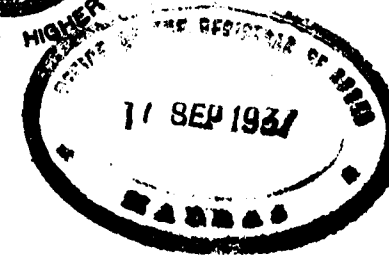


THE THEOSOPHIST

ROTHERHOOD : THE ETERNAL WISDOM : OCCULT RESEARCH

September 1937

Vol. LVIII, No. 12



THE PASSING OF THE GREAT

GREAT TEACHERS
KINGS, HEROES, SAINTS AND
SAGES

GREAT THEOSOPHISTS
LAST WORDS OF THE GREAT
HOW ANIMALS DIE

THE SINKING OF ATLANTIS

ANNIE BESANT

THE INTUITION AS AN INSTRUMENT OF RESEARCH

ADELAIDE GARDNER

SIMPLICITY, THE RULE OF BE-
COMING JAMES EVANS LOUTTIT

O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

THE THEOSOPHIST

(With which is incorporated LUCIFER)

A MAGAZINE OF BROTHERHOOD, THE ETERNAL WISDOM, AND OCCULT RESEARCH

Editor: GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

(Founded by H. P. Blavatsky in 1879. Edited by Annie Besant from 1907 to 1933)

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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THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE

ADYAR

MADRAS

INDIA

DEATH IS VICTORY

The dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

SAINT PAUL, I Cor., XVI, 52-57.

QM ^{UL} m2, m78
N37. 58. 12

Our Elder Brethren

3257 What are Masters? They are men who have evolved during past ages, through hundreds of lives like our own; They, in the past, lived and loved and wrought and toiled as we are living, loving, working, toiling now. They are bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh; They belong to our own humanity, and differ from us in nothing save that They are older and more advanced than we are. They are not placid Gods in a far-off heaven. They are men on our earth, who have conquered death, who have won Immortality. By treading the Path of Holiness, They have reached Perfection. They have achieved Freedom. They live in the Eternal. But being perfect, They remain to help us who are imperfect; being free, They have put on the chains of Love which bind Them to suffering humanity; having realized Eternity, They stay amid the shadows of time until we also realize. They have opened the gateway of Bliss, and They hold it open, standing beside it, that we may all enter in before Them, for They, who were the first to achieve, have made Themselves the last to enjoy. O perfect Love!

Annie Besant



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On the Watch-Tower

By THE EDITOR

[These Notes represent the personal views of the Editor, and in no case must be taken as expressing the official attitude of The Theosophical Society, or the opinions of the membership generally. THE THEOSOPHIST is the personal organ of the President, and has no official status whatever, save in so far as it may from time to time be used as a medium for the publication of official notifications. Each article, therefore, is also personal to the writer.]

The People Expect

AS I write these lines India is passing through an epoch-making phase in her history, since for the first time National Ministries are being summoned by the King-Emperor's representatives to form governments in various parts of the country.

Indeed is it a solemn moment when at last an Indian people's government assumes office in order to minister to the people's needs, not under the compelling shadow of foreign influences, but in the as yet unclouded sunshine of a free and unalloyed Indian spirit and purpose.

It is an occasion for rejoicing, but no less an occasion for humble

dedication. The ways of governments are difficult and sometimes even tortuous, and specially is there danger of this in the case of governments which, having been in opposition, have no experience of government, have been accustomed to the easy task of irresponsible fault-finding, and not to the far more difficult work of governing wisely under constant and irritating censure.

An emphatic and righteous expectation the people have—that those who are being called to minister to them, their Ministers, shall be men and women primarily chosen for their worth, capacity and selflessness, and only secondarily, if at all, to represent the needs

and interests of their respective communities.

The people further expect that there shall take place behind the scenes no sordid, undignified and utterly un-Indian intrigues for place and power, no disgraceful purchases of office, no dishonouring at any time of the great step which India is now taking out of other-government into self-government, only a step though it may well be.

The people expect that the National Ministries shall be composed of many types of public servants, of many different faiths, of many different communities. But they expect that individuals composing such Ministries shall know themselves to be servants and not masters, shall live simple and unpompous lives, and shall ever be ready to hear the voice of the people even though it be uttered through one of the most insignificant, through one the least capable of wielding influence. Let those be chosen who are sensitive to the people's needs, who are Indians before all else, and who enter their Ministry to make whole and not to divide, never for personal gain.

The people expect that the work of each Ministry shall be to gain the confidence of the large majority of the people by their uprightness, simplicity and sacrifice, and no less to make easier the lives of the poor and down-trodden, so that happiness may be restored to those who are the heart of India and in whom for the most part the fire of India burns far more brightly than in those who have the temptation of wealth and the misfortune of a soul-less and non-Indian education.

Right Education

The people expect that in the forefront of their programmes each Ministry will place the Indianizing of the education of young India, so that the youth of India may at last learn to honour their Motherland under the inspiration of a truly Indian living. The people expect that the wonderful Arts and Crafts of India, and all that contributes to the prosperity of her industries, shall be assiduously developed, so that her unique culture and sound material prosperity may help her to build a unique freedom.

The people expect an Indian Constitution to be planned, based on vital Indian principles of government and not on those foreign derivatives which may temporarily satisfy the West, but in fact utterly fail to embody the true spirit of democracy.

The people expect that the essential courtesies of private and public life shall be observed under all circumstances by every political party, and that while Ministers and their supporters shall remember that they have no monopoly either of patriotism or power to serve the public need, on the other hand those in opposition shall oppose with wise discrimination, giving generous credit where credit is due. The people expect good government and not party government, and they will not tolerate being made ridiculous before the world in the unseemly wranglings of their elected representatives.

As a whole the West sets no good example of good government, and it is now the opportunity of truly Indian statesmen to show to the world that India needs to

borrow little from the West for the constitution of a democratic form of government suited to the unfoldment of India's power and purpose. India is beginning to be in a position to show forth to the whole world what true democracy is.

But how many Indians are there in India, in the Congress, who, ardently looking into their Motherland's future, perceive reflected in it the glories of her past? How many Indians are there who, through western influences, think as through western thoughts and see as through western eyes, even while patriotically planning their country's freedom? It is India's danger today that many of her most devoted sons and daughters perceive no insult in investing her in western political attire instead of in Swadeshi dress, alike a splendid setting for her majesty and a reminder to the world that India and not Greece or Rome is the home of scientific political institutions. May India's Guardians so bless the seed now being sown that in its unfoldment it may mark the beginning of a golden age both for India and for all the world.

* * *

Great Motifs in Theosophy

I sincerely hope that readers of THE THEOSOPHIST will like the different *motifs* I have chosen for ensuing numbers. I am anxious that this journal should be able from time to time to rise above the lower levels of the intellectual plane and its interminable discussions, into the regions of the inspirational, into the regions of the great, so that we may remind ourselves that we can make our own individual

lives, however small they may at present appear, sublime, and thus perfectly in tune with Theosophy and with the purposes of The Theosophical Society.

In this issue we show how noble and inspiring death may be when encountered by those who are expert in the Theosophy of death. In the Great Passings we have selected we learn how to die, so that death becomes a great adventure, a great occasion both for the living and for the dying, lifting it from its terrors and grief-sodden depression into its reality as the beginning of new light and blessing. Even animals tell us something of the tenderness of death, as will be seen in a fine passage from Lord Haldane's *Pathway to Reality*, and those who would know more of the lessons animals can teach humans should read that wonderful work *The School of the Woods*, by W. J. Long, a copy of which I once had but which now, alas, has disappeared.

Then in October we shall see how Gods are born for the helping of Their younger brethren, and in the November issue we shall read of the great movements to which They give birth, vulgarized as these generally become through the misuse of those into whose hands they fall. December will be a Theosophical number in view of the great International Convention which will be taking place at the end of the month, while the January issue will mark the Spirit of Youth, as it heralds new years in many faiths and sects. February will be dedicated to the as yet unexplored Truths of Life, or to the as yet only partially unexplored

Truths, so that we may try to discern what Truth lies immediately before us, and how it should modify the Truth as we know it now.

I think these issues will prove very helpful to our readers, and I am hoping we shall be able to reinforce them by special issues devoted to Karma, to Reincarnation, to the approach of the world to the Truths of Theosophy, to the Magnificent in Life. All this will not exclude the usual articles and features, but will form a special attraction as giving Theosophy in the results it achieves rather than in the processes through which it works.

* *

The Duty of The Theosophical Society

I hope there has been widespread perusal of the letter from a London member which I published on page 383 (in the Watch-Tower) of the August issue. There are words in it which might better have been omitted—such as those conveying the idea that The Society is being hypnotized, that a great pretence is going on, that there is a condition of cowardly inaction. Why is it necessary for some people to ascribe evil motives to their opponents whenever their opponents' activities do not appeal to them? But we will let the mud-throwing pass, and get down to the implications of the letter. What does the writer want us to do, or me to do as President of The Society? Are we to stand upon some definite political platform? If so, who is to construct the platform? Myself? The General Council? A plebiscite of the

membership? Is such platform to form a fourth Object of The Theosophical Society? If not, how can any member be committed to it who joins The Society on the basis of his acceptance of its existing three Objects?

Apparently The Society is to support the cause of the Jews. Well and good; they need support, I entirely agree. To them we must, I take it, add our support of the Abyssinians. And why not of the Indians? Quite a number of members may regard them as a down-trodden race.

Are we also to champion the cause of the Chinese against the Japanese, and that of the Indians living in South Africa against the policies of the South African governments? What about the slave trade between Africa and Arabia? And then what about cruelty to animals? Animals have no power to defend themselves against the aggression of man, while the Jews and others have at least some power. Are we to make vegetarianism a plank in this platform? Where in all this are we to begin and where are we to end? Are we, for example, to make the Douglas Credit Scheme a plank in our platform, as many members desire us to do, the Scheme being, in their opinion, a direct reflection of the Masters' plans? I should very much like the author of the letter to erect a platform on which he is of opinion The Society should stand. Having regard to the conditions on which an individual becomes a member of The Society, I do not think he can do it without fundamentally altering the Objects of The Society.

The Greatest Service We Can Render

My own position is that it is the present duty of The Theosophical Society to intensify the eternal and fundamental principles constituting the Life of Brotherhood without, as a Society, entering into any denunciations or criticisms. On the other hand, it is the duty of individual members actively to oppose such forms whereby, in their opinion, the Life of Brotherhood is flouted and denied. I do not consider it the duty of The Society to enter the political arena in any part of the world, or the economic arena, or any other arena. The Society renders its greatest service in pouring pure Life into the world, the Life of Theosophy and the Life of the three Objects just as they are. The Society's work is to drench the world with Life. It is the duty of every individual member to take that Life and direct such of it as he can upon the impure places. In this way The Society stands for the prevention of disease, while the individual member stands in addition for the cure of disease such as he finds around him and recognizes as disease.

Is this a cowardly attitude? Does this savour of pretence? Are members being hypnotized by such an attitude? On the contrary, I hold that such an attitude is the only attitude consistent with the accord of perfect freedom to every member to live according to his conscience and to work according to his convictions. I regard The Theosophical Society as an oasis of solidarity in the midst of a desert of conflict and difference. I hold that The Society is the one

movement in the world into which any one can take his personal opinions and convictions and know that they will be respected. The Society collects differences. The Society exists, as it seems to me, at all events in these days, to cause Brotherhood to triumph over differences, so that the great circle of Brotherhood remains unbroken even by the most tempestuous difference. Itself it exists to lay down and propagate the canons of healthy living. Its members must perform such surgical operations as they deem to be necessary in order that these canons may successfully be observed.

* *

The Glory of Our Movement

I venture to think that The Society would cease to exist were it to adopt the views of the London member, not merely on account of the resentment which would be felt in country after country at The Society's intervention in its affairs, but even more on account of the dissension which such a policy would cause within The Society itself. Our three Objects give us the great principles of healthy living—Friendship, Understanding, the search for Truth. Theosophy is the Science of all three. And the glory of our Movement lies in an almost miraculous reconciliation between great enunciations of Truth and each individual's perfect freedom to approach and understand them according to his own individual and awakening genius.

* *

The H. P. Blavatsky Memorial Address

I think it is desirable to perpetuate the memory of H. P. Blavatsky

in a special way by the establishment of an address to be delivered by some prominent Theosophist during the course of the International Convention to be held at Adyar in December, dealing with some aspect or aspects in her life and service to the world. Occasion should be taken to emphasize features of her life and work to which inadequate attention has been paid, or possibly inaccurate attention, and also to show how her statements in her books are gradually becoming verified by science and are entering into the field of the commonplaces of the deeper-thinking world. The address is not intended to be an expression of the personal opinions of the lecturer, but rather a contribution to a better knowledge of H. P. Blavatsky's erudition, courage, vision, and to the accuracy of her occult powers.

I hope that during the course of each International Convention of the whole Society, usually held either at Adyar or Benares, a member may be available to deliver such an address. We are fortunate in having for 1937 Mrs. Josephine Ransom, a deep student of H. P. Blavatsky's life and work, to deliver the first H. P. Blavatsky Memorial Address with the following title:

"Fresh Light upon H. P. Blavatsky and Her Work."

Beware!

A number of members of The Society are opposed to vivisection, and I am often asked to what extent an individual takes advantage of vivisection when he undergoes medical treatment. What

must he avoid if he desires to be true to his anti-vivisection principles? Are there operations which owe their possibility to vivisection? To what extent are anaesthetics the product of vivisection? What about drugs? I have no doubt that all the information is available in a number of books. But many of us would like not only to have the information available in concise form, but also to have it available for easy distribution.

Again, vegetarians would like to have easily available information as to drugs, foodstuffs, cloths, which are polluted by animal matter, are possibly animal by-products. Here again we want handy information, especially for propaganda. Many may also desire similar information regarding alcohol. It would be most useful if we could have for easy reference a leaflet or booklet entitled "Beware," for in the rush of inventions and discoveries and of life generally it is impossible to keep track of the pollutions which more and more seem to be penetrating our daily lives.

Yet again, there is need for a leaflet setting forth the conclusions reached by boards of chemical and other analysis in regard to drugs and foodstuffs commonly advertised in newspapers and magazines. There are several books published in the United States revealing the falsities in a large number of well-known advertisements, but I do not know of any books published elsewhere. Truth in advertising is conspicuous by its non-existence. Deceit is nowhere more prevalent than in a substantial number of advertisements which we read in many

journals. We should like some knowledge of proved deceitfulness in connection with widely advertised drugs and foodstuffs.

I should also very much like to know what products, in dress for example, are the result of sweated labour. What garments ought to be boycotted? What products are the result of cruelty to animals, apart from the question of vivisection and meat-eating? Is it true that the production of certain films with animal performers is at the expense of animal cruelty? What about circuses? Is Mr. Bertram Mills right when he says that cruelty makes effective training impossible?

What about fashions? We all have honoured the Duchess of Hamilton for her courage in refusing to wear ermine at the Coronation, and we appreciate the broad-mindedness of those in authority who allowed the necessary innocuous substitution. But what must we avoid in daily use?

If some competent member could draw up for us a comprehensive "Beware" under all the above heads, and perhaps some others, too, I would see what I could do to help towards the printing at our Vasanta Press in Adyar, and help also in the distribution. We must be conscientious objectors wherever the spirit moves us, for thus alone can we become Theosophists. Although I could not myself be a conscientious objector to war, nevertheless I have the greatest respect for those who can, and I was very happy to be able to help those two great Theosophists, Mr. and Mrs. Baillie Weaver, in their work for conscientious objectors when these good citizens were so outrageously per-

secuted by those who ought to have known better. Those who went to war as a matter of duty were surely right. But not less right were those who, equally as a matter of duty, refused to go to war.

Adyar Dress

I was much interested to read in *The Indian Express* of Madras, a forceful and well-edited daily newspaper, an article on the kind of dress which Indians might generally wear in order to avoid the unsuitability of western cut and material—all too current nowadays. In the course of the article the writer alludes to what he calls the "Adyar Dress" which, he says, "is also the dress of the people in several parts of India, a very suitable and economical one, too."

I am glad it is being recognized that Adyar has a sartorial influence in addition to all others, and since I myself wear the "Adyar Dress" I am able to bear my own testimony to its simplicity and dignity. It consists of a kind of loose shirt with a perfectly plain neck, the shirt descending to about the knees and being very amply cut. Then what we may call pyjamas, very widely cut. The material is white cloth, preferably Indian made, because so much more beautiful. There you have the "Adyar Dress" as worn by most of us living at Adyar. We wear it for its simplicity, suitability and cleanliness—it can so often be changed during the day. I am glad it has gained so much publicity and approval.

Last Words

I am much interested to hear from one or two correspondents

in England that doubt is now being cast upon the meaning of the last words of His Majesty King George V. These will be found in this issue, and I have always taken them to mean that which the physician in attendance took them to mean—an inquiry as to whether all was well with the Empire in which the King-Emperor ever manifested so affectionate an interest. But now there are the iconoclasts to tell us that the King was in fact referring to the Empire Theatre in London, and intended some kind of joke. I have even heard that British youth could not stand the more beautiful interpretation. For my own part, even though I may hear, as one generally does in these cases, that the informant has the facts from someone intimately connected with the Royal household, I utterly refuse to believe in so unpleasant a vulgarization of what may very well have been the supreme utterance of a kingly soul. If it be true, it were better to have veiled the truth in silence. But I prefer to believe it is not true, and I profoundly hope that British youth have not fallen so low as to refuse to credit noble sentiments. Why not believe the beautiful? British people often pride themselves on their power to conceal their emotions and to avoid the sentimental. But such pride often precedes a fall into the realms of sordid conventionality and crudity. Dying, His Majesty seemed to be expressing in a last great utterance the fineness of his soul. And why should we think of any other interpretation, even at the behest of those who are always declaring that they have inside infor-

mation, and who seek to drag down all splendours beyond their reach?

Adyar and Shantiniketan

I reproduce the following from a well-known Indian art journal, *Tri-veni*, as an indication that Adyar's cultural movement is beginning to gain public recognition:

"The cultural life of India in recent times, like its political life, may be divided into two broad eras—the earlier one from Ram Mohan Roy to Mahadev Ranade and Romesh Dutt, during which we were trying to adjust ourselves to the conditions brought about by the impact of western ideas and to assimilate them; and the latter period from Ranade and Romesh Dutt to Gandhi and Tagore, during which assimilation and adjustment gave place to genuine creative work in all spheres, literary, economic, and political. This broad distinction between the earlier and the latter periods is sometimes lost sight of, and it is wrongly imagined that India is merely imitating. This misapprehension can be cleared only by a critical yet sympathetic presentation of the work of our literary men and artists, by way of speeches, articles, and informal talks in study circles. At social functions and at festivals, the poets must be invited to chant their poems and the painters to exhibit their pictures. Thus will the Renaissance enter into the lives of the people, and body forth the New India of our dreams and strivings,—the Mother Beautiful whom we glimpse at spots like Adyar and Shantiniketan."

○ Death! Where Is Thy Sting?

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

There is no sting in death. That which we feel as sting is the sting of our own ignorance. We do not know what death really is. Death seems terrible, yet is in fact one of our greatest friends—friend of those who are passing, friend of those who are remaining behind awhile longer.

DEATH'S sting lies in the garments with which we clothe him. We caricature death horribly, and then call him horrible. We clothe death in the garments of cruel separation, and then cry out that death divides for ever. We have created a death of our own, through which friend death—the real death, not the foe we have created—seeks in vain to penetrate.

But those who know him for what he is stretch out their arms to meet him happily and in peace. So do Theosophists meet him, though not necessarily those who, having achieved membership of The Theosophical Society, have not yet travelled far on the further road of Theosophy. The Great meet death in triumph and gratitude. They treat him as a gift from God the Friend. They ascend into the heights of death, as the ignorant descend into the valleys of his shadow.

It is well that we should be from time to time reminded of the true

nature of death—how he is a friend and not a foe, how he only separates to draw more closely together, how even the apparent separation has little actuality, for those whom we seem to have lost are round about us, close to us, knowing that our grief is but the smoke of ignorance which shall in due time burst into the fire of wisdom which is joy.

There is no sting in death for them, or if there be it is our grief that stings, not death.

Let us draw near to the truth of death through an understanding of the passings of the wise, who rejoice in death's friendship, and thank him for opening to them the door of a fuller life.

Let us enter into the spirit of these passings, so that when we in our turn pass again, death shall shine as a friend upon ourselves and upon those whom in very truth we by no means leave behind. Love is the fulfilment of death, as those who love one another live together deathlessly.

Great Teachers Pass

THE LORD ZARATHUSTRA

Of all the instances in history of prophets and sages being wrapped in clouds and chariots of fire and whirled into the Heavens—and there are many—there is none more vivid than that of the first Zarathustra, who, nearly thirty thousand years before Christ, founded the Religion of the Fire, and converted the King of Iran, then his Court, and gradually the people to the new Faith. However marvellous such a translation as Zarathustra's may appear, it is paralleled in other scriptures and is perfectly explicable in occultism, while we are reminded by the historian Grote that "in separating between the marvellous and the ordinary, there is no security that we are dividing the fictitious from the real."

THE Mahaguru had round Him a quite august assemblage of Masters, and others less advanced. He left these to carry on His teaching when He departed.

His departure was as dramatic as His first preaching.

The people were gathered together to hear Him preach, as He was wont to do occasionally, and they knew not that it was for the last time. He stood, as before, on the great platform, but there was no altar. He preached, inculcating the duty of gaining knowledge and of practising love, and bade them follow and obey Surya, whom He left in His place as Teacher. And then He told them that He was going, and He blessed them; and lifting up His arms to the eastern sky He called aloud; and out of the sky came down a whirling cloud of flame, and enwrapped Him as

He stood, and then, whirling still, it shot upwards and fled eastwards, and—He was gone.

