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THE THEOSOPHIST

A MAGAZINE OF BROTHERHOOD, ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY, ART, LITERATURE AND OCCULTISM

Founded by H. P. BLAVATSKY and H. S. OLCOTT

with which is incorporated LUCIFER, founded by H. P. BLAVATSKY

Edited by ANNIE BESANT, P.T.S.

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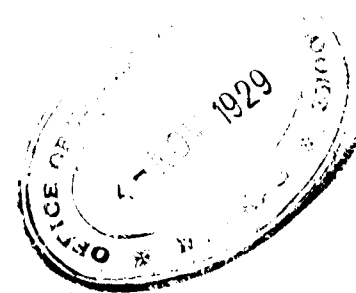
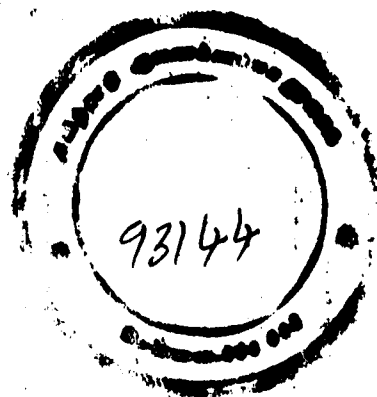
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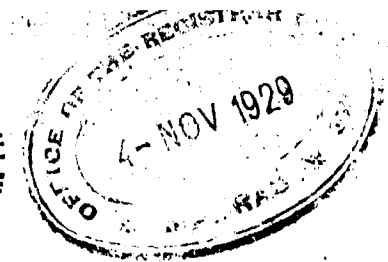
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H. S. Olcott, Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater
in 1905



ON THE WATCH-TOWER

LONDON, *September, 11.*

THREE words describe the Theosophical Congress [at Chicago]: A magnificent success. A. B.

Much of the discussions in the World Congress turned on the nature and the necessity of "Right Civilisation". I received a pleasant letter from Mr. L. Hubbard Shattuck, Director of the Chicago Historical Society, Library and Museum (founded in 1856) saying how interested he had been in my own lecture on the subject, and expressing much sympathy with the views expounded. He wrote:

DEAR DR. BESANT:

Permit me to express my pleasure at hearing your address last evening on the "Right Civilisation".

Your reference to the importance of historical study was particularly appealing to me inasmuch as the Chicago Historical Society is endeavoring to show the people of Chicago what can be done by knowing what has been done in the past. With our vast cosmopolitan population we feel that better citizenship can be developed through training youth to know the ideals and traditions of our city, state and nation.

Your lecture should strike a responsive chord in the heart of all people who are looking towards sound building of American ideals.

Sincerely yours,

L. H. SHATTUCK.

September 1, 1929.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

May it please Your Excellency.

The Fourth World-Congress of the Theosophical Society, and its National Sections in forty-five countries was held in Chicago, Ill., from August 24th to 29th. The first Object of the Theosophical Society is to form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, and its National Sections are found in Europe, Asia, Africa, India, Australasia, Northern, Central and Southern America. Over 1,700 members from all parts of the world attended the Congress of 1929.

It held a farewell Banquet on August 29th, and I, as President of the International Society proposed, and Mr. Rogers, as President of the Theosophical Society in the United States of America seconded a resolution, which was carried by acclamation, that:

We, the Fourth World Congress of the Theosophical Society, pray Mr. Hoover, the President of the United States of America, who saw in Europe the devastation wrought by war, and who nobly devoted himself to the relief of its victims, to lead the Nations of the world to the outlawry of War, and to the establishment of arbitration for the decision of international disputes.

Respectfully yours,

ANNIE BESANT,

President, International Theosophical Society.

* * *

I do not know if it is of much use now to quote the following, found by Miss Neff in her work on the archives:

Apropos of the Theosophist coming *first*, this bit from the Master K.H.'s letter to Mr. Sinnett, may be of use some time in the Watch-Tower.

"I am specially anxious—on M.'s account—that the Journal should be made as much as possible a success; should be circulated more than it is now in England." (Feb. 2, 1883.)

* * *

Very few members, comparatively, of the Theosophical Society care to help in the Masters' work in our world. They are curious about Them; they would like to be noticed by Them; but as to making serious personal sacrifices for Them, such as are made by those who work for political

causes are quick to make—that is quite another matter. This has been so from the early days of the movement, and still continues. The Chohan Maurya, as the Lieutenant Manu, is specially concerned with the political status of India; she cannot do her work until she becomes a Free Nation—whether by obtaining Dominion Status within the Commonwealth of Free Nations, linked by the Crown of the King-Emperor, George the Fifth, or by obtaining Independence. The first is the more desirable of the two, because it would prevent a War of Colour, the worst catastrophe which could befall the world, but an inevitable catastrophe, unless Britain awakes to the approaching danger, and by giving India Dominion Status so that she may remedy the poverty and the illiteracy, which are the outstanding results of British Rule. Once more, as in the days of Egypt's mighty Empire, the command rings out: "Let My people go, that they may serve Me." If Britain does not wish to share Egypt's fate, let her obey the command. The Labour Government must either take the golden opportunity held out to it by the results of the last election, or it will destroy the British Commonwealth of Nations, and will perish in dishonour, stained by its broken pledges. Mr. Gandhi is pledged to India's Independence if the present year ebbs out without any step being taken.

* * *

The General Secretary for Australia sends me the following resolutions, for which I send my grateful thanks:

That the members of the Australian Section of the Theosophical Society in Convention assembled convey to their beloved President heartfelt greetings, and assure her of their unswerving loyalty and unabating confidence in her leadership.

At the same time we moved this further resolution to your colleague Bishop Leadbeater:

That the members of the Australian Section of the Theosophical Society in Convention assembled express to Bishop Leadbeater their deep and loving gratitude for his continued guidance and inspiration

during the last fifteen years and assure him of their strong determination to carry on whole-heartedly during his temporary absence from this land the great work for humanity to which he has devoted his life.

* * *

The Camp at Ommen this year was remarkably harmonious and friendly. Krishnaji was, of course, his own wonderful Self, full of outpouring force, insistent, uncompromising, with, now and again, an exquisite gentleness and tenderness. The latter comes out chiefly on the unessential things; the former on the essential. It is very instructive to study his method of dealing with the varied questions which arise, and also to note his clarity of thought and of diction. He is simplicity itself, and any apparent obscurity arises from the depth of the thought expressed, and also from the general fact that as words are attempted expressions of thoughts, and as the thoughts of most people are to a great extent vague, lacking in definiteness and with blurred outlines, the words selected for their expression are not always the most apposite. Also, of course, great spiritual truths, rays of the One Truth, cannot be fully expressed in human language, developed on the lower planes of Being.

* * *

The most impressive thing to me at the wonderful Ommen Camp was the huge crowd, motionless, silent, all eyes fixed on the slender figure, erect and calm, sending out a life force that gripped the great mass of the people, and held it intent on every word. The leaves did not rustle, the insects ceased to hum, and the rich tones rolled out through the evening air in waves of music, the melody of the Spirit embodied in a man, beautiful and mighty, as the Gandharvas themselves poised silent over the silent throng. The closing farewell was exquisite in its emotional power and perfect sweetness, full of compassion and tenderness, showing that "poise between Reason and Love" in which Truth is seen.

Happy are we who live in such a period, if only we can open our hearts as He knocks, so that He may enter in and dwell with us.

* * *

The Dissolution of the Order of the Star will come as a shock to many, for in a world in which Life manifests itself in forms, the formless is generally regarded as the unmanifested. However, it is only a change of form, practically, as three Trusts, a Foundation and a Corporation are the physical embodiments of the old physical Order, and the Life itself, the one essential, uses these for its work on the physical plane. It is just a practical object-lesson on the essential and the non-essential, and need upset no one. Let us all increase our efforts to act as channels for the Life. The "Chief Organiser, Order of the Star," Rajagopal, has struck the right note: "Each individual is free to express his own inner convictions and beliefs in his own way, and where that conviction rests upon a sure foundation, it will produce its flower in a new life."

* * *

My meetings on Theosophical subjects have been well attended this year in the many towns visited, and I was glad to be able to preside at the Conventions in Hungary, England and Scotland. In Ireland, I lectured in Dublin and in Belfast, and crossing over from Ireland to Scotland I lectured in Edinburgh, going on from there to the "Fair City of Perth," where the Scottish Convention was to be held. It was, as it always is, a very harmonious warm-hearted Convention, for though Scottish air is cold, Scottish hearts are warm. At Edinburgh, I introduced Mrs. Logan—who had come over with Krishnaji from the United States—to the famous Canongate and to Arthur's Seat, both of which exercised over her their usual fascination. She is going back to the United States after the Ommen Camp, and carrying me back with her to the Theosophical World-Congress at Chicago.

"THE THEOSOPHIST"

1879 1 OCTOBER 1929

"THE THEOSOPHIST," with this number, begins the second half century of its existence. Colonel Olcott writes in 1895:¹

By what to Americans may seem an interesting coincidence, the conversation which decided us to found THE THEOSOPHIST occurred on the 4th of July [1879] of that year, Independence Day. As elsewhere explained, we were driven to it by the necessity of meeting the growing interest in Theosophy by some better means than epistolary correspondence. It was simply impossible for us to bear the strain of such constant drudgery. Entries in my Diary show that I often-times worked from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m., and night after night until 2 and 3 a.m., yet in vain. And then the same questions would be repeated by the majority of our correspondents, and to be for ever traversing the same ground was a tiresome work. We discussed the question in all its bearings, calculated the pros and cons, and finally decided upon the venture. But the difficulties were grave, one of them being that the Society did not possess a penny of capital nor an iota of mercantile credit to borrow upon. I made the stipulation imperative that we should issue the Magazine on the terms of the best American and English periodicals, viz., payment in advance and no book debts. I was willing to bring out a year's numbers punctually even although we did not book a single subscriber; but be bothered out of our lives by trying to collect arrears of book debts, and be so harassed as to be unfit for the serious work of thinking, learning, and writing, I would not. Our Indian friends strenuously opposed this innovation, as they regarded it, Babu S. K. Ghose, of the *A. B. Patrika*, particularly so; they prophesied that it would never succeed. But it did not shake my determination. So we provided for meeting the cost of the first twelve numbers, and on the 6th of July I wrote the Prospectus and sent it to press. We asked Sumangala, Megittuwatte, and other Ceylon priests; Swami Dyanand; Babu Pramada Dasa Mittra, of Benares; Shankar Pandurang Pandit; Kashinath T. Telang, and many others to send us articles; and got the news spread widely of our intention. This kept us busy all that season. Our active members bestirred themselves to secure subscribers, one—Mr. Seervai, our then devoted Secretary—getting nearly two hundred himself. Not before 20th September did we get the first form of type to correct; on the 22nd we sent the second

¹ *Old Diary Leaves*, II Series, p. 93, Second Edition.

form to press, on the 27th the last, and on the evening of the last day of that month the first 400 copies of the new Magazine were delivered to us and made the occasion of much jubilation among us. My entry in the Diary concludes with the salutation: "Welcome, stranger!" That on the 1st October, the day of publication, is "Sit Lux: Fiat Lux"! That, reader, was one hundred and ninety-two months ago, and since that time THE THEOSOPHIST has never failed to appear, never met with a disaster, never caused its projectors to incur a shilling of debt. Since the fourth month it has paid a profit, small, it is true, yet in the aggregate enough to enable us to contribute a good many rupees towards the Society's expenses, besides giving our personal services gratis. Which is saying much for a periodical like ours.

Mr. Jinarājadāsa writes the following in *The Golden Book*:

The most noteworthy event of this year [1879] is the commencement of THE THEOSOPHIST on October 1st. The magazine was quite different in appearance from what it is now. Fig. 56 shows the appearance of the cover. Its size was 13 inches (33cm.) long, and 9 inches (24cm.) broad. The historical sense of the Founders, and their utter belief in the future of the Society, could not be better illustrated than by the first paragraph of this first issue of THE THEOSOPHIST, which runs as follows:

"For the convenience of future reference, it may as well be stated here that the committee, sent to India by the Theosophical Society, sailed from New York, December 17th, 1878, and landed at Bombay, February 16th, 1879; having passed two weeks in London on the way."

The first issue of THE THEOSOPHIST is remarkable in revealing not only the mystical elements underlying Theosophy, but also the intensely practical nature of their application. The following articles appear, after the preliminary introductory paragraphs: (1) What is Theosophy; (2) What are the Theosophists? (3) The Drift of Western Spiritualism; (4) Antiquity of the Vedas; (5) The Autobiography of Dyanand Saraswati Swami; (6) The Learning among Indian Ladies; (7) Brahmā, Ishwara and Māyā; (8) The Inner God; (9) Persian Zoroastrianism and Russian Vandalism; (10) Review of *The Light of Asia*; (11) The Works of Hindu Religion and Philosophy Mentioned in the Brahma Yojna; (12) Aryan Trigonometry; (13) Technical Education; (14) A World without a Woman; (15) Magnetism in Ancient India.

THE THEOSOPHIST was "conducted by" H.P.B. until 1887, when at her request, Colonel Olcott's name was substituted for hers. From March, 1907, THE THEOSOPHIST has been

edited by Annie Besant. *Lucifer*, founded by H.P.B. in 1887, and incorporated in *The Theosophical Review* in 1898, was incorporated in THE THEOSOPHIST in March, 1909. Since 1909, THE THEOSOPHIST has been printed at the Vasanṭa Press, Adyar. The magazine has had its present size since October, 1885; we find the following notice in the last number of Volume VI :

In response to a very general expression of opinion on the part of the subscribers as to the inconvenience of the present form of the magazine, it has been determined to adopt the octavo size for Vol. VII, which will commence with the October number. As this change will add materially to the cost of production, it is earnestly hoped that every reader will endeavour to procure at least one more subscriber to compensate for the additional outlay. The magazine will not only contain a larger amount of matter in a more convenient form, but its value will be enhanced by several entirely new features, among which will be an intensely interesting historical novel by an eminent Hindū F. T. S., which will present a brilliant picture of ancient Indian manners and customs, and also explain their occult rationale. The new volume will contain contributions on esoteric subjects from the pen of Mr. T. Subba Row, B.A., B.L., and also an elaborate Catechism of Hindūism, giving a clear account of its main tenets, and freeing them from the confusion created by exoteric interpretations. It will thus be seen that the high character and reputation of the magazine will be well sustained in the forthcoming Volume.

It is not possible to mention the names of those whose help has been invaluable to the magazine. We reproduce the portrait of Mr. Seervai, Rec. Sec. of the T.S., who before the publication of the first number obtained nearly 200 subscribers.

C. W. Leadbeater, after his first arrival at Adyar in December, 1884, has ever been helping not only as author of articles and stories, signed in different combinations of his name or initials, but with the many activities necessary for the carrying on of a magazine, from proof-reading to taking charge.

J. v. l.



H. P. B. about 1879



H. P. B. in 1880

WHITE LOTUS DAY

AN ADDRESS¹

BY ANNIE BESANT, D.L.

MAY 8, 1929

THIS 8th day of May has been kept all the world over since the first anniversary in 1892 was observed. And it is well, I think, that, in this hurrying and changing life, a life which presses upon us so continually, so persistently, there should be these days of memorial when for a time we draw ourselves apart from the temporary, and realise the Eternity in which we live.

A very fine phrase may be familiar to many of you in what is called the Hebrew *Apocrypha* (why "*Apocrypha*" I have never understood), and that phrase runs: "God created man to be immortal, and made him in the image of His Own Eternity." Eternity is far greater, more real, than the "Everlasting" which we so often use mistakenly as though it were its equivalent. For the Eternal is the Ever-present, the Ever-existing, part of the manifestation of God Himself, in whose Image it is truly said He created man. In the quotations that we have listened to this evening, that is the idea that stands out, that whatever changes, ~~we~~ do not change in our innermost Being; in that image of the Eternal we exist, and the Eternal changes not, is not born, and never passes away.

¹ At the Mortimer Halls, London.

And as it is said that man is created by thought it is well that among all the ever-changing and rapidly shifting scenes of life we should realise that that which is greatest in us does not change; it unfolds as a bud unfolds into the flower, in its successive manifestations in our mortal world. But while the manifestation in the mortal world is changing, that which manifests changes never. We need to be reminded of this, because in this lies the secret of our strength, the source of our peace. To those who realise their own Eternity what is there in the transient, changing world that should give them anxiety or fear? It is said in one of the Hindū Scriptures that Brahman is fearless—that splendid quality which shrinks from no danger, recognises no possibility of ultimate defeat. So on this 8th of May, year after year, there runs all round our world this assertion of the Eternity of the Self within our mortal bodies, and we take days to mark our sense of the Reality lest in all the rough and tumble of our mortal world we should lose touch with what we really are. For this is all-important. If man is created by thought, then that on which he thinks is of the most vital importance to his life and his growth. Every one who sets his will to realise his own Eternity has found the great secret of peace; the peace that passeth understanding depends on our life in the Eternal; that cannot be shaken, it cannot change; it neither grows nor diminishes, though its manifestations may vary. Try to keep that in the background, as it were, of your mind, so that you are influenced by it in every moment of your life, coloured by it, whatever may be the shadow or the light, the passing phenomena of life; in the abiding in the Eternal is the certainty that cannot be shaken.

You will remember one phrase in *The Revelation of St. John*, where it speaks about "becoming a pillar in the Temple of God". When you become a pillar in that Eternal

Temple, then there is nothing on earth that can shake you or deprive you of that eternal peace. The variety around us is more or less amusing or painful to look at; but it does not matter; it has in it no reality. Gradually, as we begin to fix our thought on the Eternal and to realise, to however small an extent, a little of its splendour and its beauty, then we begin to understand that it does not matter what happens around us, for the one thing that is really unchangeable abides always in our hearts. So we speak of "living in the Eternal" as the secret of peace. To remind us of that from time to time (because we so readily forget) it is well, I think, that we should have these special days on which we turn away from the changing and fix our thoughts on the Eternal.

The two who are most in our minds and in our hearts on this 8th day of May, are those who brought to us the Light—one of them a Messenger of the Great Lodge, the other her comrade who built up the organisation of the Theosophical Society in our world. H. P. B. was chosen to come out into the world in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, and chosen in that great Council of the Hierarchy who are the real rulers of our world. Before the choice was made there was discussion among them—for all who are of the Great Brotherhood have the right of speech therein, the youngest as well as the eldest. She was chosen, after discussion, on very definite grounds. I say "she"—I never quite know what to call her for she is neither quite a man or quite a woman, if you take it that masculine and feminine are distinguished by different qualities. Most certainly she had the courage which is supposed to be the great characteristic of the man; but she also had the wonderful steadfastness which is seen, perhaps, most strongly on the feminine side. On the one side is the power of initiating great changes; on the other the power of nourishing those changes until they are definitely established and safe. So I say "she" because you think of her as H.P.B.

and we have no word which combines the two. At the present time that same strong Spirit is enshrined in a man's form. The form matters very little. Whatever is best for the purpose of the manifestation is chosen, and because there was a need that woman should be uplifted and should take her rightful place in the world as the comrade and friend of man, this mighty Spirit, masculine in courage but feminine in endurance—able to bear to the uttermost any pain that came her way, any cruelties that were inflicted on her, any attacks that were made against her—was chosen. She was chosen also because she had the most remarkable body, as one of the Hierarchy said, that had been born for 200 years. And that body was the one which best, among the available disciples, could meet the materialism which appeared to be triumphant at that time. That Spirit, embodied in that wonderful form, was chosen for the great work of practically undermining and destroying the partial truth of materialism so that instead of the half-truths of the time, the whole truth might be presented.

You must remember that materialism at that time was very, very strong. I recollect that Ludwig Büchner said to me just about that period, that if I went to Berlin I should not find among the men who were leading the scientific thought of Germany, a single believer in Christianity. You may remember also that the name which was chosen for the scientific attitude of the day was that of Agnosticism—not a denial, but simply a statement that "we do not know," that they were without the *gnosis*—the one knowledge which is the root of all true thought.

She was chosen not only for her wonderful body and her profound knowledge of Occultism, but also because through those, in the body which she wore, the deadliest blow might be struck at the scientific materialism of the day, so that practically you do not find in science—modern science—that

materialism which seemed to be impregnable in the last quarter of the last century. Among our scientific men to-day—the leaders of thought—you do not find the materialism which existed in the world when H.P.B. came to it with a message from the Great Lodge. Everywhere, I think, that is practically admitted now. A Roman Catholic priest once said quite openly and frankly that Theosophy had done one thing at least, it had destroyed materialism, and seeing that the Roman Catholic Church, as a rule, does not love Theosophy, that was much for a Roman Catholic to declare; and it is literally true.

Now there are two great ways in which materialism can be undermined, one by that inner intuition in man which you find in every faith in all ages of the world, that man is not mortal. You remember probably a phrase spoken by a Roman: "Not all of me shall die." All the arguments appeared to be in favour of that death of the man when the body passed through the great portal and set the Life free. And that materialism had a foundation so strong from the standpoint of argument, the inductive logic, that it seemed to be an argument that you could not break. You may remember how Clifford and many another pointed out that when the child was born the brain of the child showed very little sign of any form of thought; how the power of thought grew and developed as the brain grew and developed; how it could be suspended by a drug; destroyed apparently by a mortal poison; how thought and brain varied together; how thought grew with the growth of the brain, was injured with an injury to the brain. And then came the apparently irrefutable argument that consciousness shows itself in connection with the brain only, as far as they then knew, as it grows with it, increases with it, changes with it, can be put all wrong by drink or drug, and recover itself if a remedy is brought, varies as the brain is more or less healthy, goes

through a whole life, beginning as a mere seed in the babe, growing, expanding, increasing, and then slowly diminishing with age, until the lack of knowledge of the child reappears in the worn-out brain of the old man. How was that argument, apparently so perfect, to be met save by proofs, definite proofs so that the scientist might admit that he could not explain the human consciousness if he made it entirely dependent on the human brain? Science was groping after that, but only groping, when H. P. B. came. That was the attack she made by proofs that people could see and judge for themselves. She showed that thought could be played with by those who knew how to control it. For she made no secret as to the nature of the phenomena, as they were called, that she so often showed. "Psychological tricks," she called them. That is perfectly true. She is often blamed for having said it. And yet that is exactly what they were, and they were done by means that can be explained. Let me take one that she sometimes did at Adyar among the older Theosophists. She would make herself invisible; sitting there in her chair, she would vanish. Presently she would appear again. What she never allowed to be done was that anyone should touch her place in the chair while she was invisible, because then the sense of touch would have told them that she was there as solid as ever and that she had not disappeared at all. You may say "What had she done?" That which you do when you put a straight stick in the water and it looks bent. That is exactly what she did.

When we look at a thing we always unconsciously see it in a straight line from the eye; we are accustomed to see in that way. If you could impose upon a person by deceiving the senses (as when you put a stick into the water and see it as bent when it was straight the moment before and is straight the moment after) that is as much a "miracle" as the disappearance of H.P.B. from the chair in which she sat and

in which she continued to sit whilst she was invisible. What had she done? She had turned the ray of light, a perfectly simple thing and nothing so very remarkable if you remember that when you have changed the medium through which a thing is seen the shape of that thing changes. Every child knows that when he puts a stick in water. She was in the chair all the time. She had learnt how to control some of the currents in the ether. As you now have wireless telegraphy, you understand that there can be vibrations controlled without having any wires or other things which they used to think necessary for the sending of vibrations from one place to another. That was all she did: she manipulated the ether, which is in layers denser or finer as the case may be; just in the same way you have solid, liquid and gas which you cognise with your senses. Matter does not stop where the gases finish; the ethers go on further, although the matter is invisible because it is so much finer.

