

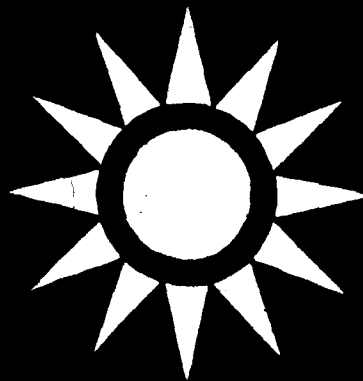
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SOUVENIR

*of the Visit of Generalissimo and
Madame Chiang Kai-shek to India in
February 1942.* Rs. 2 from The Chi-
nese Service, 16P, Bentinck Street,
Calcutta.

I should like to commend very warmly to readers of this issue of THE THEOSOPHIST the admirably produced Souvenir of the visit of Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek to India. The cover contains a most charming reproduction of these two personages in what I presume is a Chinese garden. It is indeed a fascinating picture. And the contents are very worthy of their cover. The articles include the various addresses delivered in India on the occasion of the visit by the Viceroy, the distinguished

guests, and others. The Generalissimo's message to India makes stirring reading, as also does Madame Chiang Kai-shek's address to the women of India. "Give us Guns and Planes" is an article by General Ho Ying-chin which should arouse the guilty consciences of all who have waited until now to acknowledge the world's indebtedness to China. There are many other articles of note, and every lover of China—and who is not in any civilized country?—who can afford Rs. 2 should buy a copy of the Souvenir, the more so as all profits are dedicated to the helping of China's war orphans. Mr. V. G. Nair is to be congratulated on an enterprise blessed by the collaboration of Dr. C. J. Pao, Consul-General for the Republic of China, Calcutta.

G. S. ARUNDALE



Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek



ON THE WATCH-TOWER

BY RUKMINI DEVI

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

NOBLE CHINA

IT is a great honour to be asked to write a Watch-Tower, and I am glad to do so especially for such an important number as this. It is not very easy to write on China though one can find any amount of material from which to quote. It is very easy to argue for China if argument is necessary, and it is so easy to appreciate this country from a distance. The real test comes when one is called upon to live amongst the people themselves and become Chinese instead of merely being responsive to their ways of living and thinking.

I am saying this because I have seen over and over again how numbers of western people who have had but one ambition in their lives—to come to India, the land of spirituality and culture—yet when arriving, allow their natural curiosity to turn into surprise and sometimes into a shock which sooner or later ends at best in their being able to possess a few Indian friends, but no real contact with the land they once, from a distance, thought so wonderful.

WHOLE-HEARTED UNDERSTANDING

If this is true of India then surely it must be true of China. One can

never really understand another nation through books. I know that no book which I have read on India or China in the English language gives anything more than facts and very few give even accurate facts. If the books are written by westerners, except of course by great persons like Dr. Besant—who was a greater Indian than most Indians—they are almost always bound to be un-Indian in spirit, if not anti-Indian. The same may be true even when the author is an Indian, as so many Indians are influenced by their western education.

I feel that to understand another country many qualities are necessary. First, a great desire sincerely and heartily to appreciate—not just a desire to “know facts”—which will help us deeply to understand. I feel that the so-called facts can never be of much use because “facts” change their appearances according to the points of view of those who give utterance to them.

The second important qualification is a lack of even *unconscious* pride. Pride is always a barrier. When, however, the pride is actually conscious then there need be no discussion on this subject at all.

The third quality is that which enables a foreigner to forget all his own habits and customs. I feel that one must forget for a time one's own nationality, otherwise there is an innate desire which always seeks

to make comparisons which are always bound to be in favour of one's own nation. Of course, the time may come when, having completely succeeded in understanding another country, it is good to make comparisons for the progress and well-being of all countries, and for the realization of true internationalism. We have, I think, to reverse our process of understanding, and first to feel China before knowing facts; and the best way to “feel” another nation is to read about and study the civilization of the country in all its aspects rather than to rely upon the opinions of other people.

PERSONAL ATTRACTION

I have personally felt a great attraction for China, and the attraction came about in this way. I saw a Chinese mother with her new-born baby in a hospital in Bombay. I was introduced to her and I was not sure how to respond to her real being when she treated me so naturally with a happy smile and showed me the baby—a golden creature with dark slits for eyes. I decided at once that no baby on earth was as wonderful, for this little creature was immediately perfect while other babies take time for their beauty to manifest. Then my interest grew and grew, and I felt a warm glow of affection for every Chinese.

Then the study of Art and Chinese art especially—I think that

no country has as fine a sense of Art as China. How do they manage to paint heaven in their embroideries, and how do they bring heaven down to earth in clay and metal in such exquisite forms? The Apollo of the Greek is beautiful, the bronzes of India are cosmic and fine; but there is a rare something in the grace of the Chinese Kuan Yin which completely captures one's being. The same can be said of Chinese poetry and of so many ideas of life and living which can be found in the articles which form this China issue of THE THEOSOPHIST.

