of the Immortal Ego, corresponding to the group-soul of the lower kingdoms. At each incarnation a portion of the Ego enters the new body to guide and control its destinies, and on the death of the body returns to the common reservoir, the Ego, with its

quota of experiences gained. Each new incarnation is directed according to the experiences passed through in previous incarnations, and this direction is due, as in the case of the group-soul-life informing every new animal and plant, to an unconscious memory of the past. For the ordinary man has no self-conscious memory of his past lives.

We saw that in the case of the animalcule Stentor the response or reaction to stimulus was indirect, an internal change occurring before the succeeding state was produced. In the same way the experiences of each human incarnation may be regarded as the stimulus causing a reaction or response in the form of the succeeding incarnation or state; but this reaction is indirect, an internal change first of all taking place during the after-death life, especially in Devachan, where a readjustment and assimilation of all experiences occurs, before the natural successor to the last incarnation supervenes.

When once incarnation has taken place, it is the unconscious memory of past incarnations, in the form chiefly of character and faculty, which gives the stimulus for all desire, thought and action in the present incarnation. It is thus more or less a blindly working stimulus like that of the instinct of animals.

The physical, astral, and mental bodies go through much the same activities as they did in the previous life, because the permanent atom or germ of each has brought over, stored within itself, all the characteristics and the essence of all the experiences of the body of which in the past it was the living centre and nucleus. Just as Hering postulated vibrations travelling along the nerve fibres to the germ-cell and storing within it

the characteristics of all parts of the organism, in the same way the Theosophical teaching postulates a similar process of which vibrations from all parts of the body impinge upon the permanent atom or unit, giving it the characteristics *(multum in parvo)* of the whole body. Following this potent stimulus, there is, on the death of the body—physical, astral or mental—a period of rest, during which, doubtless, internal adjustments occur with the permanent germ until, on a new incarnation supervening, the awakened life-impulse within the germ sets up vibrations similar to those it erstwhile received; but they are this time outgoing and not incoming (action and reaction being equal and opposite), and the unconscious, instinctive memory within the germ enables it to organise a new physical, astral or mental body, as the case may be, along lines congruous with those of its organisation in the past incarnation.

In each of these bodies a *habit* of acting, feeling, and thinking has been set up, which is faithfully reproduced life after life; just as in each generation of plant or animal life (as Butler and F. Darwin suggested) the features of the ancestry are reproduced as a result of habit. The successive incarnations of human life correspond in this respect to the successive generations of plant and animal life; and the permanent atoms or units of the former correspond to the germ-nuclei of the latter.

But in each incarnation some fresh experiences are passed through, and thus gradually fresh habits of acting, feeling, and thinking are acquired, or the old ones are modified, and in this way evolution takes place. The development of a habit shows two stages: firstly,

that of conscious effort in the same direction, repeated over and over again many times, and secondly, the natural result of this, unconscious, effortless activity, which is the perfected habit. Hence our physical body gets into grooves of action, our astral body into grooves of attachment, our mind into grooves of thought. But a habit persisted in for a long period of time leads eventually to exhaustion, and the desire for something new. The complete fulfilment and exhaustion of any stage of development acts as a kind of stimulus for the inauguration of a new stage. The tense condition produced in the nervous system as a result of its fullest exploitation tends to awaken the etheric body to activity. Again, the completest exploitation of the lower astral plane activities leads to a revolt therefrom, and a desire to experience those of the higher levels of that plane. As regards the lower mental body, its activity consists in logical or inductive reasoning, ratiocination, moving by graduated stages from one concept to another, each stage serving as a reminding stimulus for the next, until a generalisation is reached. In order to reach this generalisation all the stages of induction must be passed through, none may be missed out, just as seed-formation, the consummation of plant development, can only be reached after all the earlier stages of the flower and vegetative growth have been passed through.

Now if ordinary logical thought along some particular line, say Theosophy, is persisted in for several incarnations, that part of the lower mental body concerned would tend to become so tense and alert as to arouse corresponding vibrations in the higher or causal body, giving rise to abstract thought, which last, in its turn, would tend to produce, at a still higher level, the faculty of

intuition. The habit of thought along certain lines, carried on during many lives, induces automatic action, the conscious effort of induction at each stage being dispensed with, and an *unconscious* process established in its stead. Here once more, as was the case in the lower physical and astral world of instinctive actions, unconscious memory appears upon the scene. In the lower world there is the unhesitating, perfect action of the instinctive life, followed by the hesitating, imperfect, erring action of self-conscious mentality, this followed in its turn once more by the unhesitating, perfect action of the more spiritual mind. At this higher stage truth is grasped immediately, without the intervention of the steps of inductive reasoning. Why? Because of the habit of thought set up in the past along that particular line, this habit inducing automatic action which precludes the necessity for recurrence of the stimulus of each successive stage of inductive thought in order to reach the final generalisation. In the case of the Stentor, after the successive stimuli had been given a sufficient number of times, the *final* state of the creature was produced *at once* in response to the first stimulus given, the intervening states being omitted. Again, in the development of an individual, animal or plant, the stages in the evolution of the race are all passed through before its own mature condition is reached; in many cases, however, these early stages are passed through so rapidly as to be practically imperceptible to observation, the mature state appearing upon the scene without anything that can be seen to have led up to it.

It is thus with the development of that mento-spiritual faculty known as Intuition. Like the Stentor,

it leaps to the conclusion, apparently omitting all the intervening steps. Some writer has said that intuition "is but the conviction arising from those inductions or deductions of which the processes are so shadowy as to escape our consciousness, elude our reason, or defy our capacity of expression". And doubtless this is an important factor in the origin of intuition: a process of extremely rapid reasoning, which is wholly unconscious and therefore is no longer reasoning such as we know it in the lower world of thought, but an unconscious memory of all previous stages merged into one. But the vibrations which cause the flash of intuitive thought in that arūpa or formless world are congruous with, because complementary to, and initiated by, the vibrations of inductive thought in the rūpa world. For both worlds are departments of the mental plane, and must therefore be closely allied.

But though what has been said above indicates the substantial factor in intuition, that which gives it its foundation in experience; nevertheless, some of the vitality and illumination of this faculty will doubtless come from the downflow of vibrations from the Buḍḍhic principle, attracted, as they would be, to mingle with those set up in the Causal body.

All the phenomena of life in the lower Kingdoms are due, therefore, to unconscious memory of the past; every human incarnation is but a reminiscence of those long gone by, and, for most men, an unconscious reminiscence. For the advanced Egos, however, each incarnation is a conscious memory of the past ones, for the powerful vibrations of such a conscious memory are not able to shatter or injure the perfect balance which at that stage he has attained, as they would

upset the equilibrium of those who were less evolved. Finally, the great phenomena of the world itself and the solar system of which it is a part, are but the Memory of the Logos, His Consciousness reproducing in matter that which it has experienced in a bygone Universe.

W. C. Worsdell.

T.S. CONVENTION, 1916

By C.

A CITY of ruined splendours is Lucknow, the ancient capital of Oudh, its origin dating earlier than the records of any written history, where still the bones of her Nawabs lie entombed. Even to-day it is beautiful—a city of trees, of mosques, palaces and tombs, of domes and minarets innumerable, that gleam and glitter in the noonday sun or reach up as black silhouettes into the red and gold of a sunset sky. This style of architecture is peculiar to Muhammadan India, and although this is an old Hindū stronghold, it marks the period when Lucknow passed under the Mughal dominion. And yet, beautiful as it all is still, wandering down the wide avenues and through the green parks, at every turn we seem to glimpse between the bars of locked gates the dim but glorious past; we touch the pulse of a life-current that has ceased throbbing, and while we wonder, another Lucknow slowly rises into being.

As now I write, I sit among the ruined turrets of the Great Imambara, itself a monument to brotherhood and a human brother, for the building of this magnificent palace was begun by the fourth Nawab of Oudh, Asaf-ud-Daula, to relieve the starving populace in a time of famine; and now it stands, his

own befitting tomb. I look down upon what might be mistaken for stretches of wood and forest, were it not for the inevitable cupolas and minarets rising from among the trees. This palace itself is crowned with score upon score of tiny cupolas and minarets, and one wonders how long it took to build them all; one wonders also at the numerous passages just wide enough to walk in between walls some seven to ten feet deep. A waste of labour and materials, our moderns would call it, but in those days use was not given pre-eminence before Beauty, and no Buckingham Palace, nor Windsor Castle, nor hardly even Hampton Court, can touch this for majesty and splendour, ruined now though it be. This is India! Here one breathes the spirit of the glorious past; one goes back to the time when the Court of Oudh was the most splendid and sumptuous in India, when this city was a celebrated centre for the sale of gold and silver fabrics, fine muslins and rich pottery. Nay, back with me further still, back into the mist of undiscovered history; for is there not facing me the dazzling white mosque erected by the Emperor Aurangzeb to mark the oldest site in Lucknow, the stronghold of Lakṣhman, Rāma's brother, from whom the city derives its name?

We might dream here for ever, but you will ask: What has this to do with Convention? Everything. For having lifted the veil of the past and breathed with me for one moment the spirit of Ancient India, let us turn to the present. Remember that although this is the International Convention of our Society, we are in India; this is called "the National Week," for in this week will be held the All-India Social Conference, in this week will meet the All-India

Muslim League, the Brāhmo-Samāj, the Ārya-Samāj, and first and foremost, the Indian National Congress. Come with me along the streets, where the great crowd walks under the flying flags to the large *pandal* decorated with flags and tricolour, where ten thousand of India's most enlightened men are assembled; hear how they are cheering her patriots as they walk through the crowded gangway to the platform; and our own President is one of them, and Tilak is another, and Gandhi, and others, arriving one by one. To see how they love our President and feel her one of themselves —an Indian—and to think how largely all this has been her work, and ours! Not a few are the fair-skinned faces sprinkled among the crowds, our Mr. Arundale, and also Mr. Horniman, President of the Press Association, among the foremost. Suddenly that mighty assembly is quiet, and slowly and sweetly, like a mellow violin, rise the voices of women from the platform, singing the *Vande Mātaram*, India's National Song. Here are no drum and fife, no warlike bursts, no marching metre, for this is another people, a new race being born. The music is sweet, spiritual, sacred, falling on the ears like a mantram, and these are the words in English:

Hail mother, we bow to thee!
Nature supplies thee with all thy wants,
With sweet water and with luscious fruits;
Thou art soothed by balmy breeze,
Ever verdant with green herbage;
Thy nights resplendent with silver moons,
Bedecked thou art in flowery plants,
Ever cheerful, ever bright,
Full of promise and of hope;
Mother, thou bestowest
Sweet pleasure and happiness divine,
Thy cause championed by thirty crores of souls,
Twice thirty crores of arms to defend thee.
Who says, mother, thou art feeble?
Thou commandest immense strength,
Our salvation lies in thee;
Hail mother, we bow to thee!
Thou hast power to ward off foes,
Mother, we bow to thee.
Ever happy and ever simple,
Ever bright and ever beautiful,
Thou our support, our nourishment,
We bow to thee.

This, then, is New India, or Young India, or India of the future—call it what you will. Can you wonder if the spirit of it permeated our own Convention, where most of our brothers were Indians? And why not?—for this is brotherhood. While over in Europe our members are giving their lives and their labour for the freedom of an outraged people, for the sacredness of pledges, Theosophists on this side are carrying out the same principle of brotherhood by helping this Nation to realise itself as a free people and maintaining the pledges made to them by the Queen-Empress. We are trying to realise Alexander's dream of two thousand years ago, of "an Empire of an eastern and a western people having equal rights and privileges"; this is indeed a work of brotherhood, worthy of our Society and its great President. Theosophists are not party politicians, taking this or that side, they are only brothers of humanity, taking always God's side, the side of the future, the side of the wronged, the side of the weak and helpless. Such are our politics, and our party is always that of brotherhood, and our leader the greatest human brother we know—Annie Besant.

Such also was the tune of her message to us in her three morning lectures—"The Duty of the Theosophist to Religion," "The Duty of the

Theosophist to Society" and "The Duty of the Theosophist to the Nation". After all our doubts and fears concerning internments and Provincial Governors' orders, it seemed too good to be true that she was really standing there on our platform in our own big *pandal*, as powerful, as stately, as humorous, as ever; that her voice resounded once again as a cathedral bell on the ears of her three or four thousand listeners; for what, as she asked us, should she fear who is only doing God's work, and what may she lose whose hands are empty but ever filled for the helping of humanity? We did not have her with us quite so much, perhaps, as we should have liked, but we gave her up gladly to humanity's work, as she knew we would.

Mr. Arundale refused to let us weep, by giving us humorous discourses on Education, though of course there were pills somewhere in the jam, such as some underlying ideals and principles. One thing that he was clearly aiming at was a National system of education in India and a National Educational Trust.

Mr. Jinarājadāsa, bringing with him Mrs. Jinarājadāsa, Mrs. Besant-Scott and Mrs. Christoffel, joined us in the middle of the week, having barely returned from England. He introduced an element of Westernism, giving two lectures on "Theosophy and the Modern Search for Truth" and "Theosophy and National Life". He restored a healthy normality to the pulse of Young India (set throbbing rather violently by Mr. Arundale) by reminding them that there are a few things, such as railways, organisations and institutions, as well as a common language, for which India is indebted to the English, as contributing to her solidarity as a Nation. One might say that the Englishman spoke for India and the Indian spoke

for England, thus cementing the tie between the brother races that are to form the great Empire of the future.

Mr. Jinarājadāsa also presided over a Conference of the Theosophical Educational Trust, which, as remarked by one of the speakers, Mr. Kilroe, the Assistant Director of Public Instruction, U.P., was of exceptional practical value, each speaker giving the results of his own experience. Some of the main principles agreed to were: that happiness and an element of play should be aimed at in child-education; that discipline can be perfectly maintained without corporal punishment, or even any punishment at all; that sex instruction is advisable from childhood upwards, proceeding gradually from plant life to animal life.

One morning, on December 28th, a little before 8 a.m., a small sparrow fluttered into a covered yard. "Tweet! tweet! look here! look here!" he cried, and another sparrow fluttered on to the roof-edge beside him. "Look at all these people sitting on the floor," they cried, "what are they going to do?" Some other sparrows joined them, and an elder sparrow said: "It is the Order of the Star in the East, and they are going to talk about the Great Teacher who loves all the world and who is coming to put everything right. I heard them announcing it yesterday, and do you not see how they all wear a little silver star?" "Then we need not stay," said the second sparrow, "it's for the people." "No," said the old sparrow, "for He is not only coming to the people, but to the animals, the birds and the fishes, and also to the flowers." And then they all broke into a sweet, joyful song. Afterwards Mr. Jinarājadāsa gave a beautiful address. He told us that the Great Teacher would not be so likely to teach

us about God, nor how to find Him through religion, but rather how to find Him in our brother man. Brotherhood would be the key-note of His teaching, and to realise Him each should turn to the man sitting beside him and call him "Brother". He told us also of His love for children, which is His special characteristic, and how we should serve the children and make them happy, especially those who are children now, but who will gather round Him and serve Him as men and women when He comes amongst us.

On Tuesday, December 26th, the Convention proper of our Society was held, our President herself taking the chair. Not a few were those who received words of praise from her this year, prominently Mr. Arundale, for his energising and vitalising work as General Secretary of England and Wales, Mr. Jinarājadāsa, also for his fine work in England, where he brought so much of beauty and culture to bear upon it. "Happy is the Society," she said, "that can claim such a worker." She spoke of Mme. Kamensky's courage and steadfast devotion while the Russian Society was in difficulty with the Government, such as would not pass unnoticed by the Great Masters. Also she told us of Miss de Normann's good work in England, and how she has given up her Government work in order to spread Theosophical ideals in education. Other details will be printed at length for all to read. I will now close this report by quoting our President's own closing words, her call to her own soldiers, as she said: "Come with me into the darkness and the peril. There is no failure for those who march beneath the Shining of the Star."

LETTERS FROM INDIA

By MARIA CRUZ

III

BENARES,
December 1912.

THE celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the Hindu College began last night with matches in various English games, which did not interest me at all except from the point of view of colour. Mrs. Besant, who came on the 6th, was present, with Mme. Blech and Miss Arundale. The prize distribution was presided over by H.H. the Maharaja of Benares. He sat on the platform between Mrs. Besant and his son, who looked like his brother and acted as spokesman for the speech he addressed to the students. This function took place on the roof of the ancient palace which the Raja had given for the founding of the school. In the distance, one could see against the blue sky a tall, solitary palm; nearer there were red walls, and, seen through an open door, a line of huts which looked like the "ranchos" of a village in Guatemala; nearer still, in the middle of the courtyard, the white temple of Sarasvati, the Goddess of Wisdom, corresponding to Minerva.

A little to one side of the Raja, they had built a kind of loggia of green venetian blinds, and in

this were seated the "purda" ladies, who must keep out of sight. The emancipated ones, whom we often see about, were scattered through the audience. They wear no veils and are as shy as gazelles, and look out of the corners of their eyes, frightened by their own boldness. These are the wives or daughters of some of the professors, often Cambridge graduates, who themselves, the first in their Province, are reading for their degree at the school which Miss Arundale has founded for girls. The dress of the students is sometimes half Hindu and half European, sometimes entirely that of the Province to which the man belongs. They wear a red cap or turban, or perhaps are simply wrapped from head to foot in an ample robe. In their midst were the cadets of the College in their gala dress of white, with large turbans striped white and mauve and topped with plumes of mauve and silver. Mr. Arundale looked very fine in this costume with the black gown of a University man over it.

The Maharaja, or rather his son, opened the proceedings. Then G. Arundale spoke. Here, in a word or two, is the gist of his speech: This school is the first where is taught the *spirit* of religion, which unites men and makes them tolerant one of another, and not the *letter*, which separates them and provokes quarrels. The Hindu entering the College full of hatred towards the race of his conquerors, leaves it loving his English brother. In this way, then, this College has done more than an army could for the consolidation of the Empire.

Mrs. Besant was the next to speak. Again a summary: Words of gratitude to the Maharaja whose munificence has made possible the realisation of this

great work. Reminiscences, full of feeling, of the days long ago when, with the plan already in their minds but without a rupee to give it material form, and furthermore, discouraged by those who feared that the establishing of such a College, based on religion, would only make the hatred more bitter, they one evening crossed the Ganga and went to see the great Raja. He expressed himself as not at all unfriendly to the scheme and promised help. After indescribable difficulties, overcome with the greatest trouble, they succeeded in opening a small school. Then the Raja presented a Moorish palace, and little by little were built the beautiful buildings which to-day we look upon with admiration, and where hundreds of students "live" brotherhood and devotion. During the year just passed, not a single misdemeanour has had to be punished; brotherly love is the only discipline; and seeing such results, the Raja of Mysore and the Raja of Kashmir also wanted Central Hindu Colleges in their domains, constructed on the model of this one and guided by its principles. Then followed more expressions of gratitude to the Maharaja, who, having acknowledged the graceful tribute and being due elsewhere to fill another appointment, retired with his son, between two rows of white cadets.

Then we had recitations in Samskrit, in Bengali, in Hindi (all Greek to us), and tea to end up with.

* * * * *

On the morning of the 9th we went to Sarnath, where the Buddha preached His first sermon. There is nothing there now but a museum of archæological remains, the ruins of a great monastery, of which there is almost nothing left, and those small bell-shaped monuments called "stupas". In the evening at five o'clock,

salvation of every creature, including the Devil and his angels, for as all have died in Adam, so all shall live in Christ. But his doctrine was impugned by bitter adversaries even during his life, and the Council of Alexandria in A. D. 399 condemned it; and this condemnation was enforced by the general Council of Constantinople nearly 150 years later, this showing how it had clung to the people and approved itself in their views. But an enunciation of the dogma of eternal and unbroken suffering could not be imposed on every one, and there were some critical and speculative spirits, who ventured to call it in question, as well as others of a gentler and more sentimental turn of mind, who recoiled from assenting to it. When the dogma from which they shrank was forced upon them, the people took refuge in such a half-measure as is exemplified by the legend with which this paper begins.

Dogmatic teaching could not be questioned, but it might admit of explanation and softening down. They no longer denied the eternity of Hell and its torments, but they agreed for periodic exemption from punishment.

Two Apocalypses have been attributed to S. Paul; one is lost, the other was discovered by Tischendorf in 1843 and published. It was probably written by a Greek monk about 380, and professed to give the account of his being rapt into the third heaven. Guided by an angel, S. Paul assists at the judgment of souls, sees the reward of the Blessed and visits Hell. The Archangel Gabriel descends with him, together with choirs of angels, into the infernal regions, and the damned implore their intercession. Paul, who has wept over the unspeakable torments he has witnessed, prays, joined

by the angels; and Christ appears, is moved by their supplication, and grants to the reprobate the concession of rest from their suffering during the day of His Resurrection, commencing from the night before. Now the *Visio S. Pauli*, already referred to, and which was commonly known in the West in the ninth century, gives this story substantially the same, with the exception that the Archangel is Michael instead of Gabriel, but there is a very marked advance in one point, *viz.*, the time of rest is multiplied from one day in the year to one day in the week.

This idea in the Greek Apocrypha in the fourth century was not confined to the East. In the West, Aurelius, who was a Spaniard and lived about the same time, records and professes the same belief in certain well known verses of one of his hymns:

Sunt et spiritibus saepe nocentibus
Pœnarum celebres sub Styge feriae
Illa nocte sacer qua rediit Deus
Stagnis et superos ex Acheruntiis

* * *

Marcent supliciis tartara mitibus
Exultatque sui corporis otio
Umbrarum populus, liber ab ignibus
Nec fervent soli to flumina sulphure.

In the legend of S. Marcarius the Egyptian, narrated by Rufius of Aquileis, it is recorded that the holy Anchorite once found a skull in the desert, with which he got into conversation on the pains of Hell, and learned that prayer brings some slight relief to the damned. In the writings attributed to Denys the Areopagite, which may be as late as and later than the sixth century, a vision granted to S. Carpus is related. In it Christ expressed great pity for the lost, who are tormented by the devils in Hell, and declared Himself ready to die

dressed in a white sari, barefooted, standing on a little square platform just large enough for one to sit on, Hindu-fashion, Mrs. Besant addressed the Theosophists on the subject of the seven paths which liberated souls may tread. She left that evening at eleven o'clock. Several people went with her as far as Moghal Serai junction; they got back at one or two, and at five were up again at work. We went next day to Buddha Gaya. We were scarcely out of the train when the brothers to whose care Mrs. Besant had entrusted us (when I say we, you understand that I refer to Mme. Blech) were already attending to our luggage, lantern in hand. In a horrid, tiny little carriage, all closed up, without springs, much less rubber tyres, we were jolted through dark, narrow streets lighted by smoky lamps or by the lanterns of passers-by, to the "Rest House". Our brothers put us up there, as there is no hotel. We made a little supper, and the next day, in the same excruciating vehicle, we went on to Buddha Gaya, to see the tree in the shade of which Gautama reached illumination.

The way there was fortunately not so dry and dusty as were Agra and Delhi; groves of palms, of mangoes, of tamarind, and the low hills on the horizon delighted our eyes. People were at work ploughing the fields and watering them; there seemed to be hope of a harvest where the spectre of famine had stalked. The temple stood in a hollow; excavations are being made all round it, and the relics, which to the uninitiated are merely pieces of carved stone, were on view. I know nothing as yet of all that the learned see in them, but I think the Library here will inform me. The tree is called "Pippala"—I am sending you

one of its leaves. The Buddhas inside the temple are enormous, gilt, painted and covered with tawdry trappings, in Spanish or Italian style. By the way, the whole shrine is bespattered with clarified butter, so we fled hastily, our sight and smell equally offended. Ever since our arrival we had been assailed by a crowd of guides and beggars, who did not leave us a moment's peace, and it was with difficulty that we managed to break through the circle of them and get to our carriage past their black, outstretched arms.

The Theosophists of Gaya—about sixty-six in number—are all poor. There are some who live on seven rupees a month. For all that, they are already at work on a building which is to contain even two or three rooms for the use of visiting members.

From Gaya to Calcutta is a night's journey. The landscape grew more and more varied, green and tropical-looking as we proceeded. Calcutta is a splendid city with broad streets, fine buildings and fine shops. And furthermore, it has the generous Ganga instead of the meagre Jumna, which, at Delhi, looks smaller every day. I cannot imagine why they don't keep it as the capital.

IV

ADYAR,
December 1912.

At Madras Mrs. Besant was waiting for Mme. Blech in her motor-car. I was put between them; and so it was that I passed under the archway brought there by H. P. B., and arrived at the Guest House opposite the Headquarters' buildings, where we were to

be put up. We are there alone for the present, but during Convention several others will find harbourage there. It is a one-story house—again rather like a Guatemalian "finca". Mme. Blech's room is octagonal and all windows; a regular lantern. Mine, next door, is more modest. We have our meals in a corner of the little courtyard; but, my dear, what patience one needs! Mme. Blech has a boy; an ayah had been provided for me, but she refused to sweep, and so this morning she was succeeded by a boy who knows something about cooking. We have been obliged to buy crockery and provisions, at least for our early morning meal and our evening dinner, for it takes twenty minutes to walk to Leadbeater Chambers where the general dining room is.

By way of spiritual exercises we have substituted for meditation the preparing of tea, coffee, chocolate or soup, according to the needs of the moment. Still, I hope that soon our household will run on automatically and leave us some peace.

Immediately after our arrival Mme. Blech's friends came to see us, and in the evening we went to our first "Adyar Talk". We all gathered in the Hall and sat facing the life-size statues of Mme. Blavatsky (seated) and Colonel Olcott, standing beside her. The Hindus and others who were shoe-less sat down on a carpet, the rest behind on seats; the important people had cane arm-chairs. Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater came in together and sat down at the foot of the statues. The talk began, and was informally interrupted or given fresh turns by questions and remarks from the audience.

MARIA CRUZ.

THE OLD TREE

By AHASHA

ON the heath stood an oak tree.

How old that tree was he didn't know himself. He only knew he was very old. He could remember his youth very well. He still saw before him, just as if it had only happened yesterday, the soldiers who had lost their way, wandering over the heath one cold night in November.

"Look," they had said, when they approached the oak, "look, this is the tree about which our prince was speaking, and now we must keep to the left."

He could also remember many ladies passing with beautiful collars on, and gentlemen wearing old-fashioned trousers and wigs passed the oak in coaches. Later on it heard the horn of the stage-coach blowing its merry call.

Inside those stage-coaches the ladies and gentleman sat very close to each other, and talked and smoked; and the ladies handed each other eau-de-Cologne and talked about the fashions, and their dresses were cut very low and the bodices ended in a long point. The gentlemen looked very serious, and had high collars round their necks, with black neckties, and their coat tails were long.

That had been the golden time of life. And then, besides all this, there were also the shepherds. There were very many of them. They often came and took a nap beneath the old oak tree.

And at night! at night—Oh! he just loved the nights. At night the little folk came. The fairies, and the gnomes and the animals; and then Pan came, the good ghost, who protected the shepherds and the flocks. Pan was ugly, but merry and good. Oh, Pan was so very, very good.

He had a long wooden flute and he sat down under the tree, and began to play softly. And the fairies danced and the gnomes jumped about.

And now? Now the oak felt sorry.

The stage-coaches didn't pass any longer. No trumpet sounded merrily now over the heath. The people were in a hurry and were now going by train. The farmers passed once a week when they went to market, and of all the shepherds only old Rule was left.

Rule lived in a lonely cottage on the heath. Rule was still an old-fashioned shepherd; he knitted stockings, he loved his sheep, and he talked very much with Wolf, his dog. And all this was about days long ago.

Only the nights were the same. Pan came always and said: "As long as there is one shepherd left on earth, I'll remain on earth too."

The oak was sorry. He nearly cried, so miserable was he. For a lot of people came and chalked a number on the old tree. No. 36 — No. 36. This meant for him: "When the other thirty-five trees have had their turn, they'll come to me, and cut me down." The oak always had had one wish: to die in an ordinary way, and not to be cut down by men.

And now there was written on his bark "36"!

Why had he to die? Why was he in the way? He asked it of the gnomes and so he came to know it.

That part of the heath where he stood would be changed into a building estate, "and," continued the gnome, "then *we* go away too. Just fancy us remaining with men! No, then we shall go deeper into the wood."

"Oh," sighed the oak, "you will live; but I?"

"You, you will go to All-Father, think of that!"

"Oh," he sobbed, "Oh, Pan, if I had a wish it would be to die an ordinary death. And now, so — . . . . Pan, by the hands of man."

Pan dashed away a tear.

"Poor fellow! but think, it's the will of All-Father."

"Yes, it's his will."

Pan whistled, and the gnomes and fairies began to sing with their beautiful, clear voices:

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught:
Thy will be done!

"Thanks ever so much, dear friends. Oh, if you could only feel the scorn. Oh, it is so terrible to bear. The axe will tear my body asunder. Oh, that axe! I'm not wanted. A row of villas will be built here, and so there is no room for me, such an old oak."

"Well, be comforted, you must die some time."

"It is not the pain, children; no, it is the scorn."

Or breathe the prayer divinely taught:
Thy will be done!

"O Father," prayed the tree, "Oh, if it is possible, not this scorn, to be killed by an axe at the hands of men."

The sky was getting dark. Thunder-clouds came up, one after the other. A thunder-clap. Again and again. . . .

Rule turned round and said sleepily: "Bad weather." Wolf started up, and barked.

"Be quiet, Wolf. Be quiet, my dog, it is nothing."

Wolf crept to his master; he was afraid.

An awful flash of lightning . . . one rattling thunder-clap.

The oak sighed; again the oak sighed. His leaves rustled: "Thanks, All-Father, for this favour."

The old tree was dead.

"All-Father had heard his prayer," said Pan. "Let us go now into the wood; now the old oak is dead it is of no use to stay here longer."

Some days after, the old oak was chopped in pieces.

Rule looked at it and tears were in his eyes.

"Just look here," one of the men said, "old Rule is weeping."

Rule went his way leaning on his staff. Near the wood he sat down on a little hill, with Wolf at his feet.

Rule took the body of Wolf between his knees, and he took his head in his hands.

"Wolf, dear dog, we understand each other, don't we, old fellow? The poor old oak was not wanted, he had to die, but our Lord saved him from such scorn."

Wolf wagged his tail. Happily there were two creatures who felt for the tree, though they were only a shepherd and . . . a dog.

Ahasha.

OCCASIONAL NOTES

By ALICE E. ADAIR

II. EDOUARD MANET

IN the year 1866, a small group of men began to meet regularly at a café near the Rue de Saint Petersbourg, Paris, called the Café Guerbois. They were men who were thoroughly dissatisfied with the state of French Art and literature. As they were regarded by the world in general as crazy rebels, they sought encouragement and sympathy from each other. The first members of the group were artists, sworn foes to tradition and classicalism. They were banned by Press, public, and artists of the accepted type, but no opposition could quell their enthusiasm or their faith. It rather fanned the flame.

"During the period of the Second Empire the spirit of authority was being vigorously revived. Constituted bodies were invested with an immense amount of power. In Art, Academies and the Juries of Salons exerted a veritable dictatorship." So writes M. Theodore Duret in *Manet and the French Impressionists*; and it was to the overthrow of this dictatorship and to the shattering of the bonds of classicalism in which French art had been imprisoned for more than forty years, that this brave little band

addressed itself. Art has its heroes as well as war, and the courage and self-sacrifice of the men who engaged in this struggle have never been rivalled on any battle-field. The lives of some were shortened by the hardships they endured; others "went under" in a more tragic sense, but in the end France was freed from the tyranny of the mock heroic.

The small circle of the Café Guerbois gradually expanded to include all writers, artists and literary men who were infected with the "new" spirit; these in turn brought their friends, and eventually the meetings became so popular that the Café was thronged on certain nights with the rarest wit and talent of Paris. Questions of all kinds were discussed, but with an artist as the leading spirit, naturally enough the chief interest was centred round matters relating to Art.

Fantin Latour, Guillaumet; Desboutins and Belot the engravers; Zacharie Astrue, sculptor and poet; Cladel and Emile Zola; Duranty, a journalist of some reputation in those days; Vignaux, Proust, Henner and Alfred Stevens were all habitués of the café. Whistler, Legros Monet, Degas, Pissarro, Sisley, Renoir, Bazille and Cezanne were also in the group that gathered round Edouard Manet. "Manet was the dominating figure; with his animation, his flashing wit, his sound judgment on matters of art, he gave the tone to the discussions. Moreover, as an artist who had suffered persecution, who had been expelled from the Salons and excommunicated by the representatives of official art, he was naturally marked out for the place of leadership among a group of men whose one common feature, in art and literature, was the spirit of revolt."[1]

[1] *Manet and the French Impressionists.*—Theodore Duret.

Apart from his art there was nothing in Manet of the revolutionary. He was a man of medium height with a well knit figure, somewhat of a dandy. He had well cut features, clear, grey eyes and closely trimmed, fair beard. His speech was decisive, hearty, and "informed with a manly and sincere understanding of life". He was college-bred, belonged to the "*haute bourgeoisie*" and was welcomed everywhere in society for his brilliant conversational powers and his distinction of manner. Simplicity and directness were characteristic of the man, of his life, and of his work. George Moore says of him: "Never was an artist's inner nature in more direct conformity with his work. There were no circumlocutions in Manet's nature, there were none in his art." Yet no man's career can have been more stormy than his; it was one long battle against ignorance, prejudice and spite. One episode will illustrate the depths to which some of the artists of the older school sank in their fierce championship of tradition and their blind rage against the innovator. Emile Zola wrote an article in the *Figaro* praising the work of Manet and hailing him as the greatest artist of his time. The editor of the paper met with such a storm of abuse that Zola had to relinquish his position on the staff; and further, these stupid men bought up copies of the offending number in order to take them to the Boulevard, seek out either Zola or Manet, and tear them up under their eyes with all the contempt they were able to express.

There was nothing in the character of Manet to provoke such violent opposition, nor was there any cause for reproach in his private life. It was quite a normal life. He was born in 1832, and from early childhood

showed his artistic gifts. His father was a judge, and wished his son to adopt the same profession, or else that of a soldier. Manet's heart was set upon being a painter. A struggle ensued, and Manet was sent to sea in the hope that he would thus be cured of his folly. He returned as determined as ever, and his father gave in. Manet then went to study under Conture. Once more he had to struggle for the right to express himself in his own way, and this struggle was aggravated by radical differences of birth and breeding in master and pupil; Conture being the son of a shoemaker, ill-mannered, hating the upper classes, especially lawyers, whilst Manet was a cultured exquisite, the descendant of generations of legal ancestry. Conture was, however, the best teacher in Paris, so Manet conquered his distastes and remained in his studio until he was twenty-five years old. After this followed some years of travel in Germany, Holland and Italy. He then returned to Paris and settled down to his career, throwing all his energy and enthusiasm into his work. In 1863 he married a Dutch lady who was very musical, his father having left him a moderate fortune, which made him independent of dealers and sales for several years, but which was finally exhausted; and then ensued a period of great financial strain.

At the outbreak of the war in 1870 he joined the National Guard in Paris; the "clique" at the Café Guerbois was scattered far and wide; some of them went a-soldiering; Bazille was killed in action. Manet was made a Captain and promoted to the General Staff. After the siege he returned to his art, and several years of strenuous work succeeded. In 1879 the effects of the long strain of the struggle on his highly strung

nerves showed themselves. He was seized with paralysis, which he fought with his accustomed bravery. Some remedies he took caused blood-poisoning, and in 1883 he died. He was one of the last of the "old" Parisian type—a type which disappeared when Paris became overrun with provincials and foreigners; a type created by a refined, cultured, if rather artificial mode of life, but which was charming in its elegance and its delight in social intercourse.

Manet's career as artist provides quite other reading; and to understand the strange incongruity, a knowledge of existing opinions relating to art when he came upon the scene is necessary. In the first place it was firmly believed and emphatically asserted "that art depended upon the observance of certain fixed rules and was inseparable from certain particular types". These rules and these types had been evolved by the genius of the Masters of the past, and nothing further remained to do except to perpetuate their ideals for all time. Genius consisted in the most faithful reproduction of these ideals. The highest art could only be expressed in subjects drawn from Greek and Roman mythology; historical scenes and religious subjects might be ranked as great art; Oriental subjects were only just allowed, because in them imagination was still supposed to be brought into play; but modern realism was considered to be beyond the pale altogether. So rigid were the rules that even the size of the canvas was "fixed" by the subject; there were fixed poses—regarded as "heroic," and there were fixed types of models—men and women of "heroic" proportions.

As to colour, all brilliance was avoided, and the different tones had to be blended together; and a

"fixed opposition of light and shade" was insisted upon. The result of all this was a succession of monotonous and lifeless paintings.

Predecessors of Manet, who had broken through the wall of tradition—Ingres, Delacroix, Corot and others—had all fared badly, but they suffered at the hands of the limited circle of the cultured few—society people, connoisseurs, artists and literary men whose tastes were cultivated tastes. Just before Manet's time, however, the general public had begun to interest itself in art, so the storm that burst over his head was far more violent, since the uncultured are always the most aggressively conservative in matters of art.

The many grievances against Manet can be summed up under two charges. He flouted conventions of all kinds, and he introduced new and startling methods of colour. He quarrelled with the models at Conture's studio because he insisted on their adopting new attitudes, and because he wished to paint them with draperies or clothed, so tired was he of the eternal Nude of the classical tradition. He offended the artists because he used bright colours; discarding blacks and greys, he illuminated shadows and he placed his tones side by side without any attempt at shading one into another. In short he strove to introduce colour, light and brilliance into his pictures, while their work was dull and lifeless. He angered the people by his choice of subjects, by his realism and his modernity. But George Moore regards the culmination of his offending as this: "During his life the excuse given for the constant persecution waged against him by the authorities was his excessive originality. But this was mere subterfuge; what was really hated—what

made him so unpopular was the extraordinary beauty of his handling. Whatever he painted became beautiful—his hand was dowered with the gift of quality, and there his art began and ended."

Year after year there was the steady rejection of his canvases by the Juries of the Salon. He replied by opening exhibitions of his own. He believed that by constantly keeping his work before the people, their acceptance of it would be won; and after long years of struggle his belief was justified. In the meanwhile all manner of abuse and ridicule was heaped upon him, his pictures were the laughingstock of Paris. But perhaps the worst insult he ever had to bear was the refusal of the Jury to hang any of his pictures in the *Exposition Universelle* of 1878, for this was an exhibition of representative French artists, and it took place after Manet had won a share even of the public approval by his picture "*Le Bon Bock*". It was a contemptible action on the part of his opponents; prejudice and spite could not well be carried further; and already the tide of public opinion was beginning to turn in Manet's favour. Unfortunately he was not to profit very much himself, for he was dying; but he had blazed the trail for the Impressionists.

The reception given to the first of Manet's great pictures will illustrate the particular difficulties he had to face. The year was that one in which the Jury of the Salon rejected so many pictures that it created somewhat of a scandal, and Napoleon III authorised the opening of the "*Salon des Refusés*" in the same building as the other Salon, to receive the discarded canvases. The most striking of them all was Manet's "Breakfast on the Grass". Harmless enough the picture seems now, but

it was then regarded as indecent. The first offence was that Manet had painted a realistic picture on the sized canvas that was reserved for "idealised" subjects, secondly he had mixed together draped and undraped figures. It did not matter to his critics in the least that he had borrowed the idea from the Venetian painters; what was excusable in *their* "idealised" works was unpardonable in his realistic painting. Thirdly, his figures were either sitting or lying in natural attitudes, there was no attempt at "heroic" posing. Fourthly, the men were clothed in the garments of the middle class, with no attempt at the picturesque. And added to all this there was the "patchwork" colouring. Poor Manet had hoped that this picture would bring him fame; it brought him instead the reputation of a madman and a rebel. The treatment of the white flesh against the black clothes was an achievement of which he was justly proud, but it was an achievement the public was quite incapable of appreciating; hence the shocked propriety.

Another obstacle to public favour that he placed in his own way was his constant experimentation. No sooner were the people becoming used to one innovation than he provided them with another. Just as they were preparing to accept the bright colours of his studio paintings, he adopted the practice of open air painting and introduced still more vivid colouring and brilliance of light into his pictures, and so made them more angry than ever.

There were, however, some flashes of sunlight on his stormy path. He did slowly convert, first the Press and then the public, to a more reasonable frame of mind. He won many staunch friends and had always

the support and admiration of his own group, including the whole band of Impressionists; but this appreciation did not satisfy the man whose ideal of an artist's career was that it should be like Rubens—a career of great achievements and popular enthusiasm.

Although Manet did not belong to the group of Impressionists, he shared most of their ideas and undoubtedly exercised a marked influence upon them, and his name will always be associated with that group. Mr. Wynford Dewhurst says: "The history of the early battles over Impressionism centres for the most part round one personality. In following the story of the failures and successes of Edouard Manet we follow the gradual rise of the entire school, for no man fought more bravely in 'defence of its principles'."

He was a wonderful painter, and he was besides a great iconoclast. Into a world of shams he brought the Torch of Truth and a clear vision. He found French art enslaved by false ideals. He shattered the idols and set the spirit free to again set forth upon the great adventure—the never-ending quest of Supreme and Eternal Beauty. His own physical body was broken against the wall of prejudice and convention, but not before he had made the breach through which could be poured new riches of colour and beauty upon a purblind and thankless world. So lived and so died the painter genius of the nineteenth century.

Alice E. Adair.

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 stuggle, 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 Theosophists 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.

a second time for mankind; then He and His angels stretched out their hands to succour those who are about to be engulfed in the abyss.

Isidore of Seville, about the beginning of the seventh century, believed that prayer helps in some way the souls of the lost. In the vision of S. Barontus, at the end of the same century, we are told that those of the damned who while on earth did any good, are at the sixth hour of every day comforted by a little manna from Paradise.

The efficacy of prayer above all was supposed to be undeniable; and why, it was asked, should this efficacy cease just where it was most needed? Even the Rabbis believed that the suffering of Hell was suspended every day during the prayers of the faithful. These particular prayers were to the number of three, and an hour and a half was the duration of each. To this large allowance of grace to the condemned, they also added the rest of Saturday and on the feasts of the new moon.

But prayer was not the only means of relief, for we are told by Cæsar of Heisterbach that a certain soldier died and went to Hell for having unjustly possessed himself of the property of others. He appeared to his sons and told them that if they would make restitution his pain would diminish. His sons, it is added, preferred to keep their inheritance and let their father keep his. In Britanny there is a popular legend that a child lessens the pains of Hell by continually pouring Holy Water into the boiling cauldron full of lost souls.

In the *Apocalypsis Mariae*, probably a monkish production of the Middle Ages, the Queen of Heaven

desires to visit the infernal regions, into which she goes, accompanied by S. Michael and his angels. Having seen the horrible suffering of the damned, she begs to be conducted back to Heaven, in order that she may entreat God's mercy for them. The Archangel replies that he and his angels pray seven times day and night for them, but in vain. Mary insists, and begins to pray, joined by all the inhabitants of Heaven, and God at length grants some alleviation.

It was a common belief in the Middle Ages that on the feast of the Assumption Christ mitigated the pains of the lost in honour of His Mother.

All Catholics know how efficacious prayers and good works are in relieving the souls in Purgatory, and so what wonder that people should go a little further and say: If by prayers and good works the souls in Purgatory are helped, their pains lessened, their time of suffering shortened, without God's justice being thereby tarnished, why can they not produce a corresponding effect on the sufferings of Hell? And indeed legends to this effect are numberless.

Many are the stories regarding the traitor Judas, in whom all good Christians seemed greatly interested. S. Brandon, in the course of his marvellous pilgrimage, found the faithless Apostle seated on a rock in the midst of the ocean. In front of him hung a cloth, attached to an iron gibbet. The waves rushed upon, the wind beat upon him, the cloth, blown about, struck him in the face. Questioned by the Saint, Judas related to him the manner of his punishment. For six consecutive days he burned, and was red hot like a mass of melted lead, but on the seventh, that is to say the Sunday, divine mercy

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 Insulindia 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.

Dr. van Hook reports good work from the Karma and Reincarnation League, the valuable movement set on foot by him to spread these two doctrines, the very foundation of all reform work in education and society.

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 much 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. J. R. Aria, our able Recording Secretary, 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, Mr. J. Srinivasa Rao at the Bhojanashala, 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 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 unique, 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 Pañcharātra literature. Two previous volumes contain the Samskrit text of the *Ahirbudhnya-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.

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.

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 Krshna, 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.

Is 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.

BOOK-LORE

Concerning Prayer, by the author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*, Harold Anson, Edwyn Bevan, R. G. Collingwood, Leonard Hodgson, Rufus M. Jones, W. F. Lofthouse, C. H. S. Matthews, N. Micklem, A. C. Turner, and B. H. Streeter. (Macmillan, London. Price 7s. 6d.)

Not the least of many "signs of the times" is the increasing number of collectively written books, *i.e.*, books in which not only have a number of authors expressed their views on a given subject from different standpoints, but in some cases, like the present, have previously met for discussion and exchange of ideas. The volume which forms the subject of this review is an excellent example of this growing practice of literary co-operation, containing, as it does, fourteen contributions from eleven authors—a woman, three laymen, two parish clergymen, two clerical dons, a Wesleyan theological tutor, a Congregational minister and an American professor belonging to the Society of Friends.

As may be imagined, there is ample scope for the variety of treatment to which the subject naturally lends itself. Broadly speaking, we may distinguish three main threads of thought running through most of the conceptions, namely, the practical, the rational, and what may be called the tentative. The practical element is particularly noticeable throughout; there is none of the old professional pose and evasion of modern needs that have for so long isolated the writer on religious topics from the man of action. Here life is frankly accepted as involving difficulties to be faced by all and work to be shared by all—an attitude that leaves an impression of intellectual courage, honesty, and unaffected humility. The rational element also shows much greater boldness and

emancipation from theological convention, while the "tentative" displays originality and a determined search for spiritual truth as being the goal of strenuous effort rather than a matter for arid speculation.

Another welcome tendency in these essays is to appeal directly to the life of Christ in His aspect of the ideal man, and in this note of intelligent simplicity we see a hopeful sign of new life awakening in Christianity. In the absence of the more definite scheme of things open to the Theosophical student, it is really surprising how close to fundamentals many of these writers get, by what appears to be no more than an application of sound common sense to the Christian gospels. The reader must expect to find many of the stock objections of the old rationalists revived, with regard to the efficacy of petition, the place of evil, etc.; but though he himself may have given these the *coup de grace* long ago, they are still skeletons in the cupboard for many, and justify much careful clearing of the ground.

It is difficult to choose from among so much excellent matter, but we were specially taken with the two articles by Harold Anson on "Prayer as Understanding" and "Prayer and Bodily Health". The author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia* comes next on our honours list, with two characteristic chapters on "Repentance and Hope" and "Prayer for the Dead". Other contributions of more than average merit are "God and the World's Pain" by B. H. Streeter, "Prayer and the Mystic Vision" by R. M. Jones, "Faith, Prayer and the World's Order" by A. C. Turner, and last but by no means least, a most up-to-date account of "The Devil" by R. G. Collingwood.

We might mention that there is actually a mention of Theosophy in the book, though it is only in the form of a foot-note; but we are thankful for small mercies, and recognise that the spirit of Theosophy fairly breathes through these pages, and even through the personal appellations assigned to God. It may, however, be of interest if we quote the context of this rather meagre foot-note:

> We can, however, as a matter of fact, almost always trace suffering back to the results of evil-doing. This does not mean that we can by any means always assign the suffering to the sin or wrong doing of the person who suffers. This is very far from being the case, and we are very specially warned by our Lord against the attempt to do so. But we can so very generally trace back suffering to the direct source of sin committed in the society of which the sufferer forms a part that we are justified in believing that if we knew all the circumstances which surround a case of suffering, we should always be able to point to the sin which caused it. A baby, for instance, dies almost as soon as it is born in some slum of a great town. It certainly, as far as we can see, is not the baby's fault [Foot-note as follows: Theosophists would probably say that the personality incarnated in the baby suffered for its sins done in a former incarnation.], it may very probably not be the mother's fault, it may very likely be the fault of the people who own the slum, or of the Town Council who continue to allow the slum to exist, or the sin of people like ourselves, who take no real trouble to remove the conditions which cause deaths which obviously would not happen if God's known will were being carried out.

Unfortunately, however, this brief allusion to what is at least a promising clue to the mystery is not followed up, the writer preferring to impress the lesson of social responsibility.

The book is no mean literary achievement, apart from its helpfulness to the more thoughtful of Christians and its moments of apparent inspiration. We hope it will reach a wide circle of readers.

