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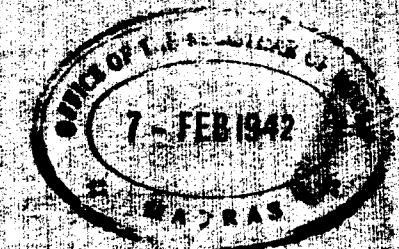
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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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Hail, Brothers! You who, in the midst
of the darkest night, believe in the
Dawn.

THE DAWN

Please do not take a small vision of your duties. Do not think only of your immediate duties towards the localities in which you live and towards the people nearest to you. Do not think merely of all this, but think of the world as a whole. The world's need is so great, and the whole world must enter into a renewal of Brotherhood if a New Order is to be established. Think of your responsibility, of your equipment wherewith to discharge this responsibility. Go forward with courage, with conviction, with certainty of Victory always. So do we, must we, move onward, and the darkness must give way before the Dawn of which we are the heralds.

—GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

Incorporating
THE YOUNG
THEOSOPHIST

Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

January 1942

Vol. XVII, No. 1

Out of this Hell of War will arise a New Era, a New Earth. A new civilization will dawn from the very horror that the older civilization has brought upon the world. Science shall no more prostitute its genius to the creation of new tortures in the slaying of men, but shall turn it to its rightful purpose—the increase of happiness, leisure and wealth. Competition in trade shall give way to co-operation. Mutual respect shall replace pride and jealousy. Nobleman, gentleman, tradesman, artisan, peasant, are bound in the blood-brotherhood, fighting side by side, and shall remain brothers when peace shall dawn.

—ANNIE BESANT

The Crow's Nest

ANOTHER year has begun and I need not say that my hearty wish is that this year should be the beginning of a new and happier world not only for all who are suffering in the war but even for those living in apparently peaceful countries. If we can learn to bring happiness to our immediate surroundings, our poor people, our children, the animals, then we can easily bring happiness to the rest of the world. I feel that it is merely a phrase when people say that when this war ends peace will come. No peace can come even after the end of the war without a knowledge of our Dharma and an honest study of ourselves to see where we can improve and where we can make our world happy.

Even now in small things we are contradicting ourselves. There is in India today a great fear of air raids from Japan. There are many in Madras who are evacuating their families. While this may be a good thing, there are many ways in which selfishness is expressed. For example, well-to-do families alone are able to go away. When they leave they dismiss their servants. Already India is full of starvation; and what happens to these servants who are dismissed? We add to their poverty and thus we encourage to a greater extent looting and other mischievous acts. I cannot, personally, blame the poor; for we do not know what we ourselves might do under the same circumstances. If we are really sympathetic we should pay them even when we leave. It is ridiculous to say we cannot afford it. Usually a person who can afford servants can afford to pay more, because we spend so much on our pleasures. Even war does not prevent us from going to cinemas or pastimes but we do not think of helping the poor. What amounts have we spent on air raid shelters? Have we tried to think how we should help the poor? Are young people being trained to look after the animals, at least our pet animals? These are only small things. But surely they contribute towards the bigger things of life.



We do not know how our different activities will fare with the uncertain conditions that exist. It may be that we should have to close our institutions for the time being. But I hope and believe that it will not come to that. Kalakshetra has been making very good progress during the last tour. We have made many new friends, and I am convinced of the contribution that we can make to cultural progress. People sometimes say that my work has been merely a revival of the dance. To me the dance is a yoga and it is a spiritual expression. But it is not any one field of art which is essential for India. What the Arts can bring is Culture. Even this unkindness and unhappiness that I

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was just writing about can be completely removed if India has the highest sense of chivalry, of culture, of refinement, which are all part of one spiritual life. And my mission in Kalakshetra is to revive not only the arts but also the spiritual attitude to life, through the arts that we present and will continue to present.



As long as there are children in the world there is a future. As long as there is a future we must work for reconstruction, while there may be many who are working for immediate necessities. It is of the greatest importance to realize that the revolution that has come in the world should revolutionize also our minds and our hearts towards a new adjustment; and my prayer is that Indians will see clearly the great mission of India and impersonally work for her, which means working for the world. This is my ardent hope, and I could not wish a better New Year for us than one which helps us in this direction.

Rukmini Devi.

DO YOU HELP THE ANIMALS?

Rukmini Devi

urges all young people to be active in humanitarian work. "So few people take interest in this most important work. I should like to see an India in which all the animals are treated well. It is comparatively fashionable and smart to do village work. That is indeed important. But I would so much like to see all young citizens working to help the animals."

CREATE THE NEW WORLD

An interesting symposium of Indian Young Theosophists under the presidency of our Editor on the subject: "Youth Creates the New World", was held in the Headquarters Hall of The Theosophical Society, Adyar, on Sunday, December 28, 1941. The following are some of the speeches.

RUKMINI DEVI

THIS particular war is really destroying our young men, and very few of them will be left to build or create a new world. After the destruction, only women, old people, and children will be left to create the New World, unless we prepare now before the war comes to a close.

I think both men and women, particularly women, have a very great responsibility towards the future of the world. Perhaps that is why after the destruction of the Kali Yuga, there will be a women's age, for there will be only women left to manage the world.

The creation of the new world is an immediate problem and should not be thought of as something to begin in the future. The New World has begun, is beginning while we are talking about it, and we should consider what we are building, what we are doing today.

There is chiefly obstinacy in the way of the solution of the political problem. Few people are thinking of the world

or of really helping India. What are we young people going to do? Are we pro-Indian in a narrow way, and so ruin-

ing the future of India? Or have we become pro-British also in a narrowly patriotic way, thus ruining the future of India and other nations? Young people should think carefully of what the middle path is and go courageously forwards on it. The spirit of courage is essential in youth, and youth as a whole has courage. Courage must be expressed not in ordi-

nary foolish ways but in great ideals that are carried out in great thoughts, feelings and actions.

It is our business to do our very best to solve our problems in India and to try to help India as much as we possibly can. Some say that we should not have a narrow patriotic love for one country more than for another. But just as we may prefer yellow, or green, or blue, we may have a feeling of sympathy to one country and understand a particular type which attracts us. But if you have real patriotism, if you help a particular



country and serve it, you are helping all others. Greatness expressed in one country will meet greatness in another. Greatness will bring nations together, and we have to help each country to attain its own greatness.

I feel that we, as Young Theosophists, and as Theosophists whether we are young or old in body and spirit, have a very definite point of view. We have great opportunities of knowing what the middle path is, and we have to be impersonal in finding that and in trying to solve definitely the problems immediately before us. Only as we solve the immediate and individual problems in the industrial world, in the educational, the political field, in social customs, in

religion, are we beginning to build this New World.

It is a mistaken conception that we must wait until the war is over before we start a New World. While the war is on, we must start building. Today we must start our construction. That is the contribution that Theosophy can and must give. We do not want to offer a presentation of Theosophy that will put people off, but we can always express real Theosophical ideals, we can always live the Theosophical life and therefore help to create a New World that will belong to the children who will be the youth of the world of the future. Let us help to give them a finer world than we have had so far.

S. RADHA

(The present President of the Vasanta Young Theosophists' Lodge, Adyar.)

These are times in which great changes are taking place. From day to day we hear of some new event, something which will affect the lives of hundreds of people. In many countries men and women undergo terrible suffering. They have experiences which are not to be known but for these great times. Among these men and women there are thousands of young people who are also fighting and suffering. They know the great sorrows and the exaltations of a war such as this. Surely all these experiences and emotions will not leave them unmoved and unchanged. All young people throughout the world, whether they are actually in the fighting area or not, must feel a great and urgent need for change in the present condi-

tions. Such a change will be impossible until the cause of right and justice is triumphant over that of wrong and injustice. Therefore I feel it is the duty of every young person to do his utmost to help the Allies to win the war. Only this will hasten the birth of a New Order in this world.

How should this new order be, so that wrongs such as we hear of nowadays shall never again happen, or at least not for a very long time to come? It must be a New Order based on great eternal truths, the truths of brotherliness and tolerance. It must be an order where every nation respects every other nation, where every religion tolerates every other religion. In this youth can do more than others because young people are more open,

more free from prejudice than older people. Young people and children do not naturally feel the differences between castes and religions and nations. It is only when they are educated wrongly that they feel these differences.

When the war is over and righteous rule is established in this world, in every nation the State must educate the children. They should be taught that brotherliness and service are the only things which will bring happiness to all, and they should know the true value of each other's religion and nationality. The State must also be in possession of all the land so that it can be responsible to see that not one goes without the bare necessities of life such as food and clothing. It must be made impossible for any sick person to go without attendance and care. It is also most important that while educating the young they should be taught to regard

all animals and plants as friends and treat them accordingly.

We can all start laying the foundation of such a World Order even now in our daily lives. How many of us teach our children and our brothers and sisters the true principles of life? How many of us prevent a child in the street from plucking leaves from plants or throwing stones at dogs? How many of us go out of our way or take trouble to teach others? It must be a sacred duty to all of us, who are active and strong—at least I hope we are active and strong—to spread the ideals of brotherhood. For only through the widespread knowledge of the spirit of brotherhood can a real New Order be brought into this world. Already more and more young people are becoming idealistic and have this spirit in them. I am sure the war will help a great many through the suffering it brings.

S. VASANT NILAKANTA

(Formerly the President of the Vasanta Young Theosophists' Lodge, Adyar.)

The defective forms of the Old World must be destroyed—they should be regarded as diseases—but the New World should make use of its useful experiences. The New World and its youth must take the great cultures and religions of the Old World, but should entirely destroy and forget all narrowness, superstition, and the spirit of revenge. "What does it matter if a country was inimical to our great-grandfathers? How does it concern us now? We might have belonged to the enemy country in our last incarnation!"

Every young Indian regards India as

a great nation, but soon he must come to regard the Commonwealth of Nations as one great nation. Of course each of the nations constituting the Commonwealth should be completely independent. Then youth would have world patriotism instead of aggressive national patriotism.

Youth must recognize the equality of man. One must do the work most suited to him, and his education must train him for a suitable vocation. This would be made possible if all people serve only the State, and if all people get very nearly the same wages.

On What Basis?

By C. JINARAJADASA

THE present world chaos is driving home to all how each nation is dependent upon every other nation, especially economically. The principle adopted hitherto in human affairs has been: "Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost." This has produced as an inevitable result "big business" which exploits the masses, and imperialism which plans to control the raw products and markets of the world.

CAUSES OF WAR

These evils have their roots in race pride, religious exclusiveness, and especially in the wholehearted acceptance that the only life worth living is that of the material and tangible world. Race pride, as also class and caste pride, engender hatred which is one cause of war. An equally contributing element to man's war spirit and mentality is given by those religions which proclaim a salvation restricted only to those who profess its creed. Every kind of missionary effort which glorifies one religion at the expense of all others feeds the war spirit in man, for no man loves to be told that his God is no God. Where the conception of man as an immortal soul is a mere lip profession, as in most faiths today, an inevitable result is the attempt to crowd into one lifetime all that man considers happiness. Hence the modern furious struggle for existence and the wasteful speed in living

of those who are well off. What we term a higher standard of living is only a higher scale of spending. The happiness which all seek does not come along that road.

TO END WAR

New ideas must prevail in any reconstruction, if it is to be lasting, and if it is to end war. Among them are these: That each race or people, even primitive people, has its special valuable contribution to civilization. There must be no grading of peoples into superior or inferior. Then every religion must admit that all other religions are brothers in the one family of God. Also our sense of patriotism must be so sublimated that, while we love our land, we recognize that others must have the right to love their lands as fervently as we.

When these ideas prevail, common-sense will dictate that the whole world must thenceforth be administered as one indivisible unitary organization. Every factor in nationalism, religion, or social conditions which stands in the way of unification must be eliminated, peaceably and by persuasion if possible, but by force by a World Police if necessary, in order that all mankind may not suffer because of the selfishness of a few. All the nations of the world need now to get together to create World Directorates. We shall need to create

World Directorates in Banking and Exchange, in Industry, in Production and Distribution, in Raw Materials, in Labour, in Sanitation and Hygiene, in Dissemination of Culture, and so on. Each Directorate must take charge of the whole world as one unit.

THE UNIT OF RECONSTRUCTION

All this of course means sacrifice of some part of our nationalism, our commercial expansion, our religious rigidity, and our superiority-complex in race, class, caste and sex.

All schemes of reconstruction will succeed not because of better conditions of labour, or an equalization of wealth, but only because the true leaders in every nation, who certainly are not the politicians, give the new tone to life which is expressed graphically in the saying of a Chinese sage, "If you have two loaves, sell one and buy a lily." Until religious leaders can convince the thoughtful men and women in each land that the real wealth of a community is not in its bank bal-

ances and exchange rates or in its armaments, all dreams of reconstruction will finally fail.

Only the sense of a universal brotherhood of all mankind, and the recognition that man is fundamentally a soul who incarnates in a body in order to discover the untold wealth of his own inner nature will lead the way out of world chaos into world order. Until the struggle for existence is lessened for all men, reconstruction is bound to fail. Mere economic readjustments can never lessen the keenness of that struggle.

Mankind's present tragedy is that no existing religion, each now with its exclusive gospel or creed, seems capable today of giving the world as one whole the inspiration which mankind needs. Therefore all men and women in every country, who have goodwill and the sense of spiritual values, must somehow get together, in order to create a new kind of religion with new conceptions about God. Economic reconstruction must have a spiritual and humanitarian basis.

(From page 20)

do it if I could find another position. He questioned his other salesman. Do you enjoy your work? Rather, came the quick response,—at home I have a little garden of my own because I like talking to my flowers. Further question-

ing and the florist found that the fresh beautiful carnations had been packed and sent by the flower-lover who liked flowers, and the wilted unhappy flowers had been packed by the man who did not like them.

Have you not noticed how some gardens flourish and are happy and beautiful, and others do not? Do you know the answer?

—LAURA CHASE

A New Dimension

By MARIA MONTESSORI

A large open-air audience under the Banyan Tree on Sunday, December 28, was thrilled to hear for the first time Dr. Montessori speaking in deliberate but expressive English throughout the whole of her lecture. We have long in Adyar enjoyed the beautiful cadences of her melodious Italian, translated by Mr. Montessori.

Dr. Arundale introduced her by saying:

We are favoured with an address on education by the only individual in the world who is really entitled to talk on that subject. Many of us talk and write books and pamphlets on education to hide our ignorance. But she knows what Education is.

It is always very difficult for me to set forth my argument, because this argument is not a simple conception like a line, but is immense, if you will, like a desert or an ocean. So it is very difficult for me to know just what I can do in order to give you what I would, for I do not myself know the extent of this greatness. This desert or ocean is not of my mind, my soul, my knowledge, my evolution, but it is Education—not the education that you know, but an unknown education that is new, that is efficient, that gives help and a new orientation, a new knowledge, permit me to say a new wisdom to the world.

THE CHILD

This education is something that is given to us, not something that we can construct by ourselves. So you will understand that when I speak of something so far from myself I cannot speak with words that have the sound of modesty; nor is what I have to say an exaggera-

tion. I am sorry that I am not capable of giving you the right value of this change that has come about, this new and very real spark. We all have not known that new Master who has given us a new world and who can give a new hope, who can open a new path. Because you know me sufficiently well, you will understand by this little beginning that I will speak to you about the Child. You understand that humanity cannot be constructed by only a certain half of human life. All the world today is based upon the adult demands, and we have a world that is terrible, that is hard, and which people say is unchangeable. But I ask you if anything is unchangeable.

This other part of humanity can help the first part, particularly if the life is full of interest. It is true that each one of you, and I, who am speaking at this moment, have not always been grown-up people. We have, each of us, been a child. From the child has come our personality, our humanity. In the long

history of the child from birth to the adult state, he has had a work to do. The child has been the constructor of every one of us. Before we became an important adult, a respected person, a person who takes his part in society, we had been another personality, a personality very mysterious, not considered in this world, not respected, a person that has no importance, no choice, but is capable of doing something we cannot do—he is capable of constructing an immense world in a way we cannot imagine doing.

THE TREE WITHIN THE SEED

Our idea about the child is that he is nothing, a little thing, an empty thing, without importance. No empty thing, nothing without importance can be the constructor of a Man. He who can do that is himself something great. Imagine the beginnings of this plant here. It was cultivated from a seed. We do not consider a seed as without importance, but we know that the seed has within it the plant and that, if cultivated, forth from it will come a new plant. But it has not been realized that in every child is the seed that will mature into the adult.

We have the idea that education can help development of the child and that we adult people will give this help. That is the ordinary idea of education. This idea is not a right one, because it concludes that the adult can help very much with his own wisdom and can take care of this little child. The idea of education is to give the child and young people all the best that we have. Yes, certainly. But we cannot with our efforts create a man. That is the task of the Child himself, and it is the most important

side of this whole educational question: what the child himself has of his own power and not what adult man can do for him.

What do you mean by the idea of incarnation? Do you mean a soul that has come into new life? In what way into new life? In a way that is tangible this spiritual being becomes a physical entity with the power inherent within itself to construct itself in a special design of nature in a determined time and to construct every single part of his body. We adults can do nothing about it. Before the man is born, the embryo grows and grows alone and begins to have many many characteristics of humanity. We cannot give these to him. Afterwards it is the same.

This is an immensely important point to emphasize in education. It is impossible to understand how in one little physical body there is the possibility of becoming a man, intelligent, who can speak a language, with the power of movement, who has a will. Nature can give to this new person his Law, but all that is not in our hands. Not that we cannot help, but we have had the idea that we can do everything to this little child instead of seeing what he can give us.

THE LIGHT-BRINGER

If I have touched on something of these laws that guide the child in his growth, something of this power that is within the child to construct the man, if I make the affirmation that generally this is not understood or considered, it is not because I have a special mind to see these things, but because I have in my life had

a wonderful chance to know some children who have given me their revelations, and then have discovered that these revelations were not special and unique to these particular children but are common to all children. All of this I have observed more and more for forty years, and in my passion to demonstrate these things about the child I have followed the children and they have given me many many answers to my problems. I have seen that children can do much for their communities. In the child is much knowledge, much wisdom. If we do not profit from it, it is only neglect on our part to become humble and to see the wonder of this soul and learn what the child can teach.

It is marvellous to know in what way the child constructs the man, because if we understand this kind of secret we can help the man.

The great problem of preparing man for a new social life can only be done by cultivating the love that is within the child himself, step by step, that is so often stifled.

THE INDIAN CHILD

Signor Montessori said he had been given to understand since he came to India that the Indian child was slovenly and could not appreciate Montessori methods. But after seeing the results of his experiments in the Adyar School he was forced to the conclusion that in point of receptivity the Indian child was 25 per cent better than his compatriot in Europe or America. He had all praise to bestow on the Indian child for his readiness to imbibe knowledge.

Our Front Cover Call

This was a message given by Dr. Besant as birthday greetings in 1916, referring to the gloomy outlook facing those who were then working for Home Rule. It may well be treasured as an encouragement during this year.

The Soul of India

By RUKMINI DEVI

TO understand India and her place in reconstruction, it is necessary to understand the soul of India. India has a great contribution to make, a true understanding and philosophy of life, namely, that spiritual life is never divorced from the physical.

The spirit of Indian education is to stress the divinity in the child. Reverence is given to every temperament and type, for the child is accepted as a representative of God. This great ideal of reverence is a special keynote of India. Unless there is that reverence coming into modern life there will never be mutual understanding between nations, between faiths, or in any other field. The spirit of Hinduism has always been to live in mutual respect and understanding with other religions, and we must revive that ancient spirit. Beauty is the heart of all religions. That is why there was no proselytizing in ancient times.

THE SPIRITUAL QUALITY

In the field of culture India has a great contribution to make. Here again the spiritual quality is the keynote. There is a wonderful classical art in the West, but that art has expressed ugliness and war. It is the release of beauty which is essential. How can beauty come when your mind is only full of intellect and destruction, when even what you build is for the sake of destroying? So much vulgarity and ugliness

has come into modern art, even in India. There exists no true balance between mind and emotion. The arts have to take a definite place in India, for a life of beauty will stir the emotions, will give the balance. Science is great and wonderful, but it is making mechanisms for war—bombs, tanks, submarines—and with them teaching people how to kill. Why do not scientists make that which is meant for reconstruction?

I am convinced that woman is an essential factor in reconstruction, though a large proportion of women in India are unhappy. Unless women are equally free with men, the world will never find happiness, for the stronger will always take advantage of the weaker. I believe in a chivalry that really gives a weaker person an honoured place. Before reconstruction can take place the dependence of woman on man must be removed and the idea of motherhood glorified. That is one of the keynotes of India that has been expressed in her philosophy, though we may not all be practising it as we should.

GREAT PRINCIPLES

Ahimsa has become such an important word in the modern political vocabulary. Ahimsa means the positive going forth to help those who are suffering, to help the animals, and to ensure that the poverty problem shall be completely abolished. The lowest standard of

living should be high, and the highest standard of living should not be luxury, should not be too high. The problem of poverty and sharing is really part of the war problem, for I feel the war has come to destroy some of these wrongs. But strangely enough, while vegetarianism in India is growing less and less, in the West it is growing more and more. Indians are becoming meat-eaters, and meat-eating in the West is becoming less fashionable. In India we may not be hunting and wearing furs; but what are we doing for the poor horses and bullocks and for the dogs in the streets? Until these problems are solved, there will never be peace.

The great truths which India has to give to the world are: the principles of chivalry, of beauty, of reverence, of simplicity. There is a Divinity that governs the world. It is that Divinity that matters. It is that Divinity which is destroying and building the world, and we do not believe too much in the powerfulness of man. The linking up of the Spirit with the vehicles, the transmutation of the lower into the Higher and the bringing down of the Higher into the world—these are the great Indian principles. If India, the heart of the world, will sound this keynote the whole world will benefit and there will be a true reconstruction that will last for all time.

A CHALLENGE

The following incident was narrated at Adyar by Mr. Jamshed Nusserwanji Mehta, who was Mayor of Karachi for seven successive terms.

On one occasion I had the privilege to be the member of a committee which had been appointed to solve the problem of the removal of prostitutes in our city from one particular locality, which had grown up with residential buildings and schools. We had to visit every one of them. I have recorded the conversations which I had with 121 of them. I shall give one such instance.

I questioned one of these ladies thus. 'Sister, why are you here.' She answered in a language which I am practically literally translating. She said 'Jamshedji, one person is hung on the gallows, another is committed to the prison cell, the King sits in his castle and you are staying in your luxurious home, and I am sitting here. Every one sits where God wills him to sit.' I told her, 'Sister, the God who has sent you here has now asked me to take you away from here.' She questioned, 'Jamshedji, where will you take me?' I said, 'Sister, do not be afraid, I shall arrange everything for your maintenance, food, clothing, work, and there will be no difficulty.' She quietly asked me, 'Will you take me to your sister, will you take me to your society?' I had no answer to give. I understood what she meant, and looked down, and she hurriedly but sorrowfully laughed.

A Festival of Art

By ALEX. ELMORE

DURING the 66th International Convention of The Theosophical Society held at Adyar from December 25, 1941 to January 2, 1942, Kalakshetra organized a series of art events which amounted to a festival of art.

In the beautiful Adyar open-air theatre under the protection of the familiar rain tree and a cleverly constructed thatched pandal Srimati Rukmini Devi gave two magnificent Bharata Natya recitals. The theatre itself was a very literal Temple, for in its heart at the foot of the tree which spreads its leafy protection over the audience was a Shrine to Sri Nataraja, and before Him kneeling in reverent homage Nandi. The first recital was on December 27th before a crowded house (in spite of war scare and petrol rationing) and as Rukmini Devi has done since she began her recitals in 1935, she gave the entire programme herself. This idea is much more suited to an artist of Rukmini Devi's calibre and status, for being a creative dancer first and foremost, she needs the full swing of the entire programme to build up her atmosphere step by carefully constructed step into a completed and finished artistic entity. Both performances were perfect in this respect—the second on January 1st 1942 was a jewel in its careful and extremely balanced arrangement of items—enabling Rukmini Devi to produce that subtle atmosphere of highly spiritual vitality which is such a feature of her art. I think that these two recitals are to

be ranged among the very finest she has given. She is continually braving traditional prejudice with the weapon of a deeper and truer tradition itself. Thus she danced a *Tillana* in *Hindola* which is in itself an extremely difficult musical feat to accomplish, much less is it an easy matter to dance. It was a complete success in every way, in composition as well as execution and once more Rukmini Devi has set a standard in her art which many may try to copy, but few, I think, will surpass.

On December 28th Brahmasri Karai-kudi Sambasiva Iyer, South India's greatest living veena player, gave one of his remarkable concerts, assisted by his young pupil, Kumari Ranganayaki, who is a child-genius. This concert was refreshing in its perfection of execution and the ease and fluidity which real genius gives to art. It is certainly a privilege to have had this unique musician to play during such an important event as an International Convention of The Theosophical Society. The whole Theosophical ideal is brought nearer to realisation when great artistic genius is there to interpret these ideals in his own powerful and effective way. It always seems to me that there can be nothing more inspiring and nothing quite so helpful towards realisation through a kind of creative meditation, than listening to a great musician or witnessing an inspired dancer or being swept into historic grandeur by some dramatic presentation. It becomes pure Theosophy—pure religion in the sense that it brings one

nearer to God and (without irreverence) God nearer to oneself.

The other two evenings (December 30 and 31) given by Kalakshetra were filled by programmes of small items arranged by Rukmini Devi and the students of Kalakshetra and The Besant Theosophical School. Kolattam danced by a group of the younger boys and girls was very attractive and well executed to compositions of Rukmini Devi. *Sri Rama and the Golden Deer*—an item which had proved very popular during the 1941 North Indian Tour of Rukmini Devi and her students, was repeated with much appreciation of the audience. The longest and the most original of the items was the story of *Mohini*. The Devas and Asuras really enjoyed their parts and gave a very realistic impression of their feelings and sorrows. This was a very original piece of dramatic craft designed and produced by Rukmini Devi with younger boys and two senior pupils as Sri Vishnu and Mohini. The rest of the programme was made up of Bharata Natya items given by S. Radha (the seniormost Kalakshetra pupil) and A. Sarada—a younger but gifted student. These were very much appreciated and the evening was enjoyed by everyone and was an excellent proof that the work being done by Rukmini Devi in Kalakshetra is the real thing and not something spurious or imitative.

The Flashing Comet, a short chronicle-play of the life of Giordano Bruno, adapted from the writings of Dr. Besant and elaborated from other sources, was the other evening's entertainment. An extract from a larger play of full length, this short edition, though giving the main events of a varied and fiery life,

leaves much to the readings of the "Chronicle". It works its way through a series of eight short scenes to the climax of Bruno's martyrdom at the stake in Rome. The play seems to have been much appreciated and people have said to me that they liked the staging and much admired the splendid acting of Mr. N. Yegneswara Sastri as Bruno. I could have wished for less space between the scenes—but then I produced the play as Dramatic Art teacher of Kalakshetra and found myself a little embarrassed in the present situation! Anyhow, I enjoyed doing it and had every help most happily given by everyone connected with it!

No description of the art activities of these nine or ten days can go by without telling about the magnificent exhibition of pictures by the two world-famous artists—Nicholas Roerich and his son Svetoslav Roerich. Professor J. H. Cousins was instrumental in arranging this important event and looked after all the arrangements. Mr. Svetoslav Roerich himself opened the exhibition in his own very charming and sincere manner. What can one say of the paintings? As one very well-known visitor was heard to ask—"One wants to know where the light comes from behind the paintings." This is very true—for it is doubtful if there is anyone alive equal to these two inspired and spiritually significant artists in their

¹ The writer of this article has been entirely responsible for the excellent lighting and scenic arrangements. Especially at *The Flashing Comet* evening an imaginative touch of realism was given in the final scene with colour effects suggesting the fires at the stake, the gradual reddening representing the ascension of Bruno in the chariot of fire and the dawning of the New Age.—M.S.

portrayal of pure light. The medium used is tempera and it is astonishing the amount of light which issues from these paintings. Each picture hangs like a window opening on to a complete world of its own. There is a most wonderful economy of method, a veritable passion of restraint (in everything except colour) and yet there is a richness of effect, a passionate abundance of life and story glowing from every canvas. It has been an eye-opening experience for many and a real spiritual experience for not a few, and one feels infinitely nearer an ideal beauty after having seen these lovely, powerful and spiritual paintings. Their magic remains a mystery, and it is splendid that it is so, but their message is clear and simple to our modern world of drab thought, drab emotion and drab existence. Each is a messenger of Peace to this world of ours with all its radiance and purity of good, clean colour.

Besides this exhibition, an Arts and

Crafts exhibition including teaching materials was arranged in the premises of The Besant Theosophical School and also at the Youth Headquarters.