INDIA AND CHINA

There is so much essential unity between India and China—both showing forth in their essential teachings the archetype of their respective Root Race types. So far the World of the East has not given its teaching to the West. The essential principle of the eastern philosopher is humility, for he who knows is naturally humble; and this humility has been almost the undoing of the East, for through non-resistance both India and China have been conquered by western culture. I am told that China particularly has become very modern—the Chinese giving up their beautiful clothes for those of the West, while their fashions have become those of the West. Though this is a tragedy, yet I feel the day

will come when the East will become tired of this materialistic glamour and once again the Light will shine from the East all the better for this dip into materialism.

CULTURAL GIFTS

China is so old with a civilization which has the noblest of truths both in teaching and in practice that the power of the age-old culture will be, and already is, stronger than any other influence, however strong, from the present day. There is no doubt whatever that the Chinese people are essentially gentlewomen and gentlemen however westernized they are, however lowly they may be born and whether they are Christian or Buddhist. When each race has established its archetype in civilization, a time must come, especially after a catastrophe or pralaya like this present war, when the culture of every nation must come to the foreground and show its lofty ideals above the selfishness of narrow patriotism and terrorism and enact a grand panorama of true Internationalism.

China has been a forgotten and an ignored country, but today she comes before the world as a land of importance and the minds of all of us are turned towards her. But this should not merely lead us to admire her courage and will-power because of her war against Japan, but must lead us to understand her, know her and learn from her. I am

sure we have so much to learn—yet unfortunately we needed a war to teach us that. When the war is over we shall learn from China and from India the Philosophy of the East. The other day I read an article about China written by an important official that if China develops her industries and builds up a great military power in the East then the whole world will look to her with admiration. In spite of three years of war the world still seems to think in these war terms. Is this all we shall respect? What about the great spiritual teaching of the East which alone can bring peace to the world? The battle of Kurukshetra opened the doors of India to other nations—India has received the impermanent and has submerged the eternal. This war in China will also open her doors to other nations. Still, I cannot but believe that this time the result will be different, must be different. China must give, and not submerge her eternal greatness.

CULTURAL EXCHANGES

In the distant past when the Chinese came to India, they exchanged silks, beautiful jewels and spices, but this was nothing compared with the great exchange of Truth. Great scholars and philosophers came, visited the Indian universities, temples and libraries, and went home full of the message of India. The great Lord Buddha

became their Teacher as indeed He is a Teacher for all humanity, and Bodhidharma went to China and received the utmost respect and hospitality. In this way Buddhism spread in China. The beautiful principle of Kuan Yin, another embodiment of the Indian conception of Motherhood, found a home in what I might term the twin-civilization of the East. India and China again form the highest ideal of womanhood. The superficial judgment about the purdah and the lonely courtyard of the Chinese makes people forget the truly feminine aspect of Divine Womanhood which in its real sense has no place in modern civilization in spite of the so-called freedom—for the essential gracefulness of living, high refinement, tenderness and motherliness are forgotten and no country could teach this lesson more than China.

One very remarkable characteristic of the Chinese is their open-mindedness. They have always shown their readiness to understand other nations and this is the reason for the great cultural exchange between China and India in the past, and for the westernization of both these countries in the present. I feel a great future is in store for both these Eastern Countries when they can re-establish this forgotten relationship between themselves. This is the reason why I am a firm believer in the

Sino-Indian Cultural Society, a branch of which I established some time ago here in Adyar as a part of Kalākshetra.

FORWARD TO WORLD UNITY

India is a Fifth Root Race Country, and she must become the high road that leads the Charioteers of the East to the West, and she must be the one to clasp with her hands of Brotherhood the civilizations of the West and of the East, of China and of other nations, thereby making a great world-wide circle of Brotherhood. The world must know and become one with the great teachings of the Lord Buddha, the Lord Krishna, Con-

fucius and Lao Tzû. The world must know the great names still unknown to the West and must understand the cultural influence of the divine artists of China, India and of all other eastern nations.

This war has come to destroy evil, selfishness and cruelty, and those whose eyes are closed on the battlefield shall be reborn to a world that points the high road to that bright Morning Star which brings peace and salvation to those who are waiting for the benevolence, culture and spiritual teaching of the East.

Rukmini Devi.

FIGHTING SOUTH OF THE CASTLE

[Old Chinese poetry is full of revelations of humanity, in both senses of the word. Here is a poem by an unknown writer of over 2,000 years ago.—E.E.S.]

They fought south of the castle,
They died north of the wall.
They died in the moors and were not buried.
Their flesh was the food of the crows.
"Tell the crows we are not afraid;
We have died in the moors and cannot be buried.
Crows, how can our bodies escape you?"
The waters flowed deep
And the rushes in the pool were dark.
The riders fought and were slain:
Their horses wander neighing.
By the bridge there was a house;
Was it south, was it north?
The harvest was never gathered.
How can we give you our offerings, O dead ones?
You served your Prince faithfully
Though all in vain.
I think of you, faithful soldiers;
Your service shall not be forgotten.
For in the morning you went out to battle,
And in the evening you did not return.