Then the people fell on their faces and cried out that He was a God, and they exulted exceedingly that He had lived among them; but the King was very sad, and mourned His departure many days. . . .

After He had gone, Star-worship did not at once disappear, for the people regarded His teaching as a reform, not as a substitution, and still worshipped the Moon, and Venus, and the constellations, and the planets; but the fire was held sacred as the image, the emblem, and the being of the Sun, and the new religion rather enfolded the old one than replaced it. Gradually the Faith of the Fire grew stronger and stronger; star-worship retreated from Persia to Mesopotamia,

where it remained the dominant faith, and took a very scientific form. Astrology there reached its zenith, and scientifically guided human affairs, both public and private. Its priests possessed much occult knowledge, and the wisdom of the Magi became famed through-

out the East. In Persia the Religion of the Fire triumphed, and later prophets carried on the work of the great Zarathustra, and built up the Zoroastrian Faith and its literature; it has endured down to our own day.—*Man: Whence, How and Whither*, 303.

THE LORD BUDDHA

"For forty years of perfect life He lived and taught; then passed away from earth, giving into the hands of His Beloved Brother the Lord Maitreya the high office of the Teacher of Angels and of Men." Born on the full moon of Vaishakh or Wesak, 623 B.C., His Enlightenment came in mid-life on the same auspicious Festival, and when the Wesak moon was at its full and when He was eighty years of age He left His physical body. The Perfect Flower of Humanity lived a singularly beautiful life, His perfect passing contrasting with that of His Friend, the Christ, whose brief mission five hundred years later ended in tragedy.

The Manner of His Passing

NOW the Exalted One addressed the Brethren and said thrice: "It may be, Brethren, that there may be doubt or misgiving in the mind of some Brother as to the Buddha, or the doctrine, or the path, or the method. Inquire, Brethren, freely, Do not have to reproach yourselves afterwards with the thought: 'Our teacher was face to face with us, and we could not bring ourselves to inquire of the Exalted One when we were face to face with him.'" But none had any doubt or misgiving.

And the venerable Ananda said to the Exalted One: "How wonderful a thing is it, lord, and how marvellous! Verily I believe that in this whole assembly of the Brethren there is not one Brother

who has any doubt or misgiving as to the Buddha, or the doctrine, or the path or the method!"

And the Buddha answered: "It is out of the fullness of faith that thou hast spoken, Ananda! But Ananda, the Tathagata knows for certain that in his whole assembly of the Brethren there is not one Brother who has any doubt or misgiving as to the Buddha, or the doctrine, or the path, or the method! For even the most backward,¹ Ananda, of all these five hundred Brethren has become converted, is no longer liable to be born in a state of suffering, and is assured hereafter of attaining the Enlightenment of Arahatta."

¹ According to Buddhaghosha this refers to Ananda himself, and was said for his encouragement.

Then again, the Exalted One addressed the Brethren and said: "Decay is inherent in all component things! Work out your salvation with diligence!"

This was the last word of Him-who-has-thus-attained. Then the Exalted One entered the first stage of Rapture, and the second, third, and fourth: and rising from the fourth stage, he entered into the station of the infinity of space: thence again into the station of the infinity of thought: thence again into the station of emptiness: then into the station between consciousness and unconsciousness: and then into the station where the consciousness both of sensations and ideas has wholly passed away. And now it seemed to Ananda that the Master had passed away: but he entered again into every station in reverse order until he reached the second stage of Rapture, and thence he passed

into the third and fourth stages of Rapture. And passing out of the last stage of Rapture he immediately expired.—ANANDA COOMARASWAMY, *Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism*, pp. 85-6.

It is said that the Blessed One has not wholly left the world for which He toiled during so many years. It is said that even now when the Vaishakh Moon is at its full, "The Buddha's Shadow" may be seen, and that He blesses His Successor and the faithful who tread the Narrow Way, and even poor and ignorant men who yet raise loving hearts as chalices, filled with the water of devotion.

Be that as it may, He lives in Eternity, and to that peace of the Eternal shall all men come at last, since He has proclaimed: PEACE TO ALL BEINGS.—ANNIE BESANT, *Our Elder Brethren*.

THE LORD SHANKARACHARYA

From the occult standpoint the first Sri Shankaracharya was a Being far above our race, one of the Three Kumaras immediately below the Great Initiator, spoken of in "The Secret Doctrine," and in closest relation with Him. He belongs to the humanity of Sukra, not to that of our earth. He became incarnate about eighty years after the passing away of Gautama, the Lord Buddha—a fact that is historically recorded only in the archives of the Dvaraka Math. Some hints about Him may be found in the third volume of "The Secret Doctrine," but they are very confused and perhaps purposely made contradictory; they will be found in the Section on "The Mystery of Buddha."—ANNIE BESANT.

THE close of Shankaracharya's life brings us face to face with a fresh mystery. Shankaracharya retires to a cave in the

Himalayas, permitting none of his disciples to follow him, and disappears therein for ever from the sight of the profane. Is he dead?

Tradition and popular belief answer in the negative, and some of the local Gurus, if they do not emphatically corroborate, do not deny the rumour. The truth with its mysterious details as given in *The Secret Doctrine* is known but to them; it can be given out fully only to the direct followers of the great Dravidian Guru, and it is for them alone to reveal of it as much as they think fit. Still it is maintained that this Adept of Adepts lives to this day in his spiritual entity as a mysterious, unseen, yet overpowering presence among the Brotherhood of Shamballa, beyond, far beyond, the snowy-capped Himalayas.—H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, III, 380, 385.

Shri Shankaracharya founded a certain school of Hindu philos-

ophy, revived Hinduism to a large extent, putting new life into its forms, and gathering together many of the teachings of the Buddha. Hinduism today, though in many ways it may fall short of its high ideal, is a much more living faith than in the old days before the coming of the Buddha, when it had degenerated into a system of formalism. Shri Shankaracharya was also largely responsible for the disappearance of animal sacrifices; although such sacrifices are still offered in India, they are but few, and those are on a very small scale. Besides his teachings on the physical plane, Shri Shankaracharya accomplished certain occult work in connection with the higher planes of nature which was of considerable importance to the later life of India.—C. W. LEADBEATER.

THE LORD MUHAMMAD

A veritable fire-pillar was He, lighting up the gloom of Christian Europe, and spreading through Arabia a peace of God such as the Arab tribes, with their love of plunder and revenge, had never known.

AND so things went on for ten years, and then comes the end. And when prayers were over, they lift him up in the mosque, too weak to stand, Ali and Fazl on either side to hold him up, and he raises his feeble voice and cries: "Muslims! if I have wronged any one of you, here I am to answer for it; if I owe aught to anyone, all I may happen to possess belongs to you." One man says that he owes him three dirhems, and the coins are paid, the last debt to be

discharged on earth. It is the last visit to the mosque, he is called home, his work accomplished. He lies praying and his voice sinks to a feeble whisper; it is the 8th of June 632, and the Prophet leaves his worn-out body, to watch over, from a higher sphere, the religion he had founded and guarded.

A noble life; a marvellous life; verily a Prophet of the Lord.—ANNIE BESANT, *The Religious Problem in India*.

THE LORD CHRIST

In our prelude to the Passing of the Lord Buddha, we indicated the startling contrast between the peaceful life of the Lord Buddha and the stormy and tragic life of the Lord Christ, He who appeared in the body of his well-beloved disciple Jesus, and so is always called Jesus Christ. The rare charm of His royal love, the subtly tender magic of His gentle wisdom, His care for the outcast and the degraded—these drew round Him all too quickly the dark clouds of hatred and suspicion. "The teachers and rulers of His nation came to eye Him with jealousy and anger; His spirituality was a constant reproach to their materialism. His power a constant exposure of their weakness. Three years had scarcely passed since His baptism when the gathering storm outbroke, and the human body of Jesus paid the penalty for enshrining the glorious Presence of the Teacher more than man." (Annie Besant). In the New Testament his trial and cruel death are thus recorded:

THE SUPREME HOUR OF LONELINESS

24. When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it.

25. Then answered all the people, and said, His blood be on us, and on our children.

26. Then released he Barabbas unto them: and when he had scourged Jesus, he delivered him to be crucified.

27. Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall, and gathered unto him the whole band of soldiers.

28. And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe.

29. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right

hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews!

30. And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head.

31. And after that they had mocked him, they took the robe off from him, and put his own raiment on him, and led him away to crucify him.

32. And as they came out, they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name: him they compelled to bear his cross.

33. And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, that is to say, a place of a skull,

34. They gave him vinegar to drink mingled with gall: and when he had tasted thereof, he would not drink.

35. And they crucified him, and parted his garments, casting lots: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture did they cast lots.

36. And sitting down they watched him there;

37. And set up over his head his accusation written, THIS IS JESUS THE KING OF THE JEWS.

38. Then were there two thieves crucified with him, one on the right hand, and another on the left.

39. And they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads,

40. And saying, Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save thyself. If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross.

41. Likewise also the chief priests mocking him, with the scribes and elders, said,

42. He saved others; himself he cannot save. If he be the King of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him.

43. He trusted in God; let Him deliver him now, if He will have him: for he said, I am the Son of God.

44. The thieves also, which were crucified with him, cast the same in his teeth.

45. Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour.

46. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, *Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?* that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

47. Some of them that stood there, when they heard that, said, This man calleth for Elias.

48. And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink.

49. The rest said, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save him.

50. Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost.

51. And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent;

52. And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose,

53. And came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many.

54. Now when the centurion, and they that were with him, watching Jesus, saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying, Truly this was the Son of God.

55. And many women were there beholding afar off, which followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto him:

56. Among which was Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James and Joses, and the mother of Zebedee's children.

57. When the even was come, there came a rich man of Arimathea, named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple:

58. He went to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus. Then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered.

59. And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth,

60. And laid it in his own new stone to the door of the sepulchre, tomb, which he had hewn out in and departed.
the rock: and he rolled a great *St. Matthew, XXVII, 24-60.*

THE GLORY OF THE CRUCIFIXION

H. P. Blavatsky makes a significant comment on the words uttered by the Christ in His supreme hour of loneliness on the Cross, which should have signified not His abandonment, but his glorification, that high and awful moment when the new-born Adept comes face to face with God:

A curious fact, one that throws a flood of light on the claim that Jesus was an Initiate and a martyred Adept, is given in *The Source of Measures*.

Attention is called to the part of the 46th verse of the 27th Chapter of Matthew, as follows: "Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani?—that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Of course, our versions are taken from the original *Greek* manuscripts (the reason why we have no original Hebrew manuscripts concerning these occurrences being that the enigmas in Hebrew would betray themselves on comparison with the sources of their derivation, the *Old Testament*). The *Greek* manuscripts, without exception, give these words as:

Ἠλί Ἠλί λαμὰ σαβαχθανί

They are *Hebrew words*, rendered into the *Greek*.

The Scripture of these words says, "that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" as their proper translation. Here then are the words, beyond all dispute; and beyond all question, such is the interpretation given of them by Scripture. Now the words will not bear this interpretation, and it

is a false rendering. The true meaning is *just the opposite of the one given*, and is:

My God, my God, how thou dost glorify me!

But even more, for while *lama* is *why*, or *how*, as a verbal it connects the idea of *to dazzle*, or adverbially, it could run "*how dazzlingly*," and so on. To the unwary reader this interpretation is enforced, and made to answer, as it were, to the fulfilment of a prophetic utterance, by a marginal reference to the *first* verse of the *twenty-second* Psalm, which reads:

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

The Hebrew words for this verse are:

Eli, Eli, lamah azabvtha-ni?

as to which the reference is correct, and the interpretation sound and good, but with an utterly different word.

No wit of man, however scholarly, can save this passage from *falsehood of rendering* on its face; and as so, it becomes a most terrible blow upon the proper first-face sacredness of the recital.

For ten years or more, sat the revisers of the *Bible*, a most imposing and solemn array of the

learned of the land, the greatest Hebrew and Greek scholars of England, purporting to correct the mistakes and blunders, the sins of omission and of commission of their less learned predecessors, the translators of the Bible. Are we going to be told that none of them saw the glaring difference between the Hebrew words in *Psalms* xxii, *azabvtha-ni*, and *sabachthani* in *Matthew*; that they were not aware of the deliberate falsification?

For "falsification" it was. And if we are asked the reason why the early Church Fathers resorted to it, the answer is plain: Because the *Sacramental* words belonged in their true rendering to Pagan temple rites. They were pronounced after the terrible trials of Initiation, and were still fresh in the memory of some of the "Fathers" when the *Gospel of Matthew* was edited into the Greek language. Because, finally, many of the Hierophants of the Mysteries, and many more of the Initiates were still living in those days, and the sen-

tence rendered in its true words would class Jesus directly with the simple Initiates. The words "My God, my Sun, thou hast poured thy radiance upon me!" were the final words that concluded the thanksgiving prayer of the Initiate, "the Son and the glorified Elect of the Sun." In Egypt we find to this day carvings and paintings that represent the rite. The candidate is between two divine sponsors; one "Osiris-Sun" with the head of a hawk, representing life, the other Mercury—the ibis-headed, psychopompic genius, who guides the Souls after death to their new abode, Hades—standing for the death of the physical body, figuratively. Both are shown pouring the "stream of life," the water of purification, on the head of the Initiate, the two streams of which, interlacing, form a cross. The better to conceal the truth, this *basso-relievo* has also been explained as a "Pagan presentment of a Christian truth."—*The Secret Doctrine*, III, 146-8.

THE ASCENSION

The Ascension for humanity is when the whole race has attained the Christ condition, the state of the Son, and that Son becomes one with the Father, and God is all in all. That is the goal, prefigured in the triumph of the Initiate, but reached only when the human race is perfected, and when "the great orphan Humanity" is no longer an orphan, but consciously recognizes itself as the Son of God.
—ANNIE BESANT.

Kings, Heroes, Saints and Sages Pass

In the death of a great man we may find the archetype of our own—an inspiration to die heroically like warriors, to suffer martyrdom with the saints, to pass like kings beloved by empires of grateful people, and to learn to live like gods.

KING AND EMPIRE

A GREAT King passed on the 20th January 1936—George V, King of England and Emperor of India.

One of His Majesty's last con-

scious utterances was: "How is the Empire?" and he sank back in relief when his secretary answered: "All is well, Sir, with the Empire."

CHARLES II APOLOGISES

AT the news of his sickness crowds thronged the churches, praying that God would raise him up again to be a father to his people. But the one anxiety of the King was to die reconciled to the Catholic Church. His chamber was cleared and a priest named Huddleston, who had saved his life after the battle of Worcester, received his confession and administered the last sacraments. Not a word of this ceremony was whispered when the nobles and bishops were recalled into the royal presence. All his family save Monmouth were gathered round the bed. Charles "blessed all his children one by one, pulling them on to

his bed; and then the bishops moved him, as he was the Lord's anointed and the father of his country, to bless them also and all that were there present, and in them the general body of his subjects. Whereupon, the room being full, all fell down upon their knees, and he raised himself in his bed and very solemnly blessed them all." The strange comedy was at last over. Charles died as he had lived: brave, witty, cynical, even in the presence of death. Tortured as he was with pain, he begged the bystanders to forgive him for being so unconscionable a time in dying. —JOHN RICHARD GREEN, *A Short History of the English People*.

"THE LAST WORDS OF DAVID"

THE spirit of the Lord spake by me, and His word was in my tongue:
*He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God.
And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds;
As the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain.*

II Samuel, xxiii. 1-7.

BHISHMA, THE PERFECT WARRIOR

An Episode in the Mahabharata

IN vain arrows rained on him from all other combatants; he stood unmoved. But for Arjuna's shafts his will made way, and they pierced him through and through. The arrowy shower continued, till "there was not in Bhishma's body space of even two fingers' breadth that was not pierced with arrows." And a little before sunset he fell from his chariot, his head to the East, so transfixed with arrows that his body could not touch the ground, and he lay, upheld by shafts, on a bed of arrows. But he suffered not his senses to depart.

On the morrow, tortured by his wounds and burning with fever, he asked for water; but, rejecting what was brought, he again called Arjuna: "Covered all over with thy shafts, my body is burning greatly. All the vital parts of my body are in agony. My mouth is dry. Staying as I am with body afflicted with agony, give me water, O Arjuna. Thou art a great bowman. Thou art capable of giving me water duly." Then Arjuna drew Gandiva and shot an arrow mantra-directed, and where it pierced the earth pure water burst forth, and he gave of it to Bhishma to drink.

Then Bhishma, refreshed, praised him, and calling Duryodhana, once more bade him make peace, since none might vanquish Arjuna with Keshava at his side. "With my passing away," he said, "let peace be enjoyed by the people; let these kings embrace one another in friendship. Let father be reconciled to son, let brother be reconciled to brother, O king . . . Therefore let the war end here."

And he closed his eyes again, and steadily gathered, by concentration, all his vital forces in the head, and thence passed out as a great light which rose into the heavens and disappeared in an instant. And even to this day, because Bhishma had no son of his own to offer him water, therefore all Indians who offer the prescribed ceremonial oblations to the departed, offer water unto him, not that the great soul Bhishma the Vasu-god needs such water, but that the souls of those who offer it may be lifted up by their mood of grateful reverence, and be brought into psycho-spiritual touch with him, and be strengthened and sanctified by the high ideal he represents.

So passed Bhishma, the perfect Kshatriya.

THE LOTUS FLOWER OF CHITTOR

The passing of Padmini is the finest epic of Rajputana, "that country of warriors and bards, of chivalry and devotion, where life was less cherished than honour, and love was more precious than gold." Stalwart Rajput men and pretty Rajput women show their race today so proudly as to rouse our wonder, till we remember the heroism of thousands in the past who died readily for their country and their clan.

RAJA HAMIR SINHA of the Chohan family, King of Sinhadvipa, had one beauteous daughter—clever, brave Padmāvati (or Padmini). Regent Bhimsi of Chittor she married, and far o'er the land spread the praise of the gracious, lovely lady; even unto the ears of Alā-ud-dīn, Emperor of Delhi, who straightway swore that he would win her for himself. Taking his great army, he pitched his tents before Chittor, and sent forth to the proud Regent his wild demand:

"Give to me thy fair wife Padmāvati, lest I slay thee and thine utterly." For answer the dauntless Rajputs came pouring forth, with the insulted Bhimsi at their head, and furious battle waged, till Alā-ud-dīn was beaten, and the victorious Rajputs returned to the fortress.

Again came a message from the Emperor:

"Of the unrivalled beauty of thy lady have I heard, and but to see her come I thus. Grant but one request, O Bhimsi, nor deem it wrong. Let me but see her all-glorious form within a glass reflected. Then will my desire be satisfied, and I will take hence my army."

"Never," was the first retort that rose hotly to the Regent's lips. But ask of Padmāvati; what would she do? And steadily she sent answer: "Grant, O Lord, this request, that my beauty bring not the curse of utter destruction upon our brave warriors; 'tis but my reflection that he asks—and the Prince is great." Then reply sent Bhimsi: "Tomorrow, at noon, come weaponless and alone, and thy wish will find fulfilment."

And Alā-ud-dīn knew that a Rajput never broke his word, so alone he went unfearing 'midst his unarmed foes—courteously had they laid aside the dress of war to greet the defenceless Emperor.

Grimly and at once Bhimsi led him within the palace, to where the queenly Padmāvati awaited them. Screened from view, yet reflected in a great, clear mirror, it seemed to the Pathan that she was fairer than Apsara, more radiantly beautiful than full splendid moon, more glorious e'en than peerless Rati, wife of Kamadev. Once, twice, thrice, he gazed, and gazed again, nor satiety found. Strongly one thought possessed him: How to win her? He turned to go and full courteously: "Ranaji," he said,

"today has been deep pleasure mine. No human tongue can fully tell the beauty of thy Queen. Never such exquisite loveliness have mine eyes beheld. My heart hath indeed rejoiced. My prayer thou didst hear, and didst grant its fulfilment: how shall I render thee meet thanks?"

And while he spake, he walked on and out beyond the palace, beyond the gates down to where his army lay; streams of praise and flattery poured he forth, which the fine courtesy of the Rajput would not interrupt, nor could he show distrust who had asked his foe to risk his life.

Arrived amidst his men, Alā-ud-dīn made quick sign that they hold the Rajput, and bind him fast.

"See that ye guard him well," he cried. Then, turning to the stiff and haughty Chief, he hissed savagely: "Thinkest thou I lose thus easily my quarry. Thou hast but whetted my desire. In one way alone canst thou thy freedom win—give me Padmāvati and thou art free; refuse—then remember well these words of Alā-ud-dīn;" and more slowly and with brutal insolence came the final words: "Padmāvati shall be mine." With swift scowl to the men he spake: "Beware! If this man escapes, hell-tortures will await you."

To the lady came the startling message: "Yield thyself to me. The Regent is in bonds, to be freed by thee alone, but the price is thy beauteous self—to be my Empress and reign with me."

Sore was the sorrow that for brief space clouded the loveliness of Padmāvati; deep and earnest the counsel she held with one faith-

ful servant and one trusty minister, and to Alā-ud-dīn the answer came:

"I am thine; with my servants and my women today I come to thee. One thing I ask: A separate tent make ready, far from the others, and there will I meet thee. Tarry not; I haste to come."

The Pathan danced with keen delight and snapped his fingers in his glee; and word he sent throughout the camp: "Put aside all work, rejoice, right merrily prepare to greet the royal bride that today cometh to me."