The last event of all was a very charming and informal concert by Kalidos Sri Neelakanta Iyer, the vocal music teacher of Kalakshetra, which was held on January 2nd in the Dance Studio after the General Body meeting of the members of Kalakshetra at which Rukmini Devi was made Life-President of Kalakshetra. It was much appreciated, and many of the Northern Indian visitors were much interested as well as fascinated by hearing really good South Indian music sung so expertly and in such informal and happy surroundings.

Altogether a happy festival, and I think many Theosophists and others realised that Art in its classical forms is a necessity of life and an essential in the spiritualising of the world.

A Spiritual Mystery

By JAMES H. COUSINS

TO at least one member of the large and enthusiastic audience at Srimati Rukmini Devi's recital of *Bharata Natya* on Saturday (27 December 1941) evening in the Adyar Theatre, the performance gave the paradoxical sense of perfection bettering itself. To those who have closely followed the career of Rukmini Devi since she took first-class rank as an exponent of the classical dance of

South India in 1935 it has been a matter of artistic joy to watch her growth in the technique in her chosen art-form. At each stage there has been the complete satisfaction that a great thing greatly and beautifully accomplished gives. Yet at Saturday's performance there was a synthesis of all the elements of the *Bharata Natya* (gesture, posture, *mudra*, movement, design) at such a degree of finesse as to lift joy

to ecstasy. Nothing seemed lacking in efficiency, from the deftness of the artist's almost instantaneous transformations of motion and feeling down to the simple apparently negative fact that in no detail of costume or adornment (not to mention stage-setting or lighting or musical accompaniment) was there a hint of anything but the utmost thought, care and mastery.

THE INNER LIFE

Emphasis on these external matters of art may perhaps suggest that the performance was only of the technically perfect order. This would be a completely wrong impression. The artist transcends her art. The perfecting of expression is with her obviously a means to an end, the end of giving the most convincing and beautiful embodiment to the highest human conceptions and emotions. Gestures of extraordinary nobility and largeness pass instantaneously into the utmost tenderness. Yet the tenderness is never of the sentimental or bodily kind: it is always of the spirit. Permutations and combinations of every possible movement and attitude of the body are synthesized and elevated by an inner spiritual intention, and one is deeply moved by the vision of the possibilities of attainment when artistic activity becomes general and idealistic. At no point in the recital was the artist submerged and victimized by her art. Her inner sense of perfection, worked out in industrious rehearsals, dominated the performance. One could feel her enjoying the ecstasy of perfection as she moved without flagging from first to last of a two-hour recital through amazing memorization and

through an artistic gymnastic that would have more than satisfied the ancient Grecian educators.

PAST-PRESENT

A significant effect of Rukmini Devi's performance last evening, as indeed in her other recitals, was the curious blending of the remote and the familiar. She brought into contemporaneous circumstances the ideas and expression of a time gone past, yet by the magic of high art and the deeper magic of her own spiritual perception of the cosmic and psychological truths conveyed by the Puranic stories she bridged past and present and lifted the personalities that she so vividly presented beyond the limitations of symbolism and sex and revealed them as immortal realities. This is the highest achievement of great art. Through it, as in Rukmini Devi's recitals, the past is reborn, and reborn at the height of its achievement.

THE RENAISSANCE

Her art is her own. But the transcendence of the merely personal gives it a power and significance beyond individual performance of an antique art. She stands not only for the restoration of one of the greatest of the arts of humanity but for the renaissance of a race through which the regeneration and enrichment of art in the highest will come. The great age of India is upon us when such artistic dedication is made manifest. Spiritual, imaginative and artistic exaltation and liberation will lead to all other forms of liberation. The spurious and alien arts that have debased the taste of the Indian people for some years is being met by the renaissance of India's authentic arts, and in this return towards

the noble and ideal and beautiful in expression is a great hope of the bringing of nobility and idealism and beauty into the life of India.

Among the leaders of this renaissance Srimati Rukmini Devi has taken her place, perhaps ultimately the highest place, because she has lifted the art of the dance out of the market-place and the poor category of entertainment and transfigured it into a spiritual mystery. And this she has done without a suggestion of propagandism of ulterior motive. She has shown us that the highest art is the highest also in nobility and goodness and beauty. Bad art distorts the fundamental rhythms of life

into mere imitation. Great art, such as Rukmini Devi's utilizes imitation as a means of expressing the creative rhythm of the cosmos. She not only "raises a mortal to the skies" but also "brings an angel down." She raises humanity towards its true level of divinity, and permeates with celestial suggestion the imagination and emotion of humanity. One might say of her performance last evening, as Gopala Krishna Bharati said in the translated opening words of the dance based on his kirtana with which a memorable, perhaps historic, occasion closed last night: "So in the Golden Hall danced the Divine One with celestial exquisiteness."

Adyar Art Exhibition

Kalakshetra has done the world of Art a distinct service in arranging the exhibition of paintings which was opened in the Pavlova Theatre on Wednesday, December 24, 1941, jointly by Srimati Rukmini Devi and Mr. Svetoslav Roerich. Mr. Roerich had been invited to declare it open, but gallantly deferred to Rukmini Devi; so, she said, "We will open it together."

J. H. COUSINS,

Vice-President of Kalakshetra, said: "The Exhibition is of special significance because of its international character. By a stroke of good fortune, which we, in Adyar, call 'good karma,' we have been able to lure to this place the very significant works of art of the immortal artist Nicholas Roerich and his son Svetoslav Roerich. These two great artists came to India fifteen or more years ago and have lived in what Nicholas Roerich has called 'Masters' land' ever since—near the Himalayas, with occasional journeys abroad for scientific, artistic, and other educational purpose. Their work has been conditioned by the marvellous environment

of the Holy Himalayas. Professor Roerich is not only an artist of eye and hand but he expresses a spiritual vision. He has taken nature and humanity not merely in their material and transitory aspect but as a symbol of the Eternal Verities that both nature and humanity embody and express. Though their work began in Europe it has developed along an Indian line, and their paintings are also distinguished by a working in tempera as distinguished from oils."

RUKMINI DEVI,

in the course of her remarks said: "I have had a preview of the Exhibition and I can assure you it is a marvellous

treat and will be a surprise to many of you. I never realized that it was possible to express Nature so wonderfully. I have not myself cared particularly for the average painting of Nature as it did not compare with the reality. From the point of view of the artist, Nature must always be a perfection towards which he can only approximate. In a recent visit to the Himalayan mountains I saw the glorious sunrise and sunset, and I wished that I could be a painter to express the marvellous colourings. Now I am so happy that there is a painter who has expressed it. Kalakshetra is very fortunate in being able to present these paintings to you, not only because the artists are so famous and I feel their works are so beautiful, but because you will have the opportunity of contacting that which is great and beautiful in life. I hope we shall have many further opportunities in the future to go on adding to these wonderful pictures."

SVETOSLAV ROERICH,

after thanking the President of The Theosophical Society and Srimati Rukmini Devi for their kind hospitality, said: "As regards the art of my father, probably you have already known and seen it through the painting of *The Messenger* which has long been in your own collection. There are 700 or more works dedicated to Art by my father. He is also well known as an archaeologist, a philosopher, an historian, a philologist, and in so very many other fields. His art is a synthesis, an expression of all of these. He synthesizes all the ideas that come to him in his art. Even in a landscape you will find that synthesis. Everything he paints

goes through the special prism of his own vision. He eliminates that which is superfluous and blends all with that pure vision of his own thought. He comes as close as any one I know to the real Confucian standard of the "Superior Man." He has been considered the Founder of the Russian Renaissance. As such his work has special significance."

Srimati Rukmini Devi and Mr. Roerich then opened the doors and an hour was spent in viewing the exhibits.

TOUR ROUND THE PICTURES

Of the seven paintings by Nicholas Roerich in the exhibition, four are Himalayan. The largest and most impressive is *The Saga of Shamballa*, in which a caravan bound for the inner hills stops for the night, and its members, in tents and firelight, listen to the story of Shamballa from one of their members. The depiction of firelight in the foreground, with the hills darkly looming in the background, is a wonderful example of lighting suggested by contrast. *The Book of Life*, in which a shepherd reads a book while his flock of deer grazes and rests, gives a remarkable glimpse of height beyond height and depth below depth. His *Kinchinunga* and *Himalayan Lake* are not only beautiful transcripts of nature, but express the essential character of the scene, the calm loftiness of the one and the equally calm lucidity and coolness of the other.

Between the work of father and son there is a curious similarity of seriousness, love of nature, and sympathy with humanity. Yet there is a marked difference in their technique. While the father fixes his eye on the scene and

its qualities, and hardly notices the clouds, the son, with equal love of nature and humanity, revels in the depiction of clouds. Two of his five exhibits are Himalayan, *The Sacred Word* in which a venerable teacher imparts wisdom to a young pupil, and *The Path* in which one figure points upwards among the hills to another figure. Two of the pictures are of the peninsula. In *Mother Earth* a ploughman with his bullock-team is painted with simple reality. *Mending the Net* might have been painted on the Adyar beach if it had not been inspired by the beach at Trivandrum. The suppleness of the bodies of the fishermen is beautifully brought out. The setting sun on the far horizon of water seems to move.

Both artists have added subjects from outside India. Nicholas Roerich's New

Earth stands out like a piece of sculpture, showing two primitive craft sailing out through drifts of broken ice across a background of snow-clad hill in northern Russia that has been named after the painter. *Terra Slavonica* gives a glimpse through the veranda of a temple across a piece of typical Russian terrain. *Saint Sergius* tells of the helping of the builder-saint by a bear who put its shoulder to a heavy log of timber that the saint alone could not move. The son, in *Christ the Unknown* expresses the ancient truth that even the highest holiness may be passed unnoticed by the generality of humanity who are immersed in their own immediate interests. The visit of Mr. S. Roerich to Adyar during the exhibition was an event of much artistic importance.

—J.H.C.

Sensitiveness of Flowers

A PROMINENT Boston (U.S.A.) florist, receives every day from his country greenhouses whatever flowers are in blossom. These are sold in his shop to his customers. Orders also come to him by telephone.

Once it happened that he received from his green-houses, (conservatoires, where flowers are grown under glass) dozens of large, beautifully coloured carnations. His telephone rang and an irate angry patron protested that he had sent to her carnations which were old and wilted. No sooner had he replaced the receiver than the telephone rang again, and another patron

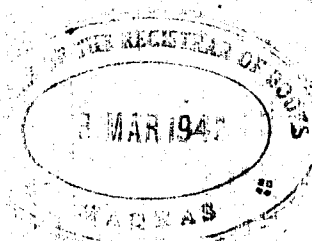
thanked him most profusely for the lovely carnations which had just been sent by him to her home. Then indeed was the florist sorely puzzled — for to both patrons had he sent the carnations which that same day had come from his green-house. Why, thought he, should these carnations arrive in one home fresh and beautiful, and in another wilted and unbeautiful? So, he began questioning his salesmen. "Do you like your work," he asked one of them. No, was the answer, it's a foolish job better suited to women. I certainly would not

(Please turn to page 8)

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

FEBRUARY 1942



Let thy soul lend its ear to every cry
of pain like as the lotus bares its heart
to drink the morning sun.—H.P.B.

COURAGE

Courage to stand firm in the face of opposition, of criticism,
of persecution.

Courage to be indifferent both to praise and to blame.

Courage to change when change becomes necessary.

Courage to become intent upon right doing in the midst of
distractions of the world around us.

Courage to be intensely sympathetic to the world in all its
phases, but equally courageous to stand outside the
temptations of the world and to help to lead it from
selfishness into righteousness.

Courage to remain unflinching under the blows of personal
injustice.

Courage to refrain from gossip and from listening to it.

Courage to keep the tongue clean and kind.

Courage to be themselves and not copies of other people.

—GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

Incorporating
THE YOUNG
THEOSOPHIST

Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

February 1942

Vol. XVII, No. 2

Mere sentimentality will not carry them through this "kali-yuga" of doubt, slackness and failure; they must develop robust commonsense, steadfastness and self-sacrifice also. Reverence to those worthy of reverence, gratitude to those who have helped them, unswerving loyalty to their highest ideals, utter avoidance of uncharitable thought and speech, unfaltering love to all.

—Quoted by C. W. LEADBEATER

The Crow's Nest

SINCE last I wrote there has been much activity in Adyar—first the preparation for the "Arangetral" dance recital by Srimati S. Radha; it was a great success and so many friends came to Adyar that evening and were so appreciative and friendly. Then there came so much necessity for reorganization of our work owing to the war scare. Many young people were taken away from the Besant Theosophical School and Kalakshetra, so that our classes have become meagre in attendance. But I hope this atmosphere will not last long and like a hurricane it will vanish quickly and leave an atmosphere of peace and beauty.



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Then came the "Week of Dedication" beginning with Maha-Sivaratri Puja. This Week is dedicated to meditations and pujas for the offering of ourselves to the service of the unhappy and stricken world and for the invoking of blessing; every temple in Adyar had prayers—the Hindu, Muhammadan, Christian and Buddhist.

We begin our war service by training ourselves specially for this emergency through A.R.P., First Aid, Village Relief, Animal Welfare, etc. I have specially taken animal welfare and village help. Every one in Adyar is already overwhelmed with work; so other work had to be temporarily suspended, at least for a few hours in the day, in order to take training along these lines. I am hoping that just as it does not rain when one takes the umbrella out, there also will be no air raids, if we prepare for them.

I cannot bear the idea of so much suffering for our poor innocent people who have done nothing—nor can they defend themselves—and also the poor animals. They know nothing but war even in peace time. They suffer untold horrors during peace and their suffering continues and increases during war time. Even if human beings are just to each other and even if there is liberty in all nations, for me there is no freedom until their attitude to the animals changes. Millions of animals are roughly handled, ill-treated and killed for food. It is a strange thing for me to hear of people fighting for freedom while they eat the agony of animals in the form of flesh.



The next most important occasion is the 17th of February: to The Theosophical Society it is a great day, for it was the day on which Col. H. S. Olcott, the Founder-President, passed away and it was also the birthday of Bishop C. W. Leadbeater, one of the greatest men of the world. He worked among the few and was unknown to the world in

general; but like Madame Blavatsky he was a great occultist and a writer of books.

I had the good fortune to be one of his pupils and I cannot ever imagine one more fitted to be a teacher than he. He changed his young pupils with a magic of his own—simple magic, that of deepest affection and friendship. His complete trust and whole-hearted devotion to the young (usually from the age of 12 to 18) was marvellous to watch. He was eternally happy and under all circumstances radiated joy. No unkindness, rudeness, or ill-feeling towards him ever affected him. So much of misunderstanding and distrust of him existed among some people, and many of those whom he himself helped turned against him. But he remained unaffected and impervious, which angered his enemies even more. People thought he was indifferent, but I know it was entirely because of his selflessness. In his conversations the "I" was hardly ever present, and even today nobody really knows much about his life because he was not interested in himself. Everyone around him knew he was great, beautiful, and the dearest friend of Dr. Besant. Besides being one of the best-read men of the world and a great writer, he concentrated on training the few chosen young people; for his idea was that if he trained the leaders, then they could do good for their countries and the world. Amongst the many who owe so much to him are Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, Dr. George S. Arundale and myself: whatever I do now, if it is effective or useful, is due to my early knowledge of him and his teachings, and as time grows, I hope I shall justify his friendship by being increasingly useful to my Motherland, India.

Adyar,
February 17, 1942.

Rukmini Devi.

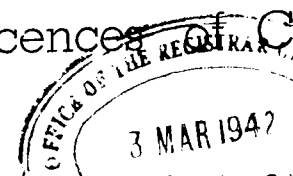
Our Editor's Birthday

OUR Editor's birthday this year is on 1st of March. Friends all over the world will join us in offering our love and gratitude to Rukmini Devi on this happy day. Shall we not on this significant occasion renew our dedication to the destruction of all that is base and ugly in the world of today in order that the spirit of Beauty may shine more and more in the world of tomorrow? Rukmini Devi essentially is the apostle of Beauty in the civilization of tomorrow. Therefore it is that she seeks to destroy ugliness and cruelty wherever she happens to encounter them, for so long as cruelty lies enthroned, as it does today, in the hearts of men, war and all its concomitant horrors will be a recurring factor in the world; but to the extent that we help to fight cruelty—the cruelty of men towards helpless creatures including animals—do we strive to rebuild a world on more secure foundations. Such is a great war-effort that some of the Young Citizens are pledged to pursue under the banner of our leader; and who can say that this does not constitute a major war-effort?—M.S.

WILL YOU RESPOND?

Rukmini Devi urged the Young Theosophists gathered at Adyar in Convention from all parts of India to help THE YOUNG CITIZEN. Those who wish for a closer contact with the Youth Headquarters were reminded by her that though THE YOUNG CITIZEN is not labelled as an official organ of the World Federation of Young Theosophists, yet at all times it contains information as to what is taking place at the centre. A number of other journals have written asking for permission to reproduce articles that have appeared in THE YOUNG CITIZEN. Every effort is being made to build up THE YOUNG CITIZEN as a really worth while journal, but at the present time there is not the support there should be, both financial through subscriptions and literary through contributions from Young Theosophists. "Then we need subscribers," she insisted. "If the young people cannot subscribe, it is the business of the parents to subscribe for them. And whether you are parents or not, you can subscribe to THE YOUNG CITIZEN for some young person who cannot afford to subscribe."

Reminiscences of C. W. Leadbeater



By ADDIE M. TUTTLE

Translated from *Juventud Teosófica*, Cuba, September 1941, by Mr. Alfonso Tavera of the Spanish Department, Adyar.

IN the early days of the work of The Theosophical Society, Bishop Leadbeater (he was not a Bishop then) was affectionately called C.W.L. by many of his friends and disciples. It is by that name I chiefly knew him.

DR. BESANT

Some time before I knew C.W.L. I had the good fortune of assisting at one of Dr. Besant's lectures. During one of her tours of the United States she visited a little town where I was then living. The new philosophy which she was presenting attracted me very much, and her enchanting, magnetic personality was such that I was fascinated and at once became a member of The Theosophical Society.

I am supposed to confine my reminiscences to C.W.L., but Dr. Besant is so closely linked with him that you will pardon the digression if I relate the extraordinary manner in which I became acquainted with Dr. Besant, afterwards the International President of The Theosophical Society.

Six months before Dr. Besant's visit, the young matrons in my mountain town wanted to organise a social club which would hold its gatherings at the different members' houses. During those afternoons one of the members was to read aloud, while the others sewed or embroidered. When they invited me

to become a member of the club I asked, "What are you going to read?", and the lady answered, "At present it is very fashionable to study Occultism. Do you know any book on this subject?" "Oh yes," I replied, "one called *The Occult World*, by Sinnett." Of all the members I believe I was the only one who had an interest in that book. The others listened condescendingly, but considered what it related highly improbable.

They asked me to name the club, and having a very deep interest in the Master spoken of in the book, I immediately suggested His name. Weekly there appeared in the social columns of the newspaper of the little town the following notice: "The Koot Hoomi Club will meet Thursday at Mrs. So-and-so's house. Refreshments will be served."

After Dr. Besant's lecture she announced that anyone who was interested in Theosophy could come and visit her at her hotel next day to hear something more about it. I could hardly wait for that moment, because I was thinking that if it would be possible to learn something that would enable me to become as beautiful and wonderful as this lady, I wanted to know it. I could not forget her serene eyes, full of power, and at the same time of sweet dignity. I am afraid that what

attracted me most was Dr. Besant's charm rather than Theosophy.

There were eighteen of us present next day and we sat in a small circle around her. The Countess Wachtmeister and an English lady were with her, but I had eyes only for Dr. Besant. Each minute that passed I loved her more and more, and I was anxious to do or say something that would please her. So when she asked, "Is there anyone present who knows anything about Theosophy?", I thought my time had come and I exclaimed triumphantly, "Oh yes, I know it all very well. I have read *The Occult World* and also I have given our club the best name I found in the book, the Koot Hoomi Club." I waited for an answer, feeling quite proud of my reply. Later on I learned how sacred that name was and how seldom pronounced aloud by these people. Then I remembered and understood why Dr. Besant's eyes had opened so widely as with a tranquil smile she took my hand and asked me if I would like to stay on with her and have a little talk.

MR. LEADBEATER

I was living a few miles from Butte, Montana, where C.W.L. was going to give a series of lectures for three weeks, after which he was to be my guest in order to work for our small Lodge. For several weeks people had been awaiting the arrival of the well-known Theosophical lecturer, Dr. Besant's close friend and a great occultist. I resolved to go to Butte in order to assist during the series of lectures, taking my daughter Marjorie with me.

My train arrived in time for me to attend the first lecture, but I was a

little late in arriving at the small hall where the lecturer had just begun to speak. After I left the house, I had to go back for something yellow to wear on my black dress, because I remembered that Theosophists did not approve of black dresses being worn by those who had lost some relative, and I was wearing black as I had recently lost my sister. Suddenly I had an apprehension that this great occultist would discover the cause of my being in mourning and would brand me as a bad Theosophist. That was the reason for the yellow adornment.

All these trivial things were forgotten as soon as I saw C.W.L. From that time on all things assumed a new significance to me, and something in my sleeping consciousness seemed to awaken and my eyes were suddenly opened. I understood all this well only later on.

Mr. Leadbeater recognized me and my daughter as having been with him in a distant past. That night after the lecture he looked into Marjorie's eyes and said to us, "Later on we will meet again." I realize now that what he meant in saying this was that he was coming in his astral body to try to help us, because that night I had my first true astral experience. Even the next day my recollections were confused by my own untrue interpretations impressed on my brain.

This is what happens to all who have psychic tendencies and lack careful training in being aware of mistakes when remembering visions. That is why so many psychic people without training fail on the path, and I always feel great sympathy and pain for them. All the things we perceive in this

manner appear so real, but they may be entirely false and confused.

That night I dreamed that a wonderful person in whom I had implicit confidence came to me and changed me into a plaster statue and told me how to enter and get out of it. This statue was identical with my physical body, but when I tried to enter it myself the plaster body gave me the sensation of being too small and I was afraid it would break. If I had ever before left my physical body during sleep, I never remembered it when I awakened next day. I asked C.W.L. why I had the special sensation of trying to force my way into that small plaster body, and he answered that while the astral body is larger than the physical it is very flexible and plastic, and that is why the conscious entrance into a smaller vehicle was impressed on my physical brain in the manner described.

We received wonderful teachings those three weeks during the series of lectures in Butte, and I saw Mr. Leadbeater invested with all the dignity of a public lecturer, as an English gentleman full of knowledge of things of great interest, always instructive but also very reserved, and rather trying to avoid anyone who attempted to be familiar, especially the feminine element. When he left Butte with its dirty streets with a coffee house on each street corner, its barren and brown hills, and came to my home in Anaconda which was like a camping town with a few trees here and there and some green on the hills, I saw a different aspect of Mr. Leadbeater. Then he became the real C.W.L.

I was much concerned with not neglecting any of my duties as hostess to this occultist-guest whom I was

supposed to treat, according to the advice of the older members of The Theosophical Society, so differently from other people, even in the serving of his meals. They also added that I was supposed to stamp out my personality which was very "feminine." I took all this advice very seriously and took every precaution to receive him in an exceptional way. My husband was ardently devoted to hunting (much to my distress, as I could not endure the killing of animals) and I told him discreetly to take all his guns and medals out of the house before our guest arrived; otherwise they might disturb his vibrations.

When C.W.L. arrived I hardly dared to come near to greet him. But with enormous surprise I looked at this austere Mr. Leadbeater whom I had known in Butte. Scarcely had he come into the house before he dropped all his reserve and exclaimed, "This is different!" He threw his hat on a chair, ran to the piano without even taking off his overcoat, and full of happiness chanted an old church hymn. I never after that felt any more reserve about going near C.W.L., and all the advice given to me came to be foolishness.

Very zealous travelling agents were sent ahead to all the ladies with whom Mr. Leadbeater was to stay, to give them instructions specifying what should and should not be put on the table (without C.W.L.'s knowledge, I suspect). As a result of this he sometimes had to live on milk alone, which is not such excellent food for a busy lecturer who has many kinds of work on his hands.

To read Mr. Leadbeater's books and hear his lectures has helped many people, but those who never saw

(Please turn to page 34)

Pythagoras

The following interesting narrative was found among our old files. It was originally used in *Advance Australia*. We regret we are not in possession of the name of the author.

WHEN Pythagoras was only four or five years old, his mother taught him to take his morning bath in the cold stream, and dry his baby skin by running in the wind. As he ran, she ran with him, and together they sang a hymn to the rising sun, that for them represented the God Apollo. His mother taught him to be indifferent to cold, heat, hunger, to exult in endurance, and to take a joy in the glow of the body.

So the boy grew strong and handsome, and proud; and perhaps it was in those early years, from the mother herself, that he gathered the idea, afterwards developed, that Apollo had appeared to his mother, and so great was the beauty of the god that the woman was actually overcome, it being the first god at which she had ever had a good look.

The ambition of a great mother centres on her son. Pythagoras was filled with the thought that he was different, peculiar, set apart to teach the human race. Having compassed all there was to learn in his native place, and, as he thought, being ill appreciated, he started for Egypt, the land of learning. The fallacy that knowledge was a secret to be gained by word of mouth and to be gotten from books existed then as now. The mother of Pythagoras wanted her son

to comprehend the innermost secrets of the Egyptian mysteries. He would then know all. To this end she sold her jewels, in order that her son might have the advantages of an Egyptian education. Women were not allowed to know the divine secrets—only just a few little ones. This woman wanted to know, and she said her son would learn and tell her

His admittance to the university became a matter of international diplomacy. At last, being too hard-pressed, the wise ones who ran the mystery monopoly gave in, and Pythagoras was informed that at midnight of a certain night, he should present himself, naked, at the door of a certain temple, and he would be admitted. On the stroke of the hour, at the appointed time, Pythagoras, the youth with the beautiful hair, was there, clothed only in his beautiful hair. He knocked on the great, bronze doors, but the only answer was a faint, hollow echo.

Then he got a stone and pounded, but still no answer. The wind sprang up fresh and cold. The young man was chilled to the bone, but still he pounded and then called aloud demanding admittance. His answer now was the growling and barking of dogs, within. Still he pounded! After an interval a

hoarse voice called out through a little slide, ordering him to be gone or the dogs would be turned loose upon him. He demanded admittance.

"Fool, do you not know that the law says these doors shall admit no one except at sunrise?"

"I only know that I was told to be here at midnight and I would be admitted."

"All that may be true, but you were not told when you would be admitted—wait, it is the will of the gods."

So Pythagoras waited, numbed and nearly dead. The dogs which he had heard had, in some way, gotten out, and came tearing around the corner of the great stone building. He fought them with desperate strength. The effort seemed to warm his blood, and where-as before he was about to retreat to his lodgings he now remained.

The day broke in the East, and gangs of slaves went by to work. They jeered at him and pelted him with pebbles.

Suddenly across the desert sands he saw the faint pink rim of the rising sun. On the instant the big bronze doors against which he was leaning swung suddenly in. He fell with them, and coarse, rough hands seized his hair and pulled him into the hall.

The doors swung to and closed with a clang. Pythagoras was in dense darkness, lying on the stone floor.

A voice, seemingly coming from afar, demanded, "Do you still wish to go on?"

And his answer was, "I desire to go on."

A black-robed figure, wearing a mask, then appeared with a flickering

light, and Pythagoras was led into a stone cell.

His head was shaved, and he was given a coarse robe and then left alone. Toward the end of the day he was given a piece of black bread and a bowl of water. This, he was told, was to fortify him for the ordeal to come. What that ordeal was we can only guess, save that it consisted partially in running over hot sands where he sank to his waist. At a point where he seemed about to perish a voice called loudly, "Do you yet desire to go on?"

And his answer was, "I desire to go on."

Returning to the inmost temple he was told to enter a certain door and wait therein. He was then blindfolded and when he opened the door to enter, he walked off into space and fell into a pool of ice-cold water. While floundering there the voice again called, "Do you yet desire to go on?"

And his answer was, "I desire to go on."

At another time he was tied upon the back of a donkey and the donkey was led along a rocky precipice, where lights danced and flickered a thousand feet below.

"Do you yet want to go on?" called the voice.

And Pythagoras answered, "I desire to go on."

The priests here pushed the donkey off the precipice, which proved to be only about two feet high, the gulf below being an illusion arranged with the aid of lights that shone through apertures in the wall.

"Your will must be like tempered steel, if you would tread the Path."