FROM THE EDITOR

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE THEOSOPHIST is greatly indebted to Bhikkhu Arya Asanga for having been mainly instrumental in compiling this China issue. A keen student of China himself, the compilation has been a labour of love as well as of his great literary skill, to which many readers of our journal will bear testimony as they have read his illuminating articles on a variety of subjects. Grateful thanks are also due to Rukmini Devi, the President, as Bhikkhu Arya Asanga is the Secretary, of the local branch of the Sino-Indian Cultural Society, for her Watch-Tower, which will certainly be read both with pleasure and profit.

We also thank most heartily the designer of the cover of this issue, Mr. Alex Elmore, who, it will be remembered, also designed the cover for our Poland Number. Despite a severe attack of illness he has given what we are sure will be acclaimed as a masterpiece of appropriate originality. He has most cleverly embodied in the design both the Chinese colours—blue and white—and the great Emblem of the Chinese Republic in the centre.

Finally, my thanks to the Chinese Service (Calcutta) for their help;

and to Professor E. E. Speight, now residing at Ootacamund, Nilgiri Hills, who is not only a deep student and admirer of China but who has known and lived with Chinese people, for his article and notes which we have freely used.

The Editors of THE THEOSOPHIST regard it as an honour to dedicate this issue to one of the greatest lands in the world. Already they have had the honour of paying their heartfelt tribute to Poland in the recent Poland Number of this journal, and last month was consecrated to the living memory of the journal's previous Editor—Dr. Annie Besant. They hope as soon as possible to consecrate a forthcoming issue to the living memory of the first Editor of THE THEOSOPHIST—H. P. Blavatsky; and then to offer homage to other lands which have been bearing the brunt of the fight for Righteousness and Universal Brotherhood.

NOVEMBER 17th

Grateful as we all are to China for her heroic and incredibly lonely resistance to the forces of evil, we must all the more be grateful to that memorable Day on which was founded, or I should rather say re-energized, the life of Universal Brotherhood in the outer world.

Throughout the world members of The Theosophical Society are stalwarts for Righteousness, each in his or her own way, to the great strengthening everywhere of Good and the weakening of evil. But I cannot help thinking that few outside the ranks of our Society know how to oppose wrong, fight it, subdue it, and at the same time to convert it.

Ardently do I fight as far as lies in my power—I am no pacifist, though I have been—Germany, Italy and Japan. I say that Victory must come to the United Nations, and the might of their foes must crumble into ruins. But as a Theosophist, and by the blessing of the natal day, the reincarnation day, of our Movement, I know that every one of our opponents is a member of the Universal Family of the Children of God, and that we belong to one another be our present separation however wide. We fight each other furiously, and some will wish to annihilate their foes. But Theosophists at least know how to fight so as never to lose touch with the Universal Brotherhood of all Life. We may, and I hope do, fight for complete Victory. But all the time we fight for Brotherhood, and therefore for the earlier triumph of the First Object of The Theosophical Society.

Of course, we must always be fighting unbrotherliness, cruelty, tyranny, misery, and all the other

woes of the world. This war is just one among almost innumerable wars for soldiers of the Light to wage against the darkness. But our foes of today and of any day, of any time, remain our brethren, whatever crimes we know them to have committed against Brotherhood. We know this and remember it as we fight.

We do not merely fight to win a victory in a war. We fight for Universal Brotherhood and to win every soul on earth to recognize it.

On November 17th our ardour for Brotherhood is renewed. We fight more strenuously. But as every anniversary passes, the world is one step nearer to a recognition of the Truth of Truths.

George S. Curdale

THE HERMIT

By TU FU

Alone I wandered o'er the hills
to seek the hermit's den,
While sounds of chopping rang around
the forest's leafy glen.
I passed on ice across the brook,
which had not ceased to freeze,
As the slanting rays of afternoon
shot sparkling through the trees.

I found he did not joy to gloat
o'er fetid wealth by night,
But far from taint, to watch the deer
in the golden morning light.
My mind was clear at coming,
but now I've lost my guide,
And rudderless my little bark
is drifting with the tide.

DEDICATION

A REGAL figure is the Lord Chakshusha Manu, the Manu of the Fourth Root Race, who is Chinese by birth, and of very high caste. He has the high Mongolian cheek-bones, and His face looks as though it were delicately carven from old ivory. He generally wears magnificent robes of flowing cloth-of-gold. As a rule we do not come into contact with Him in our regular work, except when it happens that we have to deal with one belonging to His Root Race.

—*The Masters and the Path*

A NIGHT-BELL VISIT TO CHINA¹

BY GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

A FEW nights ago—this is now July 28—I remember that we had the opportunity of paying a visit to what at first sight looked like a castle, but was afterwards perceived to be a monastery, in which dwells one of the greater Elder Brethren of China, together with a number of His disciples.

THE JOURNEY

I remember very clearly the scenery on the way: it had a very peculiar, and to me unusual, certainly unique, beauty of its own, with all the ruggedness of hills and snow-clad mountains, but also with the delicacies of streams and rivers and gorgeous flowers and trees of all kinds.