W. D. S. B.

The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage, The Sparkling Stone, and the Book of Truth, by Jan van Ruysbroeck. Translated from the original Flemish by C. A. Wynschenk Dom, edited, with an Introduction, by Evelyn Underhill. (J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

In this volume we are presented with the first English translation of three of the most important works of the notable, though comparatively little known, mystic of the thirteenth century, Jan van Ruysbroeck. Miss Underhill writes an illuminating Introduction in which she sketches the life of Ruysbroeck and his work, giving a more detailed analysis of the three treatises which follow. All who have read her *Practical Mysticism* and know something about the subject of this essay, will realise how congenial must have been her task as commentator. Ruysbroeck's mysticism was of the practical kind, and holds up as the ideal of spirituality the "balanced career" in which contemplation and action supplement each other. Ecstatic absorption in God must not be allowed to unfit a man for the service of his fellows, he teaches; nor should the recognition of the divine in all around

blind him to the ordinary values of life. True to this ideal "his rapturous ascents towards Divine Reality were compensated by the eager and loving interest with which he turned towards the world of men"; and his "gift of the discernment of spirits," that insight by which he was able to expose the weaknesses of humanity as well as appreciate its greatness, grew as he developed more and more his power of merging himself in the Transcendent.

Ruysbroeck's writings treat of the spiritual life—what is its goal, by what means may the goal be reached, what are the dangers by the way and how may these be avoided. In the three contained in the volume under review all his characteristic teachings are found. The path to spiritual perfection, that state of "pure simplicity" in which the soul is able to "lose itself in the Fathomless Love" of God, is divided into distinct stages, called in *The Sparkling Stone* by the old names of the state of Servant, Friend and Son, and described there and in *The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage* at length and in detail. As summarised in the Introduction the teaching is as follows:

> Man, we know, has a natural, active life; the only one he usually recognises. This he may "adorn with virtues" and make well pleasing to God. But beyond this he has a spiritual or "interior" life, which is susceptible of grace, the Divine energy and love; and by this can be remodelled in accordance with its true pattern or archetype, the Spirit of Christ. Beyond this, again, he has a super-essential or "God-seeing life," in virtue of the spark of Divine life implanted in him. By the union of his powers of reason, will and feeling with this spark—a welding of the several elements of his being into unity—he may enter into his highest life.

Of the translation as such we are not in a position to judge. But as regards all that concerns the general reader, the work is thoroughly satisfactory.

A. DE L.

Tao Teh King, by Lao Tzu. A Tentative Translation from the Chinese, by Dr. Isabella Mears. (William McLellan and Co., Glasgow. Price 2s. 6d.)

The philosophy of the Tao, as expounded by Lao-tze in his immortal classic, has already provided a fruitful field of research for Chinese scholars, and the several English translations now available have become widely known, not

only for the profundity of the conceptions they present, but also by reason of the latitude they offer for interpretation. All these translations bear enough resemblance to one another to enable the intuitive student, even though ignorant of the Chinese language, to discern a common philosophical basis beneath their divergence of expression; but probably the translators themselves would be the first to admit that they are still far from having fully reproduced the ideas of the original. Hence the justification for further attempts, and the welcome we cordially extend to this latest translation by Dr. Isabella Mears.

In an instructive Introduction we are given a few examples of the extreme difficulty that confronts the translator intent on a faithful analysis of the Chinese script. Not only is each character a combination of several signs, often apparently disconnected in meaning, but each of these signs has often several different meanings according to juxtaposition and context. We can readily understand, therefore, how a too literal translation, relying on anything short of complete familiarity with Chinese idiom, may easily obscure essential features by irrelevant embellishments, while on the other hand the temptation to read into the original some preconceived belief of the translator's is equally fatal.

Now the impression produced by Dr. Mears' translation —but of course it can be no more than an impression—is that, in her anxiety to bring out the subtler distinctions of the text, she has fallen back on the more specialised phrases of modern writers, with their resultant tendency to cramp the reader's imagination and lead him on to some side track. For instance, let us take the first syllables of the title—Tao, Teh—as typical of the few pivotal concepts on which the whole system turns. The best known rendering of the first—"The Way"—is certainly open to the objection of indefiniteness, though its very simplicity is almost a direct challenge to the enquiring mind; but can we be content to see this symbol of the First Cause labelled "progressive intelligence"? Again, the popular translation of Teh—"Virtue"—is far from happy, chiefly owing to its priggish associations, but when we find Tao-Teh translated as "Life-consciousness and its manifestation in action" we begin to envy the Chinaman

who can convey the same idea in two syllables. Similarly the author seems impatient—and perhaps rightly so—at the paradox of *wu wei* when taken as meaning "not striving," and so substitutes "striving through the power of the Inner Life"; yet in so doing she deprives us of the very element that has aroused such opposition to so-called negative doctrines, like "non-resistance," etc., but which leads to further enquiry and the final discovery that the personality must be definitely held in abeyance before the "Way" can open out.

However, it is far from our intention to dwell on what may appear to be slight flaws in an original and thoroughly conscientious piece of work, especially as these features may be the very ones to appeal to other temperaments. The same might be said of the arrangement of the lines in metrical form, which certainly enhances the appearance of the text, if not the flow of language. The following stanza (XLVII) is taken at random as a glimpse of Lao-tze, according to Dr. Mears—both at their best:

> Without going out of my door
> I know the Universe.
>
> Without opening my window
> I perceive Heavenly Tao.
>
> The more I go abroad, the less I understand.
>
> That is why the self-controlled man
> Arrives without going,
> Names things without seeing them,
> Perfects without activity.

The philosophy itself is too well known to need any comment here, in fact one of the most commendable features of Dr. Mears' version is its absence of "commentaries". The "old-young" philosopher wields the magic of contrast in his own inimitable way; and if it fails to reach the reader's intuition, explanations will not make it succeed. All we would say is: Do not dismiss Lao-tze hastily as merely a "Quietist," but see whether he does not point to the same secret of "action in inaction" that we find in the *Gītā* and the Gospels.

W. D. S. B.

The Goal of the Race: A Study in New Thought, by A. T. Schofield, M.D. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

This book is written in an interesting manner, with numerous anecdotes, to show that Modernism, as the author styles New Thought, Higher Thought, and Theosophy, is false to Christianity, and makes the Scriptures meaningless. The writer says that Evolution is a process necessary to man in everything *he* makes, that is, in everything artificial; but it is never a force, and there is no power to rise from within, and no evidence that any creature progresses by its own power and will, but only by Divine Power from without.

From the earliest commencement of life the goal was Man, the Divine Man; and the book leads us through seven stages, beginning from the unicellular kingdom, up to the fifth, the head of animal creation, but separated from it by an impassable gulf and bearing the impress of the Creator, which, we are told, does not make that stage divine, as Mrs. Besant asserts, but human.

Because Man is discontented with the fifth step, and aspires to the sixth, the state of Spiritual Man, these cults of Modernism have been evolved which have as their basis the Immanence of God. They lead only to the sixth, but beyond is the seventh, the Goal of the Race, when Man is conformed and becomes the Image of his Lord by simply looking to, and trusting in, the sacrifice of the Christ. The writer holds that this stage is not, as Modernists assert, when a man knows he is God, but when he revolves round this new centre, *Christus Consummator*, the New Birth, the Resurrection Life, the Goal of the Race.

We doubt if our readers will be able to extract much information from these pages, but they are of interest as representing a point of view.

E. S. B.

A Song of the Open Road and Other Verses, by Louis J. McQuilland. (Heath Cranton, Ltd., London. Price 3s.)

A proem in verse by G. K. Chesterton and a preface by Cecil Chesterton herald the first complete collection of Mr. McQuilland's poems. The volume is less than one hundred

pages in length, showing how restrained the poet has been in his output. None of the poems are long, but all are well and carefully wrought. As they represent the work of some fifteen years perhaps, they reflect varying styles, but a similar fastidiousness and reaching after perfection pervades them all. We have "The House of the Strange Woman," representing the influence of the decadent period, but withal a very pleasing piece of work. We have humour and pathos charmingly blended in "A Georgian Snuff-Box," and "In a Library"—both little gems of "light verse".

The poet has a good command of language, and a very pretty turn for expression, so that all his work is pleasing and is saved from monotony. Perhaps this freedom from monotony is partially accounted for by the fact that he has written so little. The most serious effort is, we take it, one of his latest poems—"The Song of the Flag," written in irregular metre, but with a singularly beautiful rhythm, and described by Mr. Cecil Chesterton as "a Song of Internationalism by a Nationalist". Mr. McQuilland is one of the Irish poets, and exhibits the Celtic temperament; tears and laughter lie not far apart from each other in much of his work; and a slightly mystic atmosphere surrounds it, though it does not obtrude. But a love of eighteenth century England, its habits and customs, also shows itself in a rather bewildering contrast. Mr. McQuilland in imaginative and reflective vein may be illustrated by his verses on "Fleet Street," which will convey to the reader something of the charm of the writer:

La Rue des Pas Perdus
We hear the echoing feet,
Dragged by ghastly down-at-heels
Along the ghostly street.

The Street of Strange Shadows;
We see the shadows crawl
Stumbling to the gutter,
Slinking to the wall.

The Street of the Dead Men
Secure on Hades' floor,
In sooth a gladder lot is ours,
For we return no more.

The volume has a pencil sketch of the author and three decorative drawings by David Wilson.

T. L. C.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

The Coming Educational Revolution

In view of the present demand for the practical application of Theosophy, no apology is needed for referring to the second of Sidney Webb's articles in *The Contemporary Review* for December under the above heading. The subject is "Health and Employment"; and though the writer's proposals for the reduction of disease in children, and the prevention of post-war unemployment in the cases of adolescents and parents, are put forward on a purely financial basis, Theosophists will find in them a number of definite steps towards the realisation of brotherhood that should be taken immediately the war is over.

The prevalence of ill-health in the rising generation, already serious enough, has been considerably increased during the war by reductions in the School Medical Service, the premature withdrawal of numbers of children from school, and "by subjecting young adolescents to prolonged hours of labour, incessant overtime and continuous night-work without the protection of the Factory Acts". The latest Report of the Board of Education states that in England and Wales alone there are now "not less than a million children of school age so physically and mentally defective or diseased as to be unable to derive reasonable benefit from the education which the State provides". This figure represents about one-sixth of the total number of children. We also read that, on an average, 40 per cent of the serious defects revealed by medical inspection remain untreated.

The only way in which this wastage can be prevented in the future is by a substantial extension of the School Medical Service and its powers, as soon as peace conditions are restored. Before this can be done, however, it is necessary to impress upon the Local Education Authorities that they are by law already responsible for the physical as well as the mental nurture of the children under their charge. The means proposed by Mr. Webb for bringing about the recognition and assumption of this added responsibility are as follows: public speeches by the President of the Board of Education; a circular from the Board to the Local Authorities; a Press campaign; and a prescribed minimum for the School Medical Service in each district.

Another necessary step is the provision of special schools for the physically and mentally defective—amounting to at least 40,000 in England and Wales alone. At present these children either have to go without any education or medical treatment at all, or else they become a drag on the healthy children and the teaching staff. The enormous loss of efficiency due to malnutrition is more difficult to weed out,

but again Mr. Webb suggests a prescribed minimum for the number of underfed children permissible, and obligatory school meals whenever this minimum is exceeded. The penalty he suggests for default in this and other cases is a deduction from the Government grants, though at first sight this sounds rather like "taking the breeches off a Highlander"; we would rather suggest the censure and, if necessary, the reconstitution of the obstructive committees. It further follows from the first article of this series, on "Half-Time for Adolescents" (see THE THEOSOPHIST, January 1917, p. 470), that if State-provided education is to be extended to adolescents, the School Medical Service must be similarly extended.

The writer then issues a grave warning as to the peril of unemployment when the abnormal output of shells is suddenly stopped, especially in its demoralising effect on the children. Apart from the semi-starvation of the younger children through poverty of the parents, we read:

> Forty per cent of all the criminal offences are committed (so the Chairman of the Prison Commissioners once informed us) by youths between sixteen and twenty-one, *for the most part when they were out of employment.* Nor is this a small matter. Four-fifths of all the criminals in our gaols went there for the first time before they were twenty-one. It is practically certain if, in the dislocation that must happen when peace comes, the Government allows unemployment to occur among adolescents, it will be creating wastrels and criminals by the thousand.

He then refers to the several means, already prescribed elsewhere, by which the Government can prevent such widespread unemployment, and calls on the Education Authorities to insist on the Government applying these means, as well as keeping adolescents at school for an additional period. The shortage of trained teachers is to be met by an increase in training college accommodation, in the number of scholarships enabling boys and girls to qualify, and in the initial salaries and prospects of advancement offered. In the latter connection the writer reminds us that "the local Government Board does not allow Boards of Guardians to offer as little as they choose to Poor Law medical officers, workhouse officers, sanitary inspectors, etc. It insists on what it thinks a sufficient salary, even in the most parsimonious areas".

Of course every one will naturally say: But who is to pay for all this? Mr. Webb does not attempt to minimise the price that must be paid by the nation, if its schools are to provide the citizens of the future with their rightful equipment of mind and body; but in the first place he correctly maintains that an ample expenditure under this head is the soundest national economy, and then he advocates the charging of this cost to revenue and not to the local rates. These are a few of the more important of the many practical and clearly outlined proposals that Sidney Webb lays before the British public.

W. D. S. B.

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE storm-clouds are very heavy, hanging now over the whole world, for the United States have been drawn to the very edge of the War-zone, and are ringing with the preparations for War. South America is the only continent which is still undisturbed. The day of its greatness lies far off in the remote future; but that day will dawn, and it will rise to a dazzling height of splendour, far surpassing that most wonderful Ancient Peru, the decaying remnants of which were trampled into blood and mire by the Spanish Pizarro, the treacherous and brutal conqueror. Europe, Asia, Africa, Australasia, North America, are now all enveloped in the flames of War. Truly is this age of Christendom being destroyed by fire, though not the kind of fire expected by the Christian world; they looked for fire from heaven, but it has burst forth from hell. The close of the Age is upon us, the Day of its Judgment has dawned; when that judgment has been pronounced, then shall be the Coming of the Son of Man, the World-Teacher, to lay the foundations of

the new civilisation, and to give the plan for its building.

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How blind is the world to the full significance of the events which are passing before its eyes. In the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, bound up together as the Bible accepted by the Christian Church, we have, as in all Scriptures of great religions, obscure hintings of the future in broad outlines, looming dimly through the mists which veil the future. There is given the End of the Age, and the "destruction of the world" by fire. Spoken of as brought about by divine agency, as verily are all things, superstition made it "miraculous" and scepticism mocked at it as imaginary. But the wheels of God grind on, heedless alike of superstition and scepticism, and the Nations are tried as by fire, and prove to be either gold or dross in the trying. And still the voice of the great Teacher sounds over the writhing world: "If thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace." On England, more than on any other Nation, depends the immediate fate of the world. Will she, at least, know the things that belong unto her peace, in time for the world's saving?

***

One obstacle in the way of England's triumph in the battle-field is in the unregarded cries of the thousands of Indian coolies who are being ruined, body and soul, by the horrible form of slavery known as indentured labour. The Government of India, a year ago this month, promised its total abolition "soon". A year has rolled away and the promise remains unredeemed, but not by the default of the Indian Government.

It is in England that the root of this shameful evil is fixed. It is in the urgency of the Colonial Office and the weakness of the India Office—strong to tyrannise in India but plastic to pressure in London—that lies the cause of the helplessness of the Government of India. But it is the latter which has to face the difficulties in India caused by the unworthy action of the London Secretaries of State. The dividends of Companies in Fiji weigh there more heavily than the souls and bodies of the Indian coolies, collected here and carried over at so much a head paid to the collecting agent, and living under circumstances so horrible and so degrading that they are made physical and moral wrecks. The condition may be imagined from one sentence, that the sex-proportion laid down for the emigrants is three men to one woman. They live in filthy barracks, children are born there and grow up there, into what decency of life may be imagined.

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We welcome *Theosophy in Scotland*, reborn into new life. One very interesting, and we think unique, fact is noticed by Miss Isabelle M. Pagan, who always writes the most delightful articles: There were no schools in Iceland to the end of the nineteenth century, but in 1880, "a child of ten unable to read is not to be found from one end of the island to the other. A peasant understanding several languages is no rarity, and the amount of general information that these people possess might be envied by many who have greater facilities for acquiring knowledge." I remember how enthusiastically that old Viking, William Morris, used to talk of Iceland, which he loved to visit. Miss Pagan tells us that a Hindū student has made an excellent translation of the Elder Edda, who was drawn to the old literature by some "versions of the Sagas given by William Morris". It is interesting to meet a Hindū in this unexpected bye-way.

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"Olcott Day," February 17th, as it is called in India and Ceylon, was kept as usual at Headquarters.

granted him this refreshment in honour of the Resurrection of Christ. This alleviation was also granted from Christmas Day until Epiphany, from Easter till Pentecost, and from the Purification until the Assumption of Our Lady. The rest of the year he suffered unspeakable torments in the company of Herod, Pilate, Annas and Caiaphas. The cloth that hung before him, he had given, when in this life, to a leper, but as it had not been his own, it hurt rather than helped him. The iron supports he had given to the Priests of the Temple for the cauldrons they used. The stone on which he sat was one with which he had once mended a public road in Jerusalem. His sojourn on this rock lasted from the Vespers of Saturday till those of Sunday, and in comparison to the tortures he suffered the other days, it was like paradise to him. S. Brandon at his visit lengthened this time of rest till the setting sun on Monday. In the continuation of the *Huon de Bordeaux*, Huon finds Judas unceasingly tossed about in a great whirlpool where passed and repassed all the waters of the world; the condemned had no other defence from this than a piece of cloth which Christ had hung in front of His face. These two legends agree, therefore, in the two main points of the sea and the piece of cloth, but the second speaks of the whole torments consisting in what, in the first, was merely the periodic rest from much direr suffering.

A curious legend is that of King Chomarcus, who was seen sitting in great glory and delight on a splendid throne in a palace wonderful with light, but he satisfied the Justice of God for his sins, by standing three hours of each day immersed in fire up to the waist, from where he was covered with haircloth. It must,

however, be added that the relation of this vision says the place of this palace was between Purgatory and Heaven, a place where dwell many who, though not good, had been taken from infernal torments, and not deserving to be joined to the companionship of the Saints, had been located in a sort of half way house.

This subject of the periodical repose of the lost has been treated much more fully in a book by Professor Arthur Graf, entitled: *Miti, Leggende e Superstizioni del Medio Evo*, and a careful investigation of mediæval lore would doubtless yield large material for a complete collection relating to this not uninteresting subject.

The Lady Abbess X——

Let me give the rest of this month's Watch-Tower to his honoured memory. We gathered as usual at 7.10 a.m. in the large Hall, and stood in a large semi-circle in front of the alcove in which are the statues of our Founders. At 7.17, the time of his last breath, I said:

As many of you are aware, it was here, on this day and at this time in 1907, that Henry Steele Olcott passed away from us, exactly at the moment that we begin our annual meeting; his cast-off body lay here (indicating the spot) and a large number of friends and of those whom he had helped and served among the poor and the outcaste filed past that body and covered it with flowers. In memory of that we meet each year on the day and the hour when he passed away; and as year by year there are rather fewer people who knew him when he was living in that physical body, it becomes all the more necessary that we should keep his memory green by this annual remembrance.

To us, of course, death is but a very slight matter; he passed through the gate of death, and soon afterwards passed again through the gate of birth back to fresh work in the world. He is living now and growing well in the physical world, and we hope that, as he comes to manhood, the memory of the past will bring him back amongst us once again. Of that we have practically no doubt, but he has to train the new body and get it ready for its work.

His old friend, Dr. English, is unable to be here with us to-day because he sprained himself a few days ago and is unable to walk; hence we are unable to hear from him the words of memory and of love that he always gives to his old friend. They were very, very near together in the work, and that love remains ever fresh and green in the heart of Dr. English.

There is also, you know, another anniversary that we keep to-day, the anniversary of what we call a birth, not a death, but that which in Occultism is called rather the death into the physical body, while what we call death is regarded as birth into the higher life. To use, however, the worldly term, we celebrate also the anniversary of the birth of Charles W. Leadbeater, the great servant of the Masters, who is ever devoted to Their work and labouring in Their service; and we like to send him year by year from our meeting here a cable of goodwill and good wishes. Writing to me some time ago about the work that had been given us to do, he said that in our seventieth year it seemed rather a big job for us to

begin; but years do not count, when work has to be done, and when the Masters give work They always give the strength to carry it out.

Those two memories, then, we celebrate here to-day; both of them with peace and joy in our hearts, for we sorrow neither for the so-called dead nor for the so-called living. Both are always living, and for those who serve the Masters all must be well.

We have here this morning one who was with Col. Olcott in his last moments, helped in his nursing, was near him at his passing, and I will ask Mrs. Russak-Hotchner to say a word in memory of him. He loved her very much.

Mrs. Russak-Hotchner said:

Even though my heart is full of gratitude to H. P. B. and C. W. L. for what they are to me and to us all, on this special morning there is scarcely any room for memories other than those clustering around our beloved Col. Olcott. I feel very much in sympathy with Shah Jehan who wished to express in some beautiful memorial what he felt in love and tenderness for a beautiful soul. Our Theosophical Taj Mahal is not erected in one place but extends over the whole world, built by our grateful memory of Col. Olcott, and the shrine of that Temple is here in this centre. To me it speaks of his greatness and also his humility as his chief characteristics. To express to you something of what I feel, I shall tell you now an incident which I had intended to tell you to-morrow night at my memorial lecture of him. A friend of his, a life-long friend, had come to see him at his death-bed to say good-bye, and Colonel was talking over with him reminiscences of their love, life and work together for Theosophy, and their long friendship; he thanked him for coming to see him to say farewell. And the friend said: "I did not come for that alone, but also because some one told me that you said some-thing in criticism of me (he detailed the criticism); I could not bear to think that you would leave me with that doubt in your heart, and before I could believe that you did say that thing, I wanted to ask you personally." Colonel smiled into his face and said: "No, I did not say it; but, my friend, *you* really ought to have been the Founder of the Theosophical Society, since you possess so great a sense of justice as to ask me first before you believed." It was his great appreciation of truth that spoke.

In those last days so many incidents told us, told me, that Col. Olcott had *lived* his beliefs, and thus he demonstrated each day how real his Theosophy was to him. What a worthy example to us all! If the time ever came in our

Theosophical Taj Mahal when we needed to engrave or place in mosaic his name, or to record those things concerning him which he most personified, the most fitting word would be "Theosophy".

I then called on Mr. Jinarājadāsa, as a Buddhist. Mr. Jinarājadāsa said:

As the only Buddhist present in this assembly, yet representing the millions of a mighty Religion, my words can but be those of gratitude to one who brought back the ancient light of Buddhism to its modern followers. People can little appreciate, those who are not Buddhists, the sense of gratitude with which Buddhists regard him, for he came to Buddhist lands at a time when the ancient glories of the Religion were fading away from men's minds, and those that were the inheritors of a mighty truth were looking to other truths. It was the work of Col. Olcott to revive a sense of respect and reverence for the ancient truths of Buddhism, and he did it in a wonderful way. He taught us to understand the simple truths of Buddhism and to teach them to our children, so that, as the generations passed, the ancient light of Buddhism might be passed on to the world with all its purity. The work that he did in establishing schools for boys and girls in Ceylon has come to fruition, and now close on 30,000 children go to schools founded by him, and there are taught the principles of their Religion.

Let me also once again mention a great work that he did—to unite the two sections of the Buddhist world, the Northern Church, as it was called, and the Southern, by bringing together the priests of Japan and the priests of Siam and Burma and Ceylon, so that they should come to a common understanding as to what were the fundamentals of Buddhism.

These things stand to his credit, and as the centuries pass, more and more Buddhists will look upon him as their great benefactor, as a great saint of the Buddhist world who brought back once again the light. We know the work that the Colonel has done for the whole world, but, speaking for that part which is the Buddhist world, our sense of gratitude is very deep for what he has done for us. He proclaimed himself a Buddhist, and helped us once again to come to the feet of the great Lord Buddha.

Mr. Srinivasa Rao, an old worker with Col. Olcott, a Hindū, was next called on. He said:

Before Col. Olcott came to India Hinduism was in a most decadent state. After he came to India he revived that Religion, and so the Hindūs must be always very grateful to him.

Once while Col. Olcott was here, one of his servants was injured. When it was reported to him, he went out to him at once, lifted him in his arms, carried him into his room, and ministered to him until a doctor was brought. This largeness of heart was one of the things that we deeply appreciated in him. But especially Hindūs must be very grateful to him for reviving their great Religion.

Miss Kofel was then called, as the Superintendent of Col. Olcott's noble work among the Pañchamas. She said:

I came out to Ceylon first on account of his love for the Buddhists, to help there in the Musæus School. Afterwards he wished me to take up his work for the Pañchamas, as that was one of the works which he had most at heart. Naturally I was very glad to take it up and I have been carrying it on for over ten years. Naturally I feel very happy to show my love and appreciation for him by carrying on his work to the best of my ability.

Mr. Wadia, speaking as a Zoroastrian, then said:

The first I knew about the Colonel was his great lecture that he delivered many, many years ago when he first came to India, on "The Spirit of Zoroastrianism". His insight into the Religion, though he did not know the language of its Scriptures, was a marvellous thing for some of us who were going to the Madarasa, and were trying to learn the language ourselves. And it was that which first attracted me to the personality of Col. Olcott.

Then I came across another piece of work that he did for the Pārsī community. He tried to arouse in them a sense of dignity and appreciation for the Religion which, in their growing materialism, they were discarding, and he took a very effective step towards that. Complaint was made to him that the Zoroastrian Scriptures were not satisfactory in explaining the modern theories of science and of evolution. Like a practical man, he at once suggested that we must fill up those gaps in the Scriptures by finding out any old manuscripts which might be hidden somewhere in the world. He started a fund for that and worked enthusiastically for it, and though nothing came out of that fund, that helped to convince the Pārsī community that there was something to be said in favour of the argument of the Colonel, and from that day the revival of Zoroastrianism took place.

Curiously enough the other great Pārsī religious reformer and revivalist, K. R. Cama, was a very great friend of his. He was a materialist, went to Germany, studied under

German doctors, came out to Bombay, and drew around him a group from which grew up a school of Zoroastrian thinkers and scholars. In the last three years of his life, after hearing the Colonel speak at the Silver Jubilee at the Blavatsky Lodge in Bombay, this old man came to join the Theosophical Society, to the utter surprise and dismay of his many followers. Col. Olcott has done a great piece of work for the Pārsī community and, although it is not recognised by all of them, it is thoroughly recognised by the thoughtful and scholarly people among us; and in the Blavatsky Lodge, which he and Madame Blavatsky first founded on Indian soil, there are many followers who cherish his memory, and their devotion, though silent, is very deep.

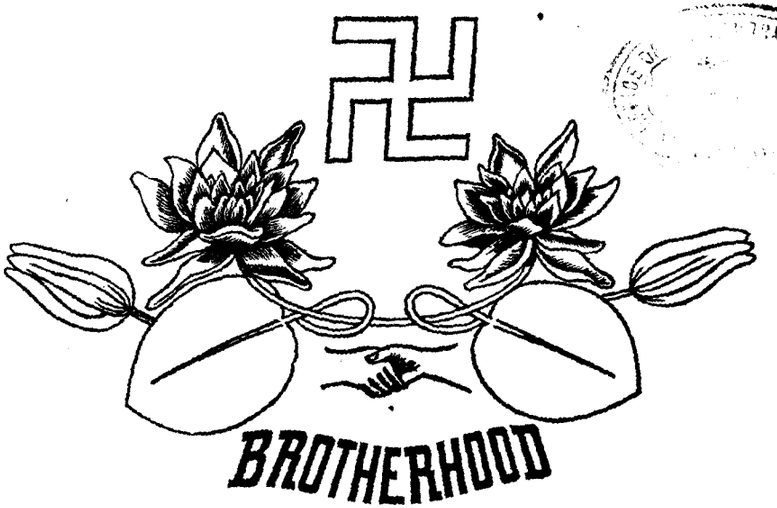
I then spoke the few closing words:

It is not many people of whom it can be said by the Hindū, the Buddhist, and the Pārsī, that he had been the great reviver, reformer of their Religions in this ancient land. Yet that is the testimony which is borne here to Col. Olcott.

Let me say, in closing, that his loyalty to Theosophy, his absolute devotion to the Masters, lay at the root of all his work. From Them he learnt his love of the old Religions, and also his desire to help the outcaste and the helpless, which were the characteristics of his life. Such a memory cannot die. Here, in commemorating him, we only add our little tribute to the great tributes which come to him from the Hindū, the Buddhist, the Pārsī and the Pañchama.

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Then started the long procession of friends and admirers, beginning with the President of the T.S., including the old Pañchama servants of the Colonel, and ending with the women sweepers, filing past the alcove, and each in turn mounting the platform and placing a few flowers at the feet of the statues of H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott, and before the photograph of C. W. Leadbeater. Among the people were some little children, who danced up joyously to the alcove, without regard to the procession, climbed or were lifted on to the platform and threw down their flowers, with little hands folded for a moment in grave salute. Maybe in far-off years some of them may be good workers for Theosophy and may remember, with tender pleasure, their childhood's flower-homage to the great Living-dead.



PEACE OR TRUCE?

By W. D. S. BROWN

WHATEVER the differences of opinion as to circumstances, practically all are agreed that a treaty of peace which would only postpone the present conflict to a still more terrible conflagration in the future would be a disaster second only to war itself. The real issue, then, hangs on the nature of an undertaking such as will render possible a lasting peace and not merely a patched-up truce.

Most people are content with a vague belief that if only the Allies can "crush Germany," their purpose in carrying on the war will have been achieved, and all

will be well. When asked to describe a predicament in which Germany might be fairly said to have been "crushed," these people will generally shelve the question with some such reply as: "Oh, when they've got no more men or money left, I suppose." Or perhaps they will settle the matter by dividing the German Empire into its original separate States. When it is pointed out that men can still be born, that money can still be made, and that separated States can still unite, we get nearer to the point, and are then told: "But of course we don't want to crush the German people, it is only German militarism that has to be crushed."

So far so good; but unfortunately militarism is primarily a belief; and though one course of action to which it has led may be suppressed, the belief may not have been shaken; in which case it will inevitably break out again into action at the next opportunity. Like all other beliefs, it can only be displaced by a contrary belief, in this case by the belief that national interests are not essentially antagonistic but interdependent—let us call this belief "federalism". A belief that has once gained a footing is not abandoned, and rightly so, until it has been disproved in practice; neither should a new belief be accepted until it has been proved in practice, at least to the satisfaction of the person concerned. Proof begins with experiment and ends with demonstration. Now the belief called militarism is clearly in the demonstration stage, while that called federalism has barely reached the experimental stage. We naturally hope that militarism will be incontestably demonstrated by the war to be a fallacy, and an immoral fallacy at that. Has this yet

been demonstrated? If not, is it likely to be, and in what way?

So far it may be said without much fear of contradiction from either side that the failure of the German government's original intentions has been amply demonstrated. It must still be admitted, however, that Germany came very near to being at least partially successful, and that on the traditional basis of territory under occupation she may still claim a plausible appearance of success. It is therefore necessary for a convincing demonstration of failure that the minimum terms accepted by the Allies be the *status quo* supplemented by some form of reparation and security for the future. They must amount, not merely to an unqualified admission on the part of the German government of the failure of its military resources to impose German rule on other countries, but also to a binding declaration of a radical change of policy.

On the other hand, if the demands of the Allies are going to be clearly excessive in the eyes of neutrals, and are going to be enforced by a vindictive prolongation of the war—which happily is extremely improbable, if not impossible, in spite of the wild talk promulgated by the jingo press and echoed by its dupes—then the militarists among the Allies will certainly point to their gains as justifying the use of force, at least as a means of retaliation, if not of acquisition. Modern warfare, however, has been found to be so limited by the output of ammunition, that it is extremely doubtful whether any overwhelming military ascendancy can be established; thus there is every prospect that the world will finally witness the supreme sacrifice of the war, for which all others have but prepared

the way—the sacrifice of governmental pride and its shibboleths.

It stands to reason that any attempt to define the actual terms would not only be out of place in a Theosophical magazine, but would be open to refutation by subsequent events and the secret processes of diplomacy; for it is, unfortunately, only too probable that the preliminary negotiations at least will once more follow the picturesque methods of the auction room. But the Theosophist should certainly be among those who see that the future peace of the world depends on very much more than the first compromise under which exhausted combatants will consent to cease from mutual slaughter. He will readily admit that there must be a genuine change of belief as well as a scrapping and re-designing of social and political machinery. However, he must not stop there, for there is a paralysing notion in our midst that a system of international law must be reserved for a planet populated by saints or even higher orders of evolution. Let us not be lulled by this "sweet bye and bye" narcotic. The same human nature that has evolved systems of civil law within nations can and will evolve, when it chooses, a more comprehensive system of jurisdiction as between nations, and from the same motive, namely, a healthy abhorrence of the only alternative—anarchy.

I submit, therefore, that the British electorate should not rest satisfied with any treaty that does not stipulate for the establishment and acceptance by each country of a *permanent* International Council for the *open* discussion of matters concerning more than one nation, and a standing judicial Tribunal to decide on

points of difference submitted by the Council. Neutrals should be invited to join, and this invitation should remain open indefinitely.

The main function of the Council would be legislative. Instead of beginning at the wrong end, as hitherto, by wrangling over methods of warfare and drawing up absurd distinctions between "civilised" and uncivilised devices for killing one another—distinctions that no warring nation is likely to trouble about when it believes its existence to be threatened—the normal relations of peace time should be placed on a sound footing, so that every government can know when it is within its rights and when it has exceeded them. Within the limits of international law, as laid down by the Council, each nation would be free to follow its own line of development.

This framework of international law would necessarily be of gradual growth and capable of continual adaptation to changing conditions. It is the absence of any definite agreement on questions of everyday occurrence, such as commercial complications, and the rigidity of such agreements as have hitherto been arrived at, that have so often precipitated the even course of honourable negotiations into veiled or open threats of hostility, as being the only available means of satisfying wounded national "honour" or effecting necessary changes. The militarists have scattered broadcast the following catch-phrase: "The war has proved that there is no such thing as international law." Unfortunately it is true that there is very little international law; but there is much more than most people have any idea of; and to argue that because a law has been broken, therefore it is no longer a law, is

like saying that there is no penal code because there are criminals. Such evasions can only thrive in a soil of loose thinking. A secondary, but no less needed function is the adjustment of particular cases that do not fall directly under existing provisions.

In the event of the failure of the negotiating parties to come to a decision, whether in a matter unprovided for by law or in the interpretation of a point of law, it would be incumbent on them to refer the matter to the judicial tribunal and await its decision before taking any steps of a warlike character. It is not to be expected that the decisions of the tribunal can be enforced, at least not until the federated governments have undertaken to support the tribunal against any government who ignored its authority; but the mere existence of such a body would at once place the onus of a rupture on the government that refused either to submit its case or comply with the decisions of the tribunal. Again, in the latter eventuality, enough time would have been gained to allow the first outburst of popular feeling to subside and a calmer attitude to prevail; while the decision of the tribunal would do much to turn the moral support of the civilised world against the law-breaker, as well as damping the enthusiasm of its own subjects.

Perhaps the very freedom of any applicant to accept or reject the tribunal's decision would be a greater element of safety than any scheme for the concerted use of force, as there would be less hesitation about submitting the disputed point in the first instance, and the real honour of accepting an unfavourable decision would be much greater and of incalculable educative value. By the time that international respect and confidence had recovered enough to overcome the suspicion with which a scheme for military co-operation would at first be regarded, it would probably be found possible to carry out the scheme with a mere fraction of the present armaments—the reduction of which would be a great benefit to the peoples of all countries.

The next question is that of the selection of the national representatives to sit on the International Council. Clearly the first qualification is that they should be in touch with the *real* wishes of their respective countries and not merely with those of one or more sections, even though they be influential and money-making sections. This is one of the many reasons why, if the world is to go forward, or even recover the position it has lost by the war, the upholders of the principle of democracy must at all costs recapture the autocratic outposts from which they have been driven, and be prepared for a prolonged and determined political struggle for democratic existence.

Theosophists are fond of saying: "Oh, democracy is quite un-Theosophical. We know the world is governed by a Hierarchy." True, but in the first place the spiritual Hierarchy is in a position to *know*, which is hardly the case with a military plutocracy; and in the second, that Hierarchy does not *force* the will of the humblest human being. It guides and inspires; and when we have national hierarchies who can do the same, democracy will be unnecessary, because the rights of the people will be respected. As long as a people can only obtain its rights by making its voice heard, democracy is essential to peaceful development.

But democracy does not consist in asking every labourer to try his hand at framing the laws of the land,

as the conventional would fain have us believe. Under a true democracy—for as yet the world has only witnessed democracies in name—the best men would stand a much better chance of filling the important posts, because they would then have to satisfy the whole nation and not merely a political or commercial clique; the nation would then judge by results, and if a certain minister or ministry failed to give satisfactory results, the necessary change would be made on a clear issue. Whatever form the government took, it would be appointed under a mandate from the nation to conduct the national business in the real interests of the nation as a whole, and not in fictitious interests, such as the acquisition of "undeveloped" countries and "spheres of influence," or the domination and exploitation of other races —interests which always turn out to be those of certain privileged classes for whom the nation has eventually to suffer. Of course it would be almost as great a mistake to administer the nation's affairs for the sole benefit of the manual workers, though there is little fear of such a mistake occurring in England.

Again, the nation must be taken into the confidence of its representatives, or they will forfeit the confidence of the nation. It is not enough that the people should be told, after a private conspiracy has landed them in a crisis, that they must support a course of action to which they have been committed without a semblance of consultation. If a government fears the verdict of its own people, what confidence can it have in others, or even in itself?

Finally as regards the qualifications of the electorate, it is no part of the democratic principle to

saddle the elector with any greater responsibility than that of recording whether he or she approves of a definite scheme, laid before the country in broad outline, and submitted to a referendum. It may be said that a sound judgment on even the simplest matters demands a certain amount of special education and intelligence. Quite so. Then why not provide the necessary education, making it "special" in the sense of teaching subjects that really matter, like history and political economy, instead of a number of fads of an examiner?

A revised system of education would soon evoke intelligence enough to see what was being done with the people's lives and money, and stop any nonsense before it went too far; for the people have always the power and the *right* to refuse to work and pay for conditions they have not sanctioned. In any case we surely cannot plead our deficiencies in national education as an excuse for witholding the legitimate exercise of a man or woman's national responsibility; rather should democracy be welcomed as necessitating universal education. It is often said that the great mass of the people take no interest in national and foreign affairs. Such theorists can never have entered a working-men's club, or they might easily have found their match in political debate. True, there is little enough reliable information on foreign affairs, but this cannot be attributed wholly to popular indifference; given the increased opportunity, the interest will soon enough be roused.

The development of democracy is especially essential to the success of international federation because otherwise such federations will be little more than trade

combines for the exclusion of rival combines. The resolutions passed at the Paris Conference should be warning enough of the dangerous lengths to which a military alliance is prepared to go under commercial pressure. The power of co-operation is already admitted; the danger is that it will be used as a weapon and not as a safeguard. Even within the British Empire we find a privately organised attempt to keep one part of the Empire—India—in a position of subjection to the remainder, presumably for fear that a recognition of equal rights would curtail the profits made by one part of the Empire at the expense of another. It follows, therefore, that until a government respects the rights of its own people, it is not likely to respect the rights of other peoples, and any scheme of federation that does not respect the rights of all will be partially or wholly an imposition, however fine it may sound from the platform.

How do we know that other nations can be relied on? We do not know. We have got to find out by trying them. If each nation waits for the others to make the first move, no move will be made. The nation that does make the first move will have proved itself fit to lead in the coming civilisation; not in the old sense of being able to get its own way regardless of consequences, but in the new sense of being ready to give way for the common safety. If Britain cannot lead in this respect, how can she continue to plead high ideals in justification of the war? The co-operation of the Allies, in spite of every attempt from the other side to sow discord, has proved that nations who had recently regarded one another as traditional enemies can trust one another when faced by a common danger;

can anyone say that such co-operation is impossible when directed to securing the common safety?

But how can such agreement be extended to our present enemies? No one can pretend that it will be easy. But there is no other alternative to a continuation of war—in the preparation if not actually in the waging. Granted that German humanity has fallen a prey to the madness of thwarted ambition, is it to be denied the chance of rising again? We Theosophists, who believe in the irresistible urge of evolution, must know that sooner or later it *will* rise again, whether it is helped by us or hindered. Shall it be our karma to help or to hinder?

W. D. S. Brown.

THE UNITY OF THE HINḌŪ FAITH

By T. R. RANGASWAMI AYYANGAR, M.A.

(Concluded from p. 494)

HAVING formulated these simple facts of experience, we enter into the proper field of our enquiry. At the outset it must be said that the Hinḍū does not believe that his ancestors have inferred by a process of inductive reasoning the existence of God from these facts of experience, but he maintains that God in His many-sided manifestations was revealed to the Vaiḍic sages, and the truth of their representation is verified by our own experiences in life. In other words, he does not argue that God's nature must be such and such, because our nature is such and such, but asserts that our nature has been so determined because God's nature is such. Every man is a miniature divinity, and whatever is found in him is only an emanation from Him, and nothing exists in man or any other object which cannot be traced to a divine origin. All creation is only a manifestation of God, and like the spider which weaves its own web out of the substance of its own body and takes its abode in it. God has created this universe out of His own substance and manifests Himself in it and is also apart from it. This sounds like a paradox, but the paradox lies in the weakness of our nature, in attempting

to study His nature, and not in Himself. Under the influence of the wind a mighty wave rises on the surface of the ocean, becomes differentiated from it, gets a name of its own, flows over the same surface and at last spends itself in it. Still nothing new has been created nor anything old destroyed. In the same manner, under the influence of the Divine Force, this mighty universe rises out of Himself and becomes finally absorbed into Himself. In Hinḍū Cosmology there is no beginning and perforce there can be no end. The work of creation, growth, and decay goes on in a circle, and what is born must grow and die only to be born again. This circle never ceases to revolve, and so this universe has been created and destroyed countless times. Whatever applies to the whole must necessarily apply to every part.

From the sun down to the meanest object, animate or inanimate, everything is subject to this law of change. Observation proves it and science confirms it. This has given birth to the doctrine of Reincarnation, a belief in which is universally shared, not only by all the sects of the Hinḍū faith, but also by the offshoots of Hinḍūism, Buḍḍhism, and Jainism. To enter into the critical examination of this doctrine is beside the scope of this enquiry, but the Hinḍū claims that, apart from the testimony of great sages, every man can realise for himself the truth of this doctrine at a particular stage of psychic development, if he cares to undergo the necessary discipline and training in his psychological life.

This doctrine of Reincarnation presupposes another cardinal doctrine of the Hinḍū Faith, *i.e.*, the doctrine of predestination or Karma. The law of Karma is only the universal law of causation carried to its logical

conclusion. Here too we do not propose to enter into a critical enquiry, but it is enough for the purpose of this discourse to mention the simple fact that it is universally believed by all who claim a Hindū origin for their faith. It must be conceded that this doctrine of Karma offers an ingenious explanation for many otherwise inexplicable phenomena in the world, but it must be admitted at the same time that it is at best but a theory which cannot be raised to the dignity of a law according to the scientific conception of the word. A Hindū feels this as no hindrance to his belief, because in his heart of hearts he seeks no confirmation for his belief in modern and material science. His faith is so strong that, if modern science does not conform to his belief, he pities science and not his faith, and asserts that science is not sufficiently developed to grasp the truth of the working of these cosmic laws.

The law of Karma does not preclude him from believing that man is a moral agent, responsible for his actions, and that reward and punishment are meted out to him according to the nature of his actions. At the time of a man's birth the law of predestination determines his environment, his caste, his rank in life, the general tendencies of his mind, his likes and dislikes, his age, and even the state of his physical body; but at the same time he is a free agent, though in a limited sphere, capable of influencing his life by his efforts. Circumstances, actions and experiences over which he has no control are the effects of the law of Karma, but everything which is within the sphere of his *choice* is a direct outcome of his own will, for which he is responsible both to society and to God. An interdependence between freedom and destiny is recognised,

and to represent the Hindū as a blind believer in fate is a perversion of truth. Eternal reward or damnation is an outrage to his sense of justice and reason, nor does he disclaim the meritableness of his reaping the fruits of his own actions; in fact he believes that his future births and experiences are the necessary outcome of his past and present karmas, from whose effects there can be no escape.

A Hindū makes no difference between science and philosophy, or philosophy and religion, and so traces every art or science to a philosophical basis, and religion to him is only the practical side of philosophy. All knowledge to him has a religious significance, and all his institutions, social, moral or political, have a religious basis. It is no exaggeration to say that a Hindū's life moves in an atmosphere of religion and nothing else from birth to death, and every thought, word, or deed of his has a flavour of religion at the root. That is why his customs and institutions have stood the test of time, and unless a change is brought about at the root, a partial reform will produce no appreciable good.

A Hindū, then, to whatever sect he may belong, believes in the existence of an eternal God; an external world, created or manifested by Himself; an individual soul, divine in its essence and aspiring after final redemption; in the eternal laws of karma (or causation) and reincarnation (a cosmic necessity); in rewards and punishments according to the nature of his actions; and, lastly, in salvation, which, in his conception, means the realisation of his divine nature by shaking off the bondage of karma, good, bad or indifferent. There is no such thing as an Evil Principle co-existent with God, and claiming equal authority and taking a malicious pleasure

LIFE'S TOMB

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Tread softly here; in silence and in gloom
Survey Life's tomb, its shadowed bier;
Smile not, ye cynics, at its early doom;
But let within your fount of Pity loom

A tear!

Speak not a word, nor seek the cause of death:
'Twas not the sword that stole its breath;
But as ye tread upon the withered sod
Muse, for the loftiest sentiment from God

Lies beneath!

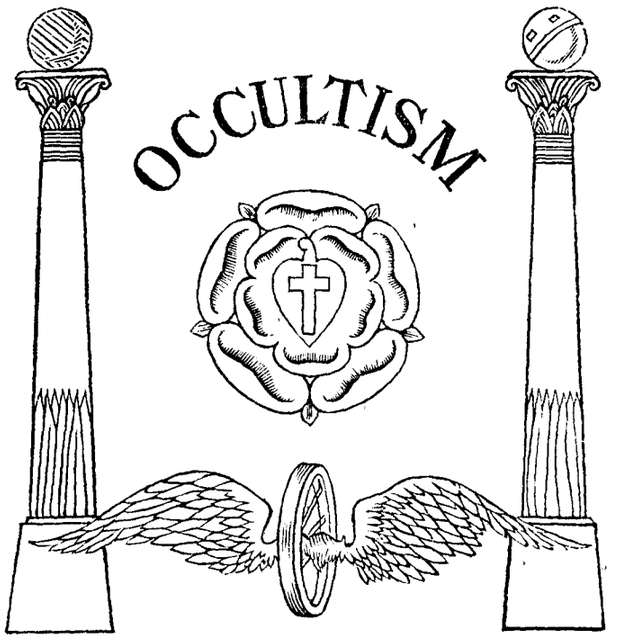
It once was white as lilies on the streams;
It did delight in raptured dreams;
But the world touched those lilies with its blight,
Till day gave place to dark and endless night

And broken themes!

It needs no bard to sing its praise,
Or how 'twas marred upon its ways;
Its epitaph inscribed with pride and woe
Is written simply in this line below—

"It sacrificed."

KAI KUSHROU ARDASCHIR



THE FOURTH DIMENSION

By E. L. GARDNER

STUDENTS who have followed the fascinating speculations of Claude Bragdon on this theme, or have pursued the elusive "tesseract" through the mazes of C. H. Hinton's brain-twisting entanglements, will need no introduction; though I should wish also to interest the larger number who have only a bowing acquaintance with this most interesting subject.

in bringing humanity to eternal damnation. He recognises no arbitrary commandments, a strict obedience to which is enjoined by a divine law; and whatever contributes to put off his final release is sin, and whatever helps him to hasten towards it is virtue. He does not claim, as is misrepresented by some, that salvation is the exclusive property of a chosen few, but believes that every soul will have to work out its own salvation on its own line of action, determined by its karmas, past, present, and future. Every man has been placed in the midst of environments most congenial for his amelioration, and in the faithful discharge of his duties lies his path of salvation. Thus we see that in cardinal points of religion and philosophy there is no difference of opinion at all among the various sects, but, on the other hand, all work towards a common end. What is it, then, that has brought these sects into existence?