But beyond, in the grim fortress, Padmāvati made ready with stern courage. Seven-hundred dolis¹ ready stood, but within no gentle woman's face was hid: the flower of Rajput chiefs sat within the close drawn curtains. To carry them were warriors, two to each, Kahars² in outward seeming. Accompanied thus went forth Padmāvati, and the strange procession moved down to the Muslim host, and surely never thus had army come to battle. Clear had been the orders, and each doli stayed not till within the midst of that feasting camp it rested. To Alā-ud-dīn came humble messenger: "Will the great Emperor grant but one prayer to Padmāvati? That ere she meets him, she takes farewell of her Lord, alone."

And impatient Alā-ud-dīn made answer: "Be it so; but haste."

Quickly the doli swung away to where the Rajput chafed in helpless anger and despair; swiftly to the tent she passed, and in low, eager whisper to the amazed Chief told all. Then, ere the astounded

¹ Doli, palanquin.

² Kahar, palanquin-bearer.

guards could stay them, they had dashed from the tent and flung themselves upon a horse that stood caparisoned near by, and, while those armed warriors, who had sprung from out their dolis, engaged the bewildered hosts, the twain fled safe and triumphant to the fortress.

And treacherous Alā-ud-dīn in exquisite apparel watched eagerly for the coming of Padmāvati, while his heart sang: "When I greet peerless Padmāvati then will my heart be glad." He wondered to see a sudden commotion and a solitary horse with its double burden dash frantically up to the fortress gate. Then saw he the marvel of a warrior band spring from out those dolis, and work sore havoc among his men. He cursed his blindness and his folly, and rushed where the fighting was thickest. For two days a bloody battle raged, and many a noble chief lay dead on either side; but the victory was with the Rajput lords. Angry and defeated, the Pathan Emperor withdrew to Delhi.

"Worsted by a woman," was the hateful refrain that gave him peace nor day nor night. He thought he saw it on the lips of men; he heard it in every mocking breeze that blew; every rippling wave flung at him the taunting rhythm.

Again he gathered a vast army and set out to crush that haughty Rajput clan, and once more Chittor saw the countless thousands settle about her walls.

Upon that former awful field of carnage most of the Rajput chiefs had fallen, only a few remained;

and the Muslims seemed as numerous as the sands that thickly lie on Ganga's shore. But they would fight for the honour of their Lotus-Flower, yea, till the last drop of blood be shed. Useless to go at once out upon the plain, but closing fast the gates they fired down upon the swarms beneath and wrought great slaughter, until at last confusion reigned where the southern division lay; then forth sallied the last of the brave warrior band, with wild and ringing cry, to the sure death that awaited them. Despite the Muslim thousands 'twas no child's play to meet those furious Rajput few. But they fell one by one, and the last remnant gathered round their leader, with him to the last, fighting gloriously and knowing well that no lady of theirs would grace the Pathan Court.

Padmāvati, true Rajput woman and wife, gathering all her maids and her womankind, had cheered departing husbands, fathers, sons, to certain doom. Then behind the fast-barred gates of the palace had set a vast funeral pyre, which the women, singing in procession, mounted, Padmini last of all. Fainter grows the music, fewer and fewer voices swell the strain, until at last but one voice rises, sweet, triumphant, the voice of Padmini. And then—only the roar of the flames, the crash of burning wood, and the black smoke rolling slowly outwards—a pall which filled with grim satisfaction the dying eyes of the Rajputs who strewed the battlefield, but which gave Alā-ud-dīn a weird sense of foreboding.

Alā-ud-dīn entered a City of the Dead.

THE HERO OF THE DECCAN

Shivaji summed up in himself all that was most fervid in Hindu religion and most fiery and heroic in Indian nationality. As founder of the Mahratta Kingdom, he wrested the supremacy in Western India from the Moghul Emperors, and so consolidated it that it remained the dominant power in India throughout the eighteenth century.

CONVINCED that his end was drawing near, Shivaji summoned his Ministers and intimate relatives to his bedside . . . His words of final despair (on the incompetence of his sons to become worthy rulers) overwhelmed his listeners and brought tears into their eyes. Seeing them in this agonized state, Shivaji bade them be of good cheer. For death was the appointed goal of human life. The way to salvation was to take the fortune of the moment and to act disinterestedly. They were all brave. It was their clear duty to put forth their highest efforts and save the State by deeds of valour. It had been his keen desire to subdue the Indian continent, capture Delhi, liberate the Ganges from the yoke of tribute, and extend the empire beyond Attock; but these higher aims had remained unrealized. The streams of his life were exhausted. They must not repine with a sense of this grief, but control their minds. Having thus consoled them, he bade them retire from his presence.

Shivaji now gave himself entirely to the performance of the last rites of religion in the few hours of life that were yet left to him.

He had a purificatory bath in the holy water brought from the

Ganges, and was smeared with sacrificial ashes. He wore necklaces of the sacred rudraksha beads and wreaths of tulsi leaves. Seated on the floor strewn with darbha grass, which is associated in India with holy meditation and spiritual thought, he invited pundits and ascetics to his presence, and discussed with them the problems of spiritual destiny and salvation. Then he devoted himself to the glorification of the Holy Name, listening to the readings from the sacred books and the exhortation of the Kirtankars. The usual charities were dispensed to the Brahmans, the dying King personally going through each solemn rite, and, where he could not stand the fatigue, making solemn vows to that effect. Recitations from the *Bhagavad Gita* and songs of divine praise were ordered to be chanted. In this manner, amidst the sacred chants of the Brahmans who surrounded his person, with a mind profoundly impressed by a deepening feeling of spiritual repose, expired the great King, the hallowed name of Shriram still hovering on his lips. It was Sunday, and the full moon day of the month of Chaitra 1802, corresponding to 5th April 1680.—*The Life of Shivaji Maharaj*, by N. S. Takakhav and K. A. Keluskar.

APOLLONIUS THE SAGE

Dr. Besant writes of Apollonius of Tyana, he who was sometimes called the Pagan Christ, as "travelling far and wide, Messenger of the Great White Lodge, making in various places in Europe centres of occult force to be used long long afterwards when again a Great Teacher should appear, passing out of the body and taking up the work of the Mysteries of Jesus, becoming the Great Teacher of the Mysteries, instructing, guiding, helping during the following centuries."

EVEN in the biographical narrative of Philostratus, Apollonius of Tyana is depicted as a wonderful personage—master magician, religious teacher, and friend of Emperors. He lived about a hundred years, for we are told by Dr. Besant that he was the disciple Jesus reborn in the year 1 of the Christian era, and Philostratus makes him contemporary with the Roman Emperor Nerva, a wise, and moral prince, who governed A.D. 96-98.

It is recorded that Apollonius met Vespasian in Egypt, that he prophesied the death of Titus exactly as it occurred, that he saw clairvoyantly from Ephesus the murder of Domitian at Rome, and that he drew up for Nerva a letter of advice dealing with important matters of government. Apollonius made this letter the pretext for sending his faithful companion, Damis the Assyrian, on a visit to Rome, so that neither he nor any other witness should be present at his death.

Where Apollonius died is not definitely known; some say he died at Ephesus, others that he vanished inside the Temple of Athena at Lindus, and the Cretans give an

even more marvellous account of his disappearing from within the temple of Dictynna at dead of night, while virgins chanted a song: "*Pass from our earth, pass to heaven, pass on thy way!*"

Philostratus proceeds: He still continued to philosophize on the immortality of the soul, teaching that the doctrine is true, but not permitting an idle curiosity about such high concerns. For there came to Tyana a young man who was very fierce in disputation, and protested against the true doctrine. Apollonius was already gone from among men, but held in great veneration for the manner of his passing; and nobody presumed to affirm that he was not immortal. There was a society of young men in the place, passionately fond of Science, most of whose debates were on the subject of the soul. The sceptical young man entirely dissented from the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. "Gentlemen," said he, "these ten months have I been praying to Apollonius to reveal to me his doctrine of the soul. But he is so thoroughly dead that he cannot even visit his petitioner in need or assert his own immortality."

Such was the young man's tone then; but five days later, after a debate on the same topic, he fell asleep in the place where he had been holding forth. Some of his fellow students were busy at their books, others were studying geometry, scratching figures on the ground, when the young man sprang up as if he was demented; still half asleep and streaming with sweat, he cried out, "I believe you!" They asked what was the matter with him. "Do you not see Apollonius the Sage, present in our midst, overhearing our conversation, and chanting a marvellous hymn of the soul?"

"Where is he?" they cried. "We do not see him anywhere, though we would give the world for a sight of him."

And the young man said, "It seems he must be here to speak to me alone touching my unbelief. Listen then to the solemn accents of his doctrine:

*The Soul's immortal: not of thee
but Providence*

*She holds; and, when the flesh
is withered, passes hence,
Fleet as the disimprisoned courser
leaps at large,
To mix with air imponderable, her
dreadful charge
Of menial toil acquitted. But what
skills it thee
To guess what, being no more, thou
shalt appear to be?
Or wherefore pry beyond the living
man's degree?*

Herein, like the authentic tripod of an oracle, stands Apollonius' teaching about the mysteries of the Soul, whereby with a cheerful heart and a good knowledge of ourselves we may journey to our destined end.

No tomb, or pretended tomb, of this man have I ever found, though I have travelled over the greatest part of the world; but I have come across his divine story everywhere. His temple is at Tyana, built at an Emperor's expense; for Emperors did not refuse him the honours that were accorded to themselves.—*Philostratus: In Honour of Apollonius of Tyana*, translated by J. S. Phillimore.

GURU NANAK VANISHES

THE Guru, knowing that his death was near, appointed Angad as his successor. On hearing of the approaching death of the Guru, the Musalmans wanted to bury him, while the Hindus wanted to cremate him, but the Guru told the Hindus to place flowers on his right, and the Musalmans to put them on his left, on the night of

his death, and those whose flowers were fresh in the morning were to have the disposal of the body. The flowers on both the sides were in bloom in the morning, but when the sheet was removed, nothing was found beneath it. So ended the ministry of one of the greatest of Indian Saints, in A.D. 1538.—ANNIE BESANT.

and as she glances over the howling crowd not a friendly eye meets hers.

"To the Church! to the Church!" cry the torturers, "and let us offer the witch before the high altar of our God!" And Peter rushes onwards, dragging the half-fainting girl, and the monks surge onwards also, with many a curse and prayer. And now the great Church of Alexandria is reached, and up the aisles, on to the very steps of the high altar, from which the crucified Christ looked down on his worshippers, Peter, panting and furious, dragged his unresisting victim. There for an instant Hypatia shook herself free, and looked over the tossing sea of arms and faces, and opened her mouth as though to speak. Her white robe was stained and soiled with that terrible journey, but her face was sweet and serene and strong, and her voice rolled out melodiously over the throng of her foes. But scarcely had the tones rung round the Church, when Peter fearing that her eloquence might turn the mob from his purpose, yelled out:

"She is a witch! a witch! do not listen to her sorceries. I see the devil at her ear, whispering to her. She is a witch!"

And flinging himself on her, he rent her robe from neck to hem, and tore wildly at her clothes, till they fell in ribbons at her feet, and the tall white girl's form stood naked, dazzling as snow, before the golden altar. And a cry burst

from her lips at last, as she stood thus bare before that brutal throng.

And the great dumb Christ looked on.

Then the monks flew at her and beat her, and wrenched out handfuls of her glorious golden hair, and tore her flesh with their nails like wild beasts. And those with shells scraped away her flesh till the bones were visible, and all her body was one gaping dreadful wound. Then they tore her limb from limb, and cried to bring fire to burn the witch to ashes.

And the great dumb Christ looked on.

And at last they gathered wood outside the door, and flung the pieces of her body on the pile, and set a light to it, and sang hymns round the witch's funeral fire, until nought but ashes were left, and these they scattered to the wind and went home rejoicing in their evil work.

And that night Cyril slept soundly, for his rival would no longer draw away his hearers. And Peter slept deeply, for he had drunk himself stupid after his crime. But many of the monks had troubled dreams, and wondered whether indeed their day's work were a righteous one.

And in the dark Church there were pools of blood, and remnants of human flesh and tangled golden hair.

And the great dumb Christ looked on.

GIORDANO BRUNO GOES HOME

Vivid memories of an earlier life, no less, than her career as Annie Besant, crowd upon her as she describes the martyrdom of Bruno, the fiery philosopher whose last words to his judges as they condemned him to the flames were: "To know how to die in one century is to live for all centuries to come."

VENICE, Queen of the Sea, most exquisite and fairy-like of cities, what wrought you of cruelty and wrong on this gallant son of Italy? Seized by the dark Familiars of the Inquisition, thrown into the gloomy prison-cell beneath the level of the waves, he is brought forth into the torture-chamber, and bound upon the rack. Thither is dragged Giovanni, to bear witness against the man he had betrayed, and his wan lips can scarcely syllable the charges of heresy which doom his friend to torment. The slow turning of the wheels strains the muscles well-nigh to tearing; agony intolerable rends every joint. But no word of recantation soils the writhen lips, and at last the tortured body, broken and torn, is cast, a senseless heap, on the damp floor of its dungeon.

Eight years of prison follow—the last two lightened by renewed debate, for Rome sought to dishonour even more than to destroy. How great her triumph, if Giordano would recant, and return to the bosom of Mother Church. He is worn to a shadow with long imprisonment; his hair is white, as the hair of an aged man. His limbs are twisted and bent. Surely his courage must be outworn, his high heart broken? Nay, his

Master has been with him in the dungeon, has stood beside him in the torture-chamber. "But a little longer, son of mine, and you shall come home to me again." The eyes are bright with courage as he stands before his judges; at last, at last, the day of his freedom approaches, and the long fight nears its close. Undaunted his mien; fearless his ringing defiance. The morning of his triumph at last has dawned, and, in a chariot of fire, he goes home.

As we seek to place ourselves within the consciousness of such martyrs, we shall ever find them inspired by some vast vision of the future, which transports them out of the trivialities of the present, and makes all that the world calls precious but as the dust on the wheels of an advancing chariot. Rapt in that vision, they see not the gauds of earth; its prizes are valueless, its praise and its blame are but as empty air. They may have their hours of depression, their agonies of loneliness, their nights of almost despair. But they have but to open their eyes to behold the Vision Glorious, and ever in the depths of their Spirit there is peace untroubled and an unchanging joy. For they abide in the Eternal, and their feet stand unshaken on that Rock.

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LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

By EDWIN MARKHAM

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
 Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
 She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
 To make a man to meet the mortal need.
 She took the tried clay of the common road—
 Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
 Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy,
 Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears,
 Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
 Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
 That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
 And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
 Moving—all husht—behind the mortal veil.
 Here was a man to hold against the world,
 A man to match the mountains and the sea.

... Sprung from the West
 He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
 The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
 The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
 His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
 Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
 One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
 To send the keen axe to the root of wrong,
 Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
 The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
 To make his deed the measure of a man.
 He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
 Pouring his splendid strength through every blow;
 The grip that swung the axe in Illinois
 Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
 And when the judgment thunders split the house,
 Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
 He held the ridgepole up, and spik't again
 The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
 Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
 Held on through blame and faltered not at praise—
 Towering in calm rough-hewn sublimity.
 And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
 As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
 Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
 And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

BEETHOVEN DEFIES THE STORM

A MAN . . . human above all things. He sprang from lowly and insignificant people. His mother was a cook, his father a drunken musician. His childhood was a succession of miseries. Lessons of a sottish teacher after being dragged, drugged with sleep, from his cot in the middle of the night. Poverty . . . privation . . . toil . . . a loveless life, but never discouragement. The world and the woes that man makes cannot extinguish the divine fire. Recognition came to him, finally. In middle age—in an age when republicanism was treason, he dared to be republican even while he commanded the support of courtiers and princes. When to be liberal was to be heretic, he lived a large religion of humanism—without disrespect to established orthodoxy. When perfumed aristocrats eyed askance his stodgy figure, grotesque manners, absurd garb, he snarled and flashed and played the pettiness out of them. Too great to be ignored, too poor to be respected, too eccentric to be loved, he lived, one of the strangest figures in all history.

Tragedy followed him like a hound. His last years were lived in a whirling void of silence. Silence!—while from within he drew the sounds that all the world but he could hear, and he of all the world should first have heard!

On March 24th¹ Schindler came and found Beethoven with a distorted face, sinking, and almost unable to speak. Soon Hummel, Breuning, Hiller and Huttenbren-

¹ 1827.

ner arrived and approached the bedside of the evidently dying man. "*Plaudite amici, comoedia finita est,*" cried Beethoven to his weeping friends. Yes—with his grim sarcasm serving him to the last—the comedy was, indeed, over; and his friends might applaud. Asked if he would receive the last Sacraments, the master answered calmly, "I will"; and these were administered according to the rites of the Roman Church. The last intelligible words that escaped his lips were—"I shall hear in Heaven."

Beethoven's strong constitution made a great fight with the King of Terrors. All through the day and night of the 25th, and throughout the following day, was a terrible ordeal for the death-watch. As he lay, apparently unconscious, the last battle set in and continued long into the dreary waning day. Then as night drew on Nature herself added to the gloom—a sudden storm of thunder and lightning, such as had not been equalled for many a year intensified the solemnity of the sick-room—in which his brother Johann's wife and Huttenbrenner were keeping vigil. Suddenly an awful crash of thunder roused even the dying man. The large sunken eyes opened—a clenched fist was raised in the air, and when it fell the death agonies were over—life, the world, and its concerns were nothing for him—the last breath had left the body of Beethoven. As if in concert with the august life, Nature's requiem finally gave place to a placid night.

THE SOUL OF KEATS

XLII

*He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.*

XLIII

*He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass they bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.*

LIV

*That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.*

LV

*The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.*

SHELLEY, *Adonais*

CHAMPION OF FREEDOM

Charles Bradlaugh, champion of freedom and true friend and colleague of Annie Besant, who writes of him: "As friends, not as strangers, we met—swift recognition, as it were, leaping from eye to eye; and I know now that the instinctive friendliness was in very truth an outgrowth of strong friendship in other lives . . . And so in lives to come we shall meet again and help each other as we helped each other in this."

Bradlaugh's Silent Burial

THE funeral was on 3rd February (1891), at Brookwood Cemetery. He had never troubled himself as to how his body should be dealt with, so his daughter chose that it should be in the "earth to earth" fashion. At his express wish, written in a will dated some years before, the burial was perfectly silent—an arrangement which caused some regret among friends, and some characteristic phrases about "being buried like a dog" from others, who could not feel the pathos and solemnity of the silent sepulture, amid the uncovered multitude who had come to pay their last tribute at the grave of the man they had honoured and loved. As he had always disliked the shows of mourning and the badges of grief, those

who knew his tastes wore none. But the grief of the thousands who filled the trains from London to the burial-place was such as needed no other attestation. They were of both sexes and all classes, from costermongers to right honourables; they came from all parts of England; and soldiers' red coats and the bronzed faces of hundreds of Hindus gave a wide significance of aspect to the throng. Hundreds, many of them from Northampton, had brought the little tri-coloured rosettes they used to wear in the old fighting days; and many threw these in the grave, some saying as they did so that their work too was done, now that he was gone.—JOHN M. ROBERTSON, *Charles Bradlaugh*, by Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner, II, 420-1.

THE FIRST ENGLISH MARTYR

ALBANUS was a soldier, who lived in Verulam, his birth-place (near London), and lost his life for shielding a Christian priest during the persecutions under Diocletian, the Roman Emperor; Amphibalus it was who, threatened with arrest, sought shelter in the house of Albanus, and from him

Albanus learned about his faith. When the search party traced the missing priest to his house, Albanus put on the priest's cloak and delivered himself to the guard. The story of his execution is given in *The Lost Vestal*, by Emma Marshall: "No tortures would make the fellow give in. The scourge ploughed

his back pretty well. He had thirty-nine stripes, and we expected to see him fall down dead."

"Were you in the hall?" Casca exclaimed.

"Yes, I have seen the whole play played out," the boy said carelessly. "The grand climax was today, when the executioner threw himself at Alban's feet, and begged to die with him, or for him. And then there was an uproar indeed. A great multitude pressed round Alban, who was praying and calling upon his God, and crying to Jesus to have mercy and turn the hearts of the people to Himself."

"The governor and judge, however, made short work. A new

executioner, one of the soldiers, was easily found, and it was not long before the heads of both Alban and Heraclius were rolling on the turf, and their blood sprinkled on the flowers."

A cathedral in the town named after Albanus marks the spot where he was slain. His career as Albanus is significant because it was he who introduced into Britain the guild system of Freemasonry, and as Imperial Paymaster secured for workmen better wages and improved conditions. We are told that in a later life as Francis Bacon he took the title of Verulam from this ancient city. Today he is the Prince Adept or Head of the Seventh Ray.

SAINT JOAN OF ARC

A French village maiden of nineteen years, Joan of Arc performed astonishing military exploits, leading the King's troops and stemming the English invasion. For claiming that she was inspired and guided by voices and visible appearances of Saints—Michael, Margaret and Catherine—she was charged before an ecclesiastical tribunal with blasphemy and burnt (1431). Even in the fire she beheld the Vision Glorious and heard the Divine Voices.

IT was ordained that, after her greatest hour of triumph, she should move through treachery and defeat, dismay and death, to a greater hour, the hour of her martyrdom.

She had been too successful. The king's generals, stirred by so many unexpected triumphs, were anxious to go forward. Joan, for the first time since she left home, doubted and faltered—she had done what the Voices had told her to do and the Voices were no

longer clear. But she went on, resolved to deliver Paris. Soissons surrendered before her, Chateau Thierry gave way, and then the wretched King for whom all this was done made a secret truce with his enemies and betrayed his own army. In the crisis of the battle for Paris he recalled his generals and abandoned Joan. . . . They sold her to the English. . . .

For three months this peasant girl faced the unscrupulous Bishop Cauchon and her sixty-two other

judges in the great hall at Rouen, with unfaltering determination and an address not less astonishing than all else in her brief career. But the end was predetermined. They threatened her with torture, they wore her down with endless questionings, but almost to the very last she was resolute in her denials.