Travelling light and superphysically, it was, of course, possible to make very rapid progress into the interior of China where the monastery is situated, and at the same time to pause here and there to marvel both at splendid distances and also at nearby glories.

The atmosphere must have been distinctly Chinese in its constituent elements, for it was an atmosphere I do not remember having en-

countered elsewhere. Each country has, of course, its own atmosphere distinct from the atmospheres of all other countries. So it was that I entered into this atmosphere as into an entirely new, and certainly very wonderful, experience.

Unpolluted as the whole of this part of the country is by western contacts, one moved in an animal, a vegetable and a mineral kingdom, each of which had preserved its nature unchanged, I should imagine, for thousands of years. There was an antiquity about the scenery which reminded me of the flora of Australia, but the two antiquities are widely different.

I do not know how to describe the impressions made upon our little travelling party as we wended our way unerringly over hills and dales, and sometimes over mountains to the appointed destination. For my own part I felt myself to be in another world. It was a world in which the other kingdoms of nature were obviously, to the very eye itself, as Chinese as the denizens of the human kingdom therein. I might be looking at a tree, counterparts of which may be seen throughout the world. Yet I was looking at a Chinese tree, with all the

¹ First printed in THE THEOSOPHIST, November 1940.

characteristics which constitute and so vividly mark the ancient and very splendid Chinese civilization. I was looking at Chinese flowers, at Chinese earth, at Chinese grass, at Chinese hills and mountains; and I was breathing a Chinese atmosphere.

All this changed me and prepared me the more suitably to enter the monastery which we were given the opportunity of visiting. And very specially the sight of Chinese villages and of Chinese people working in them, and of Chinese animals round about them, intensified the change, so that I felt I had assumed, for the time being, a Chinese garb and had linked myself to Chinese traditions and to the Chinese outlook upon life. How unique both of these are, and how much more dignified and freely harmonizing with the laws of evolution than the western phase of living of which I am, for the moment, and in the physical body, an integral part.

I do not think I have had many Chinese incarnations to facilitate this most inspiring adjustment. But another member of our party was evidently in fortunate possession of a Chinese past, and accordingly he revelled in conditions which he was remembering with what I can only call an insatiable avidity. He, certainly, fitted into the landscape as only one other among our party did fit in, who had very special associations.

As for the rest of us—there were only one or two others—we had constantly to be making adjustments of which these two stood in no need, for the more the latter penetrated into the interior of China, the more did they become one with it, even to the extent of a changing of features, of stature, and, of course, of garments.

I was fascinated by these growing metamorphoses. In the beginning I was looking at people I knew in this particular incarnation, just as they happen to be today, but as we moved on and on they remembered, and in remembrance brought down into the present the spirit of lives lived before: under the influence of the surroundings, chameleon-like, seeming to change their very natures. This was indeed an unforgettable experience. I do not think I have known anything quite like it before. Others of us, too, were able to change, but it was by no means the same thing.

THE MONASTERY

At last the monastery, which looked so much like a castle, was to be seen on the side of a great hill, almost a mountain. It was of an architecture I have never seen before. For one moment I thought of the great buildings of Lhasa in Tibet, but it was not like these. These seemed comparatively flat, while the monastery had its up-pointing roofs and towers.

A path wended its way up to the great doors from the bottom of the hill, where there were clusters of little Chinese villages with here and there a dominating building. These doors did not need to be opened for us, and I am afraid I hardly noticed their splendour, for I was thinking exclusively of that which I should see within. But as I try to look back a little, I see that they are made of a very beautiful wood highly lacquered, and are very solid in construction.

Within, we are at once met by an elderly Chinese gentleman who sees us as clearly in our inner vehicles as he could see us were we in our usual physical forms. Of course, he knew we were coming and knew when we should arrive, and perfectly fulfilled that most gracious Chinese hospitality which perhaps is to be seen in its perfection only in these as yet unassaulted and I hope unassailable regions. He was dressed in dark blue Chinese silk garments with what looked like a small conical cap on his head. He wore the traditional tail of hair and presumably had certain ornaments proclaiming his rank, but these did not arrest my consciousness in any way. I looked at him thinking of his great post in this monastery and of his close relationship with the Great One within as a senior disciple.

He saluted us all in the traditional Chinese way, bowing most

graciously to each of us, and then led us, one can only say upstairs into one of the great apartments situated on the topmost storey.

A ROOM OF SURPASSING BEAUTY

The room into which he ushered us was one of the most beautiful rooms I have ever seen, partly because of the glorious view over the mountains and hills and valleys round about, partly because of the tremendous distances into which one could look, partly because of the wonderful examples of Chinese culture through the ages in vases and pottery of all kinds, in wood-carvings, in exquisite gems of ivory, in gorgeous woven materials; and partly because of the magnificent wall, as I first thought it to be, but afterwards knew to be a partition, between the room in which we were and a room beyond. This partition was of wood magnificently lacquered in a red tint of surpassing beauty and with beautiful Chinese designs in various colours, including gold, apparently in relief. I do not think I have ever seen so wonderful a piece of woodwork.