It has been already observed that all the sects agree in viewing the Veḍas as the final authority on all religious questions, and there is no sect which does not claim a Vaiḍic origin for its beliefs. Differences of opinion crop up only in the interpretation of the texts which favour the views of a particular sect. Each tries to weave a consistent whole out of the apparently inconsistent statements made in the Veḍas. The central point on which the whole controversy revolves is the conception of the Ultimate Cause as symbolically represented by the mystic syllable "Aum". It is in interpreting this word that all the difference lies. This syllable is found at the beginning and at the end of the Vaiḍic literature. It is beside our point to enquire why this word, above all others, should be made to represent the Final Cause. All agree in viewing it so, and not

without reason. Viewed collectively, the Veḍas speak of the ultimate substance, in some places, as a personal Being, and in some other places as an impersonal Being. The three demonstratives "he," "she" and "it" are freely predicated of it. In one place it is spoken of as a male Being endowed with all laudable qualities in perfection, and in another place as a neuter object, devoid of all qualities or states. In no place is it maintained that it is a non-entity, though everything observed and observable is denied of it. It is beyond all comprehension, and yet the attempt has become possible only by virtue of its presence in every thinking soul. Though it is not possible for anybody to know it in all its perfection, yet it is not impossible to realise its divine essence. To the Hinḍū, God is *not* unknown and unknowable. Otherwise all the attempts were futile, and life were not worth living. A free, vegetarian life would be enough for all practical purposes, and there would be no necessity for religion or philosophy.

In one place the Veḍas advocate a strict monotheistic theory, and in another place they speak of innumerable Gods and Goddesses presiding over the destinies of mankind. In one place they seem to favour a pantheistic view, and in another place they advocate a polytheistic theory. In one place the "Paramāṭman" is differentiated from the "Jīvāṭman," and in another place the bold assertion: "It is I," is made with all the force of self-assertion. Every hymn sung in praise of a deity raises that deity to the dignity of the highest power, and even contradictory statements are made of the same deity in two different places. How is it, then, that such a document, full of anomalies, could have passed for the highest authority among the most

intellectual race of the ancient world? How can such a document create an abiding interest in the race, and exercise an intluence which even centuries of foreign contact cannot affect? The explanation is simple—with all its apparent inconsistencies it contains the vital truth, and no other faith has been able to present a saner view. The Veḍas represent the truth in all its many-sided aspects in different places, and this accounts for their apparent inconsistencies. Just as there is perfect accord in the essential doctrines they have propounded for man's guidance, so there is an undercurrent of unity in which all inconsistencies find a ready explanation. This unity of faith has been recognised by all the sects. Otherwise, there would have arisen an endless struggle in which some one would have asserted its predominance and wiped the others out of existence. Physical nature presents an endless variety in the midst of a palpable touch of similarity. So is the Hinḍū faith; and as nature does not become less beautiful on account of its diversities, so has the Hinḍū religion become not less true on account of its various sects.

The Spirit Supreme, represented by the mystic "Aum," is both active and passive, male and female. Nature or Prakṛṭi is an inseparable accident in it, just as heat cannot lie separated from fire, force from matter, and light from the sun. By virtue of its divine presence Prakṛṭi begins to act. It is represented as the female principle, and when it takes a kinetic condition it assumes a personality and permeates itself in chaos with three qualities: Saṭṭva, Rajas, and Ṭamas. Prakṛṭi should not be regarded as a second substance apart from Brahman, and yet should not be viewed as one with it.

When viewed in combination with Prakṛṭi, the Spirit has a personal appearance, endowed with all qualities, and when viewed as apart from it, it seems to be an impersonal substance devoid of qualities and not susceptible of any action. It is purely an intellectual process of thinking, because *per se* the Spirit is never found apart from Shakṭi, nor can Shakṭi be thoroughly identified with it. For all practical purposes of philosophical reasoning they are regarded as two separate entities—the one (Shakṭi) acting under the influence of the other (Brahman). The fully manifested Brahm in its active stage is represented as Virāt or Puruṣha. The three kinds of cosmic energy evolve themselves out of Him, and each, subject to the law of heterogeneity from homogeneity, undergoes a series of triple ramifications to an infinite extent. The Sāṭṭvic part subdivided itself into three more aspects, as Saṭṭva in Saṭṭva, Rajas in Saṭṭva, and Ṭamas in Saṭṭva. The Rājasic part correspondingly divided itself into Saṭṭva in Rajas, Rajas in Rajas, and Ṭamas in Rajas. The Ṭāmasic part has its corresponding divisions—Saṭṭva in Ṭamas, Rajas in Ṭamas, and Ṭamas in Ṭamas.

Thus the Supreme One yields place to the inseparable Two, which, in beginning to act in three ways, manifests itself in nine varieties. The Saṭṭva in Saṭṭva assumes a definite shape, and gets a local habitation and a name. He is called Vishṇu, the Protector of the universe. The Rājasic part of the original Saṭṭva, activity being its nature, becomes Brahmā, the Creator and Father of the whole universe. The Ṭāmasic aspect of the primeval Saṭṭva becomes the dread Destroyer of the universe, called Ruḍra by name. What one creates, another protects and supports, and the third destroys,

only to be created, developed and destroyed again. The three always act in concert, and their work is interminable and inseparable. Destroy the one, the other two cease from existence. Each is supreme in his field of activity, and each is the direct and supreme manifestation of the eternal Puruṣha in whom they move and have their being. Each is the Supreme Deity when viewed apart from his functional activity. This inevitable "Triad" is a necessary law of existence, because there is nothing, here or elsewhere, which is outside the scope of its influence. They form the presiding deities, each viewed by a sect as the highest manifestation of the Supreme Deity. All worship, all ṭapas and all devotion are made only to these, and for all purposes of religion there is no necessity to go beyond, nor is it possible to do so. The higher stages are pure intellectual abstractions, and practical worship is impossible. That is why each sect has stopped with one of these deities, and popular religion does not care to go beyond. Each is conscious that it worships only the Supreme Deity in its divine form, and has no quarrel with its neighbour who has a different idea. But religion, as a system of dogmas and observances, cannot but breed bigotry in some narrow hearts. This naturally leads to bickerings and social exclusion, but persecution in the real sense of the word, of one sect by another sect, never existed in the land. People were never put to horrible forms of death, their women defiled, their children murdered and their homes destroyed in the sacred name of God. Each sect with its narrowness of vision looked down upon the other as an inferior form of worship, but no sect had the boldness to deny a Vaiḍic origin to its rival.

Coming to the second grand quality, of Rajas, in the Supreme Puruṣha, we find the same threefold, inevitable classification. The Saṭṭva aspect of this quality, which represents supreme activity, manifested itself in a number of Gods, or divine Beings, or immortals. The Sāṭṭvic essence of their nature has placed them above the workings of the laws of this cosmos, and so they have been endowed with grand powers to influence the destinies of their less favoured brethren of mundane existence. They can be easily propitiated to do good, or provoked to do harm. They live in a world like our own, but sorrow and death may not enter there. They are divided into various orders, each having qualities and powers peculiar to itself. Differences of rank, position and function are found there. They are immortals only in a relative sense, and their dominion is perfectly within the grasp of a mortal man, if he cares to seek their bliss and share their enjoyments. The lower deities of this realm are jealous of the aspiring mortals, and seek to put obstructions in their path of seeking entrance into their dominion. The demons and Asuras of the nether regions often wage war with them, and sometimes usurp their dominion, only to be supplanted by the intervention of the higher powers in authority. The Hinḍū religious literature is full of such stories, which readily appeal to popular imagination and foster a spirit of reverence and love to the favourite deity who works out the redemption of the Ḍevas from the hands of the Asuras. This is a never-ending struggle, and admits of an allegorical interpretation, but to form an idea of the Hinḍū faith from this part of its literature alone, is to do it great injustice, if not harm. Foreigners, to whom this part of our literature alone is readily

accessible, find in it an easy weapon to be directed against the followers of the Hindū faith, and it is no wonder that even many educated people within the fold are prone to form a poor opinion of their faith. It is beside our point to enter into the details in this part of our enquiry, though an elaborate investigation is worth the trouble.

Passing on to the Rājasic part of the primeval Rajas quality, we are told that it has manifested itself in the shape of human beings. Activity is the very essence of human existence, and no nation or race can ever remain stagnant. But the nations of the world are characterised by varying degrees of activity, wisdom and ignorance, exactly in proportion to the subtler triads of this ramified quality. The permutation changes with time, and so one nation, most advanced in one age, may sink in power or intellectuality in another age, and a less fortunate one at one stage may become a more favoured one at a different stage. Since change is the watchword of nature, no nation, tribe or individual can possibly be in a fixed position of greatness or savagery for a continuous period of time. Changes do not take place arbitrarily, but are subject to the workings of certain cosmic laws, and there is a destiny which controls even the fall of a sparrow. There is no such thing as chance in Nature, but whatever we do not know is called superstition and whatever we cannot account for is called chance. This accounts for the various grades of civilisation at various times in the history of the nations of the world.

The Ṭāmasic aspect of the primeval Rājasa quality, subject to the same laws of permutation and change, permeated itself into the lower animals, from the

highest mammalia down to the lowest insect. Mobility is their chief characteristic, inasmuch as they have emanated from the Rajas quality, but their Ṭāmasic nature has deprived them of all intellectual functions. All their activities are confined to mere brute instincts, and they are incapable of any intellectual life. Though the higher animals may approach almost to the grade of the lowest man, yet there is an ocean of difference between the two. If placed in better environments and circumstances, the meanest savage is capable of intellectual development; but the highest animal, even in the midst of the most favourable circumstances, cannot develop an intellectual life on account of the Ṭāmasic feature of its nature. The evolutional philosopher cannot step over the gulf, in spite of all his ingenuity. The different grades into which the three primeval qualities may permute themselves may produce different grades of consciousness, but the radical element in each cannot be eliminated. The workings of these three guṇas are beautifully seen in the types of animals they have created with various instincts and qualities. But the common aspect of their Ṭāmasic nature has produced a common feature in them all—the absence of intellectuality. There is evolution in the sense that various types are evolved from a common origin; but Hindū philosophy does *not* admit that one species is developed from another, and account for the existing gaps by assuming a number of missing links in the chain of evolution. It must be carefully noted that the original duality of sex has protrayed itself in all emanations, and one cannot possibly be reduced into the other.

Coming to the third grand quality of the Supreme Shakṭi, Ṭamas, we find the same laws of permutation

and change repeated. Following the distinction of sex in the other two evolutions, the Tāmasic quality manifests itself in two aspects, as matter and force, the one representing the passive side and the other the active side of Nature. Both are inseparable, and each, when reduced, will appear to have been evolved out of the other. A pronounced judgment is impossible, and hence the philosopher's puzzle. The materialist would pronounce with all the potency of his soul that "force is only matter in another state," and an idealist would affirm that "matter is only a manifestation of force, which itself is only a product of the phenomenal mind". According to the Vaiḍic philosopher the material universe in its twofold aspect is only a manifestation of the Tāmasic quality of Shakṭi, and since Shakṭi is nothing different from God, but means only God in activity, the material universe is also nothing different from God; yet, at the same time, it cannot be identified with God, inasmuch as it is only a manifestation of one aspect of God's active nature. It is true when God is contemplated as having an active side in His nature, and false when that activity is denied of Him. Matter, force, mind, soul, and every other thing, is a true entity when the Supreme Deity is in a state of activity; and the moment He shrinks back into inactivity, the whole becomes potential in Him. The "She" merges into "Him," and "He" becomes transferred into "It". All the three states are true, and no state represents the entire truth.

We cannot say that any one of these states is non-existent, because we find the same intact in a subsequent manifestation; and since what is destroyed cannot revive, in the same state at least, nothing can be said

to have been destroyed or to be unreal, nor can one be the product of another. Sectarian importance attached to a particular aspect has brought about an apparent inconsistency, but when viewed *in toto*, the whole seems to be rational, and a belief in one aspect is perfectly compatible with another, provided that passion and prejudice do not intervene.

It is in determining the nature of the material universe *per se* that a difference of opinion within the fold is possible. All other differences naturally follow from this, and so a right conception of each system of philosophy becomes imperative, before an attempt is made to reconcile the various views. The Ḍvaiṭin (the dualist) affirms that matter is eternal, soul is eternal, and God is eternal. The individual soul therefore is something essentially different from the Universal Soul, and matter is different from both. God, as the active agent in the other two, has sway over them. Salvation or freedom consists in breaking the web woven by Prakṛṭi round the individual soul, thus preventing it from realising its true nature. The freed soul breaks the chain of karma and rebirth, and translates itself into the region of eternal bliss in the presence of the Universal Soul, *i.e.*, God Almighty. The Aḍvaiṭin has exactly a contrary opinion. The Universal Soul is the only one true entity, and matter and mind are but illusory creations of Prakṛṭi, which itself is an illusion. Just as in sleep a soul is conscious of no external world or individual existence, so in the end, *i.e.*, in the stage of final release, the so-called individual soul finds itself nothing but the Universal Soul, which alone is the irreducible minimum. There is nothing else than God eternal, and everything else which seems to have a local

habitation and a name, is a mere illusion to be realised as such in the end. Until an individual soul realises this truth, it is in bondage; and salvation, in its highest sense, means the destruction of the individuality and the realisation of oneness with the eternal Soul. The sun, reflected in the several pots of water, appears to be different suns, but the moment the media are destroyed, plurality vanishes and there is only one sun. It is idle to question why this illusion should creep into the soul, but the only legitimate aim should be to find out if it is not illusion. That it is so, is borne out by the phenomenon of sleep; and if sleep becomes eternal, the phenomenal world and individual consciousness exist nowhere. The highest stage of realisation is to find out that "I am God and nothing else".

There is a third philosopher, the Vishiṣhṭāḍvaiṭin, who takes an amphibious stand of reconciliation between the other two. He is at one with the dualist when maintaining that the three entities are eternal, each having an individual existence. But he differs from him in not believing that all the three have independent existences. Matter and mind are but emanations from God and have their existence in Him only. The Universal Soul overlaps the other two, and it is only through its agency that the other two are capable of activity. They, though eternal, have no "separate" existence, in the sense that they themselves are but emanations from the Supreme Spirit, and move and have their being within and not outside Him. There is but one Supreme Being, and there is no second substance independent of Him and co-existent with Him.

He differs from the Aḍvaiṭin in repudiating the Māyā theory, which, he thinks, is only a convenient

device to explain away the various discrepancies found in the Veḍas. He does not admit that matter is an illusory creation of the mind, and that the soul, by some mysterious impotency inherent in it, imagines itself to have a separate existence. The material universe, which is only an emanation of the Ṭāmasic aspect of the Divine Being, and the mental world, which is an emanation of His Rājasic quality, are as eternal as the Being Himself in whom they have their existence. The individual soul, divine in its essence, has an eternal existence by itself; and, when freed from the bondage of Karma, realises its divine nature and is in perpetual enjoyment of divine bliss, resulting from a consciousness of its being a passive entity under the sweet control of a charming lover. The relation between the individual soul and the Supreme Soul is exactly like that between Shakṭi and her Divine Consort. While She is not apart from Him, She has an individual existence to enjoy His sweet company. There are no different grades in the Supreme Godhead—as a Saguṇa Brahman on an inferior plane and a Nirguṇa Brahman working on a superior plane.

It is needless to observe that each philosopher bases his theory on the Vaiḍic texts, and quotes chapter and verse in support of his view. When the whole is taken together and viewed impartially, it may be seen that there is no real antagonism among the contending parties. In the language of Logic they are dealing in contraries and not in contradictories. Each pays special attention to *one* particular aspect of the nature of the Divine Self, and there is no question of right or wrong in the controversy. As stated in a former part of this paper, the Supreme Being in His

waking state assumes an individual existence, and the whole universe, material and mental, has separate existences and is coeval and eternal with Him. In His subconscious condition they converge back to their original source and lose their individual activity. They realise that they are only passive tools, subject to the control of a Supreme Power, and though apart and individualised, they only form parts of His divine essence. Though the parts are many, the whole is one. When the Supreme Being goes into a state of inactivity, the other two, whose very existence depends upon divine activity, become potential and are lost in the sea of Universal Consciousness. Again, when He comes to the waking state, all come out intact and assume their former existence. The philosophical portion of the Vedas, which has to take note of each by itself and the whole in aggregate, necessarily indulges in apparently contrary and inconsistent views. It cannot truthfully give prominence to one view only, and every sect, consciously or unconsciously, has to admit this fact. Each is contented with its own view of the matter and has no quarrel with its neighbour.

Coming to the practical side of religion or philosophy, there is an admirable consensus of opinion among all the sects, and though differing in unimportant details, they all agree in the efficacy of Karma performed with a selfless motive, devotion to the Supreme Being, as the only means of spiritual discipline, and the realisation of Divine Wisdom as the end of all human existence.

Hinḍūism, as a whole, occupies a unique position in the history of human thought and speculation, and claims that no other religion or philosophy can

present to the world anything new, which cannot be found in it. If, as it claims, the boldest speculation of a philosopher in any part of the world at any age is nothing new to it; if the highest form of rational worship found in any other religion can be found in it; if the most admirable discoveries of science or art are not incompatible with it, but serve only to bring out its beauties into greater prominence and acceptance; if, in short, it has created a race of people, however unwise from a worldly standpoint, the most selfless, tolerant and peaceful, and the least greedy of earthly power and enjoyments—it is for an earnest seeker of truth to investigate and find out how far its pretensions are true and trustworthy.

T. R. Rangaswami Ayyangar.

THE BASIS OF DEMOCRACY[1]

By SRI PRAKASA, B.A., LL.B. (CANTAB.),
BARR.-AT-LAW

ARISTOTLE, the first exponent of Political Science to the western world, says that a State can be of three kinds: (1) where supreme power is vested in *an individual*; (2) where it is vested in *a few* persons; and (3) where it is vested in *the many*. If, he goes on to tell us, this power is exercised for the benefit of the community at large, then the polities are *normal*; if, however, it is used for the private benefit of the persons in authority, the politics are *perversions*.

According to this writer, Democracy is the perversion of the polity where supreme power is vested in *the Many*—the normal form of the rule of "the Many," he calls simply *polity*. The ancients had to make this distinction between normal and perverted polities because they could never lose sight of the moral element, *viz.*, whether the Government did or did not look after the interests of the subjects. Modern political scientists do not care for this fact; their duty seems to end when they have examined as to where the supreme sovereign power rests in a land, and have declared the nature of

[1] In discussing this world-old, yet ever new, subject, it is not my intention to take up the standpoint of a partisan, but that of a student earnestly desirous of understanding what the word Democracy means; what form of government it connotes; as well as the difficulties that lie in the way of the complete realisation of the ideal aimed at.—S. P.

the polity they have been examining. Therefore Aristotle's "Government of the Many" would correspond to a great extent with Democracy as conceived in the modern world, regardless of what it does for the weal or woe of those whom it rules.

Two important facts, however, must not be lost sight of: (1) The States which Aristotle studied were small city-States, and in his scheme the "Governing Many" would take part in all the departments of State directly in person; (2) Aristotle's "Many" did not include the working classes. The persons who worked by their hands were usually slaves carried away by the Greeks in their conquering expeditions, and as such, not admitted to Greek citizenship. Aristotle's "citizen" was not any- and everybody born in the State, irrespective of the trade he was carrying on, but he was essentially the person of leisure who never "soiled (?)" his hands by manual work, and whose only business was Politics.

Modern statesmen have not to deal with small city-States, but large nation-States consisting of many millions of inhabitants. Such a State was an absurdity for Aristotle. His ideal of the dimensions of a State was that if a person stood in the market-place and shouted at the top of his voice, all members of the State should be able to hear him; to him a State of ten thousand persons was as impossible as the State of ten: the former was too large as the latter too small. Then again, modern democracies attempt to include *all* and not only *the Many*. From time to time the number of qualifications required of persons eligible to take part in government has been steadily reduced—the tendency being to exclude as few as possible, if any at all.

Manual work is no disqualification now; manual workers are not slaves but citizens.

Democracy—the Government of the People—should mean that all persons who comprise the State, and who are affected by the Government, should take part in the exercise of power in that Government. In other words, every one should be allowed a voice in all the three departments of the State, *viz.*, the Legislative, the Executive and the Judicial: the power of making laws; the power of enforcing laws; the power of punishing the breakers of these laws.

If a State consists of only a few persons—a few hundreds of leisured people, we will say—it might be possible—though there still would be difficulties, as the histories of democratic Greek States show—to collect all of them together for the exercise of the various functions of the State in its legislative, executive and judicial departments. But this procedure is manifestly impossible in the case of modern States. Therefore the system of *election* has been invented. In a modern democratic country the whole land is divided into electoral districts; from each such district a representative is to be sent to the national legislative. The citizens inhabiting a district are to meet and elect their representative. It is obvious that there cannot be unanimity; and, to facilitate matters, the system of regarding *the view of the majority as the view of all* has been further invented.[1] This ultimately comes to mean that a little less than half the population

[1] We must remember that this system of deciding questions by a majority-vote is a very recent one in the history of mankind. The former and perhaps more natural system was for the minority to secede. To this day, in Hindū communal questions—which are becoming more and more bitter owing to the influx of reform ideas—the minority invariably secedes and forms a separate party, cutting off all social relations from the members of the majority. In the Middle Ages, in Europe, it was the same. To give only one illustration, the troubles of Thomas a Becket came upon him because he refused to be bound by the decisions of the Council of the King, Henry II. as he, being absent from it at the time of its meeting, had not given his consent to the measures passed.—S. P.

—for persons are seldom elected by more than a slender majority—is not represented at all.

When the legislature has been elected, the executive has next to be formed. The nations that have followed the lead of the British Constitution get their executive mainly from among the elected members of the legislature itself, *e.g.*, England, France and Italy. Where, however, the choice of the members of the executive is wholly dependent on the will of the elected or the hereditary head, *e.g.*, America and Germany, care is taken that such persons alone are appointed who can command the confidence of the legislature, for the grant of money being in its hands—and it being impossible to carry on the government without money, even for a single day—the legislature can refuse grants, and thereby effectively express its disapproval of the *personnel* or the actions of the executive body. The executive is practically bound to resign, in case of an adverse vote, in England and France; but even if it be not so bound, as in America and Germany, all the same it has always to be on its guard, and has to be careful not to lose the support of the elected Legislative Assembly. In this fashion, in a democratic land, the people, who elect the Legislative Assembly, are supposed to keep a check—however indirect it may be—on the Executive.

Then we have the judiciary, which serves the double purpose of protecting the rights of the subject against the possible violence and high-handedness of the executive, and also of punishing those who break

the laws enacted by the legislature. The Constitutional history of England furnishes a good illustration of the legitimate struggle made for the independence of the judiciary from executive control. So long as the King—the hereditary head of the executive in England—had the absolute power of appointing and dismissing the judiciary, so long could he force his judges to give judgments, in the various cases of far-reaching constitutional importance, in his own favour. This is specially notable in the times of the Stuarts, when the constitutional struggle was assuming a threatening aspect. And before the seventeenth century closed, it was decided that, though the executive were authorised to appoint judges, they had no power of dismissing them; this could only be done by the express desire of the legislature.

To sum up, then, the whole argument, we find that, though it is physically impossible for modern Democracy to get all citizens to come together and assist directly at the performance of the functions of government in the three great departments—Legislative, Executive and Judicial—still every effort is made to give all citizens, indirectly, a voice in all these functions through *their right to vote* for elected representatives on the legislative assemblies, which, as we have seen, exercise the most potent influence in modern States; and it is recognised, in this connection, that all disputed points —whether in the election of a person or the settlement of a question—should be decided by a majority-vote.

In practical working this is all that Democracy means; all the same, it is important enough not to be belittled or ignored. The questions, however, that next present themselves to us, are: What is the need for

this system of government? What is the principle on which it is based? So far as it is possible to judge, Democracy seems to be based on one important factor of human nature—selfishness. We have to take it for granted that human beings are selfish; and that each man wants his own well-being, and each class jealously guards its own interests. If, it might be rightly said, the government falls in the hands of one man or one class of men, all legislation would be for the benefit of that man or that class of men, and that consequently other men and other classes would suffer. Therefore it is necessary that all men and all classes should be represented, so that the needs and requirements of none may be neglected. The opponent might say: "Law-making is not an easy affair. It requires technical skill and knowledge. If it is not possible for every one to be even a good shoemaker, how can everyone be a good law-maker?" The obvious answer is: "If one cannot make a good shoe, he can at least say where it pinches him; and though all cannot make laws, all can know how a particular law affects them; and, if they have the power in their hands, they will naturally try to make or unmake these laws in accordance with their own interests."

In the inherent selfishness of human beings, therefore, lies the intellectual basis of democracy. And the only question now left for us to solve is whether, in democracy, we are or are not to apply any test for the fitness, or otherwise, of a person to vote. So far it has not been claimed, by even the most extreme democrats, that the right to vote should be conceded to all; or, in other words, that no qualification, except birth in a human body, should be required. We shall discuss the

To many, the Fourth Dimension is practically impossible of intellectual conception, and only provides a convenient screen wherewith to cover a multitude of inexplicables; to them I extend the hand of sympathy and would whisper a message of encouragement, for the purport of this article, penned with a feeling of some temerity in the face of such doughty champions, amounts to a denial of its existence.

Despite elaborate mathematical "proofs," I submit that the Fourth Dimension is a formless mental abstraction, that it has no proper standing, and that the reality of which it is a false symbol can be easily grasped by the student of Theosophy without engaging in the fearsome gymnastics usually prescribed.

By the term "dimensions of space" we really mean "extensions of matter," and if we analyse this latter term, we shall resolve it into motion of a point or points—motion in three directions that we may call height, breadth, and depth. These popularly are the three dimensions of space, and mathematically, not actually, may be regarded as arising in succession—height or length being due to the motion of a point in one direction, which we call a Line; breadth being due to the motion of this line at right angles to itself, which we call a Surface; and depth being the movement of this surface, again at right angles to itself, which we call a Solid; and thus the Three Dimensions.

The Fourth Dimension theory is that there may be a further movement at right angles to the three-dimensional solid figure, a movement or extension obviously not possible to trace, but nevertheless following as a natural, reasonable and logical sequence to the first three movements. A wealth of delightful and fascinating

analogies is built up on the imagined relations of the inhabitants of "Flatland" with those of a one-dimensional world on the one hand, and our familiar three-dimensional world on the other. The theory has the air of being based on the essence of sound reasoning; is attractive, explanatory, and indeed captivating.

Yet, I submit, is it none the less misleading and fallacious, for it is an attempt to identify the attributes of Life with the figures of Form, and however willingly we grant that behind the description "Fourth Dimension" there stands something that is real, it is of importance that that reality should be described in terms of Life or Consciousness and not be regarded as a further extension of Matter or Form.

Without pausing to enquire what becomes of the fundamental simplicity of the Unity on which the Universe is based, if dimensions are multiplied *ad infinitum*, let us examine briefly the popular argument. The approach to the "fourth" dimension is by way of the first, second, and third. The reader is introduced to an imaginary linear world, and thence to a "Flatland" of two dimensions, described in detail and with much ingenuity, and finally on to our own familiar "three," the land of solids. By the help of numerous analogies the student is instructed to attempt a conception of a four-dimensional world. At first sight all the difficulty appears only to reside in this last effort, but a little thought will convince one that the linear world and "Flatland" are just as impossible of conception! In terms of form they can themselves have no separate existence.

To picture Flatland, the reader is invited to imagine a plane surface with paper squares and triangles, or

various restrictions that have been proposed in this connection:

Firstly, *age*. It has been generally accepted that persons below a certain age are not capable of exercising a vote properly, however precocious or highly educated some individuals might be found below the required age. We might take this to be a wholesome restriction, for we are bound to draw a line somewhere, and cannot be expected to make exceptions because of a few extraordinary cases.

Secondly, *sex*. A vigorous demand is being made for the acknowledgment of the equality of the two sexes in politics. The only objection that seems to have been raised is that domestic life would suffer. This is a well worn topic and need be discussed no further. It is coming to be generally recognised—due to the spread of intellectual education among women, as also to the phenomenon that many women remain unmarried and have no "homes" in the accepted sense of the word—that, in politics, we ought to place the two sexes on an equal footing.

Thirdly, *education*. "We cannot merely count heads: we must weigh them as well"—so say those who want an educational qualification for voters. The difficulty is that there are quite a number of persons who might not be able to pass comparatively simple educational tests, but who are, by experience and temperament, endowed with sufficient capability of fulfilling the duties of their own professions and of even filling responsible positions in the State. If, however, the test is very low indeed, and if primary education has spread broadcast, then this test might be applied; otherwise it would have to go. Having once

recognised that democracy means the representation of all interests, we have to look after the interests of the educated as well as the uneducated, and the latter might feel that the former cannot safeguard their interests as fully as they can do themselves.

Fourthly, *abnormality*. Should the criminals and the lunatics be allowed this privilege? It would be conceded that their state of mind disqualifies them from the proper discharge of this responsibility.

Fifthly and lastly—and this is both important and delicate—we have to deal with *property*. Persons with property claim that they have greater stakes in the land than persons who have no wealth: the more a man's property, the more his stake. On this basis the further claim is put forward that the greater the property of a person, the greater should be his share in the government, and that persons who have no property should have no voice in the State, as they stand to gain or to lose nothing. Opposed to this is the view that all persons are interested in the welfare of the State; that the State helps and protects all to an equal degree; and that there should be no distinction made on the ground of property. In England there has been a great deal of agitation against "plural voting," *i.e.*, the demand has been made that no one should have more than one vote, even if he has property in different parts of the country, or fulfils other qualifications, *e.g.*, has the M.A. degree of the University of Cambridge; every person, so long entitled to more than one vote owing to his holding more than one qualification, should be deprived of all votes except one, and accordingly should choose in what capacity he intends to exercise his right. Apparently the claim of the propertied man seems unreasonable,

and the view of his opponents as correct and proper. But the problem is very much more difficult than it looks.

Judging from a purely intellectual standpoint, we see that the major portion of the people of the country must invariably consist of the working classes, who, by necessity, are driven to concentrate their minds entirely on the great problem of "bread and butter". If every individual, as such, had an equal voice in government, the working classes, forming the majority, would preponderate in the legislatures and swamp all other interests. The voice of the wealthy, and the claims of their welfare, would be drowned. It might also be legitimately feared that the cause of art, literature and learning would suffer. It is, therefore, necessary—say the wealthy—to safeguard the interests that they represent, and so to compensate the propertied classes for the smallness of their numbers, especially because they pay higher taxes, by giving them more voice and more authority in the government of their country.

Then, again, in life we actually see that persons who hold lands and properties of a high value are willing to sacrifice a great deal for their protection, and are more loath to leave them than persons in that property who are willing to emigrate from place to place, and even from one country to another, wherever the prospects are better; as such the poor cannot have the same love for their land as the rich. The present gigantic war, that has resulted in the upsetting of many shibboleths and doctrines supposed so long to be unshakable, has also brought before us the unique sight of the flower of a

nation's manhood, sons of the nobility and gentry, flinging themselves in the forefront of the battle-line with the sole aim of serving their land, and, in that service, losing everything that they hold dear. In sharp contrast to this, we find that various forcible and imperative methods have to be applied to the poorer folk to induce them to enlist. These do not seem to feel the same attachment for their country as the upper classes, and this inevitably leads us to the conclusion that the claim that the rich made in the days of peace, they have justified in the dire times of war.

Sri Prakasa.

UNITY

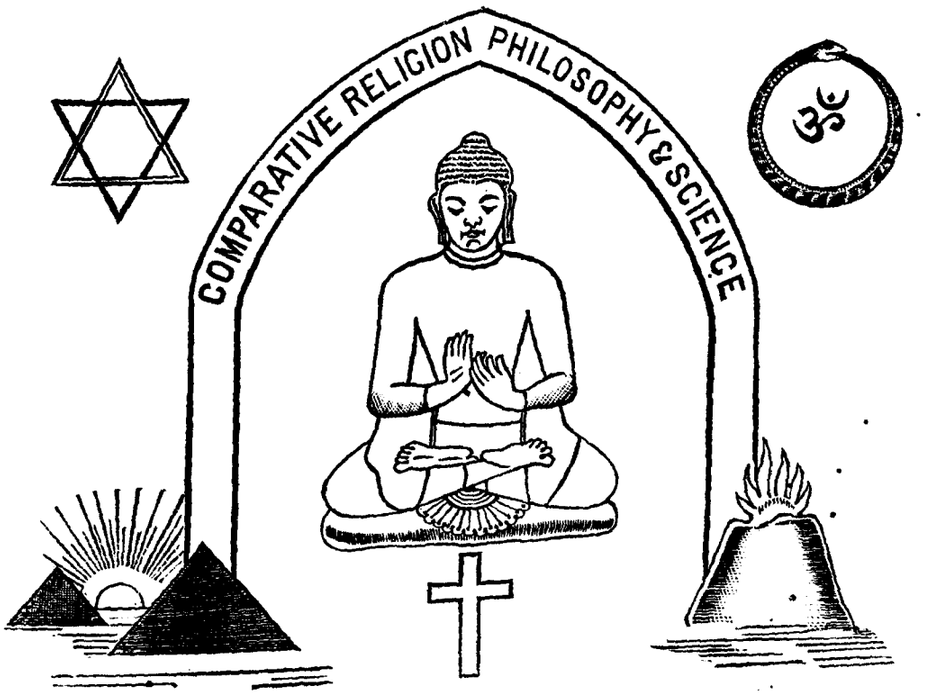
HIGH on the rock-paved praying-ground
The sons of Allah stand:
Then in obeisance, mute, profound,
Bend earthward head and hand.
In robe and turban many-hued,
They bloom upon the mind
A bank of flowers in prayerful mood
That bends before the wind.

And here, beside the white-towered shrine,
God Shiva's ancient seat,
Field-blossoms in the sunlight shine
About my wandering feet;
Then, as a breeze across my brow
On some glad errand runs,
They bow, as in devotion bow
Allah's and Shiva's sons.

So calm the circling hills, so sweet
The jasmine-scented air,
God, man, and nature seem to meet
And blot out "here" and "there";
And show, beneath their painted mask
One holy impulse stirs
Those flowers who grace from Allah ask,
These clay-born worshippers.

In such clear glimpses of the Whole
Our foolish barriers fall.
For who finds kinship with the Soul
Is kindred unto all.

Madanapalle. JAMES H. COUSINS.



LIFE, DEATH, AND WHAT THEN?

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

(Concluded from p. 511)

NOW let me try to give you an idea, with brief examples, of the possible conditions of life for you after you put aside your body. There is one great law that holds good in the invisible worlds as in the visible, and it is that according to your nature, your

faculty, and your aptitude, is the happiness or the misery that you will have wheresoever you are. Suppose, then, you have a man dying who has developed in himself certain desires which could only be satisfied with his earthly body. Take the case of a drunkard; the craving for drink, for its stimulus, is in his desire nature, in his astral body; but he has wanted the gratification of it by means of his physical body, and when death comes his body is cut down. Now the man has not changed, he is still the drunkard, he still has the craving for the stimulus; but he cannot gratify the desire. Now we know the maddening thirst and pain that a drunkard has when you remove from him the source of his gratification; and it is that same maddening pain that the drunkard or the victim of the drug habit has after the body is dead. But it is not a punishment, it is the automatic way that nature's laws work. Suppose by some kind of a miracle a friend of mine from Madras in India, where it is warm and where people wear cotton clothes, were now to be brought into this room; he would not have a happy time, he would be shivering all the time, but his shivering would be due to the fact that he did not know that Scotland was cold. He would not be punished by anybody, except by himself, for coming to a place without adjusting himself to the laws of life of that place. And so it is when a person dies who has a bodily vice of any kind; there is intense pain for him afterwards because he cannot gratify it.

Similarly, where the vice is more mental, as in the case of a miser, when he dies he does not change, he is exactly the same; and, probably relying on the ordinary opinion about after-death conditions, thinks he

is not dead. You know you are taught to believe that when death comes, your faculties will somehow be locked up in that body which is going to decay, will be put to sleep till the trumpet sounds at the day of resurrection; the conception that most people have is that immediately after death a kind of negativity takes place; your memories will end, and your affections, your hopes, your dreams—all that is really you—will be put to sleep. When, then, the miser who has heard that sort of thing finds that after death he still has a body, that he is exactly the same in appearance, and still remembers his gold, has all his memories—well, of course he does not think he is dead, and so he hovers over his gold or his safe or his cheque book or whatever the thing is that meant to him his gold. And then, when he sees that those whom he has left behind use his money, open his safe, dispose of his property and so on, can you not imagine the hell such a miser has when all that meant to him life is taken away from him? But it is not a pain inflicted on him by anyone except himself.

Or think of another type of man, say a business man who is all business, to whom wife and children count little, who lives in the office, who thinks office, who dreams office; when he dies, where is he? At the office. And there he is, watching. He has, if anything, a clearer imagination for business; he can also read the thoughts of his competitors in business; and so he sees vaster possibilities of business achievement. But he cannot put a single one into action; he cannot sign a cheque, he cannot telephone, he cannot set moving the markets of the world, because his astral body will not move physical matter. Imagine a man with power in

his hand like that, but not the ability to use that power. That is another kind of hell.

So too is it with another man who has been a drone in life, who has done nothing of any rational purpose, who has spent his time and money in racing, automobiling, gambling, who has generally frittered away his time; or the woman to whom life meant dresses, bridge parties, gossip, and all those kind of things. After they die they are exactly the same; they still hover about their ancient haunts; only there is no longer amusement there, for the astral body cannot handle cards, or money for betting; nor are the other dead round you interested in your dresses, nor in you because you had money or title. Then ensues a life of intense boredom, with nothing to do, with nothing interesting, truly a grey world.

Now all these conditions follow automatically upon the life that is begun by people as they die; if they are "earth-bound," as the phrase is, if they had not purified themselves nor developed such interests as give satisfaction in the astral world, then life after death can indeed be a "hell". There are indeed conditions of torment for souls, but it is self-inflicted torment. But hell is not a special place; for look where you will in the invisible world, there is no burning pit of fire, and there are no devils to torture. In our Oriental religions, arising in Oriental countries, where we not only dislike extreme heat but also extreme cold, we go one better than western theologies, for we have not only hot hells but also cold hells. But look where you will, you will find no hells, as places; they are the creations of monkish minds. There is no fire to burn a man but that of his own fierce lusts, there

is no cold to freeze him but the isolation of his own utter selfishness, and there are no devils to torment him but the thoughts of his own cruelties.

Nevertheless there is pain, which is symbolised graphically by these descriptions of hell. But hell does not last for ever; it lasts only so long as a man gives it strength for its lasting. You cannot have an eternal hell from a set of causes that were set a-going in a few brief years of time; and so the period of pain for a man lasts according to the strength of his unsatisfiable desire. That very pain itself purifies the man, so that slowly his particular lust is as it were burnt out of him.

Now take another case, that of a soldier on the battle-field. He is perhaps charging, and is shot, and his body falls. But he does not know he is dead; he is still dressed in khaki, for his astral body takes the semblance of the physical; and so he still goes charging on with his comrades. But he may note soon after a few things that make him think; he may see a shell bursting near him, and a piece of it hits him, and by rights it ought to blow him to bits; but he notes it does not, he sees it go through him. And he looks at a few things like that, and then he knows that he is what the world calls dead. But he is still living, he sees his comrades, though they do not see him; but some, he finds, can sense his presence, and if he is the kindly soldier, caring for his comrades and ready always to help, he will get to work and help and inspire and encourage and strengthen his living comrades. Sometimes he may see a comrade wounded, far away and unobserved; he will then suggest to the mind of a stretcher-bearer: "go in that direction," and the

stretcher-bearer, if he is sensitive, will go and will discover the wounded man.

One soldier, then, who dies while he is thinking of being with his comrades, is indeed with them the moment his body falls. But suppose it is another soldier, and he dies thinking of his sweetheart, or of his mother or of his wife and children; the moment after death he is not on the battle-field, but only where he desired to be, by the side of those that he loves. And so there is the mysterious law that after death we are where we desire to be. Take the case—such a common case indeed—of the man who dies in the home. He "dies" surrounded by his wife and children and relations. The moment after death he is exactly the same—nay, if he had died after a lingering illness, then fresher, without pain, younger in feeling; and he is still in the room, by the side of his bed. But he sees that his wife and children are all crying, and that they are all absorbed in a great thought that he is dead, that he is gone, that he has vanished; yet he is there by their side. But they have erected a barrier harder than the hardest steel between him and themselves. He loves them still and desires to comfort them, desires to make himself known; but they will not allow him, for they think, they feel, they all the time build into every cell of their brain the affirmation: "He is dead, he is gone, he has vanished." Now can you imagine the pain of such a man, when those that he cares for are full of grief? Yet that pain is given to him by those who, not understanding, grieve, thinking that grief is a mark of love. We think it is natural to grieve—yes, it is true; but it is also unnatural to inflict pain on those that we love, and that is what we do, when we grieve for the dead.

Ah, if only we could understand, if only we had some knowledge of what are the conditions beyond the grave, then, when one of our beloved died, we would keep in a quiet calm and meditation, for we would know that the soul that loved us once still loved, that the same memories were still there in the soul, that our beloved was there in the room with us still; and we would try to commune with him, and give him our strongest thoughts of love and gratitude; and if he died with some failing which was bound to give him suffering, then we would give him thoughts of strength and protection all the time. These are the possibilities for those who know.

After death each one of us, then, has his first period in the astral world, and to those of us who have such desires as can only be satisfied in the physical body, there comes pain. But happily for so many of us there is after death no pain, akin to the pain of a hell, for we have had our hell before we died. Through intense grief and agony and loss, through the utter crushing of all our hopes, we get purified; and when the day of death comes we have exhausted all that part of ourselves that might call us to any kind of life in that first part of the other world, the astral world; and when the impure part has been eliminated, as in the case of the drunkard after many years of pain, or in the case of the normal man who has lived a good life during the years before death, there begins then to blossom once again the nobility that was within ourselves. If you take a man who dies a villain and a murderer, who has had long years of cruelty to his record, yet if you could see all his life from childhood to manhood, you would find in his boyhood, in his

youth, some part of himself that was noble—a love that he bore to his mother, an affection that he had for a while to a sweetheart, a phase of himself that in after years was covered over and seemed dead. But that phase of the man was never gone; it was always there; and what happened of evil was only as a crust laid on the true nature of the man. After death that crust is worn away by suffering, and then comes to fruition the nobler side of the man.

When after death these nobler sides within ourselves—the loves, the hopes, the dreams, the ambitions of service and usefulness—awaken, then begins the second great stage, the life in the heaven world. And this heaven world is here in this room, as much as the astral world. Why is it called the heaven world? For the reason that the nature of God, who is bliss and joy indescribable, is more manifest to the human consciousness there in that world than in this world of ours. His nature as bliss we do know now and then. When we look at a flower and feel its beauty we sense something of that joy; when we look at the face of a smiling child and smile in return and feel glad, it is something of the nature of God we begin to know; when we look at the sunset and see the beauty there and are glad, it is something of Him again that we greet; when we listen to music and it has a message for us and we dream dreams, it is something of God that we see in each dream. For He, in His infinitude of beauty and wisdom, power and love, is trying to pour it on all His children all the time. But in this world of ours it is only as we open the little windows of our aspirations, our loves, our dreams, our service, that He can look into our natures, and give us of Himself. Wherever a man,

woman, or little child dreams of an unselfish service, or happiness of any kind, then it is God who looks in; and where God looked in once on earth, it was only as the earnest of the hundreds of times that He would look in with His joy in the heaven world.

While we live on earth we see only now and then something of His true life; and for the most part our eyes are turned earthwards again, for so many are the duties that we must perform, and dreams and duty so often conflict. But there comes the time, when this body is put aside, that the first part of the after-death life in the astral world is over; and then we see Life for the first time, as it is; we see the whole world of God, not as "in a glass, darkly," but in the full splendour of His light. It is this truest life which has been described in every religion under some symbol as a heaven full of intense happiness. Yet heaven is not a special place; look into the heaven world, and you do not see a golden city with gates of pearl, nor those wonderful gardens of the Oriental imagination, with trees bearing jewelled fruit that make music with each breeze; the descriptions of heaven of the theologies are all symbols of a reality too great for the mind of man to grasp except in symbols.

For the reality is this, that through every particle of matter the life of God, His beauty, His grandeur, His wisdom, is flashing every moment of time, here and now; but we do not see it. When these earthly veils are put aside, when we begin our life in the heaven world, and enter there with a certain nobility of nature, then it is that He shows us what life is. In that heaven world you will not see God in a form, but you will know there is indeed God because of the intense

bliss of your life. Are you the Christian whose dream of heaven was to be with Christ and the angels? As you come to live in the heaven world there is Christ for you and there are the angels, and they give to you, they flash to you, all the joy and the beauty and the grandeur that you dreamed of. Are you the Roman Catholic, and was your dream of heaven to be with the Virgin Mary and to adore the Christ Child? They are there; it is Christ, but as the Child, who is before you there; and it is the Virgin Mary; and both give you the bliss that you dreamed of. Are you the Hindū in far off India, and was your dream to be with Kṛishṇa, the founder of your religion? You are with Him in your heaven. Are you the Buddhist, and was your longing to listen to the great wisdom expounded by Buddha? You are there with the Lord Buddha and you listen to His discourses, and practise with joy His commandments. Or are you the Muhammadan who dreams of heaven with Muhammad? Then Muhammad waits for you in your heaven world. For all these mighty founders of the religions form one great Brotherhood, and each is as a great mirror that flashes the life of God to the millions that follow him.

But are you one who has not cared for religion, but in a business office toiled night and day for love of wife and child, who dreamed of their happiness, sacrificed yourself for their welfare? That dream of happiness was God looking into your mind, into your heart, and where He looked once He looks long in the heaven world, and you are there with your wife and child, and you give them that fullness of love and achievement that you dreamed of. But it is God who gives you your wealth of love that you are giving to your beloved. You will

not see Him, but you may know of Him because a mighty love flows through you now. Are you the artist who lived a life only for your art, who renounced everything in life rather than be a traitor to your great ideal? That ideal was God looking into your life, and after death He looks into your life again, and according to your dream of achievement He teaches you to achieve. Are you the painter, the sculptor? Then you paint mightier pictures than you ever could when on earth, and you carve mightier statues, more full of beauty, than had ever entered into your imagination. Are you the musician? You shall compose grander symphonies than earth's ears have ever heard, and the music, the beauty, and the wonder of it all is but the nature of God flowing through you to men. Are you perhaps a lover of science, to whom religion means nothing but superstition and the difficulties that humanity has had to transcend? Are you like our great scientists, who seek knowledge for the welfare of man? Then God shall come to you as Knowledge, and in the heaven world you shall discover grander truths of nature than you are able to on earth. Or are you a man like Bradlaugh to whom God meant nothing at all, but who struggled to achieve reforms for his fellow men, who was a Secularist, who was an Atheist—what matters the label—but who had an ideal of service? It is God who looks into your life as your ideal of service, and after death it is God who will look into your life again and for long, giving you bliss beyond dreams. For God is not the God of Christians alone; He is the God of Christians, Hindūs, Buddhists, Muhammadans, of scientists, atheists, artists, of every man, woman and child who turns away from his little self and greets

gladly the great Self of God, or Humanity, or the world.

Wherever a man has found an ideal for which he sacrifices himself, that is the vision of God in the man's brain; it is because of this mighty truth that there is a heaven for all humanity, and there is not a single child of man who will not have his heaven. Take even the murderer; there was a time when he was a boy and loved his sister perhaps, when he was a young man and had love perhaps for a sweetheart, and during that time there was a nobility manifested in him. After death he has his heaven world too, with his sister, or with his sweetheart, as the case may be. To each of us there is just that type of heaven of which we dream, for each daydream of ours is only God's Face looking into our lives, into each according to his temperament, helping each to grow into a fuller beauty and grandeur, into a truer happiness.

Now this wonderful heaven, this place of the fulfilment of hopes and dreams and aspirations, is only heaven because there for the first time we know something of our life as souls; if only we could realise that life here in our brain, then would we know the life of God, the wonder of heaven, here in this room. It is something of this wonderful grandeur, this mystery of what life really is, that a poet senses now and then; such a poet was Browning, and he has the true vision of things when he gives us his message:

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it bye and bye.

So the little melodies we make on earth with our loves and day-dreams we hear again in the heaven world. But our life there in heaven is not for ever and ever. For, as before with the period in a "hell," so too is it with the time in heaven; you cannot have an eternity of effect from causes in a few brief years of time. True, the period we live in heaven can be a long one, of many centuries; the stronger, purer, and nobler our unselfish dreams are, the longer is our life in our heaven world. Is it the saint who lived a long, saintly life? Then he may live in the heaven world fifteen to twenty centuries. Or is it the little child who died at ten or twelve years of age? That child will live in his heaven world some thirty to forty years. But both will return to earth again.