When at the end they told her that if she would embrace the Church and sign a paper admitting that she was murderous and blasphemous and lying they would not kill her, she answered that if she were in judgment and saw the fire lighted and the faggots burning and the executioner ready to rake the fire and she herself within the fire, she could say no more. . . .

English soldiers followed the cart that was to take her to the old market-place of Rouen, where the

stake was set among the faggots. The platform was set near it with chairs and benches for the bishops who were to watch her burn, and the pulpit for the preacher who was to lecture her. She stepped on the platform and asked for a cross, but none of her accusers had dared to bring one. We like to think that an English soldier standing by took a stick, broke it in two, and quickly made a cross.

The fire was lit, she looked out for the last time on a world she had filled with glory and pride, and the heart that for a moment had failed was lifted up again by powers beyond this world. She heard the Voices in the fire. "My Voices were of God," she cried; "they have not deceived me." It was the last thing she said.—*Arthur Mee's 1000 Heroes.*

SIR THOMAS MORE PRAYS FOR HIS JUDGES

HIS refusal to attend the coronation of Anne Boleyn marked him out for vengeance.

In 1534 he was committed to the Tower, and, persisting in his refusal to subscribe to the King's ecclesiastical supremacy, was beheaded, 7th July 1535.

The Judas in the drama was Rich, the Solicitor-General, who procured by perjury the verdict—guilty of treason. Turning King's evidence after a confidential conversation with More in the Tower, he affirmed that having himself admitted in the course of conversation "that there were many things

which Parliament could not do—for example no Parliament could make a law that God should not be God"—More had replied: "No more could the Parliament make the King the head of the Church." On this flimsy evidence the greatest light in England was extinguished.

Without resentment and with amazing serenity, when asked what he had to say to the Lord Chancellor's judgment of guilty, More remarked: "I verily trust, and shall therefore right heartily pray, that though your lordships have now here in earth been judges of my condemnation, we may yet

hereafter in heaven merrily all meet together to everlasting salvation."

More had foreseen the end and had warned his family of it. Playfully witty when they visited him in gaol, he was ironically humorous to his executioner, saying, as he laid his head upon the block and

carefully brushed his beard aside:

"Pity that should be cut. That at least hath committed no treason."

So returned Thomas More to his Master's Ashrama, qualified by service and sacrifice to enter the company of Just Men Made Perfect.

DEATH REVEALS THE SOUL

THERE is no department of human activity but has its supreme examples of heroism. Kingsford Smith, Amelia Earhart lose their lives while adventurously pioneering airlines round the world. Heroes in navigation, in land exploration, die in endeavouring to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge—the British climbers who attempted to reach the summit of Everest, the German group who were overwhelmed by an avalanche on Nanga Parbhat, and—most picturesque and pathetic figure—Captain Oates, who, rather than burden his comrades in the Antarctic with his sick body, deliberately walked out of camp into a blizzard, remarking: "I may be away some

time"—a "very gallant gentleman" indeed.

Among the classic types of the heroic life are Father Damien, who died in ministering to the lepers on the island of Molokai; Dr. Hall Edwards, who veritably immolated himself on the altar of science, one of a noble army of scientists dead or still living, who have invoked suffering and death upon themselves in order to bring life to others.

Dying greatly is an art which is not the sole prerogative of rulers, saints and geniuses. Countless ordinary people live great lives and die great deaths, touched with beauty and grandeur, for they live and die greatly who live and die for others, whether the unrecorded citizen or the unknown soldier.

COPIOUS LIFE

*I announce the great individual, fluid as nature, chaste,
affectionate, compassionate, fully-armed,
I announce a life that shall be copious, vehement, spiritual,
bold,
And I announce an end that shall lightly and joyously
meet its translation.*

WALT WHITMAN.

"LAST LINES"

To Theosophists the lives of men and women of genius are of the most absorbing interest. Take for instance the case of the Brontë Sisters, and I am thinking at the moment particularly of one of the younger of them, Emily Brontë, and of the wonderful poem that she wrote the day before she died:

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere,
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God, within my breast,
Almighty ever-present Deity!
Life that in me has rest,
As I—undying life—have power in Thee.

* Vain are the thousand creeds,
That move men's hearts, unutterably vain,
Worthless as withered reeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thine infinity,
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide embracing love,
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades, and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that His might could render void,
Thou, Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

Lord Haldane in his *Pathway to Reality*, says of these verses that "perhaps one of the most striking and most remarkable breaks away in our poetry from the standpoint of the hard and fast finality of everyday immediacy to another point of view is to be found in this extraordinary poem . . . Speculative poetry has rarely reached a higher level than in this dying outburst."

In the first verses the poet proclaims the immanence of God and her assurance of immortality in the face of the unbelief about her, finishing in the last verse with the magnificent declaration of triumph over death, and its unreality. It is wonderful how one finds again and again that poets, in their moments of greatest inspiration, speak language that Theosophy can well understand. These "Last Lines" were written before the birth of The Theosophical Society, yet have we gone much further?

IN THE PRESENCE OF DEATH

AT the last moment, the whole life is reflected in our memory and emerges from all the forgotten nooks and corners, picture after picture, one event after the other. The dying brain dislodges memory with a strong, supreme impulse; and memory restores faithfully every impression that has been entrusted to it during the period of the brain's activity. That impression and thought which was the strongest naturally becomes the most vivid, and survives, so to say, all the rest, which now vanish and disappear for ever, but to reappear in Devachan.

No man dies insane or unconscious, as some physiologists assert. Even a madman or one in a fit of delirium tremens will have his instant of perfect lucidity at the moment of death, though unable to say so to those present. The man may often appear dead. Yet from the last pulsation, and between the last throbbing of his heart and the moment when the last spark of animal heat leaves the body, the *brain thinks* and the *ego* lives, in these few brief seconds, his whole life over again.

Speak in whispers, ye who assist at a death-bed and find yourselves in the solemn presence of Death. Especially have ye to keep quiet just after Death has laid her clammy hand upon the body. Speak in whispers, I say, lest ye disturb the quiet ripple of thought and hinder the busy work of the Past casting its reflection upon the Veil of the Future.

The Mahatma Letters, pp. 170-71.

Great Theosophists Pass

"I Shall Attain"

COLONEL OLCOTT JOINS HIS MASTER

The President-Founder's passing was distinguished by the visit of members of the Inner Government, one of whom, his own Master, snapped the cord that bound him to the cast-off body and took him home to His ashrama in the mountains. The narrative which follows was written down by Mrs. Marie R. Hotchener, who was the Colonel's private secretary for some years and attended him at his death.

IT is significant that even to the very last few days before his death there was an ever-present rejoicing that the Masters were still watching over the welfare of The Society (very many had doubted it) and that Mrs. Besant would carry forward the work as They wished. Even in one of the last official statements when he asked for votes of the members, there was expressed the desire that when the time came for Dr. Besant to recommend *her* successor it would be someone of whom They would again express approval.

What an inspiration was Colonel Olcott's devotion and loyalty to Them and to The Society! In the long years of belief in Them, in Theosophy, and in service to The Society, he had attained a royal faith that had impregnated the very blood, bone, and sinew of his being. It was an ever-present exaltation, consummated in words of

appreciation from the lips of His Master.

The Colonel was told by the Great One that his work in this body was finished and that he was to dwell with Him at His *Ashram* (retreat in the Himalayas) until the time came for another incarnation.

Among the incidents which occurred when Colonel Olcott dwelt specially on the welfare of The Society, often dictating to me what he wished said or done, there is one which is never to be forgotten.

It was in reference to the coming of the Masters. He desired to write to the members about it, and dictated the article, "A Recent Conversation with the Mahatmas," which was printed in THE THEOSOPHIST in February 1907. He had nearly finished the article and was especially anxious to end it with a strong appeal to the members. He waited for a few minutes in deep thought and then said, as though speaking

to himself, "How *shall* I end it?" "I will end it," was heard in a deep voice, and there, once more, beside the Colonel stood the Master Morya. The words of the Master were as follows:

Let those who believe in our existence, and that we are behind the Theosophical Movement, also that we shall continue to employ it as an agency for the uplifting of mankind, know that we are sometimes forced to employ imperfect instruments (because of the lack of perfect ones) for our work; therefore, cease from such turmoil and strife, and from causing such disturbance in the Unity of Brotherhood, and thus weakening its strength; but instead, work together in harmony, to fit yourselves to be useful instruments to aid us, instead of impeding our work. We who are behind the Theosophical Movement are powerless, sometimes, to prevent the checks and disturbances that must unavoidably arise, because of the karma of individual members; but you can aid us much by refusing to take part in such disturbances, and by living true to the highest possible ideals of Theosophy. Should any event bring forth seeming injustice, have faith in the Law, that never fails to adjust matters. Cease rushing headlong into strife, or taking part in dissensions! Hold together in brotherly love, since you are part of the Great Universal Self. Are you not striving against yourselves? Are not your Brother's sins your own? Peace! Trust in us.

The Last Phase

It filled one with wonder, even amazement, to see that the Colonel

had not the slightest trace of the fear of death. Day in and day out, night in and night out, in spite of the constant pain, there were always joyousness and frequent references to the teachings of Theosophy, the after-death work he hoped to accomplish, and wondering how long it would be before he would be reincarnated. "I rather dread the diaper and spanking stages, but I suppose they can't be helped," he whispered to me one day, and was greatly amused at my embarrassment. His humour was unflinching.

One of the Colonel's pet names for H.P.B. was "Old Horse." As he was resting in a reclining chair by the window, just a few days before his passing, I heard him give a short, quick gasp, and turned to see what had caused it. He had half risen and as he extended his arms he cried, "Old Horse," and folded the astral form of H.P.B. to his breast. Damodar stood quite near her. She wore a long cloak and cowl, such as is worn by monks. They conversed together for a little time, and then she disappeared with Damodar. Their conversation was mostly about private matters.

In a letter sent to some of his friends that day he said: "Good-bye, dear good old friends. The Blessed Ones have come to take me home. They have all been here—we all saw Them—and They say my life is done. They are waiting for me, H.P.B. is with Them, and I have seen and spoken with her and Damodar.

"What a glorious thing it is to die among the blessed on earth, and the Thrice Blessed above!"

During his last days the Colonel would frequently ask me to read to him, especially from Sir Edwin Arnold's *The Song Celestial*. Book the Twelfth was his favourite. In my copy of that book there is a pencilled note, "Read to Colonel Olcott many times before his death." The last time seems to have been February 11th. The lines that the Colonel seemed to dwell on the most are:

Work for Me, toil in works pleasing to Me!

For he that laboreth right for love of Me

Shall finally attain!

Often he asked me to repeat them, and the last time I read them to him (February 11th) he murmured softly to himself, "I shall attain!" One is safe in saying they were his last words, for after that he was only partially conscious at intervals, and for the next few days he lay in a state of coma, finally falling asleep in a painless death in the early morning of the 17th, as Mrs. Besant, Miss Renda (who had helped to nurse him), and I knelt at his bedside.

The Masters, H.P.B., and Damodar received him as he passed from us, and carried him away to the Himalayas.

On my desk lay his farewell message, the last of his official dictations to me:

To my beloved brothers in the physical body: I bid you all farewell. In memory of me, carry on the grand work of proclaiming and living the Brotherhood of Religions.

To my beloved Brothers on the higher planes: I greet and

come to you, and implore you to help me to impress all men on earth that "There is no Religion higher than Truth," and that in the Brotherhood of Religions lie the peace and progress of humanity.

MARIE R. HOTCHENER.¹

* *

The Silver Cord is Loosed

This morning came from their far-off Ashramas in the snowy Himalayas, his own Master, wearing the Rajput form, with that other gentlest One in form of Kashmiri Brahmana, and yet one other, Egyptian-born, who had had him also in charge, and They, with his dearest friend, H.P.B., came to fetch him to rest with Them in Their home, far north. His own Gurudeva snapped the cord that bound the man to his cast-off garment, and, sleeping in His Master's arms, as it were, he passed from earth. Oh! the joy of the suffering over, the weariness at rest, the burden of the flesh laid down. —ANNIE BESANT.²

* *

Mystic Number

At the end of her narrative of the President-Founder's passing, Dr. Besant, commenting on the frequent recurrence of the number Seven in the important dates of The Society's history cites a passage in *Old Diary Leaves*, in which, of course; the Colonel says: "My own death room I when it comes, will no doubt find her on a day that would accustoming in her sitting in her

¹ "Memories of Colonel Olcott knelt in front of Theosophy, February 19th and her to try to take

² From Dr. Besant's; though too weak to 17th February 1907.

hold the glass herself she allowed me to hold it to her lips, and she managed to swallow the contents; but after that we could only give a little nourishment in a spoon. The nurse said H.P.B. might linger some hours, but suddenly there was a further change, and when I tried to moisten her lips I saw the dear eyes were already becoming dim, though she retained full consciousness to the last.

In life H.P.B. had a habit of moving one foot when she was thinking intently, and she continued that movement almost to the moment she ceased to breathe. When all hope was over the nurse left the room, leaving C. F. Wright, W. R. Old and myself with our beloved H.P.B.; the former two knelt in front, each holding one of her hands, and I at her side with one arm round her supported her head; thus we remained motionless for many minutes, and so quietly did H.P.B. pass away that we hardly knew the second she ceased to breathe; a great sense of peace filled the room. . . .

LAURA M. COOPER.¹

¹ *In Memory of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky*, by Some of Her Pupils.

White Lotus Day

White Lotus Day is the name given to the anniversary of H. P. Blavatsky's death, the day on which she is remembered by Theosophists the world over. It was her wish expressed in her last Will that on the anniversary of her death some of her friends should assemble at the Headquarters of The Theosophical Society and read a chapter from *The Light of Asia*, and extracts from *The Bhagavad Gita*. In the Executive Notice of 17th April 1892, which led to the observance of the anniversary, Colonel Olcott orders that "a dole of food will be given in her name to the poor fishermen of Adyar and their families."

It is now customary for the Lodges to commemorate not only the passing of H. P. Blavatsky, but also all Theosophical workers who have passed over in the course of the year. The President-Founder, in concluding his Executive Notice, voices the splendidly-worded hope that the White Lotus Day observance will express the "general feeling of love and regard for her who brought us the chart of the climbing Path which leads to the summits of Knowledge."

Perish The Theosophical Society rather than be ungrateful to H.P.B.—AN ELDER BROTHER.

"Work for Adyar"

DR. BESANT'S LAST MESSAGES

MANY months before she passed away on 20th September 1933 Dr. Besant had ceased her official activities. Her final statements were indited in December 1932. On the morning of the 24th she dictated a message to Convention glowing with the warmth of her realization of Adyar as the home of the Masters:

Dear Friends and Brothers, Sons and Daughters:

I welcome you here today with all my heart. Each one of you is dear to me as though my own son or daughter, and there is nothing could make me so happy as to have you gathered round me in the Masters' home. To Their home indeed I welcome you.

May His blessing rest on the head of each one of His children.

May you all rest in His presence.

May His love remain with you.

I now declare this Convention open, for the service of the Masters and the helping of Their children.

Another message which she gave (two days earlier) contains the idea of what has since become the Besant Memorial School, a flourishing experiment in education brought into existence by Dr. Arundale in response to her wish. The message reads:

To help to make Adyar a Flaming Centre I should very much like to have a Theosophical School near

our Headquarters, and I earnestly hope the necessary funds may be forthcoming.

I will do all I can to help, as I think a School is necessary for Adyar's future.

Annie Besant,
President,
Theosophical Society.

December 22, 1932.

For several months the President was living upon her reserve of strength. There was frequent conversation with her friends and an occasional important statement. As her motto for 1933 she wrote: "WORK FOR ADYAR," and this motto she put up in her own room.

We may say that "Work for Adyar" was her last published utterance, and what more dynamic or heroic phrase could she have framed, she who had built up Adyar for a quarter of a century, and made of it the Flaming Centre which it is ever increasingly becoming!

The crisis came the evening before her death. The heart showed signs of dangerous weakness at intervals; at 4 p.m. on September 20th she seemed to be resting peacefully, when Mr. Jinarajadasa found that her pulse and breathing had completely stopped. Others who were present at the time were Bishop Leadbeater, Miss Willson and Mr. N. Sri Ram. The room in which Dr. Besant was lying was the same which H. P. Blavatsky had occupied at Adyar.

Next morning the body was brought down to the Headquarters Hall, and after a brief ceremony was carried in procession to the Masonic Temple for a Co-Masonic ceremony, and from there to the spot selected for the cremation, a clearing between Leadbeater Chambers and the sea, where the foundation of the Suryashrama had been laid in 1917 by Dr. Besant herself, and which today is marked by the beautiful Garden of Remembrance. The bier was placed on a sandalwood pyre, with the head to the North, as it was Dr. Besant's cus-

tom always to sleep in that position, according to the tradition of Indian Yogis and Sannyasins. After the tributes of friends and officials of The Society, including Bishop Leadbeater and Mr. Warrington, the pyre was lighted.

A week later the ashes were divided between Adyar and Benares, one portion being immersed in the holy Ganges, while the other portion rests in the Garden of Remembrance, close by the ashes of her age-long colleague, Bishop Leadbeater, "as both would have wished."

"Carry On"

BISHOP LEADBEATER WORKS TO THE END

BISHOP LEADBEATER left Adyar on January 31st (1934) for a three months' visit to "The Manor," his home in Sydney. With only two exceptions, he had celebrated the Easter Service at his Cathedral Church in Sydney each year since its foundation in 1916, and he very much wanted to carry on that tradition this year, since he thought it would probably be his last visit to Australia. But as he has said so often, it is of little use to make plans in this Theosophical world. It certainly proved so in his case. He became ill on board the *S. S. Mooltan* travelling between Colombo and Fremantle, and the ship's doctor advised us to land at Fremantle and take the Bishop to hospital for a few weeks. His chief trouble was a very weak and worn-out heart, with complications which developed as a result. In spite of

his illness, however, he insisted on working all the time on board ship; he prepared several articles, and answered a great deal of correspondence.

We reached Fremantle on February 13th, and he was taken to a private hospital in an attractive part of the Perth suburbs, where he had very kind and careful attention.

The Bishop completed his 87th year four days after we reached Perth, on 13th February; he received many telegrams of greeting, but was unable to reply to them personally.

During the first ten days there were slight fluctuations, but no permanent improvement in the Bishop's health. He was impatient to continue his journey to Sydney, or at least to "get on with the work." He himself dictated a message

to be read to the Perth group of the Esoteric School, and notes of an article to be published in the magazine of the School. His thought was always for the various movements and the work that must be done in all of them. When we saw him the day before he passed away he spoke enthusiastically of the necessity of "upholding the old flag," and carrying The Society through the present difficulties to a new and a bigger phase of its life. As we left him that evening, he said, with a characteristic wave of his hand: "*Well, if I do not see you again in this body, carry on!*" Those were the last words he spoke to us; the following morning he was very much weaker, and though he looked up at us when we entered his room, he made no attempt to speak to us. . . . He passed away at 4.15 p.m. (1st March 1934)

His body was dressed in an alb and a white stole, and in the evening a number of his friends called at the hospital and looked for the last time at that serene, majestic face, and the wonderfully delicate hands as they lay folded on his breast, half covered by the fine lace of the alb. We stood in silence, as each felt a presence more than physical, and renewed his determination to carry out the Bishop's last adjuration.—HEATHER KELLETT in *The Theosophist*, May 1934.

The embalmed body of Bishop Leadbeater was taken in a casket to Sydney, and cremated at the North Shore Crematorium on 17th March 1934. Bishop Tweedie, who conducted the Requiem Eucharist prophesied that the name of Bishop Leadbeater would be handed down with reverence from generation to generation.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS

The world mocks and derides Those who would help it, and calls Them ill names, nay, disbelieves in Their very existence. When one of Them comes out He is persecuted, since the greatest Teacher came as "the Christ," and was murdered by those whom He sought to help. The world gave the hemlock-cup to Socrates. It struck off the head of Paul. It chased Muhammad from home as a fugitive. It burned Bruno at the stake. It has slain its prophets, tortured its benefactors, trampled underfoot its teachers. It has ever a crown of thorns for its Christs, and saves its thieves while it crucifies its Saviours. So if any of you, Youths and Maidens, would tread the Path of Holiness to its ending, you must make strong your hearts, you must be ready to

Endure, endure, be faithful to the end.

ANNIE BESANT

Last Words of the Great

King Alexander (assassinated): Friedrich Schiller:

"Guard Yugoslavia!"

Abraham Lincoln:

To his oldest and most intimate friend Lincoln said, "Speed, die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow."

Alfred Lord Tennyson:

The last words of this distinguished English poet were: "I have opened it." His family thought that he referred to one of his own poems of which he was fond:

*Fear not, thou, the hidden purpose
of that Power which alone is
great,
Nor the myriad world, His shadow,
nor the silent Opener of the Gate.*

Johann Wolfgang Goethe

Goethe did not grow old as many other men do; his intellect remained marvellously vigorous. At seventy he was acclaimed the literary dictator of Germany and of Europe. He lived to 83; though he had fallen ill, he could not believe he was going to die; there was still work to be done, and he refused to stay in bed. He sat in his arm-chair, and when death was approaching one dark March morning, he turned and asked that the shutters might be thrown open. "Light, More Light," he said, and the greatest genius of his age passed into the Light Eternal.

Friedrich Schiller:

"Many things are growing plain and clear to my understanding."

Woodrow Wilson:

"I would rather fail in a cause that I know some day will triumph than win in a cause that I know some day will fail."

Jacob Boehme:

"Do you hear the music? Now I go hence."