If I took my eyes away from it at all, it was only to fasten them upon the glories of Chinese art in the room itself, each with its own special and rightful place, and each so obviously sending forth its own peculiar message to the world. The room was, therefore, not just a

THE CULTURE OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE

BY PROFESSOR ERNEST E. SPEIGHT

CONTINUITY OF CHINESE CULTURE

CHINA has been called "the scene of the oldest civilization and the world's largest cultural unit." As a cultural unit it has very large fringes, extending into Korea, Eastern Turkestan, Indo-China, Malaya and the Pacific, not to speak of Japan and Formosa.

In much earlier days, I am certain, Chinese as well as Indian culture reached the American continent. One critic has noted that the triangular interlacing of the bands upon certain ancient Chinese bronze is almost identical with motifs carved in stone upon the façades of Mexican temples, and last year I made the exciting discovery that on a golden object from the Tomb of the Chiefs at Monte Alban at Oaxaca in Mexico, are two clearly recognizable Chinese ideograms.

Chinese culture exhibits a continuation of 5,000 years of successive phases, from the primitive evidenced by some of the earliest pottery known, to a commanding place in the international development of the world.

The last quarter of a century has been a period during which greater changes have been made in China than ever before. They have been

made, rather than simply come about; changes in habits, institutions and relations with the outside world. And yet through it all the Chinese are retaining their ancient forms of strength—patience, perseverance and pertinacity. All these are qualities increasingly needed by the world. For want of them many of the smaller nations have for the time being gone out of existence. The permanence of the Chinese character is surely a sign of strength to be trusted. The endeavour and determination which have persisted through all changes until these years of great trial are an omen of the deepest significance.

Chinese art, through all its manifestations from pottery and bronze of over four thousand years ago to architecture of the past millennium, reveals the Chinese character in such powerful rhythms and steadfastness that it stands apart from the rest of the world of art. In the suggestiveness of its force I can only compare with it certain Egyptian sculpture, some of the verse of Æschylus and Christopher Marlowe, and the verse and prose of Milton. It is not so much a matter of size or volume, but one of the

subtle effect of proportion upon the sub-conscious faculty.

In China, as in India, there is an enormous wealth of what may be called prehistoric culture. It is always turning up in daily life, sometimes to give the illumination of common sense to a dark or tangled situation, sometimes, in the form of a superstition, to remind us of days beyond record, long before the safety and mental stability of what we call civilization. And often it surprises us by suggesting intercourse, in those early days, of the ancestors of peoples now inhabiting widely separated regions.

CHINESE LANGUAGE

Most of us now have opportunities of hearing the Chinese language spoken, as both male and female voices broadcast regularly. One notices the peculiar sing-song or musical accent, which makes Chinese different from any western language and from Japanese. This is due to the fact that there are very few different syllables in Chinese. In literary English I have counted 6,000 different syllables, and in our dialects of English another 6,000. The Mandarin dialect of Peking has only 420 different monosyllables. But by pronouncing the same syllable in different tones you get much greater variety. In the north of China a syllable may have four different tonal pronunciations; in Canton

there may be eight. That is one of the things which make it so difficult for a foreigner to learn Chinese, unless he begins as a child.

The Chinese script is one of the most fascinating of Chinese inventions. Writing is venerated in China, and there is a great truth underlying this veneration. It is the truth that writing, like every human action, is part of some ritual whose purport no one can even imagine, some mystic ceremony that transcends the vision of mortality. Prof. H. A. Giles, one of the greatest Chinese scholars of the West, has told us:

A piece of paper on which a single word has once been written or printed becomes something other than paper with black marks on it. It may not be lightly tossed about, still less trampled underfoot. It should be reverently destroyed by fire, a medium of transmission to the great Beyond; and thus its spiritual essence will return to those from whom it originally came.

Chinese script is not an alphabet. It is a vast body of symbols, each representing a thing or a thought. My large Chinese dictionary contains over 14,000 of these symbols and twice as many more have been counted by Chinese scholars. Only seven different strokes are used in their making, but a symbol or ideogram may contain from one to over twenty strokes. These few strokes are all that remain of pictures, which were the original

constituents of Chinese writing, nearly 4,000 years ago. Even now, though nearly all are stylized in various forms of writing or printing, the pictorial character of many of these symbols can be recognized. But how can pictures of objects come to be able to represent the flow of conversation or ideas?

The Chinese long ago got over that difficulty. First of all it is easy for us to see how the picture of a *tree* by modifications could be made to mean the parts of a tree; different kinds of trees; many things made of wood, such as table, ladle, lever, stake, pole, cane, mallet, board, floor, rudder, handle, beam, bucket, bridge, ladder, shelf, coffin, wedge, spear, tub, spout, peg, cork, sledge, mast, eaves, box, door, deck, railing, and so on.