AN ARANGETRAL

IN KALAKSHETRA

AN outstanding event in the history of the revival of Indian Art was, on Sunday, 1 February 1942, the presentation by Srimati Rukmini Devi, the Founder-President of Kalākshetra, of Srimati S. Radha in an *Arangetral* Bharata Natya recital under the patronage of Sri T. R. Venkatrama Sastri, C. I. E., an eminent advocate in Madras. This kind of function is rarely arranged these days, and it is a new and happy idea for Kalākshetra to arrange an *Arangetral* where the pupil is sent into the world with goodwill and blessing. Kalākshetra pupils are fortunate in an institution which takes such personal interest in them.

S. RADHA

who received her diploma of proficiency in the art of Bharata Natya, is the senior student of Kalākshetra. After matriculating at an early age, she chose to follow the arts rather than the usual course of study at the University. She has studied under both Pandanallur Bharata Sastra Vidwan Meenakshi Sundaram Pillai and Natya Vidwan P. Chockalingam Pillai. Although these Vidwans have trained her in the technique of art according to their traditions, the young artist has specially benefited by the unique contribution that Rukmini Devi has made to the training of Bharata Natya artists. Rukmini Devi, herself a brilliant exponent of Bharata Natya, has brought into effect a new and purer vision of the art as a means of regeneration of the Motherland

through emphasis on the spiritual foundations of India's age-old culture, and under her direct supervision Radha reflects this feature by striving to release through her art the spiritual quality.

The *Arangetral* was held in the beautiful open-air Adyar Theatre before a large and select gathering. The theatre had the atmosphere of a Temple because of the presence of a shrine of Sri Nataraja and Sri Ganapati, before whom the dancer dedicated herself in the traditional manner, following the footsteps of her inspirer, Rukmini Devi, who, a few years ago, before she went on tours spreading her message, made a special pilgrimage to Chidambaram and dedicated herself before the Lord Nataraja. Before this shrine at the Adyar Theatre, Radha, accompanied by Rukmini Devi and other friends, chanted the traditional slokas from the Natya Sastra, offered flowers and camphor, and invoked the blessing of Parvati, the Mother of the World. The spiritual keynote of the occasion was enhanced by the full Moon, as though it too desired to shed its blessings.

UKMINI DEVI

while welcoming the guests said :

" Kalākshetra is dedicated to the cultural renaissance of the world, and is established as an International centre of culture in India, because the source and essence of all culture is in India, and India is the country which must show to the world her own genius, her

spirituality which can be expressed only through the cultural life.

" Our Kalākshetra work is planned in such a way that the artist does not learn merely technique, but so far as possible we try to help our pupils to feel a love for beauty, a reverence for life, and a mission, when they pass away as pupils from Kalākshetra, to serve the world through the arts. It is not a strange saying we find in India that Natya can be almost a fifth Veda. That is what Art can always be. It has its philosophy, its great message. Merely to learn technique is not enough.

" I have also tried to cleanse this particular art from all that is crude and vulgar. Gradually, day by day and year by year, we are trying to improve everything we are doing, so that the work is a dedicated work ; the young people learn happily ; they do not merely know what to do but understand what they are doing.

" Knowledge, study, as a background to such cultural work as we are doing, is essential. The young dancer has to learn many subjects—the Mother-Tongue, Literature, Sanskrit, Music, Dramatic Art, Painting, the Designing of Costumes. The young dancer must learn to express himself or herself in terms of form, colour, and sound, not for the sake of pleasing the world in mere entertainment, but to contribute Truth in terms of Art.

" This is really my ideal, and I can happily say that Radha, the dancer of the evening, is full of that spirit of dedication. She is still young. She cannot have finished all she must learn in four years. Later, by growth, maturity, experience, and continued and arduous study, she can become more

and more perfect. That she will do. She feels she is dancing because it is a great work. She is not merely dancing for the sake of entertainment."

THE RECITAL

Then followed an exquisite and brilliant exposition of Bharata Natya by Radha. Already she has acquired considerable experience in dancing before the public during Rukmini Devi's tours and at other times. She has been much appreciated by the press and the public. On this occasion she was full of vigour and vitality. Her programme specially included two dances composed by Rukmini Devi, one to the classical kriti of Sri Thyagaraja, *Rara Sita*, and the other to a Thiruppugaz song, *Sivanar manam kulira*, the latter song being a eulogy to Lord Subramanya by the Saint Arunagirinathar and till now not composed into a dance.

DR. ARUNDALE

After the recital, Dr. George S. Arundale, one of the patrons of Kalākshetra, read a number of messages of greetings and good wishes from friends, the first among them being one from Bharata Sastra Vidwan Meenakshi Sundaram Pillai, the great exponent of the dance, under whom Rukmini Devi studied the art. Continuing, Dr. Arundale said :

" My next privilege consists in congratulating Radha on her very beautiful dance recital. I am extremely keen about this renaissance of Indian culture. I am well aware there can be no political renaissance unless it is accompanied by a cultural renaissance. Whatever worth and pre-eminence there

may be attached to political leadership, there is another worth that is equally vital.

"Radha is a very special friend of mine and I watch her progress with great affection."

Dr. Arundale then garlanded the patron of the occasion, Sri T. R. Venkatarama Sastri on behalf of Rukmini Devi and Kalākshetra.

MR. VENKATRAMA SASTRI

congratulated Radhika, "the little Radha," on her brilliant performance, especially stressing its note of joy. "She will go forth in the coming years of life and grow in the exposition of her art. Whatever qualities I may lack as an artist or an art critic, there is in me the capacity to offer blessing and good wishes for Radha in the coming life.

"At one time in this country the art of dancing was practised by aristocrats. It was a princely art, and dancing teachers were maintained by both the Kings and Queens.

"The joy of life is not to be despised. Life thrives on joy, and art is a necessary accompaniment of life. That was the old ideal, but as time went on it became lost, and there was the idea of life as an unmixed evil from which we must flee into puritanism and asceticism. For some fifteen hundred years art had fallen into the hands of

undesirable people. Now it has been lifted by a renaissance all over the country. Music is coming into its own. The dance is coming into its own. All honour to those who have set up Kalākshetra and are teaching here. This art of dancing has been rescued from the associations which have gathered round it, and will in the coming years take its proper place among the arts which one can patronise without degrading oneself.

"I again offer congratulations to Radha, to those who trained her for her task, and to the institution that is sending her forth in life. I am sure Radha will, as she develops, carry the art of the dance a step further in its evolution, in fulfilment of the dreams and magnificent work of Rukmini Devi."

THE DIPLOMA

Rukmini Devi, at this stage, presented the artist with a diploma on a silver salver with *thambulam*, flowers, fruits, betel leaves and nuts.

The diploma itself was original and artistic, equal to the event. Unlike the ordinary printed parchment paper which University graduates and others receive, this diploma was in the form of palm-leaf manuscripts, beautifully engraved in Samskrit and Tamil and bound with silver-mounted and artistically painted wooden covers. The text of the diploma is as follows :

॥ श्रीः ॥

निगमगिरामपि दूरं नियमितमनसां ततो ऽपिदृग्तरम् ।

सहृदयहृदयादूरं परात्मतत्त्वं कलात्मकं लभति ॥

कलाधरकलाङ्कितः कलितभोगिभोगोज्ज्वलः
कलारसिकताहृतः कलयतिस्म यो नर्तनम् ।
कृपापरवशान्तरः स हि सदा कलारागिणां
हृदन्तरचिदम्बरे नटतु नाट्यविद्यागुरुः ॥

तापापनोदनिपुणा भृशतापभाजामन्यागतिर्न सुलभा जगतीति मत्वा ।
देवीं कलां समुपमेवितुमेव तस्याः क्षेत्रं प्रकलसमिदमात्तगुणं समिन्धे ॥
चत्वारि वर्षाण्यत्रैव कलामाराध्य राधिका ।
कलादेवीप्रसादानां पात्रतामेत्य राजने ॥
आराधयित्री बुधमानसानां भूयादमेयैः स्वकलानुभावैः ।
राधाभिधानेयमुदीतकीर्तिः क्रियात कलाक्षेत्रगतां च कीर्तिम् ॥

इदमभिनन्दनपत्रं दीयते कलाक्षेत्राध्यक्षया श्रीरुक्मिणीदेव्या वृषवत्सरे मकरमासे पूर्णि-
मायाम् (1-2-1942).

(In Tamil)

உலகம் புகழ்வு முயர்க்கோர் மகிழவும், இலகிய அடையாறதனில்
விளங்கும், கலைவளர் நிலை மதனிற் கருத்துடன், பல்லாண் டாகப் பற்
பல நாட்டியக், கலைதனிற் பழகி மலைவறக் கோன்றும், ராஜை யென்னை
மரிவை மேலும், தாண்டவ பாடு மாண்டவ னருளால், பதினாறு பேறும்
பாங்குடன் பெற்று, அன்போ டின்பழு மழகுற, விளங்குக வென்று வே
ண்டாம். யாமே.

The following is the translation of the text :

1. The Supreme, which is the essence of all Art, transcending the knowl-
edge of the Vedas and even the understanding of the Yogis but easy of reali-
sation to him who is compassionate and is a lover of the beautiful, shines
in all splendour.
2. May He, who is the Supreme teacher of the dance, who wears
the crescent Moon in His hair and is adorned with hooded serpents, who
is the Soul of Art and is Himself the Master Dancer, ever abide in the secret
recess of the heart of all who love beauty.
3. Kalakshetra is founded, to bring relief to those in distress through
a vision of the beautiful, through the blessing of Him to whom it is dedicated.

4. Here in this Kalakshetra, having worshipped at the shrine of the dance and become the recipient of her favours, Radha stands forth in bright promise of excellence.

5. May this Radha with the rich experience that will come to her and through her own gift of expression through the dance raise to splendid heights the fame of Kalakshetra.

Signed by Rukmini Devi on 1-2-1942

Presenting this diploma Rukmini Devi said: "Friends, I have very great pleasure in presenting this diploma to Radha. Not only do I wish her great success for herself and useful service, not only do I hope that she will far outshine me, but that she will be a very great artist who will do much for the country." In token of appreciation Radha was garlanded by a member from the audience.

S. RADHA

received the diploma reverently and said: "I wish to thank Srimati Rukmini Devi very very much for all that she has done for me and all that she has been to me. I am not used to speaking in effusive terms, but I thank her with the utmost gratitude. I wish to thank Mr. T.R. Venkatrama Sastri. His blessing will help me very very much indeed. I also wish to thank Dr. Arundale. He is an inspiration to all in Adyer and Kalakshetra. I feel grateful to all those who have taught me, especi-

ally to Sri Chockalingam Pillai, who has taught me with eagerness and intelligence. I wish to thank Pandit Subrahmanya Sastri, who unfortunately is no longer with us, Mr. K. Sankara Menon, and Mr. and Mrs. Elmore, who have been more than teachers to me—they have all been like older brothers and sisters. I wish to thank Mr. K.N. Nilakanta Iyer¹ and also the musicians who have made this function a success and who have been of constant help to me."

Radha then garlanded Rukmini Devi and Dr. Arundale. The function was concluded with the singing of *Mangalam*.

Thus was S. Radha, a young citizen, launched into the world to convey her message and her contribution in the cultural renaissance of India and the World. THE YOUNG CITIZEN offers its felicitations to Srimati Radha and wishes her high success in her efforts to help to bring back the age-old culture of India to its pristine purity.—M.S.

¹ Kalakshetra music teacher.

(Concluded from page 27)

him in his home life or in the company of his younger pupils to whom he showed himself alternately instructive, amusing, and friendly, correcting in a gentle way when necessary, always happy and full of kindness, missed a great deal of the wonderful, enchanting side of him.

At home he was a radiant sun and the house was full of light and happiness. When he left us, the house seemed to be empty. Even my husband, who was not a Theosophist and whose conscience was a little uneasy about the guns he had, missed him and felt the difference.

A Charter of Character

CHARACTER

is the root-base of living, and character must, therefore, be the root-base of reconstruction and a righteous peace.

To disregard character is to be indifferent to the foundations of life and to the foundations of reconstruction and peace.

Those who desire to be busy even now about the reconstruction of the world must turn their attention first to the ennoblement of character.

This means that

EDUCATION

instead of being directed as it is at present, must be directed to the establishment in every youth of such character as shall help him or her to live in a spirit of brotherhood with all and in peace with himself.

This, indeed, is the high purpose of education—less that there shall be knowledge, more that there shall be service.

THE THREE GREAT PILLARS

in the Temple of Character are

Reverence
Comradeship
Compassion

There can be no temple built in the heart of any individual which has not these three pillars.

These pillars will support
that Dignity
that Idealism
that practical Creative Capacity

that Artistry
that Graciousness
that Poise

which are among the bright hues of Character.

These pillars support the great canopy of the temple which is Service through Culture. Character must be lifted into Culture.

CULTURE

means the absence of the dross of ugliness in the gold of living. There are many kinds of ugliness—ugliness of speech, of movement, of desire, of thought.

For the constant refining of character there must be

Honourable Living
Honourable Employment
Honourable Leisure
Honourable Citizenship

There must be nothing to degrade character in life, but everything to exalt character.

The honour required in all the above is the minimization of

hatred,
conceit,
cruelty,
fear,
distrust,
lethargy,
indifference.

Someday these must disappear.

All who are interested in planning for a New World must begin with the planning of the renewal of character, and only on the basis of such planning proceed with planning for political, economic, industrial, social, religious, or any other reconstruction.

Those who would rebuild must plan the rebuilding of

THE TEMPLE OF CHARACTER

in every human being, for the Temple of Character is the Sanctum Sanctorum, the Holy of Holies, the Inner Shrine of The Temple of the New Living in which the whole world shall someday dwell.

—GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

Whither Humanity?

A press report from Sydney dated January 6 says:

ANIMALS SHOT IN SYDNEY

ACTION UNDER A.R.P. REGULATION

Three lions, one leopard and one tiger have been ordered to be shot under Air-raid Precautions Regulations because of danger to residents should the animals get loose in air raids. The animals are valued at five hundred sterling and were owned by a circus which has been prevented by petrol restrictions from leaving Sydney and going into the country.

One is not shocked at this headline. It has become the order of the world at present to shoot animals when they escape for their freedom! Some shoot them for sport! But this report beats them all and takes us into the depths of horror.

The subheadline carries the news: "Action under A.R.P. Regulation." At the first reading one is rather amused at this bit of news and is led to think

it was culled from some Sunday paper as it tends to border on the ridiculous. But on closer reading, it shows that man has still to learn his alphabets.

The victims are three lions, one leopard and one tiger. True, they were ferocious animals, but they were being kept in a circus to entertain human beings of the same race as the authorities who gave orders to shoot them! They had been ordered to be shot because of 'the danger to residents should the animals get loose during air raids'! Moreover, they have been prevented from moving into the country owing to petrol restrictions! All these are excuses, and animal life is not valued at all except in terms of sterling and pounds of flesh. The Sydney A.R.P. authorities are responsible for this crime and seem to be under the delusion that animals need petrol to be moved from place to place!

Are we not paying enough for our cruelties to the subhuman kingdom? We believe that as long as we do not carry the white flag to these defenceless animals, peace will never reign on Earth.

—P. R. SUBRAHMANYAN

The Round Table

The Order of the Round Table is a ceremonial organization intended for children and young people, its chief object being to prepare them to become Ideal Knights. Its world Senior Knight is Srimati Rukmini Devi, and the Chief Knight for India is Miss Tehmina Wadia, Theosophical Colony, Juhu, Bombay. There are 275 members in India in 16 Tables doing work along various social and art lines. Many Tables take interest in animal welfare work. Recently, in last December, the Order had its annual meeting at Adyar at which Knight Jinarajadasa and the Chief Knight, Rukmini Devi, addressed those present as follows. The address of Knight Raja will be published in a subsequent issue of our journal.



KNIGHT RUKMINI

KNIGHT Raja has told us that the mark of culture is to understand everything beautiful and to try to express it, each in his own way. I know all of you are full of happiness in The Round Table, because it gives you an idea of beauty and inspires you to live more beautifully.

Never forget the Round Table Motto that is the heart of all life:

"Live pure, speak true, right wrong,
Follow the KING."

Everything is contained in it.

We must know what it means to "right wrong." It does not only mean to correct what other people are doing but as much to correct ourselves. To right wrong means never to do anything that is ugly, unkind, harsh. We must help others also to be more kind, to be more beautiful, like the real Knights of the Order of the Round Table.

Then "to speak true" is right action. If we live beautifully we are living truly and we are also following the KING. To "follow the KING" is the greatest and most wonderful of all

actions. But if we really live beautifully and truly, we cannot help following the KING, because HE is beautiful, HE is true, HE is the Lord of Love. We must think every day of HIM and try to be as wonderful as HE is.

The KING loves children. Why? Because they are so pure, they are like very tender flowers which can become more and more beautiful very easily. HE HIMSELF is like a child.

We have all the greatest of opportunities to become like HIM. Do not forget your dedication to the KING.

The Round Table in these times must be always pouring out HIS love on the world, so that the world will be not full of hatred but of love. There should be no cruelty but always love amongst ourselves. There should be no unkindness, because we all follow the KING.

We have the privilege of knowing who is our KING. We must think of HIM every moment of our lives, in our work, in our schools and colleges, not only in our ceremonies which are arranged to remind us of HIM. Let us all remember HIM not only today but every day.

The Human Radio

By MAUDE BRUMM

WHEN man first entered the human kingdom he took the primitive body of the savage. In this inexperienced vehicle he was able to grasp little of what God had in store for mankind. That still small voice was not at all heard in his early years of human experience. Little by little he was able to hear a vague whispering from time to time, only to have it fade away into nothingness leaving him more alone than before.

Let us liken this primitive creature to the crystal set. Through this early creation of the radio, man had to use ear-phones, closing out all outside noises in order to hear that still small voice over this unevolved instrument. Usually when we most desire to hear the voice over the ethers we are left alone, hearing nothing. We carefully examine the aerial to see that it is properly placed and next look at our ground wire. Sometimes we find the aerial broken or the ground wire insufficiently grounded in truth. We lack the preparation necessary to receive the life force from the ethers. The difficulty is always within ourselves, because the life waves of Divine Wisdom never cease in their divine operation.

As we seek to make the necessary adjustments we are gradually developing into a radio of a higher and higher type. Presently we find through our constant endeavour that we have evolved into a battery set. No longer must we use the ear-phones; we have evolved an instrument through which the Golden Voice of the Spirit may speak aloud,

arresting our attention time and time again when we are about to forget its existence, due, of course, to our immersion in matter, being too heavily grounded, centring our attention on earth instead of where the aerial is—above. The batteries we use are only the stored-up thoughts of our fellow men; when these are exhausted we are stranded, seeking vainly in the ethers for that guiding Voice.

During this blank period we reach out vainly for enlightenment, hoping against hope to catch a sound of that Voice we need so much to hear. We rush about for freshly charged batteries, and these span for a time the chasm of despair.

Again and again we are annoyed by static. This we finally discover is being caused by a disturbance in the ethers produced by our badly-controlled emotional and lower mental bodies and we seek to remedy it through the avenues of meditation and concentration. Gradually through habit, building a stronger and stronger will capable of bridling and holding firmly under control, these two unruly bodies of ours are controlled and the cause of this disturbing element—static—is gradually eliminated.

The building, changing, converting and evolving of this human radio takes lives and lives to reach its perfection. Still we go on until we are rewarded in our search by the human radio of the battery type being replaced by that of the electric model. Now we believe our troubles to be ended, but, alas, we find

our instrument brings in two or three stations at a time.

Let us see what these may be. Announcer No. 1 says, clearly and very loudly, "Radio Station D-E-S-I-R-E speaking. Let me have your undivided attention." Wearily and weakly we hear Announcer No. 2 say, "C-O-N-C-R-E-T-E M-I-N-D speaking." Then, away in the distance we hear a Golden Voice saying, "Your R-E-A-L S-E-L-F, having vainly tried to reach you, is signing off."

What does all this mean and how does it affect us on the rung of the ladder of life on which we stand? How may we gain greater "selectivity"—shutting out all stations except those we desire to hear? There is only one method. We must develop discrimination, ability to distinguish the real from the unreal, the true from the false, the important from the unimportant, learn to distinguish the Golden Voice of S-E-L-F from that of D-E-S-I-R-E or even L-O-W-E-R M-I-N-D.

Finally in the evolution of this human radio—Man—he arrives at a very high point of evolution; he begins amateur broadcasting, passing on to his younger brothers the beautiful and helpful information he has received from the higher realms of the spirit—S-E-L-F.

During his long climb from the crystal set of savagery to the electric set of evolved man he has tuned in on many wave-lengths. In the early stages only the low wave-lengths, such as police reports of crime and murder, held the interest of this unevolved man. Later came in rapid succession market reports, advertising, wisecracks, cheap music, jazz, followed at yet a higher stage of

evolution by news of the world, educational talks, good music, the symphonies, religious talks, seeking to direct man to the straight and narrow way. At a very high stage he is attracted by calls that grow ever louder and louder as he gives them his attention: S-O-S; S-O-S. At last! He has reached the stage of evolution where he is given a name under which he is able to manifest and respond to the call of the S-O-S, by an answer over his own broadcasting station.

Let us listen-in and hear what he is saying. "This is Station S-E-R-V-I-C-E, which I render only in HIS NAME." At this announcement a Star flashes forth from the realm of the Spirit. He has become a perfect receiving set, the Perfect Man, the perfect channel through which the Golden Voice of the Spirit may speak with perfect understanding. Now the message which he receives comes only in secret codes of Divine Wisdom. Now he hears and understands all the mystery teaching given by all the Great Ones since the beginning of time. He transcends the Human Kingdom and enters that of the Super-human!

C.W.L.'S TRAINING

One of our young citizens writes: It might interest our readers to know that Bishop Leadbeater was so particular that his pupils should learn accurate and good expression of English that he always corrected the language in story-books and novels before he passed them on to his pupils. It is found that he always struck out the word "get" and replaced it with the proper word. For example, the sentence: I will get a taxi for you, will be corrected: I will order a taxi for you. He would not tolerate slang. It is very instructive to go through his novels.

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

MARCH

1942



"Give your aid to the few strong hands
that hold back the powers of darkness
from obtaining complete victory."

THE GREAT WORK

The whole unrest and trouble of the world to-day are the marks of the transition period through which we are passing, where one civilisation is beginning to pass away, where another civilisation is getting ready to be born, and where you, the Heart of the World, the Mother of the great Aryan Race, whose children are scattered everywhere, have its immediate fate in your hands, you will decide whether evolution shall go onwards and upwards, or be thrown backwards for centuries to come. The Great Work cannot stop. The evolution of humanity must inevitably proceed; but it can proceed either by destruction of what is already existing and beginning again at the very beginning of civilisation, or, for the first time in the history of our Races, it may begin by gradual transition into a higher and nobler condition, if the Sons of the Fire can gain the Victory over the Brothers of the Shadow.

—ANNIE BESANT

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THE

YOUNG

CITIZEN

Incorporating
THE YOUNG
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Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

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Where there are love and union, there the Sons of the Light are striving to help and save; where there are hatred and division, there the Children of Darkness are trying to hold back the evolution of the world. That is the real test for the movements around us.
—ANNIE BESANT

The Crow's Nest

THIS month has been a very busy and eventful one. It started with my birthday celebrations by the Besant Theosophical School and Kalākshetra, as well as by many of my friends. I missed the presence of so many of the young people of Kalākshetra and the School. I heard afterwards that they had planned for many things which they were unable to fulfil, owing to the fact that they were asked to return to their homes as a result of the war situation. They were to have presented me with a beautiful album of paintings by themselves, but I did receive four framed pictures out of which three were by the pupils. It is thrilling and beautiful to see how talent is emerging and how so many of our young people have more than talent—this feeling for Beauty. I must thank all who have made the day a happy one for me, for I felt their sincere affection which meant more than any presents could mean.



The second function of the month was China Day, which we celebrated on the 7th by arranging a gathering for those who are interested in the Sino-Indian Cultural Society. We have founded a branch of it here at Adyar, and I hope many will support it. For a long time, even from childhood, I have had an interest in China and its beauty, and when I visited Sanjivniketan last year and met Professor Tan Yun Shan there arose a great desire in me to form at Kalākshetra a branch of this association which was founded by the Poet Tagore.

The misfortune due to the imitation of the West in both these countries—China and India—can, I feel, be counteracted if they once more make a cultural exchange based not merely upon material forms but upon spiritual and philosophical ideals as well as pure art. It is so foolish of some people, including many Westerners, to say that we have benefited so much by the West. Science is common to all nations, and any country can benefit from scientific investigations without necessarily being dominated by the countries in which those investigations are made. Why, in any event, should material domination take away so much which is so beautiful that it can be called neither modern nor ancient?

I am also sorry that many important people did not celebrate China Day just because it was arranged by the Government. I can never understand such a point of view. If, by chance, the Government arranges something with which we are sympathetic, as we in India are with China, why should we not show our sympathy to China and take advantage of such an opportunity?



The same attitude is being taken with regard to the A.R.P., First Aid, and such other organizations. A number of people, who are normally useless, offer themselves for this work, hoping to be paid, while so many young people from fine families, young people who are capable and are sons and daughters of leading citizens, are keeping out of it.

To me this is neither patriotic nor does it express the spirit of non-violence or ahimsa. Whether I am in sympathy with Britain or not, whether I am in sympathy with the war or not, what matters to me most is to be able to help those who are unfortunate and suffering as a result of this ignorant world. Indians and even Congressmen will go to doctors who are trained according to western medical systems and in Government Medical Colleges, and will perhaps even send their children to such colleges for training, but yet many will not take the training of the A.R.P. or First Aid by which one can give immediate help to those poor and unfortunate victims who must suffer and even die, if uncared for, in the war.

So because of this I am giving myself to all this work, and Dr. Arundale is, of course, a leader for this particular Area.¹ I have taken charge of the work of looking after the villages around Adyar and have appeared for the First Aid examination in order that we may have a First Aid post here. I am, of course, particularly interested in Animal Welfare and have also taken on the work of Animal First Aid as one of my chief duties. Perhaps the Government would not approve, but privately I am trying to learn as much as I can from those who are experienced in a knowledge of simple Ayurvedic remedies which are more effective, more easily obtainable, and cheaper than other medicines. I believe in these; even if western Science is unable to prove the usefulness of these herbs, I have seen enough proof of their value by the results obtained through their use. To remove suffering is more important to me than to know much theory and so-called scientific facts asserted one day and denied the next.



I do hope all young people will think of a patriotism which is above narrow nationalism and will give themselves heart and soul to whatever

¹ The Theosophical Society's Estate, Adyar and the surrounding villages.

is useful or helpful for the sake of the average people of the nation, who have had neither much to do with voicing their own thoughts and feelings nor with deciding the fate of the world. While politicians talk, ordinary people suffer, and I prefer to help those ordinary people irrespective of politics.

Adyar
18-3-1942

Rukmini Devi.

The War and Its Lessons

By RUKMINI DEVI

It is obvious that the world has to have a final reckoning and come to its senses before the War ends. There is no doubt in my mind that it cannot end now. If it does without our having learnt our lessons, surely there will be another war even worse, if possible, than the present one.

"POOR CHINA"

I can see how Fate is weaving complicated patterns so that the War may come to its end, I hope, an end for all time. It is ridiculous to say that civilization is being destroyed. I believe that savagery is being destroyed. When the British say "the civilized world," they mean the white people. All these five years China has been fighting, and, though everyone disapproved of Japan, we passed by, only saying "Poor China!" There was no action to follow those noble words. Every country traded with Japan, bought Japanese clothes, silk, bicycles, thermos-bottles, and other products, while America for a long period fed Japan with aeroplanes

to destroy China—unfortunately now in use to help Japan in her attempt to destroy America.

Then, when the European war was declared, everyone forgot "Poor China." Now we need China. Of course, China also needs Britain—it has always needed help from outside—but who answered the call for help sufficiently?

OBSTACLES TO VICTORY

Throughout this war it is obvious that obstinacy and pride have stood in the way of Victory. Britain has always won in the past and so she has no doubts as to the future. Providence will help the British, for, in spite of their blindness and conceit, they have an innate sense of honesty and justice—though blurred very much by clouds.

Their sense of race superiority and conceit must go before they will win. Nothing is more unpleasant than to hear the English papers blowing their own trumpets, and nothing is more disgusting than the manner in which they explain everything away. We

always hear that they have "achieved splendid retreats," but one would rather hear of "splendid victories."

Of course they will blunder along to Victory. But it must be a Victory for all, including the downtrodden race of India. This is a year for Victory—not only for the British and the white races, but for all—for China, for India.

There was a golden opportunity missed in the early days of the war when the whole of India would have been happy to co-operate with Britain had Britain behaved decently to India. It is not only political freedom we want but the respect of the West to the East. How many thousands of incidents there are in the everyday lives of Europeans and Indians where we note the snobbery of the white element and the anxiety of the British to maintain their prestige. In the case of Singapore, for example, perhaps Britain felt safe about it, because she did not expect an Eastern race to defeat her, and I am not sure which is the more humiliating to the white people: the loss of Singapore or British prestige.