Henry D. Thoreau:

His wit and good nature were his to the last, and when asked if he had made his peace with God, he replied "I have never quarrelled with Him."

Captain Scott:

"We took risks—We know we took them. Things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the Will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last."

Susan B. Anthony:

In 1906 Miss Anthony died from bronchitis after only one month's illness. . . . She encouraged her fellow-workers (in the suffragist cause) to continue, saying: "There will be jealousies . . . misunderstandings . . . but take your stand and hold it . . . like good soldiers." They heard her utter a long roll-call of remembered names, women's

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LAST WORDS OF THE GREAT

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names, all old comrades of the fight. They seemed to be passing before her, and she greeted them with joy. Many of the names her comrades had forgotten. But Susan forgot not one. Then she slept, half conscious, until, an hour after midnight, the flame which had been burning lower and lower since dusk, flickered and went out forever. . . . A great woman had passed. "She was the champion of a lost cause." But Susan had said: "Failure is impossible."—*Susan B. Anthony: The Woman Who Changed the Mind of a Nation*, by RHETA C. DORR.

Hans Denck

"I am heartily well content that all shame and disgrace should fall on my face, if it is for the truth. It was when I began to love God that I got the disfavour of men."

So wrote, in his dying testimony, the great Hans Denck who lived in Bavaria in the fifteenth century. The favour of men is as nothing as compared with the approval of God, and we all have to see to it that we have not the favour of men at the expense of the favour of God. Also have we to see that the favour of men is not in fact standing in the way of our love of God.

Phillips Brooks:

"There is no other life but the eternal."

Dwight Lyman Moody (evangelist):

"I see earth receding, heaven is opening. God is calling me."

Henry Ward Beecher:

"Now comes the mystery."

THE DEAD

*Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.*

*Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Faith.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.*

RUPERT BROOKE.

How Animals Die

By LORD HALDANE

"HOW do the animals die!—quietly, peacefully, nine-tenths of them. . . . The vast majority steal away into the solitude they love, and lay them down unseen where the leaves shall presently cover them from the sight of friends and enemies alike.

"We rarely discover them at such times, for the instinct of the animal is to go away as far as possible into the deepest coverts. We see only the exceptional cases, the quail in the hawk's grip, the squirrel limp and quiet under the paw of the cat or weasel; but the unnumbered multitudes that choose their own place and close their eyes for the last time, as peacefully as ever they lay down to sleep, are hidden from our sight.

"There is a curious animal trait which may account for this, and also explain why we have such curious, foolish conceptions of animal death as a tragic and violent thing. All animals and birds have a strong distrust and antipathy for any queerness or irregularity among their own kind. Except in rare cases, no animals or birds will tolerate any cripple or deformed or sickly member among them. They set upon fiercely, and drive him away. So when an animal, grown old and feeble, feels the queerness or some new thing stealing upon him, he slips away, in obedience to a law of protection that he has noted

all his life, and, knowing no such thing as death, thinks he is but escaping discomfort when he lies down in hiding for the last time. . . .

"In short, unless the animals are to live always, and become a nuisance or a danger by their increase, Nature is kind, even in her sterner moods, in taking care that death comes to all her creatures without pain or terror. And what is true of the animals was true of man, till he sought out many inventions to make sickness intolerable and death an enemy. . . .

"The vast majority of animals go away quietly when their time comes; something calls the creature away from his daily round; age or natural disease touches him gently in a way he has not felt before. He steals away, obeying the old warning instinct of his kind, and picks out a spot where they shall not find him till he is well again. The brook sings on its way to the sea; the waters lap and tinkle on the pebbles as the breeze rocks them; the wind is crooning in the pines—the old sweet lullaby that he heard when his ears first opened to the harmony of the world. The shadows lengthen; the twilight deepens; his eyes grow drowsy; he falls asleep. And his last conscious thought, since he knows no death, is that he will waken in the morning when the light calls him."—*The Pathway to Reality.*

The Dark Powers in Nature

The Judgment of Atlantis

By ANNIE BESANT

Dr. Besant looks back, as in a cosmic moving picture, to the beginnings of our planetary chain, and the emergence of the Asuras, those rebellious Angels, some of whom fell into incarnation on our Earth, and in the City of the Golden Gate and other places in Atlantis raised temples of initiation in which the blackest magic rites were practised. The excesses of these Sons of the Dark Wisdom reached such a pass that the Occult Hierarchy sank Atlantis under the sea. Dr. Besant insists nevertheless that there is in the black magician a potential spirituality which brings him eventually to realize the futility of working for separateness: "There is a soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out."¹

The Planetary Scheme

LET us take as the subject of our study tonight the way in which those who are spoken of as "Asuras" followed their own evolution, partly on our own earth, partly on preceding chains. And in order to make this earlier evolution clear, I must ask you to think for a moment of that which we speak of as a "planetary chain," and to make clear in your minds exactly what is covered by that term. You have learned in your studies that when a Logos brings into manifestation a solar system, there are seven Planetary Logoi or Planetary Spirits, Viceroys of the great Monarch, each one having His own area to rule over, and

¹ The first lecture: "The Dark Powers in Nature—Their Place in Evolution" appeared in our August issue. These lectures had not before been published.

having charge of evolution within that area. They are the Beings who are meant in astrology when the planets are spoken of—the great Intelligences who manifest, as it were, by way of the planets.

The next point to remember is that globes represent what we may call the incarnations of these Planetary Logoi in due succession. A globe or more globes make up a single incarnation; and we must recognize that the same principles, as it were, are reincarnating from stage to stage; that the outer manifestation becomes more and more complex, while the inner life remains the same. This has been put in the Hindu scriptures in a very definite way. The creative Logos—"Brahma"—has four bodies up to the present time; and these bodies are spoken of but not explained, only certain statements

are made with regard to them which are extremely interesting to us, because fitting so perfectly into the fragmentary Theosophical teaching that we have received on the subject.

The Asuras Come Forth

The first of these bodies is called the body of darkness; and it is said that the Asuras come forth out of this body of darkness. Looking back to that very far-off time, it seems that the globes which go to make up a planetary chain are not the same in number from chain to chain, that they increase in number up to the number seven, and then go through a curious process of decreasing, the decreasing taking place by the unifying of certain pairs of globes, so that by the process of unification the separate globes diminish in number. When you come to the seventh planetary chain you find, instead of a chain of seven planets, a single body consisting of seven divisions formed by this unifying process in a way that we might speak of as the unification of the lower manas; and by this process, repeated in the fifth, sixth and seventh rounds, you come at last, in the seventh planetary chain, to this composite body representing in its complexity the seven globes in our own planetary chain, which is the fourth.

Now the Asuras belong to the first chain, and there does not appear to have been more than one globe concerned with that evolution. There seems to have been a single manifestation in that first chain, matter not being densified enough to make anything of what we call

evolution in the physical, astral, or lower mental planes at all possible.

From that far-off evolution these beings, certainly not then Asuras, came forth. They may be regarded by analogy as the humanity of that evolution, reaching a certain point of intelligence and mental development. And this gives us their keynote; they are the very incarnation of the "I" principle, *aham-kara*. This comes out most strongly in our own planetary chain, where the time has come, by the densification of the matter, to make this manifestation of the "I" exceedingly clear and definite. It reaches its extremest point in the fourth chain, and then necessarily in the fourth round, the point of greatest density in the whole scheme.

Hence you always find it said in occult books that those who incarnate this I-making faculty are to be looked on as the dark powers. But that, of course, is not nearly as prominent in the early evolution of which I speak; still, intelligence has come forth, and we have to recognize as a fact that this principle of intelligence in man, *manas*, is, from the standpoint of unity, of spirituality, the great enemy. Necessary as it is, it is the incarnate principle of separation carried to its furthest point, and therefore the very antithesis of the spirituality which is the recognition of unity.

Now the opposite type, the Suras, incarnate the principle of order. The Asuras represent the principle of progress, of movement. They are going to appear in course of time as exceedingly rebellious beings, insisting on going their own way, the very type of the rebellious,

challenging intellect. In that first planetary chain this type reached its completion, and these beings that we must call the "men" of that evolution passed out of their globe. They go, as always between chains, into some form of pralaya or nirvana, not at all distinguishable or understandable by us. We only know it is a very lofty condition in which growth goes on altogether apart from the conditions connected with planetary chains.

The "Fall of the Angels"

Out of that, however, they come forth again, and we find them in the second planetary chain playing the part of the Barishad Pitris, that is, certain beings who in that chain, where the principle of form had to do with the moulding and shaping of the matter of that period, were passing through three globes, and along those globes giving out the forms which then were built up in the life of the chain. They pass out of that more clearly defined, and with stronger individualities, and appear on the third lunar chain again as "Pitris" or ancestors; but this time (using again the help of analogy) in the position of those whom we speak of in our own chain as the Agnishvatta Pitris, they had to do with the helping of those who reached intelligence on the lower chain. So that we find them in these three stages in their past before having anything to do with our chain at all: first appearing as the result of this planetary chain; then appearing as the masters of form in the second chain; then as the moulders and helpers towards mind of those who come off the lunar

chain in the higher stages of progress, having made their causal bodies and so reached definite individualization, passing through that again into the inter-chain condition, growing and developing and becoming those who are called in *The Secret Doctrine* the "Sons of the Dark Wisdom."

Now the Asuras show in the higher world of the builders this great characteristic of rebellion. They are set on making their own evolution in their own fashion. They do not care to obey as do their meeker comrades; hence all the evil names of "rebels," "adversaries," and even "devils" (in later days) showered upon them by the more obedient types. So they are described as breaking through the circle of the heavens. When the command goes out, bidding the Sons of the Dark Wisdom and of the White Wisdom to create men after their own image, these rebels will have none of it. Two-thirds, it is said in the *Stanzas*, obey, one-third refuse; and I need not tell you that the one-third that are refusing are these same beings who are beginning to be called Asuras. It is said that after this their doom is pronounced, and the one-third are reborn into the earth in the Fourth Race, to suffer and cause suffering.

Evolution goes on in the world while these are waiting in their own realms, declining to have anything to do with the not very attractive forms which present themselves in the earlier stages of our fourth round and globe. They do not appear until the first sub-race of the Fourth Race, into which they are born. And for the first

and second, and a large part of the third sub-races, they remain very much at the front of human evolution, and for the time fairly obedient. They have come into new conditions which they do not understand, and being exceedingly rational they begin to acquaint themselves with their conditions, and above all to get strong hold of the new vehicles into which they have come, before they are prepared to take an independent course in this new evolution.

Animal Nature Dominant

Ruling the earth at that time were the great Brothers of Wisdom from the planet Venus, having for their obedient servants and disciples those whom we speak of in this round as the Agnishvatta Pitris of our own chain. These make up the Divine Instructors, the Divine Kings, many of whom were furnished from the ranks of these Pitris, but incarnated in the Fourth Race sub-races. They are marked out by their great intelligence and their power to carry out the commands of the Lords of Light. It takes them a long time to get hold of and master their bodies; for these bodies had been coming up through an animal evolution in the past rounds, the animal nature being very powerful, while intelligence had not yet taken possession of them.

And then came that great question which made necessary the incarnation of some of the Manasaputras. These bodies of animal men were very strongly developed on the side of the animal nature, brooded over by the monads who gave them their life. The downflow

of the monadic life coming into these powerful animal bodies became turbid and polluted as it flowed through these channels, and by that very law that spiritual forces are transmuted on the physical plane and strengthen the characteristic qualities of the vehicles into which they come, the human race was face to face with the enormous difficulty that the very downflow of spiritual life made in these half-animal bodies a tremendous outbreak of animal passion. You know how that difficulty was overcome by the incarnating of intelligences already fairly developed; so that instead of the spiritual life flowing down straight into the animal life, the intellect, as it were, put itself between, caught the rush of the spiritual life, used it for its own growth and development, and with its stronger grip on the matter with which it came in touch was able to get hold of the animal mind to some extent.

The Struggle in Atlantis

For some time, then, our Asuras were concerned with simply getting hold of their bodies; and the world, with their help, made rapid progress along the ways of civilization. But as they gradually became at home in their new world and in their new bodies, this nature of theirs, of the I-making faculty, began again to shake itself clear of the surrounding circumstances and to proclaim its intelligence and supremacy. And then slowly began that struggle of ages which culminated in the destruction of Atlantis. It was carried on in an extremely able manner in its earlier stages. The Asuras, feeling their great

intellectual power, and not being willing any longer to obey, especially as the Divine Instructors had withdrawn and left feeble hands to hold the reins of empire in the great Toltec Race, began slowly to draw themselves away and to make a new centre where they themselves could be supreme. They felt themselves to be quite as good as the disciples who were appointed to rule by the Lords of Light. Many of them thought, and probably with much truth, that their own intelligence was quite as strong, if not stronger than the intelligence shown out in those who were holding power in the great City of the Golden Gate. And they gathered themselves together to build a city of their own which they could make a centre of a new empire.

Placing on the throne one of their greatest leaders, they began to build up that great fabric of super-physical power which gradually became the developed black magic of Atlantis. In the City of the Golden Gate there were two great objects of reverence: one, the great golden temple where the worship of the Logos under the form of the Sun was carried on; and the other the Cave of Initiation, to which often came the Sons of Light as initiators and instructors. It became necessary, in order to build up an empire that would have the least chance of holding its own against the white empire with its splendid traditions, to have something equivalent on the darker side; so they also built their Temple and Cave.

But as the Lords of Light could not help in any such work of rebellion against those whom they had

appointed, it became necessary for these strong rulers to draw to their help the great elementals of the Earth—those great powers who incarnated the destructive powers of the world—in order that they also might be able to produce super-physical marvels. They attracted these elementals by the destructive possibilities they offered them; and gradually sacrifices of animals and later on men became the favourite sacrifices in this temple of the dark forces. The great elementals of the earth manifested themselves there, and a whole system of initiation on the dark side grew up, which has never entirely vanished from that day to this.

The Blackest Magic

Then there was the building up, as it were, of the black lodge and of the black hierarchy over against the White Lodge and White Hierarchy. And on the higher planes also this was builded with its last and most powerful expression on the physical plane, where the density of the matter was a far more useful means of manifestation to the powers of the dark side than it could ever be to the powers of the white side; for the very density of the physical aggregations made them more easily utilized by those who were densifying as far as they possibly could, and endeavouring to reach that heaviest condition of matter in which it appeared there was most promise of permanent existence.

So we find in the Atlantean days that the matter of their time was very different from our own matter—harder, denser, far more difficult to deal with from our standpoint,

but from the standpoint of those who were wielding the coarser and stronger energies of the physical plane, the very vehicle they needed for the purpose they had in view. This continued for ages, and that immense system of Atlantean magic was built up. It was very much strengthened by the alliances made not only with these great elementals of the destructive forces of nature, but also with the very lowest types of humanity who were produced upon earth; so that we have those strange alliances between these highly developed entities of enormous intellectual power and those who are called in the *Stanzas* the "mindless," the lowest types that could be called human at all. That is alluded to in a phrase in *Genesis* where it is said the Sons of God saw the daughters of men who were fair, and they took whom they chose, and then giants appeared in the world. That old tradition represented these sons of the Dark Wisdom who called themselves not only Sons of God, but Gods, and who in time demanded divine worship to be paid to themselves and their images.

From the alliances between these and the undeveloped women in the lowest Lemurian and Lemurio-Atlantean races, who became their assistants in the darkest forms of magic, this blackest magic of all was born. And ever since it has remained one of the marks of the dark magic that it has gone into sexual excess of every kind; that it has always mixed up this animal element with the higher elements; and even to the present day the worst and most dangerous enemy of the white magic and the true

mysticism is found along lines of sexual aberrations, where the conditions are provided for coming into touch with the lowest entities of the astral plane, who can manifest the most readily where the conditions are provided.

Atlantis Is Destroyed

So things went on from bad to worse in Atlantis, until they reached the point where, in the judgment of the great Occult Hierarchy, nothing could be done to save humanity except to bring about the destruction of these bodies which had become such powerful agents on the dark side, and which threatened, if they were allowed to go on in that course, to build up a race immensely more persistent in physical life than was desirable for the evolution of humanity, it being a condition of evolution that the body should yield more and more readily to the forces of the evolving and expanding life, instead of, as it were, being shaped into rigid prison-houses which, however persistent, would really keep the life dwarfed and undeveloped so far as its higher purposes were concerned.

Hence the tremendous destruction which swept over Atlantis—the breaking into pieces of the whole of these highly developed forms and the black magic which they incarnated. And although the cataclysm did not destroy the black magic, it gave it a tremendous blow, and it has never yet reached so high a point since that first tremendous catastrophe; for it taught this great lesson to the Lords of the Dark Face: that when it came to a real trial of strength they went down before

the others; that the powers incarnating unity were stronger than the powers that incarnated separation. Hence the very highest of them accepted the view of unity and became the present Brothers of the Dark Face, who took up the karma which they had wrought upon the world and became really co-operators in evolution, although apparently striving against it. Others, not quite so highly evolved as that, also learned their lesson, and passing into other bodies, carried on a rapid evolution, entering into the later Fourth, and even into the Fifth Race, bringing into that the intellect which they had won, but now directed by a new motive, and vowed to the service of those who were working in unity with the Divine Will.

Potential Greatness in Evil Men

And there we reach a very important point. The evolution of these great qualities of mind and will is often carried on under conditions that make them come forth in the most repellent forms. But although that be true, it does not at all follow that the people in whom these powers are evolving are not learning lessons of the greatest value which, when once their eyes are opened, will carry them far more rapidly forward than those who are very much less developed. Let me take an illustration.

Supposing that you take a man now who is showing out and increasing the power of will—the type of man that makes sometimes an enormous fortune at the present day, careless about other people's interests, selfish. You could hardly

have a type who, from the moral standpoint, is more repellent; yet you realize that man is evolving qualities of enormous value in evolution if, for the moment, you can disentangle yourself from the question of immediate morality and take a larger view. He is developing will-power to an extraordinary extent. It does not matter for the time that he is not using it in the best way. None the less he is developing will-power and also brain power, the power of seeing an opportunity and seizing it.

The moment you recognize the fact that evolution is guided by the Divine Will, and see that the present stage of evolution is one of furious competition and struggle, you try to find out what purpose the Divine Will is working for in the midst of this turmoil and strain; and in the midst of that you see these great qualities growing up. Granted they are most unlovely in their present manifestation; but that is because they are turned to a very paltry, selfish end. All that you have to do to turn that man into a very noble type of human being is to change his object and his motive, so that instead of struggling for gold he may realize the greatness of service and follow that; instead of using his will to trample everyone down, to use it to lift up all who are weak—a change of aim, and then the nature that was so destructive will become the most powerfully constructive that you can imagine.

You can make so much more out of a man in whom tremendous forces have been evolved than you can make out of the ordinary invertebrate creature who

may at the moment appear to be so much better from the moral standpoint. The young and feeble soul can only go into little, peddling transactions of vice or virtue. But these evil people have in them the making of great people; when their eyes are opened they will be ready to lead human evolution—a great lesson to learn. For if God were not in the middle of it all, it would be the most heart-breaking thing you could imagine; but if He is in the midst of it, as He is everywhere, then it must be working to some good end; no matter how many small things may be broken on the way, the outcome of it all will be evolution.

From Separation to Unity

Let us take some of our less developed Asuras in their fresh evolution. If you trace some of our own evolutions back, you will be very likely to come across them in those less developed Asuras of Atlantean times, working out a karma that has in it a great deal of suffering and difficulty, but learning its lessons and developing strength in the working. And when H. P. Blavatsky says many of the troubles of the present stages are the result of the Atlantean times, she is only speaking of this course of evolution where many who were going along the wrong side learned their lesson in that great drowning, and came back slowly to climb up the ladder with the strength they had gathered on the dark side.

So that we come to realize again this great characteristic—the intellect, the “I”—which makes the individual. And that may give you a clue to a further important

lesson—that we must get rid of this I-making faculty by transcending it; by making the individual “I” identify itself with the greater “I” of the larger life; using all the power of the individuality which has been built up by struggle and rebellion and by difficulties of every kind, in order to make that smaller “I” blend itself with the larger, and carry into the future evolution of the world the fruits of this long struggle and rebellion. It is this quality in us that will be our greatest difficulty, it is the point that the dark powers in nature can catch hold of the moment we have shaken ourselves free enough of the average, and it is worth their while to take notice of us. So that all those who desire to quicken their evolution and reach more rapidly the spiritual world must recognize that their greatest opponent is this principle of *ahamkara* which has brought them to the place where they stand today. It has been their helper; it now becomes their enemy, the ally of the dark forces, the citadel of our own life which is ever throwing open the gate to the enemy and inviting those who would seize the fortress to come within.

Hence the continual repetition by all spiritual teachers of the need to get rid of this strong sense of separateness; hence the naming of separateness as the great heresy at the point of evolution which the world has reached today; hence the ruthlessness of true occult training in the breaking up of this strong sense of individuality. For it must not any longer be a separate principle working for itself; all its strength must go into the great “I”; all its power of will must

make itself harmonious with the Divine Will. Any part of the will which remains outside that is a part which the dark powers can take hold of and use to bring down the aspirant who is climbing more rapidly beyond his race.

Hence also the bitterness with which, in some writings, written by those not yet sufficiently advanced to have grown beyond bitterness, this I-ness in man is described. The saint will denounce it because he knows it is his own worst enemy; and he is not yet strong enough to recognize its past utility and see how it has helped him to reach the point where he is now. He knows it is the one point of weakness which gives the dark powers a hold over him, and enables them often to catch him in their toils. So that above all other things in

occult training is this principle of *ahamkara* struck at, and nothing is thought too great a strain, too bitter a trial, too harsh an experience if only the result of that is the breaking of the wall of separateness into perfect concord with the Divine Will.