Now the difficulty with the phenomena really was this that they did not convince—they puzzled. But they made people think. A very curious illustration took place with Mr. Myers, whose name the elder among you will know, on this point. He was very much puzzled when he was at Adyar one time at the way H. P. B. made astral bells. All that she did really was to make a whirlpool in the ether and then clap, as it were, the sides of the whirlpool together so as to produce a vibration that became sound. "Well," he said to her, "if you will produce the astral bells in a tumbler that I hold in my hands between my knees, whilst you are a distance away from it, then I will never doubt again." She said "All right." He got a tumbler and sat with it between his knees with his hands around it—and the astral bells rang out. "I can never doubt again," he said; but before a fortnight was over he was just as sceptical as ever! Why? Because it is the duty of the mind not to believe a thing for which it has

not sufficient data on which to work. That is the only reason. The incomprehensible thing is always rightly challenged by the mind. The mind can only work on certain data presented to it from which it draws its conclusions. Leave out these data and it wanders about like a blindfolded man. The great value of H. P. B. to the scientific world was that she always said that these things were *not* miracles, but that they were simply due to the use of higher or different laws from those which they had discovered, but were as much within the realm of law as any phenomena which they understood. The inevitable result of that was gradually to take away the foundation upon which they had built up their scientific materialism. It was helped in many other ways, by the extension of psychological knowledge, by the study of dreams—that began seriously in 1830 from the western standpoint—then by the study of trance-conditions, creating trances in order that they might have the person under observation, and watch him and talk with him while in a trance, and so on. Any one of you who has read some of the literature of that subject will know how thoroughly the basis of materialism was shattered by the growth of that higher psychology, aided by a study of dreams and trances, of the conditions in which the brain was paralysed but consciousness could still be communicated with. These investigations no longer seem miraculous, strange, impossible. They came into the realm of law and made part of the commonplace of science.

But in order to set scientific people on the way it was necessary in order to stimulate inquiry, to put before them a number of things they could not explain to make them try to discover, to try to find out whether they were really scientists who would not deny a fact because they did not understand it, but could be sure that there was some law of which the fact was a product, and that their business was to investigate and not to make mere guesses which apparently might have a

basis in facts, but where the facts were not discovered. You may remember very well the way in which what is now called the galvanic current was discovered. Senora Galvani was skinning frogs to make some soup (not a very delightful idea to some of us). She tied the dead frogs' legs together and hung them over her husband's balcony, and the legs began to kick. She did not understand it, nor did her husband, but he used a remarkable phrase that it may be well, if you have not heard it before or have forgotten it, to remember. "They call me the frogs' dancing-master; but I know that I have discovered a hitherto unknown force in nature." There you have the scientific spirit. There must be an explanation; search for it. Do not assign it to what you call the supernatural.

And the result of what H.P.B. did in those years of her life, in which she performed so many of those so-called phenomena, was that she forced people to realise that there were laws in nature that they did not understand and that she did, which they might understand if they chose to study as they had studied before they found the explanation of many other phenomena which once had seemed to be miraculous. So in a very real sense we look upon H.P.B. as the one who stimulated thought into the unknown, so that human consciousness refused to say that because a thing was at present unintelligible, it therefore implied a supernatural origin. The whole belief in miracles broke to pieces in face of these facts. A miracle has no weight now as a matter of evidence. It does not evidence anything except that someone knows more than you do, and can bring about a result that you cannot at present explain. But H. P. B. gave the key which unlocks so many mysteries. There have always been people who refused to be convinced by the miracle, beyond the fact that the person who performed it knew something they did not know. You remember that admirable Rabbi among the Jews,

when two or three of them were disputing, and when one of them, in order to show that he knew more than the others, and that he was speaking the truth, made a wall tumble down—a remarkable miracle that. The only remark his opponent made was: "Since when have walls taken part in our arguments?" That was the proper answer. Certainly find out how the man made it fall down. But it was no proof that he knew something which had not to do with walls—that was metaphysics—just because he was able to make a wall fall down. People don't use miracles now as arguments. That is one of the most startling changes, and the most significant. It has really changed the whole current of thought. It is no longer thought to be a miracle coming from God giving the right to teach spiritual truths with which it is not concerned, but only as showing that the person doing it knew a little more than others did about certain laws of nature, bringing study into a safe place, where the unknown was not the unknowable.

I do not know that any greater benefit could be bestowed upon the human race than that refusal to pretend to explain where they did not know, and to put down to some so-called supernatural force that which they could not explain by their knowledge of natural laws. And so that word "supernatural" has gone out of ordinary talk. People study. One result of that has been to stimulate the study especially of psychology, one of the oldest of sciences, as you know, in India, one of the most modern in the western world. Immense advances have been made in the West. More might be made, and more rapidly, if the western mind was not so sure that it is very superior to the eastern mind, that the East has nothing to teach the West, while the West has almost everything to teach the East. Knowledge is not so geographical as that. There is the hope I think to-day that there may be co-operation between Asia and Europe (I am including America in

Europe)—co-operation to investigate together side by side, each bringing its own comparatively developed science, and the two being welded into one, so that the knowledge of mankind may be increased. And in psychology the East is still far ahead of the West. There is the great science of Yoga, the power of learning how to concentrate the mind in a way which enables mind and physical body to be separated, to leave the body unconscious at will but the consciousness to be more active outside the body than when limited by the inevitable limitations of physical matter. The whole of that splendid outlook for the future in which we see consciousness expanding and expanding, embracing more and more of this great universe, that really had its definite beginning in the appearance of that remarkable, that wonderful woman, who faced ridicule, insults, slander of the most terrible kind, in order that she might open the door for others, in order that she might teach others how to tread the path that she had trodden. Well may we keep her memory green. To many of us she has been the Light-bringer. To many of us the one who rescued us from despair almost of the world. I who passed through unbelief, who rejected all that I could not prove, or was not on the way to prove, I used to despair when I visited the poor in the slums of East-End London, when I saw the people when they closed the gin places come rolling out, swearing, cursing, fighting. I used to say to myself: "There is nothing that can ever help these except an earthquake which will swallow them all up and give room to a better race." But the Theosophy that she brought to us made despair impossible, and if you work, holding in front of you the knowledge of the certainty of triumph in the end, despair—the Giant Despair—cannot keep you in his prison. That perhaps is one of the greatest gifts she gave us. There is time enough for everything before you, time enough to learn, time enough to understand, time

enough to develop into divine perfection. We can realise now the meaning of the words of the Christ: "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." All we need is time, and we have endless time, and within us that germ of Eternity which is the veritable image of God in the form of man. And so for us there is no despair; there is a deathless hope; there is a certainty of triumph. We admit, as was admitted by the old Hindūs, that there is a point in human investigation where intellect sinks back silent; but that intellect is not man's veritable Self. It is only one of the characteristics of the Divinity within. There is time enough for us to unfold, time enough for us to discover, time enough for us to become in manifestation the God that we are, if only we will to become. And so everywhere there is hope for the lowest; everywhere there is realisation for the least developed. The God within is Eternal and knows no limits of time. That is the splendid truth that shines upon us when we recall the wonderful work of H.P.B., and there are many of us who feel to her a deathless gratitude, the profoundest reverence, gratitude that she showed the Light in the midst of our darkness, reverence because she sacrificed herself that she might share the Light she held.

. . . The way to the eternal Truth lies in the setting aside of your beliefs and your dogmas, your half-understandings and your timid visions of the Truth; by always rejecting, by always asking; not by being contented, not by merely worshipping personalities and those that are established in the temples, those that are standing between you and the Truth. You must tear away everything in order to find, doubt everything in order to discover. And then only shall the waters of life flow through the entire world and not, as happens in the desert, after a while disappear into the sands.

J. KRISHNAMURTI

A TALK TO PRISONERS'

(IN THE GAOL, AT SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA)

By C. JINARAJADASA

BROTHERS, during the course of my travels, I visit many countries, and I am often asked to visit the prisons, and address the prisoners. You have asked me to come and speak to you, and I do so gladly, with the hope that I may bring you a little relief in the painful life which you are forced to live.

The last prison which I visited was in San Pablo, Brazil, but I did not there address the inmates, as I cannot speak Portuguese. But I remember vividly the last prison where I spoke. It was two years ago, in India. The Prime Minister of the State was a friend of mine, and he went with me. All the inmates of the prison were assembled for me in the central hall, and they sang to me several songs, before I spoke to them.

One song which they sang was a beautiful prayer, invoking blessings upon the world. It is not easy, when you are compelled to reside in a gaol, with no freedom to go out into the world, to invoke blessings on those who live outside the prison walls; but that was exactly what my brothers then

¹ This article forms the last Chapter in *The Gods in Chains*, recently published by T.P.H., Adyar.

before me, whom the law labels "prisoners," did. This was the song:

O merciful God, bless all—
Bless man, woman, bird, beast, and insect, and all.
May there be no pain, no famine in the world!
May there be no war!
May no one wish ill to any other,
May all consider others' interests without difference!
May each worship God according to his own faith!

But more remarkable still was the second song; it was about the Justice of God! When one is in prison, with the deprivation of everything that is happy and beautiful in life, the most natural feeling is one of resentment and anger; one sees nothing in the life within the prison which can give rise to any sentiment of gratitude. I will read to you first this song about the Justice of God, and then explain to you why the prisoners in the gaol in far-off India sang it.

THE JUSTICE OF GOD

(Song sung in Bhavnagar Gaol)

O just Creator, Your justice is perfect.
It is very dear to all men: Your justice is perfect.
We suffer because of our bad Karmas,
How can we blame You for that?
Ours is the guilt: Your justice is perfect.
Playing as we do the game of sin,
We still hope for happiness!
But the idea is futile: Your justice is perfect.
One who treads the path of righteousness
Verily gets happiness;
This can be demonstrated by thousands of instances:
Your justice is perfect.
When evil deeds become ripe for fruit,
Their doers have to undergo sufferings,
This is the unerring law: Your justice is perfect.
Some say that God errs in giving justice,
Verily they are thoughtless lunatics: Your justice is perfect.
Each has to take the consequences of his actions,
Each must reap what he sows,
This is the universal law: Your justice is perfect.
You are not affected by undue influence,
You are not to be won over by bribes,

O All-pervading God, You are guided by justice alone,
Your justice is perfect.
Shankar the poet says, pleaders¹ are not necessary in
Your court,
This is indeed a great relief: Your justice is perfect.

Is it not strange that a body of men, deprived of all that is happiness in life and forced to live behind prison walls, should sing that God's justice is perfect, even if that justice means to live in a prison? They sang this song, because in India we have some beliefs in our religion which may seem strange to you.

One belief is that each one of us has lived before on earth, not once but many times. Before we appeared as children in these our present bodies, we have lived in other bodies, in other parts of the world. We lived to be men and women, we worked at various occupations and we died when God called us to leave those bodies. We do not now remember anything of this past of ours.

But in that past, we thought good thoughts or bad thoughts, and we did good actions or bad actions. Now, there is a law of life which we all know; it is that if we put into the ground a grain of maize, presently a maize plant will grow and give maize, and not wheat. What we sow, that we reap—that is nature's law.

This law is the Justice of God, in the song which I have read to you. We are born, with a tendency to good thoughts and good actions as children, because in our past lives we thought good thoughts and admired good actions. We are born of rich or poor parents, because we gave happiness to others, or were cruel to them. Calamities happen to us, or good fortune comes to us, because we sowed their seeds in the past. God's justice is perfect, and gives a good harvest of good grain to those who sowed good grain, and He sends a harvest of weeds to those who sowed weeds. God does not

¹ Lawyers, advocates.

punish, and He does not reward; He sends us the harvest of what we sow. This is the meaning of the phrase: God's justice is perfect.

"God's justice is perfect"—so they sang in the prison, because Hindūs believe that everything that happens in life is a result, a reaping of thoughts and deeds of long ago. Whether you can accept such a thought or not, one thing is very essential in your thinking, if you are to find even a little peace and happiness in your present painful situation. You must put aside every idea of any injustice, done to you by others. God watches everything, and if He has permitted misery to come to you, it is because in some way you deserve it. You must believe that, even in your present life of unhappiness, you are being treated justly, because God does not permit injustice.

After removing from your mind all idea of injustice, the next thing is how to find a little peace of heart and mind, while you are forced to live inside the prison. This depends on yourself.

It is not the place we are in, nor what surrounds us, that is the cause of misery or happiness. It is ourselves. Certainly just now, you have to live within a prison; you look forward to the time when you will be free. But will you be really free, when you leave the prison? That will depend on your heart and mind.

Think of hundreds of men and women, who live outside, who move about in trams and motor-cars; if you could look into their hearts, you will find that they are in a kind of prison also. One man is always planning to be rich; he is in a prison and cannot free himself from his thoughts, which often result in cruelty to others. Another is thinking of someone whom he hates, and his thoughts of anger are like a prison which shuts him in. Thousands outside this prison are miserable, because they live in prisons of their own making.

My brothers, when the time comes for you to leave this place and go back to the world, learn to be happy there, by learning a little how to be happy here. You can find a little happiness, even in this prison, if you will look in the right direction.

For instance, your prison regulations exact certain duties from you. Perform them willingly, and not with a sense of injustice, even if they cause you misery, believing that God's justice comes to you in those duties. You will then slowly find that a little peace comes into your heart. Give what help you can to a fellow-prisoner; help him in his task, if that is allowed. At least, as you look at him, give him your sympathy. Bless every one around you, with your thought of goodwill, even if some of them cause you hardship. Like a lamp that radiates light, radiate good will, wherever you are within the prison. Think of those you love, who are far away; send them thoughts of blessing. Forgive those who have injured you, and make your heart a place of pity for those who in their ignorance do evil instead of good.

Then slowly you will find a new peace comes to your heart and mind; you will find more strength to bear your present lot. And when the time comes for you to resume your place in the life outside these walls, you will understand the justice of God more clearly, and so possess more strength to live according to His laws. Your mind will be more clear to understand what is right, and you will have more strength to resist evil.

God's love surrounds you all the time; but you must listen to His whisper. Your ears are open to His voice, as you do each duty well, as you radiate goodwill and blessing.

I, who live outside this prison, come to you to tell you that you and I are all alike in this, that God's justice is the same for us all. I, and others like myself, live in prisons too. Our sorrows and griefs, our disappointments and our

failures are our prisons, though we have broken no law of the country. We too are asking for happiness, as you are. We too have to learn to do our duty willingly, to be centres of goodwill. Without the prison, or within the prison, life is the same fundamentally for all men. We are happy, or miserable, according to what we think, and so according to what we do.

As one brother to another brother, I give my utmost goodwill to each one of you. And because we are all the children of one God, and partake of one life in common, I know that I shall be sending you a little peace as I learn to do my duty better. I shall remember that you are here, and send you always my goodwill to help you.

REFLECTIONS

If man now toil now toy,
If God is love and joy,
And Ātmā linketh these,
To live, to grow, to cease—
Is it work or play?

If man is God in chains,
If God is man of brains,
And Karma serve the twain,
The thing that suffers pain—
Is it fear or hate?

If man is God in youth,
If God is man in truth,
And Yoga joineth both,
The gap that *was*, in troth—
Was it time or space?

D. R. D.

WRONG-DOING AND SUFFERING¹

By ANNIE BESANT, D.L.

IT may be remembered that Emerson—whose essays are not as much read by the present generation as by that to which I belong—possessed the only copy of the translation of the now well-known Hindū Scripture, the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, which had reached America in his day. Those who are familiar with his writings will easily verify the truth of the statement that his general attitude towards life is distinctly coloured by Indian (Hindū) thought.

The special point with which we are now concerned is his view of an action. He regards an action as threefold: the desire, which prompts, gives rise to the action; the thought, which decides the method of activity to obtain or avoid the desired or undesired object; the act, which appropriates or repels that object. This sequence can always be observed if an intelligent person analyses the genesis, the method and the performance of an act.

The three stages are summed up in one Samskr̥t word, *karma*. This word has come into very general use, and with one qualification, that the fact of reincarnation is taken for granted by the Hindū, since the idea belongs to Hindū philosophy, and since without this fact karma would become a rigid, unchangeable destiny which could not be modified or entirely changed.

¹ The fourth article out of a series on "Is Hell a Reality"? published recently in *The Glasgow Herald*.

The modern Hindū, influenced by the Musalmān "Kismet," is apt to fall into this error and there to remain inert in face of that which he regards as inevitable: "It is my karma, what can I do?" Yet the supreme Hindū ideal of duty, Bhīshma, gave the ever-to-be-remembered axiom, "Exertion is greater than destiny." The point may be briefly explained, as it shows how a man, who knows the law and applies it, can modify or even destroy the "real hell," which he may have created for himself on the other side of death; as it is written, "Wisdom can burn up karma".

I am conscious that people who think that life is not governed by law, but is a matter of "good luck" or "bad luck," may be impatient with the method by the practice of which man becomes "master of his destiny". But everyone is not so unintelligent. Science has proved the inviolability of natural law, but everyone does not realise that a law which gets in one's way can be neutralised by opposing it to another law. Hence, the scientist, knowing many laws, can walk in safety among conditions which would maim or kill an ignorant man.

It is idle to rail against the realm of law into which we are born; the sensible thing is to learn and to become free in that realm by knowledge of its laws. Those who refuse the safety given by knowledge must stumble along life's pathway, tossed from pillar to post, and being bruised in the process, while the patient student learns the laws which surround him, and walks happily and safely by observing them. "Nature is conquered by obedience," and the tyrant becomes the servant of the wise.

Now the "law of karma" is divisible into three sub-laws:

Thought creates character.

Desire creates opportunity.

Action towards others creates the reaction of future circumstances on ourselves.

An illustration will show how this works out: Two men, A and B, severally give a public park to his town; A gives it with an unselfish motive, the desire to brighten the lives of the poor; B gives it with a selfish motive, to gain credit for himself as a benefactor and to be rewarded by a title. Both have made the people happier. Both will be surrounded by favourable circumstances in a following life; A will be unselfish and happy in them; B will be selfish and miserable in them. (I may say, for what it is worth, that I have personally traced out such cases.)

Now, how does this affect the real hell? Let me take the usual words heaven and hell as meaning, for this discussion, happiness and unhappiness after death, using the two words in their widest sense. We are creating in our present life our after-death conditions; we carry with us, after we have left the body, the results of the experiences which we have passed through during our lives on earth, as the handicraftsman carries the yarn he has spun to weave into cloth, fine or coarse, according to the yarn he has spun; the kind of cloth he weaves depends on the yarn he has spun. His immediate state on the other side of death depends on the character of the life he has led.

There are three worlds through which men pass: the physical world, the world of the body: the passional and emotional world, which work through the physical body and affect it—the mental through the brain and the cerebro-spinal system of nerves; the passional through the involuntary nerves. The emotions, which are passions refined and made relatively permanent by the mind, through both systems. These are ordinary physical and psychological facts, and the latter, having been more fully worked out in Eastern than in Western psychology, enter largely into "occult" teachings.

Taking first the physical body: the solids, liquids, and gases break up in the ordinary fashion of organic bodies; the

ethers, which permeate these, hold together for a time, while the body decays, hanging round their more solid companion and not leaving it to any great distance; these sometimes cause knocks or bell-ringing, blundering round, but we can leave these alone as unimportant.

The man clothed in his emotional and mental bodies, linked to his ego and spirit, passes into the intermediate world—which the Roman Catholics call purgatory; there he gradually gets rid of the materials vivified by his sensual and sensuous life. He awakens in this purgatory after some days, or, if he has lived a clean and wholesome life, after a longer period of unconsciousness, or rather untroubled dream-life, dreaming of those he loves, and often in touch with them while they are out of the physical body in sleep, while the coarser physical materials drop away from the subtler, since they have been little vitalised during his life.

But if, on the contrary, he has led a life in which he has sought pleasure by yielding often to physical pleasures—sexuality, gluttony, drunkenness—then the exaggerated cravings which he has stimulated by unrestrained yielding to them persist, and become a very serious torture to him, that gradually lessens by their being starved out by lack of gratification. While these persist they cause a very real but self-created hell, the inevitable result of his unnatural stimulation of natural passions by unbridled indulgence. Drunkenness, again, creates a hell of a similar kind for the drunkard, similarly worn out by its starvation. Similarly with gluttony.

I have found that a quiet description of this condition of a drunkard after death, based on the drunkard's own memory of his sufferings after excesses, appeals very strongly to his sense of the working of a natural law in his own experience; and one adds to it the fact that as the craving has its source in sense-centres of matter subtler than the physical, it is felt as

more powerful because it has no longer to spend part of its energy in the moving of heavy matter.

If the special form of vice indulged in includes injury to another, as in the case of commerce with a prostitute, then the moral injury inflicted on the woman is a wrong of a far more far-reaching character, to be made good in a future incarnation by services to be rendered to the victim. Ignorance of these results in the case of those who do not recognise the law of reincarnation does not lessen the harm wrought.

A life with many blots on it does not mean that it is all blots. There are bright spots in every life—unselfish love, or kindness, or generosity, or sorrow for evil wrought, or efforts to repair wrongs inflicted. These have also their fruit later on, for the real hell is a reformatory, not an empty punishment. The ego learns through the sufferings of his vehicles, and the memory of these sufferings, preserved in his body, which passes through the cycle of reincarnations, is what we call conscience.

Conscience is the epitome of our experiences, not the "Voice of God". Were it the latter, it would be infallible. Often men perform the most cruel actions at the instigation of very incomplete experience. "I must follow my conscience," said a Puritan to a persecuting Archbishop in the days of the Stuarts. "You are right," said the Archbishop. "You must follow your conscience; but take care that your conscience is not the conscience of a fool."

The real hell is, then, the training school for egos—souls—on their long pilgrimage from Nescience to Omniscience. They come forth, fragments of Itself, thrown out by the One Life, Sparks of the Eternal Flame, themselves to become Flames. The command of the Christ, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," is not impossible of fulfilment. All we need is time—time to make

mistakes and to learn from them ; time to grow to the sublime stature when the quaternary shall become the triangle.

Moreover, if we travel through the lower stages of the purgatory, the reformatory, which is termed hell, we find that it gradually changes into paradise, and has even a door open into heaven, if you have brought with you woven cloth of good deeds to make the wedding garment, and of high aspirations to transmute into faculties to be used in another incarnation. Heaven is the place where that work is done—"but that is another story," and a very beautiful one it is.

There are, however, some other points to mention with regard to the real hell. Where you have done certain types of wrong to another, like a murder, you have a terrible experience of committing the crime over and over again. Also, if the murdered person was about in your own stage of evolution, you meet him after your own hanging ; and the meeting is not pleasant, for you are at a disadvantage on such occasions. Suicide, again, keeps you in the real hell for an extra period, for you have to remain there till the time for which your physical body was built is completed, and you are neither comfortably alive nor comfortably dead. Only at the end of that period can you begin the normal postmortem condition. During that period you are continually creating karma.

Again, the manner of dying and the thoughts then dominant have a powerful influence over you. Very many persons, unfortunately, believe in the awful pictures of everlasting torments drawn by many Christian preachers. They carry these with them across the threshold, and are often in a state of pitiable terror. They are particularly difficult to help, because they generally think that the would-be comforter does not know the truth. I found one woman who was burned to death in a locked cabin of a steamer, which had caught fire. She was in such a state of terror that it

took me quite a long time to coax her back into calmness, so that she realised that she was not on fire and burning to death.

The importance of quiet and peaceful serenity in those around a death-bed is of peculiar importance. Noisy demonstrations of grief, any lamentations, are really cruel to the passing man or woman. If they are wrapped in loving serenity, the step across, the passing to another room in the Father's house, is thus made easy, and the "terrors of death" disappear.

The points which seem to be of supreme importance are the orderly continuity of life and the supremacy of justice by the unchanging law of cause and effect. Orthodox Christendom, so far as one can understand, accepts the continuity of life ; but by its loss of the knowledge of the law of reincarnation it has to make the whole of man's everlasting existence dependent on the few short years of a single life, even if the man be a congenital criminal, the offspring of a casual brief contact between a harlot and a bloodthirsty ruffian ready to become a murderer for a small bribe.

Brought up in a slum, unwanted by either parent, trained by curses and blows, taught to commit petty offences, punished whatever he does by parent or society, his life is a real hell on earth, he passes from crime to crime till he finishes at the gallows. Hell on earth and hell for the rest of his miserable existence, without even a chance of annihilation. Put brutally in this way, the tender-hearted Christian falls back on "the unconverted mercies of God". He does well, for as a wise Scripture says: "If I go down into hell, behold, Thou art there." Where He is, all is well ; for if there be pain in hell, and He is there, the pain must be remedial and the end must be joy, for "Brahman is Bliss".

Now error is short-lived and truth is eternal. If an error lasts for ages, it lives by the kernel of truth within the prickly husk of error. What, then, is the kernel of truth in

the husk of error? The truth that sorrow follows on the heels of wrong-doing. Said the Lord Buddha: "As the wheels of the cart follow the heels of the ox, so happiness follows good actions. As the wheels of the cart follow the heels of the ox, so sorrow follows the doing of wrong."