When India gains Swarāj, then will western nations dare speak ill of her, mock her religions and her people? It is true we are indebted to the West for railway trains and electricity—which China and other eastern nations also

possess without being under foreign rule. But we must have self-respect, which is impossible unless we stand in a position of equality as regards other nations.

China has scored in this war more than any other nation, for with hardly any help China has fought alone for five years against the very enemy who is threatening us today in the East. Chinese prestige has gone up, but unfortunately, they do not know how to boast.

At home we have the terrible and futile extremism of the Congress and the Muslim League. We are unprepared for independence. India has been foreign-educated and emasculated. How can she protect herself? It is foolish to ask for complete severance when we would only be swallowed up by Japan or some other nation. Why can we not ask for Swarāj, for the same position that Australia or Canada holds? This is something in which we can all join, and there is a possibility, however remote, that Britain will agree. To demand complete severance is obviously a waste of time. Yet politicians still fight with each other while poor India suffers, not knowing what to do, which way to turn. As everyone is equally obstinate, there is only one teacher—this present War which will not cease before we all come to our senses.

LOSING OPPORTUNITY

I feel a little sad that India is not taking advantage of Dr. Montessori's presence. She, the great genius of the world, is not being used to the fullest advantage. It is a strange phenomenon that when the greatest educationist in the world is in India teaching, the ordinary "L.T." degree seems still to be considered as necessary for recognition as a teacher. I wonder whether, if Shakespeare appeared in a college and offered to teach English literature, he would be permitted to do so.—RUKMINI DEVI

By J. L. DAVIDGE

THERE is a tradition that concurrent with the advent of the Lord Buddha in the sixth century B.C. a brilliant galaxy of sages came into manifestation, who took advantage of His tremendous magnetism to spread enlightenment over the world. So that within a comparatively short space of time we find besides the Lord Buddha in India, Mahavira, the founder of Jainism as we know it today, and San-karacharya, the renowned philosopher; Pythagoras was contemporaneously teaching in Greece, founding his school at Krotona in 530 B. C.; the Hebrew prophets of the Babylonian captivity were enriching the same age; and in China, Lao-Tze and Confucius were founding twin religions and cultures—the one intuitional, and the other practical—which pervade the religious life of China today.

The Chinese philosophy of that period was richer in thought and bolder in speculation than that in any succeeding age. For a century before Lao-Tze and Confucius and for two centuries after there was a rich profusion of philosophical thinkers: Confucianists, Taoists, astrologers and geomancers, jurists, logicians and sophists, agriculturists and miscellaneous writers. It was as if, after a long monotonous winter, spring time had come into the garden of culture and wakened into bloom many splendid flowers of various colours and odours. It was one of the most glorious periods in Chinese civilization, intellectual culture rising to the same level as in Greece, and in India.

LAO-TZE

The giants of the period were Lao-Tze and Confucius, the one born in 604 B.C. and the other a whole generation later, in 551. Lao-Tze lived to be ninety, Confucius 73. The two sages met in 517, when Lao-Tze was 87 and Confucius 33. What a wonderful meeting it must have been, and how full of import for the future course of Chinese philosophy! We can imagine the ancient sage, free and unrestrained in every way, receiving his visitor, a man of quite the opposite character, dignified and stately in movement, deliberate in speech; the aged Lao-Tze meditating on the Tao, as he called the Eternal, and on the purification of the inner nature; the younger man more objective, given to art and ceremonial and to the regulation of life by the multiplication of rules of conduct. So impressed was Confucius with the encounter that he said to his disciples on returning: "I know that the birds can fly. I know that the fishes can swim. I know that the wild animals can run. For the running one could make nooses. For the swimming one could make nets. For the flying one could make arrows. As to the dragon, I do not know how he can bestride the wind and cloud when he rises heavenwards. Today I saw Lao-Tze. Is he perhaps like the dragon?"

Little is known of Lao-Tze's early life. He was a southerner, born in the province of Tchu. Late in life he was curator of the Royal Library of Kao,

and was on the point of retiring into seclusion when his friend and disciple, Kwan-yin-tze, asked him to write down some of his teachings. Hence the *Tao-Teh*, the Path of Wisdom. Four centuries later the *Tao-Teh* was studied at court and was designated King, a classic, hence *Tao-Teh-King*. Though it has only 5000 characters, this is his great work and the heart of his doctrine. According to H. P. Blavatsky, "he is said to have written nine hundred and thirty books on ethics and religions, and seventy on magic, one thousand in all." But "the true commentaries, as well as most of the texts, have long disappeared from the eyes of the profane."

What is the Tao? The divine mind, the universal reason or wisdom, the principle of all activity. Teh is wisdom in particular, knowledge of the properties and purposes of the multiple objects to which the universal mother has given birth. Humanity stands between the universal and the particular, adjusting them. Professor Cousins sums up the cardinal doctrines of Taoism as: (1) Recognition of the One Life in the Universe; (2) Respect for all its manifestations.

"There is an incomprehensible being which existed before heaven and earth. Silent, transcendent. It alone persists and does not change. I do not know its name. In order to denote it I call it Tao."

Lao-Tze seems to have in mind what in Samskrit is called budh. And like budh, Tao is inherent in all things; it needs only to be set free. And freedom comes with yoga or union, as the *summum bonum* of existence.

CONFUCIUS

While Lao-Tze was aiming to produce the man of Tao, "the man of spontaneous wisdom and free, pure action," Confucius was writing prescriptions for the "superior man," the result of strenuous and persistent discipline. The one stressed the release of life, the other achievement by struggle and mastery. In *The Great Learning*, a book of teachings collected by his grandson, Confucius stresses the need for equilibrium. His *Doctrine of the Mean* is the doctrine of equilibrium and should be so translated.

"The superior man is quiet and calm, waiting for the appointments of Heaven, while the ordinary man walks in dangerous paths looking for lucky occurrences.

What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the ordinary man seeks is in others.

The superior man thinks of virtue, the ordinary man thinks of comfort.

To be able to practise five things everywhere under Heaven constitutes the perfect virtue: Gravity, magnanimity, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness."

One cannot help thinking that so venerable a sage as Lao-Tze was in touch with inner sources of illumination which we associate with the Great Teachers, was well advanced on the Path, and touched with his Promethean wand the aspiring Confucius. There are glimpses of supreme excellence in his superior man:

"Men who reached sovereign perfection can teach others how to obey the law of Heaven, can understand the natures of all living things, and

lead them to fulfil the law of their being. Thus they form as it were a third power between Heaven and earth."

And note what he says of the hierarchies of spiritual beings who surround us:

"Vast and deep are the subtle powers of Heaven and earth; they are one with the substance of things that cannot be separated. There are oceans of subtle intelligence about us on every side."

Confucius admitted that his main purpose was to effect a moral change in the nation by reviving all that was worth preserving in the ancient traditions, to rekindle the sense of duty to man and of reverence for the higher powers that control man's life. In his fifties he became Minister of State in the city of Chung-tu in the dukedom of Loo, and a marvellous reformation of justice and public order took place under his rule. But the morals of the Court dissatisfied him and he left in quest of the perfect ruler. The perfect ruler, he believed, should produce the perfect State. After thirteen years of travelling up and down, he returned to Chung-tu, having failed to discover a ruler sagacious enough to put into practice his ethical philosophy. But what a blessing he must have bestowed upon his country by spreading his teaching!

The reason why Confucius came to be so honoured and distinguished by the Chinese as their national teacher was because of his common-sense ethics based on humanism and devoid of any mystical or superphysical agency. They like him, especially the mandarins, in preference to all other philosophers.

Not only was he many-sided, encouraging art and music and poetry, but he himself made an important collection of sacred poems. Many of these are of great beauty, telling of ancestral sacrifice—of simple village feasts in which thanks were offered to the spirits of the earth who made the young corn grow and ripened the harvests; of the struggles of a young ruler to follow the thorny path of duty. Simple words like these are to be found in them:

With reverence I will go
Where duty's path is plain;
Heaven will I clearly know;
Its favour to retain
Is hard. Let me not say,
Heaven is remote on high
Nor notices men's way;
There in the starlit sky
It round about us moves:
Inspecting all we do,
And daily disapproves
What is not just and true.

MENCIUS

Let us leap across three centuries, and we find two brilliant philosophers interpreting these great masters to their own age: Mencius, the Confucian (the Latinized form of Mang-tze), and Chwang-tze, the Taoist. Unfortunately they never chanced to see each other, as did their great prototypes. It was due to the masterly propagation by Mencius that Confucianism enjoyed its triumphal progress through the history of Chinese thought. "Never since the creation of the world was there a person equal to Confucius," he said in praise of his master. His contribution to Confucianism is the essential goodness of human nature, and his book is

mainly composed of dialogues which took place between himself and the feudal lords whom he visited and with his followers and contemporary scholars. What Mencius did for Confucianism somewhat resembles what Chwang-tze did for Taoism. Chwang-tze seems to think that the universal Tao is present in every being; we have only to free ourselves from subjective ignorance and individual peculiarities and let Tao freely have its way; and we shall find it within ourselves and be able to find it in others because Tao is the same in every existence. He extended and detailed what is only vaguely suggested by his predecessors, and his writings are among the best specimens of early Chinese literature.

Unhappily this glorious period came to an abrupt end in the year 221 B.C., when the first Emperor of the Ch'in dynasty (Shih Huang Ti) took the most drastic measures to suppress the spirit of liberty which was about to bloom. He silenced all criticisms of his own opinions by burying his critics alive and burned all the books and documents that were not in sympathy with the new administration. The spirit of the nation was reduced to a coma

which lasted for a millennium, during which China produced not a single original thinker.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK

Buddhism was introduced during this lethargic period at the beginning of our own era, and it paved the way for the renaissance under the Sung dynasty from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries. But since that time China fell into the "dreamy inactivity induced by the excessive use of the opium of conservatism," using a phrase of Dr. Suzuki, and was not fully awakened until the degenerate dynasty of the Manchus was overthrown, and the people were prepared by the leader of the revolution, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, for constitutional government. But it was Chiang-Kai-shek, inheriting Sun Yat Sen's principles, who really united the people—the Nationalists and the Communists—on the broad base of a democratic socialism which is peculiarly China's own. In 1934 he introduced the New Life Movement, reviving the virtues of Old China, in order to reinvigorate the nation, and how well he has succeeded is visible in the vigorous stand she is making against the invader.

PATH TO PEACE

By J. H. Cousins

O trees and flowers and butterflies!
A moment from your labour cease.
I think you must be very wise,
You have about you such great peace.

T: "We house all comers free of
rent."
F: "We scatter for the common good!"

B: "To serve creation is our bent:"
They said. I heard—and understood.

O trees and flowers and butterflies!
May God our usefulness increase!
I think we must be very wise
Who know the simple path to peace.

The Strong Man of the East

By ROHIT MEHTA

THE visits of the Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his illustrious wife to India in connection with the prosecution of war in defence of Freedom and Democracy, will be long remembered. These two great leaders of China received a spontaneous and universal welcome from all sections of the public in India. It is regrettable that there was no popular Prime Minister in India to welcome these honoured guests on behalf of a popular National Government.

For four years and more we have witnessed with great admiration the splendid resistance that the people of China have offered against the brutal and unprovoked aggression of Japan. She has stood all alone these years holding aloft the flag of Freedom. Undaunted by the desertions of western democracies and the weakness of the League of Nations, unafraid of the support given to her enemy by the countries that paid lip sympathies to her cause, China has carried on the struggle for Freedom, not only for herself but for the entire world. In spite of terrible sufferings she has not bent her knee before the insolent might of Japan. But for her vigil and sacrifice the Flame of Liberty would have been extinguished. The world cannot be too grateful to China for saving human civilization from darkness and destruction.

But China has been able to achieve this very largely because of the splendid leadership in the person of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. It is he who

united the nation, it is he who inspired the people, it is he who galvanized the country for stupendous war effort and it is he who made China the spearhead of the World's Freedom.

THE HERO

The Generalissimo's life is full of inspiration for the soldiers of freedom everywhere. For him his country stands first. In the history of the Chinese freedom movement one can see that he has acted nobly at all times, never descending to the level of pandering to the populace. In the Chinese Revolution of 1911 he was the loyal comrade of Dr. Sun Yat Sen. For 14 years of trial and tribulation, when the foundations of the Chinese Republic were being laid, he worked incessantly with him forging China into a great Nation. With the death of Dr. Sun Yat Sen in 1925 started the period of disintegration of the Chinese Nationalist Movement. The short-sighted foreign policy of the Communist International helped in breaking up the Koumintang, the Chinese Nationalist organisation, and gave a severe blow to the young Republic that was beginning to stand on its feet. These were the days of trial. It was then that Chiang Kai-shek stood up for National unity as against Communist disruption. He was misunderstood. He was called reactionary. He was called the betrayer of the Chinese people. For more than a decade China remained disunited, torn between different war lords on the one hand and the Communist tactics on the other.

But in the midst of all this, Chiang Kai-shek did not lose heart. He remained loyal to the ideals of the Chinese Republic. He gathered his own force. He refused to be dragged into a premature conflict with Japan. It was rumoured that he was in league with Japan. He alone in China knew when to strike and when to plunge into the battle. When Japan attacked China in 1937, he came out of his comparative retirement to lead the Nation. We know after four years of fighting how he has united the nation and made China an impregnable fortress against the attack of Japan. He is indeed made of the stuff of which the great heroes of the world are made. He is the Strong Man of the East who has shown that

China, the land of philosophy, is also a land of wonderful heroism.

IF ONLY INDIA TOO—

Today the Nations of the world look to China for inspiration. China is destined to live, for China has a message to give. Indeed she is fortunate that she has found a leader who will make China once again shine with her ancient glory. If only India too could have such a dynamic leader in this her hour of great crisis uniting the people of this country and releasing the potential spiritual forces of this great Aryavarta! The world's true reconstruction cannot begin till India and China come into their own. In the leadership given by India and China lies the redemption of the world.

Link China and India

THE Sino-Indian Cultural Society of Adyar, of which Srimati Rukmini Devi is President and the Bhikkhu Arya Asanga is Secretary, held its first public meeting in the Headquarters of The Theosophical Society on China Day, 7th March.

"I can see before us a very happy and bright future in this deepening of the links between China and India," said Rukmini Devi. "Both China and India have become too much westernized, and all the teachings of our great Teachers are relegated to the background in these modern times of ostentatious show. There has been a great bond of friendship between China and India. The Chinese attract Indians and the Indians attract the Chinese. There has arisen a great

cultural unity between India and China—Chinese sages have been great Samskrit scholars. On the other hand the Rishi Vishvamisra, in giving the first lessons to the Lord Buddha, mentioned a Chinese Classic. We owe much to China. She is able to give something pure and true. If we enter into the spirit of China, we will realize that there is a subtle something that pervades the minds of the people as a whole

"It is not our meetings that matter, in an appeal for help in the work of the Association. It is not even this China Day that matters. What matters is that we feel, and such a feeling counts more than any words we may say. One must feel love for a nation. Let us think of these two nations together, and from this time onwards build a bridge that will stand for all time."

Kwan-Yin—The Mother of Mercy

By SHRI DEVI MEHTA

IN this critical period when a severe struggle is going on between the forces of darkness and the forces of Light, we pay homage to the people who fight for the preservation of Light and for the defence of the best in our civilization. Among such people the Chinese stand first with their heroism, one-pointedness, dedication and loyalty to their mother-land.

The Chinese people are fighting to preserve the culture of their great nation. The courageous women of China offer their sons, brothers and husbands with smiling faces in order that the light which has been lighted by Confucius, Lao-Tze and other builders of the nation may shine and enlighten the world. They struggle hard, face torture and pain with unparalleled courage and patience in order to preserve their precious culture, the religion, the arts, the sacredness of womanhood, the vigour of youth. No sacrifice has been too great for the people of China. Look at the horrible and brutal behaviour of the Japanese soldiers towards the women and children of China. What an acute and heart-piercing pain it must be for the Chinese women when they are forced to sacrifice the sanctity of womanhood before their bestial enemies! Look at the vigorous Chinese men fighting with the powerful enemy with great strength. We cannot imagine the terrible suffering caused by the death and destruction of the Chinese people through this

continuous warfare. It is admirable how the Chinese bear their suffering so heroically.

As we witness this heroism in the midst of terrible sufferings our thoughts naturally go to Kwan-Yin, the Goddess of Mercy, who has influenced the Chinese life for centuries. In the hearts of the Chinese people She has a unique place. She is worshipped in China as the World Mother. The people of China regard her as a Saviour, Giver of Solace, a Mother who lends Her ear to all petitions and cries of pain. She assumes suitable forms at pleasure to save mankind. She is called *Saptakoti-buddha-Matr*—Mother of Seven Kotis of Buddhas. Like the Hindu conception of Durga, Chandi, She is regarded in the Chinese religion as *Chun-t-i*—the Shakti aspect of the Divine. She is depicted as having three eyes, *Trilochana*, eighteen arms, *Ashtadasa-bhuja*, a mark of security, *Abhayanda Mudra*, and as holding a *Vajra*. All these show the Power aspect of the Deity. It is most wonderful to see Power and Compassion blended in the person of the World Mother. When we think of China, let us not forget this Divine Being. As the world is marching towards a New Era, let each woman become a reflection of this mighty Mother by becoming a creator of new human civilization. May Her Power and Compassion inspire us to build the New World!

A CALL TO MOTHERHOOD

(March 25th is Mothers' Day)



MANY Songs have been sung in honour and praise of Divine Glories. Who will sing the Song of the Mother, so that it may ring through the worlds, summoning all to the worship of Motherhood, calling My ministrants in the myriad living Temples of Motherhood to kindle upon the altars of their hearts the mighty Fire of Sacrifice and Power? Who will be My messengers to remind the world of the splendid majesty of Motherhood, of its noble sanctity, so that the world of the splendid majesty of Mother-Life, My children in the many kingdoms in this new dawning of the Mother-Life, may know a comfort and a rest long absent from their lives? . . .

Do you know how glorious is Motherhood? In every kingdom of nature the period of Motherhood is sublime, for the fiercest of creatures becomes infinitely tender, the most selfish full of sacrifice, the weakest mighty in self-protecting power of Motherhood, which forgetful protection. Such is the transmuting power of Motherhood, which lifts the lowest nature for the time into the splendour of its Divinity. Even the very physical body itself glows with faint consciousness of the Immanence of the Mother-Life Universal; and to those in whom the ineffable mystery of Motherhood dwells is opened a marvellous vision of the glory of the creative power of Life, of that which is the supreme and glorious wonder of Divinity. What is there more wonderful than Motherhood, for Motherhood is the supreme Act of God, with perfect reflection in every living Spark of His Life. All things are through Motherhood. In the seed is Motherhood. The fully-opened flower perpetuates its glory in the reproduction of itself, and lives on through eternity in act after act of Motherhood. Motherhood is the effulgent brightness of Eternity, glistening amidst the darkness of Time. Motherhood is the great Redeemer. Where Motherhood is, there is joy and peace, in comparison with which the passing pain is but a happy price to pay for the privilege of entering so glorious a kingdom. Motherhood is the consummation of all things. Motherhood is the fulfilment of life, the flowering of Divinity at every stage of its unfoldment. Motherhood is supreme Brotherhood. One who has been a mother has gazed upon Paradise and has entered a Heaven. What more splendid work for man than to help woman reverently to achieve the sublimity of her womanhood? What more splendid work for woman than to perform the sacrament of Motherhood either in her own person, or in the service of a world all too motherless? Shall not every woman be a mother, either to her own children or to My other children, to those who are starving for want of Motherhood? If every woman were active in My Service, and if womanhood were honoured, all wretchedness, all misery, all loneliness, all despair, would disappear, for there is no room for these where Motherhood abides in strength and tenderness.

—From *The World Mother*

A Day of Victory

IN spite of "situations" in various nearing theatres of war—or perhaps because of them—March 1st was a day of Victory, of great warmth and happiness in Adyar and with all friends everywhere, for it was the birthday of Srimati Rukmini Devi, our Editor.

In Adyar, the morning was heralded with the festival sound of drum and pipe, and Rukmini Devi came to her room where lights and flowers traced out a pattern of welcome on the floor. Many came at once to greet her and later at Damodar Gardens (the home of the Besant Theosophical School), she was greeted by Adyar residents and by the many friends and the various activities to whom and to which she is so close.

It is quite extraordinary on such a day to review the wide and widening field of Rukmini Devi's influence. Yes, Kalakshetra we know, and we know what a difference she has brought about in Indian culture with Kalakshetra; the Besant Theosophical School we know, and we know how the School has become greater because of her drawing so near to every student and staff member; the Theosophical Society we know, and it is not difficult to link her wonderful Theosophical past to a still more wonderful future—to say nothing of the wonderful present; but, do we know the South Indian Humanitarian League over which she presides, and how very near its work is to her ideals? Do we know about the Montessori Association and her close working together with Mme. Montessori? We know, I think, of the World

Federation and the All-India Federation of Young Theosophists and what she means to youth; there is also that steady-working and inspiringly idealistic body of young people known as the Order of the Round Table, an international Order working throughout the world of which Rukmini Devi is the Senior Knight. Read the address which was presented to her on this occasion and you will find that her life covers so much and so broadly, and though it is difficult to place it on record in an address, perhaps the most important thing that everyone felt on March 1st was that Rukmini Devi has time always for warm and deep friendship—she has time for those who are not quite so fortunate, who need the smile and the helping hand. It is not merely so many words—it is solid and practical fact.

In the evening there was a dinner party at the School and Kalakshetra Hostel. After dinner everyone went to the playing fields where mats and chairs had been arranged under the brilliant full moon. Everybody felt happy and like one large family, and though perhaps thoughts of war and the distress were present, this gathering was a positive challenge to gloom and depression.

As the groups broke up one by one and went their various ways under the Adyar moon, it was with a veritable reservoir of warmth, friendliness and good cheer engendered by the light which shone all day kindled by her in whose honour the festival had been celebrated. —A.E.

Srimati Rukmini Devi

On the occasion of this your birthday, we give you our sincere and loving greetings. This is indeed a day of joy and inspiration for us all.

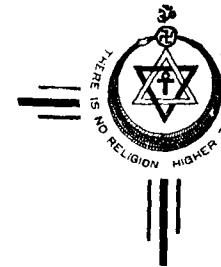
All of us who have the happiness of living and working with you in Adyar realise how great a privilege it is to be associated with you in your inspiring spiritual and cultural work. By your unique life and influence you reveal to us a new and ever-broadening aspect of The Ancient Wisdom.

India finds in you a true spiritual herald proclaiming the dawn of Her new life and culture. The world of animals and birds finds in you a great friend for you have entered their hearts as few ever can.

We are proud of your leadership and feel secure in your compassion and in the beauty of your affectionate comradeship. There is no better gift, therefore, that we can give from the depth of our gratitude than whole-hearted dedication to your work and loyalty to the magnificent spirit of your mission.

We ask for you the blessing of a long and happy life so that the world may more quickly grow to that splendid goal towards which you unceasingly point the way.

Adyar
1-3-42



An address presented to Rukmini Devi on behalf of her friends on the occasion of her birthday.

Birthday Address

1st of March was the birthday of our Editor. In connection with the celebrations there was a gathering of all those who desired to greet her in the premises of the Besant Theosophical School, Adyar. To the greetings and addresses Rukmini Devi replied:

RUKMINI DEVI

FRIENDS, I have to thank all of you for making this birthday for me a very happy day, not merely because you have said and done so many beautiful things, but because I feel there is the expression of your affection and friendship for me that counts above everything else.

When I awoke this morning I was greeted first by the President,¹ and then my thoughts went to many many others. I thought of C. W. Leadbeater. This is the day on which he passed away. He is a great inspiration to me. Many years ago, before I thought of learning to dance, he told me I would be engaged in cultural work. I did not think it possible, because I did not feel I was musical, I was not learned. Though I did not disbelieve him, I thought I could not fulfil such a great ideal. Out of love for art I started to learn dancing, though music was always my great passion. I did not expect anybody would like my dancing. When I was praised it came as a surprise, and I asked whether the praise was real. I only expected to go on and improve in dancing, not as an ordinary means of self-expression but as a means to an end—in the dance both the means and the end are spiritual—because I hoped through the dance to do some good

¹ Of The Theosophical Society, Dr. Arundale.

for the world and particularly India. I still have that idea and so I offered myself to the Great Teachers.

However much you may appreciate me, according to my own understanding, I have a long way to go to fulfil my ideals. I know I must work towards that end, and as there are so many ideals, it is very difficult. The arts I love, for in Art you bring to earth all that is beautiful. Through Art you bring heaven to earth.

I feel so much needs to be done in education, for we must have an ideal education, an education of mind, of emotion, of bringing down into the lives of the young a spirit of dedication to the Motherland and to the World as a whole. We must have an education on cultural lines, so that every single person from this School will go into the world as a cultured person. Whether we agree or disagree with one another is of little importance. What matters is that we go forth as truly cultured persons to represent the very soul of our Motherland.

In one of your greetings you have said that the animals have taken me to their hearts. I know that I have taken them to my heart. I hope in the future I shall be able to do more, whatever I may be doing, for them. Only one ideal stands out and that is the Ideal of Beauty. Translated in beauty of life, we have Compassion, the highest ideal

of Beauty. In this marvellous atmosphere of friendship and compassion I shall endeavour to become a miniature reflection of those Great Teachers who have taught the highest ideals and have shown forth in Their own lives the Ideal

of Beauty. If we can follow Them we can bring the highest spiritual Idealism into the world. I am very grateful to all of you and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kind and affectionate wishes.

A Light-Bringer

The Third All-India Montessori Training Course was prorogued on 8th February, our Editor presiding. Tributes were paid to Dr. Montessori by the students through an artistically written address and also by the Mayor of Madras, by Mr. T. R. Venkatrama Sastri and by Dr. Arundale. Here follow extracts from the address and Dr. Montessori's reply.

THE ADDRESS

WE, the students of the Third All-India Montessori Training Course, greet you and pay our humble and reverential homage to you.

The vast sweep which you have taken in your addresses and the scientific facts on which you have based them, the new conception of the greatness and the power of the child which you have given us, and finally, the sublime heights to which you have taken us and the subtle transformation which you have brought about in us—all these have left a lasting impression on us, which we shall never forget.

You, Mr. Montessori, have been the true interpreter of the soul of our dear mother. You have given us a glimpse into the spiritual insight of her mind. In you we have found a living embodi-

ment of what a Montessori teacher should be.

The present terrific conflict which has now extended into a world war has more than convinced us that the orthodox method of education is faulty and it has revealed to us the urgent necessity of bringing about a radical change in that method or perhaps better, a complete overhauling.

You, our Mother, were the first to make an epoch-making discovery of the sensitive periods of infancy and apply them in education—a discovery which is bringing about a revolution in our methods of teaching. You have been the first to fight for the rights of the child and to insist on providing him with an environment which is suitable to the needs of his development where he could grow in freedom, unhampered and undisturbed.

Your ideas on freedom, discipline and work, your ingenious didactic apparatus which keeps alive the interest of the child in his work, the miraculous transformation you have brought about in the character of the child by your method from that of a "tormentor to a cheerful worker, from that of a

destroyer to a zealous custodian, from that of a noisy, boisterous, disorderly child to an orderly child full of spiritual calm,"—these have been some of the most unique features of your method.

You have given us a new vision as regards the place and function of the child and of the Montessori teacher in the New Order which is coming.

You are a light-bringer. We pledge ourselves to keep that light which you have lighted burning in our hearts and do our utmost to spread your unique message in our little worlds.

DR. MONTESSORI'S REPLY

The address presented has indicated that even more than being sensitive and receptive, you, my students, have shown the creative spirit. You have not taken merely that which I have given. Something very far beyond me, very much higher, has spoken to you. To

that voice you have listened. Even in the very far past it was announced that humanity should be uplifted by a small child, that the small child would be the greatest, the most important person, almost the King in the Kingdom of Heaven, and the Guide on the Path of Law, of Truth, and of Life. The child with what he reveals is the guide for the betterment of the world.

Gather round the child, so that the child-spirit may triumph. It takes those who are sensitive to aid in the penetration of the child-spirit throughout the world. What am I to tell you more than you have told me? It is you who have given. It is you who have gone beyond the understanding of my words. Continue to work. Take that light and spread that light and may the blessing of God be upon you. I am at this moment as a child and you are as teachers who have irradiated my heart, and I thank you.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM

It is perfectly clear that both India and China . . . will exercise a tremendous influence upon the future of the civilization of the world. I imagine that the West will go partly into obscurity and that the East will come partly into prominence after the war is over. There are these swings of the pendulum ever taking place. The West has dominated, the West has conceived its own literature, its own art its, own pre-eminence in so many directions, as the last word in civilization. But the West and the rest of the world has to learn that there is another word also to be spoken. And if that word can be spoken by India and China together it will have a tremendous influence.