From this picture of a tree, by other modifications, were made signs for such verbs as to drip, to bend, to move, to draw water, to be amazed at, to bind, to separate, to accomplish (fruit), to be dried, to erect, to determine, to examine, to plant, to colonize, to inoculate, to roost, to live, to agree, to model on, to stand. Also adjectives, such as red, plain, simple, honest, soft, gentle, correct, terrible, straight, oval, elliptical, temporary. Adverbs such as not yet, very, generally, across, sideways.

The modifications necessary were either additions to the original symbol of tree, or a second symbol

placed in close conjunction. All these altered the meaning of the original symbol, and had nothing to do with sound or pronunciation. In later days other modifications were made to indicate pronunciation, which I cannot go into here.

The result was that in every part of China, whatever the dialect, the meaning of the script was the same. Today, if two men from widely separated parts of China, or a Chinese and Japanese meet in a train and are unable to understand each other's speech, they can converse by writing. Just imagine what a convenience that would be, if we had some such system of symbols in Europe!

LOVE OF WILD NATURE

The sense of oneness with sub-human forms of life is constantly shown in Chinese art. It is said of one man that "he could remember having been a horse, and vividly recalled the pain he had suffered when riders dug their knees hard into his sides." Thousands of paintings and figures carved in wood, stone and bronze bear witness to this sympathy between man and beast and bird. A moving poem of eleven hundred years ago is addressed to a wild goose, which the poet in exile had bought from some boys who had caught it on a frozen river, "because the sight of an exiled bird wounded an exile's heart." He bids the bird, when he has set

it free, not to fly to the north-west where armies have long been camped, for the soldiers' rations have become so small that they will kill the bird and eat it, and make its long feathers into arrow-wings.

This Chinese love of wild nature owes a great deal to the teaching of Lao Tzû, a contemporary of Confucius, in the fifth century B.C. I will speak about this teaching later. The practical effect which it often had was to send capable men away from city life and political administration into retirement and meditation in lovely, beautiful mountain regions, from which has resulted a vast body of poetry and painting still little known to the western world. More of the poetry has remained than of the pictures, and it is being laid open to the world by translations.

CHINESE HUMOUR

There are certain types of Chinese faces, especially among the men of the northern and western highlands, which seem to be informed by a spirit of humour, much like that of Anatole France, who also knew well how to temper irony and sarcasm with sympathy. Humour is the health of the mind, says James Stephens, himself a blend of Swift and Anatole France, and the humour of the Far East is certainly health of the mind. The greater part is unrecorded and unrecordable in its association with

gesture and facial transformation, whereby it becomes what has been called the smile of philosophy, holding the noble secret of laughing at yourself.

We are told of a great general Tsao Tsao of the third century A.D. who sentenced himself to death for some breach of the law, but satisfied his sense of justice by cutting off his hair.

There is an interesting instance of quiet humour in an anecdote told by an old philosopher. An old man, who lived near the Great Wall, had a horse which strayed one day. His neighbours pitied him, but he told them to wait and see whether it would not lead to something good. And it did, for one day the horse returned, with a beautiful Mongol mare. When the neighbours congratulated him he said: "Don't be rash; this may bring misfortune." Soon afterward his son was thrown off the new horse and became a cripple. When the neighbours condoled with him, the old man said: "Who knows if this will not turn out happily?" Before long there was a great invasion by the Huns, and all the young men of the district were called up. Nine out of every ten were killed. The crippled son had stayed at home, and so the old man, until death, had a son to support him.

There is much of cultured humour also among the Chinese

peoples. At a monastery near the old city of Suchow a few years ago a party of foreigners were entertained by the abbot. The narrator of the story says :

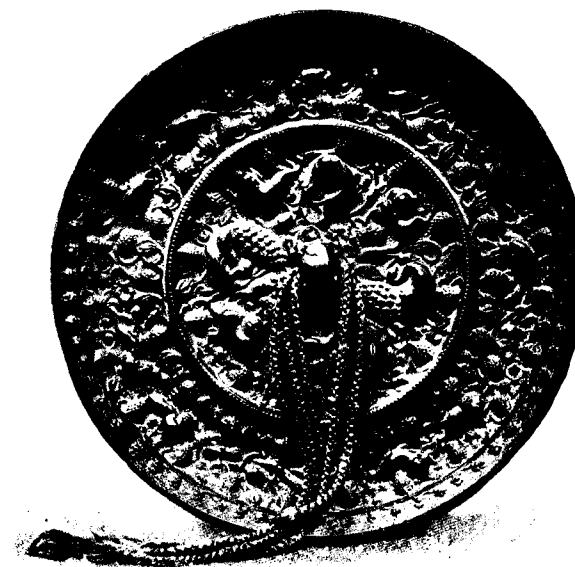
A real European always has a surprise for a poor old Chinaman. One of us had an electric pocket lamp. He took it out of his pocket and let it flash in the dark room. The pilgrims were amazed, and even the abbot was full of admiration. It was then that we explained to him in detail how such an object had to be manipulated. At last he was allowed to switch it on a few times. The battery gradually began to give out and the lamp ceased to be as impressive as it was before. The abbot then took his leave, and in the calmest manner in the world, drew an excellent pocket lamp out of his sleeve. The pilgrims moved shyly to one side before its blinding radiance and the abbot disappeared into his cell with a friendly greeting along the illuminated passage.