Along that line, then, we have this evolution of the dark side of nature as it is connected with human growth, with human evolution; and the more we grasp the principles which underlie it, the more likely are we to become fit for the real occult training, which does not consist, as some people think, in lessons which can be learned out of books, but consists in the spiritualizing of the whole nature, of the rendering one that which is now composite, individualized, and separate.

OVER THE PRECIPICE

Does not life go down with a better grace foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas?

When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing that they had this sort of death in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound to the other side. The noise of the mallet and the chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy starved, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

R. L. STEVENSON

The Intuition as an Instrument of Research¹

By ADELAIDE GARDNER

After indicating the significance of the intuitive faculty, the author stresses the need for experts capable of receiving guidance on important principles in economics, politics, and other forms of public service—people who can bring down the thought-forms of the future. By the use of the consciously-trained intuitive faculty we can do much, she says, to “change the thought-currents of the world.”

Our Expanding Consciousness

THERE are certain fundamental postulates in our study that underlie the problem of the use of the intuition, hence as a preliminary we will restate them, although they are probably familiar to all.

The fact of being conscious, of just being aware of being, whatever that may happen to involve, is a common basic experience of every manifested entity. In the lower forms this awareness is diffuse, unspecialized, asleep. At the human stage of development all our specific and diverse experiences can be resolved back to this primary condition, which underlies all variations of existence as the ocean underlies the waves upon its surface. Sub-

¹ “The Intuition as an Instrument of Research” was delivered as a lecture at the Copenhagen Conference of the European Federation in July. The author acknowledges her indebtedness to Professor J. Emile Marcault and to Mr. E. L. Gardner “for many of the ideas discussed in this article.”

jective and so-called objective experience—that is, life known as functioning within ourselves, and that which appears to affect us from without—are outcrops of the one awareness, and the external and the interior can, indeed, only make contact with each other because this basic awareness is common to them both. So, too, Spirit and Matter, the seen and the unseen, all apparent opposites and diversities, are capable of affecting each other and of having their oppositions resolved, because they have this one common root.

As human beings, it is a matter of importance to us that our more spiritually developed elders give unanimous testimony that as human consciousness develops its latent faculties, it has two lines of expansion. On the one hand, there is an increasing delicacy of perception in regard to the variety of forms about us, and, on the other, there is an even more delicate and intimate realization of the unity whence

they all spring and in which their essence always remains.

Fundamental Unity

Although the plane of ultimate unity is far beyond our present powers of comprehension, for our purpose the great fourth plane of our solar system, buddhi, represents the basic unity and functions as the representative of the One Life. The principle or plane of buddhi, for it is both, is in a condition of aesthetic coherence, of right relationship, expressive of the Christ principle in man and in the Cosmos. It is the Eternal Fourth, in which “we live and move and have our being.” Conscious life, pure awareness, strikes down from anupadaka to buddhi, and from buddhi to emotion at the astral level, and all that we know of art, of beauty, of love, of wholeness, but dimly reflects the qualities of its nature.

In the physical body of man it has its own peculiar vehicle, the buddhic life-web, and as this permeates every fibre and cell, buddhi, the one unifying life, is literally “closer . . . than breathing, nearer than hands and feet.” We shall have reason to refer to this fact later, as the illumination of the intuition is dependent upon the vivid immediacy of buddhic experience at any instant of time.

To return to the two-fold process of growth. The Ancient Wisdom gives a clear picture of the parallel development of life, or consciousness, and of form. There is a steady outpouring of the particles of consciousness, the jivas, intent on richer experience. And there is the consequent development of more and more subtle and varied forms

through which the One Life can express its manifold nature. In this work, the jivas themselves and the angelic hosts, who have charge of the development of forms, are close collaborators. Only the drive of consciousness, the creative push of the spirit, can force matter into that state of tension which is necessary for rapid change and growth. A condition of tension, of strain, in organized material, is necessary for evoking from the organism yet more delicate adjustments. A crude example, but a good one, is the obvious effort of an animal, say a dog, when it is trying to learn a new trick. The pressure of the human consciousness on the animal assists its own very primitive mechanism to make a new adjustment, to register a new relationship, indeed, to think a new thought. Without that slight help from the human, and the strain of attention involved, the animal would be far longer in developing his mental faculties.

Critical Points in Evolution

In the vast cycle of evolution, the devas build and watch over group-soul structures in which the material of each plane is more and more actively worked up until it can be organized into responsive bodies, or vehicles, for the use of the jivas. At each critical point the jivas themselves assist with an out-thrust, a leap forward, that forces still further changes in the material form.

This process is repetitive, cyclic, and may be divided into four stages, which inevitably overlap but are yet distinct in nature.

(1) The urge to contact a given field, the imprisoned life pushing

itself into some new range of experience, equipped with a quite inadequate form, and deeply involved in the resultant imperfect reactions—identified with them, and confused by them.

(2) A period of clarification, and increasing ease and subtlety of contact and control, often a very long period, with a slowly dawning freedom of the life from the now much more adequate form. During this period, consciousness gradually dissociates itself from the phenomena of the field and begins to control them.

(3) The triumphant objectivizing of the whole immediate range of experience, consciousness becoming aware of it as the not-self. This is often instantly followed by:

(4) A critical state, the *turiya* state of Hindu psychology, during which the whole level of awareness rises, or expands, a relatively enlarged appreciation of the range of potential experience emerges, and the jiva launches forth afresh to contact and conquer the new field thereby opened to him. In this effort he uses the newly objectivized form of the just completed cycle as part of the new venture. Indeed, he cannot undertake the next step until that form has been co-ordinated and made the servant of his consciousness.

A very perfect example of this cycle in the small is the cycle of birth, growth, old age, and death. This is a very small cycle indeed in relation to the evolution of a kingdom, and the progress made in any one ordinary incarnation can be, and often is, almost nil. The experience, however, is complete. The urge to contact is

dominant in babyhood and childhood; in adolescence and youth this changes to the need to apprehend, to clarify relationships and discern meanings; the person who really grows up (very many people never do) becomes more impersonal and detached with maturity and old age, and in the period between lives consciousness is necessarily, though not very clearly, realized as independent of its bodies, hence these are objectivized, and the return to bodily form is made only when a new life-impulse demands it.

A still smaller cycle, and possibly more vivid and immediate for that, is that of solving a problem. There is the accumulation of data; the arrangement of all known factors in suitable order; the sweep of command on the part of consciousness that throws the problem away from itself, so that it can be regarded with greater clarity and completeness, and finally the "flood of light," as we so often term it, the outflow of new life that gives one for an instant an enhanced sense of being, an increased contact with the whole of life, the problem being solved incidentally as it were.

Intuitive Perception

Professor Marcault has indicated in some of his writings that, no matter at what level growth takes place, the perception on the part of consciousness of new and real values, which is inherent in the fourth stage of the growth process, always implies a further out-thrust of the buddhic principle. As we have said previously, this buddhi, this realness, the central life-principle of our solar system, is

intimately near us, and only our ignorance of right relationships prevents us from a perpetual realization of its immanence. Each time the fourth state just described is reached and the sense of wholeness for an instant emerges, it is evidence of the direct action of buddhi, sometimes called the intuitional principle. This always brings with it increased insight and increased power.

The immediacy of this experience may be what Mr. Krishnamurti alludes to when he says that liberation is within the reach of everyone. To live directly in contact with reality, with real values, is to live with unveiled intuition, with an uninhibited and direct contact with the underlying life.

The idea of a refreshing plunge back into buddhi at each critical point in growth is nothing new in Theosophical teaching. There are various correspondences to it already established. Theoretically, we have long been taught that in the emergence of the levels, or planes, of experience, the Logos of a system draws back into Himself the most extended matter of His universe before emanating a new *tanmatra*. Again, in regard to the microcosm—man—our Medical Research Group¹ has recently become convinced that no chemical change takes place in the cells of the body without the solids, liquids and gases of the body concerned breaking down into Ether 4, the central sub-plane of the body. These are all students' points of fascinating interest.

¹ Of the Theosophical Research Centre, London.

It is certain that the outrush of a new wholeness can take place at any level, at any moment. A new viewpoint is grasped, life is liberated. An initiation into a new world takes place when the stone feels heat and cracks, when the plant moves its face to the sun, when the animal chooses an action contrary to instinct, when the baby recognizes its own toe and shouts! Similarly, there is an expansion of life when the child survives devastating emotion and realizes itself as self-existent in spite of it, or the adolescent has an intuition of general law, of logic, of justice, in spite of the chaos of particulars with which he is surrounded. In each of these experiences the jiva snaps back for an instant into the whole, re-bathes himself in the underlying unity, and leaps forth again refreshed, more complete, his particular problem illumined, and himself freshly aware of being himself and, for the moment, of being whole.

Intimations of Reality

There is a small but significant point to note about these temporary explosions into reality. They have a peculiar quality of absoluteness, of finality, and for the moment at least they become an absolute to the one experiencing them. When the recapitulations of the growth-process of baby, child and youth are past, true intuitive illuminations come more rarely, and the adult who experiences perhaps one great moment of this sort is inclined to make an absolute of it, to feel that it is final truth. In relation to this previous capacity to perceive reality *it is* final truth, but

those who continue to grow rapidly may repeat the experience twice or thrice, and they may then begin to see how it works, and realize that what first appeared to be a final perception of reality is only momentarily so, and soon itself becomes relatively incomplete as growth proceeds further. We need, however, to remember very sympathetically that dogmatists who espouse one truth, or one method, as exclusively "right," probably do so because it has come to them in a moment of genuine liberation from interior bondage. It has been a revelation of light, and if it remains their only experience of such a liberation it is likely to remain an absolute.

As Theosophical students we are in a privileged position, for we can at least study the process theoretically, and perhaps by effort and understanding come to invoke the intuitive experience more frequently. But we need to emphasize that what we know as intuitions should include all genuine intimations of reality, all true readjustments of current experience to a larger scale, whatever the point of growth may be at any given moment. The so-called levels of experience are not mutually exclusive or watertight compartments, but overlap and interplay, and buddhi, the central life, underlies and interpenetrates them all.

Technique of Intuition

Moreover, whereas most human beings experience life accidentally, automatically, and repetitively, only half awake to their human capacities, *this is not necessary*. It is possible to become aware of the

growth-process, to study the act of intuition, its preparation and culmination, and by training the bodies along suitable lines to invoke a continuing series of explosions into ever-increasing comprehension of reality. If one becomes interested in the technique of living, in developing skill in action, it is, as we know, possible for people of our present world-period to inhibit the automatic modifications of the lower mind and of feeling, of kama-manas, and to push the growing point of consciousness up into the higher mind world, where there is a continuous illumination of buddhi. H. P. Blavatsky calls buddhi-manas the spiritual or really human consciousness.

For the race as a whole the accomplishment of this will be a slow matter, and for the individual to live his entire life at that level is also a superb achievement. It begins to be complete only at the level of the First Great Initiation. But the technique of training in discrimination and detachment outlined in Theosophical literature, and in all true Raja Yoga, is deliberately calculated to bring about in the bodies just that state of tension, of alert awareness, which is provocative of a further out-thrust of the intuitive, or buddhic, consciousness. If our jiva becomes interested in the game and can induce the personal vehicles to co-operate, daily illuminations on minor matters can occur. Our western humanity today has achieved a very active lower mind, and active mental contacts of every variety, so the field is admirably prepared, and there may well be

many who could use the technique of the intuition for particular tasks.

An Instrument of Research

The lower mental world is full of data, readily available. Great thinkers and editors have created the fashion of compendium volumes in which masses of diverse information are brought within small compass. Thus the labour of accumulation of facts is being systematized, and the way opened for a new upward thrust of the world mind into the higher mental range where archetypal patterns can be known, and the stored mass of detail reviewed, and reshaped in the light of these patterns. Today, so near are we to this new state of world consciousness that it is possible for any person of reasonably developed intelligence, who has a good incentive for so doing, so to co-ordinate his faculties that the act of intuitive perception may become not only active but fairly accurate, and indeed a reliable instrument of research that can be used upon almost any problem.

For a moment, look at the ordinary act of thinking. This consists of observation, usually with a strong feeling bias that obscures the appearance of the object to be observed. Most people "see" only what is already in their own minds; it is quite impossible to make a fresh, and yet true impression upon the vast majority of minds, because of the clutter of prejudice, fear, distaste, and desire, which obscures and distorts the perceptive faculty. But granted the mind is open, it observes, or perceives. It then relates its observations to previously

acquired knowledge. This is *ap*-perception. It remembers, analyses, sorts, codifies, always on the basis of previous experience. The mind, *qua* mind, does not alter previous relationships, it merely adds or readjusts material like a sorting machine.

Provocative Experiments

The intuitive faculty, buddhi-manas, working on a problem, begins where the unilluminated mind stops. The repetitive reclassification of the known does not concern it. Its function is the discrimination of new factors, new and more fundamental relationships. The best provocatives to intuitional experience are completely unfamiliar experiences or unclassifiable objects which are paradoxical in the light of previous knowledge. The contemplation of a paradox produces in the mental body a state of tension ideally conducive to the break-up of old thought formations, and a redistribution of life on larger and more deeply valid patterns. The Zen Buddhists use paradoxes for meditation for this purpose. Nothing but a deeper perception of real relationships, of truth behind appearances, can resolve the contradiction. In dealing with a paradox the four stages repeat themselves.

The first stage, as previously stated, must be to learn all that can be known about the objects or problem: 100% perception of a completely honest and clarifying nature. If this perception attacks preconceived ideas, let them be attacked. Allow the old habits of the mind to be shattered, disrupted, disintegrated, by absolutely honest

observation of pertinent material. Stage 2 follows as this material accumulates and sorts itself; such an item is consonant, another isolated or irrelevant. Then the mind must be switched off the problem, the independence of the thinker asserted as apart from his problem or his thinking capacity. This step demands either a strong will, or trained thinking capacity such as is developed by meditation, or an act of devotion. The latter enables a problem to be lifted out of one's personal range of thinking and feeling, and be offered, as it were, for light to be shown upon it. To work effectively, such dedication must include detachment.

Practical Work

The most effective technique is probably arrived at only gradually, and consists in a disciplined use of attention and discrimination in the first instance, and then a rather light-hearted flick of the will that slips the whole load of thought on one side, like Christian's load in *The Pilgrim's Progress*. It is a knack of relaxing the mental body and allowing it to "take its own true shape," and can only gradually be acquired. Illumination may then come at once, or not for days, but confidence should be maintained. Any kind of fuss or strain is destructive to the action of buddhi.

It is useful in practical work to give the mind a date or time limit for its registering of the intuitional insight. Thus, if a lecture is to be given, or a letter answered, one can say: "On Wednesday at 10 o'clock I will sit down and reconsider the matter." Sometimes the answer may come earlier, but

it *must* come at the appointed time. It frequently comes in sleep, and can be held on waking. The reply should be conclusive and with the stamp of absoluteness, an absoluteness that bears the test of time. There is no surer test of the difference between a personally motivated or instinctual decision and an intuition of genuine truth than the wavering and emotional excitement associated with the former and the rock-line certainty and calm of a true intuition.

Mental Preparation

The earlier experiences of intuitive perception are sometimes described as if some external being dropped an idea into the brain, or as if one had a massive contact with a vast amount of material slowly to be sorted into words and phrases. Later the experience changes, and the condition may be described as if one were in a watch-tower looking out over brilliantly illumined country but limited in movement. Later, time and space fold in upon themselves, for all extensions of experience, all opposites, cease when the mind itself is transcended, and only pure awareness, blissful being, remains.

For those of us who wish to awaken intuition for practical purposes, special avocations may demand special preparation of the mind. A scientist or judge who meditates upon truth, so that the fabric of the mental body becomes habituated to that quality, will have the better instrument for perceiving the truth or unsoundness of evidence before him. He literally tunes in his instrument by such meditation, to enable it to receive selected

material. I knew personally a former inspector of ships at a great port who daily meditated upon truth so as to be able to perceive accurately the fitness of the vessels to sail. He once told me some strange tales of intuitive decisions arrived at "for no reason" and proved sound by later investigation. Meditation upon truth is obviously a tuning-in of the mental body to the quality of buddhi, which is truth in essence, and is useful preparation for any intuitive work.

The best mind for intuitive research is one that has been trained to be both honest and impersonal. Also there must be an adequate supply of ordinary technical knowledge on the subject about which an illumination is desired, otherwise there is no suitable material at hand for the registration of truth in regard to that subject. This fact is very often overlooked, and it is important. It is no use having an intuition in the middle of the night that a pipe has burst if one does not know where the stop-cock is!

Another quality necessary is flexibility. The real answer to a problem is often so simple, or so utterly foreign to preconceptions, that a rigid mind would reject it as, literally, unthinkable. For the same reason, detachment and impersonality must be cultivated. If one is too personally interested in the results of the intuition the veil of the lower mind is distorted and reflects obscurely.

Because of the need for impersonality it is often far easier to develop and use the intuitive faculty for technical or professional work than it is to apply it to personal problems. To perceive the

real character of a close relative or the most suitable behaviour in a personal triangular situation is far more delicate, and demands far more discipline and detachment, than to see the truth in regard to a scientific problem or a professional client.

A Striking Symbol

This brings us to the best symbol of the relation between the higher and the lower mind, between the intuition of truth and the ordinary thinking mechanisms. This symbol is the old but very sound one of the projector lantern. The light is buddhi, the one reality, revealing the true nature and relationships of all forms; the lens is the I-process, technically *ahamkara*, the sense of being oneself; the screen is the lower mind and the physical brain, the personal nature upon which thought pictures have to be shown up without distortion. For the clear projection of the intuitive knowledge the problem is threefold. There is no problem in regard to the light—that is always present and strong. The only need is to acknowledge its existence. But the screen must be clean and flat: that is, the lower mind must be impersonal and detached from emotional strain; the material for building the slide, or picture, must be ready at hand, that is, the problem must be clearly stated and the material present for its solution; and, most important of all, the lens must be well-ground and without flaws.

That means the objectivizing and the transcending of the sense of isolated I-ness, at least in regard to the problem to be solved. Fortunately this development of

impersonality can be partial, as we have said, in regard to special work only. Otherwise the act of intuition would be rare indeed, for only those could use it who had completely transcended the habit of isolated personal reactions—and of these there are not many!

In plain terms, then, the ideal conditions for intuitive research are the following. First: a well-stocked lower mind, with technical knowledge upon the subject under discussion. Otherwise the intuition may be only partially registered for lack of suitable material at the level of the waking brain. Then detachment, flexibility, and devotion to truth for its own sake, apart from personal kudos or interest in results. And finally, faith, or the conviction that there is an answer to the problem that can be and shall be found. It is faith that switches on the light!

The Einstein Method

Such qualities exist in many research students today, persons wholly unconnected with occultism and perhaps even hostile to it. Actually, many of the fields of investigation at present being explored by science cannot be dealt with by the lower mind only, as they are either cosmic or ultra-microscopic, realms which cannot be physically objectivized as a whole, but only in part here and there. This means that the true relationship of the parts, their real interaction with each other, cannot be observed objectively; these must be intuited, and the "guess" proved right or wrong afterwards by experiment. The conditions of research in many fields demand a

developed intuition, and we are all aware of the magnificent work being done on these lines, the reaching out after causes and ultimates that is characteristic of the great minds of the day.

We, however, as was said above, through the study of occultism and traditional eastern psychology, and the practice of the required discipline in the right spirit, can quite possibly induce intuitive experience and use it deliberately to interpret daily life.

The technique I have described is fundamental to the growth-process of our race at the moment, hence can harm no one. If used with freedom and flexible experiment it should never become fixed, but can be reapplied at increasingly subtle levels of experience. In the end its constant use alters the whole structure of the bodies, infuses them with a subtly different quality or mode of approach, and by increasing their flexibility and purity, and polarizing them to the buddhic life, it will train those who use it humbly and persistently for every variety of public service.

Changing the World's Thought

There is indeed an urgent need in The Theosophical Society today that people should train themselves on specific lines of technical research in order that we may have amongst our members, not only good people using meditation and studying philosophy, but experts capable of receiving intuitive guidance on important principles in economics, science, medicine, education, and social and cultural activities of all kinds. The great plan of evolution exists: the future

of the race is not clouded and uncertain in the inner worlds, but definitely outlined. Groups of our students working together, discussing problems of education, social reform or health can contact the waiting archetypal forms, and in the act of discussing these and attempting impersonally to understand them, they perform a social service, for they define them at the concrete mental level, bring them to birth in mental material, building out of them mental forms specific and practical enough to influence the minds of ordinary social workers, politicians and research students eager for truth but unable, perhaps, to take a broad jump over to an abstraction.

It is not necessary that the workers on orthodox lines should be personally known to us at the physical level, although it is necessary to understand their vocabulary and their outlook. The great need is to bring down the thought-forms of the future clearly, without distortion, and in terms with which the orthodox mind is familiar. The mental world is far more socialized

than the physical. At that level, to think impersonally and eagerly on a given line of work is to connect oneself with the stream of mental life dealing with that subject. Thus to an open-minded worker an "inspiration" may come—not actually a pure intuition, as it might seem to an observer at the physical level, but really a gift of someone else's construction. Any student who can use such a gift has a right to it, and it may indeed be our privilege to shape it for his use. *Hence our student and research groups can do much to change the thought currents of the world, first by using their own consciously-trained intuitive faculty to reach to the true thought-moulds of the future, then to shape these well and truly in the lower mental stuff, and finally to broadcast the ideas attractively in every possible terminology.* They may be published, we may or may not get credit for them, but our work is not limited to the apparent, and if there were more workers on these lines the New Age might come into being more quickly than we now dream.