—G. S. ARUNDALE

Elephant Saves Cat

AN amazing act of animal sagacity was seen the other day at Trivandrum. An elephant was planting poles to act as pillars for a huge shed. Lifting the poles with its tusks, it was methodically setting them up in the pits arranged for them. But on reaching a particular pit it refused to plant the pole. No amount of shouting or brandishing of sticks served to make the animal change its mind. Twice the mahout urged the tusker on, but in each case it looked at the pit and retreated. Its refusal was most pointed, yet there was no sign of restlessness or fright.

At that moment some one from among the watching crowd suggested that the pit be examined, and to the dismay of the mahout a trembling cat was taken out of it. The elephant,

without waiting for the customary signal from the mahout, now raised and planted the pillar, and the crowd rewarded him liberally with plantains and sugarcane.

The commencement of every important religious event in Travancore is marked by the planting of a sacred pillar, otherwise known as *Kalanattu*, and a skilled elephant is invariably employed. It is surprising to watch the process, for the sagacious creature, after waiting for the earth to be filled in around the base of a pillar, will often step back, inspect the result, and then dexterously correct any variation there may be from the exact perpendicular.

—N.P.H.

(From *The Illustrated Weekly of India*, January 11, 1942.)

Elements of Education

LADY STEWART, wife of the Governor of Bihar, is reported to have recommended, according to *The Hindu*, (15-1-1942)

the "five H" scheme of education :
Health, Hand, Heart, Head, Heaven.

DR. GEORGE S. ARUNDALE has often emphasized that education is for the "three H's" :
Healthiness, Happiness, Helpfulness.

The phrase "the three R's" as constituting the elements of education is well-known :
Reading, wRiting, aRithmetic.

Some years ago a fourth R was added :
Religion.

Following the ancient ideals of education, DR. ANNIE BESANT set forth the elements of the student's life under "the four S's" :

SERVICE, STUDY, SIMPLICITY, SELF-CONTROL.

The Pros and Cons

By JOAN V. GALE

THE other day I went into a large music store in London to buy a piece of music. I had heard this piece played on the wireless and had rather liked the arrangement. Naturally, I inquired whether they had this arrangement; they had not, but they had another one. I glanced through it; no, it was not the same. I pointed out that the arrangement I wanted would sound, as I thought, very good on the organ. The young man said that there was a very good arrangement for the organ. What did I do? I bought the arrangement they had and asked them to get the organ copy, and they said they would try to get the arrangement I wished, though it might be difficult, as it was a German arrangement. The young man pointed out that I would have three copies of the same thing. "Yes," I said "but I shall be able to judge its worth all the better."

What is the reason for my telling you all these details? It is this: I bought three arrangements of the piece of music to enable me to judge its worth better. I still went on trying for the particular one I desired, but I took the others until this was possible. So, I think, does this apply to us every day. We all know what we are aiming at,

and that the plan will be fulfilled some day, but—and here is where my story comes in—we must find out and consider all the different ideas which are abroad at present. By this I mean that we must weigh up both the pros and the cons so that our knowledge is complete. So many people read about a subject from one angle only and quite forget that the opposite view has some very good points too, though they may be wrongly applied. It is no good reading someone else's precis of the opposite view because that person may be prejudiced. Read it yourself and form your own opinion. Here again I would put in a warning. While you are studying the opposite viewpoint, do not lose sight of your own objective. Keep that in your eye always, whatever you are doing.

I feel that the young people in particular should consider this because, as I said before, they are the people to lead in the future. Therefore they must have knowledge. As they are young, their brains are young and, if they will, they have the time to spend on study. "Learn to understand all things, the evil as well as the good."

—From *Theosophical News and Notes*

All things are possible to him who *believes*; they are less difficult to him who *hopes*; they are easier to him who *loves*; and still more easy to him who practises and perseveres in these three virtues.

—BROTHER LAWRENCE

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

APRIL

1942



Am I a man of great wisdom and goodness?
Then who is there among my fellow-men
that I will not bear with.

—CONFUCIUS

MESSAGE

THE time is hard and the work is heavy, but we must remember that we are an advance guard, sent forward by the great Commander to bear the brunt of the attacks from superstition and bigotry, so that the next generation may live in a purer atmosphere and develop nobler characters. The coming civilization, the civilization of the New Era, cannot be built up till the worst elements of the present are purged away from our midst. Glorious is the task of facing terrible odds in the service of the ancient Rishis of the Motherland; we are part of the army of the Light, and victory is inevitable. We know our Chiefs; we trust our Commander; the Flag that we bear is blazoned with the Star in the East, the Star which by a beautiful coincidence is the Star of India. For us, there is no fear, no doubt, for we know our goal and the road to it. Keep then in your hearts the Peace of the Eternal abiding in the Self.

—ANNIE BESANT

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

Incorporating
THE YOUNG
THEOSOPHIST

Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

April 1942

Vol. XVII, No. 4

Now, suddenly, the cry rings across the land: "To Arms! The Motherland is in danger! To Arms!"

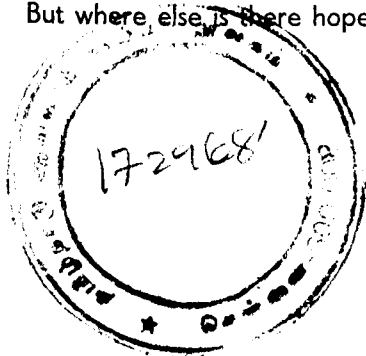
—ANNIE BESANT

The Crow's Nest

IT is very interesting how Politics and War have taken the forefront of everyone's mind today irrespective of the normal interests and vocation. The safety of our people, the anxieties as to the future and personal problems which have come crowding in upon us owing to the complete dislocation of normal activities have temporarily put a stop to all thoughts but our Country and War. Musicians and artists have left Madras long ago, children are away from school and therefore in a smaller or greater degree, even the ordinary villager has become politician. My own work along cultural lines has temporarily stopped, nor does my mind regret it. These are great times and no time could give a greater opportunity for a new life for the world and a new life for each individual.

The Axis powers talk of a new World Order. I do not believe in their kind of Order but that a new World must come there is no doubt. Will it be a better World? It depends upon us. We are all so sure of

our wisdom and our opinions. We can only go upon our own convictions—but must we be so sure of our sureness? Only the wise will say that even when we are most sure, we give room for our own mistaken judgments. When and before the new world comes, we need new leaders. Why does the Youth of today stay quiet, completely docile and accepting everything that the leaders say? Can we not make a Campaign for new, original and commonsense thinking and planning for the future of our country? Does it matter which organisation we belong to—the Congress, Muslim League, Hindu Mahasabha? Can we not accept that which is right from each and belong to no party whatever? I feel that to belong to a political party means the acceptance of dictatorship. Why not respect all but accept only that which appeals to our clear and sane judgments? How I wish this could be and how I wish for a New Leader with genius and fire—with a vision of the future, with a spirit of India—who does not reject what he can absorb from the present or past, who has in him (or her as the case may be) a complete understanding of all castes and creeds. This is a big order—but if the Youth of India stirs into activity and starts to take things in his hands, genius will come. Every country has missed opportunities; so has India. Must we continue? New blood, a new attitude and a fresh point of view is needed today. I cannot see any hope of a United India until this happens. I do not blame the present leaders, but they are all used to each other and pride will stand in the way unless some one comes to whom nobody is used. This may be a strange point of view. But where else is there hope?



Rukmini Devi

THE WAY OF RELIGION

By SYED SULTAN AHMED

The following is portion of an address by the Hon'ble Sir Sultan Syed Ahmed, Law Member to the Government of India, at the All Religious conference held on the 14th March 1942 at the Town Hall in Delhi. We are grateful to the Hon'ble Member for permission to use his address in our journal.

HERE in this great land of Majma-ul-Bahreïn, unity of religions must be a tangible truth, too glorious to miss. Where the Faqirs of Sarhind and Pakpattan mingled their messages with those of the Sanyasis of Benares and Prayag, we need but mutely think of this truth and better not argue. Where Kabir and Nanak, Rajjab and Ravidas, Paltoo and Prannath, Baba Lal and Dadu Dayal sang of "both Allah the Bountiful, and Ram", we have only to lift our heart to The Most High, to the One God, who equally inspired the Upanishad and the Qoran ["God is one without a second"—Upanishad; "There is no God but God"—Qoran].

Where Amir Khusro and Gopal Nayak played together in the realm of music, and Abul Fazl and Raja Todar Mal worked for the cohesion of an empire, the talk of co-operation is indeed superfluous. Yet, such is our cruel irony that this very hallowed land—where the pre-Aryan, the Buddhist and the Zoroastrian, the Sufi and the Bhagat, the Vedanta and the Qoran, Sanskrit and Persian, the East and the West, put forth melodies in a grand Orchestra—should be torn with the war of creeds.

Ours is *par excellence* the land of unity, of peoples and religions and cultures. And yet it is this country that

is today subject to the bitterest deprivation for want of an agreement. We are perhaps the most fantastic of "prodigal sons."

"LIKE IN DIFFERENCE"

Religions of different groups of men at different stages of their progress under different conditions of their moral needs are just "Not like to like, but like in difference." This is because these men themselves have in their very being a kindred touch in spite of their individualities and variations through ages and climes. There lies the root of the essential contact of all religions and cultures.

The unity of all religions follows the unity of men. Mankind is one. From the day of his appearance on the earth, the rational man has been endlessly altering and multiplying types, but all within the limits of a single species—the *Homo Sapiens*. This, as Julian Huxley says, is indeed a great wonder that no other animals have such an amazing diversity in unity; while Aldous Huxley is surprised that there is so little unlikeness in view of the immense variance.

Religion stands for man's ultimate relationship with his Maker. It expresses his joy of union with the Divine.

It is the perfection of the sense of beauty in human thought, the sweetest flowering of love. In an emotion so high strung, a conception so serene and elevated, there may be but pleasing differences,—as between the several notes in music, differences but not differing and making for harmony. Religious antagonism is a gross contradiction in terms, a perversion of values. It is the very negation of religion, a vile simulation of the prettiest of feelings, a miserable misrepresentation of the sublimest of passions. The religious lores of the Hindu, Buddhist, Zoroastrian, Christian and Muslim are full of messages of love. Says the Gospel, "As the Father has loved Me, so have I loved you. As I have loved you, you are to love one another. I have told you this that My joy may be within you and your joy complete". The Qoran speaks of God as "Love" and as the "Author of Peace."

WAR OF CREEDS

Yet the war of creeds has been long, relentless and catastrophic. Creation seems to spin back to the age of the reptiles. Alas, it was the snake that gave wisdom to man. To echo the agonised query of Sir Sarvapalli¹: "Is it a matter for surprise that some people believe that a malignant demon sat by the cradle of the infant human race?"

Not only different religions are to be viewed as complements of one another, but also religion and science are to be regarded as allies. Religion need,

¹ Sir S. Radhakrishnan, the well-known exponent of Hindu philosophical thought.

of course, not be confused with ritual. The former is the spiritualisation of our belief; the latter, at one time its aesthetic and social counterpart, is more often than not the mechanisation of faith. Happily modern science has no quarrel with religion as such.

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

If we care to reach the heart of our religions and look into the ineffable light that the Messengers of God had lighted, we should not fail to realise that not only all religions are united in spirit, but all human beings too. "Mankind was a single nation", says the Qoran (Chap. II, 9). In fact, brotherhood of man is the corner-stone of all the great religions of the World. Whatever stands in the way of implementing this truth is to be resisted. That barrier is to be removed to make way for the progressive movement of a federal world. It is this sense of a higher fulfilment that puts India under complete and unqualified obligation to oppose the reactionary force of the Axis powers as long as they choose to be reactionary.

Recently in anxious quest of political and economic equality, men have lost sight of social and human equality. In their effort at widening the circle of affiliation they have learnt so far to think, in terms of "Federation of Anglo-Saxon speaking peoples," "Europe must come together," "Asia is one," and so on. But why should we halt even here? Our huge task is to see that mankind is an organised whole, bound in relations of a living band. As long as there is sectional affection, there will remain feverish rivalry, blind hatred, and ruinous war. The salvation

lies not in the co-ordination of a country or even a Continent.

WILL TO UNITY

Religion should not be a compartmental virtue, concerned with muttering hymns and observing rituals for a few hours or days. Nor is it a dope for retirement. There is such a thing as active principle in a religion which helps the functioning of a complete man. The recognition of unity of all religions must be an article of faith with us, entering into every deed we do, every thought we think, every expression of our personality. We have met inva in today in the name of religion if we return home with nothing more than a paper resolution and no will to build a massive unity. The Qoranic message that "We make no distinctions" (Chap. II, 136) should stimulate us to harmonise all our individualities. We live in sheer ignorance of the truth of the religious orders in which we are born if we do not cultivate the religion of man inherent in and common to all great religions of our heritage.

BUILDING HUMAN SOCIETY

The time has come for building up a whole human society with the vitalising essentials of all religions. When love, and not political deals, will resume its sovereign rule, human unity cannot be far behind. International diplomacy alone is not good enough for implementing a federal world. "Put thy cleverness away," urges Kabir, "love is something other than this, and he who has sought it truly has found it." Today, however, the soft hand of love is thrust aside by the mailed fist.

Over human affairs today, two charmed words prevail "practical" and "realistic", as if a Clemenceau achieved more than Christ for his people. And all the prophets of India, China and Arabia are held up to ridicule. Yet at no period of history has the world been in greater need of harking back to the great utterances of the Sages of old:

Bible.—"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God" Matthew, v, 9.

Qoran.—"God calleth to the abode of peace"—x, 26.

Vedas.—"O earth peace; O atmosphere peace; O heaven peace; peace, peace! I appease whatever is horrible, cruel, evil. Peaceful, favourable, let all here be calm."—Atharved, xix.

The talk of the new world order is on every lip. Nations often sit together to order world unity. But their voice is not heeded by the forces of history. For, leaders of nations meet with head too full of politics. They want the illumination of love to see that it is the life breath of the Maker that makes the whole world kin: "Then He made him complete and breathed into him of His Spirit." When in the light of this spirit mankind will as of old look at their common soul, on that day this very world will be transformed into a newer world! A new heaven and a new earth are ever in process of creation. For instance, what a new Arabia and a new human outlook was brought about by the Holy Prophet during his lifetime! The greater a truth is, the more manifold is it in its bearing, exhaustive in its application. Let this prophecy guide our hands, and our hearts, in reconstructing the new world order that must be imminent.

Our Common Heritage—China and India

By RUKMINI DEVI

A talk broadcast from Madras on China Day, the 7th March. We are indebted to the AIR, Madras, for their kindness in permitting us to reproduce this talk in our journal.

It is a happy occasion for one who is studying particularly the greatness and culture of every nation to speak of the cultural heritage of India and China. The oldest civilizations in the world are the Chinese and the Indian, and there has been for centuries a natural attraction and bond between these two nations. Both to the Indian and to the Chinese people a spiritual philosophy of life in terms of everyday living has had an irresistible attraction. There is no doubt in the minds of those Indians who are above nationality and yet embody the very Soul of India, that from our ancient Indian culture there can be brought into modern life such great inspiration as alone can produce great arts. India has had the inestimable privilege of having had born on her soil many of the greatest Teachers of humanity, like Lord Krishna, Sri Rama, Sri Sankaracharya, and the great Lord Buddha. Until modern times, when unfortunately superficiality came into the world, India has always been the healthy soil on which could flourish Religion, Philosophy, the Arts—Music, Dance, Architecture, Painting, Literature—and every form of learning and Science.

The greatest of India's teachings have been those famous words which were

uttered for the first time by the great Bhishma, on his bed of arrows: "Ahimsa is the Highest Dharma." Both in times of peace and war India has always responded to this ideal. Perhaps the ideal has not been understood and practised always as wisely as it should have been, but nevertheless the ideal attracts our people, and the very Embodiment and Personification of that ideal was the Lord Buddha, who wandered throughout the whole of India preaching this truth until He was old. By the charm of His face and His magnetism, He made everyone forget all but the most beautiful in life. His teachings remain, but we miss His presence and His personality, for with a few words, and often with no words at all He changed men as He passed by in the streets and highroads. As is so beautifully stated by Sir Edwin Arnold in the *Light of Asia*:

. . . The slayer hid his knife;
The robber laid his plunder back; the
shroff
Counted full tale of coins; all evil hearts
Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler,
Kings at fierce war called truce; the sick men
leaped
Laughing from beds of pain; . . .
. . . the Spirit of our Lord
Lay potent upon man and bird and beast. . .

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This ideal has spread all over the world, so far indeed that in China people of another race but with that essential response to the same principle were conquered by His teachings. But the Chinese went one step further than we did in India. They became followers of the Lord Buddha. Their nation became Buddhist and their culture was the embodiment of Ahimsa, in their own equivalent, Benevolence. Benevolence has always been the most wonderful quality of the Chinese. As the result of their philosophy the Chinese have also responded to Beauty in everyday life. And so, with this benevolent blessing of the Lord Buddha, China grew from great to greater heights. This oneness of spirit brought a unity with India. Wise Chinese sages worshipped at the altar of India's greatness and great Indians bow before the teachings of Confucius, Lao-Tze, and others.

The Chinese not only took the Lord Buddha into their innermost beings but in so many other ways they seemed to be moving on parallel lines with India. The principle of Kwan-Yin, the Chinese counterpart of the Indian Avalokiteswara, who became the Mother Spirit of the Nation, who inspired every woman and every child of China, who was, and is, the Goddess of Mercy, became such an exquisite conception that it gave culture and beauty and idealism to womanhood. Though many modern people consider that Chinese women are kept in purdah and are unhappy, just as they consider that the women of India are unhappy, from the Chinese point of view, as also from the Indian, woman is the Mother; woman is sacred, and the beauty of womanhood is rev-

erenced for the unequalled inspiration she gives to the nation, for the love she gives to her children, and for the holy principle she represents to her children. That is why both Chinese and Indian women, except when they are modernized, are so different from women of the Western world. The subtlety and fineness of the feminine magnetism they represent is by far the most exquisite among the womanhood of the world. It may not be understood by others but it is pure and true.

In religion also there is this oneness. Just as Hinduism is fundamentally a philosophy of life rather than mere religion, just as Hinduism is composed of myriads of thoughts and contributions of the Great until it has become like a limitless ocean of splendid teaching, so in a similar way has China added to herself the faiths and teachings of the Great, and so also is her religion a philosophy of life. The Chinese believe in the dharma of learning to live together in mutual goodwill. To know how to live and how to react to one's surroundings is considered as the essence of religion, and their spiritual aim is the perfect blending of Beauty and Goodwill. In an old Chinese classic called *The Great Learning* there is a saying: "The way of the Great Learning is to illuminate the illustrious virtue, to enlighten the people, and to realize perfect Good." Other proverbs say: "All beings" should "live . . . without injuring one another"; all lives should "lie parallel without colliding against each other." How happy those days must have been when there was so much cultural exchange between these two nations!

APRIL
1942

In the arts also it is marvellous to see, as every great artist in the world invariably recognizes, the depth of understanding that the Chinese displayed. Every art connoisseur, every art critic, whether eastern or western, and every poet and artist, respects and reverences Chinese art. One feels when one sees Chinese art, whether in painting or in simple forms of embroidery,—which are unfortunately dying out in these modern times—whether in the old arts of China vessels and pottery, that there is the hallmark of a nation with thousands and thousands of years of culture behind it. There is a depth and truth even in the simplest Chinese art, which, however much they may copy, others cannot express. There are many countries which have very beautiful expressions of art, but, in my opinion, every country must look to China as the Mother of Beauty. Just as spiritual principles influence the great and wonderful arts of India, so have they influenced China. How much of Chinese art has been influenced by India it is difficult to tell, but I know that China

has benefited from ancient India. We should also benefit from China.

Their sense of colour is wonderfully fine. Even when one looks at their designs and their colour as it was, one wonders whether they have been able directly to capture something from Heaven and bring it down to earth. I can only compare such design and colour to the beauty and rhythm of India's great learning, of India's architecture, of her poetry, of her dance and of her music.

I feel that these two nations knew the secret of the spiritual reservoir which they were able to touch, and in their art, as is true of real expressions of Beauty, there is not the monotony of uniformity.

One who is working for cultural uplift, as I am, cannot think of a better ideal than that India and China should plunge into the depths of their own ancient culture and come together to show to the world what true reconstruction is. I am told China is westernized. So is India. We could both gain more if India learns more from China while China becomes more Indian.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE MEAN

TSZE-LU asked about energy.

The Master said, "Do you mean the energy of the South, the Energy of the North, or the energy which you should cultivate yourself?"

"To show forbearance and gentleness in teaching others: and not to revenge unreasonable conduct: this is the energy of the Southern regions, and the good man makes it his study.

"To lie under arms: and meet death without regret: this is the energy of the Northern regions, and the forceful make it their study.

"Therefore, the superior man cultivates a friendly harmony, without being weak—How firm is he in his energy! He stands erect in the middle, without inclining to either side. How firm is he in his energy! When good principles prevail in the government of his country, he does not change from what he was in retirement." When bad principles prevail in his country, he maintains his course to death without changing. How firm is his energy!

CONFUCIUS

The Warden on Watch

ON duty in Adyar are Wardens of the A. R. P. service. All day and all night. They watch—on the alert for the enemy's approach. They are filled with a sense of duty to all that makes up the Adyar life. Even the stones, plants and of course the animal creatures must come under the Wardens watch. He is not there merely as a servant of the people but he is there for the protection of all that is dear to life itself—therefore his Watch is full of interest, it cannot become tedious for he is a tiny, infinitesimal outpost of the consciousness of Righteousness. His thought turns in its alertness to wonderful fields of discovery and he creates a protecting shield of energy around his Ward.

At night, as the broad waters flow past the lovely gardens and dim houses, lightless and still, thoughts come in an ever changing flow of varying colours. How strange it is that one is here at all, sitting in the quiet night with its display of shooting stars and its sailing moon. Why is there war? Who really willed it and why? As these questions come the whole earth seems to turn and sigh and settle down again to the grim toil of the fight and it seems somehow right that this war is here. Yet there fast follows another thought; out there are the Japanese—how close or how far we do not know—they are men as we are, they love their Motherland, as we do, they are convinced they fight for the Right, as we do—why should we fear them? But do we? No we do not. To fear them would be to throw them further into the hands of their

evil slave-drivers—those who wish the whole world to be enchained to the rock of despair. How futile the whole thing seems in this still and luminous night. A cricket chirps and a bat emits his tiny song and a fish leaps and the early bullock carts rumble across the bridge—all is so beautiful and tranquil.

In Russia there are men with frozen limbs, women with suffering families toiling in homeless wastes—in Poland there is worse for the moon will shine tomorrow upon the greatest suffering in the Western lands of today. In China a great people are winning the grimmest struggle by sheer weight of national temperament and courageous simple living. Here in India the night is yet lovely, it has not yet shown its evil face—it is yet serene—"Halt!" "Halt!"—what is this rift in the night? It is war and the distant rumbling bullock carts are stopped by distant sentries. One's breath is held—will the carts go on? The rumbling starts once more—a fish flaps the surface of the water—and all is still again. What fear was in the peasant drivers of those carts? Did they not fear the sudden, unwonted interruption of their jogging unhurried journey? What right has man to torture man in this insane way? Can this war be in any way righteous? In the East the sky lightens—the night is about to withdraw. Nature turns in her sleep and settles down for her last dew-drenched dream. Yes, this war is a war of Righteousness. There are Those Who know what man can do and man has not done those things—and now he must do them.

Why even sitting here on Watch one can do much more than just awaiting the signs of the enemy's approach, or await his onslaught from the skies—for A. R. P. is not merely this, but it is something positive—something not merely precautionary—something, it is which is a creative setting up of protective, active battalions of thought, feeling

and spiritual power guided by the highest within. This is indomitable, even if physically the "worst" should happen.

The dawn breaks—the clocks strike the early hours. The Japanese have not come tonight. Will they come this day? What if they do? We know what our duty is as Adyar awakens to a new day.

It's Never Been Done Before

"It's never been done before!" How often do we hear this objection to some new process, some new work or some reform.

Actually it is the weakest that could be made.

When Noah built the Ark it had never been done before, and the same applies to George Stephenson's locomotive, Marconi's wireless, and countless other one-time wonders which the world now regards as ordinary conveniences.

"It's never been done before!" has been the catch-cry of the diehards and the reactionists ever since the world began.

Yet all the time mankind is seeking and praying for the things that have never been done before.

The conditions of success in life are the possession of Judgment, Experience, Initiative and Character.

—GUSTAVE LE BON.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE

One of our subscribers writes of our Journal.

It is all the time becoming a more interesting and artistic publication. I was glad to see the names of several more of the real young citizens appended to articles (and good ones) in the last issue. Surely more of the young citizens could make contributions.

Should not the young people write for their magazine, even though they may at first feel a natural inexperience?"

[We shall be very happy to receive not only contributions from our young friends but any suggestions and remarks as to how we can make the journal more interesting.—M.]

The Prophet



C. JINARAJADASA

Report (unrevised) of a talk at Adyar on 10th April 1941, the Prophet's Birthday.

MUHAMMAD, the Prophet of Arabia, was born in the year 570 of the Christian Era. His family was among the noblest of Mecca. He was a posthumous child, born after the death of his father, and his mother died when he was only six years of age. He was brought up first by his grandfather and then by his uncle Abû Tâlib.

At this time in Arabia, conditions were rather curious from our modern standpoint. First there was no real religion such as we would recognize today, but there were many cults worshipping unshaped stones. Certain stones were considered objects of worship, one of which was called the Al-lat. Though there was much superstition, there was little akin to real religion. The position of women was very low. They were practically chattels and were transferred like slaves. When a man died his many wives became the property of his son. Furthermore infanticide, the killing of children, and especially of girls, was quite common. Living as they did among the warring tribes, they wanted only a certain number of women, but more males so that they could be fighters. So it was quite common to kill the little girls as soon as they were born.

But these tribes scattered throughout Arabia were all linked in their worship

of Mecca, where there was a certain Holy Stone of meteorite origin, the Kaaba. Just as in Greece there were times of truce during the Olympic Games, so during the periods of pilgrimage to the Kaaba all warfare ceased. Mecca is still the Centre of the worship of Islam, that Centre towards which, in parts of the world, Muhammadans turn at times of prayer.

Muhammad was a merchant and became the manager of the estates of a rich lady. He made two trips to Syria where he observed the conditions amongst the Jews. He was named Ali Amin, trusty. In his twenty-fifth year he married Khadija, who was a widow of noble birth, then forty.

Muhammad was very very sensitive to conditions around him, and was what we would call today a visionary. During the course of his spiritual experiences He received a new message of the nature of an intense realization of God, apart from all the superstitions and practices of the tribes. He hardly believed these revelations could be more than the imaginations of a disordered brain, and he thought he was going crazy. Khadija, his wife, was the first to believe in him. Then his cousin Ali, and also his old uncle Abû Tâlib.

His message was of a pure form of worship of God absolutely separate from that of image-worship. Very few listened. They laughed at him and called him a "dreamer." In the course of the first five years of his working

and preaching, only about fifty followers gathered around him. Because he denounced certain idolatrous practices, naturally he was subject to very great persecution. He was considered a revolutionary and against all established customs and all who believed in him were also persecuted.

Under his direction a certain number of his followers emigrated to Abyssinia where they were given protection by the Negus of the time. When the envoys of Mecca asked for the return of the refugees, the Negus turned to them and inquired what they had to say: The brother of Ali, the spokesman, made a reply memorable in the history of Islam:

"O King, we were plunged in the depth of ignorance and barbarism; we adored idols, we lived in unchastity; we ate dead bodies and we spoke abominations; we disregarded every feeling of humanity and the duties of hospitality and neighbourhood; we knew no law but that of the strong, when God raised among us a man of whose birth, truthfulness, honesty, and purity we were aware; and he called us to the Unity of God, and taught us not to associate anything with Him; he forbade us the worship of idols; and enjoined us to speak the truth, to be faithful to our trusts, to be merciful and to regard the rights of neighbours; he forbade us to speak evil of women, or to eat the substance of orphans; he ordered us to fly from vices and to abstain from evil; to offer prayers, to render alms, to observe the fast. We have believed in him; we accept his teachings and his injunctions to worship God and not to associate

anything with Him. For this reason our people have risen against us, have persecuted us in order to make us forego the worship of God and to return to the worship of idols of wood and stone and other abominations. They have tortured us and injured us, until finding no safety among them we have come to thy country."