This is the truth that underlies all the heavens and hells. This is the eternal law. And I have found that the frank statement of that law as a common belief in an advocate of everlasting hell and myself gave rise to a useful and interesting discussion. He was placated by my recognition of the truth of the essence of his ideas, and was then willing to consider modification as to time. He also saw the truth hidden in the Psalmist's discovery that he had found God in hell.

What could He be there for, He the all-loving, if not to rescue, to save? He did not say that he agreed, but I was contented to leave the idea to work in his mind, for the mind works more readily and with a smaller feeling of opposition if the element of challenge is eliminated.

The one thing which is certain is that God cannot be unjust. Is it just to create a place of everlasting torment, and to keep sentient beings alive when they would normally die, in order to torment them? I have not the book to refer to, but, if I remember rightly, the argument which interested me from its originality and by its novelty to me was that those who were sent to hell were those who—I am putting it baldly—found their happiness in opposing God. It was the nature of devils to be in opposition to God, and they could not be happy if they did not oppose. I must ask my readers, if interested in that question, to look the matter up, for it reads somewhat oddly as I have stated it. And in any case it leaves untouched the "fact" of the existence of a real hell.

However, the real hell is part of the inevitable sequence between wrong-doing and suffering. From that we cannot

escape. Men eager to rescue others from wrong-doing, knowing it causes sorrow, and speaking to ignorant crowds of small intelligence, took the mistaken way of using symbols and images which would, they thought, impress the simple folk whom they addressed. "The worm that dieth not and the fire which is not quenched" made a striking picture, and though the worm is not a biting animal it served for the nonce. To minds more critical they could explain that they meant the gnawing of remorse for the evil act.

DURGA PUJĀ¹

DURGĀ fair!
Mistress of earth and sky and sea,
Mother, condescend to me,
Hear my prayer!

Durgā great!
When to east or west or north,
From my homeland driven forth—
Called by fate—
Oft I wander from my road,
Seek to ease my weary load,
Seek for fame or wealth or meed,
Rather than thy call to heed,
Lead me aright,
By the shining of thy face,
By thy glory and thy grace
Durgā bright!

¹ Durgā is the consort of Shiva, the first person of the Hindu Trinity, in his destructive aspect. Durgā, literally, means: one, whom it is difficult to reach. Pūjā, of course, means: worship. Durga Pūjā is celebrated in several parts of India with much rejoicing. The celebration extends over several days.

Durgā kind !
 If my heart be hard and cold
 Having wandered from thy fold,
 Dull and blind ;
 If in selfish ways I lose
 Will to serve and power to choose
 Hardship, suffering and loss
 Helping bear the great world's cross,
 Wake the dead
 By the lightning of thy glance,
 By the terror of thy dance,
 Durgā dread !

Durgā fair !
 Mistress of earth and sky and sea,
 Mother, condescend to me,
 Hear my prayer !

ETHELWYN M. AMERY

It lies not on the sunlit hill.
 Nor on the sunlit plain.
 Nor ever on any running stream
 Nor on the unclouded main—
 But sometimes, through the Soul of Man
 Slow moving o'er his pain
 The moonlight of a perfect peace
 Floods heart and brain.

WILLIAM SHARPE

“AS TO THE COMING OF THE GREAT MASTER”¹

HIS appearance is dependent upon the realization of certain conditions. Investigate the reality, and in whomsoever those conditions are fulfilled, know ye of a certainty that He is the great Master.

First. The Great Master will be the educator of the world of humanity.

Second. His teachings must be universal and confer illumination upon mankind.

Third. His knowledge must be innate and spontaneous, and not acquired knowledge.

Fourth. He must answer the questions of all sages, solve all the difficult problems of humanity, and be able to withstand all the persecutions and sufferings heaped upon Him.

Fifth. He must be a joy-bringer and the herald of the Kingdom of Happiness.

Sixth. His knowledge must be infinite and His wisdom all-comprehensive.

Seventh. The penetration of His word and the potency of His influence must be so great as to humble even His worst enemies.

Eighth. Sorrows and tribulations must not vex Him. His courage and conviction must be godlike. Day by day He must become firmer and more zealous.

Ninth. He must be the establisher of universal civilization, the unifier of religions, the standard-bearer of universal peace and the embodiment of all the highest and noblest virtues of the world of humanity.

Wherever you find these conditions realized in a human-temple turn to Him for guidance and illumination.

¹ Abdul Baha at a meeting of the Star in the East in Budapest, April 12, 1913.

AN EXAMPLE

DR. BESANT'S daily life has been full of examples of the strict self-discipline necessary in one who would become a servant of humanity.

A little incident struck me much at the time, and it was many years before I began to understand it. We were at the Bute Mining-Camp in the middle of the 1897 lecturing tour through the U.S. A. Mrs. Besant had been hard worked and was very tired: also she wanted to use a few spare minutes on *The Ancient Wisdom*, which she was then writing.

Just as she settled to work, Countess Constance Wachtmeister came into the room, and, thinking to help, told her to go for a walk. To my great surprise Mrs. Besant went at once and we climbed Big Bute's crumbling, slipping shale sides to the top, where we could see the gold mines in its sides, like rabbit burrows.

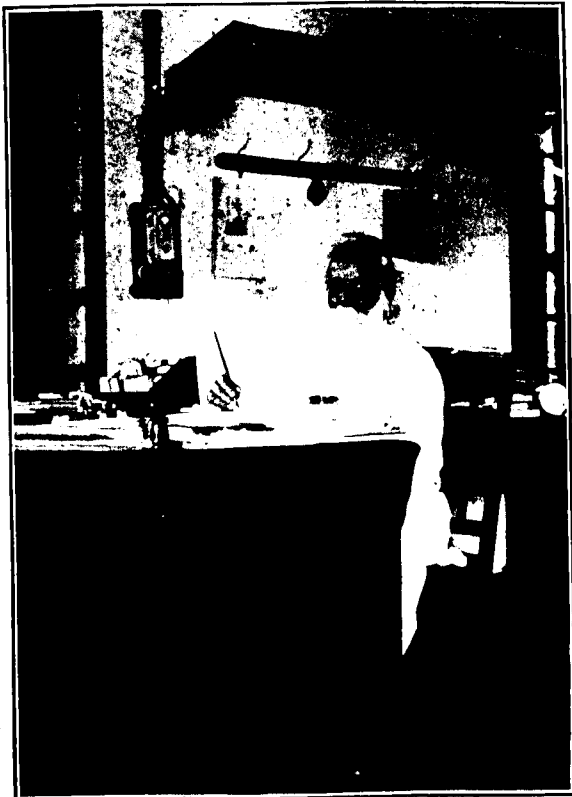
Whenever I recalled this incident I wondered why such a strong-willed personage had so meekly followed the wish expressed by another. It took me many years to learn that part of our necessary self-discipline consists in swiftly carrying out the expressed wish of a comrade, good in itself, but against our own inclination.

On the other hand we must be careful not to impose our own wishes needlessly.

A. J. WILLSON



The Editor in 1907



A. K. Sitarama Shastri
Manager, Vasanta Press, Adyar

“ THE THEOSOPHIST ”

IN

THE VASANTA PRESS

“ THE THEOSOPHIST ” was printed by Messrs. Thompson & Co., Printers, Madras, up to 1909. No. 7 of Vol. XXX was the first issue printed by the Vasanta Press, about 800 copies only.

During the time of the late President it was felt that to make a journey from Adyar to Madras, to get work done at the Printing Office was very troublesome. In those days the means of travel were very primeval. The Headquarters of The Theosophical Society, had a roomy “ Victoria ” and one or two small country carts drawn by ponies. The journey from the Headquarters to the Printers often took one hour. Postal arrangements were not satisfactory either. Since personal instruction to the Printer by the then Editor, Colonel Olcott, or the Sub-Editor, Dr. English, was more satisfactory for the *expeditious* finishing of the editorial work, they often went in one of these vehicles to the Printing place, jolting in the carriage on uneven roads.

It was the desire of our President-Founder to open a Printing concern at Adyar. The wish was often expressed but he was not able to carry it out. When the present President took office it was her first achievement to instal a printing office at Adyar, namely, the Vasanta Press.

During the infancy of the concern only small pamphlets and booklets were printed. *The Adyar Bulletin*, a monthly organ for non-sectionalised countries, was first taken up by the Vasanṭā Press in January, 1909, and a few months later, the printing of THE THEOSOPHIST was undertaken.

The Editor of THE THEOSOPHIST who had been for many years in London the Editor of *Lucifer*, later *The Theosophical Review*, chose to reproduce on the wrapper of THE THEOSOPHIST the picture of the *Lucifer* printed in silver on a blue background. Some years later the cover changed to what it was two years ago.

Dr. English and then Mrs. Russak looked after the sub-editing of THE THEOSOPHIST. When Mr. Leadbeater with Mr. van Manen arrived at Adyar the magazine received an impetus and the number of pages was increased. The number of copies printed rose to 4,000 in 1911.

The publication of "The Lives of Alcyone" and of "Orion and Erato" and articles of superphysical investigation added to the popularity of THE THEOSOPHIST. Adyar then was frequently visited by members from foreign countries and the expansion of the compound began; lodgings for students from foreign countries were built, electric lighting and motive power was installed. These changes made it possible to drive the printing machinery by electric power.

It may not be out of place here to mention that for a year or two the Vasanṭā Press worked by hand-power and printed THE THEOSOPHIST. It was a hard business to drive the machines by hand-power.

All this time THE THEOSOPHIST had been printed in small pica type and it was thought that a bigger type would add to the popularity of the magazine.

In October of 1911 the bigger type was introduced and the palmy days of the magazine, which began with the advent of Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, continued in full swing. The quality

of paper, the type, the wealth of information contained in its pages and not only these, but also the magnetic names of the editor and Mr. C. W. Leadbeater appearing as writers of articles, made THE THEOSOPHIST a cherished monthly magazine.

One is apt to forget who all make a magazine great. Each one of the component parts of the machine should co-operate with every other. The writers of articles, the Editor and sub-editors and their assistants, the printer and finally the despatch-office, all these have to be working whole-heartedly to earn credit for the magazine. While writers like Dr. Besant, C. W. Leadbeater, Johan van Manen and others wrote, sub-editors and their helpers, such as Messrs. B. P. Wadia, Brown, Crombie, Mrs. Cannan and Mrs. Kerr proof-read the articles and helped the printer; the despatch-department under the control of Mr. B. P. Wadia was supervised by able hands like Mrs. Gagarin, Miss De Leeuw, Miss McCulloch, Mrs. Christoffel, and many others at different times helped in seeing that the despatch work was quite up to date.

While we laboriously worked and reached the peak and maintained our position there with credit, the Great War came and, as it changed the face of the world in many ways, it worked against the prosperity of our magazine also. The Editor began to work more vigorously in politics; Mr. B. P. Wadia, sub-editor, also. All, but a tiny part of their attention, was transferred to the Daily Newspaper—*New India*. Mr. Leadbeater left Adyar and so also Mr. Johan van Manen. I alone remained where I was and where still I am. The cost of production trebled and quadrupled; the number of subscribers gradually declined and what one may term a descending arc was rapidly being travelled through. The quality of articles did not demand strenuous study, the number of pages lessened, the subscribers' roll fell and this latter because

very few of our foreign subscribers could manage to have the necessary composure and leisure to study and think

“While great events were on the gale,

And each hour brought a varying tale”

from the battlefields. To augment these misfortunes the foreign mails were not carried regularly and the magazine often reached the foreign countries after long delay.

Ground once lost is always difficult to be regained in the department of magazines as in others. So we stand somewhere in the middle of the descending arc wherefrom strenuous efforts are being made by the worthy sub-editors of the present day to regain the lost position. While the parent Theosophical magazine was losing ground, there arose many a daughter magazine, one in almost every country. The local enthusiasm and patriotism push the daughter magazines; though it is a matter of pride and self-congratulation, that the parent magazine cannot be overlooked as the words of wisdom from the President of the T.S. have an eternal value for the young and the old alike.

I stay where I have been for these twenty years, very proud to be here, having from my co-workers and helpers in the Vasanā Press a very loving and hearty co-operation. Better days are dawning in that Mr. C. W. Leadbeater is appearing on the horizon. More than thirty years ago, growth and expansion came when he came to Adyar. This time his coming must help the magazine again and I pray it will. I hope to be benefited by the dawning. So be it.

A. K. S.

THE THREEFOLD MOVEMENT¹

By CHARLES FREDERICK WELLER

CHICAGO, Baltimore and Washington illustrate the current expansion of The Threefold Movement—League of Neighbors, Fellowship of Faiths, Union of East and West, in England, America, Ireland, Switzerland, Holland, France and Germany. Committees of One Hundred were recently enlisted in Baltimore, Washington and Chicago, and five meetings were held—with a total attendance of about five thousand.

This summer, in Geneva, Rotterdam, Paris and Berlin, it is hoped to achieve what was accomplished in Baltimore, Washington and Chicago. Existing Centres in London and Dublin are also to be strengthened. Our Quarterly Journal, *Calamus* (recently renamed *Appreciation*) is also to be developed as a means of exchanging inspiration and experiences among the eight hundred members of Committees of One Hundred (in London, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, and Dublin), and among the subscribing members—financial supporters of The Threefold Movement in many cities and countries.

Returning to America in the autumn, the two General Executives, Kedar Nath Das Gupta and Charles Frederick Weller, are to hold meetings in the six American centres—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago—bringing them new and larger inspiration from six

¹ Union of East and West, League of Neighbors, Fellowship of Faiths. Executive President, C. F. Weller.

similar European centres and assurances of neighborly understanding and co-operation from Committees of One Hundred, like their own, in London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Geneva, and Rotterdam.

Such is the outlook for the first year, 1929, in the "Five Year Extension Programme" which undertakes, God willing, to carry The Threefold Movement into strategic centres in all countries throughout the world.

This Extension Programme had its conscious beginning last autumn when Mr. Das Gupta, returning to New York, from his summer's work in London and Dublin, was given a reception, at which Dr. Robert Norwood (Rector of St. Bartholemew's Episcopal Church in New York City and President of the New York Centre of The Threefold Movement) said: "I believe that this Threefold Movement is the most needed, timely, practical, and promising of all current undertakings in the great field of national and international understanding and goodwill."

Dr. Norwood also compared the significance of Das Gupta to that of Gandhi, adding that, in Dr. Norwood's opinion, Das Gupta realizes, better than any other living man, what is needed by the churches, particularly, and by other determining forces of modern life.

Philadelphia activities, during the past year, afford a concrete example of what this Extension Programme may hope to bring about in other cities. Like the first meeting in all other centres, Philadelphia's first Fellowship of Faiths presented "Peace and Brotherhood as taught by Buddhist, Christian, Confucian, Hindū, Jew, Muhammadan". Next, in Philadelphia's leading Hebrew Synagogue, "Tributes to Christianity by followers of Other Faiths" drew an audience of some twenty-one hundred earnest souls. In an Episcopal Church, with an overflow meeting, repeating the programme, in the Friends Meeting House, there were "Appreciations

of Judaism by Non-Jews"—in this case by a Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, and a Unitarian clergyman, by an Ethical Culture Society leader, and by the secretary of the Philadelphia Federation of Churches. About 4,500 was the total attendance at the four meetings.

Eighteen racial or national groups were presented, with characteristic costumes, songs, instrumental music, and brief interpretative talks, to an audience of 3,000, in the Academy of Music, by the Philadelphia Ethical Society co-operating with the League of Neighbors and The Union of East and West.

"Mother India as She Really Is, by One Who Really Knows," was presented as an activity, characteristic of The Union of East and West. Other Philadelphia activities during the first year included an East and West *Conversazione* in a private drawing-room, several Fellowship of Faiths presentations in various churches, luncheon conferences for the development of plans by volunteer workers, and the presentation of visiting speakers competent to interpret the culture of foreign lands, particularly India and China.

Washington (District of Columbia) illustrates the contribution of new ideas and resources to be expected of new centres. For the second Fellowship of Faiths, in a Jewish Synagogue, the usual tributes to Christianity was expanded into "Appreciations of the Founders of Great Religions by followers of other Faiths". A Jewish Rabbi from Baltimore interpreted Jesus. Moses was represented by a Christian Professor of theology. A Hindū Swāmī spoke of Buddha and the R̥shis. An American scholar, in the Chinese department of the Library of Congress, discussed Confucius. The editor of the *Bahai* magazine, an American educator who had taught in Turkey, paid his tributes to Muhammad. An Indian teacher of the Sikh religion spoke of other Founders. A Congregational clergyman described Religious Unity.

Appreciation, as distinguished from mere toleration, is one of the basic principles of The Threefold Movement—as manifested in the activities thus far developed in the eight present centres of the work—New York, London, Boston, Philadelphia, Dublin, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago. Leaping across the chasms of prejudice, we ask the unfamiliar neighbors on the other side to help us to understand and co-operate with the contributions which their races, religions and cultures make to the common life.

Unity—which the world must realize for the preservation and progress of civilization—can never come through enforced or attempted uniformity. That is another fundamental conviction of The Threefold Movement. Unity through freedom in fellowship; unity consciously enriched by differences; God's and Nature's characteristic unity of emphasized individuality and increasing differentiation;—such is the unity which The Threefold Movement seeks to realize.

Consciousness determines conduct. A third characteristic of The Threefold Movement is that its members are developing in themselves—and thus encouraging in others—the steady expansion of the individual consciousness to realize more and more fully the Unity, the Brotherhood of All Beings and the goodness, the Father-Mother-hood of the Universal, Omnipresent Life.

CHELAS, from a mistaken idea of our system, too often watch and wait for orders, wasting precious time, which should be taken up with personal efforts.

From a letter of the Master, K. H.

NATURAL THEOSOPHY

RELIGION

BY ERNEST WOOD

VIII

RELIGION depends upon the idea of God. It is difficult for most men to think that they are the best or highest thing in the world. They find so much in life which they cannot govern, but which they could govern if they were perfect, that they cannot but imagine that there is someone or something which has that perfect power and which is therefore their supreme superior. It is extremely difficult to define God, but perhaps these words will do as well as any—our supreme superior.

This idea has a logical basis, because in the material world there is a supreme superior. One thing is dependent on another, but there is something upon which all are at last dependent. A table stands upon the floor. It is dependent upon that support for its position in space. The floor in its turn rests upon beams, and those upon walls, and those upon the foundations of the building and the earth. It is a commonplace of modern science that the earth also is where it is in space because of the various forces which connect it with the sun, and the sun in its turn with other celestial bodies.

Ultimately it is only the entirety of things which is self-sustaining. This shows us that somehow all the parts depend upon the whole—the world is not made up of a great quantity of particulars which are somehow independent and have merely got together by chance or caprice, but is one thing, and that unity is the foundation and support of all the parts.

In human consciousness we find a similar truth. The body acts as an organised unit because there is an "I" or a will in that body. After death all the parts of the body go their respective ways and there is decay and dissolution, but while there is life there is unity. Many years ago Professor Thomas Huxley spoke of this, though in a slightly different connection. He told his audience that though it might appear to them that while lecturing he was exhibiting a good deal of life, what they were witnessing was a process of dying, because with every word that he uttered he was wearing away the cells of his body. Then, in his always humorous way, he begged them not to be alarmed, for he would not permit the process to go too far, but would go home, have recourse to the substance called mutton, and stretch his protoplasm back to its original size. The point is that Professor Huxley would take steps to repair his body because he himself was a life governing that body. This appears to be the case even in lowly forms of existence. A flatfish may be commonly of a grey colour, but when it rests over a bed of brownish sand it assumes that colour for protective purposes. It might be thought that this change takes place mechanically, but that is not the case, for it has been found that if the flatfish goes blind it does not change colour under these circumstances; so the vision or the mind of the fish has something to do with the matter.

In ourselves, if we study ourselves psychologically, we find there is something co-ordinating all, and that even our thoughts and feelings come under that. The will might be

defined as that faculty by which we govern our own thoughts and feelings. In itself it seems to be the principle of unity and order. We have thus seen that whatever power it is which is the support of all material things, it is of exactly the same nature as that which we find in ourselves as the will. Therefore many religious philosophers have declared that God or the supreme is to be known directly in man, and that religion is the process of evolution of that will, or in other words, men know God by expressing more and more of that in themselves. The word religion is connected with other familiar words, such as ligament, or ligature, something that holds or binds, and it may therefore be taken that religion consists of any means which may be used to bind a man into that service, to make him true to his best and inmost self. Such a man will try to understand experience, and such understanding shows the principle of unity, because taking into account many things at once and seeing them as parts of one system is understanding. Such a man will also express the principle of love, which also unites, shows interest beyond the limits of one personality, and binds many together in one united group.

It is impossible to think of God as any particular form, however big. Only the whole can represent to us that self-dependence. But somehow that whole is reflected in each one of us, and we find it as the will or principle of unity. Some dictionaries tell us that Theosophy is an intimate knowledge of divine things. That does not mean a special knowledge, attainable by the development of some peculiar and unusual faculty, but simply recognition of this principle of unity in us, which is the will and the life. Because he was a Theosophist, Jacob Boehme could say, "In some sense, love is greater than God." This is easy enough to prove, because if one asks any Christian or Buddhist or Hindū whether he would follow Christ or Buddha or Kṛṣṇa if he

had taught selfishness instead of love, the answer is always the same—that they certainly would not. This means that they are direct followers or devotees of the principle of love, and that they secondarily follow their religious teachers because they showed that quality, and it also proves that religion is within, that our connection with "God" is within, or, as Emerson put it, that, "There is no bar or wall in the soul where God the cause leaves off and man the effect begins".

The same idea is seen in the paradoxical argument about God's ability to create a man. It is said that there are some things which God could not do; he could not make a square circle or a tall dwarf, and similarly he could not make a dependent will. If there is any creation in this matter it is within, and we are He creating us. There can thus be no mediators between man and God, since they are not separate things, but the whole reflecting in the part. Also there can be no outside authorities to tell him what to do to increase or perfect this union. That process is best taking place when the man himself is developing his knowledge of the world through understanding, and his knowledge of life through love, in obedience to the principle of will in himself, which is always working for greater order or unity. If there is any outside authority then everything is an authority, even a mosquito, because it compels us to resort to various devices to protect ourselves, and in thinking out those devices we are using and developing our intelligence and understanding. If there is an external God He is explicit, not implicit, in everything.

All religions, if carefully understood, show the same principle at the bottom. Christianity for example, cannot be confined to the acts and things of which Christ spoke—that would mean a very narrow life—but must include all in which He acquiesced. This is taken so in practice, for our modern civilisation has inherited much from the thought and the beauty of Greece, and yet we call it a Christian

civilization. The idea is perfectly consistent, and it is not difficult to trace the full movement. In the early days of what is, technically, the white race we find that very much attention was given to abstract philosophic and religious thought. Briefly, those thinkers were discovering that there is a soul working through the body, much as a child gradually learns the same thing and in consequence acquires when grown up a sense of responsibility and purpose, instead of continuing life as a succession of casual adventures and incidents. The child very gradually finds the unitary or organising principle and the man applies it, and the race does exactly the same thing on a large scale. By the time that the early Greek philosophers had thus made the perception of the soul quite clear, the season was ripe for the expression of that soul in action, and we find men beginning to turn its powers consciously and deliberately to creative art and the management of external things. Beauty is the expression of that order, and it spread from Greece not only westwards but also eastwards into the Hindū and Buddhist worlds.

Philosophers found that human life is ordered because there is one life working through the body, and when they began to observe that the world was also an ordered whole, they asked themselves whether there was not a similar principle governing and uniting all things. In the world they found, according to their predilections, the expression of the different faculties of the soul or life. Thus we have an Anaxagoras, putting the relations of things down to the workings of divine or universal *nous* or reason. If man's life becomes orderly through reason which he exercises, the same, it could be argued, must be true of the world. Empedocles ascribed the relations of material bodies to principles of love and hate, that is to say, to universal feelings. But Pythagoras seems to have seen most deeply, for he saw that in human life both reason and emotion are but

subordinate and assistant to a principle of order, number or unity.