Why, if heaven is so wonderful, and so full of happiness, why should we come back again to this vale of tears? Because of a law of nature; there is this mysterious law about happiness, that it must grow from moment to moment, that unless it so grows the capacity for happiness ceases; and happiness can only grow from moment to moment by being transformed into acts of human service. Now God is infinite happiness, and you in your heaven world know only one little part of what He has to give you, and you

cannot know more of His happiness until you grow into a larger capacity for happiness. And to grow into a larger capacity for happiness you must return to earthly conditions, and there put your happiness into acts of human service. And so we return.

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.

So we return and are little children again, but each with a character, each with an aptitude, each slowly feeling life again and becoming himself master of life, each using an inborn aptitude for science, for art, for government, for the human affections. And we remember something of our life in the heaven world, as we take up with enthusiasm any work of life. For what is the enthusiasm with which we respond to a noble ideal but the memory of our life in the heaven world, when we lived that ideal? And so we come back to life to accomplish more, to master the old temptations and to be stronger thereby, and to feel more and more that we are masters of achievement. Life after life we live, at each death entering the heaven world for a longer period, with a fuller capacity for happiness. If you are in one life chiefly the man of family affections, you have your heaven of love and joy, and then you return to birth again; but you come back, not only to increase your capacity of love for wife and children, but also to create within you an admiration for beauty, to know something of science and philosophy, to know God in new ways.

Life after life we so live, and die, and return; till slowly, through purification, through achievement in the heaven world and on this dull earth, we come to be as pillars in the Temple of God, and "go no more out"; for then have we become the great geniuses of the world, souls who give a message, not to one people or to one time, but to all the world. Then it is that the life and nature of God works through us in mighty acts of creation, and His peace is in our heart wheresoever we are, and we give that heaven to the thousands that listen to our message; and His plan is in our brain, and we leave behind us mighty arts and sciences. This is life, death, and after.

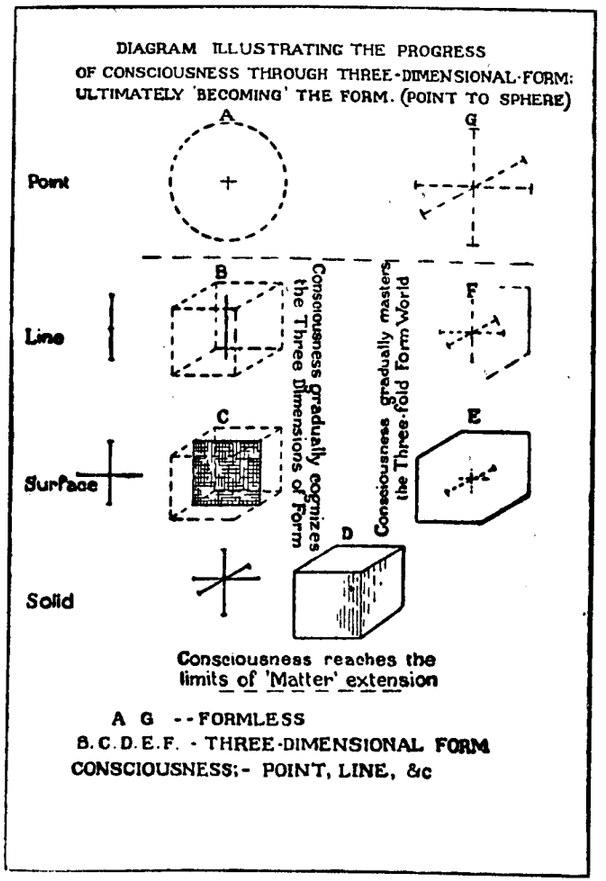
Now there is one striking fact taking place just now, during the days of this war, that I must briefly mention. There is the curious fact that it is the flower of the land that is called by God to the sacrifice. Why? Because He is at work in this mighty war. We have always believed vaguely that He is "everywhere" and that He governs all earthly conditions; but it has been a vague, pious belief, not a real understanding. Now we can understand. We began to understand faintly with our intuitions when the war broke out, and we knew that we of the Empire were standing for the cause of humanity. There is truly a mighty ideal behind this war, because it is indeed a part of God's plan that there shall begin a reconstruction for all humanity, that certain base ideals shall utterly vanish from the face of the earth; that is why thousands in Britain, Australia, India and elsewhere, unknowing with their minds, but sensing with their intuitions, all sprang to the call of a great ideal. And these, our best, the noblest of the land, who could have built

smooth water with the "thinnest of films" moving over it. Quite a comfortably easy task, but it is not Flatland.

A three-dimensional world of form is the only one conceivable, for a "line" is the boundary of a "surface" and has no existence apart from a "surface"; a "surface" is the boundary of a "solid" and has no existence apart from a "solid". The "solid" form contains the three dimensions; and all manifest, not successively but together, in time; springing equally and simultaneously full-grown from the Creative Source. They correspond to the triune nature of the One Life, to the triple attributes of every unity, to the dispersive, contractive, and cohesive modes of motion; they are the reflection in terms of form of the Divine Trinity in Unity; and the vigorous and healthy curse of Athanasius awaits the heretic who holds them separate. Let me hasten to add that of course no one does hold them separate really, for the good and sufficient reason that he could not if he would, and that this gentle protest is only made to those who would include a "fourth" on equal terms.

Acting on the principle that no one should destroy who is not prepared to construct, the following is suggested as leading to an understanding of the truth behind that mathematical abstraction of the mental formless level, the "fourth dimension".

The realms of Form constitute a threefold world—which triplicity corresponds to the mental, astral, and physical planes. The Life enters this threefold form world, endeavouring first to understand it—achieving self-consciousness, awareness, in the process—and then to master it. The Life may be depicted on the preliminary formless level as centred in nuclei or



EXPLANATORY DIAGRAM

up a mighty nation, have all been slain. But they have not really died, only their bodies; nor are their lives wasted, for the simple reason that it is they whom God is sending back to earth to be reborn swiftly; to them is given the opportunity to renounce that bliss of heaven which is theirs, to come back again at once to the homes of Britain, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and India, and France and Italy and Russia, to be reborn as boys and girls, so that within a few swift years, as they grow to boyhood, manhood and womanhood, they shall take part in the mighty reconstruction which has been planned by God. For who have a better right to reconstruct this world than those who died for the world? That is the mystery which is being enacted now, and that is why on our battle-fields the flower of the land are being slain. For God works in mysterious ways His plan to achieve.

This, then, briefly is the great message of Theosophy about life and death. Now suppose you could believe the message, what would it mean for you? It would mean that for you there is no death, that for you death has no sting, and the grave no victory. For what are you? An immortal child of God, who has begun a great series of wonderful experiences, whose whole life, in this visible world or in the invisible, is a series of adventures among masterpieces, each of beauty, of wonder, and of grandeur.

Can you believe this message? You can, but you must bring first the aptitude for belief. That aptitude is not a matter of faith; it is a matter of having done something in life through which you have sensed your immortality. You will never prove to yourself the immortality of the soul by any amount of hard thinking;

you must first live the life, and find that immortal moment when you know you are a soul and not a body. In the great drama of life you know that moment when you are willing to sacrifice yourself for love, you know it in the act of heroism when life is nothing so long as a great work is done, in the art of creation which has been your joy and your suffering. Find even one such moment in life, and you will inevitably know that you are indeed immortal. And then to retain that moment, so that the moment becomes eternity, understand this mighty Wisdom. You will then find that your immortality pours into you through all life—through the happiness of all your fellow men, from these flowers you gaze at now, from the sunset you see, and from the music you hear; for there is only one Immortal, God Himself, and it is His nature that is ready to pour Itself into your heart and mine, if only we will open the doors of our hearts. Ah, it is not difficult to open those doors when you have the key to the opening, and that key is the mighty Wisdom of Theosophy.

C. Jinarājadāsa.

THE DHAMMAPADA [1]

A translation by Sir Edwin Arnold of the first chapter of one of the principal books of the Buddhist Scriptures, The Dhammapada.

THOUGHT in the mind hath made us. What we are
By thought was wrought and built. If a man's mind
Hath evil thoughts, pain comes on him as comes
The wheel the ox behind.

What we are is what we thought and willed;
Our thoughts shape us and frame. If one endure
In purity of thought, joy follows him
As his own shadow—sure.

"He hath defamed me, wronged me, injured me,
Abased me, beaten me." If one should keep
Thoughts like these angry words within his breast
Hatred will never sleep.

"He hath defamed me, wronged me, injured me,
Abased me, beaten me." If one should send
Such angry words away for pardoning thoughts,
Hatreds will have an end.

For never anywhere at any time
Did hatred cease by hatred. Always 'tis
By love that hatred ceases—only love;
The ancient law is this.

[1] Extracted from *The Buddhist*, Vol. I, No. 30, July 12th 1889, for which it was written by Sir Edwin Arnold. *The Buddhist* was edited by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater in Colombo, and as far as he is aware, the above translation has never been republished in any of the collections of Sir Edwin's works.

The many who are foolish, have forgot—
Or never knew—how mortal wrongs pass by;
But they who know and who remember, let
Transient quarrels die.

Whoso abides looking for joy, unschooled,
Gluttonous, weak, in idle luxuries,
Māra will overthrow him, as fierce winds
Level short-rooted trees.

Whoso abides, disowning joys, controlled,
Temperate, faithful, strong, shunning all ill,
Māra shall no more overthrow that man
Than the wind doth a hill.

Whoso "kāshya" wears—the yellow robe—
Being "anishkashya"[1]—not sin-free,
Nor heeding truth and governance—unfit
To wear that dress is he.

But whoso, being "nishkashya," pure,
Clean from offence, doth still in virtues dwell,
Regarding temperance and truth—that man
Weareth "kāshya" well.

Whoso imagines truth in the untrue,
And in the true finds untruth—he expires
Never attaining knowledge; life is waste;
He follows vain desires.

Whoso discerns in truth the true, and sees
The false in falseness with unblinded eye,
He shall attain to knowledge; life with such
Aims well before it dies.

As rain breaks through an ill-thatched roof, so break
Passions through minds that holy thought despise;
As rain runs from a perfect thatch, so run
Passions from off the wise.

[1] There is a play here upon the words "Kāshya," the yellow robe of the Buddhist priest, and "Kashya," impurity.

The evil-doer mourneth in this world,
And mourneth in the world to come ; in both
He grieveth. When he sees fruit of his deeds
To see he will be loath.

The righteous man rejoiceth in this world
And in the world to come ; in both he takes
Pleasure. When he shall see fruit of his works
The good sight gladness makes.

Glad is he living, glad in dying, glad
Having once died ; glad always, glad to know
What good deeds he hath done, glad to foresee
More good where he shall go.

The lawless man who, not obeying law,
Leaf after leaf recites, and line by line,
No Buddhist is he, but a foolish herd
Who counts another's kine.

The law-obeying, loving one, who knows
Only one verse of Dharma, but hath ceased
From envy, hatred, malice, foolishness—
He is the Buddhist priest.

THREE SAINTS OF OLD JAPAN

III. NICHIREN

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

NICHIREN stands out in the religious history of Japan as one who widely differed from his contemporaries, as well as those who preceded and came after him. He possessed a strong and independent character, far stronger than that of either Kobo Daishi or Shotoku Taishi. The one seemed to be a kind of religious magician, immensely popular with those who everlastingly call for a sign and can never be surfeited with miracles, while the other was a royal scholar, whose royalty was in itself an attraction, and whose discourse was learned and at the same time full of charm. Both eschewed fanatical sensationalism, and neither had to fight for their popularity. Nichiren, on the other hand, had to contend with difficulties and strong opposition all his life. He had the advantage and disadvantage of being a candid preacher, one who never minced his words, and one who always had the strength of his convictions. He was a respecter of souls but not of persons. He gloried in Truth as he understood it. It was too precious, too vital, to be sugared with the words of flattery or subterfuge. He

thundered forth the same message and in the same uncompromising manner in the palace and in the woodman's hut. He was of the stuff of which martyrs are made.

Nichiren was born in 1222 in a village on the coast of Awa. His father had been a retainer at Court, and had been banished for some offence which is not recorded. If he resembled his son in freedom of speech, such lack of decorum would have been more than sufficient to account for his exile. Nichiren was the only child, and being highly sensitive, he must have quickly realised that his parents were shunned even by the simple fisher-folk. He grew up solitary and alone, the butt of the village boys. But Nichiren was high-spirited and fearless. Deprived of friends of his own age, he lavished his affection, apart from his parents, upon animals, and was especially devoted to those which were injured and maimed.

When Nichiren was twelve years old, his parents very wisely decided that he should enter the Buddhist priesthood, and he was accordingly taken to the Temple of Kyosumidera, which was situated not far from his home. He entered the religious life with extraordinary fervour. As a student in the Kiyozumi Temple, he used to retire frequently to the oratory, and prostrating himself before an image of Kokuzo Bosatsu, pray that he might some day become a priest worthy of the name. Even as a youth he was conscious of his great vocation. He discovered with burning shame that Buddhism, as it existed in his day, was very different from the Buddhism of its Founder. Many sects and schisms, many unscrupulous expounders, had succeeded in distorting the original doctrines. He saw

with pain, not unmixed with anger, that religious chaos existed in Kyoto, Nara, and Kamakura. He saw, too, that evil was rampant where only good should have prevailed. Having realised such a deplorable state of affairs, he did not sit down in sackcloth and ashes, and, Job-like, pour forth a series of complaints. On the contrary, it called forth his courage and determination. He believed so much in the efficacy of the Lord Buddha's teaching that he never questioned for a moment that if Buddhism were purified, vivified, and above all united, it would be the means of saving Japan from dangers that threatened her complete downfall. Nichiren, youth though he was, was resolved that he and he alone would accomplish the stupendous task of saving his country, not only from moral corruption, but from the hands of a greedy enemy, eager to pounce upon a weakened nation.

At this time Nichiren studied the *Saddharma-pundarika Sutra*, and this work seemed to strengthen his ideals and prepare the way for his great mission. For several years he travelled throughout Japan with the sole object of studying every variety of Buddhism. In this way he gained first-hand information, and having accumulated every shade of Buddhist opinion, he began to formulate his own religious views. He was always something of a fanatic. Religion did not make him dream: it made him act with a decision that left little room for courtesy. He was not a polite preacher. Had he lived to-day and been a British subject, he would not have been asked to occupy a velvet-padded pulpit in a Nonconformist church. Neither would he have been permitted to discourse in Brompton Oratory or Westminster Cathedral. He would

have been content to speak in Hyde Park. He was an open-air preacher in his own country, for the simple reason that all the Buddhist temples were closed against him. He had abused the priests of the existing Buddhist sects roundly and hotly. They regarded him as a rude fanatic, and possibly as a dangerous madman. What others thought of him mattered nothing. He was solely concerned with the message of his Master. That message was not delivered with the gentle voice of a fashionable preacher who lisps of heaven and future reward, but is much too polite to hint at hell and future punishment. Some one has wittily observed that: "Tact is telling people the things they want to hear." Nichiren occupied his time in telling people things they did not want to hear. He delivered his message with the magnetic power of a Savonarola. He knew that Japan was fast asleep and that it was his business to rouse her. He was an iconoclast at a time when iconoclasts were sorely needed in his country. He saw all too clearly that Japan was in a state of religious and political upheaval. He saw that the Emperor, who should have reigned, not by the divine right of kings, but by the divine right of Gods, from whom he was descended, had become a puppet relegated to the background, while Shogun and Regent took his place. He saw, too, with righteous anger, that Buddha's teaching had been thrown "to the moles and bats," while the homage of the people was given to Amida, Dainichi, and Vairoc'ana. That is why he cried in one of his early sermons: "Awake, men, awake! Awake, and look around you. No man is born with two fathers or two mothers. Look at the heavens above you: there

are no two suns in the sky. Look at the earth at your feet: no two kings can rule a country."

It must be admitted that Nichiren's fanaticism sometimes carried him away. He was certainly not justified in calling Kobo Daishi the "prize liar of Japan". Hitherto Buddhism had been extremely tolerant. It was ready to welcome Shintoism as a manifestation of the Indian religion, and at a later date, when Xavier laboured for Christianity in Japan, was prepared to regard the Virgin Mary as another name for Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy. Nichiren, on the other hand, was excessively intolerant. It was not in his sturdy nature to make his all-absorbing and all-sufficient faith a nesting-place for every kind of religion. In his opinion the sect which bore his name was the only sect where Buddha was honoured and worshipped and understood in the right way. It was such a belief that made him intolerant in regard to those who differed from him. He had no hesitation in telling the people that the late Regent, the devout and well-meaning Saimyoji, was in hell, and that the present Regent, Tokimune, the most brilliant of the Hojo usurpers, would shortly follow him and participate in the same torments. Needless to say such comments did not pass unnoticed, while his famous treatise, *Rissho Ankoku-ron*, raised a storm of angry protest. His outspokenness on all occasions had made many enemies, and these were only too pleased to have an opportunity to inform against him. Nichiren was arrested and brought before the Regent. He was condemned to death, and with almost sublime fortitude he was led out for execution on the sands of Tatsu-no-Kuchi, between Kamakura and Enoshima. The Regent was very far

from being a saint. Yet his conscience troubled him, and he had the wit to see that Nichiren was a man of considerable power and influence, one with whom it was best not to quarrel. At the last moment he sent a messenger after the executioner, revoked Nichiren's death-warrant, and gave instructions that he should be banished to the Island of Sado. Legend adds a picturesque story. While the condemned priest was kneeling on the mats, awaiting the stroke of the executioner's sword, and surrounded by his devoted disciples, it is said that lightning suddenly flashed from a cloudless sky and rendered the blow futile. While the dazed executioner was preparing to lift his sword for the second time, the Regent's messenger arrived and the danger was past.

Nichiren soon returned from exile, and proceeded to carry on his mission with unabated zest. His sermons were now full of solemn warnings in regard to the dangers of a Mongol invasion. He spoke with the voice of a prophet, and when asked to state his reasons for predicting a terrible conflict, he observed that what he said was based upon scriptural authority. He did not speak in vain. The people listened to him eagerly, for they realised at last that religion was a national necessity. They saw in that preacher the very spirit of their race. They grasped the significance of the danger which he foretold. Nichiren welded the people together by the force of his dominant personality. All the world knows of the coming to the shores of Japan of Kublai Khan's great Armada, but perhaps only Japan knows the significance of that attempted invasion. Had that Mongol invasion been successful, Japan would not be in the position she occupies to-day. Conquering

Mongols would have meant for the Land of the Gods barbarism of the very worst kind. Japan would have been plunged into a state of hopeless misery which we in England can only compare with the dark and awful pages of history which would be written if Germany became victorious in the Great War. Nichiren lived to see his beloved country saved from the iron heel of the Mongols. He who has been described as "a strange compound of old Hebrew prophet, Dominican friar, and John Knox" has the distinction of being a true patriot and a loyal and fearless saint. He roused Japan from her long sleep. He saved her body in the name of his country. He saved her soul in the Name of his beloved Master.

F. Hadland Davis.

THE ANGEL OF PAIN

HOLY are the feet of pain
Bearing from us our beloved,
Knowing with the eyes of wisdom
That no hope is with the morrow.

Holy are the feet of pain
Standing by the broken-hearted,
Knowing with a heart of pity
Man must run the length of sorrow.

Holy are the feet of pain
Passing by the homes of comfort,
Passing doors of cold indifference,
With a lantern for the lonely.

Holy are the feet of pain
Leading on the heart courageous,
Leading through renunciation
Where God's soldiers follow only.

Holy are the feet of pain,
Catch his floating garment passing,
Kiss its hem, my brother, praying,
Lest again he come not hither.

Holy are the feet of pain,
And his hands outstretched in blessing
With a laurel for the victor,
Laurels they that never wither.



NOTES ON THE SIXTH RACE

By FRITZ KUNZ

THE present upheaval and the subsequent readjustment will crystallise the Fifth Race Empire and formulate definitely, by the quick reincarnation of the suitable egos, the beginnings of the sixth sub-race.

The fixing of the fifth sub-race is now mostly a question of politics and empire; the physical type has been fairly established, and needs chiefly expression

and guidance, particularly through the spiritualisation of science. The sixth sub-race is still in process of physical evolution, and the course of its growth will be largely influenced by the young, so-called dead. Just as after the American Civil War there was an outbreak of spiritualism due to the sudden crowding of the astral world, so this war will be followed by a marked reaction of forces from the emotional world. The effect, however, will not this time be seen in the abnormal form of mediumship, but through the usual impulse arising from the incarnation of selected egos, since arrangements have been made to bring back quickly into this world a large number of those who go. One such selected group will play a part in the rapid establishment of the sub-race; another will be employed in the crystallisation of the Root-Race. From the sub-race will spring in due course the Sixth Root-Race, which will have its home in the continent that is now slowly rising from the Pacific Ocean.

A consideration of some of the physical, especially the historical and geographical elements in this formulation and this springing, gives a little glimpse of the mode by which the great world changes are wrought, and reveals inferentially the smooth perfection in co-operation wherefrom springs the truly titanic power of the Chohans and the Devas.

Roughly speaking, all the great continents, when they appear, drape themselves from the North Pole. This longitudinal arrangement is needed as a practical measure, so that the tides may not mount too high; but the reason is more deeply rooted and comprehensive than that. A glance at the modern world on the projection of Mercator establishes the fact of this

arrangement clearly enough with reference to the present continents. North and South America, Africa, India, and the chief peninsulas and promontories and islands run, generally speaking, to the south. The northward lands are broken and are mostly old land. Unfortunately the existing maps of Atlantis and Lemuria do not represent the full facts; but in the case of Lemuria, reference to maps obtained by occult means can be checked by observing the contour of Greenland and the soundings in the Arctic Sea, which indicate the general outline of the Star of Lemuria, whose points drooped to what is now the south. At any rate it seems to be the custom of the Deva-Raja to drape His new continent over the earth by unrolling it, as it were, from beneath the veil of the sea from the North down toward the South Pole.

Such we find to be the case with the coming Pacific Continent, which has its faint beginnings in the Bogosloff Islands in the North Pacific, in the more recent phenomena at Kodiak Island there, and in the constant adjustments marked by the earthquakes which run like frequent shivers along the Pacific basin, revealed by the seismograph in Japan and Korea and in the Americas. Occasional greater changes produce quakes such as that which was experienced in San Francisco in 1906. However, for the most part the changes are being made slowly. The Commander of the Forces has time enough, since to Him there is no present as distinct from past and future—"to Him the future is like an open page". These little changes are indicated most significantly by what is happening to Japan, which is being slowly *tipped over*. That is to say the Pacific Coast of Japan is rising and the Japan Sea Coast

is sinking as the North Pacific Ocean floor is gradually pushed up.

The first choice for the foundation of the new sub-race (and consequently for the new Root-Race) was America, and especially the United States. The second choice is Russia.[1] It appears that America is taking the opportunity, and that the type, by means which have been indicated elsewhere, has been or is being successfully cast. Had she failed, then the less immediately suitable, but still possible Russia would have had the rôle. It was, I suppose, in order to retard the development of the new type in Russia that she has been so long denied a place in the warm sun that she has bid for through Turkey and Asia Minor, and all along through Asia to Chusan; for the sub-tropics stimulate the transformation of the old into the new. Russia seems now in a fair way to win through to a hot-house that will force the growth of her spiritual tendencies, but until America had succeeded or failed in Their eyes, Russia needed the restraint and rigour which her cold climate lays upon her. Yet we note that in order that the future should be secure, whatever might be the fate of the United States, it was arranged that Russia should have Siberia, contiguous upon the North Pacific at the one side, and that the United States should have Alaska, which touches on the other. In this way the new Pacific Continent, at its appearance, provides the first stable land adjacent both to the *prima donna* and to the understudy in this magnificent drama.

But America, happily, is not failing in the larger work. Especially in Southern California she is nurturing the slender saplings of the new race; in that

[1] It is more than merely curious that the two chief founders of the T.S. were Russian and American respectively.

wonderfully charged land she is growing a race that is veritably clothed with the sun. And lately in Australia the same brooding Genius had begun to spin His magic web. So that on both sides of the future continent substantial beginnings are apparent.

I have heard that in preparation for a phase of this work an Adept travelled from Europe some centuries ago, *via* Mexico, into what is now California. Stout Cortez heard the story when he came, long after. It is a common tale of the Aztec and the Mayan that the White Prophet came from the dawn and foretold His own return. This Man laid His own spells in what is now the Californias. There are centres in undiscovered lands from whose bourne no traveller returns, that provide the force which keeps the thread bright and strong.

We tend too easily to scoff at people who attribute strength to the unseen. The Monroe doctrine is a case in point. Here we have a dictum by the United States, voiced in this world by President Monroe, that no European power shall establish itself further in America. Behind this demand lies apparently only the feeble force of arms that the States command; nor is the Doctrine even established by universal treaty; and yet the pronouncement is strong and has served its purpose. It has maintained the needed insularity of the Americas and aided in the fulfilment of the Plan, because, in reality, it is a doctrine laid down by the Manu.

The problem of the physical establishment of the new type resolves itself into an adjustment of the forces playing through the etheric world, so made that the etheric vehicle may be modulated and finally shaped to meet the new requirements, and so fixed that

in turn it may cast anew the flesh. The major etheric forces in this alteration (I refer only to those known to us by name) are electricity, heat and light. It follows immediately, therefore, that cold and rigorous climates retard or make difficult the establishment of a new type; and, *per contra*, that in the sub-tropical districts the work can proceed far more rapidly. This explains, as I have said, the withholding of Russia from the warmer lands, and the quick growth of the sixth sub-race in Southern California and northward along the Pacific coast, and in Queensland and southward along that coast. In these latter places we have the atmosphere charged with vitality, not, however, with so much warmth as to be enervating. The light and heat and the highly charged molecules stimulate and make easy the repeated rearrangement of the etheric form according to a plan brought down by the Manu; and the work of the hosts of higher Devas and the more enlightened of humanity is thus rendered more sure and lasting.

It is interesting to note that the largest part of the most vital remnants of the Fourth Race stock has been isolated on the Pacific Ocean rim. It is quite possible that the Japanese and Chinese are to contribute to the work of the Sixth Race—hardly, I think, through the transmission of any measurable physical characteristics; but conceivably through the creation of skeletal forms of social structure that may be employed by the new Race in uplifting such lower races as may then remain. It is, however, true that the physical admixture that is now proceeding, for example, in Hawaii, has developed a certain type of body that is quite superior to the usual hybrid from coloured and

uncoloured stocks in mere physical beauty. We know nothing as yet about the vitality of the brain nor of the capacity of the advancement along moral and ethical lines of these few peoples; but the bodies are often tall, supple and finely formed; and the face, in some cases, is delicately modelled in the women and generously strong in some of the men. However, these elements would be, at most, but small in comparison to the whole of the new stock; and in any case the Sixth Race will spring from families almost wholly Aryan.

Fritz Kunz.

points, whose "Will to live" is to find expression in Form, and all that may be encountered within the Ring-pass-not of the Form World is to be rendered subject to that Will. These points of Life become Units of Consciousness on meeting the resistance offered by material, though their awareness is a quality of slow growth.

The whole journey may be regarded as accomplished in seven stages, and the succession is best expounded with the help of the annexed diagram, as follows:

(A) On the threshold of the Form World. The Life is diagrammatically represented as a Point (Will), which is about to commence its experiences.

(B) The Threefold Form World is encountered, and the "Point" by contact becomes a Unit of Consciousness. It appropriates a portion of the material, identifies itself with it, and senses one dimension; that is, it becomes "conscious" by its ability, through its vehicle, slightly to respond to one mode of motion. This is linear consciousness, and the kingdom of which this is typical is the Vegetable (coupled with the Third Elemental Kingdom). We may trace this to-day in the vegetable life, which, starting from the centre (seed), clothes itself in a form that strikes up and down. Through the earlier progress of this kingdom these thrusting extremities of stem, branches, or roots, traversing one dimension, may be regarded as the sensitive organs of vegetable consciousness.

(C) This second stage in the Form World corresponds to Animal consciousness (coupled with the Second Elemental Kingdom), to which two dimensions are objective. The Unit is feeling its way forward, "living" the more keenly as sensation increases, hence, by awakening desire, tending continually to identify

itself more thoroughly with its instrument of sensation, the outer vehicle.

It should be noted that the visual organ of the animal body can only present consciousness with a flat picture, and as the average animal is unaided by any considerable mental development, perception must necessarily be limited to height and breadth—the conscious outlook being practically wholly superficial. The diagram therefore depicts this consciousness as two-dimensional.

(D) The three dimensions are apprehended by virtue of the development of mentality—height, breadth and depth are objective. Self-consciousness becomes established, for life in the Human Kingdom responds to the three modes of motion, embraces the three dimensions, functions through three vehicles, effects relations with the whole of the threefold world of form, and is enabled thereby to distinguish between its own densest vehicle and others. This isolation spells self-apprehension. It must be specially noted that the Unit of Consciousness remains a living "point" only, and throughout the outward journey (B, C, and halfway through D) is engaged in becoming gradually familiar with the three-dimensional world of form, learning in its appropriated and intimate vehicle to vibrate in sympathy. It is the quality of awareness, consciousness, that progresses, not form dimensions.

The attention of the Unit of Consciousness, at this the periphery of form, is devoted to externals—views everything objectively. This is the inevitable result of the long and successful training received in its journey from the Point stage to an apprehension of the Solid, throughout which the spiritual urge has been outwards.

REINCARNATION

By M. R. St. John

MANY Theosophists consider that, as far as our knowledge extends at present, everything that could possibly be said in support of this fascinating theme has been put forward, or, to put it more tersely, the subject has been worn almost threadbare. The stock arguments—that it is the only theory which explains the apparent injustice of things; that it is a necessary concomitant to the law of cause and effect; that it is believed in by something like two-thirds of the human race; and that certain events described in our own scriptures lend support to it—have been used over and over again. But in spite of this, the critical and scientific mind of the West has, on the whole, not taken kindly to the teaching, although there are many who do regard it sympathetically, and an ever-increasing number of people who are accepting it.

Yet it does seem that one of the strongest arguments in proof of Reincarnation has been overlooked; has in some mysterious way eluded the vigilance of even its most ardent supporters; and that argument is one that arises in the mind from a study of Weissmann's theory, Mendelism, and heredity in general; for one cannot fail to be struck rather forcibly by a curious fact in connection with both individual, collective, and national heredity (as far as a State is concerned) which

not only supplies the missing link in the theory so admirably propounded by Weissmann, but nullifies the arguments of those who were opposed to his views regarding the transmission of character to progeny.

Now, while it must be admitted that the hereditary strain has a very marked influence, there is something appertaining to the individuals comprising a race which is often far stronger, which not only modifies the hereditary influence, but frequently actually opposes it; and this is so noticeable a trait, that it seems only capable of explanation by an admission of the reincarnation of certain egos and groups of egos at the same period in order to produce this phenomenon of national and racial change of temperament which is found pervading different nations. Some hereditary theorists assert that we inherit from our progenitors, not only our physical encasement, but also our family feelings and characteristic habits of mind, that our lineage is responsible for our temperament and general make-up, and in proof of this, they point to numerous isolated cases from which the well known and significant expression "chip of the old block" owes its derivation. But when a man or woman displays a marked divergence from the parental type, it is ascribed to a "throw back" to some remote ancestral trait, either good or bad, as the case may be.

Assuming for the moment that the latter are the exceptions and the former the rule, we should expect the following evolutionary result: *viz.*, that all offspring would carry on the family and national traits more intensified, and therefore that different nations would tend to become more diverse, which, in spite of this war, is by no means true in a general sense. What we

do find taking place is something very different, especially in the more advanced nations; for if we begin with Great Britain and glance back at the habits, ideas, customs, manners and ways of the inhabitants of this country say 150 to 200 years ago, could it possibly be held that evolution had proceeded along those lines, intensifying them, carrying them on further, or even trying to perfect them?

On the contrary, we have recently altered so radically in all those things, that the theory of heredity as regards our temperamental characteristics is untenable, for numbers of people in this country to-day are aghast at the comparative savagery of our ancestors of even three generations back; at the laws, the manners, the wit, the customs, and habits that were considered quite ordinary, if not correct, in the eighteenth century. And here comes in the most remarkable thing in connection with this, namely, that while our physical bodies, with all their imperfections, are a legacy from our ancestors, our ideas, etc., are far more in harmony and sympathy with those which history asserts were characteristic of nations which existed over a thousand years ago and even earlier. Take, for instance, the remarkable love for games and the attraction to physical culture, which has been so much overdone of recent years; that has not come down to us from our ancestors, since they, from all accounts, were content with a few simple amusements, by which they helped to while away spare time, of which in those days there seemed to have been a superfluity; there was no such intenseness as we find now, and certainly no professionalism.

How then is this to be explained? Simply by the fact that enormous numbers of souls who have

previously been incarnated in Greek and Roman bodies have reincarnated, bringing with them temperamental characteristics of their Greek and Roman lives. It may be adduced that law and environment are responsible for this "improvement" in the national traits, but although these do exercise a powerful influence, they are not responsible for such a marked change of temperament and habit—of which the above is only one instance—as has taken place in the British Isles within the last one hundred years.

What then of Germany? Surely the influence of law and environment is solely responsible for the characteristic change that has taken place in the ideas, aspirations, and habits of its people since the days when a fine philosophy and the poetic and mystic writings of Schiller and Goethe held a place in their hearts and minds. To a certain extent, yes; but no outside influence could change "the soul of a people" to such a radical extent unless that influence had a very different kind of soil in which to implant its virus, and numbers of egos now incarnate in German bodies must be of a very different order from those of a few generations back, in whom the philosophy and poetry of the time evoked an answering note.

And in India too, young India, has not the influence of western civilisation found a suitable soil in the souls of the rising generation? For when we synchronise this with the change that has taken place among a large section of western peoples in the direction of anti-materialism and mysticism, it is obvious that there has been a change over of egos between the two civilisations, that of the East and that of the West.

The critics would put this down entirely to the influence of intercourse assisted by travelling facilities; but such would hardly suffice to account for that inter-blending of thought and temperament which has been steadily increasing during the last thirty or forty years. And since exceptions are said to prove the rule, have we not instances of English men and women who, even after years of residence in eastern climes, cannot get rid of that crystallising insularity which is one of the distinguishing signs of a backward soul. Heredity, climate, and environment are very powerful factors, but in spite of this, there are many who succeed in rising superior to all three, and even a greater number who would do so if they had the necessary strength to face the combat entailed.

The writer does not ask indulgence for having mixed up the family and national hereditary influences, for he holds that the two factors are not diverse, but are in fact so intimately related that they act and react on one another; further, that this will become more so in the future and will extend to other nations, and finally to the whole world.

M. R. St. John.

LETTERS FROM INDIA

By MARIA CRUZ

V

ADYAR,
December 1912.

THE result of my first expedition in sandals is a blister which prevents me, for the time being, from going for a walk. So I have not been able to join the procession which, every evening at five o'clock, accompanies Mrs. Besant on her walk. It seems that yesterday Mrs. Besant went all round on a tour of inspection with a view to Convention arrangements and the lodging of all the brothers who are to be here then. In the evening, at the class on *A Study in Karma*, the audience had already increased considerably.

This morning the Countesses Schack, fair-haired Germans who are playing the formidable rôle of house-keepers, warned me that to-morrow the cleaning will begin of the rooms next to ours. We shall make ourselves as compact as possible, vacating the retreat which has served us as a dining-room. Only our kitchen (a hut made by the boys) and our "sideboard" will be left there.

The train of the evening procession is being increased by our friends the Parsis from Bombay, the

Benares people, and some who have arrived all the way from Australia. On all sides they are putting up huts —*rancho* style—and improvising beds for the new arrivals. Our number is already nearly two thousand.

The meetings follow close upon each other; they are all interesting, and they are so numerous that it is impossible not to miss some. Only Mrs. Besant has strength enough for that. She presides over or speaks at almost all, without showing the least sign of fatigue. I have just been to a meeting where Reports were read of the various Theosophical activities. Mrs. Higgins, a fine old lady who manages the Buddhist schools in Ceylon; another Englishwoman who has some schools for outcastes; Miss Gmeiner, whom I saw myself at work at Delhi, where, with her friend Miss Priest, she conducts a girls' school; Miss Arundale, who started the one in Benares; G. S. Arundale for his College —all these read Reports most encouraging to our spiritual movement.

For the last day and a half I have not had time to write a single line. We run from the Hall to the banyan tree, from the banyan home, and from there back to the Hall. I get up at dawn and try to get to bed by ten o'clock. I do not know whether it is because of an inner peace (outer peace there is none just now), or whether it is the atmosphere, but I notice that I understand many things I did not understand before, and that I am *growing*. Unfortunately my physical self is following my superphysical, and my dresses will soon be too tight.

* * * * *

Yesterday at 5 o'clock, under the enchanted tent of the banyan—whose hanging branches, taking root and

growing into new trunks, make archways and galleries and passages and colonnades and even rooms—a great carpet was spread. It was studded with masculine heads, smooth and chocolate coloured, and adorned with painted caste marks, quaint coloured turbans and caps, which show to the initiated to what part of the country its wearer belongs and to which caste. To me they meant nothing but the brilliant play of the most vivid colours. The Hindu ladies, their noses and ears sparkling with jewels, and rows of much less picturesque Europeans, bordered this odorous throng, where a dew lay heavy which was not the dew of heaven. Every corner was crowded, and through the trellis-work of branches was visible the gold of the sun.

Mrs. Besant stood on a high platform. From a distance she seemed to be standing on a branch of the tree. You will read her lectures in the papers; but alas, you will not have her magnificent gestures, her finely modulated voice, now melodious as a song, now rolling like thunder. Theosophy apart, she is a splendid orator, and an artist before whom Mounet-Sully and Sarah would bow in reverence. In French she loses half her expressiveness. While she spoke, the light changed and gradually died away; the electric lamps were lighted (with discretion) and the white figure stood out clearly against the foliage, opening its arms wide like a great bird that spreads its wings. The wind shivering in the branches, the crickets shrilling in the distance, everything seemed to follow the cadence of her voice. It was splendid, and we felt far away from earth, hovering above it as in a dream.

To-day, Sunday, we were invited to a big tea-party, given by Miss Rea, under the banyan. The

whole of Adyar was there—with shoes on for the most part. Shoes are the height of elegance here, an elegance which is generally reserved for the company of "Madrasites". The "Madrasites" are to us the epitome of snobbery, English propriety, the world and the philistines. When they come, sandals and saris are hidden away. We had an excellent tea, thanks to the van Hook bakery and confectionery. Mrs. Besant showed herself for a quarter of a second, and Mr. Ransom amused the company with conjuring tricks and songs.

* * * * *

In the Hall Mrs. Besant spoke of the Path of Return and the stumbling-blocks that we should find there. One of the greatest is the sense of possession. With respect to that, India, with its joint family system in which the various members of the family use each other's things indiscriminately, sins less than the West. We are always vexed when people make use of our possessions, and we say: He might at least have asked me. It is just in that feeling that the harm lies. It is not a question of lending or giving, much less of robbing ourselves, but of realising in the depths of our souls that we possess nothing. We are nothing but custodians, with no exclusive rights.

Miss Kofel invited us to visit a Pariah School here (she has several others in the neighbourhood). We got there at nine, in time for prayers. There were about two hundred ragamuffins, more or less clothed, the "less" often reaching its extreme limit. In a large hall, with its walls covered with tulle, the classes of the older children were gathered; the little ones were under a thatched roof and under a tree—all seated on the ground. One of the teachers is blind in one eye;

another is hideously marked with smallpox, a fact which has not prevented him from marrying a very pretty wife and being the father of one of the little boys whom he teaches; he is happy.

Mme. Blech was bending over a little girl to look at her slate, when I noticed on the child's glossy hair a miniature world of life! From that moment on, I couldn't take as much interest in Miss Kofel's splendid work as I ought to have done.

In the afternoon the Governor of Madras came with his Aides-de-camp to visit the school; it interested him very much. Miss Kofel was radiant. She deserves to go to heaven.

VI

January 4th, 1913.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have thought of you a great deal, and of the New Year gatherings at your house; for several years now, we have passed that festal day together. Here it passed unnoticed. Mrs. Besant and Miss d' A. and some others had been invited to a garden party at Government House, and came home very late. The next day the Benares people started on their return journey. We were present to see the exodus, the last detachment being the Arundale party, who were honoured with the motor-car and the escort of Mr. Leadbeater.

Meanwhile Mrs. Besant was resting from her labours by distributing with her own hands, one by one, cakes and toys to three or four hundred little ones from the Panchama Schools. When we had said

good-bye to Miss Arundale and had reached Blavatsky Gardens, the clothes had already been given away and the children were going to the banyan tree, where Chinese lanterns were being lighted. The Adyarites made a kind of protective circle round the tree; a curious crowd remained outside it, and the children sat down in circles, back to back, in perfect order. Mrs. Besant, followed by a Burmese boy of thirteen (who looks rather like my brother José when he was a child) who carried her tray for her, bending again and again to put the things into the little black paws, went round the circles five or six times even before I left, and I went away before the end. You try bending down five hundred times in succession, and then you will understand my astonishment. You want my impressions? I am astounded by it all.

* * * * *

I have received your letter, and I am still dazed by it. What? You can already see a book on Adyar, even to the colour of the binding? The sad part about it is that the real Adyar is not on the physical plane, and that I could never convey the least conception of it to anyone who has not felt its influences. Describe the effect of an electric shock to people who have never felt it. Even the physical plane things, such as the colour of the sky, are impossible to reproduce. I often go out with Mme. Bermond, who is a painter and who almost swoons before the beauty of the twilight, but cannot describe the colours—so wonderful are they. When you expect green, you find it is blue or yellow, but the greens and the yellows are such as one is not accustomed to seeing, hence they are indefinable. The same may be said of the reds. The

woods sing: it isn't the song of the wind in the trees nor the twittering of the birds; it is all that; but there are other invisible things that make up the melodious choir. It brings tears to one's eyes; but to try to describe it—that is impossible; it would be base treachery, almost. It would be like a photograph of the Taj Mahal; it tells you nothing, though the Taj is one of the Marvels of the World.

Anyway, *I* cannot do it; I do not feel able to undertake a chapter on the mystical side of Adyar. Perhaps I shall write a poem on it in my next life. Everyday Adyar, past and present, I *can* manage, if you think that will serve your purpose. I will send you a little bit of it at a time, and afterwards it can all be trimmed and strung together.

MARIA CRUZ.

PATTIDĀNA[1]

AN INCIDENT

By S.

IT was October. Overhead great fleets of clouds, white as the whitest wool, like silver-sailed galleons bound in haste for some far shore, passed in gay procession over the clean, clear, rain-washed blue of heaven. Below stretched wide on every hand the green sea of the never-ending paddy fields, where the grain seemed to heave in veritable waves as its stalks bent to the breath of the monsoon wind now blowing its last.

Like some lonely, grey-brown island in the midst of that green sea, perched on its posts above the surface of the waving grain, stood the house of Maung Ba Zin, cultivator and part owner of the fields of paddy around. In this house great events were toward. A new little voyager on the sea of life had just made his appearance there; and the happy mother, well wrapped up, and with the hot bricks duly ranged about her, was holding her first-born son to her heart. In a corner the midwife was busied about the preparation of some rice-gruel; and below the house, in between the posts, Maung Ba Zin squatted beside a fire, heating more bricks in case

[1] *Pattidānam*: The transferring to another of "merit" made.

hey should be wanted, Ma Noo looking on with much wonder expressed in her little face.

"What is the matter, father?" she asked, pointing first to the big hot fire, and then upward at the floor over her head.

"Nothing at all is the matter: everything is all right. But you have got a little brother now, Noo Noo," replied her father. "Are you not glad? Wouldn't you like to have a nice little brother to play with?" and he picked the little girl up in his arms and affectionately sniffed over her face and hair.

"A little brother! Oh! let me see him."

"Yes, yes, of course I'll let you see him; but not just now. We must wait a little bit, you and I, until Daw Hpyu says it is all right. Then we will both go upstairs together, daughterkin, and see your new little brother. What shall we call him, Noo Noo?"

Ma Noo smiled pleasedly at thus being asked to find a name for the little brother she had not yet seen. For a moment or two her eyes wandered round over the paddy all about their dwelling. Then she said slowly:

"I think we should call little brother Red Rice. Red rice is very good."

"A splendid name! The very thing!" said her father. "That's just what we'll call him. His name shall be Maung San Nee, Mr. Red Rice."

The green of the far-stretching paddy fields was turning to a dull bronze in the sunset light and the wind had almost sunk to its evening quiet, before Daw Hpyu called down from above that now they might come up and see the new baby, and get their evening rice. Picking up Ma Noo on his hip, Maung Ba Zin

climbed the narrow outside stair of his dwelling, set her down on the floor, and then, holding her hand, approached where the midwife held in her arms a strangely small bundle of clothing. Cautiously Daw Hpyu turned back a cloth from one end of it, and exposed to the gaze of Ma Noo and her father, the little, bare, round head and puckered face of Maung San Nee.

For a moment of perfect stillness Ma Noo stood by her father's side looking at the new little brother; then she burst into a heartbroken wail of lamentation. Father and aunt gazed at the girl, astonished. Then the father spoke:

"Why, Noo Noo! Whatever is the matter with you? What are you crying for? Hush, hush; you'll frighten your mother and make her ill."

"Oh, Oh!" wailed the little girl, but in more subdued tones; and she crushed her face close against her father's side and tried for her mother's sake to stifle her sobs.

"But what is the matter?" again asked her father, puzzled and half alarmed.

"Oh, Oh!" sobbed out Ma Noo. "Oh, Oh! Poor little brother has got no hair on his head, no hair on his head at all. Oh, poor little brother!"

Her father and her aunt could only stare after her as the little girl broke away from them, paused a moment, and then, picking up something from the floor, ran out of the door and down the steps as fast as her little legs would carry her.

At the foot of the stair she almost tumbled full length over Pegoh, the big Pegu hound who was standing there gazing up at the house with an air of anxious enquiry.

"Pegoh!" called the little girl. "*La, la*, come, come!" for she felt a little afraid. It was fast getting dark, and she had something to do she must do at once.

The old hound turned to obey her call, as he had been accustomed to do ever since she could walk, and in his wonted silent, undemonstrative fashion, padded after her along a narrow path between the tall grain that hid both child and dog, until they reached the road that led to the great city. A short way along this road there glimmered through the dusk a tin, white-washed pagoda, not much higher than Ma Noo herself—a very humble little structure made of common clay, but always kept white and beautiful with fresh coats of wash when required. Towards this Ma Noo turned her steps.

As she approached it, she stopped and stood a few minutes in the concealing dusk, fumbling about her head. Then she went up to the little pagoda, and Pegoh—nobody else—saw her lay down a little bunch of something that even in the gathering gloom stood out black against the white ledge of the pagoda. Next she knelt down, and after bowing three times with folded hands laid to her forehead, she murmured something that was half speech, half chant. Again she bowed reverently to the pagoda three times, and rose to her feet. For a moment she stood there as though hesitating, put her hand to her head and pulled it quickly away again, and then turned back along the way she had come and up the path between the tall paddy toward the house, old Pegoh silently padding after her.

"Ho, Noo Noo! Noo Noo yay!" she heard her father calling urgently as she drew near. "*La, la! Htamin-sa pyin pyee-byee.* Come, come! Rice is ready."

But Noo Noo was unable to call back; her little heart was too full.

"Where can that girl be?" exclaimed the father to himself. "It is getting quite late. She should not be out in the dark like this." And he called again; and still got no reply.

"Oh, never mind her," said his sister, "she is quite safe. Pegoh is sure to be with her. She has only gone away to finish her cry. Come and eat your own rice. When she is hungry she will come in for hers."

So Maung Ba Zin and Daw Hpyu sat down on the floor before the low table lit by one smoky oil light at its side, which made only a little illumination and a whole host of shadows, and partook of their evening meal of rice and curry.

As they ate, a little form stole softly up the stair outside, crept through the doorway, and tried to slink in the shadow round by the wall behind Daw Hpyu to where the baby now lay sleeping beside its mother. But Daw Hpyu's eyes were too quick for her.

"Ah, there she is," she said. "Come along, Noo Noo, and take your rice."

The girl paid her no heed, but shrank closer to the wall, still making toward the sleeping babe.