CHINESE ART

Intense concentration and reliance on suggestion rather than full representation are the informing and outstanding characteristics of Chinese art. And throughout the course of Chinese history there have been invasions which the genius of the people has always turned to advantage while preserving their own central poise. Such was the invasion, some 3,000 years ago, by western patriarchal tribes, of the ancient matriarchal civilization, which resulted in one of those

states of tension so necessary to creative endeavour, a tension which has lasted through all Chinese history. Other blendings of culture came about through the contest in the fifth century B.C. between the northern culture of the Yellow River and the original culture of the Yang Tse. Better known to the outer world is the blending of Indian, Ionian and Chinese culture which resulted in what is coming to be recognized as the supreme revelation of creative ability in all history—the art of the T'ang and Sung periods, from A.D. 618 to 1279. The best description that I know of the richness of this period in cultural luxury is that of Prof. Fenellosa, whose fortunate knowledge of Chinese and Japanese art can only have been equalled by that of Mr. Charles Freer, to whom America owes most of her Far Eastern treasures. Prof. Fennellosa, like Prof. Santayana, is a gift of Spain to America. He says :

The root of the exceptional genius of the T'ang period lay in the variety of its sources, and in their fertile reaction upon each other when brought into contact at a common capital. . . . The Eastern capital, Loyang, in the ancient peaceful seats of the Hoangho valley, was rebuilt upon a scale which accommodated more than two million inhabitants. Great public gardens and museums gave recreation to the people. Private palace gardens were raised on mighty walled terraces, pavilion-crowned, that enjoyed far prospect over lakes



Bronze Mirror with Graeco-Bactrian designs.
Han Dynasty, 202 B.C.—A.D. 220. Diam. $9\frac{1}{8}$ in.
(From *Chinese Art*, vol. I)



Bronze Mirror with Sanskrit inscription. Yuan Dynasty, 1280—1367. Diam. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in.
(From *Chinese Art*, vol. I)

and bays—or sunk into cool shady walls where plum trees shot their arms into the shape of dragons, and ancient pines had been trained to writhe like serpents through the interstices of water-worn stone. Pavilions rose above granite and marble foundations in rainbow tier after tier. Great banqueting-halls, and blue silk awnings, and heavy portieres shot with golden thread added alike to the coolness and to the æsthetic traditions.

A vast commerce had opened up with the Indian Ocean and even the Persian Gulf. Colonies of Arab merchants already [that is 1,200 years ago] had settlements in the Chinese cities. Mohammedan mosques, Jewish synagogues and churches of Nestorian Christians arose in some of the more populous cities.

Great scholars, Buddhist and Confucian, thronged the receptions of the imperial court; the greatest calligraphists of China wrote mighty thoughts in exquisite manuscript; the culmination of peaceful dignified prose was reached; and, more than all, the wonderful experiments in perfecting poetic forms now came to their final blossoming in a host of great poets. . .

CHINESE POETRY

Of this T'ang poetry, Mr. Cranmer-Byng, a poet-translator, has written:

Poetry according to a Chinese commentator is designed to raise the reader to a plane of mental ecstasy known to the Buddhists as *Samādhi*. No great poem finishes when the last line is brought to a close; only the words stop, while the sense goes on. But

what a world of meaning is to be found between four short lines? The poems of the T'ang poets are full of this suggestive compelling fragrance which lingers when the songs have passed away. It is as though Eolian harps had caught some strayed wind from an unknown world and brought strange messages from peopled stars.

Here is verse from that age of T'ang, by a poet Po Chü-i (A.D. 772-846), who wrote when the Vikings were settling in England:

PEACH BLOSSOM

The peach-blossoms open on the eastern wall.
I breathe their fragrance, laughing in the glow
Of golden noontide. Suddenly there comes
The revelation of the ancient wind,
Flooding my soul with glory, till I feel
One with the brightness of the first far dawn,
One with the many-coloured spring, and all
The secrets of the scented hearts of flowers
Are whispered through me. . . .
Alas!

My little friends, my lovers, we must part,
And, like some uncompanioned pine that stands
Last of the legions on the southern slopes,
I too shall stand alone, and hungry winds
Shall gnaw the lute-strings of my desolate heart.¹

Reading these delicate yet full charged little poems it is difficult

¹ From *A Lute of Jade*, by L. Cranmer-Byng.

to realize that they were written by men whose ancestors, 200 years before Christ, built the Great Wall of China, 20 feet high and 15 feet broad, running through the wildest country for 1,500 miles--vastest evidence of human physique.

TAOIST THOUGHT

We have in English literature occasional statements which startle by their apparent paradox. Sir Richard Steele said:

It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significance in it.

John Keats, in his wonderful letters, wrote:

Let us open our leaves like a flower, and be passive and receptive.

The only way to strengthen one's intellect is to make up one's mind about nothing.