Out of those Greek times there has come down to us the practical religion of truth, goodness, and beauty. Truth is thought governed by unity; goodness or love is feeling governed by unity, and beauty is the result of work, which is action governed by unity, for all great skill in action produces beauty both in the object that is made and in the limb or organ with which it is made. Truth, goodness and beauty are living religion because they are the reflection of the one life, or order, in each of our lives. The Greeks were not so successful in manifesting goodness as they were in expressing truth and beauty, and I think we might ascribe to the fact that the Greeks could not hold together and love one another the necessity for Christ's special emphasis upon goodness. Certainly he did not object to truth and beauty and they are therefore part of his religion, but it was necessary to strengthen especially the weak link in the chain of religion.

Thus religion is not a special set of activities, different from ordinary life. It is that life properly lived. The world of our experience cannot be left out of consideration; it is not a senseless, cruel place; the God in us is stamping its nature upon it, bringing it into order and developing our own powers in the process.

Life properly lived is life with a great goal in view, life lived with understanding of the principle of unity. Every thought, feeling and action should take place in the light of that purpose, and then it will make the most or fullest use of every moment and occasion. When a man is using his own intelligence, his own best feelings, or love, and his own will, he is doing his best, because his faculties will then grow. There is no need to fear mistakes if we are using our best thought, love and will. But there is great reason to fear fear itself, which postpones life. The man who never made a

mistake, it is said, never made anything at all. It is reasonable to listen to advice, and to follow it if one's own judgment pronounces it the best thing, but merely to follow the direction of another because he or she is supposed to be superior in judgment is to stifle our own life and prevent its growth. Men cannot be uplifted from the outside. The common soldier may be well drilled, but the result is that he is notoriously unintelligent and lacking in initiative. We may paint many pictures for a friend, but that will not make him into an artist, even if he holds the pencils and we guide his hand by holding it with ours. It is all once more like the foot-binding of China. It has been amply proved that feet cannot be made beautiful from the outside, but only by being used in a natural way. The person who walks well and whose body is well poised has the most beautiful and also, relative to size, the smallest or most compact feet—showing unity once more.

In religious circles there are many "guiding lines" and ceremonials and models for devotion and imitation. They play a great part in hiding the essential nature and the vitality of religion. I do not know to what extent guiding lines help a child to write straight; I think on the whole that if he tried from the beginning without them he would be doing best. As it is, most people seem to think that there is no writing except that which is between these ancient lines; they think that God is nearer to them in church and on Sundays than in the office, or the home or the street on weekdays. It may be that people are so weak that they cannot remember to open their hearts and minds on all occasions, and must therefore have these special reminders or pick-me-ups; but I cannot see that they will have begun to be religious until they can bring some power from within themselves without the necessity for these stimulants. And it would be poor economy on the part of a being who wanted to give his

help or stimulus to mankind to arrange that it should flow only on occasions of great inconvenience surrounded with great expense. In other words, divine grace presented only on special occasions, when special words are recited, when special clothes are worn, and through special persons would be a disgrace. Indeed, many of the best minds have rejected the idea of God because it is surrounded by these appliances. One friend recently assured me that she considered it blasphemy to teach that God or Christ needed these agencies or machinery and could and did not make use of all occasions.

Most of us agree that collective human thought is powerful, and that it may be further supplemented with that of Masters and other beings. I recollect a case in one of the cities of America, where there was a bridge popularly called "Suicide Bridge," because a number of people threw themselves off it every year. A few years ago a group of friends arranged to meet every week and meditate upon that bridge with thoughts of cheerfulness and fortitude. I met them some two years later and they told me that from the time when they began meditating there had not been a single suicide from that bridge.

Anyone acquainted with such effects finds it easy to believe in the utility of ceremonial occasions for the transmission of forces. But at the same time it is logical to believe that the principle works everywhere, that all nature is trans-substantiable, so that to go out into the forest or under the stars on a quiet night and feel the thrill of nature's beauty, or to respond to the life in other human beings, is equally to excite the divine grace or flow of the forces of unity. Tolerance is certainly consistent with truth in all these matters. Surely all true life is sacramental.

It has been a common mistake of religions to miss the goal or purpose of our existence. Many have held the vehicle theory instead of the instrument theory, and have in

consequence obstructed the life in their adherents, instead of awakening it. Most of them have advocated supplication and hope instead of a courageous life. Most have taught consolation, or reward and happiness in a future life, and have thereby denied the paramount utility of present experience. Most of them have preferred darkness to light, and would go into a cave with a candle to worship the sun. Most of them have formulated external laws, and used them to counteract the best impulses of the human mind and heart. Only a short time ago a priest of a narrow though large sect, when called upon to give evidence relating to excessive cruelty in a vivisection case, declared that though the cruelty was repugnant to human feelings, no one should set up human feelings against the divine law announced in the Bible, which fully authorised these things. Though the world punishes idleness, selfishness, and thoughtlessness, the religions have often encouraged them, and have resisted the natural religious tendency in man to give ever fuller expression to the life within through the powers of will, love, and thought.

All such activities are contrary to the Principle of Theosophy, which is the antithesis of materialism, and declares that true living alone is religion or the cause of greater life.

ONE small step that is born of understanding shall put you on a pinnacle of greater ecstasy, of greater understanding, of greater enthusiasm; and that first step of understanding can only be taken when you are living, neither in the future nor in the past, but are focussed entirely in that moment of eternity which is now.

From *Now*

J. KRISHNAMURTI

BACK OF THE PICTURE

ATTAR of roses and mountain dew,
Whiteness of purity, vitalized, new,
Lifting the heart by its subtle spell
Onto the heights where The Holy dwell.

Back of the picture? Joy to the soul
Bathing in spiritful freedom, whole!
Stilling the broken waves of thought,
Soothing the troublous swell to naught,
Seeing the Oneness dissolving strife,
Feeling the unified bliss of Life!

Back of the picture? Vast and wide,
Nearer and closer, dearer and tried,
Healthful and joyous, simple and true
Being, Belovèd, Myself and You!

ANNIE C. MCQUEEN

MAGNETIC ASTRONOMY AND ASTROPHYSICS

THE CENTRAL SPIRITUAL SUN

By G. E. SUTCLIFFE

III

STUDENTS of *Occult Chemistry* will have marked that many of the elements are characterised by systems of what are called funnels, and that these funnels seem to be in some way connected with the valency of the element. Thus elements whose valency is two, such as calcium, have four funnels, aluminium with valency three, has six funnels, whilst carbon with valency four, has eight funnels. In most cases with the exception of elements of unit valency the number of funnels is double the valency. If from the elements we turn to compounds, as in an article by C. Jinarājādāsa¹ we find that these funnels serve to bind together the constituents of the compound as hydrogen to carbon in naphthalene.

When we extended our researches beyond the Solar System so as to cover that branch of Astronomy known as Astrophysics, we found to our surprise that stars were grouped together by a system of funnels in just the same way as are chemical compounds. It would thus seem that stars are

¹ THE THEOSOPHIST, April, 1925, p. 51

linked together by forces of the same character as that known as chemical affinity. Thus Sirius has six funnels corresponding to a chemical element whose valency is three.

In the mouth of one of these Sirian funnels our own Solar System is enclosed, and in the companion funnel, our nearest star Alpha Centauri. The recorded observation of this may be of interest.

Outside the System, I sense the existence of sets of funnels of force similar to those observed in the spherical magnet. These seem to be arranged in pairs at right angles to each other on the same plane, their apexes all meeting at the universal centre, (Sirius) from which centre they all radiate. The two funnels of a pair seem to be connected at the apex, and to be positive and negative expressions of one ensouling life-force, although the mouths of the funnels are enormously far apart.

There is a solar system at the mouth of each funnel The concentration of energy at the centre of these is apparently incalculable, as also the energy in the lines of force which flow down the funnels Looking towards our Solar System, I get an impression of it as a filmy transparent bubble, in the shape of an elongated sphere. The Sun shows in the upper half of this as a flattened cone, with the base inwards. Forces seem to be circulating through the whole System, passing through the Sun and out again, then returning. These are the planetary circuits which appear more like loops than triangles from this point of view The so-called "Ring-pass-not" like an enclosing skin of the sphere is magnetically solid, tangible, and impassable I have the distinct feeling of being quite outside the Solar System, and from a bodily point of view, unable to get in again, though I know my consciousness can. I seem to have a temporary vehicle in which the universal distances may be travelled as easily as I travel in my own garden.

The cosmic funnels seem like living fire, and dangerous to touch Space seems empty in between the funnels, save for an extremely fine soft air, colourless, though the distances are tinged with a faint sky-blue. In reality this "air" is composed of matter curiously negative and passive in its nature. Putting one's consciousness into it, it feels and looks rather like milk, or perhaps some white gauzy substance. The atoms are apparently motionless, and all of the same polarity. The whole having no forms, being static, neither alive nor dead, as if existence had been drawn to its smallest minimum, and left on the edge of non-existence.

It will be of interest to students to compare what is said above of the state of matter in interstellar space, with similar information from *The Secret Doctrine*. This is

quoted from an Eastern Private Commentary, hitherto secret:¹

The Initial Existence in the first Twilight of the Mahāmanvantara, is a CONSCIOUS SPIRITUAL QUALITY. In the Manifested Worlds (Solar Systems) it is, in its Objective Subjectivity, like the film from a Divine Breath to the gaze of the entranced seer. It spreads as it issues from Laya throughout Infinity as a colourless spiritual fluid

It is Substance to OUR spiritual sight. It cannot be called so by men in their Waking State; therefore they have named it in their ignorance "God-Spirit".

It exists everywhere and forms the first Upādhi (Foundation) on which our World (Solar System) is built. Outside the latter, it is to be found in its pristine purity only between (the Solar Systems or) the Stars of the Universe, the Worlds already formed or forming; those in Laya resting meanwhile in its bosom.

What is termed above "God-Spirit," has in our studies been given the name Life-Essence, and the following information about it, which was dictated to us will be helpful:

Being localised, Solar Life-Essence differs from the free Universal Life-Essence outside, because of modifications, but the Life itself is ONE, whether within or without the Solar System, whether localised or free.

To this conception must be added that of the LOGOS or WORD—a Consciousness which is ever expanding, and therefore, ever changing, seeking wider, fuller, and freer expression. *For each appears to be the vehicle of the other*, yet they are not two, but ONE. Their separation into two causes the appearance of manifested worlds, the interaction is FORCE.

Force has no existence outside that relationship. It is a connection, an interaction between a PAIR The link between the Life-Essence, which is Universal, and the body, which is localised, manifests as electro-magnetic energies. These arise from back interaction. They are the third or connecting aspect of manifestation. They convey and produce exteriorly the changes in the life, as it evolves. Those changes appear to the observer at the body end as Force, as liberated energies producing change. The Life-Essence is the KEY.

Readers of *The Secret Doctrine* are aware that there exists a fundamental difference between the concept of Force as held by the western physicist,² and that taught in occultism.

¹ Vol. 1, p. 309.

² *Ibid.*, 1, pp. 571-589.

This difference is primarily connected with what *The Secret Doctrine*,¹ and the above dictated paragraphs term the Life-Essence. But a second difference is related to the essential duality of force. This duality is recognised partially in Science as in Newton's third law of motion, that action and reaction are equal and opposite, but not to the fundamental extent which the truth requires. This has led to a puzzling situation, which can best be expressed in the words of Prof. Eddington.²

All authorities seem to be agreed that at, or nearly at, the root of everything in the physical world lies the mystic formula $qp-pq=ih/2\pi$. We do not understand that; probably if we could understand it we should not think it so fundamental. Where the trained mathematician has the advantage, is that he can use it, and in the past year or two it has been used in physics, with very great advantage indeed. It leads not only to those phenomena described by the old quantum laws such as the h rule, but to many related phenomena which the older formulation could not treat.

Now this modern scientific puzzle on which physicists are thinking and commenting, is intimately connected with this duality of Consciousness and Life-Essence, which is the basis of force, and may form the subject of a separate article.

Work has been done by the group both on the linking together of solar systems by the funnels, and on the nature of these funnels. These funnels are everywhere met with, and have great physical significance. They not only are a marked feature of the chemical elements and combinations, and of interstellar relationships, but they exist also in the interior of planets and magnets.

When examined with high magnification they are found to be composed of particles revolving around the axis of a cone. As such, the phenomenon is known to the physicist. When an electrically charged centre is placed in a uniform magnetic field the electrical field is not uniform, but decreases with the distance from the centre. If then, charged particles

¹ Vol. 1, p. 590.

² *The Nature of the Physical World*, p. 207.

are projected from the electrically charged centre they will describe a spiral traced on a cone of revolution, such as is observed by magnetic vision.¹

The work on the grouping of solar systems is not yet sufficiently advanced to make the observations intelligible, but the following dictated information may be helpful:

Solar systems are in groups, each group being under a central control, which is itself a solar system of a magnitude equal to the number of solar systems in the group. These groups are then arranged in major groups under their controlling Regent. The system is continued until a single central control must be postulated for the whole.

Our Sidereal System consists of solar systems whose wavelengths permit a numerical relationship with our own wave-length; this brings them within our range.

Attempts were made at a few sittings to find these larger groups of suns, and on one occasion we thought we had found a group of enormous range, which could be seen by magnetic vision, but not by ordinary. A calculation of position from the available information as to direction indicated that we had found the pole of the Milky Way, which, since our Sidereal system seems to be one huge magnet, would be the pole of the Kosmic Magnet, where is congregated a large number of spiral nebulae, which are outside the Galaxy, and near its pole in Coma Berenices.²

The following information was dictated to us soon afterwards about the Great Kosmic Centre of which we were in search:

There is a stage in the numerical aggregation of solar systems, in groups of increasing size, at which complexity of arrangement, and addition of numbers ceases, and a return to simplicity, even to unity, occurs.

Truly, there is a vast and mighty Centre in which the whole Sidereal System is embraced—a single Source of Power and Life and Consciousness—the true ONE without a second—the ultimate state in

¹ *The Conduction of Electricity through Gases*, Thomson, Vol. 1, p. 217. Third Edition.

² *Astronomy*, Russell-Dugan-Stewart, Vol. 2, p. 843.

Manifestation—the point behind which existence disappears, and beyond which, investigation ceases, through which, no embodied consciousness may pass. It is the threshold of the Unknown—the limit beyond which the very Highest cannot pass—the One SUN. It has no physical existence, as far as terrestrial physical matter is concerned, but it is, none the less, material.

It emits no Earth light—it is indeed a Darkness. It is of a size so vast, that its rays embrace every single star in the sky on every side.

It appears as a vast encircling Sea of inky Darkness, or even as a black disc, fluidic, circular, colourless. It is the womb of Time and Space—the Matrix from which all stars are born.

It contains the Whole—the Whole is contained in it.

It is the Unity behind diversity—the Link—the Bond—the indissoluble connection between every form in every one. Mechanically, it is the Energy for the Sidereal Universe. A Sidereal receiving and discharging station, and a clearing house.

In terms of Consciousness, it is the Sidereal Nirvāna—within it are embraced the Nirvānas of Planets, Systems, Universes, and and Cosmoi. It is their home in periods of Pralaya, their birthplace at Manvantara.

Sidereally, it is all-pervading, though in terms of highest space, it has its definite location.

Such briefly, is the Sidereal Sun. A deeper knowledge lies within the TEMPLE OF LIGHT.

As within this Multi-Cosmic Oneness all forms are bound together, so in every form, there is a representative of all the other forms, as also of the ONE. The being known on Earth as Man, in his higher spiritual existence, contains within himself, in miniature, a measure of the essence of the One and all-embracing Sun, as also of every other sun, including the products of their inter-relationships or groupings.

In brief, Man contains within himself the Sidereal Whole. He is that Whole, in the process of becoming. His Sidereal System is but himself externalised. The powers of the Whole lie sleeping within himself, one day to be awakened and employed.

The forces of the Zodiac, the Powers of the Planets, the Moon, and the Sun, all find their representatives in him—an area of Consciousness and Form which is in tune with them, through which their Unity is manifest—by which the links which bind him to the Whole are formed. All that man can see with his eye, he is attached to by unity of Life. He is capable of responding to all in Consciousness, can draw upon this all, or express it in terms of Power and Energy. This is the basis and the groundwork of Sidereal Science. In this, Astronomy and Astrology are one.

As ONE, they must be studied, for Astronomy alone is but a shell, empty and incomplete—the Form bereft of Life—the mechanism without the power—the organ without the consciousness.

The above was dictated to us on July 25th, 1928, and it will be noted that although this Central Spiritual Sun has position in the highest space, no hint is given as to where this position is in the Sidereal System, but on September 29th, 1928, or two months later, this information was forthcoming in *Nature* of that date, in an Article by Dr. Harlow Shapley,¹ from which we may infer that this missing information was in preparation at about the same time as the above was dictated to us. We mention this as an additional indication that the work of the group is not an isolated instance of the giving out of occult knowledge, but merely an item in a great world-process, which embraces the whole of scientific world-psychology. The object of this, apparently, is to bring about the reconciliation and union of Religion and Science, such as has been the rule in previous civilisations.

It will be seen also, that the operation through Science is likely to be more effective than through Religion, for Religion is split up into many great and small sects, whilst Science throughout the world is a unity.

The policy of the World-Teacher, if we have succeeded in partially sensing it, appears to be to avoid all sects and organisations, and to grasp the world as a whole. Hence scientific psychology being a unity, may perhaps be the most powerful lever to effect His purposes.

The centre of the Sidereal System as found by Shapley, is surrounded by regions of inky blackness, and thus agrees with the description above given.

It is in Galactic longitude 327°, latitude 0° This is near to Right Ascension 17h. 30m., South Declination 30°.

¹ *Nature*, Vol. 122, p. 482.

One of the nearest stars to this centre is Gamma Sagittarii, R.A. 18h. 1m., South Declination $30^{\circ} 26'$.

It is less than 10° south of the Ecliptic, and is near to the Sun's position at the Winter Solstice.

Excellent photographs of this region will be found in Barnard's *Photographic Atlas of a Selected Region of the Milky Way*, Plates, 18-23.

In the centre of Plate 22, is a star cluster known as Messier 6, Right Ascension 17h. 31m. 55s., South Declination, $32^{\circ} 8'$. This may be taken as approximately the centre of the Sidereal System.

FROM THE ANNUAL ADDRESS, 1900

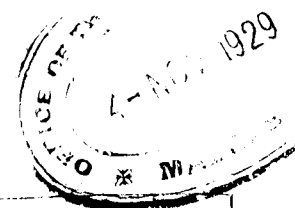
BY H. S. OLCOTT

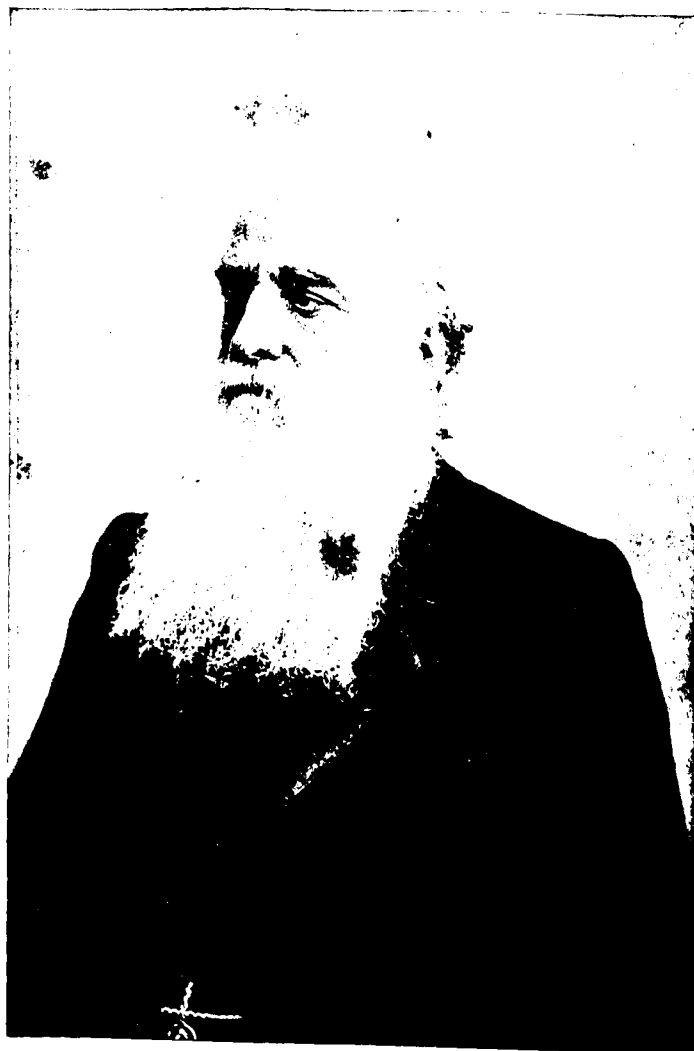
As the Co-Founder of the Society, as one who has had constant opportunities for knowing the chosen policy and wishes of our Masters, as one who has, under them and with their assent, borne our flag through sixteen years of battle, I protest against the first giving way to the temptation to elevate, either them, their agents, or any other living or dead personage to the divine status, or their teachings to that of infallible doctrine. Not one word was ever spoken, transmitted, or written to me by the Masters that warranted such a course, nay, that did not inculcate the very opposite. I have been taught to lean upon myself alone, to look to my Higher Self as my best teacher, best guide, best example, and only savior. I was taught that no one could or ever would attain to the perfect knowledge save upon those lines; and so long as you keep me in my office I shall proclaim this as the basis, and the only basis and the palladium of the Society.

Old Dairy Leaves, Series IV



H. P. B. in 1878
Founder of "The Theosophist"





Colonel Olcott
Founder of "The Theosophist"

THE HIDDEN SIDE OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

By MARY K. NEFF

WHEN, in the last quarter of the last century, the Masters moved to come into more direct contact with the world, in order to stem the tide of materialism which threatened to overwhelm it and to guide the equally threatening tidal-wave of spiritualistic phenomena into safer channels, various means and personalities were chosen for the purpose.

They began their direct teaching through Mme. Helene Petrovna Blavatsky, who, attracting to herself Colonel Olcott and a small nucleus of seekers after the occult in New York, founded the Theosophical Society in 1875. The network of this teaching had spread by correspondence and controversy in the Press (chiefly the Spiritualistic Press) about America, to England, France and Germany, and to Corfu, Greece, before the two Founders left the United States to settle in India in 1879.

Now that both East and West were involved in the field of endeavour, a journal was the fittest means of communication; for the correspondence of the Founders had reached unwieldy proportions. And so on October 1, 1879, THE

THEOSOPHIST came into existence. Colonel Olcott tells the story of its genesis in his Diary thus :

- July 4, 1879. Consultation which decided us to issue THE THEOSOPHIST at once.
- 9th. Corrected proof of the Prospectus of THE THEOSOPHIST.
- 15th. Had visit in body of the Sahib !
Sent Babula to my room to call me to H. P. B.'s bungalow, and there we had a most important private interview. Alas! how puerile and vain these men make one feel by contrast to them.
- 31st. Wim[bridge] made design for the cover of THE THEOSOPHIST.
- Aug. 22nd. Evening. With H.P.B. revised articles for THE THEOSOPHIST.
- Sept. 2nd. Wim began engraving heading for THE THEOSOPHIST.
- 11th. Workmen fitting up Theosophist Office in the new compound.
- 20th. Ran off first form (8 pages) to-day. Much pleased with the paper; think it will find public favour and secure many subscriptions.
- 27th. Made up last form to-day; and now, all difficulties having been surmounted—as it were—we will make our periodical bow to the world from our own rostrum.
- 28th. Up at 5.30, to find printer and make certain changes ordered by the revered Old Gentleman late last night.
- 29th. Preparing for the birth of the paper.
- 30th. Waiting. Evening. The first 400 copies of THE THEOSOPHIST were received. Welcome, stranger.
- Oct. 1st. All hands busy, pasting and directing wrappers, making city and country lists, sending *peons* to deliver in the city, receiving congratulations, and taking new subscriptions.
- 3rd. Order about the paper received, signed by Serapis; first word from him in some time.

The next year still another channel of communication was opened between the Masters and the world when, at Simla, Master Koot Hoomi began correspondence with Messrs. Sinnett and Hume; for, though the latter proved futile, the former embodied the instructions he received in *The Occult World*, *Esoteric Buddhism*, *Karma*, etc., which books being printed in England and arousing much comment in the English and Continental Press, spread a knowledge of occult philosophy in Europe, as THE THEOSOPHIST was doing more particularly in India and The United States.