"No, no; baby is sleeping," called Daw Hpyu. "Come and take your rice now," and putting out her hand behind her, she laid hold of a corner of the girl's jacket and gently pulled her toward the table.

"*Ah-ma-lay!*" she exclaimed in a voice of horror and surprise as the light fell upon the little girl's head. "Oh, Noo Noo, what have you been doing?"

She had good cause to exclaim. Where was the neat little banded coil of glossy, jet-black hair

that used to adorn the top of Ma Noo's head, with a red poppy-flower coquettishly stuck in it just over her little ear—that headgear which, when dressed up in her best to go to the big pagoda at Rangoon, made her look such a sweet, quaint, little woman, the image of her mother in perfect miniature! Where was it? For nothing was there now but a woeful rump of sadly hacked and haggled hair.

"*Ameh!*" cried the father, as his eyes too fell on the ruin. "Where is your hair, Noo Noo? What have you done?" and he took out of her hands the scissors he now spied there. "Come, tell me! Where have you been? Who did that? Was it you? How did you do it. Why did you do it?"

The little girl, crouching beside the smoky light, heard these quick-flung questions to the end with lips that trembled more and more but gave forth no sound.

"Oh, father, let me see little brother," she burst out at length when her father's breath was exhausted.

"No, no; you can't see little brother: he is sleeping. He must not be waked," said Daw Hpyu. "What do you want to see him for now? You'll see him to-morrow. But tell me! Why did you cut off all your pretty hair? What made you do such a thing?"

"Oh father, tell me first," pleaded the little girl in a voice on the verge of tears, "tell me first—has little brother got plenty of hair on his head now?"

"Hair on his head! No, you funny little daughter-kin. But never mind San Nee's hair. What about your own? What have you done with it?"

"Oh, *opay*, please do not be angry," said the little girl haltingly, appealingly.

"No, no, I am not angry. But tell me now what you have been doing with your head."

Ma Noo seemed to pull herself together. "Yes, I will tell you," she said in a low voice, her eyes fixed on the floor.

"Poor little San Nee had no hair on his head, so I thought. . . . I thought. . . . At the big golden pagoda in Rangoon I saw hanging up a bunch of hair, and I thought, maybe. . . . So I thought, maybe, if I cut off my hair too. . . . And I went to the pagoda on the road and laid it there. And I worshipped the pagoda the same as we did the big one at Rangoon, and I said the words you told me to say when I laid the flowers before the Lord Buddha that day. I said: 'If there be any merit in this my deed, may it help me to gain Nibbana.' Only, I didn't say: 'May it help me to gain Nibbana.' I said instead: 'May it help poor little brother to get hair on his head.'"

For a breathless second father and aunt stared in dumb amazement at the pathetic little face now looking anxiously up at them. Then—they could not help it—they burst into a united peal of hilarious laughter. But the next moment they checked themselves, as the serious voice of the little girl struck them with an almost painful anxiety in its tones: "But has little brother got hair on his head now?"

For a second or so the father's eyes rested tenderly on the anxious face of his little daughter. Then he said in serious but cheerful tones:

"No, Noo Noo—that is not yet, not yet. But never mind; do not be sad," he continued quickly as he noticed the little girl's face fall, "he soon will have. Oh, very soon. You will see. Just wait. Not very long. Only a little while. And then, I am sure, quite sure, he will have the very biggest and finest lot of hair on his head, in the whole world."

The little girl's face brightened. "Oh, will he? Sure?" she said. "I am so glad, then, that I cut off mine for him. I should like him to have the best head of hair of any little brother all round here." And she fell to eating her rice in very evident satisfaction and content.

And indeed, all fell out exactly as Maung Ba Zin said.

As the weeks passed, Maung San Nee did come to have a most marvellous head of plentiful, fine, glossy, black hair, just like his sister's, which now was growing almost as good as it had been before. And in the cool of the evenings, as Maung Ba Zin sits on the lock gate, smoking his cheroot and chatting to his friend the canal lock keeper, he glances from time to time over at the little pagoda gleaming whitely by the roadside, and says:

"Well, it was very good Dāna, that of Ma Noo, quite sure. For you never saw a boy of his age with such a splendid lot of hair as Maung San Nee; now did you?"

And the lock keeper gravely replies:

"You speak true, Maung Ba Zin. It is certain I never did; not even in the big city of Rangoon. No, I never did."

And the travellers along the road, as they pass the little pagoda shining so dazzling clean and white in the sun, are accustomed to nod toward the little bunch of hair on its ledge, held safe from being blown away by the stone some one has laid on it, and to say to their

Broadly speaking, this is the position of Humanity to-day. The return journey must now be undertaken, for after the critical self-conscious stage is successfully established, following the appreciation of the Threefold World, there succeeds the task of mastery and subjection. "Matter must become the obedient servant of the Spirit."

(E) We come now to the crucial part of this exposition, for this step, the first on the return journey, corresponds to that usually associated with a "fourth" dimension—erroneously so called, for the process is clearly one involving the partial mastery of our three-dimensional world of the three planes, and is not a further excursion of Consciousness through another extension of Form.

To appreciate this stage it is necessary to pause here a moment in order first to understand clearly the mechanism involved in sense-response. Let us take the sense of sight as typical. On the physical level we "see" because the retina of the eye can reproduce the motion of light waves. It is this reproduction made by our appropriated vehicle that enables us to see, and if we examine it we shall find that, as our physical bodies are derived from animal forms, the visual reproduction amounts only to a picture in two dimensions, and this moreover is due entirely to light reflected from the *surface* of the object. So much for the mechanical process which represents but a part of the art of "seeing". To this part the man applies his mentality, and having acquired three-dimensional perception, at once interprets the simple picture in terms of perspective, imposing depth by the action of his mind.

Now consider the case of the man whose working consciousness includes the trained exercise of his subtler vehicle. The mechanism works similarly, but with a great increase of range, for the object is seen, not by means of an external light projecting a flat picture only, but by virtue of its own luminosity. With a corresponding vehicle as receiver, the content of the whole object is reproduced, consciousness thus being presented with a three-dimensional image!

The Point of Consciousness, which is the true Man, plays freely within his own vehicle, and views this image in any part, or as a whole, at will. The measure of his training will determine the accuracy of the reproduction and the value of his perception. In the process of developing this sight, it is obvious many an error of reading is certain. The standpoint assumed by the consciousness, wherefrom to view such a reproduction within its subtle vehicle, would naturally be the centre, and the whole interior of the image would be displayed to the consciousness at once. Front, back, sides, interior, are all equally perceived, and hence, even apart from the instability of the astral medium itself, there is abundant possibility of confusion and misunderstanding. Nature provides, however, a valuable corrective, which saves the situation.

Just as in the physical eye there is a minute spot on the retina of intense focal definition, the enormous benefits of which, by the way, we hardly now appreciate, so in the astral vehicle, all-responsive as it may be, there must be a centre of special visual sensitiveness. Playing through this localised centre, Consciousness gains clarity at the cost of some limitation—an expense, as is usual with Nature's bargains, very well

neighbour, with a smile always in their eyes that sometimes reaches their lips as well:

"Ah, it was a very good deed, that of little Ma Noo: no doubt about it. There isn't another boy with a head of hair like Maung San Nee all the way between here and Rangoon. Indeed there isn't."

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FOURTH DIMENSION

I hope you may find space for the enclosed. Claude Bragdon is our Theosophical pioneer in a new field of art. We owe him gratitude and open recognition of the value of his service in adding to the World-beauty.

In a recent letter to a T.S. friend, who had given him a few words of appreciation, he said: "I am very much alone in my propaganda and appreciate all the recognition I get from any quarter." We feel the pathos of that loneliness which surrounds all great souls who lead the van, whose vision is so big that others cannot follow it.

Greeting from the Santa Rosa Lodge to all the dear workers at Adyar, and may peace be with you during 1917.

ADELAIDE COX,
President, Santa Rosa Lodge.

[We append our correspondent's contribution herewith.—ED.]

Mr. E. L. Gardner, in the October THEOSOPHIST, frightens (?) all Fourth Dimension enthusiasts by reference to "the vigorous and healthy curse of Athanasius which awaits the heretic" etc.: parenthetically it may be said that a new brand of heresy is invented to suit the occasion. He softens the curse by referring to it as a "gentle (?) protest" and continues: "I submit that the Fourth Dimension is a formless mental abstraction, that it has no proper standing. . . . The purport of this article amounts to a denial of its existence." In making these assertions our tender friend feigns a timidity that is not apparent; but well may he shake in his three-dimensional shoes, for we are after his one-dimension scalp, which we will gently remove and spin merrily in a four-dimensional direction. The heretic in question is one who adds a fourth and unknown dimension to the three dimensions of space, which are "reflections in terms of form of the Divine Trinity in Unity of the one Life". Mr. Gardner adds: "It is an attempt to identify the attributes of Life with the figures of form, and however willingly we grant that behind the Fourth Dimension there stands something real, it is of importance that the reality should be described in terms of Life or Consciousness, and not be regarded as a further extension of form."

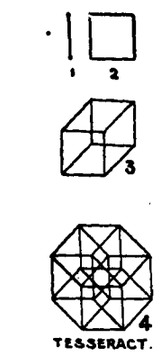
Three questions are in order: Is there not a Divine Quaternary? and does not H. P. B. diagram the plane of

manifested matter as a square ? We cognise three dimensions through our normal senses ; the race is evolving a sixth sense. May it not include the comprehension of a higher dimension ?

The annihilation of the four-dimensional idea would seem a catastrophe to Claude Bragdon's[1] friends and admirers, for on that is based his new art, explained in his books entitled *A Primer of Higher Space* and *Projective Ornament*.

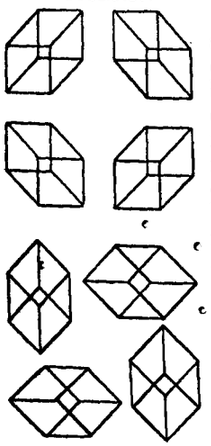
All who have studied the works of C. H. Hinton and Claude Bragdon admit that to understand their explanation of the Fourth Dimension one must draw largely on the imagination ; hence it becomes to that extent a mental abstraction, "formless" we will not admit.

PLATE . A.



TESSERACT.

Mr. Gardner says : "By dimensions of space we really mean extension of matter." Let us reflect that matter is not confined to the physical plane. We do not make any impossible leap from the physical to the higher mental plane, but take our natural, leisurely way, one step at a time. Our first adventure in a four-dimensional direction leads to the astral world, and when hypersolid disappears into that region, we find that the forms there are exact duplicates of the three-space physical forms, with the added extension (dimension) which annihilates distance, and with it time.



8 CUBES OF TESSERACT.

All writers about the Fourth Dimension and the Astral Plane deplore the inadequacy of the names used, but they have become accepted terms *faute de mieux*. In order to lead the mind by easy stages, the formula given is something like this : A no-dimensional point moving in a one-dimensional direction generates a line ; a line moving at right angles to its length in a two-dimensional direction generates a plane ; a plane moving at right angles to its surface in a three-dimensional direction generates a solid ; a solid moving at right angles to its content in a four-dimensional direction generates a hypersolid (Plate A). Now a solid, moving thus, obviously moves in every direction, which, as I understand it, is radiation—an unlimited extension in all directions, making it possible to see the solid at any distance

[1] Claude Bragdon, Architect. Rochester, New York, U.S.A.

from its physical base by means of four-dimensional vision, in other words by astral or mental clairvoyance. From the standpoint of physical plane consciousness, may not this radiant extension be called 'dimension or no dimension, just as we say a point is everywhere and nowhere ? We are forced to express ourselves in terms of time and space, so why object to the word dimension ? It has a mathematical fitness that no other word possesses. The tesseract or hypercube is given as an example (No. 4, Plate A).

Mathematically it is absolutely correct, since the two points which bound the line find their fourth power in the sixteen points of the tesseract. Claude Bragdon's diagrams of hypersolids are illuminating. He does not attempt the impossible, but leads the mind unmistakeably to a vision of higher things. The tesseract implies radiation, but shows only as many lines as a mind working through a physical brain can easily follow. It shows other qualities belonging to higher planes, *i.e.*, the transparency and interpenetrability of forms. He does not claim that the diagram describes the real hypercube, which is always a cube ; the drawing, being necessarily on a plane surface, is not even a perspective of a tesseract, but the perspective of a perspective, for it is a two-dimensional representation of a three-dimensional representation of a four-dimension form. Furthermore these plain diagrams of the tesseract and hypersolid are attractive in themselves, and in the hands of an artist give rise to endless adaptations in design, the beauty of which is extraordinary. This beauty is an evidence of underlying truth ; beauty can be built on no other foundation. "Truth to the mind is beauty to the eye" ; and we owe it to an F.T.S. that these avenues of beauty are opened to a world thirsting for some new expression of art. Claude Bragdon's Projective Ornament, while noble in its pure beauty, holds a satisfying appeal to the intelligence and stirs a mystical urge within to delve for the soul of things. When he is able to combine colour and light with his geometric projections, as was possible in a recent song and light festival in Central Park, New York, they become glorified to the entrancing loveliness that belongs to a spiritual fairyland ; this brings them a step nearer as representations of mental forms which are self-luminous and *are* colour.

While most of the cubists and futurists are prowling vaguely around on lower astral levels, and bringing through some truth with many distortions, Claude Bragdon is boldly pointing the way to a higher world of wondrous possibilities. He sees Art and Theosophy as one. He teaches them together in language that is clear and clean-cut. Not often do we find so richly blended in one the artist, the occultist and the diction of his book. He attacks the apparently impossible with

a tantalising insouciance and a subtle humour that draws you on, however reluctant your mental feet. He fascinates you with some magic mystery, then uses it as a hammer to drive home the Ancient Wisdom, and fasten a wedge in his art. He builds his art on that same numerical foundation which builds the universe, and sings in the music of the spheres. Who shall say it will not endure, expand, create, become, or rather IS NOW, a worthy child of the new race, and it is primarily a four-dimensional idea. May the shadow of the tesseract never grow less! though it be only the shadow of a shadow.

Mr. Gardner says: "No one should destroy who is not prepared to construct," and Mr. Bragdon did construct grandly without any previous destruction being necessary; his diagrams and explanations are illuminating; they throw light on a subject that has as many sides as the circle has radii. Dear Brother Gardner, we may annex wings to a building, without destroying it, in order to build anew.

The controversy seems to rest mainly on a question of terminology. Prithee let us not split hairs over a name-word.

PRINCIPLE OR PUBLIC OPINION

Having read in THE THEOSOPHIST with interest both M. A. Kellner's and M. E. Cousins' discussions on "Principle or Public Opinion," I beg leave to say that if we all lived up to our ideals we should never have to consider laws or public opinion; so why this discussion? Having found "Self," and that Self being the perfect "I am," how can we in any way offend or be offended? The state we lived in would be a state of Peace. Events and people are controlled by law; there is an eternal law of justice; I am one with that law and rest in it.

As regards Mrs. Besant's "changes"—any one who has read her autobiography would never dare to criticise her—one feels all through her life the great hunger for a truth which would help man to be bigger than his surroundings; we all of us take many roads in going "home," and out of each experience she brought forth something beautiful, until she reached the one perfect ideal of Brotherhood. Who are we to judge? Let us spend our time in building up our lives and *not* in pulling down others.

RAY CORSER DUGUENNE.

BOOK-LORE

The Message of the Future, by C. Jinarājadāsa, M.A. (Star Publishing Trust, Glasgow. Price 2s.)

In the symphony of first rate Theosophical literature Mr. Jinarājadāsa undeniably plays his own special tune; to use his own words, he weaves—and with no uncertain touch—his own melody into the great song of Divine Wisdom. More especially does he do so in this new book, published by the Star Publishing Trust in Glasgow; or rather re-published, for all the "messages" originally appeared in one or another of the magazines. Yet this book, in the totality of its various articles and lectures, is a new and valuable gift to the world, a true message of the future; for it brings its reader so much nearer to the greater Teacher to whose Coming the author's message relates.

We know very few mystic treatises, if any, that make such living realities of the great mystic facts of divine and human life as these articles do. The great religious dogmas —"God made Man," "Man the Son of God," "Christ the Mediator,"—they all at once become acceptable, intelligible—nay, glorious, living realities—by the perusal of this little book. In fact the Divine World constantly peeps through every image, every sentence; and the great World Teacher Himself seems to breathe through the atmosphere of the book.

Moreover we know that Mr. Jinarājadāsa is the apostle of beauty, that he, we may almost say for the first time, has brought beauty to the forefront in our literature. Nowhere does he do this more than in these treatises; they speak about beauty; the beauty of nature, of Creation; the beauty of Beethoven and Wagner; the beauty of the New Spring arising amid the dying of the Old World; beauty is woven into the articles as is gold thread into costly Indian shawls. And reading the

book quietly, reading with a stillness in our being, we feel its beauty, its enthusiasm, its certainty reflected in ourselves.

So will these mere reprints of several "Starlight" talks, of the Parable of the Three Old Men, of the Children's Playhouse and of the three lectures about the World Teacher be welcome to all Star brothers, all Theosophists, and all true Christians, not only for their own benefit but also as an excellent volume for propaganda.

A. G. V.

The Psychology of Music, by H. P. Krishna Rao, B.A. (Wesleyan Mission Press, Mysore. Price Re. 1 As. 4.)

This is a small book containing twelve short chapters. In it an attempt is made to establish certain recognisable relations between human emotions and different musical notes. The reader is led through the first four chapters—which are, so to say, introductory—to the main theme of the book, which is dealt with in the fifth and succeeding chapters. The author considers the ordinary 12 swaram division of an octave, dividing it into two main divisions, S to P and P to S, and relates them to the lower and higher planes of consciousness. The different stages of a psychic impression, *viz.*, tranquillity, disturbance, perception, uneasiness, enquiry, egoism and pain, are taken to correspond to S, R_1, R_2, G_1, G_2, M_1, M_2; P again corresponding to tranquillity, though of a higher order. Of course it is difficult to "prove" this correspondence, it can only be felt. But where feeling is concerned it is not possible to give a common definite basis to the principles of correspondence. What appears to be a natural classification to one may seem entirely artificial to another. The different stages above mentioned may also be taken to correspond on a larger scale to S, R_2, G_2, M_1, P, D_2, N_1, and a consistent system of interpretation may be developed. But at the same time it may be remarked that the correspondence adopted by our author seems to be self-consistent and illuminative. The pictures given in illustration of the emotions represented by different notes are tolerably appropriate.

Chapter VIII is very fascinating and instructive. A high degree of ingenuity is apparent throughout this chapter.

The fact that rhythmical movements of the hands, nods of the head and changes of the face muscles, accompanying the singing of a piece of music, are quite natural, is very clearly brought out. Even a bird goes on nodding its head in accompaniment to its song; no wonder, then, that a human being does so. A cold, immovable face is an artificiality for a musician.

The characteristic features of the eastern and western systems of music—melody and harmony—are very ably explained in the next chapter. That the sublime and the beautiful have their correspondences in the realm of music also is explained in the tenth chapter. While in the West musicians mix up these two, the musicians of India have clearly recognised the distinction, and never mar the beauty of music by unnecessary orchestral accompaniments. Real Indian music cannot even tolerate the harmonium and the organ.

The author then shows that natural music is always nasal, and that the bass and the tenor are artificialities. The harmonium is a very convenient instrument for a beginner, but advanced Indian music is inconsistent with the use of that instrument. He rightly deprecates its use by even some of our professional experts as a drone or as an accompaniment:

> In the West the status of a musician is well defined. Music is looked upon as an accomplishment, and the musician is held in great esteem as one who contributes to social enjoyment and improvement.

Unfortunately it is not so here in India. The true place of music in the life of a Nation has yet to be recognised, and we heartily agree with the author when he says:

> When instruction is begun from sound-language, and when the authorities in India responsible for the education of the country recognise, as in the West, the importance of music in the training of the child as well as the man, the art will attain a position not inferior to any other, and musicians, versed either in theory, composition or performance of the art, will all be of service in the great work of the spread of education throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The last chapter deals with "the dark side of our picture of music," but we fear that the author has painted it blacker than it really is. It is very difficult to agree with his wholesale condemnation of some of the ideas of our forefathers—who have been solely responsible for having developed our musical system to such a marvellous degree of complexity and refinement—regarding the absolute pitch of the musical notes, the time and season

for singing the ragas, and the "supernatural" powers of "certain ragas, such as bringing rain or kindling fire". When all types of living beings reach the condition which has been marked out severally for them by the Lord of the Universe in His Archetypes, their normal sounds would probably correspond to certain notes of unvarying relative pitches. Anyhow the author's objection has not been well maintained. It must be within the experience of most of us that certain ragams do seem to be more appropriate to certain times of the day than other ragams. To say that this is merely due to prejudice is "cutting the Gordian knot," and does not prove anything. Experience is a better teacher than any wrangling disquisition, and it teaches us—at least some of us—that our forefathers were after all wise enough on this point, as in other matters also.

The term "supernatural" is a very unhappy one. In Nature there cannot be anything "supernatural"; "supernormal" would be a better word. The whole universe can be explained and every phenomenon in it can be related to natural laws by a proper understanding of the nature of vibrations. Modern science is beginning to realise the all-sweeping nature of vibrational theories. It is idle to say that rain cannot be brought down nor fire kindled by a proper adjustment of vibrations. And music is the best adjuster of the vibrations. Even to-day the remarkable effect of *Varunajapam* can be observed.

There are some other statements also in the book which may seem to be unwarranted, as, for instance, the remarks about the Pythagorean "music of the spheres". The sublime must always appear ludicrous on the plane of the vulgar. Things must be judged from appropriate standpoints.

On the whole the book deserves a hearty welcome; it is provocative of much thought; the author has taken very great pains to present the subject in a thoroughly intellectual form and has very fairly succeeded in his efforts. The get-up of the book is excellent, though it is priced a little too high.

R. S.

Jesus Christ and the Social Question, by Francis Greenwood Peabody. (The Macmillan Co., London. Price 2s.)

This book is not a new one, having been reprinted several times since it first appeared in 1900, but it is one which is very appropriate to the present time. All over Christendom people are asking themselves the question: what, in the face of all the social problems that confront us, should be our attitude as followers of the Christ? And now that the war has thrown the world into still greater confusion than before, and the need for thorough reconstruction is apparent to all, this question of Christ's probable attitude towards it all is more than ever to the fore in Christian thought. As the author remarks:

> This is an age of the social question. Never were so many people . . . so stirred by this recognition of inequality in social opportunity, by the call to social service, by dreams of a better social world. . . . The social question of the present age is not a question of mitigating the evils of the existing order, but a question whether the existing order itself shall last.

Of what value, then, is the life of Jesus to us as we turn our energies to the unravelling of this tangled mass of human needs and interests? Professor Peabody's answer, very briefly summarised, is as follows: Jesus was not primarily the devisor of a system, but the quickener of single lives; He held aloof from social problems and surveyed them with a detachment that prevented Him from throwing Himself into the solution of these questions in detail; His chief concern was with individual human souls, and His main object was to explain to these their relation to God. But it must not be supposed because of this that His influence is not productive of social results. "The same social fruitfulness has followed in every age each new access of genuine Christian life," and the reason of this lies in the fact that a constant stream of an abundant social service can only have its source in the moral and spiritual energy of the individual. It is this continually renewed impulse that contact with the personality of Jesus imparts.

The author works out this idea with great care and elaboration, supplying his readers copiously with references to contemporary European writers on the subject, and analyses the main aspects of the problem with a breadth of view which makes his book valuable to students, whatever their religious views.

A. DE L.

Adventures of the Christian Soul, being Chapters in the Psychology of Religion, by K. J. Saunders. With a Preface by the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. (Cambridge University Press, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

This book is based upon an Essay entitled "The Psychology of Religious Experiences," which won the Burney prize at Cambridge, in 1908. It relates the adventures of the soul to biological and physiological processes in the affairs of every-day life, and we are led to examine various phases of religious experience through the spectacles of a psychologist, for psychology should be a stepping-stone from the material to the spiritual.

We first examine the subconscious mind, the deep current of the stream of consciousness, unseen yet active, a storehouse and laboratory which may work independently of consciousness, and which perhaps explains the visions of mystics during meditation. The writer insists that the subconscious mind is only a theory, and says:

> Some writers have fallen into the trap of its existence, and speak of it as Madame Blavatsky used to speak of Tibet. When that ingenious impostor [!] desired to mystify her followers, or gain authority for her vagaries, she used to speak of the Mahatmas of Tibet, and to describe the sacred city of Lhassa, but when Thomas Atkins penetrated there, her Mahatmas had to seek fresh pastures, for Lhassa was not by any means the Ideal City of her vision.

Sturdy common sense can disapprove of much teaching about the subconscious; and to glorify it at the expense of consciousness is misleading—so our author says.

The next thing treated of is child-study; children do seem to have a "tendency toward God," but we cannot agree with the view in the book that Hinduism, Buddhism, and Muhammadanism have not as much adaptability to the needs of every stage of life as Christianity has; also, as Theosophists, we note a want of knowledge as to the so-called imagination of children, and their companionship with "imaginary" beings.

We are then shown that "Conversion"—a deep-seated emotional change—is the birth of Love, a passion for the Real and Eternal which strengthens the Will and illuminates the Mind, giving an ecstatic joy and a unification of the divided will. This adventure comes generally at adolescence, when the mind is specially receptive—emotional but chaotic—and the

author urges a more scientific, healthy education in the matter of sex. No word in religion, we are told, has been more abused than mysticism, the pursuit of the Beyond, the Real. The mystic is a religious genius, a nature capable of great love. This is the stage of the Lover. The concluding one of all the adventures that lead the soul to fulfil her natural destiny and return whence she came, is Prayer, Meditation, or Contemplation; for they all have the same effect, and become one with mysticism in tuning the will, intellect, and affections. We can recommend this book as a textbook on the psychology of religion, especially to those who like to keep the Christian presentment, and who have not time to study the larger works on the subject.

E. S. B.

The Black Dwarf of Vienna: and other Weird Tales, by Princess Catherine Radziwill. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 1s.)

This volume contains sixteen strange stories connected with some of the old families of continental Europe—mostly Polish, Russian and Hungarian. The tales are not the old familiar ones but some which are little known. The author offers no explanation of the weird occurrences she recounts and makes few comments, but in the Preface we are assured that all of them are well authenticated and that in every case the author has either visited the haunted locality or heard the story first-hand from the families in question, or even herself witnessed the events narrated. The tales are of unequal merit as stories, being in some cases rather baldly told, but in any case they are interesting additions to our collection of witnesses to the reality of the so-called "supernatural".

A. DE L.

PAMPHLETS—ON EDUCATION AND BROTHERHOOD

The Theosophical Educational Trust (in Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., has issued a neat compendium of its objects, principles, and the methods of applying these; the conditions of affiliation of schools to the Trust are also stated. The Trust has already done so much good work, especially in India, that most Theosophists know at least something of

its aims, but it is useful to have them clearly defined in a convenient form for the information both of enquirers and propagandists. Affiliated to the Trust is the Theosophical Fraternity in Education, which has issued a similar booklet setting forth the ideals that the Fraternity stands for. Full membership is confined to members of the teaching profession (of course of either sex), but all workers in the educational field and sympathisers may become Associate Members. The Secretary of the Fraternity, Miss B. de Normann, is the author of a pithy article in pamphlet form entitled *Brotherhood and Education*, also published by the Trust on behalf of the Fraternity. The writer opens on the note of "divine discontent" with existing methods, especially in education, and shows how the principle of Brotherhood applied to education reveals its present defects and points to their remedy. Reforms are dealt with under three heads: the Child, the Teacher, and Administration; and two of the principal points brought out are the responsibility of the State for the care of its children and reverence for the child's individuality. The Brackenhill Children's Home, which belongs to the T.E.T., appeals for support in its "interesting educational experiment," to use the words of the prospectus. Enclosed with this is a reprint of the Programme of Education Reform issued by the Education Reform Council in November 1916. *Educational Reconstruction* is the title of a pamphlet published by The Workers' Educational Association, being their recommendations to the Reconstruction Committee.

Brotherhood and Social Conditions by G. Colmore is a powerful indictment of some of the social violations of Brotherhood that disfigure modern civilisation, such as under-paid labour, the prison system and prostitution. The plea is urged for vigorous action based on the truth that if one member suffers the whole body suffers.

To Holland belongs the credit of an "International School of Philosophy" founded at Amersfoort in September 1915. The programme of work undertaken for the summer of 1916 is announced in an attractive illustrated syllabus. We wish the organisers every success.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

THE SYNTHESIS OF YOGA

Conspicuous among the Indian magazines is *Arya*, a "Philosophical Review" published at Pondicherry. The title we have quoted belongs to a series of articles by the Editor, Sri Aurobindo Ghose, which have been appearing for some time past; the January number contains the twenty-sixth, dealing with "The Passive and the Active Brahman". The task the author sets before him is best summed up in his own words:

> The difficulty which the mental being experiences in arriving at an integral realisation of true being and world-being may be met by following one or other of two different lines of his self-development. He may evolve himself from plane to plane of his own being and embrace on each successively his oneness with the world and with Sachchidananda realised as the Purusha and Prakriti, Conscious-Soul and Nature-Soul of that plane, taking into himself the action of the lower grades of being as he ascends. He may, that is to say, work out by a sort of inclusive process of self-enlargement and transformation the evolution of the material into the divine or spiritual man. This seems to have been the method of the most ancient sages of which we get some glimpse in the Rig Veda and some of the Upanishads. He may, on the other hand, aim straight at the realisation of pure self-existence on the highest plane of mental being and from that secure basis realise spiritually, under the conditions of his mentality the process by which the Self-existent becomes all existences, but without that descent into the self-divided egoistic consciousness which is a circumstance of evolution in the Ignorance. Thus identified with Sachchidananda in the universal self-existence as the spiritualised mental being, he may then ascend beyond to the supramental plane of the pure spiritual existence. It is the latter method the stages of which we may now attempt to trace for the seeker by the path of knowledge.

The main line of argument is roughly as follows: The mental process of withdrawal from the vehicles and their activities culminates in a state of equipoise in which the "passive Brahman," the unchanging Self, the disinterested Witness, is more or less realised. In this state the world and its interests, though retained within the consciousness as its creation, assume a semblance of unreality or illusion. But this is not the end of Yoga, though often mistaken for it. Such abstraction is but the first step, for if it were persisted in alone, mental existence would be lost in the Unknowable. The next and most difficult step is to return to ordinary activity without losing the sense of peace and unity gained in the passive state. This can be done by bearing in mind that the life of the world is the "active Brahman" and not merely a

personal activity; and such a disposition in turn reveals the reality of the "active Brahman" as being identical with that of the "passive Brahman".

The extremes to be avoided in both the passive and active states are well described in the following extract:

> The difficulty is created by the exclusive concentration of the mental being on its plane of pure existence, in which consciousness is at rest in passivity, and delight of existence at rest in peace of existence. It has to embrace also its plane of conscious force of existence, in which consciousness is active as power and will, and delight is active as joy of existence. Here the difficulty is that mind is likely to precipitate itself into the consciousness of Force instead of possessing it. The extreme mental state of precipitation into Nature is that of the ordinary man who takes his bodily and vital activity and the mind movements dependent on them for his whole real existence and regards all passivity of the soul as a departure from existence and an approach towards nullity. He lives in the superficies of the active Brahman. . . .

Yet the avoidance of these two extremes does not lie in mediocrity, as might be suppposed, but in breaking through the barrier that shuts out the one state from the other, and so combining them in true proportion. The mechanical ideas, as seen from the passive existence, have to be infused with life in order that they may be vehicles of expression, communication and perception; but they must not be allowed to imprison the life bestowed on them. A final quotation will serve to illustrate the real aim of Yoga, as seen by the author, and incidentally the clear and forceful manner in which it is presented.

> In proportion as this realisation is accomplished, the status of consciousness as well as the mental view proper to it will change. Instead of an immutable self containing name and form, containing without sharing in them the mutations of Nature, there will be the consciousness of the Self, immutable in essence, unalterable in its fundamental poise, but constituting and becoming in its experience all these existences which the mind distinguishes as name and form. All formations of mind and body will not be merely figures reflected in the Purusha, but real forms of which Brahman itself, conscious Being, is the substance and, as it were, the material of their formation. The name attaching to the form will be not a mere conception of the mind, answering to no real existence bearing the name, but there will be behind it a true power of conscious being, a true self-experience of the Brahman, answering to something that it contains potential but unmanifest in its silence.

W. D. S. B.

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worth incurring. For instead of attempting the impossible task of grasping the three dimensions at once, as might be inferred, Consciousness masters only one dimension at a time. It *becomes* itself "depth," so to speak, and sees everything displayed in terms of two dimensions. Hence in the diagram (E), Consciousness is represented as being the dotted line (depth), and as seeing objectively only breadth and height.

The so-called fourth-dimensional consciousness is really a return to two-dimensional objectivity with the enormous acquisition of one dimension mastered. Consciousness has in short *become* a third part of its environment.

(F) This next step, the mastery of another dimension—breadth, is perhaps rather difficult to follow intellectually, though a simple illustration will assist. If (E) may be regarded as being equivalent to the exercise of astral sight, this step must be held to be equivalent to mental clairvoyance, in which two dimensions become subjective, one only remaining objective.

Take a page of print, and holding it so as to foreshorten it to extreme by looking almost at the bottom edge, the whole of the text is apparently rolled up into one line—one dimension. The experiment faintly suggests this stage, if it be further supposed that the expanded consciousness can read the whole as one line. At this stage two dimensions will have been mastered, and form phenomena reduced to one dimension only.

(G) Consciousness is here represented as having taken the final step of the series: the three dimensions have become subjective, and the Formless level is again attained. The Units are responsive to all within the limits of the Ring-pass-not, they are Masters of all the

forms of the Threefold World, embracing within themselves all the possibilities of the three modes of motion, the three extensions of matter. The Points are omnipresent, and hence have "become" the Sphere.

Consciousness has traced its way through the Kingdoms, encountering and grappling with the resistance of the Form World, apprehending its threefold character in successive stages. At the limit of its outward sweep Consciousness achieves awareness of itself, and proceeds to the mastery of the Forms in similar successive stages, inversely this time, by transmuting their extensions into terms of consciousness.

I submit, therefore, that the description "Fourth Dimension" is misleading, and tolerable only as a stopgap; for that which it is intended to describe, so far from being a further extension of matter, is exactly the reverse, and indicates in reality the first great step towards the understanding and complete mastery of Matter by the Spirit.

E. L. Gardner

THE WAR AND THE PROPHETS

By "MERCURIAL"

WE have heard much of prophets and prophecies in connection with the present war. Passages from the Bible have been quoted—some of them remarkably apt—and ancient documents have been unearthed which seem to have a special bearing upon the world-shaking events of 1914. But it is not so generally realised that the war was frequently foretold by modern as well as ancient prophets—not only by writers who based their forecasts on a knowledge of military strategy and international politics, but by men and women now living, who use subtler methods of looking into the future.

I have by me, as I write, a copy of the *Occult Review*, a monthly magazine "devoted to the investigation of supernormal phenomena and the study of psychological problems," and well known, in spite of this alarming sub-title, for its sane and reasonable outlook. This copy is dated January, 1912, and in it the Editor refers to some previous remarks of his own concerning the horoscope of the German Emperor. It appears that the Kaiser's "stars" for the next few years were (at the then time of writing) extraordinarily adverse, indicating wars and general disasters of great magnitude. Having referred to this, the Editor goes on to say—and

from here I quote his article verbatim: "I do not wish to express an opinion as to the credibility of the prophecies of the French seeress, Madame de Thebes, but her references to Germany are at least worth quoting in this connection, if only for the curiosity of the coincidence. Here is what she says (I translate from her almanac for 1912):

> Germany menaces Europe in general and France in particular. When war breaks out, hers will be the responsibility, but after the war there will be no longer either Hohenzollern or Prussian hegemony. This is all Berlin will gain by her violence, and the brutality of her political methods. I have said and I repeat that the days of the Emperor are numbered, and that after him all will be changed in Germany. I say the years of his reign. I do not say the years of his life.

"Elsewhere the Parisian prophetess observes that everything points to the fact that as far as they (the French) are concerned it will not be possible to avoid the arbitrament of arms. The year 1913 seems to her to bring the crisis to maturity."

A similar astrological prophecy, more accurate in point of date, was published three years ago in *L'Echo du Merveilleux* (p. 521) from the pen of M. Larmier. It predicted "the fall of the House of Hohenzollern and of the German Empire in 1913 or 1914," and stated that Wilhelm II was "the last German Emperor of the House of Hohenzollern. If there is war in 1914 between France and Germany, France will be victorious."

It may, of course, be said that these two prophecies were influenced by the national sympathies and desires of the writers. This cannot be suggested with regard to the remarkable statements made by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, Vice-President of the Theosophical Society and author of *Esoteric Buddhism*, etc., in the October number of

The Vahan (the official organ of the Society in England and Wales). "In March, 1911," says Mr. Sinnett, "I gave a lecture to a large audience at the Asiatic Society's rooms in Albemarle Street, embodying the information I had received a month or two previously. I kept notes of that information at the time of its reception (in January, 1911)."

Here are some verbatim extracts from the notes referred to:

> The present German plan was not to annex Holland but to attack Belgium. There would ultimately be a general war in which Germany, including Austria and the Turks, would be opposed to Great Britain, Russia, France and Italy. The German Emperor was the centre of German hostility. He had some regard for his English kinsmen, but was the bitter enemy of the race. Bismarck was working on him, though he was not conscious of this. . . . The Kaiser's scheme contemplated a direct attack on and the conquest of England. He was not aiming at an indemnity, but he wanted to be crowned King of the British Empire. It was decreed that the issue of the great war would be on the side of the Allies. . . . It would be terrible for the German people.

Mr. Sinnett, like the French prophetess quoted, at first gave 1913 as the year of the war, which he was told would be "short, sharp and terrible". He goes on to say, however, that the Balkan War "drew off some of the mysterious unseen forces making for disaster," so that the great catastrophe was postponed, though not averted. "The time thus gained," he remarks, "was admirably made use of in the improvement of our navy, and in April, 1912, I was told that the danger of an actual invasion of England seemed practically over." Finally a note made in April, 1913, is quoted, as follows: "Germany was holding back, knowing the complete preparations of the *Entente* powers. If war began we should send 200,000 men to France to operate with the left wing."

Turning to another source, we find in *Modern Astrology* for January, 1914, (a monthly magazine "devoted to the search for truth concerning Astrology") a long article dealing with the probability of a great European War. The following extracts are of interest:

> For several years there has been much talk about a European War, and with each succeeding year a large number of people have been expecting it to break out. Some students of Astrology have been carried away by this opinion, and seizing upon the minor influences of the war god, Mars, have unwisely predicted war. Hitherto we have abstained from all such predictions. . . . We are not and never have been fatalistic in our interpretation of the starry heavens. . . . We do not think a European War is bound to take place if the representatives of the nations *do not desire it*. . . . We have always held that it is unwise to make definite predictions that are evil, for the simple reason that, desire being father to the thought, a very strong desire carries with it the possibility of its fulfilment. We very strongly desire peace; not the peace-at-any-price which sacrifices strength and honour through weakness, but the peace that arises out of goodwill and mutual understanding. And we fail to see the necessity for war amongst nations who pretend to civilisation and enlightenment.

Having expressed this opinion, the writer goes on to speak of the year 1914 as "a year of tension," and examining in greater detail the planetary influences that prevail during its progress, he says:

> The end will not be achieved without struggles for power in various parts of the world. . . . There will be foreign troubles and international rivalry and jealousy affecting the greater part of Europe, and it will be fortunate if there are not actual warlike measures undertaken and the movements of troops and warships.

In summing up, however, the writer comes to the conclusion that in spite of "the rising of Mars in the yearly horoscope," which will "stir up warlike talk, and even show indications of a war fever," the great European War is not inevitable in this year, and that though the stars may "incline" towards it, they do not "compel" a world-wide conflagration.

It has since been pointed out that this judgment ignored the fact that not only was Mars rising in the map for the summer solstice (which rules the succeeding three months), but that the fixed star Regulus was also rising, *in conjunction with* Mars. Regulus (or *a* Leonis) is a martial star of the first magnitude, and its effects are said to be of a "sudden and dramatic character". Further it may be noted that the eclipse of the Sun in Leo on August 21st fell on the exact place of Mars and Regulus at the summer solstice and in bad aspect to certain vital points in the horoscopes of the German Emperor, the King of Italy, and the Austrian Emperor. So ancient an astrologer as Junctinus has stated that a great eclipse of the Sun in Leo "presignifies the motion of armies, death of a king, danger of war, and scarcity of rain". So that, taking all things into consideration, there seems little room for doubt that in the case of the article in *Modern Astrology* in January, the Editor's own desire (for peace) was father to his thought.

In an earlier number of the same magazine (July, 1910) some extremely interesting forecasts were made with regard to certain Royal Horoscopes. It was said of our own King that he "will do all that lies in his power to avert war, but he will hardly escape a grave and serious probability of war during his reign". Of the Kaiser, that if he should enter into warfare, "France would be attacked and not England". And finally, the following striking sentences may be quoted in full:

> The fate of the European nations hangs by the thread of the Emperor of Austria's nativity. The planet Mars in his nativity is exactly upon the ascendant of King George's nativity, therefore it is no idle prophecy to say that if a European war breaks out during the lifetime of these two monarchs, the Emperor of Austria will be the direct cause of England being drawn into the struggle.

Another astrological prophet, writing more than a year ago in times of peace and plenty, certainly did not look upon the sunny side of things. In *Raphael's Almanac: or Prophetic Messenger*, for 1914 (published August 1st, 1913) we find indications of warlike troubles crowding thick and fast upon one another. "In July," he says, speaking of Great Britain, "the culmination of Mars threatens disputes with another Power." . . . "Serious trouble is threatened in France. Fires will be frequent and much crime will occur. There will also be danger of war." Speaking of the eclipse of the Sun, this writer says that, falling in the ninth house, it denotes "the profanation of holy places, churches and sacred buildings, captivity and ransacking of towns". Unlikely as this prophecy must have appeared at the time when it was made, one can only remark now that it was none too strongly worded. The same thing applies to the following forecast of affairs in Great Britain during the summer quarter (June 22nd to September 22nd): "Mars in the 2nd opposed to Jupiter is evil for the revenue; heavy expenditure, decrease of receipts and general depreciation in stocks and shares. . . . Agricultural affairs will benefit, the harvest yield will be good, and the weather generally propitious. . . . Uranus in the 6th is ominous of a dispute with a Foreign Power. . . . Shipping affairs will suffer. The affliction of Mars threatens the Government with serious financial troubles, and much and sudden depreciation in the nation's securities." Of the autumn quarter it is said that there will be "poverty and distress among the

poorer classes. . . . Aviation will be to the fore. . . . Hospitals will have their hands full. . . . The halfmast flag will be seen in the country."

But perhaps "Raphael's" most interesting remarks are those concerning the prevailing influences during 1914 in the horoscopes of the Crowned Heads of Europe. For King George he predicts "danger of war," and "much depression of trade and commerce". He goes on to say that "a critical period is forming for the fortunes of this country, but as the Sun meets the sextile of the radical Moon after it leaves the evil direction to Mars, it will be but the darkest hour before the dawn, and a brighter future awaits the Empire". The Kaiser is said to be "under very adverse directions, and danger both to health and person is indicated. . . . Indications of war and disaster are strongly marked. . . . A crisis is apparent in the history of the German Empire. . . . The terribly evil array of influences at the commencement of the year will leave their mark for many a long day to come." The Tsar is also said to be under "adverse influences," causing "much trouble in his Empire." The Emperor of Austria's directions are unmitigatedly evil. "Martial influences" are in operation in the King of Italy's horoscope. The Mikado of Japan "is now coming under some severe afflictions which will bring a crisis in his Empire. . . War is probable and serious trouble". For the Queen of Holland "financial difficulties, increase of taxation and decreasing revenue" are denoted, and "the transit of Mars over the Moon is not conducive to peace". In the horoscope of the French President "indications of war are very powerfully shown," but "a more favourable time" will follow.

Two last prophecies may be quoted—one from *Zadkiel's Almanack* for 1914, which says, with regard to the summer quarter, that there is risk of a "serious crisis near at hand" in Prussia, France, and Italy, which might "develop alarmingly". "The Eastern question is only too likely to destroy the harmony of the 'Concert of Europe,' and may incarnadine the Middle East. The 12th and 28th days (of June) will be very critical for Europe and Asia. Increase of armaments and a busy time for armourers and ironworkers will be experienced in England."

It should be noticed that June 28th was the date on which the Archduke Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated.

The other is from *Antares' Almanac* for 1913 (printed in October, 1912):

> The Kaiser's Star Courses in 1913 and 1914 are brooding. . . . Such aspects as these will, we fear, impel him to declare war against either England or France in 1913 or 1914, and these aspects threaten him with heavy money loss. Disaster, therefore, will attend his military operations. Verily, the stars will be fighting against the German Emperor as they fought against Sisera of old, but it is especially on the sea that disaster will overtake him. . . . We regard 1913 and 1914 as the most critical and perilous years of the Kaiser's life, both for his health and fortunes.

Reading such words as these *now*, with minds attuned to the thought of war, they do not seem so startling; but if we can throw ourselves back in imagination to the pre-war days—how long ago!—when these words were *written and published*, their remarkableness becomes at once apparent. Many more might be cited, but the unanimity of opinion shown in the foregoing extracts (from eight distinct and absolutely independent sources) seems sufficiently noteworthy to merit consideration,

if not to compel belief. There is not one dissentient voice. Even the Editor of *Modern Astrology*, an avowed pacifist, goes so far as to speak of "movements of troops and warships" and "war fever"; and all the others harp insistently on the same theme. In every case their words were written long before the slightest shadow of the approaching war-cloud had made itself perceived by ordinary means. Those quoted here are probably only a small proportion of all who actually foresaw the bursting of the cloud in 1914, but they form a little group of certain witnesses to the fact that modern prophets can be wise before, and not only *after* the event, as sceptics fain would declare! All of them except one (Mr. Sinnett), based their predictions on astrological calculations, which should give pause to those who are apt to scoff at the bare idea that such calculations might have any value. The words of John Kepler, the famous astronomer, are worthy to be remembered in this connection: "A most unfailing experience of the excitement of sublunary natures by the conjunctions and aspects of the planets *has instructed and compelled my unwilling belief.*" Other noted men known to have been students of this science, which has been called "the soul of astronomy," are John Flamstead, first Astronomer Royal, who cast an astrological figure for the founding of Greenwich Observatory; Roger Bacon, of whom Sir John Sandys said (when reading a paper before the British Academy on May 28th, 1914) that "on the subject of astrology he shared the belief almost universally held by all instructed men from the 13th to the 16th century"; Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer; and Dr. Richard Garnett, the well-known scholar, Keeper of

the Books at the British Museum, who was a convinced believer in planetary influences, and published a remarkable pamphlet called *The Soul and the Stars* under the pseudonym of A. G. Trent.

It may be remarked, in passing, that the very word *martial*, which we have heard and seen so frequently of late, carries with it the suggestion of a belief in astrology, though probably few who use it remember that, in doing so, they are referring to the influence of the planet Mars. Noteworthy, also, is the following sentence from a leading article in *The Observer* (September 13th, 1914). The writer is making an attempt to survey the military position from the German point of view, and having outlined the various causes which led up to the Prussian successes of 1870, he asks: "*Who could sanely hope that such a conspiracy of the stars would be renewed in favour of Germany?*" He spoke metaphorically, no doubt, but perhaps with more literal truthfulness than he knew, for astrologers unite in declaring, with no uncertain voice, that the "conspiracy of the stars"—happy phrase!—has *not* been renewed in favour of Germany.

It should be understood, however, that astrologers of the modern school—of whom there are more, among intelligent and educated people, than the general public suspects—are opposed to all "fatalistic" theories, although they may and do speak of "pre-disposing causes," tendencies, and so on. Like Roger Bacon, who (to quote Sir John Sandys again) was "profoundly convinced of the influence of the stars on the life of man," but held this conviction to be "perfectly consistent with the freedom of the will," they teach that all so-called "evil" influences can be turned, by the power of the

human will, to good account. None of the planets, they say, is in itself evil. The fiery energies of Mars, for instance, can be used by man, if he wills, in creative and inventive directions, instead of merely as a means for destruction; and they hold that these energies can and should be turned in the direction of "building up" rather than of "breaking down". Therefore, in the first resort the choice lies with man. He can either "rule" the stars or be "ruled by" them.