THE LOGIC OF DEATH

*Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I have yet heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.*

SHAKESPEARE

Simplicity, the Rule of Becoming

By JAMES EVANS LOUTTIT

A well constructed article demonstrating that Nature in manifestation is growth from simplicities to complexities, and vice versa. The text elucidates 1937 still-film pictures which Mr. Fritz Kunz and his colleagues are publishing at the Research Seminars, New York, for the use of students everywhere.

Simplicities of Evolution

ALL civilizations, from ancient times to modern, have assumed a creative Godhead, a super-principle, from which have emanated the various principalities of evolutionary manifestation, symbolized by gods of varying degrees. Seeking to understand the ever-present growth and destruction of his material universe, man makes a break in nature's continuity, and assumes a beginning. This is but natural, for physical sense perceptions have surrounded man with very definite limitations. Few are they who succeed in overcoming them. Yet together the wisdom of the ages and the technic of modern science point the way to every thinking soul: that synthesis from simples can produce an accurate map to understanding.

In order to demonstrate that Nature in manifestation is growth from simplicities to complexities and vice versa, we are going to cut into the continuity of Principle Essence at the point of greatest simplicity, the symbolic Illimitable. It is our hope to prove by our comparisons that there is but one

law; one love; one power; one wisdom; and that man with all his complexities can never sever himself from that simple seed whose essence is indescribable. Separateness ceases, and we find ourselves linked to all manifestation by ties beyond comprehension in their totality.

All knowledge that is systematically gathered is scientific, which in turn becomes religious when applied to life. The known or concrete is put into relationship with the unknown or abstract, and life results. Life begins and carries on by synthesis. Science has a vast fund of information to give our understanding, for it is the way of the "How," very necessary in the world we now live in. Religion, exemplified by the esoteric knowledge of all races, emphasizes the "Why." When we know the "how" and the "why," we have a chance of catching a glimpse of the "whence and the whither" of nature in conscious perception.

With such fundamentals as our basic tools, it is interesting to place the theories of experimental science side by side with the mysteries

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of the ancient teachings. We find that the concrete basic theories of science become the abstract theorems of the Ancient Wisdom, and the abstractions of yesterday are the concrete elements of prosaic science today. When rightly seen, the concrete and the abstract cease to be divisions, by the very force of their unity.

It is of course not possible for most humans to have a thorough knowledge of all cultural sciences and arts, but fortunately we can burrow around and gain a working knowledge of their fundamentals or keynotes, which, when placed together, give a basic structure. It is our purpose, in this discussion of the simplicities of cosmic evolution, to provide a review of such fundamentals. Specialization in science or religion narrows horizons. Our comparisons are designed to broaden horizons by the simple method of laying out the fundamental text of one science with another, of one cosmology with another—a feat of simple correlations, as simple as that one and one make two.

With this in mind we state the basic principle of that which is to follow: The binary (2)-quadratic (4) laws of Nature are the foundations of all manifestations, abstract and concrete; hence we say that simplicity is the rule of becoming.

* The Stanzas of Dzyan

The essences of four stages of cosmic creation as given in *The Secret Doctrine* of H. P. Blavatsky, may be represented diagrammatically by four figures—a circle, a circle with central point, a circle with a bisecting line, and a circle and cross

(two radii at right angles). These figures are said to come from an archaic manuscript, the "Stanzas of Dzyan," which formed the basic material of *The Secret Doctrine*.

The first of these, an immaculate white disk, when placed within a dull black background, is an esoteric symbol more potent by far than is the so-often seen circle or circumference, for here we find the first creation expressed as a pushing back of essence, rather than a circumscribing. A good illustration of this is a bubble of hydrogen floating up through water. There is no two-sided outer skin; simply a pushing back of water by a purified essence of the water itself—hydrogen.

This figure symbolizes the first manifestation of creative cosmic growth, the planting of the seed form of what is to come. With this, motion has become a fact. The "Stanzas" define this symbol as "Kosmos in Eternity," express it as slumbering energy, and yet know it as "Eternal Ceaseless Motion." Here is the cosmic trinity, the third person being the combination of the second in the first, never separated or separable. In the black surrounding the white plane lies concealed the plan of every future cosmogony and theogony. It is the "Great Breath"; it is "Space."

The same disk with a central point—H.P.B. says of this that Space and Eternity are symbolized in Pralaya, passivity of Being—that moment of hovering before expression begins. It is the dawn of differentiation. The germ in the mundane egg has moved into its own centre; it finds itself a

Being through its periodic turns of latency and activity. The first figure shows "that which is Chaos to the sense, a Kosmos to the reason"; the second figure shows Chaos resolving itself into ordered harmony.

Next we find the point transferred into a bisecting line, and there is separateness. We must remember, however, that these transformations are only phenomenal; the Real is forever unchanged.

While no mention is made of a figure circle with bisecting lines at right angles, it is described in the text in that the manuscript says of it: "The Three fall into the Four." In the first three figures we have a growth into differentiation, until finally in figure four we have a symbol indicating the material cosmos known to the Hindus as Prakriti or matter. This is known as the "evolved and unevolved," synonymous with evolution and involution. By its spirit is implemented, and in its time operates. Esoterically it symbolizes the divine septenary Hierarchy as well as the quaternary aspect of Space Nature. In its higher aspects it is the Creation of the Gods, in its lower it becomes the four-dimensional world of matter, plus the ever-present ether to make it the modern world of "relativity" in space and time. Einstein's relativity theorems indeed result in a four-axial world, three of space and one of time, precisely as anticipated in the above.

Biology

It is quite fitting that of all the sciences we should choose Biology as a comparative measuring rod for the symbolic figures of the "Stan-

zas of Dzryan." Biology admits the manifested duality of life process even in the minutest cell. It recognizes the fact that the life phenomenon is attached to the physio-chemical manifestation, adding that the nature of this contact is unknown to us. Also, most biologists are agreed that harmony must play an important part in surviving life forces, and that those organisms which live and propagate are free of the grosser inharmonies. Harmony, therefore, is a subtle determinative factor comparable to another name for the Illimitable.

Since the sea urchin egg is organic we commence with the quadratic division, which is the pattern or essence-substance for evolution and growth. Loeb points out that the "speed with which the chemical reaction of living organisms moves is due to enzymes, or catalytic agencies in general." Many biologists admit that the character of these synthetic enzymes is one of the main problems of biology. From our point of view it may be correlated to the Second Stanza: "Her heat (Ceaseless Eternal Breath) had not yet opened for the One Ray to enter, thence to fall, as Three into Four, into the lap of Maya." Enzymes are the lower form of energy according to biology; it is the Ray which is the higher form of energy according to the Stanzas.

There is a definite division of the egg into two parts, commonly known as "daughter cells." Note that the Stanzas say: "The Mother swells expanding from within, without, like the Bud of the Lotus."

In the first state of change, the fertilization membrane is separated

from the egg by a clear space of liquid; it shields the bulk of the egg, and filters ingress from outside. There is a defining limit in this membrane comparable to the "Ring Pass Not," as the Stanzas state, "for those who descend and ascend."

It should be noted that the unfertilized egg has three distinct layers and that all future divisions are at right angles to these, so that some of the matter of each becomes included in each division. The fourth stage shows the formation of four cells which are in reality small whole eggs showing the normal three layers.

These four stages are a fundamental pattern which is carried on through later stages of division according to a ratio of 1, 2, 4, 8 and 16, important to remember. All biologists admit an ordered harmony in these early division stages of egg segmentation. Out of chaos into harmony seems to be the ordered involution of nature.

Egypt

The Egyptians considered deeply the great principles of Nature. Growth and decay, the living and the dead gave to them objectified examples of harmonic order. Their hieroglyphics and ideographs were chosen evidently to portray a definite connection with the phenomena of nature. The Egyptians reached by their symbolism some idea of the great Illimitable Creator factor.

In our research we have been concerned in searching for the glyphs, if any, that would compare with the symbols of the Stanzas, of which the first is the circle. The

circle as such is rarely used in Egyptian signs, the closest approach being the "egg shaped" sign referable to the Golden Egg, which symbolized the highest creative principle. In this, when coupled with the ideograph "Sa," or goose, we find a dual symbol of "The goose that laid the Golden Egg"—dual in that it can represent both the Eternal and primordial matter. The Mundane Egg has become Principle, without force or energy and without differentiation.

The symbol of the dot within the circle was frequently used. It essentially indicated the Sun and was called Ra or Re, the symbol of the Father Principle, the fructifier.

We find two symbols with two different meanings to express differentiation. "Paut," the circle bisected by a slightly curving line or horizon—the parting of heaven and earth—indicated matter. "Sep," consisting of the circle with two short lines near its centre, indicated time. Taking these together, we have an ancient Einsteinian symbol of Time and Matter as a hieroglyphic expression of relativity.

The division into four, called "Nu" and indicating "place" is often called the cross-roads. It, too, has a dual aspect, male and female, indicating the two phases of System, Space, Darkness and Moisture. System becomes Space, which in turn is darkness or Great Mother, resulting in the manifestation of Moisture.

The symbol for mankind, "Ha-Memu," is interesting, because we see in it the Ra or Sun principle giving rise to the positive, negative

and neutral emanations, which intersect on the three planes of evolution and involution.

A study of the hieroglyphic sign "Duat" carries us into the mysteries of the five. This symbol referred to the underworld or "tomb," not as a resting-place, but rather as the gateway into another span of life. It is also referred to as "morning" or "beginning," symbolizing the first step from pre-birth to birth. The Egyptian numeral five was esoterically known as man and his five senses.

A summary of Egyptian sacred writings would indicate that they held fast to the rule of nature—simplicity in growth. The one, the two, the four; all being included in the Illimitable Essence, all-pervading and all-inclusive, and always to be considered.

Cosmologies Allied to the Egyptian

There are a number of cosmologies tautological with the Egyptian. The Babylonian and Assyrian, the Hittite and the Mayan are all linked together with a simple beginning. In the "Enuma Elish," a Babylonian poem written about 884 B.C. for Ashurnazirpal, then King of Assyria, we find the creation of the Gods described in a manner very similar to the Egyptian even with regard to names.

Taoism, the symbolical philosophy of China, possesses a great similarity to the Egyptian, Babylonian and Sanskrit cosmology, from which it is evidently derived.

In Tao, the Illimitable takes on a dual cosmic aspect as Heaven—made up of Tao (Principle) and God (Cause); and Earth—Creation (Effect) and Use (The Ultimate).

The Incognizable was "That which was before Heaven and Earth called Non-Existent." Existence became the Mother of all things, while man, the Adam Kadmon, became the Cognizer; the Father, Mother and Son of cosmic generation.

The symbology of the Tah-gook, or Chinese Monad, is derived from the fundamental dual principles of the Yin and the Yang, known as the two contraries; plus the Wu-hu-sing, the group of five elements—water, fire, air, earth and ether. Here we have the five expressed, while the earlier concept consisted of the four: water, fire, air and earth, with the ether as the all-encompassing portion of the four. From the third century B.C. the numerals two and eight began to dominate Chinese thought, and borrowed cosmological ideas were grafted over an indigenous concept.

Tao means "procedure" or "path," and can have a dual meaning: Considered in the absolute it is NATURE; relatively, it is "nature"—macrocosm and microcosm.

In the formula of Taoist creation we find "T'ai-ch," primordial matter or the Grand Ultimate; second, the formless ether, gyrating or in motion, the "Yoni," which Tao called the "Great Extreme" or "Universal Soul" and considered the great regulating power; third, the heavy part of Yoni settled and formed the earth or Mother Yin; while the fine part Yang, the positive male principle, remained suspended and formed the heavens. By the interplay between Yin and Yang all things in the universe were created and regulated by their differentiation.

The interaction of energy between Yin and Yang resulted in the formation of the four elements and the all-engrossing fifth element. These four in the one—the quadratic Tah-gook and its concealed fifth principle—made the material world. Nature was thus delineated as the result of the four great energy streams bound by the Eternal Essence. This in turn gave rise to the eight trigrams expressing the double quadratic known as "Tireless Strength" or "The Divided Earth."

Laotze, "the Old One," left his Taoist formula for the progress of Spirit into Creation as the 0-1-2-4-8. Faithfully they carry out the first steps of all cosmologies and their comparative cultural sciences.

Mathematics

Mathematics has been known as the ultimate science, primarily because it is impersonal. From it the Greek Pythagoreans estimated the number four as the root of all things, the great Tetrad, the first geometric solid. The binary-quadratic scheme of numbers became the basic structure of ancient mathematics.

This scheme is resolvable in binary sequence back to zero by a definite series of breakdowns. We found in the splitting of simple egg cells that an ordered sequence of 2, 4 and 8 resulted. The mathematics of the binary system is therefore based upon the powers of two—a series expressed as 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, etc. Each number is a double of the preceding and each is raised to a certain power.

From this we find that every positive whole number can be ob-

tained by adding together distinct powers of two. Reversing the process we find any figure arbitrarily selected, such as 47, is always resolvable back to zero:

$$\begin{aligned} 47 - 32 &= 15 \\ 15 - 8 &= 7 \\ 7 - 4 &= 3 \\ 3 - 2 &= 1 \\ 1 - 1 &= 0 \end{aligned}$$

Thus we find the binary system a very simple method of calculation, involving no multiplication table.

Modern experimental sciences endeavour to resolve their laws to mathematical formulae. It is paradoxical that concrete science uses an abstraction for the forming of its proof structure. Thus modern conceptions agree with Platonic principles in regarding mathematics as abstract in its pure essence. We shall have perforce to consider numbers as symbols of time and space, for they stand essentially for values that can be symbolized as such.

In order to understand this complex science of mathematics, we must discover why the digits themselves were selected, and their relationships.

Zero or "naught" is derived from the Arabic "cifron" or "empty." The root value of the Sanskrit "sunyan" or "naught" is the same. The cipher therefore is analogous to the Void, the Illimitable, the Negative, the Infinite. As the zero point, it expresses the centre as well as the circumference. It represents motion in all number theology.

The figure one (1) is Unity, the Positive, the Finite, the line which is derived from naught (0) and is

called the Divine Being. It is an extension by motion of the indivisible point, and expresses a first dimension or length.

In the esoteric value of two (2), the same principle is involved as in the bisecting of the single egg cell into two daughter cells. The single neutral phase, through motion, becomes positive and negative, electric and magnetic—Adam and Eve. The *Stanzas* say: "These Two are the Germ, and the Germ is One." In the primal two we have the beginnings of Force or Energy, not as yet manifested in Form.

This brings us to the second division of the two into the four. The Cross of Matter, ancient symbol of the Earth, is the basis of our figure four (4). It is the Quaternary, the solid existing in Time, or matter in its four principle phases as we know it. It is the root of Memory.

We can therefore build up a pattern of man in relation to Spirit by number symbology:

- 0=The Monad or "All Self."
- 1=The One Self or Highest Ego.
- 2=The Ego or "I Am."
- 4=The Dyad made Law, the rise of Memory.
- 8=The Redemption through Reason; the Going and Returning.
- 16=The Visible World; the Material Fall of Adam.
- 32=The Universe in which we live.

Following the cosmological law, mathematics must be considered as Powers, Forces, Vitalities, Principles, Virtues and Attributes, which in totality of the Unit Essence make up our four-dimensional Universe and all forces that lie behind

it. Mathematics is the law of Spirit and Matter.

Chemistry

Chemistry, in its essentials, deals with the building blocks of matter known as elements and their compounding and combination into molecules. Inversely, it applies to the breakdown of the compound into the simple elements. It is in truth a natural philosophy, and follows the laws of the macrocosm reflected in the microcosm. Thus it is the science best able to fathom the inner pattern of manifest Nature.

The term chemistry is applied to changes which permanently affect the properties or characteristics of bodies, either by decomposition or by combination—by involution or by evolution. In chemistry lies the road to simplicity, for the entire earth is resolvable into the elements, and they in turn into Essence or Ether. The old and new Wisdom alike agree that the real nature of matter is far from materialistic.

When we look at the fundamentals of chemistry we expect to find the binary-quadratic mode of evolution in the atomic elements—our formula 0-1-2-4-8-16-32, etc. Chemistry does not, however, quite coincide with this ratio. The planetary electrons, on which valency is based, are written as $2(1^2 + 2^2 + 2^2 + 3^2 + 3^2 + 4^2)$ or 0-1-2-4-8-18-32. The point at which this formula differs is at 18, which is not a power of two, while sixteen is, and is always used as part of the binary sequence. This point, however, has to do with later differentiations of more complex elements.

Any study of chemistry elements involves the table known as the Periodic Chart of the Atoms. In chemistry there are ninety-two known elements, commencing with hydrogen, the lightest, and ending with uranium, the heaviest. The entire series is grouped into eight columns, a complete octave, the elements of each column having nearly the same characteristics, since the outer shells of each valency group contain the same number of electrons. We find that groups 0-4-8 include the elements that are in balance as to their outer electrons, and exclude those not in balance. Thus we find valency groups 0-4-9 to be stable; groups 1-2-3 electro-positive and groups 5-6-7 electro-negative. Stability appears only in the cubic or octet forms, which relates elements in these groups to the powers of two.

Emerson, Schaltenbrand, Crookes and others have started their periodic tables of the atoms beyond the first element, hydrogen, in what they have called "protyle" or sometimes "ether." This may be symbolized as the circle. It is the first Manifestation, described by Crookes as "'pre-matter' or primordial and purely homogeneous substance."

The next step brings us to hydrogen, a gaseous element with atomic number one, for it is compounded of a single proton around which rotates a single electron. The dot which has appeared in

the protyle is the analogy we can draw. It is neutral, the father of the elements to come.

Hydrogen is followed by helium with atomic number two—two electrons revolving in orbit "k", which becomes the core of all the elements, even uranium. Helium is stable, a neutral or noble gas, which might be called the mother of the chemical elements.

The next element which exhibits stability is Carbon (the throne of organic chemistry) with atomic number six—made up of the four outer electrons in the orbit "l" plus the two in orbit "k", or helium. In Mendeléef's periodic chart of the atoms, carbon heads the valency group IV.

Following the order of stability, we arrive next at Neon, an inert and noble gas, with atomic number 10—eight electrons in orbit "l" and two in orbit "k" or helium. Neon is placed in valency group VIII, the home of perfect equilibrium and stability. Shell "l" now being fully satisfied with eight electrons in this outer orbit, is the point of transition for the formation of a new shell, starting the process of octave cycle over again.

We have, therefore, in chemistry a repetition of our binary law 0-1-2-4-8 in element formation. Save the one position mentioned above, No. 16, the binary intervals are located where stability is the evidence of the element.

(To be continued)

"Prince Siddartha": A Theatre Performance

By M. N. O. BAILY

Count Axel Wachtmeister's opera-oratorio "Prince Siddartha," first presented at the English Convention of 1936, was produced in a London theatre on the night of Wesak 1937. The audience were impressed, we are told, by the beauty and spiritual atmosphere of the performance.

From Birth to Renunciation

READERS of THE THEOSOPHIST may recall an article which appeared in this journal in September 1936, giving a description of Count Axel Raoul Wachtmeister's opera "Prince Siddartha." The hope then expressed that this work would be produced in a London theatre has been fulfilled. On the night of Wesak (25th May) the first public performance took place at the Scala Theatre.

Endless trouble had been taken to secure a worthy presentation. The producer, Mr. Frederick Lloyd, deserves high praise. He had studied *The Light of Asia* with care, and his inherent artistic taste enabled him to create an atmosphere not only of eastern beauty but of reverence and otherworldliness.

The opening scenes connected with the coming of the Royal Babe were staged as *tableaux vivants*, while a background curtain was drawn aside at intervals to reveal the Devas singing and rejoicing in the heavenly regions. During this section, all the characters wore snow-white draperies, and an effect of drifting clouds passed across

the sky, half obscuring the "choir invisible" and adding to the illusion of a realm not of this earth.

Then began a series of kaleidoscopic stage pictures in which rich and varied colours played an important part. King Suddhodana was a gorgeous figure in gold and terracotta, and the player who took the part of Narrator was imposing in royal blue, purple and silver. The crowd added a mosaic of many hues, and the principal dancers, in their nautch-girl costumes, recalled Sir Edwin Arnold's description of them as "painted butterflies," the head-dress being of filmy white caught at the nape of the neck and flowing behind.

Miss Ruby Ginner (who has a London school of dancing devoted to Greek ideals of natural posture and movement) was responsible for the choreography, and is to be felicitated on the imaginative way in which she met the varying conditions of the scenes allotted to her. Sometimes her girls headed the processions in the streets, or mingled with the crowd, or acted as attendants at Court.

Contrasting Scenes

A few of them gave a remarkable performance as mourners in the scene in which Siddartha first sees a dead man. This time, clad in white and with dishevelled hair, the dancers attended the bier, beating their breasts and raising clenched fists to heaven in an agony of despair. A contrast followed with the entrance of the holy mendicant, whose appearance is an important signpost in the story. From that moment the Prince's mission became clear.

The scene of Siddartha's parting from Yasodhara was ethereal in its loveliness. The Princess was discovered asleep on a couch formed like a small temple of alabaster, while the "rosy light" streamed upon her from above. Clothed in palest apricot, she lay on a deep blue fringed shawl, and the Prince was first discovered kneeling at her feet, wearing a cloak of richest yellow. In the foreground, the dancers undulated in languid movements, pale green and mauve lights playing upon them. Finally they drooped and fell asleep in groups, looking like drowsy flowerets tired with play. Then came the mystic Voice singing: "The time is nigh," and the Great Renunciation was accomplished.

After departing from the Palace, Siddartha did not assume the traditional yellow robe, as this colour was not adopted till a later period in the history of the Buddhist movement. Instead, he was draped in a glowing shade of orange-ruby, which caused him to stand out among his fellowmen, henceforth the central figure moved by a great purpose.