Needless to say the Negus did not return these refugees to Mecca. The persecutions continuing, the Prophet finally on the 16th of July 622 made that Flight or Hegira from which the Muhammadan Era is dated. At Yathreb the Prophet was received with wonderful enthusiasm, the city changed its name and was known as Medina or the City of the Prophet.

It was during this period that He gave a charter of Rights to the Christians. He realized that the Christians had a belief in the Unity of God, and he did not wish in any way to have quarrels between his followers and the Christians. He attempted also to build a treaty of friendship between the Arabs and the Jews, for they both had the common tradition of looking backwards to Abraham. He did not want them to give up the worship of their God, but wished them to live side by side in friendship. But the Jews began to plot against him and he is forced to defend his people. So begins the life of Islam as a militant faith. He returns victorious and becomes the ruler of the Arab tribes. He sends ambassadors to the various religions. In 630 he conquers Mecca and in 632 he passed away.

One of the problems of the historian is to attempt to understand why a magnificent teaching concerning the

Unity of God should have become involved in a religion of imperialism, why Islam should have attempted to impose its faith on others, and in doing so, have taken the sword in hand. But history is confronted with similar problems in the case of most of the Great Teachers whose teachings have been transformed.

Such a fire was invoked by the teachings of the Prophet that like

a flame it spread from country to country.

Here in brief we have the life-story of the Prophet who was simple at heart but full of intense humanity. Whether he would have approved of all that has happened in the name of his religion I do not know, but no religion had a loftier conception of God with no worship of form or symbol—the purest form of monotheism.

A POEM

By Mirza Khan, Ansari

How shall I define what thing I am?
Wholly existent and non-existent, thro' Him,
I am.

Whatever becometh naught out of entity,
The signification of that nothingness am I.

Sometimes a mote in the disc of the sun;
At others, a ripple on the water's surface.

Now I fly about on the wind of association;
Now I am a bird of the incorporeal world.

By the name of ice I also style myself;
Congealed in the winter season am I.

I have enveloped myself in the four elements;
I am the clouds on the face of the sky.

From unity I have come into infinity;
Indeed, nothing existeth, that I am not.

My vitality is, from life's source itself;
And I am the speech, every mouth within.

I am the hearing-sense within every ear;
And also the sight of every eye am I.

I am the potentiality in every thing;
I am the perception every one within.

My will and inclination are with all;
With mine own acts, also, satisfied am I.

Unto the sinful and vicious, I am evil;
But unto the good beneficent am I.

In the lot of the devoted, I am the honey;
In the soul of the impious, the sting.

I am with every one, and in all things;
Without imperfection—immaculate I am.

'Tis by the mouth of MIRZA that I speak;
An enlightened heart, without similitude, I
am.

The Solar Heroes—Why We Worship Them

By J. L. DAVIDGE

WHY is it that the great religious festivals, especially those of the Christian calendar, fall in the first half of the year, between the winter solstice and the vernal equinox approximately? We have only to go back behind the celebrations of the birth and the death and resurrection of the Great Saviours to discover that they have a common origin, and find ourselves in the presence of a worldwide myth which all people have believed in from the very beginnings of our human race. It is the story of the Sun-God, born at the winter solstice, midnight of December 24th, above the equatorial line the shortest day in the year, when the sign Virgo is above the horizon. As this sign is rising he is born of the Virgin, and she remains a Virgin, immaculate and unsullied, after she has given birth to her Sun-Child in the heavens. The immaculate conception which is celebrated in the churches has its origin in this solar myth. In ancient drawings the Virgo of the Zodiac is figured as a woman suckling a child, the type of all future Madonnas.

At the spring equinox, when the celestial equator intercepts the ecliptic, the Sun-God crosses over and is "crucified," the date varying with each year. Symbol of that crucifixion is the Cross, a symbol of the highest antiquity. The most ancient delineation of the cruciform attitude is the figure of the God in the vault of heaven, with outstretched arms blessing the universe. Plato thus pictures him. It is hardly necessary to remark that probably not

one of the world's Saviours actually suffered death on the Cross—Jesus the Christ, we are told, was stoned to death. It is because of the very sacred and significant character of the Cross symbol that crucifixion came to be recognized as the form of death which the Saviours must have undergone. After the crucifixion the Sun-God rises triumphantly in the heavens, giving his life to men and building up the fruits of the earth, as the Saviour is ever depicted giving of his life as food to his worshippers.

We have only to remember that the birth date is fixed and the death date a variable solar position to realize the significance of these solar festivals. Easter, for example, is a movable festival, calculated by the relative positions of the Sun and the Moon, an impossible way of fixing year by year the anniversary of an historical event, but a very natural and inevitable way of calculating a solar festival. Hence these changing dates point not to the history of a man, but to the Hero of a solar myth, and the same events are reproduced in the lives of the various Sun-Gods: Quetzalcoatl, Osiris, Tam-muz, Perseus, Bacchus, Mithras, all were of divine and human birth. The very name of Easter is traced to Ishtar, the Virgin-Mother of the Babylonian Sun-God, and alternatively to Eostre (Old English), Goddess of Light, probably derived from the Sanskrit Ushas, the Dawn-Maiden.

These great cosmic happenings have their reflections in human life, the

stages in which the Solar Hero in every one of us—the deathless *augoiedes*—rises exultantly to his divinity. We connect them with rites of initiation—as above, so below—and call them stages on the Path of Holiness. These stages are distinctly marked in the Hindu and the Buddhist faiths, and dramatized in the story of the Lord Christ in the *New Testament*, from the Nativity on December 25 to the Crucifixion and Resurrection of Easter, and the Ascension into Heaven forty days later—it falls this year on May 14.

In the Nativity at Bethlehem, the Baptism in the Jordan, the Transfiguration on Mount Tabor, the Crucifixion and Resurrection of Eastertide, and the Ascension into Heaven forty days later the five major stages of the Path are symbolized, each stage bringing a larger expansion of consciousness until the triumphant one, having ascended to superhuman levels, has "overcome the world," as the Scriptures phrase it. He has "wrought the purpose out" of his incarnations in our human world.

Given this key to the relationship between the astronomical passage of the Sun-God and the Initiations on the way to Adeptship, we can more clearly comprehend the vivid reality and beauty of all the festivals in all the religions and connect them with our private lives: Ramanavmi, Mahavir Jayanti, Prophet's Day, all of which fell within a few days of one another at the end of March; World Mother's Day, in the Christian calendar, the Annunciation of our Lady, on March 25; or the crowning festival of Wesak on May 1st, full moon day, celebrating the birth, enlightenment and death of the Lord Buddha. Whether actually dates in time or not does not matter; what matters is that these events deal with mystical experiences through which every one of us passes sooner or later, and with their cosmic prototypes. And by contemplating them we may grow in the likeness and greatness of those we celebrate and in deepening knowledge of the mysteries and glories of the universe around us.

Unknown Heroes

The world is full of unknown heroes, They rise, and work, and die, and humanity, for the most part, does not even hear their names. Only the things they do live on.

The heroism that flares forth in the heat and blood of battle never fails to excite our admiration and gratitude. But the heroes who fight poverty, pain, and disease, who wage lingering war from the cradle to the grave, who face hopeless odds in squalor and obscurity, who willingly enter contests in which they know there is never any hope of victory—all these figure among the unknown warriors whose deeds are not written in history.

Perhaps some day the world will find a way of recognising all these great men and women. Today their only reward is the knowledge of duty done.

—Author not known

Eastertide, Anno Domini 1942

AS the deep wonder of Eastertide unfurls its true and splendid banner of Life, it is so obvious to us that in these days of war we live an Eastertide of our own—an Eastertide where mankind is suffering to rise again from the Dead. It is indeed strange that this War arising in the West has come about by the fatal denial of all that the Man of God Who suffered and died for His brothers has taught and lived, has been created by those Nations who have called themselves His people. One can almost see the Judas of our civilization in the West.—a Judas who has betrayed his Master for a bag of coin.

Is it mere speculation to think that the whole world is at the threshold of a common Eastertide? Can we not almost see the same tragedy played before our eyes but with the significant difference that then one Man died and was raised from the Dead to show us the Way, whereas now Mankind is dying so that Mankind can enter that Way? Without the suffering, without the vilification, without the bitter deceits and betrayals, without the hate of the bigoted, without the final working of the inevitable Law (as typified by the Roman Pontius Pilatus), and lastly and most tragic of all, without that complete loneliness when even God seems to have forsaken His own—there can be, it would seem, no Resurrection into

the Way of Happiness and Eternity. Is this not happening today with the whole of Mankind? Are not whole peoples crucified? Must they not cry in their hearts "O God, why hast Thou forsaken us"?

And yet we know, because of that Great Sacrifice of two thousand years ago in Palestine, that Mankind will be entombed for a small while, but the stone will be rolled back from the portal of the tomb and the Angel within will once more ask that most wonderful question of Mankind itself: "Why seek ye the living amidst the dead?" And we shall turn in wonder and behold a radiant Form we shall recognize as the New World which shall greet us with Christ's "All hail!" Then and then only can we really know what "Victory" means, and with a broad and clear vision we shall say with St. Paul, the Apostle of Jesus, "Thanks be to God, Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." For He it is in all His wondrous forms, in all His religions and philosophies, in all His divers ways and manifestations Who has shown us the way; and it is veritably through Him, the Supreme Teacher, that we gain the Victory, for He has shown and does constantly even now show us "The Way, the Path and the Truth"; for He is these things Himself.

—A.E.

The just man shall be as the light of the morning: even a morning without clouds.

As the tender grass springing out of the earth: as clear shining after rain.

The righteous shall be clearer than the noonday: he shall shine forth, he shall be as the morning.

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

MAY

1942

"Let youth forget differences and remember only the happiness of others, of the Motherland and of the World."

IMPORTANT NOTIFICATION

All members of the Burma Section of The Theosophical Society and all members of the Burma Federation of Young Theosophists who were able to evacuate Burma safely and are now residing in India are requested to send their names and addresses to the Recording Secretary, The Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras. It will be enough if they send their present addresses and notify to the undersigned whenever their addresses are changed. This is needed in order that contacts between these members and the Adyar Headquarters may be preserved and in order that important communications may be sent to them for their information. Those members of the Indian Section who read this and are aware of the whereabouts of any member of the Burma Section and the Burma Young Theosophists' Federation are requested to draw the attention of such members to this notification.

The Theosophical Society,
Adyar, Madras.
May 8, 1942

ROHIT MEHTA,
Recording Secretary

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

Incorporating
THE YOUNG
THEOSOPHIST

Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

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May 1942

If every one of us will work, strenuously and continuously, until each has purged his own heart of every trace of resentment against every person, who has, he thinks, injured him, we shall then find, perhaps to our surprise, that Peace is reigning over the whole world.

—ANNIE BESANT

The Crow's Nest

THE crisis has subsided into a dullness of monotonous activity and into an atmosphere of anticipation of something which takes time to come. One wonders whether, after all, the War of India is, perhaps, one which comes from within. Anyhow it is obvious that it must come from within oneself before it can come from outside. But how much worse it is! For so long India seems to be a house divided by itself. Every political leader says the same and suggests as a solution only one method, which is that every one else must change and come under his special flag. China became one when Japan attacked her. Will it take such suffering and tragedy before we learn? How terrible and selfish it seems that a handful of people, because of their importance, can make the poor and ordinary people of India go through such storms—perhaps bringing to them greater distress and making them homeless and famine-stricken! It is said that Democracy is a safeguard

against the tyranny of the autocrat and the dictator. But Democracy has provided equal tyranny in the form of political parties and their leaders. Is there no way out?



Poor India is going through such a terrible time. Gandhiji suggests a 'simple' way out: let the British quietly leave India. There is a still simpler way out! Let Hitler and Mussolini quietly declare that all they have done is wrong, apologize and stop the war! Then we can all work for World Peace. If everyone's heart is full of peace, all is well.

But what is the solution to the problem as it is? I hope that the young citizens will come forward with original thoughts and lead India to a great unity, which is bound to bring Freedom. One often thinks of the phrase in the *Bhagavad Gita* where Sri Krishna says, "Wherever there is decay of Righteousness, there I myself come forth." How one prays for such a Great One, for never has there been a need for Him greater than today. I cannot but feel that only One—so Great and Superhuman—can turn humanity away from this unreality of cruelty and ignorance, for only He can capture the heart already filled with the desires of the World and lift it to Greatness and Beauty.



For a long time, I have wished that Indians would be Indian in their attitude and spirit. My ideal has been that we should become completely Indian in our daily lives, in our homes, in the way we dress, in everything we do; for we need the Swarāj of the Soul far more even than of the body. What can we do with Swarāj if we have it but to create a copy of a Western Government? We have so much that is wonderful and beautiful which we can revive and add to. The way Indians dress themselves in foreign clothes seems always to be a symbol

of a slave mentality which is bound to affect us unconsciously in all our activities. I am glad to see that in Travancore, where His Highness the Maharaja is so simple and so Indian, they have at last definitely decided to adopt only Indian clothes on all official and unofficial occasions. Being Indian and surrounding ourselves with everything beautifully Indian is sure to bring back into India the spirit of true Culture.



We offer our deep gratitude to the late Mahamahopadhyaya Swaminatha Iyer for his great services to India. Only South India knows of him but he was great nevertheless and what he has done for the Tamil culture is surely something so wonderful that the whole of India benefits, even if unconsciously. One day when there is a greater Indian Education, Indian children will know of the greatness of their own country. The Tamil child will know of Kabir and Tulsi Das as other children will know of Avvayyar, Thiruvalluvar and Kambar. When such Education has become a reality then Swaminatha Iyer will be known as one who gave India continued life by making alive the Spirit and Beauty of an ancient language—Tamil.

Rukmini Devi.

Goodwill Day
May 18, 1942

WINGS

Once, on a spring morning
A Robin in a tree
Spoke to me
And said,
"Where are your wings?
How do you fly?"

I turned my face up to him
In the tree's greenest part,
"In my heart,"
I said,
"For there beauty sings,
And I soar high!"

—By a Young Citizen

The Wesak Festival

By ANNIE BESANT

IN the world's history there is perhaps no event of so great an importance from the viewpoint of the spiritual unfoldment of the race as the Enlightenment of Gautama, who became the Buddha 2531 years ago today. And yet its significance is not realized by the world at large, who read histories written for it for specific purposes. What are generally known as myths are items of true history, epoch-marking and deeply significant. In this land of Religion, both among Hindus as well as Buddhists, the full-moon day of the month of Wesak¹ is held in reverence for reasons varied and sundry. The High Gods who guide, unknown and unrecognized, the slow evolution of humanity, have their own way of teaching and recording, and one of these is through the medium of popular legends and tales. On this full-moon day not only that Rishi became the Buddha, but also was He born in the Hindu Royal House of Kapilavāstu and became known as the gentle Prince Siddhārtha. And on the same full-moon day, when His time came, after 45 years of blessed teaching of the Noble Eightfold Path, that Master of Masters, that Perfect Teacher of Gods and men, cast off His superb body, 80 years of age, and passed out of the sight of flesh to continue His work of blessing from heaven on high. Thus three notable events—of birth, of reaching Buddhahood, of casting off His fair garment of flesh—took place on this

¹ Corresponding to May.

Wesak full-moon day. In holy memory thereof all those below His august rank have ever since observed it in the Sacred Sangha.

THE LAMP OF THE LAW

There is a strange belief, handed down by tradition, and reverently nurtured by the devout Buddhists, that every year on the Wesak Day, the Lord Buddha blesses the race of men who are His younger brethren and thereby the world is enriched in spiritual power and potency. However that may be, in this Āryavarta where He was born, where He "set in motion the Royal Chariot-wheels of the Kingdom of Righteousness," where through His preachings hundreds crossed the stream of *samsara* and reached the other shore where bliss abides, this day ought to arouse latent memories of a far-off past when He left India glorious in all expressions of life and labour. Lord Gautama ushered in a new era of progress for the race of which He was the first to reach Enlightenment. He also introduced a new epoch in the story of India's culture, both spiritual and sociological. The fetters of creed and dogma, the limitations of bigotry, the narrower outlooks of life, had worked their natural havoc in our Aryan civilization, and He was born, "this last of many times," to break those fetters, to remove those limitations, to widen those outlooks. How marvellously He did it all is a matter of history. In that splendid and most inspiring poem,

The Light of Asia, Sir Edwin Arnold has given us, in superb musical language, the marvellous life-story of this Man of Perfect Stature—His royal birth, His marriage of exquisite love with that embodiment of spiritual charm, Yashodhara, His life in the Palace of Pleasure, His seeing the life of the sorrowful, His reading the sign of His mission, His escape from the prison-palace, His wanderings, His questionings, His meeting with the tender Sujata, "wiser than wisdom in her simple lore," His wending to the Bodhi Tree, His solving the mystery of existence and pleasure and pain, His gaining Illumination, His return to the Deer Park at Kashi, His founding the Sangha, His establishing the Dhamma, and then His passing away—all never-to-be-forgotten incidents of spiritual value and significance.

THE PATH OF PEACE

In our world of today, where strife begets pain, struggle begets poverty, war begets blood-shed, we have forgotten the gentle ways of Peace, the joyous paths of Ananda. Naturally we may crave for the priceless boon of

knowing the secret to "grow content, from time of tender shoot to time of fruit" which this Master searched and found. If only man, "nursed on blood," turned his feet to paths of Forgiveness and Love and lived as the Buddha taught, understanding the Four Noble Truths—the Sorrow, Its Cause, Its Ceasing, and the Way,—the Noble Eightfold Path, he would arrive at that fair garden where "spring the healing streams, quenching all thirst," where "bloom the immortal flowers, carpeting all the way with joy." Immutable Peace would then be his, and Power of the Immortals, and Wisdom which is Love and Labour which is joy. May this Anniversary Day bring its benediction to a sorrow-laden world; may Peace come to stay where strife is; and may every man, irrespective of his creed or his clime, learn to love and serve the High Deliverer, that Lamp of the Law who assured us:

Enter the path! There is no grief like hate!
No pains like passion, no deceit like sense!
Enter the path! far hath he gone whose foot
Treads down one fond offence.

—New India, 17 May 1916.

Goodwill Day

MAY 18th is a day on which, in many parts of the world, people think specially of spreading goodwill around them, and of exchanging greetings one with another and one country with another.

From one point of view, this may be looked upon as a confession of our weakness. Why should we have to set

apart one particular day in the year for radiating goodwill? Why not make every day a goodwill day? If every day were a goodwill day for sending our messages of goodwill, there would be no necessity to reserve one day for the express purpose of thinking goodwill. That we do set apart one day for goodwill suggests that there is an

absence of it on the other three hundred and sixty four.

If this be so, then, thank God for at least one day when we put aside our bickerings and our squabbles. Let us turn this Goodwill into a veritable Force. At no time has the world been in greater need of goodwill than today. There is distrust abroad between man and man, nation and nation—for lack of goodwill—and it has led us into the most terrible war the world has ever known. If there is to be 'Peace on earth' there must be 'Goodwill towards men.'

And let us not forget the animals and the plants in our Goodwill—our younger brethren who serve us so unstintingly, the plants no less than the animals. For all their service to us we owe them more goodwill than we can ever hope to give. They give us their life, their love, their trust: and in return what do we give? A little water, a

little food. They deserve our love and gratitude! Our Goodwill would be incomplete if we were to forget them.

Let us make our Goodwill a Force. Force implies Energy and Energy implies Work. Goodwill must be the outcome of Good Will and not a wishy-washy sentimentalism. Good Will manifests itself in Good Thoughts and Good Deeds, and is the driving power behind our actions. Therefore is it an Active Force and not a passive dream. With this dedication of our actions, let us make every day a Goodwill Day, and so in the words of Tennyson:

"Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

—LILLIAS M. GALE

PEACE TO MEN OF GOODWILL

The question is sometimes asked with regard to the words of the *Gloria in Excelsis* in the Christian Liturgy whether the translation "On earth peace to men of goodwill" should not be replaced by "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men." Should not goodwill be poured out on all, the good and the bad alike? What is the right attitude to adopt? One of the respected friends of the young citizens answers thus:

WE must radiate good to all. But what is good? That requires deep consideration. There is a core of good in every man and woman; and whatever conduces to its natural expression and expansion is the best help that

can come to him. This core or centre constitutes, according to the Greek and also other philosophies, the lasting part of man, the Divine principle in him. Its expression is in beauty, and it experiences in its own self-realization the most perfect bliss. Also it is the principle in us, by which alone can come pure knowledge, whether of the subjective or of the objective world. If we can emanate from ourselves influences conducive to the expression of this natural beauty, pure knowledge and innate beneficence, we are doers of good to others. The first step to such a radiation, or a primary process in it, is the

feeling, nay the longing, of an unadulterated goodwill to others.

The willing or doing of good by one provokes the good in others, and leaves the ill, if any, in them untouched. Peace cannot come to a mind full of ill-will, however much it may be wished. But if we can be full of goodwill to all, without limitation or reserve, we will naturally find the peace which is the poise of an inner harmony, a feeling of inner coherence not dependent on outer circumstances. Even in those in whom evil is most manifest, it is through

the elements of good that may reside or lurk in them that we can communicate the blessing of peace. In each man who does wrong and is malevolent, there is a man of goodwill hidden, waiting, to whom the blessing of peace can go forth. So we wish peace to all, but in the nature of things it can reach only their better selves. The lower self can find peace only as it merges into and becomes a reflection of the higher principle, or in other words becomes receptive and capable of good.

Good Citizenship

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

THERE is something more important than any policy to which the various political movements in India adhere and propagate. What is it that is far more important than a National Government, or than any appeasement, or than Pakistan, or than the policy of non-violence, or than Dravidistan, or any other political platform jerry-built or substantial as it may be?

It is to promote in all possible ways Good Citizenship in every son and daughter of the Motherland—a Good Citizenship which stirs in every Indian all that is best in him or her to live a contented life and to love the common Motherland.

THE G.C.M.

It is that Good Citizenship which unites all in eagerness to serve India,

which rises far above all party politics and policies, which ignores all platforms and creeds, which is intent on the one Brotherhood of the Indian people with all internal barriers such as exist at the present time razed to the ground and forever forgotten.

After all, whatever may be the political platform on which we may respectively stand we are one in our common Citizenship which means brotherly living for mutual happiness and for a common purpose.

It is not any particular party with its political dogmas and doctrines which can now avail to serve India in her time of urgent need. Nothing can avail to serve India in her own crisis, or in the world crisis itself, which divides one Indian from another. A greatest common measure of unity of living and of purpose must be found if India is to

survive as India and as the World Power she is designed to be.

Without delay, a greatest common measure of Good Citizenship must be devised which shall include all, irrespective of differences of sex, creed, mode of living, or opinion. To such common measure all citizens of India must be invited to subscribe in speech, in action, in aspiration, in conviction. They may have opposing political affiliations. They may differ as to their respective faiths. But there must at least be between them the indissoluble bond of a recognition that they share a common citizenship with common duties and common privileges, and with the supreme obligation of service of the Motherland and of a spirit of brotherhood towards every fellow-citizen by reason of a citizenship which is common and a Motherhood of India no less common and surely immensely precious to all.

Let us try to enumerate the essential ingredients of Good Citizenship—partly the individual concern of every citizen, and partly the concern of the community generally and of the State.

PHYSICAL WELL-BEING

First and obviously, physical well-being in all its aspects. The first concern of the ruling authorities is this physical well-being of every citizen. There is needed in this country, here and now, a great movement for universal physical fitness as the basis of all other fitness, and as an essential part of that capacity to defend the Motherland against attack which is inherent in all Good Citizenship. In such physical fitness lies the foundation of all true patriotism. No one is the kind of patriot he ought

to be who is not intent on being as physically healthy as he can.

CRAFTSMANSHIP

Second, some kind of craftsmanship, be it what it may—for women, craftsmanship of one order; for men, craftsmanship of another order. But there is no Good Citizenship without a capacity to do things, to create things, to appreciate and reproduce the Beautiful.

REVERENCE AND OBEDIENCE

Third, a reverence for and an obedience to that Law and Order which it is the duty of all good citizens to help to maintain—a reverence and an obedience which involve both self-respect and respect for all others whoever they may be. There can be no true patriotism or freedom without disciplined living. An individual who cannot obey is no true citizen.

DEFENCE

Fourth, regular training in the defence of the Motherland. The women and the girls will undergo the training appropriate to themselves; and the men and boys will undergo the training appropriate to them. But there must be no citizen without training to defend his or her home and city, and to resist all aggressors whoever they may be.

CIVIC SERVICE

Fifth, preparation for and training in Civic Service. There are no citizens who cannot give some kind of civic service, and there are no citizens who cannot benefit from it. Every citizen must learn to cherish his Motherland in such terms—larger or smaller—as he is able

to contact, and to give her such practical service as lies within his power. The glory of the heritage of India must be honoured by all who for the time being have the privilege of being her sons and daughters.

THE COMMON HERITAGE

Sixth, every citizen must have such acquaintance as is possible to him with India's greatness in all its aspects, with the nature of her past, with the problems of her present, and with the expectations for her future. Amidst all the differences which may separate one citizen from another there must appear a universal and common heritage to which every faith and culture and race contributes a splendid share. Every citizen must learn to cherish that which is his own contribution in terms of his individual faith, race, and culture. But no less must he learn to cherish ardently the whole, of which he is a part, and all other constituent elements of that whole.

CHIVALRY

Seventh, such acquaintance with India's greatness, with the glories of her past, her present, and her future, will stir in every citizen one of the most vital qualities of Good Citizenship, namely, Chivalry, which may be interpreted as the eagerness to protect the weak and the helpless, and to fight ardently all wrong and injustice. Good Citizenship will give happy strength to every Indian citizen, and will confer upon him the privilege of having those duties which are ever to be associated with strength. It has truly been said that "the strong have duties while the weak have rights."

We must not forget the animal citizens, the vegetable or mineral citizens of India. India's citizens are not merely confined to members of the human kingdom, but the forgetfulness of her subhuman citizenship is one of the great evils that weakens both India and the human kingdom itself. Against all cruelty to animals, and against all ugliness, the Good Citizen must also fight.

THE PANACEA

The above are among the essential ingredients of that Good Citizenship, upon the universality of which throughout the country India's peace and happiness and prosperity depends.

Never will India be peaceful or happy or prosperous as her prominent men and women seek to advance her interests through vague declarations as to her right to Freedom, through any political compromises which acknowledge differences instead of trying to abolish them, nor through waiting for Britain to comply with this or that demand.

All that India desires and needs can most quickly come to her through the spread of Good Citizenship among the generality of her citizens, and upon the spreading of Good Citizenship every leader and worker should constantly be intent.

India's Freedom can only be firmly established through Good Citizenship on the part of the vast majority of her sons and daughters.

Britain may make any number of declarations. A Swadeshi Constitution acceptable to all classes and creeds

may be duly fashioned. National Governments may be set up at the Centre and in the Provinces. India may be given the authority to defend herself. But all will be of little avail without Good Citizenship.

Hence, whatever superstructure may be planned it must be placed on the firm foundations of Good Citizenship.

ORGANIZE CIVIC FRONT

But to spread Good Citizenship far and wide there is need for civic workers in every village, in every town, in every city, so that all citizens may be gathered into groups for the necessary training. There must be a great drive throughout India organized by enthusiastic and competent citizens with an ever-increasing eagerness to fulfil their obligations both to themselves and to their surroundings.

These civic workers must be prepared to abandon party politics and all political controversies for the time being, so that they may devote themselves exclusively to this non-political, non-party, but supremely patriotic service of the Motherland.

The spread of such a movement will immensely strengthen India both for the defence of her frontiers and for her hastening to the establishment of a true Freedom and a very real independence.

How many citizens are there, young and old, who will be eager to take up this plodding work of building themselves and of helping to build their fellow-citizens into Good Citizens, putting on one side all the excitement of party politics and hectic meetings and the

shouting of slogans for this and against that? How many are there who are eager to work for the Motherland rather than to make a noise for her or to hear numberless demagogues shouting out their political wares and crying aloud that "Codlin's the friend, not Short"?

The Good Citizenship Movement will be a movement for all real patriots — for young patriots and middle-aged patriots and old-aged patriots, for women, for men and for young people, for the rich and the poor, for those who live in palaces in cities, for those who live in thatched dwelling-places in far-away villages.

It will be a movement to bring about happy and prosperous living through the patriotism of Good Citizenship. It will be a movement entirely independent of the political conditions obtaining in India.

Whatever else happens, GOOD CITIZENSHIP MUST HAPPEN. And the sooner it happens the better.