To return to the particular channel under consideration, note how at its very inception three Masters, at least, had a hand: "the Sahib" (Master Morya), "the revered Old Gentleman" (Master Jupiter, the Regent of India, called also the Rshi Agastya), and Master Serapis. The proprietary interest of the Brotherhood in the journal is implied in Master Morya's statement regarding misrepresentation of the Adepts in Hume's pamphlet, *Hints on Esoteric Theosophy*:

Why should we dribble facts through him, to be dressed for the public meal with a curry of nauseous doubts and biting sarcasm fit to throw the public stomach into confusion? If we wanted anything about our lives and work to be known, are not the columns of THE THEOSOPHIST open to us?

Their policy in regard to the magazine may be gathered from a statement made by Master K. H. in October, 1882:

Whatever may be the views of the two Founders, the journal of the Society has nothing to do with them; and will publish as willingly criticism directed against Lamaism as against Christianity. . . . THE THEOSOPHIST making room as willingly for hymns on the Lamb as for *slokas* on the sacredness of the cow. . . . M[orya] thinks that the Supplement ought to be enlarged if necessary, and made to furnish room for the expression of thought of every Branch, however diametrically opposed these may be. THE THEOSOPHIST ought to be made to assume a distinct colour, and become a unique specimen of its own. We are ready to furnish the necessary extra sums for it.¹

¹ *The Mahatma Letters*, p. 280.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 317, 319.

That the Masters were not too well satisfied with the earliest volumes appears in some of their comments; thus in February, 1881, Mahatma K. H. says:

The British President [of the T.S.] labours under the most original ideas about us, whom he persists in calling *Yogis*, without allowing the slightest margin to the enormous differences which exist even between *Hatha* and *Raja Yogā*. This mistake must be laid at the door of Mrs. B. [lavatsky]—the able editor of *THE THEOSOPHIST*, who fills up her volumes with the practices of divers *Sannyāsis* and other 'blessed ones' from the plains, without ever troubling herself with a few additional explanations.¹

And again he says:

So, while a better selection might have been made for *THE THEOSOPHIST* in the way of illustrative anecdotes, as, for instance, well authenticated historical cases; yet the theory of turning the minds of the phenomenalists into useful and suggestive channels, away from mere mediumistic dogmatism, was the correct one.²

While in the autumn of 1881, at the opening of the magazine's third year, he still more emphatically remarks:

I am anxious that the journal should be more successful this year than it has been hitherto.³

To accomplish this improvement, it would seem that the Masters determined to take a more active part in the production of the magazine. In December, 1881, we find Master Morya writing to Mr. Sinnett:

My object is . . . to help the journal by infusing into it a few drops of real literary good blood. Your three articles are certainly praiseworthy.⁴

And in March, 1882, Mr. Sinnett, then editor of *The Pioneer* of Allahabad, was adjured by Master K. H., half seriously, half humorously, and altogether quaintly:

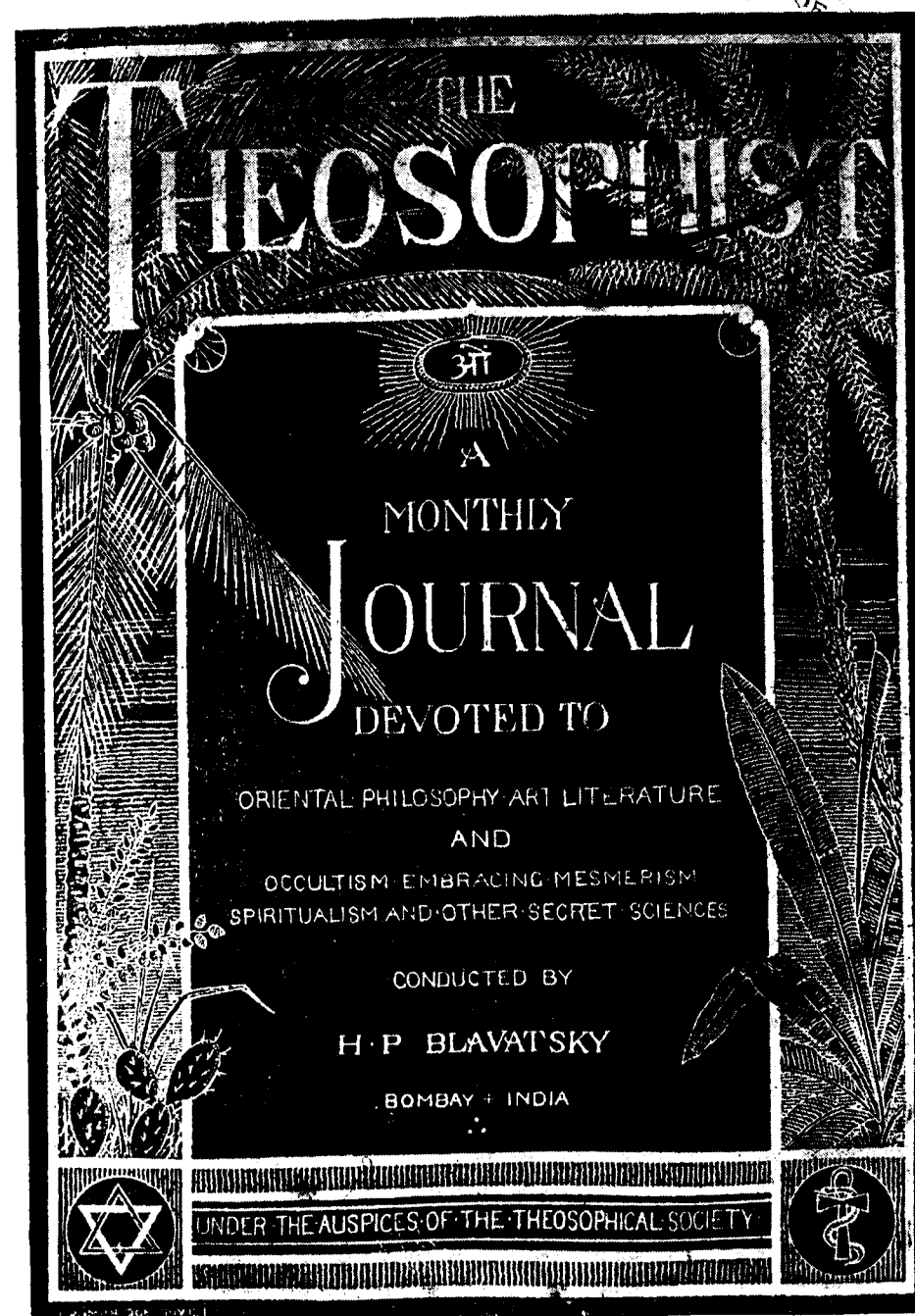
Neglect not, then, my good Brother, the humble, the derided journal of your Society; and mind not either its quaint pretentious cover nor the "heaps of manure" contained in it—to repeat the charitable and to yourself the too familiar phrase used often at Simla. But let your attention be rather drawn to the few pearls of wisdom and *occult truths* to be occasionally discovered under that "manure". Our own ways and manners are, perchance, as quaint

¹ *The Mahatma Letters*, p. 33.

² *Ibid.*, p. 35.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 207.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 254.





K. N. Seervai
Rec. Sec. of the T.S. in 1879

and as uncouth—nay, more so. . . . Many of us would be mistaken for madmen by you English gentlemen. But he who would be a son of Wisdom can always see beneath the rugged surface. So with the poor old Journal. Behold its mystically bumptious clothing! its numerous blemishes and literary defects; and with all, that cover the most perfect symbol of its contents: the main portion of its original ground thickly veiled, all smutty and as black as night, through which peep out grey dots, and lines, and words, and even—sentences. To the truly wise, those breaks of grey may suggest an allegory full of meaning, such as the streaks upon the eastern sky at morning's early dawn, after a night of intense darkness; the aurora of a more "spiritually intellectual" cycle. And who knows how many of those who, undismayed by its unprepossessing appearance, the hideous intricacies of its style, and the other many failures of the unpopular magazine, will keep on tearing its pages, may find themselves rewarded some day for their perseverance! Illuminated sentences may gleam out upon them at some time or other, shedding a bright light upon some old puzzling problems. Yourself, some fine morning while poring over its crooked columns with the sharpened wits of a well-rested brain, peering into what you now view as hazy, impalpable speculations having only the consistency of vapour—yourself, you may perchance perceive in them the unexpected solution of an old, blurred, forgotten "dream" of yours, which once recalled will impress itself in an indelible image upon your outer from your inner memory, to never fade out from it again. All this is possible and may happen; for our ways are the ways of Madmen.¹

Mr. Sinnett's earliest efforts at Theosophical journalism had been made a few months previously, perhaps in the three articles found so "praiseworthy" by Master Morya. He was now entrusted with a piece of work which is noteworthy as being the first attempt to indicate the position of Theosophy on the subject of evolution. The issue of December, 1881, published an article on "The Theosophists," by Gerald Massey. He had been impelled to write it through noting quotations from THE THEOSOPHIST made by M.A. Oxon (Stainton Moses) in the Spiritualistic journal, *Light*, for September 17th. Mme. Blavatsky in her capacity of editor added a note by way of reply, which is nearly twice the size of the article itself. Master Morya was not satisfied with a certain portion of her note:

The ring of doubt in the sentence, "If the Theosophist were also an evolutionist," forces us to become painfully aware of the fact

¹ *The Mahatma Letters*, p. 278.

that Mr. G. Massey is no reader of THE THEOSOPHIST—if he has ever seen it. Otherwise he could not have been ignorant of the fact that two-thirds of the members of the Theosophical Society are “evolutionists,” and that their Journal is pre-eminently so.

The Master wrote to her, quoting the above passage of her prepared note and remarking:

You do not seize the meaning at all. Ask Mr. Sinnett to do this for you; he'll see what the man means and answer him. Let him then who acquitted himself so neatly of one thing do this one likewise, and so oblige his

“illustrious” friend

M.¹

Such a veto of her explosive retorts by her Master or Mahatma K. H. was not infrequent, and once elicited from her the exclamation,

I begin to think our Brothers chicken-hearted for refusing to make the most of my war-like disposition.²

The version which appeared in print in THE THEOSOPHIST (Mr. Sinnett's) is as follows:

“If the Theosophist were also an evolutionist,” says Mr. Massey, “perhaps he would be able to fix the fleeting forms of his vision, and perceive some of the spirits of Man's predecessors on the earth.” If the European scientists, whose fancy has for the first time been caught within these last few years by the crude outlines of an evolutionary theory, were less blankly ignorant of all that appertains to the mysteries of life, they would not be misled by some bits of knowledge concerning the evolution of the body, into entirely absurd conclusions concerning the other principles which enter into the constitution of Man. But we are on the threshold of a far mightier subject than any reader in Europe who has not made considerable progress in real occult study is likely to estimate in its appalling magnitude. Will any . . . make an effort to account, even in the most shadowy and indistinct way, for the history of the six higher principles in any human creature during the time when his body was being gradually perfected, so to speak, in the matrix of evolution? Where and what were his higher principles when the body had worked into no more dignified shape than that of a baboon? . . . or, to go a step back in the process, how account for the presence of the animal soul in the first creature with independent volition that emerges from the half-vegetable condition of the earlier forms? Is it not obvious, if the blind materialist is not to be accepted

¹ “Letters of H. P. Blavatsky to A. P. Sinnett,” p. 364.

² *Ibid.*, p. 28.

as a sufficient guide to the mysteries of the universe, that there must be some vast process of spiritual evolution going on in the universe *pari passu* with the physical evolution?

This brief outline, or rather mere indication, of Man's *spiritual evolution* evidently met with the approval of the Master. The next year, in the October and November issues, Mr. Sinnett sketched “The Evolution of Man” in *Fragments of Occult Truth*, Nos. IV and V, which were later embodied in *Esoteric Buddhism*. Another effort to deal with spiritual evolution was made in *Man: Fragments of Forgotten History*, published in 1885; but it was only many years later, when the public was more ready to “digest and assimilate” it (in the Master's phrase), that this statement was really elaborated, first by Mrs. Besant in *The Pedigree of Man*, and later jointly by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater in *Man: Whence, How and Whither?*

Not only was the able editor of India's most prominent Anglo-Indian daily thus giving his aid to their journal, but a number of the Masters themselves became contributors. The years 1882 and 1883 are specially rich in these hidden treasures, those of 1882 being mostly from the pen of Mahatma Koot Hoomi, who seems to have exercised a constant and varied supervision, from proof-reading to furnishing the material for articles and the substance for replies to enquiring or controversial letters, when not writing them himself. Thus, H. P. B. writes to Mr. Sinnett:

K. H. was so kind as to dictate to me last night nearly all of my answer to Massey.¹

This answer appeared in THE THEOSOPHIST of August, under the title of “*Isis Unveiled*” and the *Theosophists on Reincarnation*. Evidently it did not meet with Mr. Sinnett's approval; for we find Master K. H. remarking:

I am sorry you do not find her answer, written under my direct inspiration, very satisfactory . . . [And later] . . . Both

¹ *The Mahatma Letters*, p. 26.

yourself and C. C. M. [asse] were unjust to Upāsika and myself, who told her what to write; since even you mistook my wail and lament at the confused and tortured explanations in *Isis* (for its incompleteness no one but we, its inspirers, are responsible).¹

Again, commenting on Sinnett's *Fragments of Occult Truth*, No. V, on Devachan, he writes:

You are wrong in pandering to the prejudices and preconceptions of Western readers . . . Hence my order to a chela to reproduce, in an appendix to your article, extracts from this letter and explanations calculated to disabuse the reader, etc. (There are Appendices A, B, C and D.)²

Master Morya was one of the "Brothers" who aided in the work of publishing THE THEOSOPHIST. For instance, on one occasion he interposed his strong hand when the attacks on his chela became too severe. March 3, 1882, he wrote to Mr. Sinnett:

There never was a woman more unjustly abused than H. B. See the infamous letters she was sent from England for publication against herself and us and the Society. You may find them undignified perhaps, but the "Answers to Correspondents" in Supplement are written by myself. So do not blame her. I am anxious to know your frank opinion on them. Perhaps you might think she might have done better herself.³

He fills two pages with answers to three correspondents: "J. K.," "Mr. Joseph Wallace," and "Miss Chandos Leigh Hunt (Mrs. Wallace)". A summary of the first will illustrate:

"J.K.—Your letter headed, 'Under which 'adept' Theosophist?' will not be published, for the following reasons:

¹ *The Mahatma Letters*, pp. 183 and 173.

Re *Isis*, the Master says: "She obeyed our orders, and wrote purposely veiling some of her facts . . . In reality there is no contradiction between that passage in *Isis* and our later teaching. It was at the beginning of a new cycle, in days when neither Christians nor Spiritualists ever thought of more than two principles in man—body and soul, which they called Spirit. It was H. P. B. who, acting under the orders of Atrya, was the first to explain the difference between *psyche* and *nous*—soul and spirit . . . And as there happened such a war over it, endless polemics and objections to the effect that there could not be in man two souls,—we thought it was premature to give the public more than they could possibly assimilate, and before they had digested the "two souls"; and thus the further subdivision of the trinity into seven principles was left unmentioned in *Isis* . . . You will write so and so, give so far and no more," she was constantly told by us when writing her book . . . It really ought to be rewritten for the sake of the family honour"—which it was, as we know, in *The Secret Doctrine*. *Ibid.*, pp. 289, 290, 130.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 195.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 273.

1. Personal abuse of the editor, however amusing to the latter, does not interest the general reader.

2. Our journal is not concerned with, and carefully avoids everything of a political character; therefore such vilification as a low and vulgar abuse of Russia . . . cannot find room in its columns.

3. For that same reason, we must decline to allow the author of "The Adeptship of Jesus Christ" to soothe his ruffled feelings by expatiating upon "the political object" of the Theosophical Society.

4. British and American laws having provided against the violation of the postal enactments intended to secure the purity of the mails, the Journal would risk paying the penalty for sending indecent matter by book-post. The coarse paragraph in the said article . . . comes directly under that law.

5. THE THEOSOPHIST, devoted to Oriental Philosophy, Art, Literature, Occultism, Mesmerism, Spiritualism and other sciences, has not pledged itself to reproduce burlesque parodies or circus-clown poetry.

6. THE THEOSOPHIST publishes only articles written and sent by gentlemen.

Another "Brother" who sometimes took part in the work of THE THEOSOPHIST was Djwal Khul, then an Initiate, now a Master. The December, 1881 issue had reviewed Wm. Oxley's *Philosophy of Spirit*; and in March, 1882, Mr. Oxley replied in a letter to the Editor, on which Master K. H. remarks:

The article is penned by the Manchester seer—Oxley. Having received no reply to his summons to K.H., he criticises—mildly so far—the utterances of that 'Internal Power' for which new title I feel rather obliged to him. At sight of the gentle rebuke, our blunderbuss Editor failed not to explode. Nor would she be soothed until Djwal Khul, with whom the famous review was concocted, (one by the way which, seen by you, ought never to have been permitted to see the day)¹ was authorised, under the safe *nom de plume* of

¹ "What says that living Representative, Koot-Hoomi (whether a mortal man or an Internal Power matters not for my present purpose)?"

² Of the bits which "ought never to have been permitted to see the day," perhaps these are two:

"Even the name of the living Koot-Hoomi, a purely Aryan, Samskr̥t name, and one moreover mentioned at length in the 'Padma Purāṇa,' which gives it as one of the thirty-six R̥shis who were the authors of Smṛti, was for a considerable time regarded as a non-Aryan name . . . And people who refuse to believe even in a living man, their own countryman, unless that man exhibits himself for their delectation in the maidans and bazaars, are still less likely to open their arms to a 'Mahatma' of Western origin, who, to boot, controls an English medium . . ."

"The suggestion that the *Mahābhārata* might prove to be the last Book of the Wars of Jehovah, as reference in the Hebrew Scriptures, 'where a Book or Books which are not found in the Canon' is distinctly made in Numbers XXL, 14, is novel and might prove to contain more truth than is now generally supposed."

"Reviewer," to answer (by correcting some of his blunders) the Seer, in a few innocent footnotes.¹

But the matter did not end with these "innocent footnotes". In the May issue Mr. T. Subba Row reviewed Oxley's book "from the Esoteric and Brāhmanical standpoint," and Mr. Oxley, when replying to this second review, made the rather astounding statement (September, 1882 issue):

For instance, I have had three visits by the astral form of the venerable Koot Hoomi, through a sensitive whose linguistic organism was used by the astral form to speak to me, first in Bengali and then in my own language. On the last occasion, I enquired, "Are you conscious of your connection with your physical organism, which I presume is now in India; because in your last visit you said that if you could succeed in maintaining the consciousness all the way back, then certain results would follow? My reason for asking this question is this: an account is recorded of the visit you made to Mr. Eglinton," and that this was in accordance with pre-arrangement, and the evidence seems to point to the conclusion that you were conscious at both ends of the line." The reply was: "In my first visit I was not successful; in the second hardly more so; and in the present one it is still doubtful." "How so? Is it more difficult in a subjective form to me to maintain a continued consciousness, than it was to project your astral form and solidify the same for the time being, when you appeared to Mr. Eglinton on board the S.S. 'Vega'?" The significant answer came: "The two cases are different. In the one case, it was a matter of *efflux*, and in the present it is one of *influx*." And then followed an explanation I need not repeat. The statement may come that this was the work of some vagrant.

There is a footnote appended by Mme. Blavatsky as editor:

We feel extremely sorry to acknowledge that Mr. Oxley was right in his foreboding. Far from pretending to be informed of all the doings and actions of our venerated Brother Koot-Hoomi, and notwithstanding our surprise—since the language given is certainly not that of the Koot-Hoomi we all know—we were preparing to allow the above extraordinary statement to be published without comment, when we received the following from our Brother's favourite Chela.

Then follows the Chela's statement on behalf of Master K. H.:

I am commanded by my beloved Master, known in India and in the Western lands as Koot-Humi Lal Singh, to make in his name the

¹ *The Mahatma Letters*, p. 274.

² Not the Master himself, but one impersonating him by his consent and to carry out his purpose—a long and complicated story.

following declaration, in answer to a certain statement made by Mr. Oxley and sent by him for publication. It is claimed by the said gentleman that my Master Koot-Humi

(a) has thrice visited him "by astral form"; and

(b) that he had conversation with Mr. Oxley, when, as alleged, he gave the latter certain explanations in reference to astral bodies in general, and the incompetency of his own *Māyavi Rūpa* to preserve its consciousness simultaneously with the body, "at both ends of the line". Therefore my Master declares:

1. Whomsoever Mr. Oxley may have seen and conversed with at the time described, it was not with Koot-Humi, the writer of the letters published in "The Occult World".

2. Notwithstanding that my Master knows the gentleman in question, who once honoured him with an autograph letter, thereby giving him the means of making his (Mr. Oxley's) acquaintance, and of sincerely admiring his intuitional powers and Western learning—yet he has never approached him, whether astrally or otherwise; nor has he ever had any conversation with Mr. Oxley; nor could he under any circumstances, even had there been such conversation, have expressed himself in the terms now imputed to him.

To guard against all possible misapprehension of this kind in the future, my Master will undertake to hold no communication henceforward with any medium or seer, without authenticating that communication by means of three pass-words which shall be made known to Messrs. A. O. Hume, President Olcott and A. P. Sinnett, Vice-President of the Simla "Eclectic Theosophical Society"; so that they may be enabled to declare explicitly that my Master cannot be the author of any statement attributed to him in which they do not find these words.

By order,

GJUAL-KHOOL * * *

One might suppose this precaution unnecessary, that the Masters had naught to do with seers and mediums; but this was not so. True, Master K. H. says:

In those days, you [Sinnett] were yet hesitating to see in Occultism or the "Old Lady's" phenomena anything beyond a variety of Spiritualism and mediumship . . . For the first time in my life [toward the end of 1880], I paid serious attention to the utterances of "media" . . . M. knew all about them; but since I had never had anything to do with any of them, they interested me very little.¹

¹ *The Mahatma Letters*, p. 426.

But on the other hand, in 1883, he declares:

Suffice for me to say that "Ski" [the "guide" of Mrs. Hollis-Billing] has more than once served as a carrier and even a mouthpiece for several of us.¹

And H. P. B., on July 21, 1882, writes:

K. H. and M. and the Chohan say that the Imperator of his [Stainton Moses's] early mediumship is a Brother, and I will assert it over and over again; but assuredly the Imperator of then is not the Imperator of to-day.²

As late as 1884, Master M. gives an amusing and satirical account of a séance which Sinnett attended in Picadilly, over old S.'s mouldy bookshop; and reminds him of the above pass-words:

Spooks worked remarkably well, nothing abashed by my presence, of which neither W. E. [glinton] nor his bodyguard knew anything. My attention was attracted by their forging H. P. B.'s handwriting. Then I put aside my pipe and watched. Too much light coming from a Picadilly shop for the creatures. Poor entranced wretch. . . . His astral ticks fabricated that letter of mine through means of their own. . . . As for all of you, you did not watch very keenly while he was guided to place paper and envelope between the leaves of a book and when he laid it upon the table, or you would have seen something very interesting for science. . . . Your memory is not good. Have you forgotten the agreement made at Prayag [Allahabad], and the pass-words that have to precede every genuine communication coming from us?³

(To be continued)

THAT is wherein the greatness of man consists: that no one can save him, except himself. In man the universe potentially exists, and his purpose is to bring about that realisation. To arrive at that absolute, the progressive "I" must, by experience, by consideration, by thoughtfulness, by the lack of fear, reject and eliminate those things that hinder unification. This is not a philosophy merely to be thought about, mere mental gymnastics; it is Life itself, the whole, which must be lived, which must express itself physically, in all your actions.

International Star Bulletin

August, 1929

J. KRISHNAMURTI

¹ *The Mahatma Letters*, p. 417.

² *Letters of H. P. Blavatsky to A. P. Sinnett*, p. 22.

³ *The Mahatma Letters*, pp. 431, 432.