The forces of Mars, in these latter days, have been turned loose upon the world to ravage and destroy. None were found ready to resist them, or strong enough to divert them, by sheer enduring will-power, from evil channels into good. Large masses of the human race took the line of least resistance, and the fires of Mars were kindled rapidly, one after another, in all quarters of the globe. So strong was the initial impulse that, once let loose upon the world, only by martial response could the martial outpouring be repelled. It is scarcely necessary to offer an opinion as to where that initial impulse started. Enough to say that from it has resulted the hideous drama of suffering, death and destruction, now being enacted upon the stage of Europe before an astonished audience of gods and men. But even in the midst of all this horror there are evidences that the martial forces are not *in themselves* destructive and evil, but that their effect on the physical plane depends entirely upon the use made of them by man. The almost superhuman courage and endurance which has been shown in all parts of that vast and ever-shifting battle-ground bears witness to this fact, for—according to the world-old teachings of astrology—courage is the foremost gift bestowed upon man by the fierce, though

subtle, vibrations of the ruddy planet. Thus, when the martial influence is shown forth in the virtues of courage, enterprise, high adventure and heroic action, it is seen to be good. Only when man perverts it into the lower channels of greed, destruction and cruelty does it become evil. In this immense furnace that has been kindled by the unbridled martial vibrations playing through mankind, much is now being put to the test. Much evil is being purged away; much good is being cleansed and refined, to emerge at last as pure gold that has stood the test of fire. It is the belief of many that from this furnace of agony and grief mankind will arise regenerate, with strength seven times renewed—the strength that is based upon wisdom, suffering and experience, not upon brute compulsion —and that in future the forces of Mars will be used by man solely for creative and protective purposes. Never again, if the meaning of this lesson has been understood, if the import of this fierce trial has been fathomed, shall they be yoked to the unholy chariot of "Scientific War".

"Mercurial"

THE THIRD OBJECT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

By M. R. St. John

With the continuance of the war and the passing of so many hundreds of thousands "behind the veil," there is an increasing demand that that veil should be lifted, and an increasing longing for rational explanation of that which lies on the other side.—THE THEOSOPHIST, July 1916.

THESE remarks of our President, taken from the Watch-Tower, contain much food for thought, and it is probable that many Theosophists have been asking themselves some such questions as: "What have we done towards lifting the veil? In what manner have we contributed to the alleviation of the suffering of those whose husbands, fathers, lovers and friends have perished in this dreadful holocaust of human life?"

The writer was told by a former member, who since the commencement of the war has been engaged in most useful and helpful work among the thousands craving for knowledge, that this Society had failed in an important field of usefulness; that whereas spiritualists were certainly "dabblers," Theosophists were merely "babblers". This soft impeachment could not be denied off-hand, for, with so few of its members possessing first-hand knowledge, the Theosophical Society cannot be of much real assistance to those who

have suffered bereavement through the terrible carnage in this war; yet, if our extensive propaganda previous to this conveyed anything, it did lead people to expect that we were more than mere theorists, something more than pious individuals striving to lead noble and unselfish lives.

The thousands who are suffering want real help; they do not want to be told "what we have been told"; they do not want to hear about rounds, races, monadic evolution and the Buddhic plane; but they do want to know about their lost ones and the after-death conditions.

It is regrettable that we have such a limited number of members who are sufficiently developed and trained to be of any real use in helping to answer this insistent cry for light, this ever increasing demand for some one who knows and does not merely repeat; gramophones are useful in some cases, but not for what is now required. Further, there are some who believe that one of the lamentable results of this prodigious war will be an increase of agnosticism, while others are of opinion that the tendency, on the whole, will be in the opposite direction; but it is for us to consider seriously what part the Theosophical Society has taken in discounting the former, and surely, with such examples as it is our privilege to have in our ranks, no greater incentive should be necessary for us to try and follow in their footsteps.

Now if we ask ourselves why this is so, we shall find that the reason is nothing more or less than a neglect of the Society's Third Object. For many years past we have been so much concerned with the First Object and with ideals of service, that we have overlooked the necessity for extending the consciousness

and for improving the vehicles that we use in such service; and it has to be borne in mind that a considerable expansion of consciousness must take place before even the First Object of the Theosophical Society (a belief in which is obligatory on those joining it) can be truly realised as a cosmic fact. To believe in universal brotherhood is one thing, to know it is another; and while mere belief is apt in some cases to imply a doubt, in this instance it cannot be so, for both reason and logic are on our side; yet, whereas actual knowledge can only be acquired when the seeker can function consciously on the higher planes, a very superficial acquaintance with superphysical conditions will take us some way towards the goal of realisation.

Now with regard to the powers latent in man, we need constantly to remind ourselves of the task before us, that task being "to build out of the substance of each world a body in which we can live and function consciously and intelligently," and this task not only cannot be evaded, but is one we must undertake for ourselves.

If there are any who think that such faculties, *siddhis*, and powers, are gratuitous, they are labouring under a delusion; we have had to make our own physical bodies what they are, the present complicated piece of animal mechanism being the result of æons of struggle in the past; it is the most efficient vehicle we possess, and we have got to proceed apace with the improvement and efficiency of the others. This, however, is no light task, being one that requires the will to persist, indomitable courage, and a realisation that disillusionment in many of our most cherished

ideas is always accompanied by a proportionate amount of distress and consequent discouragement.

What has to be avoided is any lop-sidedness in development such as would ensue if reasoning and mental faculties were allowed to atrophy; and while there is frequently a tendency among those of a devotional temperament rather to despise mentality, it must not only be borne in mind that this latter is meant to be the acquisition of the Fifth Root Race, but that the Sixth Race which is to follow will possess great mental capacity coupled with the development of the Buddhic principle, the knowledge of the unity of all things.

For this last to be of use, it must be accompanied by the ability to make it a positive principle instead of a mere negativity; and the Theosophical Society, if it means to keep its place among the pioneers of modern thought and spiritual evolution, should be careful to see that its Third Object is not neglected, but synchronised with the First and Second. It ought not to remain contented with an academical position, it ought not to be satisfied with theoretical knowledge only, it must produce more than students, it must give birth to occultists.

It has been said that this Society is merely a "kindergarten" for embryo occultists; and there does seem a certain amount of justification for this belief, for, while the largest of all schools is the world itself, it would be better if the Society were in a position to prove its claim to be a transition school from the latter to something higher, instead of by its attitude helping to confirm the belief that it is merely a preparatory institution.

There is an idea that the key-note of the future is to be SERVICE, and that so long as you are doing some physical act, even of the simplest kind and requiring no mental energy, you will be all right; this may be so, but while these simple acts can be done by anyone, the Master's service requires capacity of a higher kind as well, and surely They want followers who can do things that cannot be done by ordinary people.

It is obvious that a good deal of service which members of the Society succeed in doing moderately well could be far more efficiently performed by people who are not Theosophists; and we should not delude ourselves by imagining that the Masters and Their disciples would preferably give such work to the former because they were members of the Theosophical Society.

They surely want us for special work, work that cannot be so effectually done by other people, and it is because of this that special training is so essential; it is vital to our future that the Third Object of the Society should not be neglected, it is imperative that we should substitute the essential for the non-essential, the more important for the less important; for, if we do not, the Society will fail of the purpose for which it was instituted, and run the risk, like all outworn, superseded, and obsolete mechanisms, of being "scrapped".

Those Great Ones who are responsible for the work of the Logos never waste energy; They are true economists of nature's mighty forces, of the great cosmic energies, and we have been told again and again that when They employ human beings (not necessarily Theosophists) for certain work, They are quite sure that the capabilities of these employees justify the amount of time and energy spent on them.

This article is not intended to apply to the Indian Section of the Society, but to its European portion; it has been written with the object of inviting attention to a part of our work which has certainly been neglected, if not, in some instances, regarded with a certain amount of disapproval.

M. R. St. John

FRANK SAXON SNELL

A REMINISCENCE

FOR the time being, the T. S. on the physical plane has lost one of its most brilliant and promising intellects. Snell was "out" to dispel the enervating illusion, too common among F. T. S., that *The Secret Doctrine* is too difficult for beginners, and only fit to be spoken of with bated breath as an object of veneration. Snell resolutely maintained that anyone who took the trouble to try and discover what H. P. B. meant by her striking phrases, could help himself and humanity more effectively by this means than by swallowing wholesale the predigested pabulum adorning the book-stalls at lectures. At the same time he ignored the contempt in which "pure" study is often held by the busybody, contending that study for its own sake was just as much a service to humanity as gifts of coals and blankets, and was only cramped by the imposition of popular standards of utility.

As witness to the soundness of these views of his, stand the Isis Lodge, *Students' Notes*, and *Extracts from The Secret Doctrine;* to say nothing of the many dog-ma-shy enquirers who have been encouraged by his bold sincerity and virile insight to set to work for themselves and "prove all things". The Motto he chose for his spiritual child, the Isis Lodge, was characteristic of his unassuming genius: "Help Nature and work on with her." He abhorred violence in every form, as much for its stupidity as for its futility; after the war broke out he once said to me: "I am disgusted to find that people think more of me just because I have been in the volunteers." He has slung his pebble of protest at this Goliath of warfare, but the insatiable monster has claimed his young body and priceless brain.

B.

A DREAM

25 November, 1915, 5 a.m.

THE crossing had been rough. It was going on to sunset when we landed, my wife and I, under the chalk cliffs of the old country. A motor met us at the pier and our friends remarked on our temerity in deciding to pay them a short visit when Zeppelins and aeroplanes had been almost daily visitors. Up till then I had had but vague ideas of the effect of aerial bombs. I had felt in my veins a general recklessness; an idea that, should Zeppelins or aeroplanes menace the vicinity in which I was, I would in all probability take a sporting chance of being hit, and remain at some point of vantage, where I could observe "the fun," which at any rate, I calculated, would be a matter of something under a quarter of an hour.

After a short drive we arrived at our destination. Our friends were installed in a modern and conspicuous hotel situated at the extreme left of the town and perched on a cliff overlooking the sea.

Leaving our luggage to be gradually brought up by porters, we made our way up some steep steps to the hotel. The sun was just setting in a mouse-coloured atmosphere through which some dim rose rays illumined the loftier points of the outlook. As we turned the corner of that wing of the hotel in which our

rooms had been prepared, my eyes discerned in the far distance the apparently immobile horizontal outline of a Zeppelin, hovering far away at a great height, but not pointing in our direction. The excitement of this, to me, novel sight was not shared by those who accompanied me. "There will be more murders to-night," they said sadly, and advised me to take shelter as soon as possible. At that moment, just as we were about to enter the large glass doors opening on to the garden, I saw a speck that I presently made out to be an aeroplane heading for us like some great bird of prey. On calling my friends' attention to it, they shouted to me to get quickly under cover, and themselves took to their heels down the paths that led to the main building. At this moment, and while fascinated by the sight of the oncoming enemy, I lost sight of my wife, who must have either run indoors or followed her friends. I could not stir from where I was. I felt it was unlikely that over so broad an area as that speck covered, the particular number of square yards occupied by the hotel were necessarily menaced, and I was eagerly anxious to see all that might happen. I must have remained five minutes thus, the great bird above growing each moment larger and clearer in the last rays of the sun, when suddenly I seemed to see something drop from it, as when a gull at sea drops the bit it has gathered in the wake of a ship. After an appreciable interval a dull and prolonged roar, followed by a confused jumble of sounds, far greater than I could even have imagined from a cause so small to the eyes, met my ears. These sounds, the realisation that awful things had happened in that instant, the instinct of self-preservation, and the general sense of fear that

comes from an incapacity to measure the unknown, drove me into the house, my last sight of the aeroplane being that it was heading straight for our direction and was gradually getting lower as it approached. I had barely time to cross the large entrance hall, to pass down a passage, to enter another room, and, instinctively, to place myself beneath the arch of a big doorway leading beyond this, when I heard a crash of broken glass and shattered timber, and then the most frightful, deep, bellowing explosion that I have ever experienced, and that nearly knocked me down. After this came a deluge of splinters, of shattered glass, of flying bits of wood, masonry, iron, accompanied by sounds of running, shrill cries of women, imprecations and hoarse cries of men, and other sounds of rushing hither and thither, doors slamming and general outcry.

Not two feet from my head a hard metallic substance had hit the wall and driven in the decorative stucco panel far into the plaster; elsewhere bits of ceiling had fallen, and some of the furniture showed raw edges. A general feeling of relief ensued on my rather ingenuous assembling of my wits as to my own state. I was quite unharmed. My thoughts at once flew to my wife. Where was she? was she safe? After that: who and what was damaged? what had this bomb done? Next: does an aeroplane repeat its bombs in the same place? is it not carried on hundreds of yards by its own impetus? are we not therefore safe at present at any rate? These thoughts presented themselves in succession but in an almost simultaneous flash. I decided to verify them at once. I crossed the room, stepping unheedingly over what I vaguely saw were ornaments, vases, and furniture upset about the room.

There was no door to open, it had been blown in. I crossed the hall and approached the glass doors, they were but mangled frames; I passed through them, and before me I saw on my right a shapeless claret-coloured mass and a top hat, and beyond, a chasm where once there had been the noble flight of steps that led up to the entrance hall. This gave me the first idea of what a bomb meant, and what it can do. The shapeless mass had been a man, just about to leave the hotel; he had been dressed in frock coat, grey trousers, and top hat. The latter, by a freak of irony, was jauntily perched, practically undamaged, at a certain angle on its brim on the remains of a polished floor, and near it its owner covered, in an amorphous lump, about a square yard of ground. No distinguishing feature of any limb could be seen. Just a large wet mass of black and dark red that suggested nothing human, but that the mind realised had been a man a few moments before. He was the sole victim, and subsequent newspaper reports of the event revealed how little we realise these things, since the damage done was comparatively small, a matter of a flight of stairs, a landing, and some doors, windows, and furniture; and the victim one only, a stranger arrived that afternoon and staying in the hotel. By another way I reached the garden, and found that my wife had been with our friends and was quite safe, and the porters below, having seen the aeroplane proceed on its way and themselves being undamaged, were gradually bringing up our luggage from the motor, and in the most matter-of-fact way conveying our belongings to our rooms. The Zeppelin was no longer visible in the distance. Either it had gone away, or the dusk that had intervened

had blotted it from our sight. Very soon the damaged part of the hotel and its gruesome victim were boarded off from the public access, and the arrival of a chambermaid with a hot water can, and a waiter enquiring for our orders for dinner, tended to restore the normal course of existence. Only the memory, the clear, precise memory of experience undergone, survived.

W. H. K.

RELATIVITY

By TAGULO [1]

IN August 1914, when the European War broke out, I expected a hard time. I was an artist, and earned only sufficient to live without luxury, even in the best of times. Ruin stared me in the face, for of course very few people buy pictures in war time. What to do I did not know. I was already too old to become a soldier, and was not capable of learning another art or science. Happily I was not a husband, and had no relations who looked to me for the necessaries of life: at the same time I had no relations to whom I might turn for help.

With these thoughts in my head I was walking along the promenade at Brighton. How indifferent seemed all the people to my troubles.

"Hello! Is it you, Berrie?" some one said.

I stopped and found an old friend.

"What are you doing here, Jackson?" I greeted him.

"I have lived here in Brighton for two years," he replied. And for some time we walked together, speaking of affairs in common, old friends and so on. He was a man of independent means, and therefore could give his life to the study of any art or science,

[1] Translated by H. Hyams from the original in Esperanto.

having acquired his present happy position by means of hard work in his youth and a wonderful knowledge of chemistry. He was indeed an experienced and inventive chemist. Although very remarkable on account of his intellect, yet his appearance was quite ordinary for a man forty years of age. But his black hair had already begun to turn grey. He did not wear a beard or moustache, and that suited his face, which was hardened and firm. By his clothes one would not guess who he was: perhaps a holiday-maker, perhaps a bank-clerk, but certainly not a fashionable man of means. I had not seen him for five years, yet he had not changed in appearance, or in kindness. With sympathetic questions he drew out of me my troubles. "How I shall live through the next coming months during the war, I do not know," I finished.

"Come with me for a long holiday, and I promise you it will cost you nothing," he said.

Now I have always had a strong feeling against accepting any great good from anyone not a relation: I don't know why. Perhaps I was educated in that way. My first impulse was to refuse, but I was silent and began to wonder why I should not accept. It is more blessed to give than to receive: we must help each other—receive help at the right time as well as give it. Having thought this, I found myself saying that he was very kind.

"Then you will come," he said. "Bring your bag to my house to-morrow at nine o'clock in the morning and tell your landlady that you won't be back for eight months."

I agreed, and he gave me his card, on which an address was written, and in a little while we parted;

he went to the wealthy quarter, and I to the poor part of the town.

Jackson lived in a house that stands on the cliffs at the east end of Brighton, in the Promenade; it faces the sea. Its exterior is quite ordinary—yellow stucco, with a large cornice in the style which flourished in Brighton a hundred years ago. Hundreds of those houses one can see there.

Having knocked at the door, I gave my name to his servant. He gravely led me upstairs to a front room, and there asked me to await Jackson. When he had gone I had a look at the room, and the first thing that caught my attention was a large lamp. Never before had I seen a lamp which had such a large bowl for oil: it greatly astonished me. In other things the room was not remarkable, except for a lack of carpet on the floor, a beautiful simplicity, spaciousness, and a fine bay window, through which one could very well see the surroundings. Indeed the floor did not need a carpet, because it was made of fine narrow oak battens. It would be a shame to cover them with a carpet that collects all kinds of dirt, I thought.

When Jackson came in, I noticed that he also carried a bag. When we had greeted each other, he called his servant.

"Bring Mr. Berrie's bag here," he said.

I wondered at that, but did not say anything. In a few seconds his servant came back with it.

"We are going to travel for eight months," said Jackson to him, "and during our absence look after the house in the usual way, doing what you always do when I am away. I will lock the door of this room and you must let no one enter. Now take this letter to

the address on the envelope. When you return we shall have gone. Here is a cheque for your salary. Good-bye."

His servant departed, and immediately Jackson went to the window, drew down some of the blinds, and waited, watching through a spy hole on to the road. I now noticed that the blinds were very strong, and that each had in the middle a design in which was cleverly worked a spy hole covered by a flap. Jackson, having raised the flap, still watched through one of these holes. As the light came through the upper part of the windows, I was able to take a good look at my friend. Yes, he had not changed at all. He had just the same firm features; the lips tightly closed, the eyes bright and the chin strong; his body was just as straight and upright.

"What are you looking for?" I asked.

"Jacob, my servant," he replied, and a little after added: "There he goes."

Having watched him disappear, he turned to the large lamp on the table, lit it, pulled down all the blinds of the window, and locked the door. Why he did all this I could not imagine.

"Have you much to do before starting?" I asked.

"I wish to explain," he said; "now listen."

I nodded and he continued. "You know that I have always experimented and have made many valuable chemical discoveries? Yes, and you think that for a long time now I have given up all that. However, you and the scientific world are wrong. I let you believe it, so as to leave myself free to study in peace and quietness. And indeed, I have studied and experimented during the last few years."

He was silent a moment, and pointed to rows of books and manuscripts. Then he continued. "Doubtless you have read the story by Wells, in which a man discovers a drug that quickens the life of him who drinks it?"

I nodded and he went on. "I have found out something better than that. I have found two mixtures of gases: one which quickens life, and one which slackens it."

He spoke all this in quite a calm way, and for a moment the full meaning of his words did not strike me. But little by little I began to understand.

"You are certain?"

"Quite certain," he replied, and going to a cupboard, took out two little globes made of thin india-rubber, as large as an orange. He put them on the table before me. I looked at them, and then at the white table-cloth, whose design was plainly visible in the lamplight. That design bit into my brain, so that I can see it even now.

"What would they do?" I asked, pointing to the india-rubber balls.

"If you breathe in the gas inside, you will live eight months in eight hours," he replied, giving me one.

I took it in my right hand. It was brown and very similar to the coloured air-balls with which children play. It had the same little piece at the place where it was blown up and tied with cotton when filled.

"How do you breathe in?" I asked.

"Thus," he replied, putting the piece with the cotton to his lips.

I put it to my mouth.

"Having emptied the lungs by breathing out, bite through the piece tied with cotton and breathe in," he said.

But I suddenly felt afraid, and threw away the little balloon, which went jumping along on the table and rolling on the white table-cloth.

"Let us breathe in the gas and escape the next eight months, which cannot give us anything. If you live through them, will you be able to paint in Belgium? Will you sell pictures?"

"No," I replied.

"Here are two little globes: choose which you will, and I will also breathe in from the other at the same time as you," he suggested, while I took the little ball.

I had nothing to lose, except my life, and that had become a burden. On the other hand, if I could live till the end of the War, perhaps everything would be well. Without further thought, I put the little ball in my mouth, breathed out, bit through the piece tied with cotton, and breathed in the gas.

"Good man!" said Jackson. "You have done well. Now look at the clock."

I looked at it and saw that the large hand was going round very rapidly.

"While we live through one second that clock lives through twelve minutes," he said, "and while we live through one minute, it lives through twelve hours."

The clock was quite an ordinary one, such as one often sees, made of some kind of black marble in the form of a Greek temple. While I was looking at it, the large hand drew near to the twelfth hour, and exactly when

it came to the figure twelve, I heard one stroke instead of twelve.

"It struck twelve," said Jackson, "but it sounded like one, didn't it? Now come to the window and look through the spy holes at the sun."

I did so, and saw the sun rise and fly across the sky very quickly.

"How long does the sun take from sunrise to sunset?" I asked.

"Only one minute," he said.

Immediately he had spoken, it suddenly became night and I saw many electric lights. The moon rose and raced after the sun to the west, together with the constellations. It was a strange sight for me. . . .

I noticed that the stars flew quicker than the moon. Now they rose, flew west and fell. Suddenly it was day, and the sun again raced across the sky. It made me a little giddy to look long. Often it became day with a grey sky. When clouds came, I seldom noticed from where: suddenly they appeared, grouped together kaleidoscopically, parted and flew away, or stayed a muffled grey mass. Sometimes, when the sun fell to the horizon, the clouds suddenly pulsed redly like glowing coals, and immediately afterwards all was black except for the silver stars which flew westward to the spot.

Thus I looked at the minute days and nights.

"What do you think of it?" asked Jackson.

"I understand better what *Time* is."

"Yes," he said, "time depends on movement, and movement depends on space. If while we slept the whole visible universe suddenly shrank to the size of a walnut, or swelled a thousandfold, we, waking, would

not notice any change, if the change had also affected us. At the present time the gas has changed only you and me, therefore we see wonderful things; but if that gas worked on the whole universe, then no one would see a change. Everything in the world is relative."

"Then our senses are not dependable?" I asked.

"No, they are not. Come with me," he said, leading me to a little side door which opened into a little room with a high window of obscured glass. At the wall was a basin where he apparently experimented with his chemicals. There was a tap for water, which he touched with a quick movement, and in a second the basin was full of water, although ordinarily one would have had to wait more than two minutes for it to fill. I put my hand in the water, but felt none, only a cold air. When I drew my hand out, it was immediately dry.

We went back to the room, and Jackson drew an eider down feather from a cushion. He held it on high and suddenly let it fall. As quick as lightning it was on the floor: I did not see it fall. Again and again he did the same thing, but every time the feather fell too quickly for us to see.

"It falls very quickly," I said.

"Yes, relatively to our movements. We now move very slowly, therefore we think that the feather moves quickly. But it is only relative," he explained.

We then went to the window and looked on to the road. It appeared empty, but for a few seconds I saw a cab with one horse. The head of the horse was not clear, and that was on account of its movements, Jackson explained. Often I saw for one or two seconds blurred black phantoms which immediately

disappeared. In answer to my query Jackson said that they were men who had stopped to have a few minutes chat.

"The sea is very calm, is it not?" I asked, not being able to see any waves.

"No," he replied. "We cannot see the waves because they are moving extremely quickly."

I now noticed that the ships seemed to fly across the sea; in a few seconds they came, and then were gone, almost like phantoms. Once I saw a sleeping cat on the balcony outside one window, but only for a few seconds; at another time I saw a ladder at our balcony, and a black mist came to the window for about three seconds.

"My servant was cleaning the window then," said Jackson. "Now you see why I have had to take so much care to stop him seeing in here."

"Yes, but suppose that he was able to look in; what would he see?" I asked.

"He would see what looked like wax figures. However quickly we moved, he would see us almost motionless, relatively to his world. Everything is relative; truth, beauty and goodness; time, space and movement; weight and size; colours, sounds, and everything."

While he was speaking I thoughtlessly filled my pipe with tobacco and tried to light a match. But instead of burning in the usual way, it simply became one large electric spark, giving a nasty pain to my fingers.

"You cannot smoke an ordinary pipe now," said Jackson. "Even if you could light it, it would only burn two seconds."

"What is the time—I mean day?" I asked.

In reply he pointed to the large glass bowl of the lamp in which the oil was stored, and I noticed that on the side was marked the calendar. The line of oil surface could be seen through the glass at the day: 20th of September.

The rest of that time (eight hours for us, but for the outside world eight months) we passed by chatting and reading. In spite of the special ventilation, I noticed that the dust was beginning to lie on the white table-cloth. I became hungry, but Jackson would not let me eat. He would not risk the experiment, he said. Besides he had no food in the room. Once I tried to paint; but I did not succeed, because the water immediately dried. However, I made two fair pencil pictures of Jackson; they both are good portraits, and one I shall never sell, but always keep as a memento of that time. It stands before me now as I write.

"If you often live thus in this slowness, you will remain young while the world grows old?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "But I also use the accelerator, and that of course makes a man age."

And thus we chatted. I did not notice when the gas had worked off, but suddenly I saw that Jackson was smoking. At once I understood. We drew up the blinds, opened the windows, and let in the beautiful April air. It was broad daylight, and many people were out walking on the road and sea beach. I was glad to see them after a world of phantoms. My holiday was finished.

* * * * *

A few days after, I again paid Jackson a visit. He promised me that I should breathe in the "quickener".

But that, he said, was a much more serious affair than the "slackener".

"Remember that you will move extremely quickly —so quickly that no one will see you. Even if you stay motionless for a whole minute, that will be for the world only a quarter of a second; therefore you will be as a phantom.

We put on special asbestos clothes; the boots had wide soles and the head-piece special eye apparatus. Everything was made of asbestos, because, explained Jackson, our rapid movement through the air would set light to us if we were not protected.

He put in my hand one of the globes, and taking one for himself, we both at the same time breathed in. We were ready.

"See!" said Jackson, while he poured water in a saucer. That simple act took a long time, because the water seemed like some thick mixture. However, finally the saucer was filled and Jackson held it out in his hand. Suddenly he took away the saucer and left the water in the air, and then put back the saucer under the fluid.

"It did not have time to fall," he said, taking a cup, which he left floating in the air. It fell very slowly, as if a piece of down.

"You see that everything moves extremely slowly relatively to us," he said, taking the cup and putting it back on the table. "Everything is relative."

We now awaited the arrival of his servant Jacob, to take away the dinner things.

"Remember that we move 240 times quicker than the rest of the world. Therefore, if you keep quite still for one minute, they will see you in the world

for a quarter of a second," said Jackson. "Here he comes."

Looking at the door I saw that it was opening extremely slowly, perhaps we waited for four minutes before Jacob finally stood in the doorway. We could see that he moved by his appearance and gestures: he looked like a moving figure in a photograph, and we carefully watched him, while we walked backwards and forwards in the depth of the room. He was a strange sight; very like a wax figure who wanted to get to the table. At the end of about eight minutes he got to the table, and meanwhile Jackson explained things to me.

"Everything in nature moves," he said, "everything vibrates. Light is vibrations of ether. The densest object which we know is also vibrations, and compared with ether, is as nebulous as a gas; ether is a dense solid in which the world is, as it were, only a soap bubble. There are different kinds of ether. There is what we call "thought ether" and "emotion ether". And at the present moment, when you and I vibrate so rapidly, thanks to the gas, it is easier to be conscious of quicker vibrations, namely, the thought ether. Just as some men are not conscious of certain vibrations which we call red colour, so in the same way the ordinary man cannot see the higher vibrations which we call thoughts. *You and I can now see them.* Look carefully at Jacob's forehead".

I looked at the servant. He was a man of about fifty years, with side whiskers: his head was bald. He was dressed as a waiter, and appeared quite similar to any other man of his class. Bending over the table he held in his hand some plates, looking exactly like a wax figure, on account of his frozen movements. I

looked at his forehead, and little by little, more and more clearly, I saw a grey-blue mist form in the air before him, in which gradually appeared a picture of a billiard table at which a man was playing with three balls. The green cloth of the table looked very beautiful with the bright red ball and the clean white ones. Apparently the man played quickly and cleverly, now stopping to chalk his cue and now thinking out his next shot. The whole thing was like a little beautifully coloured kinema picture, very clearly defined.

"Yes," said Jackson, "Jacob is a billiard player and an expert at the game. He is now thinking doubtless of his last night's game. Take care! Move about."

Having become interested in the thought-picture of Jacob, we, especially myself, had remained quite still, and we now saw with disappointment that the eyes of the servant were fixed on us. After a little while, when we had moved about, there slowly came on to his face an expression of astonishment; he left the plates in the air, where they slowly floated to the table, and broke in pieces. Slowly his hand went to his heart and slowly he began to sit down.

"Let us go," said Jackson. "He thinks that he has seen a ghost."

Having passed out of the door, I looked back and saw that Jacob was still beginning to sit down.

It was a strange sight that met us on the road: there were many people, but all seemed to be frozen. I should not have noticed that they were moving if I had not watched them with care. The motor cars looked most absurd; we could see the top part of the wheels going round, and although the car itself was

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going at a snail's pace, yet the people inside seemed very proud of the speed they were travelling.

Of course no one took any notice of us, because they could not see us, we moved too quickly. We went on the beach where some niggers were singing. It was strange to see how laughable were their frozen gestures. The voices sounded very objectionable, something like slow beats on a drum.

"Yes," said Jackson, "sounds are vibrations, the same as colours. To those niggers my voice is not now audible, because I am vibrating too rapidly for their senses. It is the same with us, we cannot properly hear their voices because they are vibrating with another speed. Everything is relative."

I now looked at the sea and I saw that the waves were motionless.

"Follow me and do as I do," said Jackson.

He then went to the sea and by small, quick, sliding steps moved forward on the waves.

"Take care that you do not fall, because the waves are very slippery," he said.

I did as he said, and found that the sea seemed like a peaty bog, in that if I stayed still, I slowly sank; but with my boots with wide soles I could walk fairly quickly.

"Be careful that you do not stop moving your feet," Jackson warned me.

After a little while I found that the going was very pleasing, and we walked to the end of the pier on the deep sea, remarking on the way that the wings of the sea gulls were apparently motionless. At the pier many people were bathing, and it was a strange sight to see them dive into the sea—a dive that lasted perhaps

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four minutes, as far as I remember. On my way back to the beach I suddenly fell and rolled into a wave valley. I tried to raise myself with my hands, but immediately my fingers went under, and then the whole hand. I pulled them out, and Jackson came and helped me up. When we got going again, I found that I left behind me a long streak of steam, and that was caused by the warming of the water on my hand.

Many people were on the beach, here some with everlasting smiles, here a man taking an apparently eternal bite at a banana, and here a child playing with the sand.

"Do you know anyone?" asked Jackson.

I looked for a long time, but found no friends. At last I saw a man who sat on a deck chair smoking a large cigar and looking dreamily at the sea.

"I know him," I said. "He bought some pictures from me five years ago, and in no way can I make him pay. I shall never get my money."

Then Jackson did something which greatly astonished me. He walked up to that man and said: "Allow me to take from your pocket the money which you owe to the artist Berrie."

"How much is it, Berrie?" he said to me.

"Ten pounds," I replied, while Jackson had already taken from the man's coat pocket some bank notes. He gave me one for ten pounds, and put back the rest in the pocket.

Now I have always paid great respect to the law, and therefore I wanted to argue with Jackson and explain to him that we were doing something criminal.

"We are not honest," I said.

"Honesty is relative. The honesty of antiquity becomes criminal for us moderns. Everything is relative," he said, and adding a good-bye to the man who still sat like a wax figure, looking dreamily at the sea, he suggested that we should go home.

"But fold up the bank note and cover it with your closed hand so that the air cannot reach it, otherwise it will burn," he advised.

On the way we saw two dogs fighting. A large one had caught a smaller one by the cheek, tearing the flesh away from its eye. It was an ugly sight. We could see that the dogs were moving, but at first they seemed also frozen. Round about stood men with raised sticks and stones, as is usual in dog fights; but Jackson took no notice of them, and having walked to the larger dog, he with his hands opened its mouth for perhaps two minutes, so that the smaller dog could escape. I was indeed sorry that I could not there and then make a sketch of that scene with so many splendid models. Afterwards Jackson very slowly rolled the dog over, away from its victim, and after about another ten minutes we saw that it again was chasing the smaller one. Then Jackson again slowly rolled it over and thus let the little dog escape. The whole affair took such a long time that I had time to note all the details, and I afterwards made a splendid picture of it.

"We must now make haste," said Jackson.

Reaching the house we went to the dressing room and took off our asbestos clothes. Then we found that the accelerating gas had worked off; we were again normal.

"The whole thing from start to finish has taken only half a minute," said Jackson, leading me to the dining room, where we found that Jacob had just sat down in the chair, and was looking at the broken plates before him.

"What is the matter?" asked Jackson entering the room.

"I thought I saw you and Mr. Berrie standing at the end of the room," said the frightened Jacob. "But immediately I caught sight of you, you both suddenly disappeared." And again he looked at the same place, as if he thought he would again see a ghost.

"Nonsense!" said Jackson.

Suddenly there came to me the thought that all of what I had just experienced was only a dream. I ran to the dressing room, found my asbestos suit, and looked at the globes. There were a few salt crystals on them where the sea water had dried, and beside them lay the ten-pound note.

Tagulo

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Ahirbudhnya Samhitā of the Pāñcarātra Āgama. Edited for the Adyar Library by M. D. Rāmānujācārya under the supervision of Dr. F. O. Schrader. Two volumes. (Adyar Library, Adyar, 1916. Price Rs. 15.)

This latest publication of the Adyar Library is of the greatest importance. Once an imposing system of philosophy held sway over an extended region of India. It is called the Pāñcarātra or Bhāgavata system. Its origins are lost in the obscurity of the past. It is thought that it originated in the North of India and spread southwards. In the Marātha country something like Pāñcarātra worship seems to have existed as early as the first century before Christ. Two short expositions of this system have been published; the one by Sir R. G. Bhandarkar in vol. III of the *Encyclopaedia of Indo-Aryan Research*, the other by A. Govindācārya in the volume for 1911 of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*. Nevertheless very little is as yet known about it. After a long and successful career the system dwindled and became almost extinct and forgotten, save in some restricted circles of Southern India where it is still studied and expounded as a living faith. Outside the Madras Presidency its literary remains are almost unknown and have practically disappeared. Only a very few of its written works can be found in libraries other than the Government Oriental Manuscripts Library at Madras, the Tanjore Palace Library and the Adyar Library. Manuscripts of its important texts are almost totally absent outside India. How important it is, therefore, that patient research has resulted in the knowledge that at least 200 Samhitās (textbooks or compositions, compendia) must once have formed the body of what may be called the canonical Pāñcarātra literature. Of these only some ten have ever been published in India, mostly by obscure presses, and they have

stayed outside the domains of the organised book trade, so as to remain practically unknown to the international Orientalist public. Besides, they have been mostly printed in vernacular scripts on poor paper, and are generally of a very imperfect get-up. Several are sold out and all are difficult to get. They have re-become printed MSS., as it were, which have never been easily and generally accessible. The Adyar Library has for years past collected MSS. of this remarkable literature and now possesses copies of some 25 of these Samhitās, which are thus permanently saved from final extinction. It may be added that in addition to this Samhitā class of Pāñcarātra literature there are an appreciable number of secondary and tertiary works, of a derived nature, which may be classed as commentaries, digests, essays and extracts. The total canonical literature once extant must have been colossal in bulk, indeed. It is calculated as perhaps having measured over 1,500,000 shlokas. All this literature was practically unknown until a few years ago, and Sir R. G. Bhandarkar, quoted above, writing in 1913, knew as yet of only two Samhitās, of which one was, furthermore, a spurious one. As to date, the bulk of this literature is put as probably having come to its final completion before the eighth century A.D., without precise indications as to any date of its inception, which may be many centuries earlier. The Adyar Library was therefore well advised in publishing one of the most typical, interesting and important of these Samhitās, one which, furthermore, was as yet wholly unknown in Europe, not a single MS. of it having reached that continent, which can otherwise truly boast of its rich treasures of Sanskrit MS. literature. The choice of the Ahirbudhnya Samhitā for this first publication was also determined by the consideration that it is evidently one of the older Samhitās and that it mainly deals with the theoretical part of the system. Students of Indian philosophy will find it replete with interest, and the specialist will be grateful for the excellent way in which sufficient material is now put before him to commence the study of an entirely new field of enquiry in his department.

The material execution of the work leaves nothing to be desired, and the Vasantā Press, which is responsible for this

part of the work, may be proud of having turned out this bulky work in a manner which can challenge comparison with the productions of the best European presses. Paper, type and binding are all excellent, and the care bestowed on the typography of the book merits all praise. Paṇḍit Rāmānujācārya has performed his task painstakingly, and Dr. Schrader's supervision has added that finish which is required by high standards of scholarship. The fact that Dr. Schrader, being a German, was interned at Ahmednagar when some 200 pages had still to be struck off, is responsible for the only blemish in the work. Owing to a misunderstanding, the Paṇḍit has not preserved the right proportion in his comments and foot-notes, and the last part of the book is somewhat overloaded with them, breaking the evenness of treatment in this respect, so that the first 500 pages contain only business-like text-critical notes, but the last two hundred a progression of lengthy annotations, culminating in a very Oriental colophon singing the praise of the author of the commentary. Yet all this does not seriously interfere with the solid workmanship displayed in the editing, or with the importance of the text. Two interesting prefaces by the Editor and the well-known Pañcarātrin, Kumāratātārya Kavi Bhūṣaṇa, add to the value of the book. Both are written from a confessional standpoint, and, owing to the circumstance mentioned above, Dr. Schrader has not added an introduction from the strictly scholarly point of view. This defect will, however, be made good by a separate volume, now nearly ready for publication, in which Dr. Schrader deals exhaustively with the subject under the title of *Introduction to the Pāñcarātra and the Ahirbudhnya Samhitā*. It will most probably be issued in September as an independent companion volume.

As to the contents of the work, they are very varied. The main subjects treated of are Philosophy, Linguistic Occultism (mantra-shâstra), the theory of magical figures, practical magic, yoga, domestic observances and social rules. Of these, philosophy, linguistic occultism and practical magic occupy each about one-fourth of the whole work, so that it may be said that roughly one-half of the Samhitā deals with theoretical and practical occultism, one-fourth with philosophy, and one-fourth with the other subjects.

A very important part is that given by chapters 5 to 7, containing an account of creation; the development of concomitant subjects is continued in the next 5 chapters. It would be useless, if not impossible, to give in a few words a summary of all the 60 chapters of this fascinating and important work. Besides, a full resume of the whole will be found in Dr. Schrader's *Introduction*. It may be sufficient to say that for the student of comparative religion, of Indian philosophy, and of Theosophy alike, the book is of highest value. Theosophists will find in many of its parts an atmosphere akin to the lofty conceptions of H. P. B. in her *Secret Doctrine*, where she deals with such subjects as the creation and dissolution of the world, the hierarchy, the avatāras and the like. They cannot fail to be very much interested in this old work. Another thing which struck us is that much in the work furnishes matter which seems to throw new light on many problems connected with the study of that much read scripture, the Bhagavad-Gītā, and which has on this account a special interest of its own. But enough is now said to show that we regard this publication as a very important one, and we have no hesitation in stating that it will bring credit to the Institution which published it, as well as to its capable Editor and Supervisor.

J. v. M.

The Yoga of Yama, by W. Gorn Old. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 2s. net.)

This little book is described as "A version of the *Kathopaniṣhat*, with Commentary; being a system of Yoga or means of attainment". In it Mr. Old presents to the public a rendering of this famous Scripture that should be fairly intelligible to the western mind, and supplements it by copious notes in the nature of a commentary. On the whole he seems to have succeeded in bringing out the main features of the text, and his amplifications bring the teachings of modern Theosophy and the *Kabbala* to bear on their elucidation.

The story which serves as a setting for the discourse is well known. Nachiketa, a Brahmana boy, is about to be offered as a human sacrifice by his fanatical father, and

improves the occasion by requesting Yama, the God of Death, to instruct him in Yoga. Chapters II.—VI. consist entirely of a discourse on the Path and its qualifications, containing many illuminating passages relating to the psychic nature of man, which latter Mr. Old illustrates especially clearly. The choice of a setting familiar to the people of the period is characteristic of Eastern Scriptures (cp. the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*), and happily Mr. Old does not attempt to justify human sacrifice, so Western readers are not so likely to be shocked by the story as if it were taken literally. Needless to say that the discourse itself ignores all such external religious observances, and even doctrines, with the same bluntness as the *Gīṭā*:

> This Self is not revealed by many explanations, nor apprehended by much teaching, but to him who is acceptable by the Self, the Self will be revealed.
>
> He who hath forsaken evil ways, who is self-controlled, concentrated and moreover steadfast, obtains illumination. (II. 23 and 24)

Verses 18 and 19 of the same chapter are particularly akin to the *Gīṭā* in their conception of immortality:

> Knowing which, one is not born nor dies, nor aught from this doth anywhere spring forth, unborn, eternal, changeless, as of old, for though the body perish yet is he unhurt.
>
> For if the slayer thinks to kill, or if the killed thinks he is slain, both are deceived, for it doth neither kill nor yet is slain.

We heartily commend this excellent piece of work to the more thoughtful section of the reading public, as another link between the philosophies of East and West and a worthy accompaniment to the great message of the *Kathopaniṣhat*:

> Arise! awake! Come into the presence of the Gifted Ones, and learn! The sages say that the Path is as difficult to tread as is the keen edge of a razor. (III. 14.)

W. D. S. B.

Introduction to Philosophy, by Oswald Kulpe, translated from the German by W. B. Pillsbury and E. B. Titchner. (George Allen and Unwin, London. Price 6s.)

Roughly speaking, Introductions to Philosophy may be divided into two classes, says Professor Kulpe. First, there are those in which the author discusses the principal philosophic problems and offers a solution—his aim obviously being

to teach his views to the student and make him, in turn, philosophise; secondly, those in which the author traces the history of philosophic thinking with a view to familiarising the student with the various schools of thought, their development, their relation to men and events, past and present.

In planning his own book Professor Kulpe set himself to avoid the faults of both groups while combining their advantages. He wishes to encourage original thought on philosophic questions in his students, but without first prejudicing them in favour of his own views; his idea is to stimulate the mind rather than to mould it. He thinks, however, that real preparation for study includes the gaining of knowledge of what has been thought in the past, and the acquiring of a vocabulary of technical terms. He therefore adopts the general plan of the books of the second group.

This work is divided into four parts: the definition and classification of philosophy; the philosophical disciplines, general and special; schools of philosophical thought, metaphysical, epistemological, ethical; and a discussion of the problem of philosophy and the philosophical system. It is an excellent handbook for study and reference. In it one may find at a moment's notice a clear and concise account of the main principles underlying any of the well known schools of thought. The ordinary reader, not trained to study, will not find it interesting reading—the author's desire to make his work "complete" in 245 pages has made it too much of a concentrated essence for it to be comfortable reading. But the student, for whom after all the book is intended, will find it exceedingly useful. Lists of books by German, French, and English writers dealing with the subject in hand are given at the end of each section, forming together an excellent bibliography.

A. DE L.

How to Treat by Suggestion: With and Without Hypnosis. A Notebook for Practitioners, by Edwin L. Ash, M.D. (Mills and Boon, London. Price 1s.)

This differs from the many books treating of this subject, in that it is written solely for the medical profession, the

author having contributed his *Mental Self-Help* for the ready use of the invalid.

It summarises practical rules for treatment by suggestion, and cites various types of cases with appropriate and particular methods suited to each, including rules of practical demonstration where satisfactory results have been obtained. The account of technical details is brief, and the notes as to the advantage and disadvantage of different methods of treatment by suggestion should be of special value to the student of the subject.

Although the book is free from psychological discussion, the author clearly indicates the qualities pertaining to uprightness of character, so essential in all methods of mental healing.

G. G.

The Survival of Man, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 1s.)

An account of the aims of the Society for Psychical Research and of some instances of its work have been put within easy reach of the public by the issuing of a shilling edition of *The Survival of Man.* Certain portions of the original book are omitted, but this does not in the least impair its unity or its value as an exposition of the facts on which the author believes that gradually there may be built a scientific proof of man's survival of bodily death.

A. DE L.

Pressing Problems, by J. Merrin, M.A., Vicar of St. John's, Stratford, E. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

The universal prevalence of social problems in every age conveys the impression that they are one of the fatal necessities of civilisation, and their right solution one of humanity's most important tests for success or failure. This book narrates in detail the special problems affecting the United Kingdom, their causes, effects and remedy; and it bears especially upon the prevailing conditions of poverty,

intemperance, home life and child life, with their menacing effects upon the national existence and prosperity. It contains many "home truths" concerning forced poverty, unfair dealing, covetousness, underselling, the sweating system, accumulation of wealth, the immoral and degrading drink traffic, and prison statistics.

Being convinced, as the author is, that all these are mainly religious questions, he sees their only effective solution in the possibility of the religious and social movements working hand in hand for their remedy. His strongest appeal, therefore, is to those who are professedly religious, and particularly to the clergy, who have in view the keeping and the exercising of God's plan for humanity's salvation. He attributes the failure of the socialist, the agitator and labour leaders—who, he says, spend their time cursing things that are "up" and doing woefully little to improve things that are "down"—to their being anti-Christian; and his claim sounds rather colossal and dogmatic when he asserts that "it is Christianity alone that has inspired every great movement for the benefit of humanity". Tolstoy's idea is that "the Christian nations of the present day are in a position no less cruel than that of the Pagan times. In many respects, especially in the matter of oppression, the position has grown worse." And this is in accord with the author's admission that the continued existence of evils—in spite of all earnest effort at reform—speaks but poorly of the Church in its impotence to cope with the situation; but he claims that it is not Christianity that is at fault, for Christianity is a faith that can right the world, and the fault lies rather in the greed and rapacity of men.

There would probably be little disagreement with the claim that it is through religion that humanity grows quickest towards its ideals, but the individual idea as to what constitutes religion would likely be claimed as the legitimate right of each, and especially in these days when men are altering and correcting their notions of the manner of God's working. It is to be hoped that the "Golden Age" is being hastened through the intellectual and spiritual perception that co-operation is the next important lesson to be assimilated by mankind, and that a real belief in the existence of Divine Justice will prove a surer foundation for understanding and co-operating with the Divine Plan. Thus will humanity be relieved of the depressing sense that all is wrong with the world, and be encouraged in every attempt to discover and ameliorate the distressing conditions of the darker side of life, which this book so fully and ably depicts.

G. G.

A World Expectant: The Study of a Great Possibility. By A. E. Wodehouse, M.A. (Star Publishing Trust, Glasgow. Price 2s. 6d.)

It is well known in Theosophical circles that Mr. Wodehouse is the Organising Secretary of the Order of the Star in the East. The principles of the Order are also well known, and hence the title of this book—*A World Expectant*—is sufficient to inform most of our readers of the main theme of its contents. This is, of course, the Coming of a World Teacher, for whose advent so many people, outside as well as within the T. S., are looking; the critical age in which we are living; the signs of coming change; the need for a wider interpretation of life which shall bridge the gulf which at present separates our spiritual traditions from our everyday trafficking.

All these things have been written of and discussed before among Theosophists, but the great value of this particular book is that it deals with the subject from the point of view of the critical and secular mind to which the prophecies of Occultists, whether of the East or the West, are matters of profound indifference. The author has excluded "any element of authority, and has endeavoured to examine the idea purely as an intellectual hypothesis, to be accepted as reasonable or set aside as unreasonable in the light of ordinary thinking about man and the world".

His main argument, stated as boldly as possible, is this: In the midst of the turmoil of present conditions everywhere two great tendencies are manifesting themselves in practically every department of human endeavour. First, there is what he calls the *New Vitalism*, the bursting forth of an abundant and often quite uncontrolled vitality, which breaks all the bonds of restraining tradition; secondly, we see everywhere

the effort to organise, to bring units together into groups in which the parts shall range themselves in proper order as components of a larger whole, shall subordinate themselves to the purposes of a life which they share in common. Both these tendencies the author interprets as the response of the world to the inflowing of the new life-impulse which we call the dawn of a new age. And as every movement tends to become focused in a Personality, it is reasonable to expect that some Person will arise who shall harness these turbulent life forces and give direction to their progress.