Good Citizenship Circles, or whatever we may like to call them in the various Mother Tongues, may be set up anywhere and everywhere and should be conducted according to the nature of the Good Citizenship of which the members of the Circle are capable, so that where they are they may discover the ingredients for a Good Citizenship which shall make their lives somewhat happier than they are, and therefore India stronger than she is at present.

They become Good Citizens as they are helped to make better use of the lives they are at present living.

A Great Pandit Passes Away

The passing of Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Swaminatha Iyer has removed from India another great influence so closely following the passing away of Poet Rabindranath Tagore. It is a great misfortune for our country though perhaps only South India would know of such a loss. If the Mahamahopadhyaya¹ had written in English and had travelled around the world he certainly would have been recognized as one of the greatest contributors to the cultural renaissance of the world. But his contribution to the Tamil language and learning, whether it is in English or not, makes no difference to the greatness of his personality.

Realizing how great and valuable the charm of his personality and the value of his vast learning would be to such a Centre as Kalākshetrā, I invited him to be one of its Honorary Members. He was pleased to accept my invitation, but his declining physical strength prevented him from taking an active part in our work. But he unhesitatingly gave his support and blessing to my work, for which I am deeply grateful to him. I think that the best memorial we can raise for him is for the younger generation to honour, in their personal lives, the great principles for which Swaminatha Iyer stood.

I hope that we shall be able, gradually, to develop the gift that he has given to South Indian culture so that it may have world wide value. There is no language which has expressed more truly and beautifully the great poetry and philosophy of life as Tamil. All great culture is a unity and I know that the quality of Tamil is something so unique that it is bound to bring about a truer Indian spirit when it takes its rightful place with the culture and poetry of other parts of India.

—RUKMINI DEVI

¹ Literally, the greatest of great teachers or professors.

Mahamahopadhyaya Swaminatha Iyer

INDIA has lost a respected and learned Tamil scholar in the passing away of Mahamahopadhyaya U. V. Swaminatha Iyer, D. Litt., on 28th April last, at the ripe age of 88. He was born at Uttamadanapuram, a village near Kumbakonam, South India. Even while young, he showed a distinct inclination towards the mastery of classical Tamil. He was

fortunate in his teacher, the late Vidwan Minakshisundaram Pillai, acclaimed to be the modern Kambar,¹ whose sole life-mission was the dissemination of the

¹ Popularly called the 'King of the poets' and the celebrated author of *Ramayana* in Tamil poetry. It is said that he composed 700 stanzas a day and completed the great epic in a fortnight.

rich treasures of Tamil literature to hundreds of pupils. Swaminatha Iyer had beautiful reminiscences of his pupilage. His devotion to his guru is clearly visible in his biography of that great man. He was first the preceptor of the Tiruvadudurai Mutt, then the Tamil Pandit of the Kumbakonam College and later on the Tamil Professor of the Madras Presidency College which he served till his retirement.

SAVIOUR OF PURE TAMIL

Dr. Swaminatha Iyer's life-work lay in the resurrection of the marvellous poetry of the Sangam Age¹ from its hitherto neglected obscurity. The Sangam Age was the Golden Age of Tamil poetry. Noble poems with grand spiritual visions were written then. How unfortunate that the light of that magnificent candle should have ceased to shed its rays! Sangam poetry lay in heaps of palm leaves. With indomitable courage, he took upon himself the arduous task of setting in print at least a few of those ancient classics. But for his efforts, we would have entirely lost sight of those inestimable treasures. He spent all his spare time in looking into heaps of manuscripts to get at the correct text. He would not pass a single line unless he was sure of its original purity. His capacity for meticulous examination of every single fact was amazing. He visited village after village, town after town and carried on an immense correspondence

to collect every available manuscript pertaining to a particular text. The publication of *Silappadikaram*² (the Lay of the Anklet) is a point of instance. He knew of the existence of a commentary by an ancient poet without which the poem would not be intelligible to present-day readers and he desired to publish the original with the full commentary, supplemented by a few notes of his own. Manuscripts differed in their versions. A few lines were not found. Some passages were left unexplained. He had even to refer to some manuscripts kept in the museums of London and Paris. With the patience found only in men of such type, he studied every available manuscript and threaded together all the missing links. His prefaces are a revelation to the modern student.

Neglect of the study of the classical Tamil language on the pretext that it is not within easy reach will no more be valid. Who can resist the flowing lines of *Pathupattu*?³ What debt of gratitude do we not owe Swaminatha Iyer? If Poet Subramania Bharathiar has evoked in us an intense love for India through his simple but stirring lyrics, Pandit Swaminatha Iyer has created an unquenchable thirst for the Tamil classics through his priceless publications. The Pandit has to his credit numerous other publications. He was given the

² Depicts the story of Kovalan and Kannaki, written by Ilankovadigal, the ascetic brother of King Senkuttuvan who ruled the Chera Kingdom in the second century. Recently, for the first time this has been translated into English.

³ A compilation of ten beautiful Idylls written by eight different poets belonging to the Sangam Age.

¹ The Tamil Sangam flourished in three stages. The first was headed by the Muni Agastya, the father of the Tamil language. The Sangam Age referred to deals with the third one which was at its zenith in the 2nd century A. D.

Degree of the Doctor of Literature by the University of Madras for a series of lectures which were later published under the title *Sanga-Tamil and Pirkala-Tamil*.¹

The greater part of Swaminatha Iyer's life lay in teaching Tamil to college students. He loved nothing better. His pupils did not look upon him as a pandit of the usual type. He

¹ The Tamil of the Sangam Age and the Tamil of the later period.

was an ideal teacher. His lectures were always attended to with great interest. His memory for Tamil quotations was marvellous. He had an intimate personal knowledge of every pupil. His acquaintance with the men of South India was very vast. He knew every important village of Tamil Nad and its temples with all their historical traditions. To him they were living emblems of the past glory of our Motherland.

—M. HARIHARAN

A Royal Renunciate

The following anecdote is from the writings of Dr. Swaminatha Iyer who was a storehouse of such ancient classical anecdotes in Tamil. He has brought to light many beautiful stories. The following is a free translation by one of our young citizens of a story written by the learned Pandit in one of the popular Tamil journals, *Kalaimagal*. The anecdote is about Ilankovadigal, the author of *Silappadikaram*. Ilankovadigal's vow can only be likened to that of Bhishma's. Both were Yuvarajas. Both renounced their right to rule. Both were inspired by the same ideals. The one made his father happy by taking the vow of celibacy while the other cheered his brother by embracing ascetic life.—Jt. Ed.

MAYAVARAMBAN was a powerful Chera King, who lived in the city of Vanji, the capital of his Kingdom. From Cape Comorin to the Himalayas he was renowned for valour and justice. His court was the seat of learned discussions. Scholars from all lands came to have audience with him and were rewarded with munificent gifts.

He had two sons, Senkuttuvan and Ilankovan. As he was aging fast, Senkuttuvan was made the Yuvaraja¹ and Ilankovan, the Prime Minister.

One day, while the King was seated in court, a strange astrologer, who had heard of the King's bounty and had come to profit by it, entered.

The King asked, "In what branch of astrology are you proficient?"

"Sire, merely by looking at a person's physical features, I can foretell his future," replied he.

¹ The heir-apparent.

"If so, can you tell me, how long will I be ruling this kingdom?"

The astrologer thought for a moment. He knew well that the King was only wanting to know the hour of his death and had framed this question with subtlety. How was he to answer? The mood of a king is an unreliable quantity. It might be that if he expressed the truth his head might be cut off even before the fateful end of the King. The King observed his hesitation and said, "Tell the truth. Forget I am a King. Any sane person must bow before Truth, and Shastric sciences take no account of the status of an individual."

Thus encouraged, the astrologer bowed low and said, "It will not be very long before your Majesty will reach the heaven world."

The King understood the implication of his words. He was not wrathful. He mused for a while, and again asked him, "Look at these two young boys," pointing to his sons, "and tell me what you see in their faces."

The astrologer was by now convinced that he would be in no danger if he told the truth as he discerned it. He looked at the younger Ilankovan and said, "He will attain to a kingly rule the happiness of which will know no bounds."

All the courtiers were taken aback at this utterance of the astrologer. The King was dismayed. Senkuttuvan's eyes turned red. How can this be the truth? Is not the eldest son the rightful heir to the throne? Is it likely that Senkuttuvan will only have a short earthly life? Otherwise, how will it be possible for the younger son to set aside the claims of the elder? These were the un-

answered questions that surged through the minds of the learned courtiers.

Silence reigned. The atmosphere was tense. Ilankovan looked round once. He saw the drooped heads of the courtiers and their disappointed looks and chiefly the reddened eyes of his brother. He got up from his seat and faced the astrologer. "You are learned in astrology. But your forecast is not consistent with the accepted customs of the world. I have no doubt that your prediction will be falsified and that, too, almost immediately. There is no Shastra higher than Dharma. I note the confusion in my father's mind. He need not be persuaded by astrology to look into the future with gloom. Let my brother, Senkuttuvan, the future King by right of birth, set aside his wrath. Let not the assembled wiseacres be worried that adharma will prevail. I hereby renounce all claims to the throne. I shall from now on embrace the life of an ascetic." With these words, he placed before the King the royal jewels he was wearing.

Senkuttuvan embraced his brother and wept bitterly. The whole assembly was moved to tears. The King could not speak for a moment. "Must you take a vow so austere?" he asked. Ilankovan replied with great calmness. "Till now the palace has been my home. Henceforth the temple will be my dwelling place. The words of the astrologer are not untrue. My brother, Senkuttuvan, will be the lord of this Chera Kingdom. I shall be the lord of my thoughts the conquering of which will be my greatest victory. I shall strive to attain that Kingdom of Heaven the happiness of which knows no bounds."

TO H. P. B.

Sun-born spirit, whose comet-arch of lives
Sprang from the flame to bridge to flame again;
Whose fire, Promethean potent, seared the face
Of all this poorly planet in its early mire
Of hard, unmitigated fact and dreams afear'd—
Of rock-imprisoned spirits bounden fast
By ogreous conventions—man-hallowed and man-made—
Seared the face and burnt the torpored eye,
Opened the clenched jaw—unstopped the nostril;
Of import greater—cleared the ear to hear;
And deeper yet—the very brain enmeshed
In horrid webs of doubt and ignorance and pain,
Touched by the pain of fire, leaped to life again.
The Heart's shrine, misused and derelict in shame,
Coursing the body's blood sluggishly and slow.
Awoke to see its Altar's Fire leap high
And, lo, its Lord within the inmost place
Ruled once more as yorely He had done.

Sun-born spirit—when last your lovely feet
Blessed these hills and dales and haunts of men,
Your body tortured and your name reviled—
Your word denied—(your very Lords were mocked)—
Yet your Herald's feet, swift to do
The messages of Those who knew and by you known
Were both your Lords and Friends and Councillors—
Beneath Their sure and freshening tread sprung up
The flowers of Light and Wisdom's perfumed garden.
Some knew it well and flung the garden's portal wide
And swooned upon the scented airs within,
Later to awaken in a Paradise
Of things undreamt, unknown and highly prized.
Some knew it not and though the garden's portal
Bore a legend of bright gold for all to read—
Yet turned the eyen away and with the sharpened tongue
Denied the garden e'en with calumnies and lies—
To sink once more, with comfort in the mire.

Sun-born spirit—thy Lotus Fire of Light
Springs from your Soul to bloom upon our eyen—
So dawns the Flower of Wisdom from the night
To be the eternal Dayspring in a World Divine.

—JONGLEUR

"A Noble and Heroic Soul"

So wrote Dr. Annie Besant, in her *Autobiography*, of Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, known to many as "H.P.B." Madame Blavatsky, one of the Founders of The Theosophical Society and its life and soul in its early days, was one of the Servants and Messengers of Humanity of the last century. Her contribution to modern thought is immense. There is no sphere of life that her vast wisdom has not included. Her immortal book, *The Secret Doctrine*, is a veritable mine of occult knowledge. It was this book that brought that other great Servant and Messenger of Humanity, Mrs. Annie Besant, to Theosophy, and to her last day Dr. Besant considered and remembered "H.P.B." as her teacher. "O noble and heroic Soul, whom the outside purblind world misjudges, but whom her pupils partly saw, never through lives and deaths shall we repay the debt of gratitude we owe to you." (*Autobiography*)

MRS. BESANT MEETS H.P.B.

Hereunder we reproduce an account of the first meeting of these two great personages, taken from the same *Autobiography*.

Since 1886, Mrs. Besant had a growing conviction that her philosophy was not sufficient and that life and mind were other than, more than, she had dreamt. She had read a variety of books but could find little satisfaction in them. At this time, Mr. W. T. Stead desired her to review *The Secret Doctrine* and in a flash of illumination she knew her search was over and she had found the very Truth. She then asked for an interview with the author, "H. P. B."

I received the most cordial of notes, bidding me come, and in the soft spring evening Herbert Burrows and I walked from Notting Hill Station, wondering what we should meet, to the door of 17, Landsdowne Road. A pause, a swift passing through the Hall and outer room, through folding-doors thrown back, a figure in a large chair before a table, a voice, vibrant, compelling, "My dear Mrs. Besant, I have so long wished

to see you," and I was standing with my hand in her firm grip, and looking for the first time in this life straight into the eyes of "H.P.B." I was conscious of a sudden leaping forth of my heart—was it recognition?—and then, I am ashamed to say, a fierce rebellion, a fierce withdrawal, as of some wild animal when it feels a mastering hand. I sat down, after some introductions that conveyed no ideas to me, and listened. She talked of travels, of various countries, easy brilliant talk, her eyes veiled, her exquisite moulded fingers rolling cigarettes incessantly. . . . We rose to go and for a moment the veil lifted, and two brilliant piercing eyes met mine, and with a yearning throb in the voice: "Oh, my dear Mrs. Besant, if you would only come among us!" I felt a well-nigh uncontrollable desire to bend down and kiss her, under the compulsion of that yearning voice, those compelling eyes, but with a flash of the old unbending pride and inward jeer at my own folly, I said a commonplace polite goodbye, and turned away with some inanely courteous and evasive remark. "Child," she said to me long afterwards, "your pride is terrible; you are as proud as Lucifer himself."

Later on, after another interview with H.P.B., Mrs. Besant joined The Theosophical Society and on receiving her Diploma of membership she saw H. P. B., and implored her:

" . . . Will you accept me as your pupil, and give me the honour of proclaiming you my teacher in the face of the world?" Her stern, set face softened, the unwonted gleam of tears sprang to her eyes; then, with a

dignity more than regal, she placed her hand upon my head. "You are a noble woman. May Master bless you."

H.P.B.—AN EXAMPLE

While H.P.B. is well-known for her vast occult knowledge and versatility, little is known of her tender heart to human suffering, especially to that of women and children, poor as she was. On the White Lotus Day, May 8th, all over the world is celebrated the anniversary of her passing away (1891) and at her express wish the poor people in the vicinity of all the Theosophical Lodges are given rice and food. We give below two incidents which show this tenderness of H.P.B. Dr. Besant in her *Autobiography* says:

One day I wrote a letter to a comrade that was shown to her (H.P.B.), about some little children to whom I had carried a quantity of country flowers, and I had spoken of their faces pinched with want. The following characteristic note came to me:

"My Dearest Friend, I have just read your letter to—and my heart is sick for the poor little ones! Look here: I have but 30s of my own money of which I can dispose (for as you know I am a pauper, and proud of it), but I want you to take them and not say a word. This may buy thirty dinners for thirty poor little starving wretches, and I may feel happier for thirty

minutes at the thought. Now don't say a word and do it; take them to those unfortunate babies who loved your flowers and felt happy. Forgive your old uncouth friend, useless in this world!

Ever yours, H. P. B."

Similarly, that quick sympathy with human suffering came out in an instance in which very few of us, perhaps, would be prepared to follow her example. She was going to America, and only had just money enough to buy her ticket across; she bought it, and on the wharf she saw a crying woman with some little children. She asked why they were distressed, and the woman told how she had bought bogus tickets from some scamp, and so could not go across the ocean to join her husband. H. P. B. walked back to the ticket office, got her first-class ticket changed for steerage tickets, for herself and that unfortunate woman and children, and passed the voyage in the steerage part of an Atlantic liner—a very practical proof of the brotherhood which she proclaimed.

—ANNIE BESANT, From *The Changing World*

Topical Talks

DISINTEGRATION OF INDIA

THE political situation in India is darker than ever before. Sir Stafford Cripps' mission instead of welding India into one Nation has released all types of disintegrating and mischievous forces in the country. One such force is today represented by a

prominent nationalist leader, in the person of Sri C. Rajagopalachariar. "Power at any price" seems to be his latest political slogan. The reactionaries in India are highly jubilant over this new and powerful convert to their fold. Sri Rajagopalachariar's move of conceding Pakistan in order to placate the Muslim

League is one of the most dangerous proposals ever sponsored by a nationalist political leader of India. This proposal has not only strengthened the reactionary elements in the country but has awakened disintegrating tendencies within the Indian National Congress.

Sir Stafford Cripps has carried by his proposals the principle of self-determination to its absurdity. Were every province in India to exercise the right of self-determination and decide as to whether it should join the Indian Union or not, the same right should be given to the Indian States—which are more than 600 in number all over the country—and the same privilege should be extended to each faith and community in India. The principle of self-determination may be very democratic, but its application, in the form proposed by Sir Stafford Cripps and now taken up by Sri C. Rajagopalachariar, would mean the splitting up of India into numerous bits. The state of India as envisaged through this proposal would be far worse than that at the decline and fall of the Mogul Empire in India. It was such disunity that gave the British Government a fertile field to establish its stronghold over India and to make her the "brightest jewel" in the British Crown. Sri Rajagopalachariar's plan of partitioning India will mean an invitation to political and military adventurers—whose tribe has increased manifold during the last 25 years—to make India into a happy hunting ground for the satisfaction of their vile dreams.

A CALL TO YOUNG CITIZENS

Sri Rajagopalachariar's political move must be defeated. The Congress seems to be half-hearted in its denunciation

of this mischievous plan. The mentality of the older generation has become clouded. It seems to have become faint-hearted in its struggle for India's freedom and is now for capture of power at whatever cost. Let the older generation, if it so chooses, be lost in its political phraseologies and manœuvres. But the youth of India cannot remain silent while India's vivisection is afoot. The young citizens of India belonging to all faiths and communities must unite today and resist, with all the power at their command, this move of selling the country for a mess of pottage. Let us all, young men and women of India, stand resolutely for India's unity at all costs. Let us all combine for this stupendous purpose and create a real National Front to arrest the advances of Quislings of all shapes and forms. So long as the Youth of India is alive and afire with the real Spirit of Āryavarta, so long shall India remain one and indivisible, no matter what the popular political personages may do.

Now is the time to usher in a powerful Youth Movement in the country to preserve India's unity and to defend her against all enemies masquerading as her benefactors.

Young Citizens of India, UNITE. Our country is in danger of internal disintegration and external aggression. Youth of the World, support India's Young Citizens in this great task, for the balkanization of India will endanger world's peace for centuries to come. Let it be remembered that only a Free and United India can become one of the strongest bulwarks against the forces of darkness threatening to envelope the world.

—ROHIT MEHTA

Winkie, the Honoured Pigeon

London—(AP)—Winkie, a tough little carrier pigeon, oil-soaked and doused in the icy North Sea, flew 100 miles to her home aloft and thereby saved the lives of four crew members of an RAF Beaufort bomber which crashed on the way back from an offensive patrol off Norway.

Winkie's cage broke open when the bomber was forced down at sea by engine trouble. The plane sank within a minute, but the men managed to get off in a rubber dinghy.

Pigeon Fancier James Ross of Dundee reported to authorities that she had returned. Her code number showed what plane she had been in. A check of her known flying speed helped in computing where she had left the plane, and a reconnaissance plane which was sent out located the dinghy.

Winkie, treated to a special feed, strutted in her cage at a party in her honour while flyers made speeches and gave Ross—for Winkie—a bronze plaque with the figure of a tiny pigeon flying over the sea. Inscribed on the plaque was the squadron's thanks to a gallant bird. (From an unknown journal)

* * *

M. P. FOR THE ANIMALS!

In the world today there is far more cruelty than there should be. Long before war came into a form, cruelty was existing and cruelty is existing today as much as ever. We must abolish cruelty if we are to have true beauty in life, and above all, we must abolish cruelty in our everyday lives. Remember that we do not have to join a humanitarian league to help ani-

mals. Remember that there are animals in your very street. Remember that your jutka is drawn by horses. Remember that to the cow that gives you milk you can give protection.

Who will help the animals? Of all the creatures that need our help, animals need it most. People as a whole have yet to realize that they must help the animals. If I had to choose, I should rather be elected to Parliament by a large group of animals than by a large group of people. They could not speak, but perhaps the elephant would wave his trunk and say, "I elect you as a member of the Indian Parliament." Some day when we have Home Rule for India, there will be, there must be a representative in the Indian Government who will look after the protection of the animals and will see there is no cruelty to animals in India. I should like to be the chosen representative of the tiger, the lion, the dog, and the deer. That is the highest honour of all—to be the chosen representative of all those who are helpless, of those who are voiceless; to become the voice for the animals is the highest honour to which anybody can ever look forward.

That wonderful emotion of compassion, which is the highest of all beautiful aspects, is our finest keynote, the true motherly spirit. To protect those who are weak, to bring happiness to those who are unhappy, to be chivalrous to those who need our help, to think that strength is not the most important thing but to give strength to those who are weak, these form the essence of highest culture. —RUKMINI DEVI

Citizens of the Future

A review of *THE SCHOOLBOY AS CITIZEN*, by Annie Besant, published by The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, Price 2 annas. This booklet is No. 2 of the series of pamphlets entitled *REAL EDUCATION*.

AT a time when the world is engaged in a titanic struggle, it is but natural that we should think of plans of reconstruction. Many of the plans which have been suggested are political; some are economic but all concern themselves only with Europe and America. Political and economic structures, however good and well-meaning, cannot go very far towards the betterment of the world unless they are built upon a sound educational foundation.

The publication of this lecture of Dr. Besant in the form of a booklet is most opportune and it contains in it the essence of the solution of the great problem of reconstruction through education. The school is the training ground for boys and girls not only in the intellectual field but in the civic and social fields. Verily, "What the boy or the girl is at school will be the man or woman in later life." If this is borne in mind, by all those who are engaged in the teaching of the young, education can play a vital part in the creation of a New World Order of which there is so much talk (or is it too little?) at the present time.

"You will see that young people in every country are showing a certain difference from their elders much greater than in the past. You find them very quick to realize a social Ideal." If

this progressively widening difference between generation and generation were exploited along right directions, we can achieve real international peace and goodwill. According to Dr. Besant, the citizen is one "who, as man, realizes the obligations that he owes to all men around him and discharges those obligations to the best of his ability." This is as high and lofty an ideal as any that can be placed before the youth of any country.

Another point which Dr. Besant emphasizes in this lecture is "that no country is truly civilized where the culture of the few is based upon the misery and ignorance of the many." This was perhaps the reason for the downfall of many an ancient civilization. Of ancient Greece, it is said, that every citizen had a vote, but everybody was not a citizen. Modern civilizations suffer from similar defects. No better advice could be given to any nation than that which was given by Dr. Besant to India in the following words: "One of your duties will be to build up the masses of the people of India so that they may be worthy also to be citizens in a free land."

---R. NITYANANDAN

(It is to be noted that it is rather uncommon to call a schoolboy a citizen.—M.S.)

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"Children of one blood, living in one land, shall we not learn to think and act as one family for the common good? Then shall India become again the Spiritual Mother of the World."

---ANNIE BESANT

THE VOICE OF TOMORROW

At any given time, said Goethe, the destiny of a nation depends on the opinions of its youth. The youth of a country represents the hope, endeavour, resolve and progress of that land—and hence indicates its future also. If the youth is trained to think on right lines the place of that country in the comity of nations is fully assured. All over the world young men and women have been the real leaders of progress. Often they have shed new light on old problems; they have extricated the world from many a muddle left by their elders. They have borne the torch of civilization and with the mental and physical vigour which is their natural heritage have been the first to grasp new ideas.

The youth of today has great responsibilities. All over the world it has been called upon to lead—to protect civilized values. And it has not been found wanting. The spirit of youth has awakened everywhere, and organized youth is going to its task. It stands today four-square to resist the invasion of evil. Its courage and vigour help it to act quickly—to plan and to organize resistance. Its clear vision can foresee the resurrected, reconstructed world, built on the basis of progress and harmony.

What is the youth of India thinking today? How is it adapting itself to the swift and harsh changes taking place around it? Does it think in the same terms as the youths of other progressive nations of the world? Has it a working estimate of the problems it faces to-day? These are questions whose appeal is not merely to young people; others perhaps not so young are equally affected by the cataclysmic changes now in progress and are closely watching the shape of the future. True to type, the youth has been found at its post—at the barricade!

The Indian Listener

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

Incorporating
THE YOUNG
THEOSOPHIST

Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

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Children should above all else be taught self-reliance, love for all men, altruism, mutual charity, and more than anything else, to think and reason for themselves. We should reduce the purely mechanical work of the memory to an absolute minimum, and devote the time to the development and training of the inner senses, faculties and latent capacities. We should aim at creating free men and women, free intellectually, free morally, unprejudiced in all respects and above all things unselfish.

H. P. BLAVATSKY

The Crow's Nest

THE summer months that were seemingly dull have been a fruitful period. When, in early April last, the war situation demanded the urgent dispersal of the students of Kalākshetra and of the Besant Theosophical School to their homes as a measure of safety, there was little knowing as to when or where they would be able to re-assemble after the summer vacation. But, in spite of the continued uncertainty of the war situation and notwithstanding the preoccupations of the members of the staff in connection with A.R.P., First-Aid and village-welfare work, arrangements have been going on steadily from day to day with a view to re-opening both the institutions, as scheduled, on June 26. This day, as at present planned, will be devoted to the admission of pupils. The 5th of July will be the formal opening day of Kalākshetra for which Rukmini Devi has arranged a programme of dance, music and other items. The Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastriar has kindly agreed to come to Madras to preside over this function.

During these 'holiday months', Rukmini Devi was seen making important plans for the future of the two institutions, in order to make the Centre more unique, more virile and increasingly serviceable in the cause of the Nation, discussing them with her co-workers and even putting some of these plans into execution.

The work of the true artist, as Rukmini Devi insists, is not merely to strive to eliminate such undesirable traits as ugliness and vulgarity in our way of life, but also to endeavour to afford to young people such opportunities as would enable them to build into their character reverence where reverence is due, comradeship of the right kind so that brotherhood becomes a reality, and compassion towards our younger brethren in all Kingdoms of Nature. When great names in every civilization, past and present, in every religion and in every country,—East and West—are remembered and honoured, and an aspiration is fostered in the young to emulate true greatness wherever it is found, then are the foundations firmly laid for true reverence and true brotherliness and true compassion. Such great names are sought to be remembered daily in our Centre. The several branches of studies pursued will not be those isolated from the facts of daily life, but on the other hand history and religion, arts and handicrafts will all have a bearing upon the immediate needs and deeds, and lead the pupils on with sufficient inspiration to real creative ability. Thus, there is effected a very natural *rapprochement* between "being" and "doing," between the "academical" side of the studies and their "practical" aspect.

Naturally, it will take time, deep thought, and much experimentation before the plan is fully formulated in all its details. But Rukmini Devi was seen steadily at this work during the summer months and she has covered much ground already. We shall have occasion to revert to this important subject in an early issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN but we are glad to say that even from the commencement of the new official year the plan is ready to come into force.



Rukmini Devi lays so strong an emphasis on pursuing with redoubled vigour our artistic and cultural activities even in the midst of the world-devastating war. Recently to a special interviewer on behalf of *Shakti*, a highclass Madras Tamil monthly, Rukmini Devi said: "If we were to give up our cultural and

artistic activities, it would only lead us back to uncivilized and barbarian existence. We should be overcome by the frenzy of aggressive and warring spirit. The only element that distinguishes the civilized man from the barbarian is his culture. The grown-ups may be engaged in the pursuit of war; but are there not children? Are there not women? Is there not the family spirit to be fostered? The young ones of today are the citizens of tomorrow. They will build a new world. And, in order that this may be a happy and war-free world, is it not necessary that they should be given even now the right type of education?" It is in order to evolve this right type of education that Rukmini Devi strives unceasingly in practical ways through the two institutions of which she is the guide and inspiration—one institution furnishing the indispensable background of knowledge and the other helping to raise the superstructure of Arts and Culture that used to be the glory of India in the past and that might still become the glory of a free India yet to be born.

—G. R. V.

Education and Art

By RUKMINI DEVI

■ FEEL that the true understanding of culture and education, and the putting of these into practice is twofold.