IN THE TWILIGHT¹

"THE following is not quite clairvoyance," said Germania, "but it is a little allied thereto." In 1902 I happened to be in Leipzig when Colonel Olcott was expected there, and the members of the local T.S. Lodge asked me to act as their interpreter as most of them did not know English. So it came to pass that during three days I had the good fortune of seeing much of our President-Founder and of enjoying his company in quite an intimate manner. One morning we were sitting together in his room in the Kaiserhof. The expected callers had not yet turned up and we were alone. He was smoking and showing me some photographs of his beloved Adyar. Every word he said about his "Indian Home" proved how fond he was of the place. Indeed there was a ring in his voice when speaking of the Headquarters, of the River-Bungalow and of the little flower garden in front of it where there grew roses, fairer than which there were none. I thought by myself: "Well the roses in Adyar may be very fine, but that's no reason why those which were presented to the Colonel last night should go without any water. There they are a-dying." I only thought it. Instantly the Colonel rose: "Let us put these roses into water," he said. "But even while engaged in doing this he did not cease speaking of the beauties

¹ The "In the Twilight" series appeared during 1898 in *The Theosophical Review* and from 1909—1913 in *THE THEOSOPHIST*. The following note was added when the series began: "The stories given in these monthly records will be authentic, unless the contrary be definitely stated in any particular case, that is: they will be real experience."—A.B. [Some more of these stories were found; the one which we give above seemed rather suitable for this number of the magazine.—Asst. Ed.]

of Adyar, telling me how glorious it was when the sun set behind the bridge and the sky seemed aflame and how one had the impression of the whole place being alive with fairies when, during cool summer-nights, the moonshine was dancing on the river. Suddenly he stopped talking and looked round like some one who has heard himself called by name. He made a few steps towards the middle of the room and remained standing there looking straight before him, evidently intent on listening. I followed him a step or two and then stopped spell-bound. A sort of semi-unconsciousness took hold of me and I could no more move or speak. It was a queer but not a disagreeable feeling and I knew Colonel Olcott's Master was there, speaking to him and He it was who threw this glamour over me. After a few seconds the Colonel turned round again and continued speaking to me as if nothing happened, and I did the same."

* * *

The following is an extract from a letter written by a F.T.S., a professor in a college in Bagdad, who sent another story as well. No date is given.

"A rumor is current among the Jews, but which he has been unable to trace, that a few months ago a Jewish baby, only ten days old, spoke articulately, saying that the Messiah was born." She [The Vagrant] remarks that however unauthentic the story, its currency is of interest as adding to the growing expectation of the coming of a World-Teacher.

OJAI STAR CAMP, 1929¹

SUPPOSE that I had been in the world at the time when the Buddha was in India, and had realised to myself that there was a great human being who understood life, who was the consummation of life, who was the beauty of life; in whom there was the whole and not the part. Knowing all that and having a burning desire to understand him, do you think I would turn to him and then say that I had some other work to do in the world, that I wanted to stay in the shadow of a religion, or that I wanted to function through a particular channel, when he himself held the whole of life?

In the same manner, I say now, I say without conceit, with proper understanding, with fullness of mind and heart, that I am that full flower which is the glory of life, to which all human beings, individuals as well as the whole world, must come.

J. KRISHNAMURTI

¹ *The International Star Bulletin.*

THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG

AN INTERPRETATION¹

BY ECLECTIC

PROLOGUE "THE RHINEGOLD"

RICHARD WAGNER, one of humanity's master-men, was one who saw and felt life with the freshness and simplicity of a child, and his art is sincere to the core; his work also has the primal freshness of first love, yet also the love of a soul rich in experience of life. For intensity of dramatic power one doubts if earth has a greater son, and his characters embody the most primitive instincts and ascend through a scale of experience to some of the most sublime heights known to the soul of man. Wagner's influence has hardly commenced yet, but when our Governments are composed of men sufficiently great in spiritual knowledge and outlook, then may we hope to see in all our large cities an ideal presentation of his dramas of the soul and of the world-process, for his works also deal with the process of a world's unfolding. The whole wonderful complexity of a solar system exists but for experiences in consciousness, for all else passes away and only that consciousness which is love and joy remains, for

¹ The thanks of the writer are due to Wm. C. Ward for his valuable brochure, *The Ring of the Nibelung*, (T.P.S.) from which some excerpts have been culled, and to Miss Gweneth Ingamells for her valuable assistance in preparing these articles for the press.

these are the consummation for which all the rest was brought into being.

In the ancient myths from which Wagner draws the material for all his dramas, we see the wonderful way in which the Head of our Solar System has, through various agencies, perpetually provided man with the knowledge of His plans from age to age. In the gods and other personalities of the myths, we see personified the same Hierarchy of Beings who ever "stand before the Throne of God," as our Christian Bible expresses it, and we have to devoutly thank the two great Masters of the Wisdom who launched the Theosophical Society for perhaps the *clearest* presentation available of this wonderful ladder of Beings who labour under the Solar Lord's perpetual guidance.

The day is now past when the myth is treated merely as a child's fable—though it would certainly seem that we have not got most of them in their primal state, for by the passage of time they have become more or less corrupted and the gods have been endowed with the passions and failings of humanity—which may not be altogether amiss as regards the beings on the lower rungs of the ladder, for even gods have to evolve. We owe a tremendous debt to Wagner for his labours, for in seeing and hearing his music-dramas our souls may learn to reach heights of experience not otherwise at all easy to reach.

We shall find, I think, that the myths of the various races of mankind come from one common source, the same source from which Theosophy and all the great religions and philosophies have sprung. That source is "The Great White Lodge" composed of earth's divine and super-men, that Lodge that has watched over and taught humanity from its cradle in far pre-historic times to the present day.

The fundamental idea in *The Ring of the Nibelung* series of music-dramas seems to be to present the story of evolution

from its source and beginning to its goal. The soul in its age-long journey, in growing from spiritual babyhood to spiritual manhood, is in a continual state of change; now joy, now sorrow, now success now failure, and all this owing to the fact of its being born in ignorance of its surroundings in these lower worlds, and also to the fact that all souls do not start their evolution at the same period or make the same rate of progress, a fact which often causes us to misjudge one another.

The characters and incidents in *The Ring* drama reveal these facts and factors very clearly. They show us the battle against ignorance that the growing soul has to face. We see the selfish brute stage; then the further stage when the soul has learned to abide by rules and regulations and lives according to a *fixed* code of morals, ideas and creeds. Then we meet a further stage when the class lessons of the creeds applicable to this stage are transcended, and the soul blossoms in its fulness like to a flower, having risen to the free upper air, unconfined by any *fixity* of idea, by formality or by confining walls, though these were protecting walls at the earlier stage spoken of. *The Valkyrie* should be considered the first drama of the series, for *The Rhinegold* is of the nature of an introduction in which are sown the seeds of all that follows.

We should note that most of the characters represent super-physical beings or principles, also that they are not subject to birth and death in the same sense that the human being is. We meet with gods, Walsungs, the spirits of the elements, or dwarfs, salamanders, valkyries and undines, orders of beings who in the main have bodies of more permanent material than physical matter, and whose life is concerned with and lived within the elements of earth, fire, air and water. Before proceeding to the action of the drama it would be well to consider these elemental types, and also the

characters and symbols of the drama as to their nature and place in the cosmos.

The Gold seen on a crag in the river Rhine, and from which this introductory drama receives its title, represents, I believe, that power aspect of the divine that may be used either for good or for ill. At our human stage we each have a limited amount of this gold that we can draw upon in one life; therefore it is wise to awaken to our spiritual opportunities ere our present incarnation closes. The Theosophical Society is one of the guardians of the knowledge of the soul, and welcomes to its ranks those who wish to know more of these matters. This gold or power lies harmless in the waters of space, symbolised by the Rhine, for in its deepest meaning the Rhine represents those super-physical waters that God breathes or moves upon and vivifies, when He starts His solar system.

The "Magic Ring" that Alberich, the ruler of the dwarfs, welds from the stolen gold, symbolises the use of power for selfish, personal ends, and is the root cause of all the misery in our lower material worlds.

With Wagner, these Nibelungs or dwarfs represent the purely material and unspiritualised principles, the opposers of the Valkyries, who represent the higher or spiritual use of power.¹ The dwarfs are the gnomes of fairy lore; having bodies of ether, and finer matter, they can, like sound, pass through and live in the rocks and other solids—hence Wagner rightly makes their usual abode below the surface of the earth.

In the God Wotan or Odin (the one-eyed god) the central figure in the drama, we have the will rather than the heart aspect in the Universe. In the Norse system of Cosmos, Wotan is one of the Creators of man, giving him life and soul.

¹ It would probably be nearer the truth to say that these dwarfs of Wagner's drama are the tools of a super-imposed power, Alberich.

He is thus the Father of the Gods, or Creative Wisdom. He creates man from trees (the Ash and the Alder) which are the Norse symbols of life. Honir, another Norse God, gives man intellect, and Lodur gives him form, blood and colour. Wotan (or Odin), Lodur, and Honir are therefore the Scandinavian Trinity, corresponding to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit of Christianity. This Trinity should not be regarded as Persons, but as Person or masks, *i.e.*, symbols or personifications of aspects of the Divine nature. For example: firstly, there is the virgin matter or material from which anything is made, the first Person of the Trinity. Secondly, the form or body that this matter takes, the second Person of the Trinity; and thirdly, the indwelling consciousness or tenant of these forms, the third Person of the Trinity. There is nothing existing, from an atom to The Universe, that has not these three aspects with itself. Wotan's wife, Fricka, represents adhesion to formality and to the current or established ideas of things. She represents matter and its "drag" or "pull".

We may note in history that religious people and the followers of most of the creeds and faiths have rarely known the great Teachers when they have appeared, for the Great Ones come with *new* views and outlooks upon life and the Eternal Verities, and they who cling to accepted authority and to the established order of things seem to miss the recognition and full benefits of the appearance of Supermen. They cannot move with the times, as we say.

The Hall, called Valhalla, is a heaven for slain warriors and is to be the home of Wotan and his consort and other gods. In Wagner's story, which deals with *evolving* gods and not the cosmic Past-Masters, Valhalla is a place that limits the consciousness, as all things that have a boundary do, and Wotan agreed to its being built in ignorance of this consequence. In the drama he remarks: "Unwittingly fraudulent I

wrought untruth, bound by bargains what hid in it harm, with which cunning Loge misled me." From the foregoing we see that this is not the Supreme Valhalla which is the fruition of evolution. The Supreme Valhalla is symbolised by Mount Meru, Olympus, Sinai, and so on. Therefore the Valhalla of Wagner's drama suggests rather the limiting walls that selfish power and ambition builds about its votaries. It corresponds with the walls of dogmatism that outworn creeds build up.

In the pure myth, the giants or Titans which Wagner brings into the story, are the great cosmic "builders" on the various planes and worlds, and are of two types—the dark and light elements, or the material and spiritual builders. It was Mimir, one of the Giants, who taught Wotan magic. He had a well that he watched over which contained the waters of Primeval Wisdom, by drinking of which Wotan acquired the knowledge of all past, present and future events. However, the giants of Wagner's drama are dark, low types—the personification of the ignorant, blind and blundering use of power.

Loge or Logi, a great character in the drama, means "flame". It is he and his progeny who cause all eruptions, conflagrations and cataclysms, and they were regarded as the enemies of man because of this power of burning or destroying the works both of gods and men. He is fire personified.

The Rhinegold is a drama in one act. It opens showing the bottom of the river Rhine, with the gold or power lying harmless on a rock in the stream and guarded by three Rhine-maidens, and as the curtain rises they are seen sporting about in the water. These maidens are evidently Undines or water spirits, for their names, Woglinde, Wellgunde, and Flosshilde, refer to the flow and undulation of water. They have the simple innocence of a golden age, and their innocence is seen where they so easily and unsuspectingly betray the secret of the Gold and its power to Alberich, the dwarf. Alberich is

attracted by the maidens and tries to capture them, being driven to madness by their playful eluding of him. As the sun rises he sees the gold on the summit of the rock in the stream, and casts envious eyes upon its glittering beauty. In its primal meaning this gold is a symbol of the highest spiritual world and its consciousness, the possession of which, when rightly used, leads to the attainment of full divine stature for man. Alberich learns from the maidens that he who can capture this gold and weld it into a ring will obtain unlimited worldly power, but only by renouncing love may this be done. To Alberich, who is the embodiment of cupidity, desire, and hate, love counts for nought. Hastily climbing the rock he succeeds in seizing the gold, exclaiming "Love I forswear for ever," and it is this forswearing of love that is the primal cause of all the strife and misery that follow in Wagner's story. With mocking laughter, Alberich, to the great dismay of the Rhinemaidens, now disappears to his cave with the Gold.

The scene now changes to the mountains, which are symbols of the inner world—heights where the gods abide, and we see Wotan and Fricka, his wife, asleep on a flowery meadow. In the background is Valhalla, the castle of the gods, in which Fricka plans to keep Wotan in a state of selfish contentment. This castle has been built by two giants, Fafner and Fasolt, on condition that Wotan delivers to them Freia, his sister-in-law, the goddess of eternal youth or immortality. It is Freia who guards and tends the golden apples, symbols of the Divine Wisdom, upon which the gods daily nourish themselves. Wotan now wakes, and in satisfaction sees the work of the giants completed, but whilst he is in this state of satisfied contemplation Fricka awakes, and rudely shatters his happy brooding by reminding him of his bargain with the giants, the delivery of her sister Freia as payment for their building of Valhalla. This bartering of

Freia is on a par with Alberich's renunciation of love. Wotan endeavours to pacify his wife by pointing out that he had the castle built as much for her as for himself, and that now it is completed he has no intention of delivering Freia to the builders. He, however, soon discovers that his own craftiness is not sufficient to pacify the giants, so he calls upon Thor, the god of thunder, and Loge, the fire god, for their assistance. In order to stay a crisis and gain time for Loge and Thor to act, he commences bartering with the giants, who know that if the gods lose Freia, they will, owing to the loss of her rejuvenating apples, lose their youth and rapidly age and die. These apples, as stated, are symbols of the food or nectar of the spiritual worlds upon which all spirituality and permanence depends, hence the mystic food of all the spirits of light. This too is the food of the god within ourselves, and the deprivation of this food or neglect of spiritual discipline must spell disaster for the gods as for man. The giants refuse to discuss or parley with Wotan, and rush to capture Freia, but at this last moment Thor and Loge appear, and Thor swinging his powerful and dreaded hammer (*i.e.*, lightning and thunder) drives the giants back. The giants, however, are insistent—and remind Wotan of the reward agreed upon as payment for their work.

The character of Thor offers us valuable information in studying nature's deeper activities. He is the son or offspring of Wotan and Freia, and the Chief of all the elemental spirits. In other words, Thor is the product of "the omnipotent God of Heaven" and of Mother Earth, or, shall we say, of spirit and matter. He is thus brought into existence by the churning of virgin-matter by spirit. The fifth day of our week, Thursday, or Thor's-day, is named after this god. Thor's hammer is the Swastika or whirling cross. Madame Blavatsky says "It is the originator of the fire by friction," and in

The Secret Doctrine she says that the mason's gavel or mallet has its true origion in this hammer of Thor. It is the hammering or knocking of the divine power upon the boundless super-physical virgin-matter of the universe that starts the work of a solar system, and this seems the deepest meaning of Thor's hammer. It symbolises the work of the Great Architect of the Universe as He opens or commences his age-long labour of evolving a solar system.

The situation at this point of our drama is vitally critical, for Wotan, the god, dare not break a solemn agreement sworn upon the point of his spear. He bows his head, and Loge here makes a suggestion. Loge has wandered the earth, trying to discover something that mankind would be willing to have in place of love, but he was everywhere laughed at; only one being did he find who valued something more than love, the dwarf Alberich, the ruler of the spirits of darkness. Having heard from the Rhine-maidens of Alberich's theft of the gold, Loge tells the giants of the stolen treasure and the power it confers on its possessor, and their cupidity is immediately aroused. Ambitious to possess this gold, they offer to free Wotan from his promise, deliver Freia and accept the gold in her stead. Wotan is furious at their demand, so they suddenly capture Freia and flee with her to their stronghold, agreeing to wait until evening for Wotan's final decision.

Loge here urges Wotan to help them recover the gold, saying they may win it by "theft from the thief" and Wotan now undergoes a struggle with himself, for in the possession of the ring he sees a way out of his dilemma. At this point a gloomy mist envelops the scene, and the gods quickly begin to show signs of weariness and age, their faces assuming an ash-like pallor, the result of their loss of Freia or the spiritual element in their lives, and Loge tauntingly remarks, "On Freia's fruit I doubt if you feasted to-day." For "a

place in the Sun" so to speak, Wotan plays with his own divinity.

We may note the same thing at work in the troubles of the world at the present time, for men and the custodians of the creeds are seeking material gains and powers to such a degree that they have almost forgotten their spiritual evolution—a state of affairs that must inevitably end in disaster.

At this point in the story Thor drops his powerful hammer, and Fricka blames Wotan for the troubles crowding upon them all, whereupon Wotan demands that Loge accompany him to the abode of Alberich with the object of stealing the gold. Loge attempts to persuade Wotan to return it to the Rhine-maidens, but he refuses to agree to this, and they depart to the home of the dwarfs to secure the treasure, and the scene here becomes darker and darker as they disappear through an opening in the rocks—this seems also to be symbolic of the further veiling of the spiritual consciousness.

(To be continued)

The number and diversity of ways in which the theatre is related to life is the measure of its power to enrich and minister to life.

Just as the mediæval abbey, which, because of its being a gathering-place for human beings for the worship of God, was also an inn, a school, a court, a workshop, and many other things besides, so the theatre would assume an analogous position in the community by no process other than becoming what it essentially is: a gathering-place for human beings for the understanding of MAN.

CLAUDE BRAGDON

900 MILES THROUGH SOUTHERN INDIA BY MOTOR-CAR

By R. WAGN

I have often wondered if it is true that most of the members of our Society develop the curious, restless spirit that typifies "wandering birds". Somehow I think we do. If we are so unfortunate as to live in the atmosphere of a town do we not love occasionally to roam about in nature, to "get away from the maddening crowd"? Do we not love at any time to go out into the wilds—the wilder the better—to inhale the beauty of vales, hills and green woods and to breathe with the fresh breeze our wonderful freedom of life?

Two such "wandering birds" at Adyar Headquarters suddenly decided to cross the "wilds" of Southern India. Maps were consulted, preparations made, provisions taken and one fine morning at the end of July the private car of our Treasurer was packed and made ready for a 900 miles trip. We left at 6.30 a.m. prompt—"we" by the bye indicating our much treasured old Treasurer and a young visitor to Adyar. (Don't misunderstand me when I say "old Treasurer"; he is in reality only 67 and of the same variety as the other dear ones in our Society who are still "young and active" in their eighties).

Our first day's goal was Bangalore, a city with a population of 250,000, situated in the State of Mysore and 210

1929 900 MILES THROUGH S. INDIA BY MOTOR-CAR 91

miles west of Madras. One does not wander however in quite uncharted land, for fairly good roadmaps and signposts at all crossings, with distances clearly marked, make it easy to find one's way to any desired destination all over Southern India. Armed with these we sped on our way from Adyar, but came to a sudden stop at the first 10 miles toll-gate. Imagine toll-gates and motor-cars together, the symbols of mediæval leisureliness and modern speed! Yet so it is in India. Every 10 or 15 miles, whether in the proximity of towns or in the densely populated districts, one meets them. A long thick bar across the road compels you to halt and disburse your Rupee to the "guardian of the gate" who notes the number of the car, gives you a pass, "opens the gate and lets you through," as the children's game says, till—the next one. The tolls are collected according to a scale from all the vehicles that pass for the upkeep of the roads—by the Government of course. The trunk-roads are metalled and are quite good for motoring although not macadamised, and for long distances they are in many places most charmingly shaded on both sides by beautiful old trees, chiefly tamarind trees and banyans, which in this land of the Sun form a very welcome, cool and shady roof over the road. It is great fun to watch the monkeys playing about in these trees and sitting along the road glancing at the humans as they pass, but not in the least timid, though some have little babies clinging tightly round their neck.

About 40 miles from Madras the land begins to raise to the plateau, until at Bangalore, it reaches a level of 3,000 feet, the approximate level of the whole State of Mysore. One experiences a most delightful change in temperature, when coming from the hot plains as one reaches the hills. Thus we arrived at Bangalore at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, having battled with a strong headwind and having only

stopped twice on the road to enjoy our sandwiches and fruit and quench our tropical thirst. We were heartily welcomed by our members who reside at the bungalow of the T. S. Cantonment Lodge where we were to put up for the night. Our evening however was spent at the "Pictures" which one can do even in Central India, strange tho' it may seem in this romantic land. With its cool and pleasant climatic conditions Bangalore is mostly known as a place for retired people.

Early next morning we set out for Mysore, the capital of the State of Mysore, which is 112 miles from Bangalore. About half-way, at a place called Maddur, we branched off the main route. This branch-road leads to Sivasamudram, a wonderful place on the river Cauvery where it divides and suddenly drops into a canyon 320 feet deep forming two most fascinating and beautiful waterfalls side by side. The rocky sides of the canyon are quite overgrown with trees.

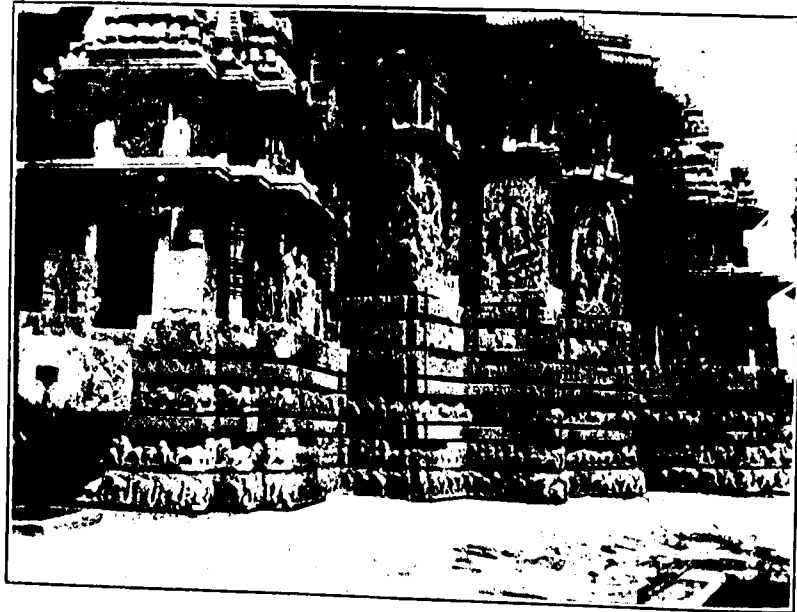
This is not only a place to be visited for its great beauty but here also one of the greatest pieces of engineering work in India is to be seen, one of the pioneer attempts at electrification in India, indeed in all Asia, equipped with the most modern plant. At a point above the falls an open channel diverts part of the water to an Electric Power Station situated about a mile below them. Stored in a forebay the water is then conducted by means of 13 steel pipes, which have an almost perpendicular drop of 420 feet and a flow capacity of 1,200 cubic feet per second or about 4,50,000 gallons per minute, to the Generating Station, where the energy is converted into electric power by 12 turbine-driven generators with an aggregate capacity of 46,000 H.P. From the Power Station the water discharges itself again into the Cauvery river. The average of units generated per day is about 4,44,000 and the high voltage transformers transmit power to the mining concerns at the Kolar Goldfields (92 miles



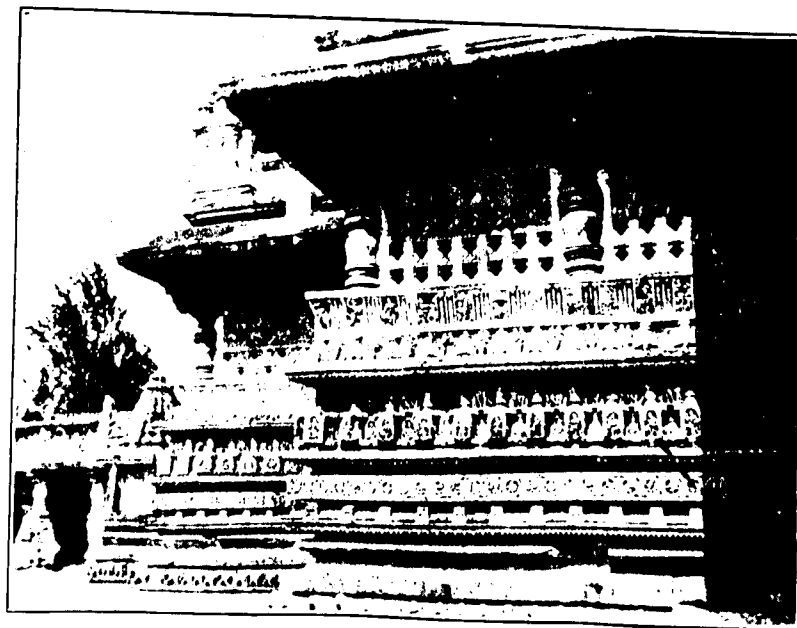
Sivasamudram Waterfalls



Cauvery River, Powerhouse, Sivasamudram



Temple at Halibid



Temple at Belur

distant) at a High Potential of 78,000 volts and to Bangalore and Mysore Cities of 35,000 volts. Truly a wonderful undertaking.