Many interesting facts the author has brought together from contemporary history, science, art, and philosophy, whereby he illustrates his thesis, arranging them so as to show their relation to the age that is passing and the age that is to come.

The chapters of this book appeared first as articles in *The Herald of the Star*. We are glad to welcome them in their present form, as one likely to be acceptable to a large class of readers who would not be attracted by the magazine for which they were originally written.

A. DE L.

A Manual of Hypnotism, by H. Ernest Hunt. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 1s. net.)

This is a thoroughly sensible introduction to the subject of hypnotism in popular language and at a popular price. If to be forewarned is to be forearmed, Mr. Hunt should be instrumental in saving many from falling unawares into the tempting pitfalls that surround the study and practice of mental suggestion. He proceeds systematically from the simple and known to the more complex and less known, so that the sceptic may begin here and now to satisfy himself as to the reality of mind-control, without suddenly finding himself bewildered by a maze of phenomena. All the same we are inclined to think that even with all his cautions the author is still a trifle too confident as to the value of such experiments and the impunity with which they may be conducted, especially in this age of neurasthenia.

The chief value of the book undoubtedly lies in the rational and coherent explanation it offers for the mysterious part played by the subconscious mind in normal as well as abnormal processes of thought, showing that hypnosis is only a matter of degree, being a frequent result of the dreamy, suggestible state into which so many good people allow themselves to lapse. The chapters on Auto-suggestion and Practical Therapeutics are perhaps the most useful in the book, as a reassuring stimulus to exercise of the will on lines of health and sanity. Theosophists, as well as the general public, will find several fresh side-lights on human nature, and no one can say that the book is dull.

W. D. S. B.

The Story of the Catholic Revival, by Clifton Kelway. (Cope and Fenwick, London. Price 1s.)

As the Rt. Hon. Viscount Halifax observes in the Introduction: "It is impossible for all to search the vast historical and biographical library which the movement has created, and those who cannot do so may find this sketch, brief as it is, of interest and help." And one may add that even those who wish their knowledge of the subject to be deeper and fuller than that which can be gained from the reading of so brief a history will find this a good introductory work as giving the main outline of the story. A list of important books dealing with the Oxford Movement, the lives of the Leaders, and subjects connected with their work, is appended.

The story of enthusiasts working for a cause they love is alway interesting, and the struggle known as the Catholic Revival is especially so—it fascinates the reader like a good story—the need for action on the part of its heroes was so obvious, their achievements have been so striking, the contrast between "before" and "after" so well defined.

The tale is told very simply. Chapter I describes the condition of affairs before the Revival—the "clergy who not only thought not at all but whose heavy ignorance . . . hung about them like a garment"; the lazy congregation who sat in their great box pews and slept; the deplorable appearance of the churches, tasteless and shapeless

outside, airless, mildewed, moth-eaten inside; the various abuses in the Church due to the laxity and self-indulgence of all concerned. Two or three pictures reprinted from *The Deformation and the Reformation* illustrate this part of the book very well.

The new impulse which was to change all this was started with the Oxford Movement. In a chapter of that name the lives of its "leaders" are sketched. Then the author traces the spread of the movement and ends with a chapter on the Church of England To-day.

A. DE L.

Unexpected Tidings of the War and of the Future [from various sources]. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London. Price 1s. net.)

This is a curious collection of spiritualistic communications of a very mediocre type, purporting to throw some light on the war as seen from "the other side". The prophetic element is characteristically vague and sententious; of course the Central Powers are going to be defeated, and good will triumph over evil, and so on. The personages interviewed range from disembodied German soldiers to the angel Raphael, and naturally the Book of Revelation comes in for its share of the honours. The Second Coming of Christ is a prominent feature, seven special visions being devoted to this event; but we do not gather much more than that Christ will be known by his use of Biblical language. Unfortunately the sublime is much discounted by the ridiculous, as in the last item when the Kaiser's higher self raps out a message imploring a lady to connect him up to his lower self which has run amok. No doubt these psychic impressions are genuine so far as they go, but death does not change ordinary people into sages.

W. D. S. B.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

INSTRUMENTAL COMMUNICATION WITH THE "SPIRIT WORLD"

In *The Occult Review* for September appears an article under the above heading by Hereward Carrington, which is described as "An Account of a Series of Remarkable Experiments by two Dutch Physicists by which they claim to have established this fact". The experimenters referred to are Dr. J. L. W. P. Matla and Dr. G. J. Zaalberg van Zelst, of The Hague, Holland. They are "well known in spiritistic and occult circles there; and also for their original work in high-frequency currents of electricity, liquid air, and the compression of gases". The statements in this article are mostly taken from a book called *The Mystery of Death*, written in Dutch by these two men, and representing the result of more than twenty-two years of work.

The first apparatus they used consisted of a cylinder hermetically sealed and connected with a "manometer," described as "a sort of thermometer, placed sideways, and containing one drop of alcohol, which, under normal conditions, occupied a position in the centre of the glass tube (like a spirit-level)". This glass tube was graduated, and the movement of the bubble represented the displacement of air within the cylinder. The result was as follows:

> The investigators then retired, and asked the "man-force"—as they called the manifesting "spirit"—not wishing to call it by that name—to enter the cylinder and displace some of the contained air. Immediately the bubble was seen to run along the scale of the manometer, showing that part of the air had been displaced by some solid or semi-solid body. The degree of displacement was noted. At request, the alcohol-drop was caused to run along the scale, back and forth, a number of times. The fact of coincidence was thus quite excluded.

From a number of observations with improved apparatus Drs. Matla and Van Zelst calculated that the volume of the "body" supposed to enter the cylinder was 53 litres and its weight about 69·5 grammes—approximately 2·25 oz., its specific weight being 176·5 times lighter than air.

The latest instrument employed is called a "dynamistograph," and consists of a key, an indicator, and a recorder. The indicator is a wheel marked with the letters of the alphabet. As the wheel revolves, each letter in turn appears at an opening, and if the key is pressed, the letter that is at the opening is printed on to a ribbon. The key consists of a sensitive diaphram arranged so that the slightest pressure closes an electric circuit operating the printing hammer.

The experiments or "communications" by means of the dynamistograph covered a period of one year, in which daily messages were received. The experimenters assert that the weight of the "spirit form" gradually decreases, as the years pass—a form 100 years old weighing only about one quarter as much as one ten years old! Slow disintegration is evidently taking place. The molecular intervals in the body are said to be 176 times greater than that of ordinary air. The entire body of this strange being is full of air, and is not separated from the atmosphere by any protective sheath or covering of an impervious nature. The being is thought to pass through those solid objects through which it *can* pass by a species of osmosis—its molecules being small enough and far enough apart to permit this.

It was also found that atmospheric conditions affected the phenomena considerably, the results being better in dry weather than in wet. A distinct improvement was obtained by the use of an independent high-frequency circuit of 20,000 volts. The inference from this experiment is ingenious and reasonable, namely, that electrical energy is used by the manifesting entity instead of the vitality of a medium.

Apart, however, from this indication of a generally recognised connection between electricity and molecular cohesion, these experiments strike us as providing very little more "proof"—of the kind demanded by the materialist—than that provided by the rapping out of messages on a table. The great advantage claimed is that no medium is required, and this claim is justified in that not only is the factor of trickery eliminated but, what is still more important, the incentive to employ mediums, at the expense of a constant drain on their vitality, is lessened. Yet it cannot be said that ordinary table-rapping is dependent on mediumship in the ordinary sense of the word, and though the dynamistograph is evidently a far more refined and reliable method of receiving a message than the humble "rap," it is doubtful whether anyone who refused to credit the latter would be convinced by the former. Again, this method is still open to the stock objection that the phenomena may be produced by the subconscious mind of the investigator, as in every case the prime motive for the experiment is the wish that a question should be answered.

So though we agree with the author that this achievement may lead to a "revolution" in methods of research, of great value to physical science, we are not so hopeful that a revolution in belief will follow. The only conclusive proof of immortality comes from an extension of consciousness, and this cannot be proof to another; but the evidence of external phenomena may help to remove mental difficulties. The article opens with a short exposition of the simple conception that man is more than his body, and is well worth the serious attention of all who are watching the steady progress being made towards bridging the gulf from the physical side.

W. D. S. B.

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

I DRAW special attention to my article on "The Wider Outlook" for the Theosophical Society, and ask my readers to consider it carefully and think out the matter for themselves. Specially I would ask them to remember and maintain the freedom and autonomy of National Societies, Lodges and individuals, so that each may pursue its National or local Path of Service, self-directed, neither feeling bound by the decisions of others, nor critical of the use they make of their equal freedom. Liberty and Tolerance, those should be our watchwords.

* * *

Perhaps some will not be glad, as I am, of the cordial remark in a leading English provincial newspaper, that "no organisation has a better record of solid War work" than the Theosophical Society. It has paid heavy toll at the Front. One of the early deaths among the Anzacs at Gallipoli

was that of Colonel Braun, the president of an Australian Lodge. A recent V. C. was won by Lieut. Cather, who was killed as he was bringing in the wounded from under fire in the open field; the Central London Lodge will miss his energetic help, but his mother remains to it. Captain Cannan has won the D. S. O. for bravery under fire; he has been holding with his gun an outjutting fragment of ruined Ypres, exposed on three sides to the enemy's fire. Our men have died on all the fronts in all the Allied armies.

***

The Canadians seem to have been specially grateful to the Theosophists of Folkestone, who gave up their rooms to make a club for the ladies who came over with their husbands, and found themselves lonely in a strange land. And the Belgians had reason to bless this same friendly Lodge, which had a Maternity Home ready on their landing, wherein a babe was born on the same night.

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Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa's work both for the Theosophical Society and for India has been admirable, and he has won golden opinions in both fields. He lectured in Scotland from the 2nd to the 13th of October, beginning in the north at Aberdeen, and visiting Forfar, Dundee and Perth, then to Glasgow and Hamilton, and by Hawick and Falkirk to Edinburgh. Both Mr. Jinarājadāsa and Miss Willson report the general public as being so fully intent on the War news, as to have no eyes for what is further afield. And truly it is not to be wondered at, for flaming Zeppelins crashing to the ground, and bombs hurtling through the air may

well make India and her difficulties seem far off and unreal.

***

A letter of greeting came by this last mail from the Round Table at Whitechapel, London, the founding of which was noticed some time ago. The members also belong to the Pioneer Movement founded by Miss Edna Rubenstein, who is a Knight of the Round Table. There are three Knights and thirty-seven Companions. Lectures on Theosophy are frequently given at Toynbee Hall, and the Pioneer Movement is so successful that it is moving into a larger house. Further East, at Bow, the Bow Road Club of the Theosophical Society has been opened, and Mrs. Despard and Mr. George Lansbury are in charge. At the opening meeting, Mr. Lansbury recalled the noble work done at Bow by Mrs. Lloyd in the Match Girls' Club. The house is bright and cheery, a resting house for tired men and women. There are to be cooking classes, and other classes also for those who wish them.

***

In Edinburgh a new Home for children has been started, for "the Care of Infant Life," now needed more than ever, and a nice country house with garden has been taken at Loanhead, a few miles out. One lady, who is giving up her house, gives the furniture to the new Home, saying that she is so happy that "my mother's things" should be used for so good a purpose. Very little babies are to be taken, reared, and later started in life. All these activities are on the lines to which we are bidden turn our attention in the preparation for the Coming and the new civilisation. One of our members, writing from England, reminds me how

some years ago I had advised Theosophists to devote themselves more to the helping of the outer world in all beneficent ways.

***

Lodges of the Theosophical Society are springing up in unexpected places. One has lately been formed in Shanghai, Dr. Wu Tingfang having co-operated with Mr. Spurgeon Medhurst in forming a "Study Circle" on Theosophical lines, which later developed into a Lodge. Dr. Wu is preparing Theosophical literature in Chinese, and his lectures are largely attended. It is the first Theosophical Lodge in the Far East.

***

Some time ago, we recorded the formation of a Lodge in Basra, at the head of the Persian Gulf, founded by soldiers. Now we have one founded at Heliopolis in Egypt, by soldiers once more, with Corporal V. Kipping (Australian) as President, and Serjeant W. Bladen (England) as Secretary. New Zealand also helped, as did the Secretary of the Cairo Lodge, Signor Egizio Veronesi. This Cairo Lodge—Lodge El-Hikneet-el-Kadim—was cosmopolitan and French-speaking, with the above devoted Italian as its heart. But the War has scattered its members, who belonged to many lands, the president being a Russian, who has gone back to Russia, and others to their own places, so that the Lodge is really dormant, if one can apply such a word where there is such a very wide-awake and hard-working Secretary as Signor Egizio Veronesi. The English Lodge has chosen a name more easy to pronounce than its Cairo sister, and is the Ra Lodge—clear and appropriate. French and English, yes;

but we have not touched *Egypt*, we are concerned only with birds of passage *in* Egypt. Presently old Eygpt will stir in her age-long slumber, Egypt the wise, the ancient land of Science and of the Mysteries, for these Lodge-sparks of light are signs of the coming relighting of her altars, and we shall see "the Wisdom of the Egyptians" poured into the Islâmic vessels, and the light which spread from Arabia and Mesopotamia to Europe shall again leap up to enlighten the world, and the days of Egyptian greatness shall return.

***

It is quaint in these days to read such a letter on Reincarnation as one finds in the *Church Family Newspaper* from the pen of an Archdeacon and Doctor of Divinity. He puts with touching simplicity his arguments from the Bible, thus, *e.g.*:

> God created man (Adam), he lived on this earth so many hundred years, and then died and was buried, but he lives on, and at the resurrection body and spirit shall be re-united and he shall be judged according to the deeds done in that body, for he had only one.
>
> This principle runs through the whole history of the Bible; for example, of the patriarchs we read that "they died and were buried, and were gathered to their fathers." The burial and gathering to their fathers are two distinct things, their bodies were laid by the bodies of their fathers, their spirits the spirits of their fathers. S. Paul says: "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ that every one may receive the things done in the body, whether good or bad"—in *the* body, one body. We are also told that "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment," but these people say you die ten, twenty, or any number of times. "After this the judgment," that is, there may be a long interval between the one death and the judgment, and an opportunity in Paradise for the soul's growth—but there is only one death.

It seems that "the crafty and cunning enemy of our souls wants to turn us away from the study of the

Bible," and "necromancy, crystal-gazing, star-gazing, palmistry, and planchette . . . aid the enemy of our souls in his evil designs". Surely we have in this reverend gentleman a theological Rip Van Winkle.

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But he is not the only one. Our cuttings bring us a page from *The Life of Faith*, apparently a journal. A lady writes, saying she is puzzled about Theosophy, and that some people believe in reincarnation. Here is the sapient answer:

> Our correspondent asks us how we account for the things which she narrates. The explanation is simple; they are nothing but the ravings of disordered minds. When a person solemnly declares that he (or she) lost his head in the French Revolution, it is obvious that he stands in immediate need of medical attention. The amazing thing is not so much that men and women are to be found ready to declare such nonsense, for certain types of intellect are scarcely responsible for what they say, as that people professing to be sane can be found to believe it. It is one of the marvels of the age that persons who refuse to accept the Christian religion because of its alleged difficulties show no hesitation in believing such fantastic rubbish as that quoted.

So Plato, and Pythagoras, and all the great Indian philosophers, to say nothing of Goethe and Lessing and modern philosophers, raved and had disordered minds. Evidently the life of faith needs no education. As Max Müller said, the greatest minds humanity has produced believed in it, but the little mind of the writer sees reincarnation as absurd. He concludes:

> Compared with the Word of God, which "is the only rule to direct us," Theosophy stands revealed as a system of the evil one, and none can touch it without suffering the loss of all spiritual life and power; for the works of darkness can never have any relationship with the things of light.

So little wit does it take to write in a journal.

Every educated person knows the splendid intellectual support of the law of nature that brings back to earthly life the yet unperfected soul of man. Even Hume, the sceptic, allowed that it was the only theory of immortality that philosophy can look at, for it is obvious that if the human Spirit depends on a body for coming into existence, the perishing of that body would mean the going out of existence. The idea that the Spirit has a beginning but no ending is contrary alike to theory and to fact, and Prof. McTaggart rightly said that reincarnation was the most rational theory of immortality. Pre-existence to birth and post-existence to death must stand or fall together.

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Apart from this, the idea that Spirit is to be reunited to its old body has long been given up in face of the indubitable facts. The body decays in the grave, and its materials blend with the earth and the air; part of them nourishes the grass, and, the grass, in turn, becomes part of the grazing sheep or ox, who in turn becomes mutton or beef, to be again eaten by man to form part of another human body, and so on and on in the ever-recurring cycles of interchanging materials. Moreover we are ever changing the particles of our bodies, and interchanging them for those of other men. How far more dignified and beautiful, as well as in accord with the laws of nature as we know them, is the fact of reincarnation, in which the Spirit clothes himself with physical matter for his work on earth, throwing it off again at death, and, as he unfolds into greater capacity and power, reclothes himself in a body fitted to express his loftier capacities, and so on and on, until he has reached human perfection.

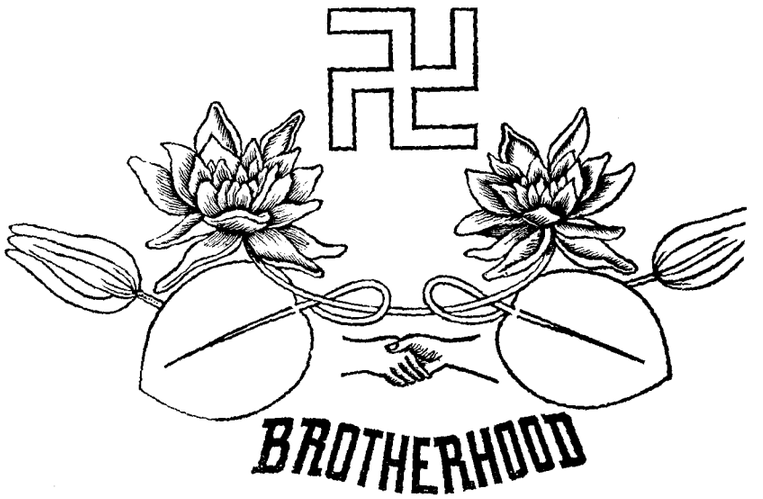
Then, and then only, does he escape from the "wheel of births and deaths".

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That the Spirit clothes himself in a new body suitable to his stage of evolution, is very beautifully expressed in that wonderful book entitled *The Wisdom of Solomon*, which by the great majority of Christians is regarded as part of "the Word of God". It is written: "I was a witty child, and had a good Spirit. *Yea rather, being good, I came into a body undefiled* (*Wisdom*, viii. 19, 20). The "bad," *i.e.* the undeveloped, come into suitable bodies, and those who have followed evil ways into bodies diseased or deformed. We are making now the conditions of our next birth, hence is it wise to take heed to our ways.

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It seems likely that Headquarters will be rather full this winter, despite the War. Friends are coming from Scotland, from Russia, from America. India is not a comfortable country for non-British subjects at present, as they are subjected to various restrictions and reportings to magistrates. Objection cannot reasonably be raised to these under present circumstances, but they, none the less, introduce an uncomfortable element into daily life, and prevent free movement to a certain extent. But none should complain if they share some slight inconveniences, when so many countries are passing through the valley of the Shadow of Death. What a nightmare will be lifted from the world when peace is signed in Berlin.



THE WIDER OUTLOOK

By ANNIE BESANT, P.T.S.

STRANGELY the times have changed since the foundation of the Theosophical Society on November 17th, 1875, in New York City. It was founded by H. P. Blavatsky—a Russian, but a naturalised citizen of the United States—and Henry Steele Olcott, a born American, with a few Americans whom they had gathered round them. But the impulse to the founding and the strength of the impulse were not from them; those came from the higher world in which Men made perfect labour for the good of humanity, and it was They who bade Their initiated disciple plant a slip of the spreading Banyan-tree that shades the

human race with its wide-flung branches—the Banyan-tree of the Divine Wisdom, whose branches are the Religions of the World.

None of those gathered in that New York chamber —unless, perhaps, H. P. B. herself—dreamed that in forty-one years that little group would have become a multitude, with 23 National Societies, and close upon 1,000 Lodges and 26,000 members. None thought through how many changes its Objects would pass, varying with the changing conditions of the time, as indeed all living organisations must change, adapting themselves to their environment. Only fossils remain unchanged through ages, since from them the organising indwelling life has fled for evermore.

The present Objects were fixed by the Memorandum of Association, registered on April 3rd, 1905, by H. S. Olcott, W. A. English, S. Subramaniam, Francesca E. Arundale, Upendranath Basu, Annie Besant, N. D. Khandalavala. They are inclusive of all forms of human activity conducive to the formation of a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, the study of Comparative Religion, Philosophy and Science, and the investigation of the unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man; clause 2 (*d*) runs: "The doing of all such things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them, including the founding or maintenance of a library or libraries"; these last words were added to remove Colonel Olcott's anxiety lest, at any future time, any member should challenge the spending of the Society's money on his beloved Adyar Library. In fact he wished to incorporate the Library separately, so as to ensure its perpetuation, but we persuaded him to

accept the above phrase so as to include it specifically rather than to weaken both T. S. and Library by dividing them. Few people who talk hastily about the objects of the Society and about its "neutrality"—a neutrality which exists nowhere in its memorandum of Association—realise that Object I with sub-clause (*d*) secures to the Society as such the right to do *collectively* all things incidental or conducive to the formation of "a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or colour".

Accepting the view held by Colonel Olcott of the Society's "neutrality," I, in common with the rest of us, had taken this "neutrality" for granted, and had not observed this providential insertion of "the doing of all such things as are . . . conducive to" any of the Objects. They did not exist in our Constitution until 1905, and I had only thought of them as regarding the Library. But the logic of events has forced their meaning on me, has put an end to the supposed "neutrality," against which I had often chafed and had openly rebelled, so far as I was concerned, though admitting it for the Society. We have accepted it from Colonel Olcott as an axiom, whereas it is merely an *ipse dixit* of his, not binding upon anybody.

The tendency of men to narrow and sectarianise the original breadth of a religious movement is but too sadly evident in the history of the world. Colonel Olcott himself yielded to this tendency in some of his pronouncements in the early days of the Society in India, though his free American mind—while denying to the Society the right of collective action in some respects—safeguarded the rights of individual members. But when the time came, after thirty years of experience,

to incorporate the Society, he agreed to the Memorandum of Association which secures to the Society, so long as it shall last, the fullest freedom to do "all such things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects, or any of them". How far this liberty shall be used at any time and in any place is a matter for discretion, to be exercised by the General Council for the whole Society, by the National authority for each National Society, by the Lodge Committee for each Lodge. All our groupings are autonomous within their own respective areas, provided they do not contravene the Constitution, and the Constitution merely consists of the Memorandum of Association and the "Rules and Regulations for the Management of the Association named 'The Theosophical Society,' Adyar, Madras". But it is obvious that the freedom of the constituent units cannot bind nor implicate the whole of which they are parts. The actions of a Lodge cannot bind nor implicate the National Society of which it forms a part; the actions of a National Society cannot bind nor implicate other National Societies, nor the Theosophical Society as a whole. The Society as a whole can take any action within the wide limits of the Constitution, but it cannot deprive a National Society of its autonomy without a change in the Rules, made by three-fourths of the General Council, on which sit all the Secretaries of the National Societies. A National Society makes its own Rules, but may not contravene the Constitution, and, subject to this limitation, it controls its Lodges. It would, I think, be impossible for members of any organisation to be more free than are the members of the Theosophical Society. The only danger to which their liberty is

exposed is the insidious one of custom, which grows up naturally among members of a like-minded group working together for objects dear to them all. I have striven to minimise this by urging on Lodges to invite lecturers of different schools of thought, and workers on lines outside their own activities, as well as encouraging the expression of different views wherever I had influence.

H. P. B. and Colonel Olcott in their Indian work were a good deal handicapped by the fact that they were not British subjects, and H. P. B.'s Russian Nationality was a cause of serious suspicion in the days when the dread of Russian invasion dominated frontier policy. Hence the Colonel's exaggerated fear of political activity, and his refusal, as a foreigner, to take any part himself in any political movement, though he looked with warm sympathy on the National awakenings in India, and never did anything to discourage Mr. A. O. Hume from his Congress activities. The only Social Reform movement in which he took any part, so far as I know, was that for the uplift of the submerged classes, whose state was terrible to his democratic soul.

I suppose that I was chosen as the President of the Society in order to bring it more to the front in physical plane activities, for which my whole previous life had been a preparation; moreover the educational work into which I had thrown myself, the institution of the Order of the Sons and Daughters of India, the movement against child parentage, and the advocacy of foreign travel for Hinḍūs, with various other lines of work, had rendered it fairly plain that to me Theosophical work included all beneficent activities,

and that I was striving to carry out the injunction in a letter from a Member of the Occult Hierarchy, published by H. P. B., that "Theosophy must be made practical," and that in the neighbourhood of a Theosophical Lodge there should be a sensible diminution of poverty and misery.

Holding these views, I established in February, 1908, six months after my election as President, the Theosophical Society's Order of Service, with the motto: "A Union of all who love for the Service of all who suffer." We had had at Benares various Leagues for religious education, women's education, foreign travel, and the like, and this Order of Service was an expansion of the idea that those who thought alike on any object for which they wished to work, might unite into a League for the purpose, without committing any members of the Society who disagreed with them. There are some 40 Leagues in England, and a few outside it.

The Educational Trust was another movement of a similar kind, and is making good progress. A movement for Social Reform was also started, but has not done very much, though an inaugural series of lectures, published under the title of *Wake Up! India*, has had a very large circulation.

A few people objected to the Order of Service, but it caused no friction worth speaking of, while it attracted some who felt the need for such work as it encouraged. A far more serious trouble arose in 1910 over the definite declaration by many of us that we believed that a World Teacher would appear on our earth during the lifetime of persons then in the body, and the consequent founding of the Order of the Star

in the East, in 1911. This was held by a considerable number of good members of the T. S. to compromise the Society, though the Order was a separate organisation, and an embittered controversy arose. This was, I think, the first time that the cry of the neutrality of the T. S. was very strongly raised, though a few had used it against Colonel Olcott for his Buḍḍhism and against myself for my Hinḍûism. The opposition has practically died down, though the fact that it arose is sometimes used, from outside the Society, against myself.

A serious struggle for liberty of thought within the Society took place in 1913, the then Secretary of of the German National Society endeavouring to force on the T. S. in Germany his own form of Theosophy, and hampering the formation of any Lodges which would not accept it. Lodges for its study were formed in other countries, and a bitter attack was launched against myself as President simultaneously in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Great Britain and the United States. It was not until the revelation of the German methods of influencing public opinion was made after the War began, that we understood that the attempt to capture the T. S. for Germany was part of a larger plan, that the establishment of a German in India as President would have facilitated German plots in this country, and that the large expenditure of funds, which had puzzled us, was rendered possible by the German Secret Service. I met the attack as one on Liberty of Thought in the Society—not knowing the true reason—took away the Charter from the National Society and transferred it to a group of Lodges which had been formed to guard freedom in Germany, was some months

after re-elected as President, my defence of corporate and individual liberty being thus emphatically approved by the Society.

The next difficulty—but a very small one—arose in November 1914, in consequence of my declaration that in the struggle between the Ideals of Right and of Power embodied in States, the Theosophist should be on the side of the Ideal of Right, and that in a War which was a War of Ideals rather than of Nations, the Occultist could not be neutral. This view was bitterly attacked by a few members, especially by an Australian and a Dutchman, as betraying the "neutrality" of the T. S. This, of course, it did not do, since I expressed only my own opinion, and no member is bound to agree with or to follow the opinion of the President of the T. S. The controversy went on for some months, but caused no trouble in the Society.

Another difficulty, however, arose in the same year over my political activities, and the cry of the neutrality of the Society was again raised. I agreed that the Society should have, and had, nothing to do with my political work, but claimed my liberty as an individual to do what I believed to be my duty to the Empire—to claim India's place therein, to work for reform in order to prevent revolution, and to use my influence both in India and in Great Britain to win India's freedom. I might have claimed, though I did not, that to try to draw India and England together in the only way that can make the link secure and permanent, that to help the entry of India into the Empire as an equal partner, is doing a work which is supremely conducive to the attainment of the First Object, the formation of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, "without

distinction of *race*, creed . . . or *colour*". How can any who accept this object maintain the inherent inferiority of the coloured races, their perpetual subjugation, because of colour, to the yoke of the white?

While I am myself free to work for Home Rule and thereby to strengthen the tie between India and Great Britain, I have no power, even had I the wish, to commit the Society to this policy. Only the General Council could do that, and I should not approve the action. The Council of the Indian Section could commit the Section to that policy, but I should strongly advise against it and there is not the smallest chance of its adoption. For, under an autocracy, such a Society as ours should not take, collectively, any part in politics. If it did, we should lose many of our best members, who, as Government servants, cannot enter the political arena.

The National Society for England and Wales has come under the lash of the critic for a resolution of its Governing Body which runs as follows:

> In view of the fact that complaints have been made against certain actions of the General Secretary, the Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society in England and Wales are of opinion that such complaints are not well founded and do not disclose any ground for suggesting that he has in any way departed from the principles herein to be set forth. They take, however, the opportunity of re-affirming that the principal object of the Society is to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood.
>
> The study of the world's religions and philosophies and the divine powers latent in nature and man is undertaken by its Fellows to further the idea of true Brotherhood among the nations of the world. They further re-affirm that the Society, as at present constituted, is unsectarian and imposes no creed, dogma or political or social theory upon its Fellows; neither is it responsible for the opinions or activities of its Fellows, who are expected to accord to others that broad and sympathetic tolerance which they declare for themselves.

They declare that they will themselves continue to provide, and to encourage the Lodges of the Society to provide, opportunities for the Fellows to study and carefully to consider from all points of view, subjects of national and international importance, which in their opinion are connoted by the objects of the Society.

They also declare that they will, as heretofore, exercise the authority conferred on them by the Rules of the Society to ensure that its organisation, its funds, its premises and its property are only used for the furtherance of the declared objects of the Society.

This declaration is within clause 2 (*d*), and is constitutional.

Moreover, the fact that Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, a prominent member of the Society, has dared to accept invitations from some of the English Lodges to tell them something about the condition of things in India, has led to attack upon him, and thus the question is forced to the front: "Is the Theosophical Society bound to remain neutral in the great struggles which mark the close of one Age and the beginning of another? Is it to stand aside in selfish isolation, claiming to possess more knowledge than the average man of the inner workings of the Law, but refusing to apply it, looking on the struggles around it with cold indifference, knowing that the Masters of Compassion and of Wisdom are leading the Armies of the Light against the Powers of Darkness, but refusing to them, on the physical plane, the assistance which is needed there to complete the victory won in the higher worlds?"

The Theosophical Society has been declared to be the Herald of the Coming Age, the seed of the Sixth Root Race, and the cradle of the sixth sub-race now being born into the world. It is claimed that it is the standard-bearer of the

banner of the coming civilisation, the result of the world-wide Theosophical Movement which is permeating all religions, all philanthropy, and the whole world of thought. It has been studying for 42 years the deeper truths of life, and has acquired a large fund of common knowledge, of inestimable value to the world. To what end? That a few people, an inappreciable fraction of the population of the globe, may quicken their own evolution, wrapping their knowledge up in napkins, instead of investing it in the solution of problems on the right answer to which depends the coming civilisation?

We have all been somewhat hypnotised by that "blessed word" neutrality, though the Society nowhere proclaims nor endorses it. I broke through it in November 1914, but left the Society neutral. Moreover the entire liberty of thought and action must remain for every member, every Lodge, every National Society, and for the Society as a whole. Very few are the things for which the Society can act as a whole, seeing the variety of conditions under which its members live, for action which would suit England might be very unsuitable in Chili. And such action as would commit the whole Society could only be taken by the General Council, the Governing Body of the Theosophical Society, as said above. No President could have the right thus to commit it collectively.

The Society will enter on the 17th of this month on its 42nd year, at the end of which six cycles of seven years will lie behind it. It enters on the second stage of its world work of preparation for the mighty changes in civilisation which the World Teacher will bring about, and it is His Voice which

summons us to His vineyard to prepare the soil in which He will sow the seed. The War has shattered the old civilisation, and it lies in ruins around us. The materials for the new civilisation are to be gathered, and temporary shelters must be set up. But our chief work is to face and to help in solving the tremendous problems which will meet us after the re-establishment of peace. Every country will have to solve its own problems, and all countries together will have to solve the international problems.

The big work is clear: to prepare the world for a civilisation based on Brotherhood, with all which that word implies of mutual duty and helpfulness. Clause 2 (*d*) binds us to do all things conducive to that preparation.

What these things are in detail must be left to the Governing Body of each Nation to decide, and each Lodge, according to its strength, its capacity, its numbers, must select its own share of the work. The problem of problems for the English Empire everywhere is its own reconstruction on lasting, because just and righteous, lines. To that let all British subjects in the T. S., of whatever Nation, race or colour, turn their thoughts, discuss, decide, and give what helpful counsel they may, suitable to their own surroundings. In some, in most countries, alas, the problem of poverty demands solution, a question which demands for its treatment wide knowledge, ripe wisdom and a heart of love. In all countries the problem of education is demanding solution; here, probably, America leads, having democratised and vocationalised education, and abolished brutal punishments; Theosophists should play a leading part here, both theoretically

and practically. Religious and moral education, the formation of character, the building of the good citizen, will mark our work. The broad lines of international and national politics will also claim our attention, for on these great principles need to be laid down and carried into practice. "Party politics" we must leave to individuals, to act as they please. Many other problems will present themselves, but these may suffice to show my meaning.

Under the first, the Reconstruction of the Empire, a mass of sub-problems arise, and careful, accurate, prolonged thought and discussion are needed.

Under the second, Poverty, come the questions of mal-nutrition, infant mortality, maternity needs, labour, crime, etc.

Under the third, Education, the ramifications are almost innumerable, embracing the whole question of the training and the environment of youth from birth to majority.

Under the fourth, International and National Politics, the questions arising are obvious.

On all these subjects articles from all points of view will be welcomed in THE THEOSOPHIST.

In the lines of work I follow personally, I am not wont to claim any sanction from Those whose servant I am, lest the mistakes of the servant should, in ignorant minds, react on Those he serves. But in this great new departure of the Theosophical Society, the taking of a leading part in the world-movements which prepare for the coming of the World Teacher, I think it well to depart from my usual practice, and to say quite definitely that it is His wish that this new departure should be made. Beyond the fact that it

should be made, His authority does not go. The method of presentation, the advice given, the plan of action, these are mine only, and must be discussed and judged as mine.

Some of our members do not believe in the World Teacher, nor in His Coming. To them, this statement will be valueless. But the great majority are looking for Him, and believe also that I would not deceive them in this matter. Their own judgment, their own intuition must guide them as to their acceptance or rejection of the new departure. Their acceptance or rejection will in no way affect their position as members, though it will immensely affect their usefulness. The great majority of our members will, I believe, joyfully come forward to help, will feel honoured that their help is sought, and will recognise that the changed policy, which is completely covered by our Constitution, is a necessary adaptation of the attitude of the Society to the circumstances of a world-transition. That it may cost us some members I regretfully realise, for it is hard to break through the enveloping crust of habit. But that the Theosophical Society will spring forward with renewed life and energy and largely increased numbers, of that I am sure.

Annie Besant

ART AS A KEY

By JOHN BEGG, F.R.I.B.A.

I DO not know whether art is considered to be one of the great Keys to the inner knowledge, but that it *is* a key, and an important one, will, I think, hardly be disputed. Indeed I am not sure that we should not be right in regarding it as a species of master-key, its bearings on all aspects of human life being so multifarious and far-reaching. In the art of a people may be read an epitome of that people's progress through the ages. In the state of the art of a people at any given period of time may be found an unerring gauge of the state of that people's life, both with relation to its own progress and to that of other peoples in the world. Thus the particular character of Greek art speaks to the artist's understanding, in clearer language than even Greek literature, of the soul of the Greek people. Thus the rise, flowering and decay of Greek art coincides more or less with the periods of Greek history. It is the same with the art of every people and time. To those of us who can use the key we have here a means of ready and sure access to an understanding of the inner meaning of any people's civilisation. My special object in writing is to attempt to give to the less artistically developed among us a hint or two in the turning of the key.

Although our age is one of the least artistic in any real sense that the world has seen, yet few of us are denied entirely the possession of the artistic faculty. It may not be developed in us; we may not ourselves be aware of it; but it is seldom absent. Are we not largely the same folk who have been doing the world's work since the beginning? We are the Greeks, the Romans, the Gothicists, in a sense that needs no explanation to Theosophical readers. Our present physical vehicles and environment may not be favourable to the exercise of the particular faculties that make for art, but we ourselves are not so different, and our latent faculties are there just the same. We may not hope in this incarnation to be art producers, and so the great lessons to be learnt in the pursuit may be denied us, but that is no reason why we should not to some extent be art understanders.

The truth of this comes home when it is realised that the world is rapidly moving towards an age in which art will play a greater part than it has done hitherto, and, the better to show what I mean, may I just take up for a moment another great Key—the astrological one?

Our own fifth race (and sub-race) is ruled by Saturn in the triplicity of "earthy" signs, Capricorn, Taurus and Virgo, with the first, the house of Saturn, predominating. We come out of the fourth race, ruled by Jupiter, in the "fiery" signs of Sagittarius, Aries and Leo, Sagittarius predominating. Our goal is the sixth race in the "airy" signs Aquarius, Gemini, Libra, under Uranus in his own Aquarius. To the astrologer the above presents a clear picture of these three races (and of the corresponding sub-races). For those of us who

are not astrologers, I must try to clear some portion of the picture as it particularly refers to our own race, and to the critical period in it through which we are at present passing.

Our race's *immediate* point of departure, then, is Capricorn, our schoolmaster Saturn's peculiar house. There we have received our first sharp lesson after our experiences under the genial Jupiter in the expansive house of Leo and the sub-influence of Sagittarius. We came with our hearts full, and our heads inadequately developed mentally, but (shall I say?) a little swollen. We were generous, enthusiastic, stubborn. We were filled with aspirations for Honour, for "la Gloire," and with intense respect for law, precedent, authority and good form. We "loved a lord". Thus we passed from the tutelage of Jupiter, and thus Saturn found us, and chained us up in Capricorn, the "house of limitation". From heady "fire" we were brought down to "earth". We were introduced, with many stripes, to the study of the need for definition, classification, hard work, honesty and sobriety. Those were "dark ages" indeed, an unhappy time, but most valuable. Our wise Teacher, however, never allowed us to lose sight of our goal, our *immediate* goal, at any rate, namely Virgo, which stands in astrological parlance for discrimination, and early allowed us to catch glimpses of it. Our way thither lies through Taurus, the "working sign" of our race. By another figure Virgo, for Europa, comes to us riding on the Bull. On all the great movements and influences that have been instrumental in the transmuting of Capricorn to Virgo is the sign and seal of Taurus to be seen, from the incursion of Islām to that of the modern suffragette.

The barbarian sack of Rome and the French Revolution were typically Taurian happenings. So in a measure was the Renaissance. It is Taurus, again (for these symbols can be astonishingly literal), whom we may recognise in the long course of beef and beer, butter and milk—to say nothing of vaccine lymph—by which an important part of our race has been stiffened against the shock of Armageddon, that legacy from our fiery ancestry—the last and greatest conflict between the surviving aims and principles of the fourth race and those of our own fifth, and itself not the least of Taurus' demonstrations. In particular it was Taurus, the Titan rebel against the restraints of Capricorn, Taurus the ally of Venus, patroness of navigators, who sent our sailors far across the seas to open up the way to commerce. And now we come to Virgo's province, commerce, business, exact knowledge of our globe and the peoples on its remotest borders, discrimination.

But what of art? Her time is not yet; not till Taurus has sufficiently broken down the old barriers, and Virgo has "consolidated," till commerce has led to the perception of the community of interest, and so to Brotherhood—the text from which our next schoolmaster, Uranus, will teach us in the sixth race—and not even then in the fullest sense till the day of Libra dawns. Art is bound up with the immediate goal of the sixth race, just as commerce, or organised mutual helpfulness, has been with that of the fifth; and just as the steady growth of commerce has characterised the whole period of the fifth race so far, so, may it be inferred, will that of art mark the whole period of the sixth race. Therefore we may fairly assume that,

from a certain time in the future, art, which has been undergoing a period of semi-obscuration, will gradually assume a more and more important place among human interests.

It may be objected that this is placing the revival of art a very long way ahead; that, in showing art to be something of such attainment, I am rather tending to discourage than otherwise an interest in it in the present. That is so but for one circumstance. No race or even sub-race has existed without its art, and that art is always great in proportion as the race is great. Therefore we of the fifth race have, or shall have, our own fifth-race art. And I believe it will be something very great, though not so glorious, maybe, as that of the sixth under Uranus in gentle, happy Libra. We shall certainly have a foretaste of sixth-race art in the sixth sub-race of our own root-race, but before that, I believe, we shall have a real flowering of art in our present (fifth) sub-race. We can hardly be said to have it yet, except in embryo or, if you like, in obscuration. But we have seen it, and having seen it, we have not forgotten. Away back in the "Middle Ages" (as we call them) there was a phenomenal art development such as the world has never seen before or since, and the exact significance of which has been seldom realised. I suggest that mediæval art and architecture was a peculiarly exotic product, a ray of light in the "Dark Ages," a distinct "sending," intended to afford us a foretaste of things yet to come. It was nourished in the bosom of the trade guilds—themselves institutions modelled on a state of social development as to liberty, equality and fraternity, to which the sub-race had not then otherwise attained. Its rise, flowering,

and sudden, dramatic cessation was a matter of comparatively short duration—just a very few centuries, nothing in the life of a race, or even of a sub-race. It never decayed as all other arts have done. It simply ceased, swept away in the flood of the renaissance of Classic art. Its characteristics were lofty aspiration; great daring, through an inspired realisation of possibilities, and a mastery of the limitations of material; an interdependence of parts; a harnessing of forces tending to disruption, so as to produce stability; mutual helpfulness and support; discrimination in the choice of material for particular work, and of workmanship for particular material; organisation and mutual interworking of different trades. Mark the strong Virgo characteristics. Above all it showed, in a manner that is peculiar and to a degree reached by no other phase of art, Joy—the craftsman's Joy in the handling and shaping of material, in the piling of stone on stone, in work for work's sake, and not merely to catch the eye, in texture and in scale. It is the only art, moreover, that betrays a sense of humour. Therefore Gothic art gives the impression of vigorous, abounding, joyous life, for which we look in vain even among the grand remains of Greek and Roman art, notwithstanding the surface refinements and sophisticated expedients of the former, and the Imperial magnificence of the latter. It is, as it were, the work of men conscious of the real equality that existed between the youngest apprentice and the most experienced master—the true Masonic spirit—with God over all.

Classical work, on the other hand, speaks of the dominance of class over class, grade over grade, and the Imperial Idea over all. It must be remembered

that the Greeks and Romans, being of the fourth subrace of our race, constituted a link, in a peculiar manner, with the preceding fourth root-race. Their ideals, therefore, partook largely of those of that race, and one of these—the Roman Imperial idea—breathes through all the Later Classical art and architecture of master and slave, power founded on military domination and subordination, conquest by force, rule by fear, order through law imposed from above and without, rather than from around and within.

I must here pause for a moment to dwell on the claim I have just made for mediæval art and architecture, that it is characterised by Joy. I am aware it is a claim that may not be readily conceded. It was the favourite taunt of the artists of the Renaissance against the Gothicists that the work of the latter did not express joy. They found it austere, monkish, self-denying, anything but joyous. Joyousness, they considered, was the characteristic of the pagan. The Gothicists had tried to kill Pan—but Pan was not dead! In the Renaissance he had come to life again, and had brought back the joys they valued. The pagan was your joyous mortal, with his merry gods and goddesses, his nymphs and fauns and bacchanals.

It comes to this, that there are two kinds of joy in question, and we must choose which we are to print with a capital. The Joy seen in Gothic work was the craftsman's joy, the joy of work, of creative effort, the joy of glad sacrifice. That of the pagan was the joy of the senses, the gaiety of wine, of youth, of play, the joy of mere recreation, arguing forgetfulness of work. In art the former breathes from the very stones themselves, the latter shows in mere surface

decoration. Which of the two, then, is the more in line with the will of the Creator as revealed to us to-day?

And now a word on the Renaissance. This began with no avowed intention of an actual return to Classic ideals. As I conceive it, it was rather a Taurian rebellion against needless austerities, a movement in favour of the recovery of what was good and usable in Classic ideals, and for their importation into life and art. At first the imported elements did not agree badly with the Gothic ideals, and in the earlier work produced, we have a new thing in which the spirits of the two great periods seem harmoniously blended and reconciled. I still see the craftsman's joy, for instance, in the earlier Renaissance work. But as time went on, a gradual and subtle change came about. The fifth-race Gothic elements weakened, the fourth-race pagan ones strengthened, until in modern work we see pagan greatly predominating, the livingness of the art almost gone, and the guild spirit, disassociated from work, found only hidden away in the secret recesses of the modern Masonic Lodge.

I have no wish to disparage Classic art. It is—or rather was—great and glorious. It reached a perfection, as art, to which the records show no other approach. But the ideals for which it stood are ideals of the past. They have done their work. The Classic note in art is really as dead as the Greek and Latin tongues, or, shall I say, as the idea of military Imperialism to which it is closely related. Like the latter it is only kept in a brave but highly inconvenient semblance of life among us by the pedants and scholastic prigs, and the few others who are selfishly

interested in its retention. We are still, both socially and artistically, in the last stages of the Renaissance by means of which the old pagan giant was artificially galvanised into rearing his head anew. It remains to be seen what effect the result of the war will have on him. I think that Virgo, the economist, may be trusted to cut off his supplies of costly artificial nourishment, and that he will then be allowed to sink to the repose he so well merits.

But of recent years he has shown signs of dying hard—particularly in architecture. Despite a somewhat abortive Gothic revival in England in the nineteenth century, it is the Classical note which has apparently been growing in volume. This can be realised most strongly by reading that clever book, *The Work of Man*, by Mr. March Philips, published in 1912. For an understanding of the whole matter in hand this is a book which must on no account be neglected. By a course of subtle reasoning, couched in fascinating language, the author seeks to prove the merits of Classic as pre-eminent over those of Gothic or any other art. But his fallacies cannot be hidden, even by his clouds of charming rhetoric. When he is seen to be building up his case round the postulate that Classic architecture shows breadth of idea as contrasted with the narrow mentality displayed by the Gothic, the merited retort is fairly obvious. True, Classic temples are broad and low in their proportions, and Gothic cathedrals relatively narrow and high. Might it not be said with as good reason that Gothic therefore displayed lofty mentality as against the low ideas of the Classic! I regret, however, that this author and others of his kind have succeeded in deceiving many—even of the elect!

The recent zeal for "town-planning" is laced with leanings toward "the Grand Manner" or, as I prefer to call it, the Imperial Roman note. Officialdom, wherever that exists in force, and in so far as it concerns itself with art at all, is almost solid for Classic ideals in art—at any rate until it comes to the point of paying for them! We absorb the tendency with Latin and Greek at public school and university. Our minds in so many cases are still hide-bound with the respect for authority we learned under fourth-race conditions. Our original thinkers in art are few, and are apt to give cause by eccentricities of dress and manner for classing them with socialists, free-thinkers, Theosophists, and other unorthodox and therefore "impossible" orders of people, not on any account to be listened to! Our artistic consciousness is unawakened, and so we take what we are pleased to call our artistic opinions from anyone who voices the authority of the past.

It is not easy to account for this obscuration of art. It may be that the like has happened before in middle periods in the races and sub-races, and may happen again. Or it may be due to the "turning the corner," the passing from the downward curve to the upward, and to the great change in the trend of humanity which that connotes. Though the change occurred in a chronological sense in the middle of the fourth root-race, away back in Atlantis, yet it has fallen to our present age to shake off finally a large crop of embarrassments due to that change, which have been saving up till now, and to settle the outstanding differences between fourth and fifth. The art eclipse may be but one of the fore-shadowings of that impending period of trial we now call Armageddon.

It is possible that this state of things will not survive the clash of arms in Europe. The new social conditions, which the near future may be expected to inaugurate, cannot fail to be reflected in art. It is, in fact, impossible that on the cessation of hostilities, the new vital forces which the conflict has called into being will not find expression, amongst other ways, in remarkable artistic developments. As soon as mankind sees the analogy between the social Hydra he has been engaged in slaying and the old Classical ideals in art, he will undoubtedly turn his face towards the future, and, though he may not deliberately set himself to do so, he cannot fail to create a new art. In my view that art will be no mere revival of Gothic, for revivals are invariably futile, but will be a new, living thing, closely related to it.