First, it is not a superficial understanding of form. Education is not a method and art is not merely a sound and a form. Both are essentially spiritual and we have to learn to feel that spirituality. There is an inner experience, an understanding, which must be the source of expression, without which experience and without which deep knowledge, it is impossible to express art.

It is like poetry. A man may know the English language very well. He may know how to write poetry, so far as form and metre are concerned, and yet, except for the one who writes it,

there may be few who would like to read his poetry. Another man may write such poetry as will be condemned by critics, who will explain to you how the form is not correct and why you should not read it. But you do read it, for the poetry is from inspiration, it is a gift, it is the result of experience, experience which is an at-one-ment with Divinity.

That is really what education is, what art is. All of us may have listened to many talks on culture and beauty. What we have to do is to know how to express these in our actions and how to make the work progress in such a way that it grows. It is not enough to be content with what is being done at Adyar or what I myself may be

doing as you may have read in this or that newspaper, but we must put this spirit of beauty into our work and make it a part of our work, our schemes of service must grow along these lines:

If there could be a greater appreciation and a greater desire for appreciation of a right spirit of education and art, then we would imbibe that spirit. It is not enough to have a few movements or people doing this work; we must show that we can give not only to a few but hundreds the power to push on the work.

PIONEER WORK

Education is chiefly for the children, because the future of the world depends on them. If I am working along the lines of art and culture, what is the use if it is going to die with me? I must see that the young people enter into and feel that same spirit. Not only must they be able to do what I am doing but much more. I started under difficulties, circumstances were against me, but we should make life much easier for the children. I feel that is the responsibility we all have.

There is so much that must be learnt along the lines of art. I have been asked why we do not do this, that, or the other which would please the public. The public must learn what it ought to like. There are many others who are willing to give it what it wants.

That is what we have to do in every field of activity—we have to lead the way whatever the difficulties, because we have the pioneer spirit. Take the case of Dr. Montessori. Her work was not immediately accepted. Many people did not understand. In India one of the first to recognize her greatness

was Dr. Besant who many years ago presented the idea of Montessori education to India. She spoke about the Montessori method and made the first contact with Madame Montessori, while Madame Montessori made her first contact with Theosophy through Dr. Besant. Madame Montessori has said that for many years she desired to come to India and I am glad that one of Dr. Besant's people¹ was instrumental in accomplishing it.

We have to keep our eyes wide open to see what is good in what is happening around us. We have gradually to develop that "third eye," which is a very significant principle. That is what we should work for in India and in every country in the world. Even now how often does it happen that people do not really appreciate or understand when new work is being done. "Why does such and such a person dance when he or she could be doing so much more useful types of work?" and to the person who speaks "useful" work usually means writing or lecturing. So many times people succeed in public speaking simply because they have the gift of the tongue and know how to appeal to the public, while there are many other people who could give so much more but cannot do so because they do not know how

¹ Last year, when we were in Holland, I extended to her a very cordial invitation to give some of her genius to the helping of India . . . And when I invited her to come, she most heartily agreed on condition that she should have the necessary time to study the Indian educational situation, for, she truly said, her methods must adapt themselves to the needs of different types of children throughout the world. — (DR. GEORGE S. ARUNDALE in *The Theosophist*, July 1939)

to express themselves before the public. Even in concerts people ask me, "Why do you arrange things that are not wanted, are not popular, and are not shown anywhere else?" I try to arrange what is best. If others do not like it, then I must stop arranging or people must learn to like it. If I arrange what I do not like, it will be unfair to you and to the work, and to this new field of activity.

Take the matter of dancing. I happened to do it, because I thought I could do it fairly well and might in time perfect it, and that I could make a contact with the public which would be a stepping-stone to other fields, and other activities.

But what I cannot understand is how people have often so much patience to hear lectures, no matter how boring the lectures may be, but when it comes to a concert they commence to think about the fact that it will keep them away from dinner. Of course, some may say, "But we do not understand the concerts," but do they understand all the lectures? I do not believe they do, and if they do not understand the concerts all the more reason to try to understand.

A SUPREME YOGA

Art in India must not be so much a matter of superficiality and of pleasing the public but we have to remember what should be the spirit of our work: to give something like a great meditation, a great yoga, for art is like that.

In India we have this magnificent conception of the Divine One who Himself is a Dancer, a Flute-Player, a Playful Person. He is a Child, Sri Krishna. There is the heart of edu-

cation. The great Rishis have touched the heart of life and have presented it to the world. We find the same conception in the idea of the Child Christ. That is the spirit that must pervade our work. Such an understanding can come only through study, the spirit of service, and meditation on the reality of this great force. This is the work that will build the future and bring into the present a great joy. But it must not be a superficial joy but a divine joy that will last for all time. If we can contribute that, we shall save civilization and bring it from happiness to happiness, and so shall we contribute to the future of the world.

AN ANT BLITZ

Dr. Lehman Wendell discovered an ant blitz one afternoon in 1932. The insects had gained entrance through a sand-filled hole in the concrete floor of the basement. Dr. Wendell poured boiling water over the sand, but this discouraged the ants only momentarily. To settle the matter once and for all, he covered the sand with ant poison. Considering the battle won, he went to dinner.

When he returned an hour later, he found long lines of ants busily carrying grains of sand, which they placed over the ant poison to form a bridge. A regular shuttle system was in operation. Each ant would carry his grain to the end of the causeway, drop it over and return to the sand pile. The highway was already eight inches long and a half inch wide. It was straight, level and uniformly wide.

—Coronet

From Darkness to Light

By RT. HON. V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI

This is the second of the series of talks arranged by the AIR, Madras, under the general title "For Universities, Values." We gladly acknowledge our indebtedness to the AIR for permitting us to reproduce this talk.

FROM Darkness to Light is one of the most trite but one of the most pregnant metaphors in language. Places of learning are devoted to the dispelling of darkness and the spreading of Light. It is their high function ceaselessly to increase our knowledge and make it more and more certain.

Universities make the world more familiar everyday and therefore more friendly to man. We fear nature less and less. The enlightened man has no fear from any quarter. But he must be fully enlightened. He must be master of human experience—religion, history, science. Imperfection in knowledge, error, superstition,—from these he must be emancipated. Alchemy, astrology, magic, miracle-mongering must not tempt him from the royal road to knowledge.

FAITH VERSUS REASON

The human mind is subject to two opposite tendencies, which require to be rigidly controlled, if they are not to paralyse and wreck each other. The balance between them is at all times difficult to attain and often impracticable. They are the instincts to believe and to question. Credulity and scepticism, faith and reason are perpetually opposed to each other but fated to operate on the same brain. No man

is wholly devoid of either faculty, though some have a strong dose of the one and some of the other. Their relative influence, too, varies from time to time in the same man, and not merely from time to time but from department of knowledge to department of knowledge. I have known lawyers accustomed to weigh the evidence of witnesses and documents in the most rigid of scales, but ready to swallow the most extravagant stories of seances, communications from the dead and spiritistic phenomena. On the contrary, some people who subject these phenomena to exacting proofs fall easy victims to cheats, impostors and company-promoters. The man is rare, one in a million, who strikes the just medium, both in human affairs and natural phenomena, between caution on the one hand and receptivity on the other.

To be reckoned among good-natured and lovable men, one must have a certain amount of trustfulness in dealings with others, a fixed disposition to believe good of others till they are proved unworthy and to give them further chances even after that limit. The right question to ask when your help or sympathy is sought in that sphere is, *Why not?* To ask, *Why should I?* would be to betray undue harshness of judgment, if not heartlessness.

In matters of scientific interest, on the contrary, where not generosity or clarity is concerned, but truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, where, for instance, a so-called miracle or marvel is put forward for acceptance, it is right to insist on the evidence being produced, sifted and analysed without reference to the personalities concerned. If a trustworthy friend attests the phenomenon and is prepared to pledge his honour for its accuracy, it may incline you to make investigation, but cannot justify any relaxation in the standard of demonstration required to establish a natural phenomenon. *Why?* represents the correct attitude of mind, not *Why not?* That the phenomenon did in point of fact occur as it is alleged to have occurred must be proved. You must not undertake to prove that it could not have occurred as it is alleged to have occurred. And yet many highly educated persons yield their credence to miracles just because it is not possible there and then to prove a negative.

REASON AS GUIDE?

The opposition between these attitudes of mind, viewed in a general way, may be described as the opposition between faith and reason, faith being the attitude belauded by religion and reason the attitude championed by science. That reason is not an unfailing guide, that it is in certain circumstances impotent to discover truth must be acknowledged. Many facts have yet to be explained by reason. Nevertheless reason has faith in itself to this extent—that as science advances, such facts will receive satisfactory explana-

tion from natural laws. No one who surveys the state of human knowledge from time to time, beginning from our primitive days, can hold that the triumphs of reason are over, or that in the centuries in front of us many phenomena which now perplex the scientist will not yield up their secret.

Our Vedic philosophers long ago laid down that faith begins where reason ends. It follows that the province of faith is subject to unceasing encroachment by science. Faith claims that it can remove mountains. If this means that, in the sphere of human endeavour, deeds at first regarded as impossible have actually been accomplished, it is a tribute to the power of hope and persistence which reason need not grudge. But when a certain Hindu Prince of the last century caused Ganges water to be sprinkled all round his fort by pious Brahmanas and trusted the infidel army to be stayed outside the hallowed line, or when, in my own recent experience, a holy ascetic fasted and kept vigil and intoned the Gayatri for weeks together in the confident hope that the Viceroy would not give his assent to the Child Marriage Restraint Bill, they gave proof of magnificent but unavailing faith. Faith of that type governed human conduct much more in the old days, but we shall see it contracting its operation rapidly in future.

Science and scientists are accused today of abusing their knowledge and the power of their knowledge. They seem likely to destroy the very civilisation that nurtured them. The wealthy classes, the trading classes, the manufacturing classes, the publicising classes, the governing classes—all have bent

their energies to the work of destruction. Why scientists should be singled out for execration has always puzzled me. Do not historians falsify contemporary records before our eyes? Do not literary men write flagrantly one-sided books for propaganda purposes? Do not eloquent men stir up anti-social passions? Will the State allow the men of science alone the freedom to choose how and how far they will help its projects? What would the British House of Commons say if the laboratories in the Universities had been shut up and the services of inventors and ingenious craftsmen had been denied to war-work? If war is inhuman and a crime against our kind, we are all alike to blame, for we all join in it, we all give our best to its successful prosecution. It is unreasonable to expect the votaries of science to cultivate an exalted morality of their own, cut off from the other professions which are tributaries to the welfare of society.

FOLLOW THE LIGHT

A word or two about the spirit of scientific and historical research and teaching. The essential condition is to shake off the bondage of prejudice and pre-possession and to follow where the light leads. Violence may have to be done to pet theories, to social and communal traditions, to national pride and to the practices and beliefs of consecrated churches and holy orders. On the altar of truth all these possessions, material and immaterial, must be sacrificed, if need be. It will cost us much anguish of the soul. But the cause is worth it and more. For as the years roll on and other generations come up, a new and better world order will arise, a higher polity will evolve, and what we sacrifice with grief today will be replaced by institutions and practices and beliefs more in consonance with truth and more serviceable to the requirements of that time.

Root of Culture

By C. JINARAJADASA

A GREAT deal is said and written about a mysterious something called "culture." Many people have tried to define it, but the word apparently covers so many aspects of life that no one definition is satisfactory. But we all do mean something which is to be admired and imitated when we speak of a "cultured" man or woman.

I think we all take for granted that such a man or woman speaks correctly, that is, the language follows the rules

of grammar. Of course, there are in ordinary speech many phrases which everybody uses, which do not seem exactly polished, in fact are of the nature of slang. But grammatically those phrases, often crisp or contracted, are correct. A cultured man is not bound to avoid common phrases. But he is bound to avoid ugly phrases—ugly in imagery and ugly in sound. It is interesting to note that one finds here and there peasants and other simple-minded

folk who are cultured to some extent, even if their phrases are not strictly grammatical. Why is a simple farmer often really cultured and a college graduate not?

It is because culture is not the result of a mental process alone, but requires elements of the heart as well. It seems to me that when we examine cultured people of many lands, who have different race traditions, the root of culture consists in an attitude of the heart, which then gives a direction to the mind.

CAN YOU INSTINCTIVELY ADMIRE?

One characteristic which predominates in this attitude of the heart, and so of the mind, of a cultured man or woman is the readiness to admire, rather than the readiness to condemn. A cultured man does not condone evil or shut his eyes to whatever is defective. But somehow, as if by instinct, his attention is held first by what is to be admired, and only afterwards his condemnation, his criticism, finds a place.

However, such is our competitive civilization today that our natural instinct is to present an attitude of depreciation towards things which are different from those to which we are accustomed. When something new—a new idea, a new object, or even a new person—is presented to us, our first remark to ourselves is: "How curious!" We may be outwardly polite to the new person, but inwardly the reaction is somewhat, "Who on earth are you?" There are very few of us who spring forward with cordiality to anything new or unknown.

HOW BEAUTIFUL!

The beginning of culture, both in a college graduate and an unlettered peasant, is when the heart says in the presence of anything new: "How beautiful!" In just that recognition of a quality of beauty, however slight the beauty and however faint its recognition, lies the root of culture. When "How beautiful!" and not "How curious!" becomes a man's attitude towards all objects and events in life, then the sense of culture steadily grows from day to day. The mind can then attend the heart as an excellent aide-de-camp, that is, an "assistant-in-the-field of battle," to take orders and see that they are carried out.

The Greeks did not talk of "culture." Their civilization was such that every boy and girl was so surrounded with beautiful phrases from the old poets (like English home life in the old days was with phrases from the Bible and Shakespeare), and with beautiful figures everywhere, specially statues (which was never the case anywhere else except in Greece), that Greek youth had an instinct for culture. So youth there sought in all things what they termed Arete—virtue, noble self-expression, honour, all these are implied in that one word; they did not plan to be "religious" but to be just. For justice to the Greek was the expression in daily life of his realization of the Divine as the Good, the True and the Beautiful. And the Greeks succeeded in their search, and the Hindus and Chinese in theirs, and the best men and women of every land in their search, because the first impression about a thing or person was: "How beautiful, how noble, how lovable."

—From *The Theosophist*

Humanity's Heaven

Notes of an address delivered by Mr. N. Sri Ram.

THE young people are those who have recently left heaven. They have still about them a touch of the heavenly influences. Hence it is through them that heaven can be most easily brought nearer the earth, or, put otherwise, the earth lifted up to heaven.

In every way the world, as we find it, is a far cry from that abode and goal of our aspirations. Because the world is crude, sordid and cruel, it must be re-shaped nearer to our hearts' desires.

THE WORLD IN CHAOS

Especially now the very times seem to be out of joint. The future pitted against the past threatens to break the bridge that unites them and to throw the world into an abyss of strife and chaos. Look where you will, at whatever department of life, there is a situation which has come or is coming to a head, a polarization of forces which must be resolved by an explosive crash or by swift adjustment; in other words by revolution as a shattering monster, or by an evolution, swift and lightning-like but peaceful, a revolution like the blossoming of a bud into a flower or like the bringing of a child to birth.

For a change of this sort we need daring revolutionaries but constructively bent, whose action shall be on an intelligent plan, promising order and freedom.

MARK OF THE NEW WORLD

The new plan must give the times the reconciliation they so sorely need. It must be based on principles which shall stand the test of experience, which shall conserve the finest and the best from the evolution of the past and yet permit free progress to new ideas and experiences.

The world cannot do without stability, without a foundation for social living, nor without walls for protection and comfort, nor without the crowning dome of a heaven to which it can look up and be inspired.

But we need a new heaven and a new earth—an earth which shall reflect the beauty, the unity and the freedom of that heaven. These shall be the triangular mark of the new times.

The past has condemned itself. Its forces are marshalled for self-destruction. Out of this Kurukshetra shall remain only the progenitor of the new age, the link with the higher self of the world, as it were, its heavenly personality. That link is in the youth spirit, but that true and pure youth in which is the essence of much previous experience and age.

The youth of the world will constitute that link, youth not in body merely or body at all, but the youth of the spirit, those who are young at heart, who have in them the self-rejuvenating fire. Of such is the kingdom of humanity's heaven, and the youth shall not merely inherit it for themselves, but establish it for all.

Bases of Reconstruction

Report of the Draft Committee of the Peace and Reconstruction Committee as submitted to the National Council of the Theosophical Federations of Europe.

THE world crisis is essentially spiritual; there is no real division between social and spiritual issue. The re-building of society in the post-war era must therefore be based upon the recognition of fundamentals, such as find expression in three great truths:

- (1) One Universal Spirit is the informing principle of all expressions of life.
- (2) The universe manifests design and functions according to Law, an expression of which, in the unseen as well as in the visible worlds, is evolution.
- (3) The aim of human evolution is to achieve awareness of the Universal Spirit and conscious co-operation with Universal Law. Mankind exists to-day at every stage of this process. All individuals have not travelled the same way, nor are they at the same stage of the journey.

THE WORK

of reconstruction will consist in the application of these truths to human relationships. This involves:

- (1) The practice of the golden rule—do unto others as you would they should do unto you—

which is an expression of the law of universal harmony.

- (2) Co-operation based upon freedom and justice for peoples and individuals.
- (3) The organisation of society so that every individual may pursue the ultimate values—truth, beauty, and goodness.

THE GUIDING PRINCIPLES

of reconstruction which will follow from the application of the three truths to human relationships are:

- (1) The ordering of human life so that in his relation with his fellow men, man may find satisfaction and not frustration.
- (2) Individuals must be treated as ends and not as means. The State is not an end in itself; it exists as a means to further harmonious relations between individuals within the community. There must be freedom to think, to speak, and to act, within justly administered law.
- (3) There must be equality of social opportunity to ensure differentiation of treatment according to the special needs of individuals, so that their inherent capacities are given the optimum conditions to reach their highest level of expression in the most favourable environment.

—Theosophical News and Notes

The Problems of Democracy

By ROHIT MEHTA

I

POLITICAL democracy throughout the world is at present on its severest trial. It is the first time in the history of democratic institutions that such a fierce attack has been levelled against its very existence. Democracy rose on the ruins of Feudal Monarchy. Is Democracy today faced with its own extinction? What is the system of political institution that will emerge out of the present political democracy?

These are the problems that confront every student of world affairs and international politics today. The world war has shaken up the very foundations of our present human civilization. The institutions that we have ardently cherished for more than a century and the traditions that we have clung to for many a generation are fast disappearing. The question is what will take the place of these institutions and traditions?

RISE OF DEMOCRACY

It is indeed true that the democracy that emerged out of the French and the American Revolutions of the 18th Century has outlived its utility. One might almost say that it has fulfilled its mission. If we look at the rise of democracy, we perceive that its emergence was caused by the Merchants' Guilds that came into existence in the 17th and 18th centuries. The Merchants' Guilds were in search of markets in order to sell their wares. The

Feudal Monarchy that existed in France prevented this new class of people from carrying on their trade due to political and economic restrictions it imposed upon the country. The religion of the day supported the Monarchy and blessed it in its suppression of the new class. And so a demand for individual freedom arose, a cry for civic liberties was sounded, a right for the people's voice in Government was insisted upon.

Thus came political democracy on the world stage. It was a state-machinery controlled by the new class of people—the merchants and the traders. The Industrial Revolution of the 19th century hastened the growth of this democracy and brought the political state under the control of a still more powerful group of people—the industrialists. It must be noted that freedom to carry on economic activities unhampered by State interference was the very basis of this democracy. Individual freedom became the new religion. Instead of religion controlling the State, the State exercised its rule over the Church. Democracy in the 19th century thrived on the principle of the unrestricted freedom of the individual to conduct economic activities. In the name of this freedom, the new economic class established its kingdom throughout the world.

ADVANCING CAPITALISM

But this was a necessary stage in the growth of human civilization. It fostered

individuality. It inspired scientific discoveries. It made "two blades of grass" grow where only one grew before. Out of this political democracy was born the great economic system known as Capitalism. It cannot be gainsaid that but for free capitalism, the world would not have seen the tremendous technical and industrial progress it witnesses today. In order to sell goods which were produced on a mass scale, capitalism ignored the barriers of national frontiers. In the feverish search for markets, the countries of the world came closer to each other. The world became too small!

In the 19th century, while capitalism was in its adventurous youth, it produced enormous wealth. The whole world was a free field for the play of a few capitalist countries and particularly England. Capitalism was staggered by its own profits and the visions of expansion it saw. The result was, it was able to throw more crumbs to the masses of people from its rich table. The masses of the people also benefited from the success of capitalism. The contentment of the people stabilised for the time being the political democracy of the 19th century. Within the framework of advancing capitalism it was possible for political democracy to grant certain social amenities and civic rights to the people. It looked as if the world had reached its political heaven in the shape of Democracy!

GROWTH OF IMPERIALISM

But with the rise of capitalism in country after country, the markets

dwindled, spheres of influence became restricted and capitalism reached the stage of Imperialism. The world became "too crowded" for rival imperialisms. Each demanded its "place in the Sun." The State became linked up with capitalism. It closed the doors of its country to the entry of goods produced from other countries and yet it cherished the wild hopes of selling its own goods in other nations! Free trade of the 19th century disappeared. And Colonial possessions, protective tariffs, customs unions, most favoured nation treaties, etc., appeared. Once again the State became the handmaid of the economically powerful class that was fighting for its existence. The history of the Feudal Monarchy is today once again being repeated on a bigger scale.

Political democracy through Imperialism has created its own opposing forces. It cannot survive in the form in which it exists today. It must either take the shape of dictatorship, military, party or personal, as many countries have adopted. Or it must evolve a greater Democracy so as to establish a new social equilibrium.

How can democracy do that? What are the practical problems that demand solution? What is the rock on which the ship of democracy may be wrecked? What will be the form of New Democracy?

These are the problems that face us on the solution of which a new synthesis of social and economic forces can be established.

How shall we evolve a New Synthesis?

Cease to Exploit Animals

At a meeting of the Animal Welfare group at Auckland, New Zealand. Mr. Oldfield, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Anti-Vivisection Society in Auckland, in an eloquent and stirring address, appealed for the proper attitude towards animals.

MR. S. OLDFIELD

pointed out that our attitude towards the animal kingdom was an important factor in our health and happiness and in solving the problems of the world. With humanity evolved more mentally than spiritually the exploitation of the animal kingdom for experimental and medical purposes, for food and adornment, naturally followed. Through the operation of the divine law of cause and effect, the present physical "black-out" was the out-come of spiritual darkness.

Vivisection, the wholesale slaughter of animals for food, the caging of birds and the use of furs and feathers, were scarcely less excusable than the existence of concentration camps, bombing raids, poison gas and man's inhumanity to man in this worst of wars.

In the mines, thousands of pit ponies died as the result of injuries. Although the law stipulated that vivisection should only be practised with anaesthetics, 300,000 cases were treated annually in London without this aid. Dr. Alexis Carrel was quoted as pronouncing vaccination as definitely dangerous, causing not only the deaths of human beings from small-pox or subsequent illnesses following upon inoculation, but also that of horses which for the sake of profit to their owners, were used to produce the serums. Notwithstanding these practices in the name of medical science, never had hospitals been so large. If man continued to exploit animals, he must be content to take the consequences. Peace on earth must first begin towards the animals, our brothers of a lower kingdom.

A HAPPY OLD MAN

The water murmurs
In the old stone well,
And a rippling mirror
Gives back the clear blue sky.
The river roars,
Swollen with the late rains
Of Spring.
On the cool, jade-green grass
The golden sunshine splashes
Sometimes, at early dawn,
I climb,

Even as far as Lien Shan Temple
In the Spring I plough
The thirsty field,
That it may drink
New life.
I eat a little,
I work a little,
My hair grows daily thinner,
And, it seems,
I lean ever a bit more heavily
On my old thornwood cane.

LIU TZU HUI

Essentials of Indian Education

A review of *Essentials of an Indian Education*, the 7th volume of *The Besant Spirit*, published by The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar. Price 12 annas. This series is "designed not only to place on record the great work Dr. Besant did but also to call attention to the fact that the *Besant Spirit* is as urgently needed in these days as it was actually available in the days gone by."

THE war has made people think of many things. In trying to find the causes for the war and a solution for the problem of war, people have realized that many of our existing institutions and ideas are wrong. For example, it was supposed that education could afford only a subordinate position to religion. A recent editorial of *The Hindu* quotes from a western writer: "If religious instruction could be given a more prominent place in the curriculum of state schools, a large step forward would have been taken in the inculcation, possibly of Christian faith and certainly of Christian moral standards."

In ancient India religion was the centre of education and all else held subordinate positions. Dr. Annie Besant was one of the very few people who had the foresight to recognize the profound truth of ancient Indian educational ideals. During the course of the anniversary addresses, 1899-1912, delivered in The Central Hindu College, which have been compiled in *Essentials of an Indian Education*, she has unequivocally declared: "Education is no education where religion and morality do not form an integral part of it." In another place she says: "We build education on the rock of religious and moral training."

The second most important ideal of education which Dr. Besant always kept

in mind was the building up of a united India wherein the freedom and ancient glory of India will be revived. India has had no truer or more ardent lover than Dr. Besant as is reflected in the following words: "The next thing that we stand for is that boys and those who are here as teachers should grow in love for the Motherland that gave them birth."

Dr. Besant championed many a noble cause. The education of the girls of India, which has been sadly neglected, is one of them. Since her pioneer work in this direction, many institutions for girls have grown up and public opinion has been steadily growing in support of her lead. Here again she kept the ideal of Indian womanhood before her as the aim of her educational experiment. The key-note of her educational work is to make the Indian youth realize India's greatness and place. "Indian ideal, Indian thought, and Indian customs" was her motto.

These lectures, in addition to laying down the broad principles of Indian education, answer many questions pertaining to details and day to day problems of education. They show how religious and moral education can be harmoniously blended with modern secular knowledge, how constant examinations lead to the cultivation of the memory, and the undercultivation of the perceptive and reasoning

faculties and the judgment, how character-building is the foremost and essential part of education, and how educational institutions should not only reflect the ancient Ashrama Ideal but should lay the foundations of good citizenship in the students.

This book can "be profitably read by all who have ardently at heart the future of Indian Education." for "they

will be both encouraged in their uphill task and able to understand more effectively the essential principles on which a real system of Indian education must be built." "Dr. Besant it was who for the first time in this age disclosed to India the broad outline of an education that might be called Indian" and in this book "is the unveiling." (Introduction) R. N.

UNDERSTAND THE REALITIES OF INDIA

I consider India as the home of culture. It is in India that there is a real reservoir of beautiful culture, but the modern generation has a tendency to be rough. All the beautiful courtesy of behaviour, a real understanding of the deep realities of life do not mean anything to the young people. They want splash, noise, anything that is superficial.

Our sense of good taste has certainly disappeared to a great extent. Very rarely do I find in modern India, and particularly in what is called 'educated India,' anything which I would call good taste. It is only the village people, the older generation, who appreciate great things instinctively, who can understand beautiful colours.

There is so much meaning in colours. Can you not imagine, for example, that the arts, culture, music, dancing, are not so much earthly attributes, but that they are heavenly attributes, attributes of the Devas? Can you imagine a Deva presenting art or music in browns, blacks, or dull colours? How can we bring an art that is near to Nature, an art that is near to the Deva influences, unless we show pure beauty?

That pure beauty you find in the villages because they are not yet 'educated.' I am not saying they should not learn to read and write, but I would rather they would remain as they are than have the wrong education. Wrong education is no education at all.

If we want to help in Indian work, if we want to help in cultural work, what we should do is to educate the minds of the public, as well as our own minds, to the understanding of greater things, of the realities, of true and beautiful ideals. If we study wonderful things in religion, in philosophy, then will we begin to respond to beauty in life, in form, and in every field of manifestation.

RUKMINI DEVI

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NOTES

We shall be happy to note in our journal useful activities of youth organizations and Youth Lodges, if reports are sent.

With the rapid increase in the cost of paper and printing and the difficulty in maintaining foreign subscriptions, the need for more Indian subscribers is urgent. May we request the help of our subscribers in enrolling at least one new subscriber, for which purpose we enclose with this issue a subscription card? We also request that our magazine may be brought to the notice of local libraries, reading rooms, youth organizations, well-wishers of young citizens and contemporary journals.

We specially desire to know if our readers have any suggestions with regard to the improvement of the journal.

We acknowledge receipt of the following exchange journals:

The Mel Milap (January-February); *Kalki* (June); *Juventud Teosofica*, Cuba (March); *The Theosophist* (June); *The Theosophical Worker* (June); *The Indian Theosophist* (June); *The Theosophical News and Notes*, London (March); *Human Affairs* (June); *The Teacher's Journal* (May); *Educational India*; *The Canadian Theosophist* (February).

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