The next stage of our journey was Seringapatam, only 10 miles from Mysore. Seringapatam is famous as the scene of several furious battles between the English and Tippu Sultan, the Muhammadan Ruler of the land of Mysore at the end of the eighteenth century. The old Fort is still to be seen, while near by is the Summer Palace of Tippu Sultan and the beautiful Mausoleum in which he is buried.

We arrived at Mysore just before sunset and this completed our second day's tour.

The third day we spent in Mysore itself. It is a modern Indian city, situated at the foot of a solitary hill called Chamundi Hill, 700 feet high, with well-kept, broad roads and very artistic and imposing buildings, spotlessly white and radiating in the clear sunshine. The most notable are the Mahārāja's Palace and a magnificent Guesthouse for Viceroy and other exalted visitors, built recently at an enormous cost.

At night one sees a most wonderful scene from the top of Chamundi Hill when the thousands of electric lights in the City (produced by the Sivasamudram falls) suddenly shine out like glow-worms on a carpet of black velvet. A star-spangled firmament above and one below it presents an entrancing vision that brings many silent thoughts and ponderings.

Twelve miles northwest of Mysore another of the great engineering works of the State is to be seen. This is a huge dam across the same Cauvery river at a place called Krishnarajasagar. The dam is a mile and a quarter long, 115 feet deep and has produced the largest artificial lake or reservoir in India. In the dam there are 16 sluices which regulate the supply of water from the lake for irrigation purposes and maintain a continuous flow of water at Sivasamudram for generating electric power. It is a

marvellous engineering structure, undertaken and carried through entirely by Indians.

From Mysore we followed the route to Hassan on the fourth day; to Belur and Halibid on the fifth, and via Arisekere back to Bangalore on the sixth, everywhere welcomed and shewn round by members of our Society.

En route to Hassan, at the little village of Sravana Belgola, we climbed a 500 feet hill on the top of which stands in solitude, in this remote corner of the world, a most extraordinary Buddha statue, 62 feet high, facing north. Beautifully cut out of one piece of granite rock, in spite of its 1,500 or more years, it looks as if it had been chiselled only one year ago.

Belur and Halibid, now two villages, but formerly capitals of the Hoysala Kings, 80 miles northwest of Mysore, are known for some exceedingly fine and interesting old temples built in the twelfth century. In Halibid there are no less than three, the biggest of which is so richly covered with artistic carvings and figures that hardly one square foot can be found without elaborate designs. A whole day can easily be spent in viewing these most interesting temples. We stopped overnight at Halibid in an ideally situated *Dak* bungalow. These bungalows can be found in most of the big villages and were originally built for officials on inspection but are now made use of by travellers also. Here we were told that in such an out-of-the-way place it was too dangerous to sleep on the open veranda on account of tigers and panthers. This information sent quite a thrill through us, as you can imagine, but unfortunately we did not have the experience of meeting any.

(The Treasurer would like to add here that our only weapons were loaded cameras which did a good deal of shooting on our trip, but would hardly have scared a tiger. If, however, Mr. Wagn had brought his violin—his most effective

weapon—which he wields so skilfully, his sympathetic touch would surely have charmed the wildest beast. It was the only thing we missed, especially on quiet evenings in *Dak* bungalows, and on our next excursion the violin will have to form part of our equipment. A. S.)

Via Tumkur, Bangalore and the Kolar Goldfields we returned to Madras exactly one week from the day we started, after a trip without any mishap whatever, favored by the best of weather and full of interest from beginning to end. Beautiful scenery with hills and waterfalls, magnificent old Temples bearing testimony to an artistic civilization centuries ago, villages that have remained unchanged for ages but are now invaded by motor-buses (which are found in the most out-of-the-way places), huge modern engineering works, all these combined offer a medley of ancient and modern achievements, the former seemingly still triumphing over the latter and lending that peculiar charm to Indian life which fascinates the newcomer and the old settler alike.

We had seen many varied and interesting things but none so charming and enchanting as when we crossed the bridge at Adyar just after sunset and saw the compound and the buildings of our Headquarters lying on the banks of the river, peacefully as ever, dreaming among the whispering palms. Then we knew and felt what a wonderful place of rest it was for us "birds" who wander here and there.

THE CURSE OF THE TOWER CHAMBER

BY JANET MACDONALD CLARK

WHEN I, Nathalie Webster, opened my eyes on my nineteenth birthday, I thought there was no happier girl in the world. I was mistress of myself and my small fortune, three hundred a year and the old Scotch tower with some fifteen acres, on which, save for three years spent in an Edinburgh school, I had lived from my babyhood. I had no parents, but since both had died when I was too young to miss them, this was no positive grief to me, and the lawyer who was my guardian and intimate friend, and who came periodically from Edinburgh to visit me, had well supplied their place. Now Neil Kennedy had asked for my love, and I, who had missed him sorely when he left home to go to college, and then to study painting had feigned no reluctance, but taken his love freely as he had given it to me. This had happened but the week before, and I was still brooding over the wonder of it. That Neil, who had been my hero afar off, should love me! It was incomprehensible, and I was humble to myself, feeling my own unworthiness; I was not humble with him though, for it is not wise to spoil any man!

I remember I ran downstairs gaily, calling, good morning, to Jean Mackenzie, who was visible through the open

kitchen door, as I did so, and entered the dining-room with never a thought of what was awaiting me. Of course there were presents beside my plate; presents from girls at my Edinburgh school who had not forgotten me, a letter from Neil enclosing a package, a ring—not *the* ring, he said, as he must bring that himself, but an *avant-courier*, a birthday gift. I slipped it on my finger, feeling at peace with all the world, and then took up an uninteresting lawyer's letter which I had instinctively placed at the bottom of my pile, feeling that on such a morning mere business might wait; now I opened it and read, and this was what I read:

My dear Nathalie,

First as your guardian and friend I offer my birthday wishes, and next as your guardian and lawyer have to proceed to business. You remember that by your father's will my guardianship was to cease on your nineteenth birthday; it has been an easy task, for you have been dear to me as one of my own children, and had you not preferred to live on your land, I should have been only too happy always to have had you with them.

I shall be with you to-day formally to relinquish my guardianship, and am bringing with me a sealed packet addressed to you by your father, who gave it to me privately as to a friend, with instructions to let you have it on your nineteenth birthday, in the presence of your old domestic, Jean Mackenzie, if she were still alive. As you know, no mention was made of this packet in your father's will, and I gather that it concerns some secret connected with your family.

Hoping to be with you some time in the afternoon, I sign myself for the last time,

Your affectionate guardian,

PETER FRAZER

I think when I first read this letter it gave no pause to my joy, but only seemed to make the situation more romantic, and I think I was hardly curious as to what the secret might be. A secret—a dead secret—it might very well wait in sight of my living love; so, after carrying my treasures up to my bedroom, I put on my hat and went out of the house, over the little bridge which spanned the brook, and down into the cornfield not yet ripe for cutting, where I knew Neil would be waiting for me. We both loved the sun and the warmth of this field, and then to skirt it and leaving it behind us climb the side of the Ben covered with warm heather, where gaining the top we would sit, seeing the cornfield and my tower on our right, and to our left the stretch of the Atlantic fading away into space, while the waves rolled lazily in at the foot of the cliff, and chanted a never ceasing lullaby. Ah! I loved my tower and my land always, but most in the glorious summer.

Neil was waiting as I knew he would be, and we passed a glorious morning. I think I dwell on every detail of this day, for it was my last of the happiness of youth which knows no responsibility. I have been happy since, but never quite with the same abandon, the same ignoring of the painful facts of life. Well! I left Neil at last, and went into the house, telling him to come to dinner at seven, to meet Mr. Frazer, who would surely stay the night.

My guardian had arrived before I got in, and we lunched, I refusing to talk business until the afternoon; but when the table was cleared, we still remaining in the dining-room, he begged that Jean Mackenzie might be sent for.

Jean came. She is a typically silent Scotchwoman, who can never understand my propensity to chatter, inherited I suppose from my French mother; she loved me as a clanswoman loves the child of her chief, and she looked at me now as she entered with an expression I could not at all understand,

compounded of affection and apprehension, almost as if she would shield me from some blow. To my surprise, throwing her usual taciturnity on one side, she went straight to Mr. Frazer and addressed him.

"Must ye tell her, Sir?" she said. Mr. Frazer looked troubled.

"Jean," he said, "I have always suspected you knew something, but as for me I am absolutely in ignorance. My duty begins and ends with giving Miss Webster this packet in your presence."

As he spoke he drew from his brief bag a packet, and held it towards me. Jean sprang as if to seize it.

"Don't ye give it to her, Sir!" she cried. "If it's the curse of the master, I'd rather take it than let Miss Nathalie know. Look at her now full of youth and beauty and love; and think what she'll be when she's read those papers! It's a cruel curse on the line: let us who are outsiders break it!"

Mr. Frazer was looking at Jean attentively; as for me, I was so filled with astonishment as to be incapable of movement; I seemed to be living in a dream. My guardian broke the silence, "I must give it to her, Jean, woman," he said kindly, "and you must see me do it."

But at this point I recovered myself. "Jean," I said, "If it's something I ought to know, I *must* know. I don't believe that anything my father left is likely to bring trouble on me. So don't worry your old head! I expect you are imagining all sorts of evil for which there is no foundation."

Jean looked at me pitifully. "Ah, bairn!" she said, "it's little you know what you are stretching your hand out to so blithely. Better for you if you would make up your mind to burn that packet as it is. I would take the guilt of disobeying my master on my soul for ye."

"No! No! Jean," struck in my guardian, "this won't do, or at least I can be no party to it. You see I have given

Miss Nathalie the packet, and now the responsibility is off my shoulders."

I took the packet doubtfully. Jean's words had made more impression on me than I cared to own, but I still affected to treat the matter lightly. "Jean," I said, "when Mr. Frazer is gone, you shall sit with me while I open and read this. Will that content you?" I kissed her as I spoke. Jean has always been almost like a mother to me. She, however, shook her head doubtfully, and with never a word turned and walked from the room; my guardian and I regarded each other dubiously.

"She almost frightens me, guardian," said I, "but never mind! I won't think of it till after this evening. Now come into the garden, and by and by you shall renew your acquaintance with Neil."

* * * * *

When, after dinner, Neil heard of the packet, he looked greatly disturbed. "Why not open it now, Nathalie, girl?" he said, "then Mr. Frazer and I could help you with advice."

"Shall I, guardian?" said I. "Well," he answered, "look and see if there are any injunctions as to secrecy. If not, I think it would be the better plan." I ran to fetch the packet, meeting Jean on the stairs as I was returning with it.

"Jean," I said, "You frightened me about this, so I'm going to open it now in presence of Mr. Kennedy and my guardian. Will you come in too?"

She followed me at once silently, and back in the drawing-room I sat by a small table, and broke the seal. A letter appeared, wrapped round an enclosure of papers. The letter began:

My Daughter,

Had I lived, you would have heard what follows from my own lips, when perhaps it would have seemed less terrible. As it is, I have carefully guarded your youth from all

knowledge of the secret; Jean is the only one who knows it, and she is sworn to secrecy, though indeed I think there was perhaps more need to make her swear that one day you should know all.

It is a mystery which has been in our family for over a thousand years, never known to any but to the head, and the heir on attaining his majority. It has been expressly arranged that should the head die, as I do, while his heir is still an infant, the secret must be confided to one person in trust for the heir—the said person to be under the curse of heaven should he fail to transmit it as promised. Of what lies in that chamber we are forbidden to speak, but each must fight the fight for himself. May you have power to break the curse on the line.

With love unalterable,

YOUR FATHER

I looked up to find the others watching me anxiously.

"Neil," I said, "and Guardian, it seems to be something which is to be kept a dead secret. Jean knows it; and nobody else in the world is to share it with me. Would you mind waiting in the next room while I read?"

They went directly, and Jean came and sat very close beside me, as if by physical contact she could show her sympathy. I was beginning to feel awed and thoroughly unhappy, but I pulled myself together, and opened the enclosed papers. They seemed to be old chronicles of some sort, and at the side of each was written its translation into modern English. The first began:

In the hidden room, which is midway in the tower, will be found the staircase. Let him who is of my blood, and bears a fearless heart, on the night when he shall first know of this, go alone to that room, and descend the staircase. Two hundred and seventy steps shall he go down, neither more nor less, though the stairs themselves go on how much farther no man knoweth. Then on the two hundred and seventieth stair shall he turn sharp to the right,

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and walk where the wall fronteth him. Five stones shall he count up, and sharply strike with his sword in the centre of the fifth, which will turn on its axis, and give entrance to the vaulted chamber.

Here dwelleth the Curse. May God, of His grace, give power to some man to remove it !

(Signed) ALARIC THE WEB-STARRED

I gasped as I read, and looked at Jean wonderstruck, even while old legends of the clan stirred in my brain.

"Jean, am I mad?" I said, "or is this a fairy tale?" but Jean only shook her head despairingly, and crooned over me, calling me "bairn," till in desperation I took up another paper.

The next, and the next, and the next I read—all too long to give in full—while wonder burned deep into my brain, accompanied by a deep horror, and I shrank as I realised the task set before me. The substance of it was this: Back in the far dim past, one Alaric, a Scot, had a feud with a Pict, but loved his enemy's daughter, Garenth—Garenth of the dark hair and the deep eyes, with the quick wit and high spirit. It was curious to feel how the personality of this long dead woman pervaded the papers, till she seemed a living being before me. She loved Alaric so deeply that for him she left father and people, and fleeing, lived with him in his tower.

Hedrick, the Pict, cursed her and him, and swore revenge; and Alaric being absent he raided the tower, dragged Garenth to the camp, and there cruelly put her to death.

Alaric on his return was mad with grief and rage, and lived on but for vengeance. Long years he sought his enemy, but always when on the point of seizing him, some obstacle intervened, and dragged him from his grasp. At last he made a compact with the powers of evil, whereby his enemy might be delivered into his hands.

Far out on the bog, but in sight of the tower, lay a deep and sullen pool of water. Gazing on this from an upper loop-hole, the thought of his deadly vengeance, devil-inspired, came to Alaric. "As a spider taketh a fly!" He constructed beneath the surface of the water, deep down so as to be hidden, a web trap; and into this he contrived to lure Hedrick, and mocked him while he died. But in his death agony, Hedrick laid on him and his a curse; that the vengeance he had cherished, grown powerful, should spring from him as a separate personality, and undying, still live on to curse his line. Deep in the tower should it dwell, and each chief of his descendants must once in his life go to meet it; and if the meeting were shirked, that should but fix the curse more firmly, since then it would come to the coward, and his life should pay the forfeit; "and this," cried the dying Hedrick, "shall be for ever!" But even as he spoke the form of the tortured Garenth formed faintly in the mist, "Nay, till I be born again," it seemed to say, and vanished.

Other papers followed, mere notes, signed by one after another of my ancestors. All it appeared, save one or two, had braved that descent, and seen what loathsome sight awaited them below; and of those who had not gone, each had been found dead in his bed, with the mark of a web starred on his forehead.

I sat looking at the papers, too stunned even to move.

"Jean!" at last I whispered, "You knew it. Is it true?" She held me closer. "Bairn," she said, "It's true. You must dree your weird! I was mad to try and stop Mr. Frazer from giving you the papers. You must go, and go alone, and this night. I mind well how your father's father was found dead in his bed, and the mark that was on him!"

I got up and walked to the window; outside the stars shone clear in the sky, and my courage slowly came back to me. I resolved that trusting in my right, and in the power

of the eternal goodness over wrong, however long-lived, I would front the thing that very instant.

"Jean," I said, "I will go now! Show me the hidden room." She did not attempt to dissuade me, instead she seemed relieved that I showed no more fear. Together we went out of the room, at another door from that which led into the place where Neil and my guardian waited. I was determined to go now, while my courage was strong. If I waited to see Neil I should be afraid—should love my love so much, that I should lose all in trying to save all—so we went quietly that they might not hear us.

Up the great stairs we went, till we reached the third of the five stories. Here Jean branched off to the centre gallery, and counting paces round the north wall touched a spring in the panel, which slid back, and disclosed a dark opening.

She offered me the lamp she carried. "I will wait here," she said, "just without." Then she kissed me, and I took the lamp, and went in.

When I look back I can hardly realise that it was I who stood alone in that room, and braved that descent. Around me all was quiet, a great stillness. I held the light aloft, and surveyed the place. The room was small as compared with most of those in the tower; perhaps it might be some eighteen feet square, and on all four sides the walls bare of ornament fronted me. But in the centre of the room yawned a great opening, and walking up to it, I saw that stairs, stretching from side to side of the cavity, led down into the abyss. I grasped my lamp more tightly, and prepared to descend. Hardly can I now understand my state of mind. It was as if all things which to our ordinary perceptions seem real, were really the unrealities of life—that nothing was vital, nothing mattered, except the great eternal battle between good and evil—and unafraid, I set my foot on the stairs.

Down I went, carefully counting the steps; round the curve of the staircase, which after a short distance became spiral, and then round and round again; while whisperings seemed to fill the air; and I could almost have sworn dim figures flittered before me. I was absolutely alone in a world of shadows, and my courage failed me. Fearfully I stood listening to every sound, afraid to move, afraid to think. And then out of my great need something seemed to come to me to reassure me. I felt that good *must* triumph, that some presence greater than I was watching over me, and once more I started on my descent.

Down, down I went. The stairs wound always to the left, so that the wall was always on my right hand. On the two hundred and seventieth stair I stopped, resolutely walked to the wall, and counted the stones. They were massive, each about a foot in height, and in the centre of the fifth was a slight depression, evidently the spring which moved the pivot. Gathering my courage I pressed on it, but nothing moved; then I remembered "strike sharply with your sword," and with despair I realized that I had no sword, had nothing that would serve my purpose;—and I could not face those stairs again!

Utterly unnerved and desperate I stood, but then, with the recklessness born of desperation, struck sharply in the centre of the stone with the edge of the lamp—and the lamp went out! But even as I trembled, a glimmering light showed a huge door swinging slowly round on a pivot, and on the threshold it seemed easier to advance than retreat. I went in.

* * * * *

Have you ever thought what a sin personified would look like? Such was the thing which fronted me when becoming accustomed to the dim light I could distinguish objects around me. I cannot describe it. It was superhuman; it was less a shape than an idea; something malignant,

nerve-paralysing; and all the more horrible because so undefined. My strength went from me, my brain gave way, only my soul was strong to front the evil. "God save me!" I cried only as I sank. No words came—it was a battle of spirits—and I could see the thing shrink as I thought my prayer. . . . And then a most wonderful thing happened. Out from the depth of darkness into which the chamber seemed to fade came slowly a gleam of light. It grew and formed as into the figure of a woman—it took shape, and to my wondering eyes seemed to be myself, but garbed as I had never been, in a long tunic over a flowing skirt, the dark hair confined by a band of gold.

Imperiously the figure fronted the evil, "Till I be born again!" it breathed, and pointed where I crouched upon the ground. The horror shrank and shrank, it vanished; and God's bright glory seemed to flood the room, while in my heart was throbbing a great thankfulness, for the curse was lifted from the line!

How I got up the stairs again I never knew. I remember Jean's cry as she caught me in her arms, and then knew nothing more until I woke forty-eight hours later—I had slept they told me two whole days—with the sun flooding my bedroom, and the birds carolling without. But when together Neil and I penetrated to the secret room, we found that the well staircase had disappeared, nor did the floor even ring hollow to our feet.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THERE are some interesting notes in the August number of *The World's Children* on a special branch of sociology which goes in America under the name of "Behaviour Clinics". The patients of these clinics are the "problem child" and remedies are sought and applied to try and cure the "troublesomeness" of children.

The recently established "Child Guidance Council" provides something analogous in England. The Council points out that "the clinic is not primarily 'a place' but a specially-trained staff, which may or may not be attached to a hospital or to a juvenile court, but which, if it is to help children before their difficulties become acute, should form an integral part of the educational system of the area which it serves".

* * * * *

From 1931 school age in England will be raised to the age of 15.

* * * * *

An interesting article in *The Asiatic Review* for the current quarter deals with the education system of the Dutch East Indies, by a former Director of education there. Evidently racial discrimination is much less prevalent than in British India, and entirely disappears after the Primary stage, and being only preserved in that so far as it serves the needs of the population—especially lingual, for certain special schools are classified as European, Dutch-Native and Dutch-Chinese in which Dutch is taught as Mother-tongue or second language, while the great majority of village schools use the vernacular. "The Government was of opinion that once the difficulties of acquiring the Dutch language had been overcome, there was no further reason for racial discrimination amongst the pupils who, on the contrary, in our times need in every respect association and co-operation."

* * * * *

Another article in the same valuable review deals with the Women's Movement in China and is most illuminating. A great mass meeting was held in Canton, of more than a thousand women, kept in order solely by girl-guides. It ended with a number of slogans

being shouted through a megaphone by a dainty little Chinese lady. Some of these demanded: Equal education for men and women; Equality of legal status, of vocational openings and of wages for men and women; Protection of motherhood and child-labour; Opposition to polygamy and child-betrothal, and finally, the adoption of equal moral standards for both sexes. Chinese leaders of the Women's Movement seem both far-sighted and eloquent. A pamphlet proclaims that: "Every rotten and retrograde old custom has the capacity to hinder the emancipation of women, but the women's own personal habits, like laziness and stupidity, lack of courage to demand a new life, lack of courage to move, to defeat evil power—these are not old customs hindering women; these show women hindering their own emancipation."

The writer is struck by a fact which emerges equally in India, that, unlike the struggle in the West, the strongest supporters of the Women's Movement in China are their husbands, sons and brothers, who show no jealousy but eager welcome to the women who prove themselves capable of intellectual effort and co-operation in civic life.

H. V.

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THE NEW FREEDOM OF SPANISH WOMANHOOD is the subject of an article by Sir Percival Phillips in the *London Daily Mail*, who says that the romantic days of surreptitious wooings with moonlight, song and guitar, are fast passing into cherished history.

The women and girls of Spain are joining their sisters of other lands in the forward march of womankind; there, as elsewhere, she is breaking into the ranks of the professions, vocations and politics. Sir Percival cites as one of the most important concessions to the forward movement of women in Spain, the decision of General Primo de Rivera to admit women to the National Assembly. One of the first members chosen was the Marquesa de la Rambla, "a clever old lady of seventy, interested all her life in political and social problems," and the first woman to speak in a Spanish Parliament.

Mention is also made of Spain's first Mayoress, Dona Dolores Codina, who, because of the "ineptitude of the male inhabitants," was called upon to administer the municipal affairs of Talladell, in the Province of Lorida (1924). When the Civil Government found that several businesses in that village of less than 600 were run by women, three of them were placed in the Municipal Council.

Not without opposition is woman allowed to emerge from her age-old obscurity and protection, or adopt the bobbed hair and short dresses so symbolic of the new freedom. Many bemoan and condemn the change; but she goes steadily forward, in order that her sex may help to hasten the day when "understanding (by all) shall be the law".

No need to fear that when that time arrives, Spanish womanhood will be less charming than under the old order of things. The costumes and customs which were the romance and beauty of Spain will not be lost, but cherished and revived from time to time, as are those of Colonial days in Europe and America, in historic pageant and drama.

* * * * *

On every side events which reflect the presence in the world of a revivifying current, are in evidence. Two of these are in erstwhile sleepy old Spain, a local Exhibition at Seville, to which all family nations in Central and South America have been invited, as well as Portugal, the United States and Canada, and all except Canada have accepted and will participate.

The other is an International Exhibit, the first of its kind since the war, at Barcelona, commercial and industrial, to acquaint the world with Spain's most progressive City, and incidentally, the unrecognized by most, hastening the day of "the Federation of the World".