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It was not feasible to bring the white horse Kantaka on to the stage, but another four-footed friend appeared later in the form of a live goat about to be sacrificed in the temple of King Bimbisara. Here the animal fitted into the picture with a quiet, patient dignity, standing in front of a smoking altar while the priest raised his knife to strike. At that moment, the entrance of Siddartha prevented the cruel act, whereupon the goat turned its head and gazed steadily at its Deliverer.

Under the Bodhi Tree

A glorious sunrise, which flooded the stage, heralded the approach of the ascetic yogis, and the pastoral idyll, introduced by a piping shepherd boy on the banks of the Phalgu river, led up to the scene under the Bodhi Tree. This was the climax of the opera, and one which will ever remain in the memory. By a clever lighting device, the aura of the Buddha, as He sat in meditation, was gradually spread out on the ground in front of him till it formed a pool of golden-yellow tinged with rose. This served as a magic circle acting as a protection against the spears of Mara and his demons. The nautch-girls (representing the pleasures of the senses and the ephemeral and transitory things of this world) now came forward with their lures and caresses, but all in vain. Yasodhara appeared for a moment swathed in ghostly white, only to melt again "into the void." Hideous animal forms—unbridled thoughts and feelings—rushed in to annihilate the motionless and saintly figure under the Tree. But

they were beaten back by an unseen force too strong for them. Finally, left alone, triumphant in his victory over the powers of darkness, the Buddha arose, illumined and transfigured. Here he made his famous declaration, emerging from the "prison of the senses" fraught by sorrow and delusion. "Safe pass I hence—deliverance to obtain."

It will be realized that to enact such a part required an artist of considerable insight and understanding. It was fortunate that Mr. Edward Reach had been secured for this difficult role. He possesses a fine robust tenor voice, which emphasized the impersonation as that of a Man of Action as well as of One remarkable for His sympathy and compassion.

The music has already been discussed in these pages. It only remains to be said that the expectations the opera had aroused were fully justified. In every change of atmosphere and of scene, the varied rhythms and the frequent modulations reflected the story as it was unfolded, and the skilful

orchestration supplied variety and contrast, thus intensifying the effect. We had here a true presentation of music and drama, in which sound, form, colour, and movement all combined in creating an ensemble that satisfied eye and ear and made a spiritual appeal of a high order.

PRESS NOTICES

This interesting opera in twenty scenes by Axel Wachtmeister was produced with great imagination and efficiency by Frederick G. Lloyd. Not only was the scenery beautifully designed, but this work founded upon a Buddhist motive was evidently the creation of a highly sensitive and musicianly mind. In its presentation a large number of skilfully-trained soloists too numerous to particularize took their able part, while no praise could be too high for the valiant work of the chorus. The excellent standard of the singing contributed no less to the success of the occasion than the intense care for detail in the production.—*The Morning Post*, 27-5-37.

The Times wrote a longer notice, somewhat less appreciative of the music, though admitting that the composer had avoided the pitfall of "the imitation of the Oriental idiom by western voices and instruments."

THE GREAT MAN

The man of talent hits a man his contemporaries can see but cannot hit. The great man hits a mark they cannot see.—SCHOPENHAUER.

Reviews of Books

THE VOICE AND THE HIGHER FACULTIES

The Amazing Phenomenon of Voice. By Elena Garnetti Forbes, M.B.E. London, Rider & Co.

The author of this book has been seized of the importance of Voice as a prime factor in the whole story of the evolution of Man. In discussing the origin and metaphysics of Voice, she traces the stages of transmutation of vibration to Utterance thus: *Energy working through the process of "evolution" represents the relationship between breath and movement expressed in form.* She then shows the physiological relationships which lead to utterance. "Utterance is co-ordinate expression of all the body's activities in relationship to the biological stage of the somatic (skeletal) form." Other explanations given are based on much experiment and research. Moving and breathing, says Mrs. Forbes, are the two fundamental mechanics for the physical exercise of "voicing." The control of these three, related to the required form of expression, leads to the formation of the psyche. With these principles in mind, we see why the author believes firmly that a knowledge of the true nature and mechanics of voice is necessary to those studying the development of man's higher faculties.

After a close examination of the evolution of voice she goes so far as to say: "The soul is imperilled by the lack of integrity and the consequent decline of power arising from untrue vocal expression." She regards it as "a proven fact that 'natural' exercise of voice is necessary to attain the best physical and mental development of the Human Race; and therefore culture of the natural voice should form an integral part of National Education."

The author's views on the importance of Voice and its potency as a creative power, both cosmically and individually, should be supplemented by a study of the old Hindu theories of the mysterious

potencies of sound. These are reiterated and explained in *The Secret Doctrine*. The value of sound in the evolution of the physical and the higher bodies is a science thoroughly investigated and used in Mantra Yoga.—R.M.

TRAVELLING IN TIME

Practical Time-Travel. A New "Experiment with Time." By Colin Bennett. London, Rider & Co.

It is odd that the experiments recommended in this book should be regarded as new. They are all very old methods of tapping other modes of consciousness than the physical. They were described ages ago as siddhis (in Sanskrit) and as iddhis (in Pali). Some of the author's terminology is different from that in ordinary currency as "pre-natal" for "pertaining to past incarnation," and "time-travel" for action in the astral world. The author's objective is to explain how "to explore our past incarnations for ourselves," that is, to systematize and place under voluntary control "time-travel." Only recently, he says, the secret of doing so has been scientifically made accessible to the West. He refers to the recent publication, *An Experiment with Time*, by Dr. J. W. Dunne, who by pure mathematics evolved a theory of "temporal serialism"—therefore of reincarnation.

Mr. Bennett says that the preliminaries to "time-travel" are the exercise of telepathy, and the projecting of thought-forms with such precision and vigour that the astral body follows the mind and "you see your friend and your friend sees you," though this must not be confused with full astral projection where other phenomena attend the experiment. He advises us, if we wish to profit from dreams, to train ourselves to make prompt and accurate records of them. This is a familiar habit with many Theosophists, but our author does not seem to make use of the extensive Theosophical literature on this subject. He thinks that dreams may reveal a

mental pattern which may in part be due to experiences in former incarnations. He thinks also that the fear of harm resulting from such experiment without the guidance of a competent teacher, is a taboo from which we should free ourselves and go ahead, only observing the golden rule to do no hurt to ourselves or others. He recommends as means to direct stimulus to the ability to "time-travel": Psychic development by crystal-gazing; the use of hypnotism and animal magnetism; direct cultivation of psychic awareness. Indirect aids are: Astrological help, and information gained through the practice of psychometry, numerology, graphology, palmistry, etc.

This book provides a distinct indication of the renewed interest in and demand for the practical demonstration of the lesser psychic powers (siddhis or iddhis). It recalls the warning given so forcibly in *The Voice of the Silence* to the seeker after instructions as to how to pursue the study and practice of the sciences of the spiritual worlds: "These instructions are for those ignorant of the dangers of the lower iddhis."—J.R.

INDIAN SCULPTURE

Mediaeval Indian Sculpture in the British Museum. By Rai Bahadur Ramprasad Chanda (late Superintendent of the Archaeological Section, Indian Museum, Calcutta): Kegan Paul, London, 10s. 6d.

This scholarly and informing commentary on mediaeval Indian sculpture in the British Museum is not only valuable for its detailed iconographical descriptions and interpretations, but for its arrangement in such a way that the reader is given an illustrated sketch of the development of Indian sculpture (Jain, Buddhist and Hindu) theologically and artistically. Leaving aside the "pre-history" of Indian art as recently uncovered in the excavations of Mohen-jodaro (about 2700 B.C.), the author traces the history of Indian sculpture from its beginnings in the third century B.C. in the Buddhist centres of Bharhut, Bodhi Gaya and Sanchi. He notes the challenging fact that the images of Jinas and Buddhas arose in Mathura and Gandhara "about the beginning of the Christian era,

and thence gradually spread to the birth-place of Jainism and Buddhism"; but he observes that images of "human and super-human beings in yoga postures" have been found at Harappa and Mohen-jodaro. He therefore regards the reappearance of such images as a revival of an ancient cult.

The author points out the limitations imposed on early Indian figure sculpture by the rigidity of both the sitting and standing yoga postures; also in the regarding of auspiciousness in a figure as an equivalent of aesthetic beauty. He provides a table of the thirty-two "auspicious signs" of a Great Soul for the information of those interested in Indian sculpture who are not versed in the Sanskrit scriptures of art. Such canons, he says, prevented the craftsmen "from seeking direct inspiration from nature." The author discusses the question of the emergence of figure sculpture in Buddhist art after a long tradition of symbolical indication of the Buddha; but, instead of conceding to the historical ignorance of the general reader, he places that event, in the form of a Bodhisattva (future Buddha), dedicated by a monk at Sarnath, but carved in Mathura, "in the third year of the Maharaja Kanishka." This figure, the author says, "revolutionized the artistic history of Eastern India," and led from Mathura to the culmination of "an independent type . . . in the fifth century A.D." Out of this development, according to the author, the Indo-Aryan and Dravidian Brahmanic images arose. "So, iconographically, Brahma is but the Buddha or the Jina, with three additional heads and two additional hands holding attributes." This development led away from yogic postures to such naturalistic postures as that of a Tamil saint explaining a point to an auditor or audience. The images and their evolution are illustrated by twenty-four perfectly reproduced photographs. The book is a mine of information to students of Indian art.—J.H.C.

YOGA AND HEALTH

Yoga: the Science of Health. By Felix Guyot (C. Kerneiz). Translated by J. Carling. London, Rider & Co.

In his Foreword the author makes assertions which are open to question. One is that Hatha Yoga seems to have developed

as a reaction against the pretensions of the Brahmins in India to reserve to themselves the exercise of the Yogas as their exclusive privilege. He is right when he says this Yoga is open to all without distinction. So are all the Yogas, the only needful warning being that when the practitioner leaves the lower for the higher difficult and hazardous stages of any Yoga, he must be sensible enough to have an expert guide. We would not agree with M. Guyot when he says that Hatha Yoga does not lay claim to any metaphysical theory, for it does not pursue physical health as an end in itself, but as an essential aid and foremost necessity in the tremendous effort required to pierce through Mâyâ to the fundamental "knowledge of truth" (Tatwajñāna). The Health System outlined by M. Guyot will, perhaps, not cause any dangerous reaction, for it has been reduced to a fairly simple and useful set of gymnastics. He has many quite good hints to offer on the value of rhythms, rest and relaxation, breathing, diet, etc., and the elimination of those emotion-toxins which are so deleterious to health. We agree with him when he says, "in order to complete the practice of Hatha Yoga exercises and confer on them their entire efficacy, we must become the masters of our sentiments and emotions, and above all, we must eliminate from our inner life these two dangerous generators of toxins: Hatred and Fear."—J.R.

THE WILL OF MAN

What Is Your Will? By Mrs. Rhys Davids, D. Litt. London, Rider & Co.

Mrs. Rhys Davids has explored Buddhist and Hindu literature deeply and minutely to discover true meanings behind words. Such studies have trained her mind to feel its way delicately through a veritable maze of deliberately chosen words to the facts they should express. "Will" is the word she pursues in this book, the will in man. What is it? She sees in the phrase "I will" the fundamental state of man's consciousness, and mind but as a "mode of will." When man moves mentally and emotionally it is because "he first moved will." Yet, even behind will is still *the man*, who is always the real "life and growth." Both Mrs. Rhys Davids'

husband and son (the latter was killed in the air during the war) are in the astral world, in their "other bodies"; and she gradually unfolds in her own way, with the aid of automatic writing, clairaudience, mediums, etc., the results of her contacts with them. For nearly twenty years she has pursued her researches into the conditions of that "other" world and tested and sorted the evidence available to her. Theosophists will agree when she says that in too much attention to the instruments, or bodies, we lose sight of the man, who is the "source and fount," for "not even the character is the whole man." What Mrs. Rhys Davids succeeds in doing is to reaffirm that there is the *real* man who moves intelligently and with will and intention in other worlds than the physical to that which is ever "more," and of that "more" we have still so much to learn.—J.R.

THE THEOSOPHICAL WORLD

The Theosophical World for September expresses the profound love, gratitude and reverence that are felt for our late President-Mother, Dr. Besant, the twentieth of September being the anniversary of her passing. Tributes by the President, Shrimati Rukmini Devi and others are published. There is a reproduction of a little known photograph of Dr. Besant, heretofore unpublished; it was taken in 1893 on the occasion of her first visit to India.

Among the articles is one by the President, "Theosophy and the World"; Mr. Jinarajadasa writes on "Objective and Subjective Service," and Mrs. Ransom discourses on "Spiritualism, Occultism, Brotherhood." Some specially interesting items appear under the caption "Thinking with the Thoughtful." The world news of Theosophists and the work of the many national Sections complete a very informative issue of this our "family journal." This will be the last number edited by Mrs. Hotchener. We regret, most genuinely, that important business matters have called her, and Mr. Hotchener, back to America. We cannot appreciate her more than to say that she has edited *The Theosophical World* with the same journalistic skill as she bestowed on *World Theosophy* at Hollywood, she has given it the friendly, family tone, and its circulation is increasing.

"PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY"

The following correspondence has passed between the President of The Theosophical Society and Rider & Co., London:

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Adyar, Madras, India
5th July 1937.

MESSRS. RIDER & CO.,
34, Paternoster Row,
London, E.C.4., England.

DEAR SIRs,

My attention has been called to your *News* (for Summer 1937) which contains announcements of your recent publications. On page 7 there is a description of "Personal Memoirs of H. P. Blavatsky, Compiled by Mary K. Neff," and underneath it there is a lengthy statement about the book, in which appears the following:

"The book has been issued with the full approval of The Theosophical Society, from whose records it has been compiled."

I desire to contradict this statement, since the book has no such approval from The Theosophical Society. Miss Neff was permitted to make extracts from our records and to offer the book for publication since our Theosophical Publishing House was not disposed to publish it. We accept no responsibility whatever for the accuracy of the extracts made.

The Society never gives any approval whatever to any book or other literature any members of whatever status may issue. It is only responsible for official documents duly signed by those authorized to sign them.

I am taking steps to circulate this letter among our members so as to counteract the impression you have conveyed that in any way whatever The Society endorses Miss Neff's book. And I request you to be good enough to take note of this letter in all future reference to your publication.

Yours truly,

George S. Arundale

MESSRS. RIDERS' REPLY

Paternoster Row,
London,
12th July 1937.

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE ESQ.,
The Theosophical Society,
Adyar, Madras, India.

DEAR SIR,

I thank you for your letter of the 5th July, and note that The Theosophical Society never gives approval to books or other literature any member of whatever status may issue. I regret our misunderstanding, and will arrange to alter the descriptive paragraph in future announcements of our publications. I regret to say, however, that this statement appears on the jacket. We will arrange to alter it on any future editions.

Yours faithfully,
for RIDER & Co.,
(Signature undecipherable).

"UNDERSTANDING IS HAPPINESS"

There has been a splendid demand for the booklet, *Understanding Is Happiness*, which comprises the ten pamphlets written by the President for the Campaign for Understanding. The Adyar publishers have printed a second impression. Here is good reading and good philosophy—in an attractive cover. Who can measure the influence which this tiny seed of a campaign is exerting in the direction of world peace and prosperity?

The President's poem, *Understanding Godlike*, is also in brisk demand, especially in America. A second edition is off the press.

Who's Who in This Issue

Besides the President of The Theosophical Society (Dr. Arundale), and his illustrious predecessor in the President's office (Dr. Besant), who have been noted under this heading in recent issues, the following, in addition to the Adyar staff, contribute to this number:

GARDNER, ADELAIDE: General Secretary for England.

LOUTTIT, JAMES EVANS: Chemical Engineer and leader of the Tacoma group

of researchers, succeeding F. H. Godfrey, another engineer, who started it. Mr. Louttit is collaborating with Mr. Fritz Kunz in the production of his films-with-texts.

COMING FEATURES IN THE THEOSOPHIST

THE BIRTH OF GODS: (Celebrating the Birthday of Annie Besant).
THE CONTRIBUTION OF THEOSOPHY TO WORLD PEACE. Peter Freeman.
THE VALUE OF THEOSOPHY TO THE MODERN WORLD. Otto Viking.

THE POLITICAL STATUS OF WOMEN. Annie Besant.
THEOSOPHY, A LIVING SCIENCE. E. W. Preston.
THE KINGDOM OF THE GODS. Geoffrey Hodson.

OUTSTANDING ARTICLES IN RECENT ISSUES

JULY

TRUTHS OF THE GREAT: THE LORD VYASA AND OTHERS.
THE TRUTH THROUGH THEOSOPHY. Annie Besant.
THE BLESSING OF A CORONATION. George S. Arundale.
H. P. BLAVATSKY'S "ORDERS." Josephine Ransom.
THE LADY OF LIFE. Mary F. Billinghamurst.
THE OCCULTISM OF THE ATOM. Ray F. Goudey.
SYMPHONIES IN PERFUME. Norman Ingamells.

AUGUST

THE DARK POWERS IN NATURE. Annie Besant.
RELIGION IN THE SIXTH SUB-RACE. Frank J. Merry.
DANCE AND DRAMA: THEIR PLACE IN THE PLAN. Sada Cowan.
THE COSMIC TRINITY AND ITS CORRESPONDENCES. L. Furze-Morrish.
PROBLEMS IN ANTHROPOLOGY. "Janaki."
THE HIDDEN POWER OF LIGHT AND COLOUR. J. W. A. van Uchelen.
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. S. Mehdi Imam.

NOTICE

I hereby appoint Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd. as official travel agents to The Theosophical Society.

Members throughout the world are invited to utilize the services of Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, where the Section to which they belong has not made any special arrangements for the offering of travel facilities.

Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son have instructed their agencies throughout the world to give special consideration to the requirements of members of The Theosophical Society.

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE,
President.

Forthcoming Special Issues
of
Absorbing Interest

Celebrating Great Occasions
in the
Lives of the Great

THE THEOSOPHIST

As the July issue was devoted to Declarations of Truth by Great Teachers, and the September issue to the Passing of the Great, so will succeeding issues sound a special note:

October: In celebration of the birthday of Dr. Annie Besant, 1st October 1847:

THE BIRTH OF GODS

The coming into the world of Great Personages: Horus, Mithra, Zarathustra, Bacchus, Krishna, Buddha, Jesus.

November: To celebrate the birth of The Theosophical Society, 17th November 1875:

THE COMING INTO BEING OF GREAT MOVEMENTS

The League of Nations, the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, the Red Cross, the S.P.C.A., the Salvation Army, the Quakers, Women's Suffrage, etc.

December: THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION AND ITS PURPOSES

New Conventions for Old—The Function of The Theosophical Society—The Truths of Theosophy—Pilgrimage to Adyar—Living at Adyar—the Glories of Adyar.

January: THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH

The month for Youth. How is the Youth of the world to be equipped for its work, and its destiny, especially Theosophical Youth?

February: In honour of Colonel Olcott, passed 17th February 1907, and Bishop Leadbeater, born 17th February 1847:

THE TRUTHS OF LIFE

As they are explored in the study of Occultism, the Third Object of The Theosophical Society.

March: THE REALITY OF THE MASTERS

The truth about the Adepts, by those who have met Them.

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THE

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A JOURNAL SPECIALIZING IN

Brotherhood, the Eternal Wisdom, and
Occult Research

EDITED BY

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

President of The Theosophical Society

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY was formed in New York City by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Henry Steel Olcott, November 17, 1875, by the direction of the Masters of Wisdom of the Great White Lodge. It was incorporated at Madras, India, April 3, 1905.

The Society is a completely unsectarian body of seekers after Truth, striving to serve humanity along ethical lines and to harmonize spiritual culture with material well-being.

The three Objects of The Society are:

1. To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.
2. To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy, and science.
3. To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

The Theosophical Society is a world-wide body, with International Headquarters at Adyar, Madras, India. At present it comprises forty-four National Societies, each usually having at least one Lodge in its principal cities. Forty-two of these Sections have their National magazine, printed in their own language. Inquirers are invited to address the General Secretary of their own country, whose name appears on the next page of this journal.

The literature of Theosophy is now voluminous, among the principal writers being H. P. Blavatsky, H. S. Olcott, Annie Besant, C. W. Leadbeater, G. S. Arundale, A. P. Sinnett and C. Jinarajadasa. Every public library worthy of the name contains Theosophical books.

Agreement with the first Object of The Society is the only condition necessary for membership, except the minor technicalities that are usual to such organizations.

The Society is composed of thousands of members belonging to any religion in the world or to none. They are united by approval of the above objects, by their aim to remove antagonisms of whatever nature, by their wish to draw together men of goodwill irrespective of their personal opinions, and by their desire to study the Ancient Wisdom in order to apply it in their daily life and to share the results of their studies with others.

Their bond of union is not in any sense the profession of a common *sectarian* belief,

but a common search and aspiration for freedom of thought wherever found. They hold that Truth should be sought by study of the Ancient Wisdom, by reflection, meditation, and intuitive perception, by purity of life, and by devotion to high ideals motivated by the purpose of service to humanity.

Theosophists regard Truth as a prize to be striven for, not as a dogma to be imposed by authority. 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 expression of human knowledge and aspiration, whether through religion or otherwise, as a part of the Divine Wisdom, and prefer understanding to condemnation, and good example to proselytism. Peace and Fellowship are their watchwords, as Truth and Service are their aim.

THEOSOPHY is the essence of all Truth and is the basis of all philosophies, sciences, religions, and arts. It is Divine Nature, visible and invisible, and The Society is human nature trying to ascend to its divine parent. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible and demonstrates the justice, the wisdom, 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.

Theosophy restores to the world the Science of the Spirit, teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind, emotions, and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions, unveiling their hidden meanings by substituting understanding for sectarianism, thus justifying their place in evolution at the bar of intelligence, as it is ever justified in the eyes of intuition.

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