In this rapid review of art tendencies I have dwelt almost exclusively on the two phases, broadly Classic and Gothic. What, it may be asked, of earlier forms, of Egyptian, Assyrian? What, moreover, of Oriental art, of that in particular of the continent of India? Well, in these two, Classic and Gothic, I see types that, for my present purpose, may fairly be made to stand for all other phases of art. All arts, in short, may be marshalled under the one banner or the other. I am not thinking so much of those points of detail in which the pedant delights; not, for instance, of columns on the one hand or of cusps on the other; but of their underlying ideals, the ideals of the social systems from which they sprang, and of which they tell, no matter in what dialect. The art and architecture of India, for example, though there was imported into it something of the fourth-race note by its temporary subjection to

Islām (but not more so than in the case of Gothic under the influence of development on the soil of Italy), bears a strong relation to the true Gothic ideal. It reflects the peculiar social system of the Brāhmaṇas, an experiment in the organising of society on lines consonant with fifth-race aims before the world at large was ready for these. In many respects the system of the mediæval craft guilds was analogous to the Brāhminical, hence the analogy to be perceived between the art produced by each. The art of India, then, with all its apparent crudities and seeming incompatibilities with modern life, is yet a truly fifth-race thing, a thing of the future rather than of the past. It has, moreover, been truly pointed out, by art critics of the highest eminence, to be the only art in the world still "living"—in the sense understood by the artist—at the present day. Does it require any gift of prophecy to foretell for it a great, new lease of vitality?

John Begg

OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

By M. L. L.

I

THERE can be no doubt that every year the world at large is becoming more cognisant of Theosophy and of Theosophists, partly as the mere automatic result of increased numbers and a wider publicity of meetings. In literature this cognisance—perhaps I may call it interest—is very marked. I do not speak now of the spread of Theosophical *ideas*, nor of the way in which they are permeating, *e.g.*, that large section of modern literature which deals with life beyond the grave; I am thinking merely of those actual mentions of Theosophy so frequent in writers who are not F.T.S., who are indeed in many cases hostile to the Theosophical Society. The articles which appear from time to time in various missionary periodicals are cases in point. They have been usually of the nature of attacks. On the other hand a fine novel of Robert Hichens, *The Way of Ambition*, numbers among its characters a Theosophist named Susan Fleet, who embodies in herself some of the most distinctive qualities of the true Theosophist—calm, balance, sympathy, and devotion to human service.

Now it is quite clear that whenever a spiritual movement—and Theosophy is essentially such—arises in the world, strong feeling is excited for and against it, for reasons familiar to every student of the occult. The homely proverb tells us: "You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs." Neither can there be a great upheaval of spiritual life, a reconstitution of forms, without the clash of opposing forces, and the shattering of forms that are outgrown. The more closely the followers of such a movement are able to identify themselves with their Master, the nearer they will be to winning His peculiar and highest beatitude: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my Name's sake." So, to those earnestly striving to live up to a great ideal, the occurrence of unfriendly criticism, even in its most extreme form of attack and persecution, is a thing to be not dreaded, nor lamented, not even borne with noble resignation, but rejoiced in as the seal patent of their service.

But while we are striving to reach these levels, which for many of us are still far off, there is much else that may be learnt by the way. Criticism and attack should be welcomed, not only for what they signify with regard to the greatness of our movement, but for what they teach to *us* as individuals. The fault-finding critic is often our truest friend, and the more we can study and understand what he has to say, the better it will be for us. Indeed, if we cannot endorse the wish of the old Scots couplet—

O could some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us,

it is a lamentable sign that we are losing two of the most valuable things in the world, sense of humour and imagination. So much by way of introduction to the subject of my article.

It may safely be postulated that the faults of the Theosophist are his own, and are not due to any immorality, or even absence of moral incentive, in the teachings given to him. A study of the ethical side of Theosophical literature will amply verify this. But if it be so, why are the same faults so general among different members of the T. S.? Surely because they arise from a common cause, *viz.*, the distorted reflection of great ideas in little minds; the perverting effects of *human personality* as a medium for the transmission of truth. It is not only all Theosophists, but all followers of a spiritual ideal, who show these faults; they arise at the moment when the struggle between the higher and lower natures begins, the stage when, in the words of S. Paul: "To will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. . . . For I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members."

Let us see, then, what are some of the most obvious faults and limitations of which we Theosophists, inasmuch as we are striving towards a sublime ideal, have, not indeed the monopoly, but perhaps a disproportionate share, and of which we stand accused by those outside our Society.

I do not propose to discuss faults which, attributed to us by the more ignorant critics, seem purely imaginary, and therefore convey no practical warning.

Such are the lethargy and inertia said to arise from the conviction that our many earth-lives will provide us with unlimited time and opportunity, a conviction which therefore robs us of all incentive to individual exertion; or again the moral irresponsibility assigned to the same cause. In whatever directions the lives of Theosophists may fail, want of earnestness is not one of their characteristic faults; and if they are irresponsible, their irresponsibility arises from causes other than that suggested.

But among our real and lamentable weaknesses, I would mention first what I must call, for want of a better name, Partisanship—the antithesis of true impartiality. We are constantly reminded by our President that the T. S. has no tenets or dogmas: "It is neutral and impartial to all views except Brotherhood." But how little we act up to this conception in our expounding of the Divine Wisdom! We exaggerate, emphasise, hold one opinion or theory and condemn another, jump to conclusions instead of climbing (though the way to every conclusion is up a ladder), and all this, alas, in the name of Theosophy. Theosophy should be as all-embracing as Charity herself; *we* make it the vantage-ground for intolerance, harsh criticism, and general narrowness of view—the very qualities which we condemn in those who will not join us. So, the old faults of the proselyte appear in us, as in the newly-converted disciples of every ancient faith. We have our vehement preferences for this or that teacher, as opposed to another ("I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas"); we are eager to form and express hasty views upon any disputed question; the attitude of her who "kept all these things and pondered them in

her heart" is not much admired or imitated amongst us. We tend to think that the whole conduct of the universe depends upon the maintenance of *our* particular activities, propagandist or otherwise.

There is a parochial spirit abroad among us (possibly a contradiction in terms!) which leads us to undervalue good work done beneath banners other than our own, and to lament as "lost" or "wasted" the time spent by F.T.S. in occupations not strictly Theosophical. Yet it may often be that by means of such occupations results are obtained which could not be arrived at more directly. There are thousands of people in the world to-day who are not prepared by their development in the past for any "occult" teaching, but who *are* ready to have their outlook broadened a little—their minds opened to the more mystical aspects of Christianity, or to the less material aspects of science; and help given to these may take other forms than that of propagandism. Thus, the Sunday School teacher who, without ever mentioning Theosophy, succeeds in conveying to his scholars *through their own channel* some slight conception of the great brotherhood of God, Man, and Nature, and of its root in the One Life animating all, has surely served his Master as well as he who has spent the same hour in attending, or even instructing a class of Theosophical students: yet his work is too often despised by his fellows. Partisanship, narrowness of outlook, absence of wide tolerance and impartiality, are then but varying forms of a snare which besets all who, having found a pearl of great price, desire to proclaim their discovery. It is a by-product of earnestness and zeal. But it belongs to the early stages of spiritual growth; by degrees it must be

eliminated, and the only antidote for it is the acquirement of balance, the one quality which can keep us true to the ancient, narrow path, sharp as a razor's edge.

Another of our faults has been suggested to me by the letter of a priest who warns one of his flock not to join the T. S. because Theosophy conduces to a "subtle kind of vanity". There is much truth in the charge. It is easy to see how this "subtle kind of vanity" attacks and encroaches upon us, often by way of reaction from the unreal humiliations of evangelical religion. It is of the very essence of Theosophy to emphasise the opposite point of view; to speak of man, not as a "worm," a "miserable sinner," "of all earth's clotted clay the dingiest clot," but as essentially one with God, a being of inherent, though latent, divine attributes and powers. Undoubtedly this second view is the truer and the greater; yet it loses much of its truth and greatness when it ceases to include the first. As one of our ecclesiastical critics has expressed it: "If you teach John Smith to worship 'the divine within him,' the result is merely that he worships John Smith; and he knows very well that that is not good enough."

What is the solution of the paradox? That we are gods—true—but gods in the making; and the vast process is barely begun.

> Man is not Man as yet;
> And in completed Man begins anew
> A tendency to God.

But, and herein lies our comfort,

> Man as yet is *being made* and in the Crowning Age of Ages
> Shall not æon after æon pass, and touch him into shape?

So, if the doctrine of divine immanence is the central point of our belief, the recognition of the great law of evolution—the need for *process* on these lower planes of being—must be its circumference, at once limiting and defining it. (The circle devoid of circumference belongs only to the formless levels, and we shall find it there.)

With this realisation comes an increased sense of responsibility, the knowledge that our own Dharma lies in our hands to make or mar, and that if we by thought, word, or action prove false to our latent divinity, stern penalties must and will fall upon us. For "the completest humility of man has always come, must always come, by man's knowing the greatness of his nature and his privileges". (Phillips Brooks)

If the "subtle vanity" due to the perversion of a great truth to personal ends has already seized us, we may correct it by comparison of our faulty selves with the Eternal Pattern, or even with those individuals who have outstripped us in the race—asking ourselves, why are *we* not yet Masters, or at least disciples? Why do the ignorant followers of the crudest faiths oft-times show forth virtues which we have barely begun to develop? Above all, spiritual pride must be overcome by raising the consciousness above the level of personality, and living in the higher, not the lower, nature, where all that is of the separated self falls into nothingness.

> I am the Cup; Thou art the wine.
> I am the Rose; Thou art its sweetness.
> I am the Sheath; Thou art the sword.

A third danger for the Theosophist is that of falling into what is sometimes called "the lower

indifference"; and it is the more insidious because it yawns beneath him at the moment when he is striving to reach that balance which would cure his partiality, and that elimination of the personal which is the best antidote for conceit. The little door seen by Christian in Emmanuel's land itself, giving access to hell from the loftiest region of spiritual attainment, might well symbolise this lower indifference, so fatally easy for those who aspire to the higher.

Let us consider the reason of this from a psychological standpoint. The lower indifference is a quality common to all men in the earlier stages of development, with regard to whomever, or whatever, does not fall within the petty circle of their personal interests. As a race we have not so very long outgrown it, and much of it still remains a part of our physical inheritance, visibly expressed in the callousness of the average schoolboy, and the extraordinary brutality of "sport". In moments of stress, moreover, this quality of the lower nature is apt to reassert itself. But long before the lower indifference is completely outgrown by humanity, we get the stage next above it, *i.e.*, that of desire—strong, passionate feeling, first as with the savage for one individual only, then, as evolution proceeds, for an ever-widening circle of family, friends, nation, and race, till we reach the devotion of the great leader, teacher, or philanthropist, filled with a single ardour for human service. Meanwhile, this *desire* to serve has been gradually reinforced and controlled by the mind, and has become a fixed purpose, wisely directed. But it still has its source in the emotional nature, and rejoices in "fruits," though these fruits may be of the noblest kind. It will find an outlet, *e.g.*,

in indignant chastisement of the bully who torments a child, or in some intense effort to convert the world to a particular creed, or to raise a nation to the highest pinnacle of glory.

There is a third and higher stage, but he who seeks it must tread a lonely path, and look for neither earthly nor heavenly reward. We know it as Vairāgya, indifference, detachment, or dispassion; but it is the *higher* indifference, which renders its possessor free from personal desires, aversions, and prejudices, in order that he may with more individual purpose direct his energies to the helping of the world. He must "work as those work who are ambitious; respect life as those do who desire it; be happy as those are who live for happiness".

It is, once more, in striving after this noblest of ideals that our danger becomes acute—the danger, that is, of falling from the true Vairāgya into its counterfeit presentment. Some make the attempt too early, and begin to "renounce desire" before they know what desire means. It is easy enough to offer the Master a heart incapable of strong passions, a heart worn-out, embittered, disappointed; but that is not the gift most acceptable to Him who said: "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she *loved much*." To care intensely, to experience vitally, and then to heap all we have or hope for upon the sacrificial altar—that is the true renunciation. Some, again, seem to succeed in the struggle, and begin to feel secure; and lo! the blast of passion arises from some unexpected quarter, and they find that the supreme offering has, after all, not been made; something has been kept back, and personal desire, in a new form, is rampant again.

But all who fail, from whatever cause, are tempted to accept the counterfeit when the reality proves to be still far off, for it is easier to deaden feeling, to accept a phlegmatic and devitalised existence and pride ourselves upon its very negation, than to transmute that same positive element of feeling into something deeper and higher, yet none the less vital.

This, then, is the truth that probably underlies the charge of "indifference" brought against us by others. "I don't like Theosophy," said a lady to me, "for it made a girl I know neglect her home duties shamefully. She was always going to meetings, and left off caring for anything else." One cannot but smile a little at such an instance, recognising the old fault in a new garb—how many young converts to great causes have erred in the same way! But the Theosophical "convert" should certainly be wiser; should recognise on the one hand the duties and limitations imposed by Karma, which must be cheerfully met, and on the other the new opportunities which must be grasped, and endeavour to strike the balance between them. Above all, he should be able to test the quality of his own "dispassion" by remembering that the true Vairāgya cannot be reconciled with neglect of even the smallest claim or duty; that the true Theosophist is the man who most punctiliously discharges every one of such "till all be fulfilled"; that he should also be the most sympathetic member of his family or household, the one most "at leisure from himself," *because* his work is done with entire detachment from personality, and his "concern is with the action only, never with its fruits". Lastly, when he has attained to this, he must be content to

bear the world's misjudgment; for there is no attitude more difficult for others to understand than that which I have just described.

One more fault often laid to our charge remains to be dealt with. We are accused of extravagance and unreason, and it is implied by our critics—I will not call them enemies—that no person of average intellectual development, unless he be that lamentable thing, a "freak" or a "crank," can be found amongst us. I hope this is not true; but it has a germ of truth in it, by which we may profit. The Theosophist, rejoicing in his new-found liberty of spirit, is inclined perhaps to allow his freedom from restraint to degenerate into eccentricity. He is apt, too, to attach insufficient importance to the lesser things of life, because he feels that he has the greatest thing. Such an attitude may become harmful to the Theosophical cause; first, because the eccentric alienates from himself, and consequently from the T. S., the sympathy of many excellent though perhaps conventional people; secondly, because he stultifies, to some extent, his own development. This stultification, as the critics do not fail to show, is oftenest on the intellectual side.

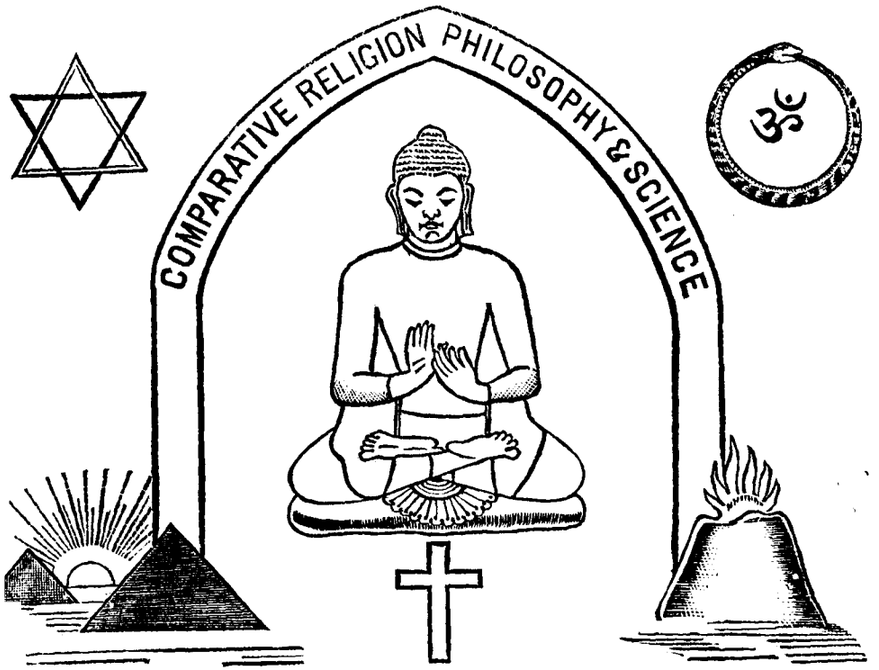
A writer in the *Vâhan* for January 1914 says:

> There has been a steady attempt to depreciate "lower manas," to despise "mere intellect". This has largely arisen from the poor quality of our intellectual work rather than from its intellectuality *per se*. Not less intellect do we need, but more, of good quality. . . .
>
> Many harbour the delusion that knowledge, wisdom, and virtue can be won by desire and aspiration, without commensurate mental effort. The experience and example of all great men point the opposite way. . . . Study, to be really effective, must be intensive, and very different from the familiar "read and purr" variety.

Let us practise, then, for our own sake and for that of others, the complete, all-round development which alone can produce the "perfect man". Once more, in laying our offering on the altar we must have something worthy to sacrifice; and a distorted or uncultivated mind is surely a gift unworthy of the Master. It is well that we should live in the world as much as possible, and pour whatever force we have through already existing channels. A reputation for saneness and practical efficiency may be of inestimable value to the cause we have at heart. Like S. Paul, we must be "made all things to all men" in our endeavour to serve all; never ceasing to be humble students of life and of mankind, bringing the Divine Wisdom to bear upon the interpretation of the social problems, the science, the philosophy of our age (surely the greatest age that the world has ever seen), and remembering that our interpretation can only be valuable when we know as much about these things as our critics know themselves.

M. L. L.

(*To be concluded*)



THE SACRAMENTAL LIFE

By The Lady Emily Lutyens

IN the Catechism of the Church of England the word Sacrament is defined as the "outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," and of these outward and visible signs, the same Church recognises two, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord. Baptism, we are told, represents the mystical washing away of sin, and the outward and visible sign is the marking

of the Cross on the forehead of the candidate. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was ordained "for the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ and the benefit which we receive thereby".

In these ceremonies we have certain well-defined conditions. First, the elements, and it will be noted these are of common, ordinary use—water, bread and wine; secondly, the act of consecration, and thirdly the mystical results effected by the ceremony—the purification of the soul of the recipient.

These great religious ceremonies or sacraments have their counterpart in life, and indeed it is only as we try to *live* them that their true and mystic meaning can be realised. It was surely thus that the Great Teacher meant them to be interpreted, for His insistence was always on the spirit and not on the letter, on life rather than doctrine.

Thus Baptism may be taken to symbolise that stage in the life of a soul, when the man enters the "pathway of return," when he definitely resolves to purify the lower nature, that the higher self may become transcendent. It is at this stage that he definitely takes upon himself the life of renunciation and service; and that such is the inner meaning of the baptismal ceremony is shown by the sign which is marked upon the forehead of the candidate, in holy water, the sign of the Cross, the symbol and token of self-sacrifice. From henceforth, he belongs not to himself, but to the Master whose sign he bears, to the world whose servant he becomes. It has been said by the Great Ones: "If you would find us, come out of your world into ours," and baptism reminds us of this great truth, that we are to leave behind us this lower

world with all its illusions and enter that real world where the Masters dwell.

This mystical meaning is still more evident when we consider that sacrament most sacred and revered of all the ceremonies of the Christian Church, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Here the Church has lost the deeper meaning of the mystical ceremony, by undue insistence on the *death* of Christ and the benefits which are to accrue to His worshippers therefrom. But His death was but the culminating act of His life, and without His life, His death would have been meaningless. The symbols which He employs are symbols of *life* not *death—bread* which is the staff of life, and *wine* which represents the blood, the life of the body. The words He used are also significant of this truer meaning: "This is My body," "This is My blood," "Do this in remembrance of Me". Do what? Not merely partake of the elements, however much consecrated, but live the *life* which the Master lived, share that mystic communion of common service and fellowship. And lest there should be any doubt as to Christ's teaching on this point, S. John, or whoever was the author of the fourth Gospel, with that deeper insight into the mind of the Master which is so characteristic of him, substitutes for the synoptic record of the Last Supper that wonderful and touching account of the washing of the disciples' feet.

> Now before the feast of the passover, when Jesus knew that His hour was come that He should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end. . . . He riseth from supper and laid aside His garments; and took a towel and girded Himself. . . . After that He poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded. . . . So after He

had washed their feet, and had taken His garment, and was set down again, He said unto them, Know ye what I have done unto you?

Ye call Me Master and Lord and ye say well for so I am.

If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet.

For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done unto you.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, the servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him. If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them.

It was the perfect Sacrament, for all the conditions were there, the water of purification, the dedication to service, the uniting of the disciples to their Master. That simple act summed up the whole perfect life—"He that would be greatest in my Kingdom must be as he that serves, I am amongst you as He that serveth." It is obvious from this account that the Master's intention for His disciples was that they should carry His life into the world of men by their example, that they should die henceforth to themselves and live to Him through His brethren.

What use is there in the occasional participation in a sacramental act unless that act gradually becomes an integral part of the daily life? So have we gradually to learn to make life itself a continual sacrament, the offering of the lower in constant dedication to the higher. What is needed is understanding and practice. Understanding first, that a Sacrament is not an act performed *for* us, not a ceremony which is to bring us a blessing unshared by others, but a life to be lived. Each man must become himself a priest, offering daily in the temple of his own nature the perpetual sacrifice of his personal will to the Universal Will. The Sacramental conditions are all there, the elements first, all

the common things of life, the ordinary acts, "the daily round, the common task," the drudgery of the factory and the workshop, the face of friend and foe, the beauty of life and its pain, *all* that comes our way is an outward and visible sign of that inward and spiritual grace which we call God, or Christ, or the Master, or the Higher Self. What is needed on our part is that act of dedication which makes common things holy because we recognise that they are messengers of the Highest. It is recorded of an Indian Yogī, that when bitten by some poisonous snake, he but smiled and said: "It is a message from the Beloved." He had learned to live the Sacramental Life, and had found the truth that nothing comes amiss to the one who has thus dedicated himself to his soul's beloved. A sacrament is a door into the Master's presence, but there is no need of a door for one who lives perpetually in that holy presence. God speaks to us in Joy, Beauty and Peace, but He calls to us also in pain, grief and ugliness, and it is for us to find His presence there also. In His great game with his children He hides Himself that they may seek, and all life is a great search for the Beloved who is ever at our side. But we need to practise this "presence of God" before we can grow perfect. For this purpose are religious ceremonies ordained to train us how to practise, but when once we have learnt it for ourselves and can practise it all the time, then have we no further need for ceremonies. We have reached the goal to which they lead, we have woven the silver thread which binds the soul to its Master, that link which may never be broken. Each day now as it dawns brings fresh opportunities of service to the Master through the service of His brethren;

in the face of a friend the Master smiles, in the face of an enemy He greets us also; through ugliness we see His beauty, through pain we feel His peace; through weakness we learn His strength, through loneliness we learn never to be alone. The consecrated life is not a life set apart, but a life which is shared by all. To make holy is to make *whole*, to unite the scattered fragments of God's life.

Christ is the great Unifier of the world, and if we would live in Him we must live everywhere and in everything as well, because all things and all men share His life. This "Communion of Saints" includes a communion of sinners. This is the great mystery of the Incarnation, why the second Logos is ever symbolised as a duality. As the Athanasian Creed so beautifully states it: "Perfect God and perfect man. . . who although He be God and man yet He is not two but one Christ; one not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the manhood into God." Man, made in the image of God, reflects at a certain stage this duality which is unity. When he has perfected himself as *man* and reached the fullest realisation of self-consciousness, then he begins to realise himself also as God, by the recognition that there is no separation between himself and anything or any person in the universe, thus taking his "manhood into God".

This is the truth of Initiation, Salvation—to be saved from the great heresy of separateness, initiated into the great brotherhood of humanity. For this reason the causal body is broken up at Initiation, the man throws away that expression of himself, as a separate individual, to live henceforth in all other individuals. Then only is he able to build the Buddhic

vehicle or body of bliss, because he has cast away the separated consciousness to blend it with the universal consciousness. There is a beauty in the thought that the aspect of God which is bliss is the aspect which realises itself in manifestation, the One becoming the many, that the many may realise themselves as the One.

The Church has narrowed the conception of Salvation, depicting it as a personal gain, as a state of bliss which the individual could attain by himself apart from others. Salvation means to be healed, to be made whole, ceasing to be separate, becoming one, therefore there can be no such thing as personal salvation. But before we can yet realise this unity in perfection, we can find it in part, as we are drawn into the unifying life of the Master. As we seek Him, as we give ourselves to His service, He will gradually reveal Himself to us in a thousand different images or sacraments, till "our hearts are drunk with a beauty our eyes can never see". Gradually we shall learn to pass beyond the outward and visible signs, into the inner sanctuary of the heart, where we have built a shrine for our Beloved. By inner worship and consecrated service we shall gradually come to the realisation of divine manhood and our lives will become all glory in the glory of the Lord.

Emily Lutyens

THE EARLY JAPANESE MYTHS: II

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

WHEN the Sun Goddess, angry with her brother for ruining her rice-fields and for desecrating the sacred Weaving Hall, crept into the Rock Cave of Heaven, the world was in darkness. Such a catastrophe sorely troubled the Eighty Myriads of Gods, who hurriedly assembled on the bank of the Tranquil River of Heaven in order to discuss how they might persuade Ama-terasu to return and flood the world once more with her glorious light. Now the spokesman of these assembled deities was called "Thought-combining," and as we should imagine from his name, he was able to devise a suitable plan. He caused singing birds to be gathered together from the Eternal Land, and, by certain divination with a deer's leg-bone held over a fire of cherry-wood, the Gods were able to fashion tools, bellows, and forges. Thus equipped, they obtained iron from the "mines of Heaven" and caused it to be made into an "eight-foot" mirror. This mirror, sacred to Shintoism and a part of the Imperial Regalia, now reposes in Ise, the holy province of Japan. It is kept in a box of chamæcyparis wood in the Naiku ("Inner Temple"). The mirror is wrapped in brocade, and when this covering begins to fall to pieces, it is not removed, but covered with fresh silk, so that in the

course of many years the precious relic has been covered with many layers of silken cloth. The box and its coverings are placed in a cage, which is ornamented in gold, and this again is covered with silk cloth.

In addition to the mirror, the Gods also fashioned a number of jewels and musical instruments. Having accomplished these things, they procured from Mount Kagu a "five-hundred-branched" *sakaki* tree and planted it before the Rock Cave of Heaven. From the branches of this tree the Gods hung the sacred mirror, a "five-hundred-headed" string of jewels, together with blue and white streamers composed of hempen cloth and paper-mulberry cloth.

While the birds from the Eternal Land sang and a liturgy was recited, the Goddess Ame-mo-uzume-no-Mikoto ("Heavenly-Ugly-Face-August-Thing") commenced to dance. We read in the *Kojiki*:

> Thereupon Heavenly-Ugly-Face-August-Thing, using a heavenly vine from the Heavenly Incense Mountain as shoulder-cord to tuck up her sleeves, and making herself a wig, . . . and tying up a bunch of bamboo-grass from the Heavenly Incense Mountain to hold in her hand, turned a cask bottom up before the door of the Heavenly Rock House, and treading and stamping upon it with her feet, became possessed. And catching the clothes from about her breast, and pushing down her girdle to her skirt, she let her dress fall down to her hips. And the Plain of High Heaven resounded as the eight hundred myriad deities with one accord laughed.

This dance of Uzume was the origin of a dance now performed at Shinto festivals. The fact that she became possessed is of special interest, and is strictly in keeping with the tenets of later Shintoism, where priests, as described in Lowell's *Occult Japan*, believed on certain occasions that their bodies served as a temporary abode for the manifestation of the Gods. Again, it

is recorded that during Uzume's dance she kindled a fire, which was a prototype of the courtyard fires associated to-day with this interesting religious cult.

Now when the Sun Goddess heard the mighty laughter of the Gods, she was amazed that so much hearty merriment was possible at a time when the world was plunged in darkness. At length her curiosity got the better of her anger, and through a small opening in the Heavenly Rock Cave she inquired how it was that there was so much rejoicing when she had expected to hear a great deal of lamentation. Uzume stopped dancing and told her that they made merry because they had found a deity even more lovely than Ama-terasu. Such a taunt was not to be resisted. The Sun Goddess gradually came forward and gazed into the great mirror, so that she stood before it lost in astonishment. While she looked upon her fair reflection, one of the deities took her by the hand and dragged her forth without ceremony, while other Gods tied a rope of straw across the Heavenly Rock Cave, a prototype of the kind of rope known as *shiri-kume-nawa*, used in many Shinto shrines to-day. And so it came to pass that the Sun Goddess was beguiled into leaving her place of seclusion, and once more she graced the Plain of High Heaven with her golden presence.

Susa-no-o, the Impetuous Male, may have been alarmed by the temporary departure of the Sun Goddess, and his alarm may have caused him to repent of his evil ways. Whether this was the case or not, we find him neither in the High Plain of Heaven nor dwelling in the Land of Yomi according to his father's instructions. We discover him on the earth by the river Hi in the province of Izumo, and, what is really

very extraordinary, as a gallant knight. While walking along the river bank he heard the sound of weeping. As Susa-no-o was usually responsible for all the weeping, the sound of another's distress caused him no little astonishment. On quickening his pace he discovered an old man and woman fondling a young girl. The Impetuous Male questioned the old man, who thus made answer: "I am called Ashi-nadzuchi ['Foot-stroke-elder']. My wife's name is Tenadzuchi ['Hand-stroke-elder'], and our daughter is called Kushi-nada-hime ['Wondrous-Inada-Princess']. We have good reason to weep, for we had eight daughters, and seven have been devoured by an eight-forked serpent. The time approaches for this our last child to meet the same horrible fate as her poor sisters. Alas! who is there to defend us against so cruel a monster?"

Susa-no-o, impressed by this sad story but no less impressed by the beauty of the maiden whose life was in peril, offered to destroy the serpent on condition that the maiden should become his wife. The old couple gladly consented to this arrangement, and not only consented but rejoiced exceedingly.

The Impetuous Male, who was an excellent conjuror, if a poor deity, changed Kushi-nada-hime into a comb and fixed it in his hair. Then he bade the old couple brew a quantity of *saké*, or rice wine, and when this was done he poured it into eight tubs and sat down to await the dread eater of fair maidens.

Susa-no-o had not long to wait. Presently the earth began to quake, and looking up he perceived one of the most extraordinary creatures ever described in the most fantastic of myths. "It had an eight-forked head and

an eight-forked tail. Its eyes were red like the winter cherry, and on its back firs and cypresses were growing." As this strange creature measured the distance of eight valleys and eight hills, its progress was necessarily slow. Eventually the gigantic serpent found the wine and each head was eagerly plunged into a tub of *saké*. The creature, thirsty after its journey, drank deep, and soon fell into a drunken slumber. Susa-no-o, perceiving that the monster was now powerless to attack, drew his ten-span sword, and cut the serpent in pieces. While the Impetuous Male was striking off the tail, his weapon became notched, and on examination he discovered that a two-handled sword lay within that part of the monster. This is the weapon known as "The Sword of the gathering clouds of Heaven". Later, when it had saved the life of Prince Yamata Take, it was named "The Grass Mower". This sword, together with the sacred mirror and the jewels hung outside the Heavenly Rock Cave, form the Imperial Regalia of Japan. They symbolise courage, wisdom, and mercy. There are copies of these sacred treasures in the Imperial Palace, Tokio.

The Impetuous Male, having slain the eight-headed serpent, took out the comb from his hair, changed it into Kushi-nada-hime again, and married her, having built for her reception a so-called palace at Suga in Izumo. She was not his only wife, and it was from another deity that Onamuji, or the "Great-Name-Possessor" was descended.

Now Onamuji had eighty brothers, and they were all most anxious to marry the Princess Yakami of Inaba. With this object in view they set out on a journey, compelling the gentle Onamuji to accompany

them and to carry upon his back a heavy bag. The eighty brothers, having no baggage to carry, left Onamuji far behind, and at Cape Keta they observed a hare denuded of its fur and lying on the ground in a helpless condition. The brothers laughingly told the animal to bathe in the sea and then run to the top of a mountain where the keen wind would effect a cure. Having given this advice they went on their way.

The guileless hare carried out these instructions, only to discover that the wicked brothers had deceived him. While bemoaning his fate, Onamuji approached him, and, having learnt his sad story, told him to bathe in a river and then roll in sedge pollen. The hare did so, and immediately his sores were healed and his fur renewed. The hare, known as the White Hare of Inaba, in gratitude for the service he had received, promised to win for Onamuji the favour of the Princess Inaba. The eighty brothers, finding that their wooing was not a success and that the Princess was likely to wed their younger brother, sought various ways to destroy him. They caused a heated rock to fall upon him: they wedged him into the cleft of a tree, and finally they shot him. But these attacks were of no avail. He fled to the province of Kii, and sought advice from his ancestor Susa-no-o, in the hope of devising a plan whereby his wicked brothers might be overcome. But the Impetuous Male, seeing no maiden he could marry, so far from helping Onamuji, sought to kill him. He was thrust into a nest of wasps and centipedes, but preserved by miraculous scarves, and he was rescued from burning grass by the intervention of a mouse. At length, after many incredible escapes, he married

Princess Yakami, and their marriage furnishes "the first record of conjugal jealousy in Japan".

The Great-Name-Possessor was now ruler of the land, but during his reign, if reign it may be called, there was considerable disturbance. The Gods assembled together in the High Plain of Heaven, and one of them said: "Plains, rocks, trees, and herbage have still the power of speech. At night they make a clamour like that of flames of fire; in the day-time they swarm up like fires in the fifth month." In short the Central Land of Reed-Plains was in a state of ferment, and it was decided to put an end to these disturbances by sending Ninigi, grandson of the Sun Goddess, to rule over the rebellious people and bring prosperity to the country. Ambassadors were sent to Onamuji to inform him of the decision of the Gods, but instead of performing their mission promptly, one gave himself up to pleasure, and another married a daughter of Ninigi and sought to possess the land. When the latter ambassador, Ame-waka, by name, had been eight years in the land, the Gods grew angry and sent a pheasant to spy upon him. The bird accused him of neglecting his duty, whereupon Ame-waka shot the accusing messenger. The arrow passed through the bird's breast and entered Heaven. The Gods immediately recognised the blood-stained weapon and hurled it back again in such a way that it slew the faithless ambassador. His wife began to weep so pitifully that the Gods took compassion upon her, and sent a wind that caused the body of her lord to ascend to Heaven, where extraordinary obsequies were performed.

Two more ambassadors were dispatched by the Gods, and these were able to quell the wicked spirits

on the earth, and to report that all was now ready for the coming of the Divine Grandchild. Just as Ninigi was about to depart, it was reported that a strange-looking deity stood at the eight cross-roads, and it seemed his purpose to obstruct the departure of Ninigi. His eyes were of the colour of blood, and fire came out of his mouth. Uzume was sent to question this God of the Cross Ways; and when she had behaved in an immodest manner, and asked why he dared to impede the progress of the August Grandchild, the deity replied that so far from wishing to hinder the coming of Ninigi, it was his desire to pay him homage, and to guide him on his way to earth.

Ninigi was accompanied by many deities, among whom were Amatsu-Koyana, said to be the divine ancestor of the famous Fujiwara family, and who was specially instructed to guard the Heavenly Mirror, concerning which the Sun Goddess had said to Ninigi: "My child, when thou lookest upon this mirror, let it be as if thou wert looking on me. Let it be to thee a holy mirror." All was now ready for the great journey, and we read that the Heavenly Grandchild pushed aside "the eightfold spreading clouds, and dividing a road with a mighty road-dividing," rested on the Floating Bridge of Heaven, and finally reached the southern island of Kyushu.

Ninigi built a palace and fell in love with Princess Brilliant Blossom. When her father, Great-Mountain-Possessor, heard it, he told Ninigi that he had another daughter called Princess Long-as-the-Rocks, and expressed the hope that he would marry her. Now Princess Long-as-the-Rocks was ugly, and Ninigi refused to show her favour, stoutly demanding to marry her sister

This angered the ugly damsel, who cried out: "Had you chosen me, you and your children and their children would have lived long in the land. Now that you have chosen my sister, you and your children will be as frail as the flowers of the trees."

Of the children born of this union we need only concern ourselves with two, Hoderi ("Fire-shine") and Hoori ("Fire-fade"). Hoderi was an expert fisherman, while his brother was no less skilled as a hunter. They decided to exchange their gifts in order to see how the fisherman would fare with bow and arrows and what sport the hunter would get with a fish-hook. As may be supposed, the brothers were both unsuccessful, while Hoori had the misfortune to lose his brother's fish-hook. Hoderi, instead of accepting his brother's very generous offer to make amends by supplying him with a tray loaded with fish-hooks, grew extremely angry, loudly demanded his old fish-hook, and refused to accept substitutes.

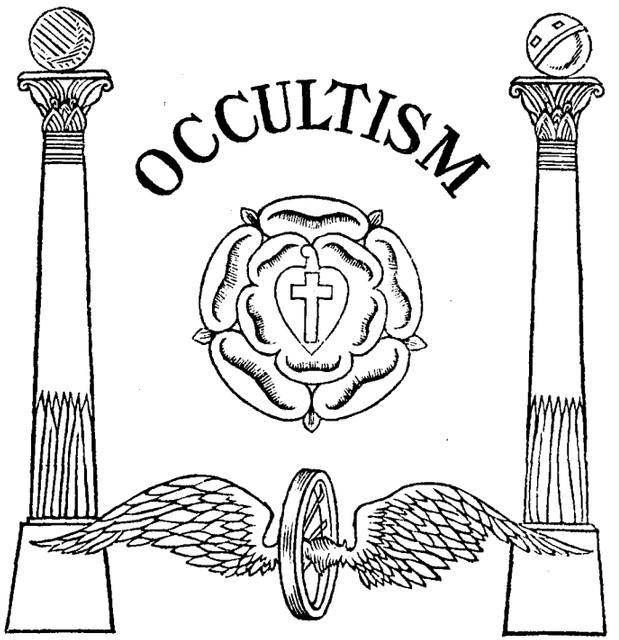
Hoori wandered down to the seashore, and was sadly contemplating his brother's harshness, when he was greeted by an old man called Shiko-tsutsu-no-Oji ("Salt-sea-elder"). This old fellow bade him be of good cheer, and told him that he would soon find the missing fish-hook. Salt-sea-elder then made a basket, and having told Hoori to sit in it, he caused the little craft and its occupant to sink to the bottom of the sea. On the bed of the ocean Hoori was surprised to see a most imposing palace. "This palace was provided with battlements and turrets, and had stately towers. Before the gate there was a well, and over the well there grew a many-branched cassia tree, with wide-spreading boughs and leaves." While Hoori was

sitting in the tree a maiden came to draw water from the well, and saw the young man's shadow reflected in the water. The maiden handed him her cup, but instead of drinking, Hoori dropped into it a jewel, and the maiden carried the vessel to her mistress the Sea God's daughter, Toyo-tama ("Rich Jewel"). This good lady, curious to see the stranger, came to the well, "exchanged glances" with him, led him into the palace, and while he sat upon "a pile of many layers of sealskins overlaid by many layers of silk rugs," a banquet was prepared for him, and in due time the Sea God gave him for wife Princess Rich Jewel. When the Sea God heard that Hoori had lost his brother's fish-hook, he caused a great assembly of fishes, and in the mouth of a *tai* the missing hook was discovered. Hoori remained three years in the palace of the Sea God, and by the end of that time he suddenly remembered that he had not restored the fish-hook to his brother. When Hoori was about to depart for this purpose, he was presented with the Jewel of the Flowing Tide and the Jewel of the Ebbing Tide, and was informed by the gracious Sea God that if the first were thrown into the water the tide would rise and drown his brother, whereas if the latter were thrown into the water the tide would ebb, so that he could save his brother's life if he showed submission.

Hoori found it necessary to make use of the Jewel of the Flowing Tide, but when Hoderi realised his peril, he cried: "Henceforth I will be thy subject to perform mimic dances for thee. I beseech thee mercifully to spare my life." And Hoori, throwing forth the other jewel, saved his brother's life. Toyo-tama, according to a promise made to her lord, came

to the seashore, and, in a hut roofed with cormorant feathers, gave birth to a son. Because Hoori spied upon her privacy, she assumed the form of a dragon, and returned to the Sea God's palace. The son married his aunt, and had children, one of whom was Iware, who became the first Emperor of Japan, known in history as Jimmu ("Divine Valour"), the posthumous title given to him many years after his death.

F. Hadland Davis



DREAMS[1]

By ERNEST G. PALMER

IN ancient times dreams and their interpretation were a recognised means of divination—the dreams of Joseph and David and the importance assigned to them can readily be called to mind. Owing largely to superstitious exaggeration their credit fell away, and early psychologists assigned them little importance.

As recently as 1897, Edmund Parish, in his *Hallucinations and Illusions*, regarded dreams as devoid of

[1] Professor Henri Bergson's Essay.

all reality and utility. In his opinion and that of his school, they were merely the result of the dissociation of consciousness due to the functional dissolution of the higher cerebral centres. The passing of the higher nerve centres of the cerebral matter from normal to sub-normal activity, or rest, removes from the lower centres a certain inhibition, and these respond more readily, both to external stimuli and to altered internal stimuli, or tension of blood-vessels. For instance, Von Hartmann tells of a dream in which he passed through a long experience, ending on the guillotine, and, just as the knife fell, he woke to find the bed-rail had fallen on his neck. Here the whole dream was clearly due to external stimulus. The example is particularly interesting, because it shows that for such an experience, apparently lasting several days, to occur instantaneously, the medium in which the consciousness was acting must have been vibrating at a much higher speed than physical matter does.

Very many dreams are undoubtedly due to external stimuli, and the theory has been tested by many interesting experiments. Sleepers have been wakened in different ways, and their dreams have been influenced by physical stimuli before awakening, so that the effect might be noted. In one experiment a sleeper was awakened by placing a bunch of fragrant flowers under his nose. He woke from a dream of lovely gardens in which he had been wandering. Another case was that of a man who was wakened by a touch of dampness and a sharp sound, and he came back to waking life from a terrible experience of disaster and shipwreck. In yet another case, a lady was wakened

by a kiss, and she had such a rosy dream of love that she was quite reluctant to wake.

Parish mentions several good illustrations of dreams arising from external stimuli. "The banging of a door," he says, "may involve us in a dream-duel, ending in the loud report of a pistol," and he quotes from Myers an almost perfect instance of a dream resulting from external stimuli.

> Between sleeping and waking this morning, I perceived a dog running about in a field (an ideal white and tan sporting dog, etc.,) and the next moment I heard a dog barking outside my window. Keeping my closed eyes on the vision, I found that it came and went with the barking of the dog outside.

That outside influences affected the dream-life, therefore, ceased to be a theory, and the more phenomena were tabulated, the more proofs were adduced, until psychologists accepted this explanation as covering the facts. That there might be many dreams due to internal stimuli, did not enter into their calculations or philosophy. If facts were discovered or dreams were told which did not square with their explanation, so much the worse for the facts and dreams.

Since the days of Parish, however, there has been rather a revulsion of feeling in the scientific world regarding dreams. They are now regarded as phenomena quite as worthy of study as any other facts in nature, and a great deal of literature has been written on the subject.

A step forward was taken by Prof. Dr. Freud, of the Vienna School, who regarded dreams as indications of a disturbed mental condition, and sought in the subject-matter of the dream for the cause of hysteria and kindred diseases; the dream being regarded as an expression of secret anxiety and emotion. Recently

quite a number of learned pens have been exercised over the ingenious and startling hypotheses of Freud. They are still the subject of a most lively and heated controversy. Summarised, his teaching appears to amount to this: In our normal everyday life, we are continually called upon to exert our better nature, our more moral feeling, in order to quell desires that are immoral or socially disapproved. These lower feelings, boldly faced and courageously combated whenever they appear, tend at last to disappear entirely from our consciousness. They no longer annoy us. But according to Prof. Freud, many natures, especially women, brought up in a strictly conventional manner, react in a different way to their temptations; they never frankly realise the temptations of their lower nature, and consequently the conflict, which would in time relieve their consciousness of them, never happens. They are horrified at the first dim awareness of the nature of their temptation, and it is banished from their immediate consciousness only to live and work in the mind in subterranean fashion. It constantly endeavours to come forth into the conscious thinking of the subject, and is as constantly thwarted by the rigid repression of the subject's alert mind. But in sleep this normal alertness is relaxed, is less effective, and then the repressed tendencies gain the dominion that the waking mind denies them. In short, it is Prof. Freud's theory that tendencies denied in the waking state by the moral nature achieve in dreams a certain measure of success.

This theory is considerably strengthened by the fact that cures of hypochondriac patients, in such hospitals as that of Salpétrière (under the direction of

M. Charcot) have been effected by means of suggestion, after the discovery, during hypnosis, of the disturbing element in the patient's mind.

A new hypothesis which marks a great advance in our comprehension of the psychology of dreams has been provided by Professor Henri Bergson. Prof. Bergson's great popularity, both as a lecturer and a writer, have conduced to his ideas being very widely spread, and as a result this subject has received much greater attention than it has ever had before. The conclusions of Bergson, however, are not final, and are open to some grave objections. In spite of his statement: "I do not doubt that wonderful discoveries will be made, as important perhaps as have been, in the preceding centuries, the discoveries of the physical and natural sciences," the Essay on Dreams is not entirely satisfactory, because it does not take into consideration all the facts.

Briefly Bergson's theory is that our senses are not completely closed to external sensations during sleep; they act with less precision, but embrace a host of "subjective" impressions, which pass unperceived when we are awake. Then, our consciousness is in a state of tension, but in sleep it relaxes. An external stimulus, provided by one or more of the senses, acts upon the memory, and in obedience to that psychological law known as the association of ideas, a train of thought is started. Often, however, the ideas are wrongly linked because of the relaxation of the mind, and so there arises in our consciousness one of the common confused dreams. He describes sleep as a state of "disinterestedness," in which the mind simply acts as a spectator of the images formed in it by stimuli of various kinds.

One important admission has been made by Prof. Bergson, when he states that our memories "are packed away under pressure like steam in a boiler, and the dream is their escape valve". This would seem to imply that in his opinion, memories are recorded in some finer grade of matter than the dense physical. The three recorded densities of matter being solid, liquid and gaseous, and the suggestion that our memories are recorded in the finest, would explain to some extent the simultaneity of dreams, in which experiences of years may be compressed or concentrated in a moment. The ideas, acting in their own medium or condition, are in a state of much more rapid vibration. The linking of ideas in association may be compared, as indeed Dr. Petersen of Harvard has already done, to a kinematograph film, which may be unrolled at a normal speed or so rapidly as to present only a blurred impression to the senses. Confused dreams may be occasioned by printing two negatives or running two films one upon the other. If the medium in which the memory is registered be "mind-stuff," consciousness untrammelled by physical density and low-rate vibrations, then one can understand how so much can be apparently experienced instantaneously; and also those borderland experiences occasioned by the proximity of dissolution (such as in cases of the nearly drowned) where the whole of the past life appears before the vision in minute detail, in a series of vivid pictures. Indeed, Bergson states that in his opinion it is doubtful if anything is really forgotten. The finer matter of the mental body constitutes a palimpsest, upon which all our experiences are written indelibly. Often a chance word, a scent,

or other stimulus, will call out of the "vasty deep" of our semi-consciousness memories of past events long "forgotten". This also explains the faculty of dreams which is called Hypermnesia, the recollection in dream life of events and experiences of our childhood, which have long since lapsed from our waking memory. This would clearly be impossible if the impressions were made in physical matter, or such as we usually consider it to be, which in our physical organism is subject to change entirely once every seven years. In such case the record would be obliterated, but this cannot occur when it is registered in a finer form of matter than that of which our dense physical body is formed. So that what we have hitherto regarded as a state of unconsciousness may well prove to be, as indeed all religions have taught, a state of much higher and more comprehensive consciousness.

Bergson's contribution to the literature of the subject has received the great consideration due to a thinker of such profundity and originality. Any hypothesis, however, can only be satisfactory if it explains *all* the facts: just as a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. There is no doubt that a great number, perhaps the greater number, of dreams can be explained by the Bergson method, but there are others which by no possibility can be so explained! For instance, Tartini, a violinist-composer of the eighteenth century, was composing a sonata, and the melody remained recalcitrant, and, in the words of Henri Bergson, he went to sleep and dreamed someone seized his violin and played with a master-hand the desired sonata. Tartini wrote it out from memory when he awoke, and it has come down to us under the name of "The Devil's