M. V. S.

* * * * *

Dr. Silberstein is claiming to have proved that space is finite (*Nature*, April 20, 1929), and to have reduced its extent within comparatively small limits, namely, a radius of five million light-years (instead of one hundred and forty million, as computed by Profs. Hubble and Shapley), or thirty trillion miles. It is interesting to Theosophists to see what H. P. B. had to say about Space, the "One Eternal Element," or element-containing Vehicle—dimensionless in every sense, and yet again "the whole *finite* Kosmos *which hath no bounds*, and which people call Space". If it is paradoxically finite and yet having no bounds and dimensionless, it is not strange that Scientists find themselves differing by millions of light-years as to its extent, though agreed as to its finite nature.

H. V.

* * * * *

The following, by Mr. Massingham, appeared in the *Bath Chronicle and Herald*:

WHAT IS ELECTRICITY?—A question frequently asked, but left unanswered.

The Editor of the *Electrical Times* recently gave under this heading definitions from five dictionaries, which he severely criticized, but which are still taught in our public schools. Here they are:

- (i) The property of attracting light.
- (ii) That power in bodies which attracts and repels substances.
- (iii) The name of the cause of certain phenomena of attraction and repulsion.

(iv) Peculiar condition of the molecules of a body or of the surrounding ether developed by friction, chemical action, heat or magnetism.

(v) A power in nature, a manifestation of energy exhibiting itself when in disturbed equilibrium or in activity by a circuit movement the fact of direction in which involves polarity, or opposition of properties in opposite directions.

The last two are from the Oxford dictionary and Webster.

The Editor received a number of definitions by various correspondents, of which he published the three following: The first from the Borough Electrical Engineer of Aylesbury, who says it is the theosophical view.

The second from *Modern Views of Electricity* by Sir Oliver Lodge.

The third from Hutchinson's *Past and Future Developments of Electricity*.

(i) Electricity is a flow of negative electrons, just as wind is a flow of air particles. The negative electron is a vortex of ether, a helical streak of motion in the impalpable glycerine of that primordial sea. The positive electron is a hole in space where the Fohatic energy enters and orders manifestation, that transient streakiness of the ether matrix.

(ii) Electricity may possibly be a form of matter—it is not a form of energy; but the same is true of water, or air, and we do not, therefore, deny them to be forms of matter.

(iii) The sun is the original source of all electricity, which is imprisoned light, heat and power, and has momentum, mass and weight.

Is it not time the obsolete dictionary definitions were discarded by heads of schools, and replaced by something more in harmony with our present knowledge?

NOTICE

The Archives Department wishes to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: a rare pamphlet from England through Mr. Basil P. Howell; *Theosophy Exposed* from Panda Baijnath; and a valuable collection of letters from H. P. B. and the Colonel to Babu Peary Chand Mittra, through Mr. Hirendranath Datta.

The Sub-Ed. will be much obliged if contributors, who submit articles for publication in THE THEOSOPHIST, will kindly **write their address** on the MS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL FIELD

THE General Secretary of the European Federation writes that it was decided at the last Meeting of the Council of the European Federation to hold the Tenth Congress of the Federation in Geneva, Switzerland, during the last week-end in June, 1930.

"This will be a very important Congress owing to the importance of Geneva as the centre of so many international activities, and in order to be able to show the T.S. as taking its due place among those organisations, each National Society in Europe should make an effort to send many members to that Congress. Owing to its geographical situation, Geneva is comparatively easily reached from all countries in Europe, and so we hope, and it is the President's wish, too, who promised to be present, that the Congress in Geneva shall be quite a remarkable one in quantity as well as in quality. We hope for an attendance of at least 1,000, because only a big attendance will enable us to give a worthy frame to the great event."

* * * * *

The July number of *La Revue Théosophique* (France) contains an interesting article by Dr. P. Thorin on the living Masters. In the first few pages he discusses our ideas about the Masters, as presented to us in our Theosophical literature. He comes to the conclusion that our ideas about them are probably at variance with those held by themselves. They certainly do not seem to desire to be considered as beings to be worshipped, judging from sayings in their letters. These considerations lead the writer to the main theme of his article—a review of the two books: *The Initiate* (publ. 1920) and *The Initiate in the Present World* (1927). Dr. Thorin is of opinion that these two books may teach us a great deal about those qualities which, anyway, we can partially show. It is not a question of occultism, nor of the art of guiding the fate of races or nations; it simply means showing good sense, love, compassion, being without prejudices and narrownesses; looking at everyone and everything from a spiritual point of view—things which we can all do and do better. A short analysis of the two books follows here and examples are given how it is the life we lead which matters to our surroundings. The opinion of the "Initiate" about The Theosophical Society and its future is quoted at length.

The whole article is well worth reading.

* * * *

"New Ideas" seem to be going round. We quote the following from *News and Notes* (August):

"Lodges we must have and meetings we must have—yet why not change the *type* of meeting just a little? We are tired of being lectured at about the fact of reincarnation, so why not have a debate on "Is reincarnation a fallacy?" and find one of the best local intellectuals to argue against a devout Theosophist? The result would be that the Lodge would be crowded with supporters of both sides, and a keen discussion aroused with the audience taking equal part."

The General Secretary of the Netherlands' Society in her address to the Annual Convention spoke about new ways of work in Lodges, and gave suggestions how to make the members participate in the work of the Lodge. One of these being to go and see beautiful things together.

Mr. Rogers and Mr. Ray Harden write about "A New Enterprise" to raise funds for the various "theosophical or somewhat theosophical activities". (*The Theosophical Messenger*, July.)

Mr. Rogers, in the same number, discusses the many problems to be solved in order to carry out efficiently the work which should be carried on at Headquarters at Wheaton and which has its effect on all the Lodges.

His remarks should prove useful to organisers and workers at the different Headquarters of the T.S.

* * * *

We have received the syllabus of a Theosophical Summer School to be held during August at Summerland, British Columbia.

"The aim of the School is to present a comprehensive view of human activities and destiny as taught by the great teachers of humanity in all ages, their teachings being known as the Ancient Wisdom. The School is open to all without charge, and is supported by voluntary donations and by Associate Members who pay an annual fee of one dollar. Discussion is encouraged at all lectures and classes. Arrangements are made to provide tents and cots, but not bedding. Meals are served at moderate cost."

* * * *

The General Secretary of the T. S. in S. Africa, Miss M. L. Murchie, writes:

"Our brothers in the Transvaal are hoping to have a Section of their own to more effectively spread Theosophy in their area."

S.

CORRESPONDENCE

SWEDENBORG AND REINCARNATION

SWEDENBORG is often quoted as a believer in reincarnation. The following letter has been sent to me, denying that statement. It runs as follows:

MRS. ANNIE BESANT,

MADAM,

It is with no little surprise that I read in your booklet, *Reincarnation*, page 9 of the French translation by Doctor M. Schultz (Publications Théosophiques, 10 Rue St. Lazare Paris 1912) your description of Swedenborg as being an adherent of the doctrine of reincarnation.

I will quote a few passages from the writings of that great philosopher on the subject of the soul: they will enable you to see for yourself the rare mistake you have made, help you to form a correct idea of Swedenborg's teaching and, I hope, lead you to a more satisfactory view of the subject. In *True Christian Religion* No. 769-771, he says: "As to the state of souls after death the following is the belief that is universally and particularly accepted at this day: that human souls, after death, are airy things, of which an idea is formed as of a breath of wind . . . But on these points they differ, some holding that souls are ethereal or aerial forms and thus are like phantoms and specters, some of them dwelling in the air, some in the forests, some in the waters; others holding the thought that the dead are transferred to the planets or to the stars, and have habitations given to them there; and some believe that after a thousand years they will return into their bodies . . . Lest therefore a man of the New Church should wander about, like those of the old, in the shade especially in respect to heaven and hell and man's life after death, it has pleased the Lord to open the sight of my spirit and thus introduce me into the spiritual world, and permit me, not only to talk with spirits and angels, relatives and friends and even with kings and princes who have run their course in the natural world, but also to see the wonders of heaven and the miseries of hell, and thus to learn that a man does not live after death in some unknown

part of the earth, nor flit about blind and dumb in the air or in empty space, but that he lives as a man in a substantial body, and in a more perfect state, if he is among the blessed, than when he lived in a material body".

After showing clearly in No. 103 of the same book that the soul is "spiritual," formed of such substances as belong to the spiritual world, and teaching that "after death every man lays aside the natural which he took from the mother, and retains the spiritual which is from the father . . . for in the seed from which every one is conceived there is a graft or offshoot of the father's soul in its fulness," which is spiritual and forms the real man, he goes on in his book *Heaven and Hell* No. 421 to state that after death "man first comes into the world of spirits which is not heaven nor hell, but the intermediate place or state between the two, and from which, after a suitable time he is either raised up into heaven or cast down into hell, according to the life he has lived in the world."

The whole of *Heaven and Hell* consists of the most detailed teaching on the nature, state, development of the soul which is the real man, in the spiritual world; the whole teaching is based on that of the Word of God which distinctly states that each man, after death, goes either to heaven or to hell, according as his works on earth have been. Nowhere in the writings of Swedenborg is it stated that there is a plurality of lives according to the doctrine of reincarnation taught by theosophy. The very idea of reincarnation is repugnant to the whole thought of Swedenborg. Whoever has taken the trouble to read his works must come to the conclusion that the whole theory of reincarnation is fanciful, contrary to both Divine Revelation and sound reason.

In the face of such clear statements as those quoted above, I trust, Madam, that you will avoid in future to mislead people by making use of such an eminent thinker as Swedenborg—"appointed," according to his own declaration, "by the Lord to teach truth to mankind on the spiritual world"—to uphold the erroneous and harmful doctrine of reincarnation so diametrically opposed to his teaching.

The following books were referred to:

True Christian Religion: Heaven and Hell, The Spiritual Diary, five volumes. *New Jerusalem, White Horse, etc.*

Nowhere was I able to find any direct or remote reference to physical Reincarnation. On the contrary there are statements about the life in Heaven and Hell being eternal.

1. *True Christian Religion*, p. 622:

" . . . continuing their journey till they find a Society which agrees exactly with their own affections: There they take up their eternal abode . . ."

2. *Heaven and Hell*, p. 270:

"Man's resuscitation from the dead and entrance into eternal life."

P. 278:

"Yet all who have ever lived in the world are in the other life and live as men."

P. 302, 480:

"That man after death remains to eternity such as he is as to his will or ruling love . . . It has been given to me to speak with some who lived two thousand years ago . . ."

P. 376:

"What eternal fire is and gnashing of teeth . . ."

3. *The Spiritual Diary*, No. 2584:

"It is granted me to know from much experience that they who lived 1,700, 2,000, 3,000 to 4,000 years before . . . when they are restored to the state of their former life are quite similar to themselves . . ."

Spiritual Diary, Vol. V (Translators Preface, p. X).

In regard to the point that Swedenborg believed that the abode of the wicked in Hell is not eternal, the diary entries relied upon are No. 2,827, 2,583, 1,772, 1,742, 2,206, 2,346-48, 3,093 and 2,826. And the translator goes on to prove that only certain souls who were in the place of devastation were said to go from Hell to Heaven after certain amount of punishment but Swedenborg held that there were a certain number of souls who were eternally damned, etc. But all the arguments are about the possibility of spirits going from Hell to Heaven and *vice versa*. The question of physical reincarnation is not mentioned anywhere in this preface.

Swedenborg His Life and Writings, by William White. *Economy of Animal Kingdom*:

P. 90:

"Freed from the entanglement of flesh the soul rises from the lower to a higher life. Never again can it attract the Elements from the three kingdoms of the world wherewith to form anew a fleshy covering, the carnal body is at death dissolved beyond recovery; the Soul has no more any need or desire for its Service."

Very sincerely yours,

ALFRED REGAMEY

[I will have a slip printed and inserted in all copies of the booklet issued from Adyar, correcting the statement.—A. B.]

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE following books have been received and will be reviewed in an early number :

The Science of the Sacraments, by C. W. Leadbeater ; new and enlarged edition ; (T. P. H., Adyar) ; *The Miracle of Birth*, by Geoffrey Hodson (T. P. H., London) ; *Attractive Food Reform*, by Maud Baines and Edgar J. Saxon (C. W. Daniel & Co., London) ; *The Science of Seership*, by Geoffrey Hodson (Rider & Co., London) ; *The Real H. P. Blavatsky*, by William Kingsland (John M. Watkins, London).

OUR EXCHANGES

We acknowledge with many thanks the following :

Theosophisch Maandblad (August), *Light* (August), *Pewartia Theosofie* (August), *News and Notes* (August), *Toronto Theosophical News* (July), *Service* (July), *The Indian Review* (July), *The Humanist* (August, September), *Revista Teosofica Chilena* (June), *The Messenger* (August), *The League of Nations* (August), *The Australian Theosophist* (May, June, July).

We have also received with many thanks :

The Hindustan Review (August), *La Revue Théosophique* (July), *The Journal of Oriental Research, Madras* (April, June), *The American Co-Mason* (June), *Strī Dharma* (August), *The Mahā-Bodhi* (August), *Pewartia Theosofie* (August), *De Theosofische Beweging* (August), *Bhāraṭa Dharma* (August), *Indian Educational Journal* (July), *The Watcher* (August), *Bulletin of the Museum of Fine Arts* (August), *Education in Germany* (July), *The British Buddhist* (August), *Teosofia en el Plata* (July), *The Vedānta Kesari* (September), *Revista Teosofica Cubana* (July), *The Sind Herald* (August, September), *Liberacion* (June, July), *The Buddhist Annual of Ceylon* No. 3., *O Futuro* (July), *Telega Samāchar* (July), *Espas Tezofia* (April, June), *Fri Homsant* (June, July), *Prabuddha Bhāraṭa* (September), *Greek Magazine* (August), *The Cherag* (August).

REVIEWS

I. *Individual Psychological Treatment*, by Erwin Wexberg, translated by Arnold Eilvant, B.Sc., Ph.D. (C. W. Daniel Company, London. Price. 6s.)

Influences are of two kinds, with varieties innumerable: direct and indirect. To the latter class belongs Mr. Wexberg's book.

"Here then are two . . . partially opposed poles: Ego-feeling and Community-feeling."

The author, throughout this work, (ably translated by Dr. Eilvant, into English that is a pleasure to read) stresses the true synonymity of individual and community expression, if civilization is to proceed on harmoniously progressive lines.

This book is one that cannot fail to interest true Theosophists, who will find themselves agreeing with or differing from, some of its theories and conclusions, according to their respective temperaments; these latter differing as widely among Theosophists as among any other groups of intelligent human beings, united as to ends and consummations, devoutly to be wished, divided with regard to the use of means employed.

Dr. Adler is the authority, quoted throughout, by Mr. Wexberg, in fact the book's purpose is to present his theory and practice. The "authoritarian" upbringing (Baal or Apotheosis, still according to temperamental regarding of the Victorian norm!) and the "spoliation" (anthithesis) cult of the only child, alike, produce as well as exaggerate, abnormal conditions, neurosis of inferiority and superiority, equally inhibitory to the true norm.

But the Adlerian system relies to a large extent on the working of reconstructive imaginative psychology, to quote the author "a creative form of psychological investigation": here in the reviewer's opinion is where the true theosophist must join issues with Dr. Adler,

and his followers. "What we have to find out is just the individual bridge which spans the space between that fact-material and this general goal-setting; the specific of the case; the special type explicable from the given relations of this inferiority feeling, of this vanity, of this discouragement . . . The less we schematize, the more trouble we take to seize the special 'melody' of this case, the more favourable are the prospects for the further treatment."

This quotation expresses the quintessence of the Adlerian approach to the science of psycho-analysis, more particularly with regard to its pedagogical aspect.

The contribution is one which no theosophical student of psycho-synthesis can afford to ignore, or to commit the even more unpardonable solecism of "patronizing".

In the reviewer's opinion, this book is one of the many bridges now being thrown across the rivers of thought.

The Rhone of analytical, the Rhine of synthetic psychology, "These Twain" will become "one flesh," when federation succeeds tolerance!

HENRY BRADLEY

The Apple Cart is the title of Bernard Shaw's new political play. The theme is an old one treated in a new way—"The Crisis of Democracy or of the Parliamentary form of Government."

As the translator, Mr. Floryan Sobieniowski observed to a reporter of the *London Observer*, that "the political message is more apposite to Poland than to any other country at present. The play is to have its premier presentation in Poland."

The translator remarks that "while the scene is laid in England, the application is universal . . . Shaw came over from Ireland and conquered England, but on the other hand, England has conquered him and brought him around to the essentially English frame of mind."

And this is what *The Apple Cart* shows more than any of his plays . . . In it, an immense subject is dealt with and the degree of intensity is commensurate with its bigness, though it is not merely a political discussion . . . but a first-rate comedy in which there is the glamour of beauty. It will be my endeavor in Warsaw to see that it is presented as a work of Art rather than as a piece of political propaganda".

M. V. S.

Dynamo. In this, his latest play, Eugene O'Neill—playwright extraordinary—presents in novel thought and form, humanity in the throes of passing from the old order of things spiritual, and searching for the new. In the search it mistakes Electricity for the Source of all Life.

As O'Neill himself said when consigning his manuscript to the *Guild*—(which later produced the play) "*Dynamo* is the first of a trilogy on the general subject—more or less symbolically treated—on the death of the old God, and the spiritual uneasiness and degeneration into which we have been thrown by the sterile failure of science and materialism to give birth to a new God that can satisfy our primitive religious cravings."

The first of O'Neill's trilogy does little more than portray the dissatisfaction with, and the casting aside of the old theology, the emptiness and lovelessness of the present, and the search for the new in the material, machinized life, born of science, the fetish of modern man, a search that ends in disillusionment and despair.

The stage settings are as novel as the treatment of the theme. On one side is the home of the Rev. Hutchins Light, who symbolizes the "dead God" or old order of thought religious. On the opposite side, is a hydro-electric plant, the home of Ramsay Fife, "full of the religious bigotry of his atheistic faith," who symbolizes the "religiouslessness" or lack of spiritual thought in which humanity now finds itself groping. And in the centre of the stage stands DYNAMO, not a brazen, but an electrical image, the science-born goddess, worshipped by humanity as the source of physical well-being.

Flaming Youth is symbolized by the son of Light and the daughter of Fife, who fall in love, but "through the soul-destroying egos" of the two fathers, the affair ends in bitterness and disillusionment. Reuben, the boy, can find no comfort in his father's religion. He says:

"The books had got my mind into an awful mess. Everything seemed to end up in nothingness! There didn't seem to be any hope in living."

So he leaves his father's home and goes out in search of the Truth at the Heart of the Universe, which he believes he has found in Electricity—symbolically "*Dynamo*." He describes his faith in it. "Did you ever watch a Dynamo? What I mean is in them. They stand for it the same way the old stone statues did for gods."

His worship of Dynamo, symbol of scientific materialism, leaves him hard and sinister. He takes the girl's love, and sacrifices it to appease the false goddess. In the end, Dynamo, destroys him who had hoped to save all men through Her Secret Song of Eternal Life.

Only the fact that the play is symbolical saves it from utter absurdity. In the few who grasped O'Neill's meaning, curiosity as to the final conclusion of the second and third of the proposed trilogy, is keen.

One cannot help wishing that the author may come into touch with Krishnaji's Truths before finishing his plays, and learn that the new God must do more than "satisfy primitive religious cravings".

M. V. S.

Voyage and Other Poems, by Fairfax Hall. (Basil Blackwell, Oxford. Price 3s. 6d.)

Modern poetry, like modern life, has pleasing points, of which the modern people may well be proud. Fairfax Hall's *Voyage* is such modern poetry. The little book is in three sections, entitled "Through a Glass Darkly," "The Lover at Several Times," and "Open Air," which may be paraphrased as God, Man, and Nature respectively. The first section, as the author anticipates in the Preface, is a bit difficult to understand; the second is charming; and the third is delightful. Naturally some poems seem better than the others, but every one of the twenty-six poems in the book is a thing that pleases. We quote the following lines:

Lady, I bring you Daffodils
of delicate scent,
but they whispered to me, when I picked them
that they might not consent
to be bandied from hand to hand,
to be plucked and given away,
They said that they might not live
but wither and die in a day,
since only themselves could give.
Lady, cherish those Daffodils.

D.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts, for dues from 11th August to 10th September 1929, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	RS.	A.	P.
The Presidential Agent, China, Entrance fee and Annual dues of 2 new members, of the Shanghai Lodge, per 1929, £1	13	5	4
The General Secretary, Central America, Annual dues of 210 members (till 12th May, 1929) and Cost of 32 Diplomas and one Lodge Charter, £18-5-4...	244	11	3
The General Secretary, Dutch East Indian Section, Dues of 2137 member (@ As. 8) per 1929	1,068	8	0
Mr. Kwee Siem Kiang, Koela, Kapoeas, Borneo, D.E.I., Headquarters Annual Dues, per 1930	12	14	0
	<u>1,339</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>7</u>

Adyar

10th September, 1929

A. SCHWARZ,

Hon. Treasurer, T.S.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST OCTOBER
OLCOTT PANCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts, from 11th August to 10th September, 1929, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Blavatsky Lodge, Bombay "White Lotus Day" collections, for Food Fund	75	0	0
Mr. C. N. Subramania Aiyar, for feeding children on 1st October, 1929	50	0	0
T.S. Workers Co-operative Credit Society, Ltd., Adyar	23	0	0
	148	0	0

Adyar
10th September, 1929

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Secretary & Treasurer, O.P.F.S.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of Issue of Charter
New York City, U.S.A. ...	Logia Leadbeater Lodge, T.S.	1-7-1929
Dadithota, Anantapur, India	Sree Krishna Lodge, T.S. ...	17-8-1929

Adyar
10th September, 1929

A. SCHWARZ,
Ag. Recording Secretary, T.S.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1905. It is an absolutely unsectarian body of seekers after Truth, striving to serve humanity on spiritual lines, and therefore endeavouring to check materialism and revive religious tendency. Its three declared objects are:

FIRST.—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

SECOND.—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

THIRD.—To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is composed of students, belonging to any religion in the world or to none, who are united by their approval of the above objects, by their wish to remove religious antagonisms and to draw together men of good-will whatsoever their religious opinions, and by their desire to study religious truths and to share the results of their studies with others. Their bond of union is not the profession of a common belief, but a common search and aspiration for Truth. They hold that Truth should be sought by study, by reflection, by purity of life, by devotion to high ideals, and they regard Truth as a prize to be striven for, not as a dogma to be imposed by authority. They consider that belief should be the result of individual study or intuition, and not its antecedent, and should rest on knowledge, not on assertion. They extend tolerance to all, even to the intolerant, not as a privilege they bestow, but as a duty they perform, and they seek to remove ignorance, not to punish it. They see every religion as an expression of the Divine Wisdom and prefer its study to its condemnation, and its practice to proselytism. Peace is their watchword, as Truth is their aim.

THEOSOPHY is the body of truths which forms the basis of all religions, and which cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of any. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and which

demonstrates the justice and the love which guide its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place, as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway to a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the Science of the Spirit teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition.

Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavour to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high, and to work perseveringly, is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

As the Theosophical Society has spread far and wide over the civilised world, and as members of all religions have become members of it without surrendering the special dogmas, teachings and beliefs of their respective faiths, it is thought desirable to emphasise the fact that there is no doctrine, no opinion, by whomsoever taught or held, that is in any way binding on any member of the Society, none which any member is not free to accept or reject. Approval of its three objects is the sole condition of membership. No teacher nor writer, from H. P. Blavatsky downwards, has any authority to impose his teachings or opinions on members. Every member has an equal right to attach himself to any teacher or to any school of thought which he may choose, but has no right to force his choice on any other. Neither a candidate for any office, nor any voter, can be rendered ineligible to stand or to vote, because of any opinion he may hold, or because of membership in any school of thought to which he may belong. Opinions or beliefs neither bestow privileges nor inflict penalties. The Members of the General Council earnestly request every member of the T.S. to maintain, defend and act upon these fundamental principles of the Society, and also fearlessly to exercise his own right of liberty of thought and of expression thereof, within the limits of courtesy and consideration for others.

THE THEOSOPHIST 1929.51-1

THE Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this Journal, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

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U. S. A. and Canada: (Agents: Theosophical Press, Wheaton.)

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