These three sayings might be translations from the writings of Lao Tzû, or one of his followers, who taught the cult of what they called Tao or The Way, or more fully The Way of Nature. For me Tao is an aspect of life not merely Chinese but human, which is the great mark of Chinese life. It is a phase of humanity which works for salvation, by creation and by resignation—by self-immersion in the world-process.

Emerson, a student saturated with eastern thought, is constantly showing facets of Tao. It is Emerson, too, who has given a construct-

ive aspect to Tao, by relating it, though not perhaps in full consciousness of what he was doing, with salient convictions of Indian thought. Here are some of his words:

It is a secret which every intellectual man quickly learns, that, beyond the energy of his conscious intellect he is capable of a new energy by abandonment to the nature of things. Then he is caught up into the life of the universe: his speech is thunder, his thought is law.

With all recognition of the Cosmic Flow, which some regard as the heart of Tao, there are forms of Tao which persist and are yet as momentous as the more visibly variable ones. The shaping of Chinese character, the transmutation of life into forms of art, the insistence on holding one's foreground while giving place to others, are all great things. Tao involves a charity without bounds, a new vision of oneself and one's place in the world, sanction to many of our illusions, especially to those which make for happy social relations, and the recognition that we ourselves often form an unnecessary barrier between yesterday and tomorrow.

Tao warns us against becoming static and so regarding the past as static. We have to live in the present flow, to realize that the past was a stream of life, not rocks in a dry river-bed, and that we have

about us the same stream of life, beauty and excellencies and possibilities waiting to be recognized, aching with a meaning for us, as Rabindranath Tagore expressed it. This truth has immense bearing on all our life, and should be made the central principle of all art, doing away with all slavish imitation, all meaningless surrender to convention.

It may not cause us to change our lives, but it gives us a feeling that this life and the way we live it are not all. It helps us to realize that we are playing a part in some more than human ritual, whose meaning and value are beyond our comprehension, and whose end beyond our shaping.

CHINA, RUSSIA AND INDIA

In all the degeneration of human relations which this war has caused there are certain great compensations which by devoted human endeavour can lead to a victory over the lower selves of mankind. And the most amazing, surely providential, of these compensations is the coming together of the three most extensive and populous worlds of human activity, China, Russia and India. Few can yet have realized what that quiet and sudden visit to India of those two Christian leaders of China may portend. To me it was a cause of intense happiness, an omen of things of far greater value to humanity than the

revelation of unexpected military strength in the whole fabric of the Russian people. For these three peoples, the Chinese, the Indian and the Russian, are all nearer to the heart of things, the core of human evolution, than any others in the world. It is they who, above all others, have preserved untarnished the treasures of intuition which in the West have been surrendered to the fugitive and often phantasmal achievements of cerebral rather than cordial activities. There are unsounded depths of power and beauty in India, China and Russia which no war can disturb. Just below the surface of this harassing modern life there are inexhaustible stores of restoration for those who feel that they are living in a world without meaning.

I know that India is aching for something or some companionship which will rouse her spiritual yearning into creative activity. She has shown herself capable of mastering all the intellectual procedure of the West, whether philosophical speculation, mathematical adventure or physical research, with its practical results. But her critical faculties, by ceaseless discussion, have lost vital efficacy. There is a universal sense of frustration, which is the inevitable outcome of over-absorption in mental formulation rather than in the logic of the heart.

In her all-embracing consciousness India knows this well enough,

and that is why she sets such value on the forms of creative and interpretative arts which are peculiarly hers, the drama, the dance, music and devotional song.

In Chinese culture in its many forms, with their intensely human appeal, India will find springs of alleviation to compensate incalculably for the drab monotony of the civilization of machinery. It is no wonder that a Continental critic who lived long in China should have realized the portentous value of the survival of Chinese humanity into our era. It is part of the irony as well as the wisdom of things that he should entitle his masterpiece *The Soul of China*, and say such things as the following :

If we enquire what China, with the rich inheritance of the past, has to offer us, it is hardly possible to suppress the view that the continuance of Chinese life into the modern era is of positively providential significance for the development of mankind. . . . Old as the Chinese race is, there is nothing servile about it, but it lives in the spirit of innocence peculiar to children. It is the innocence of the man who is anchored in the deepest depths of being, there where the springs of life well up. . . . Chinamen live, as it were, with the rhythm of destiny, and for this reason they ride like sovereigns upon the surface waves of life.

And keeping in close view the claims of the western mechanical culture of life, and all that happened between 1914 and 1928, the

same wise man, Richard Wilhelm, summarizes his conclusions thus :

In the process of severing itself from the ties of time and space, humanity needs two things : profound penetration into its own subconsciousness until from those depths upwards the road to all that is vital, which is experienced in a mystic and unified vision, has become liberated. This is the possession of the East. On the other hand, it needs the ultimate intensification of the autonomous individual until it has acquired the power to match the whole pressure of the external world. This is the possession of the West. Upon this ground East and West meet as mutually indispensable brothers.

I have purposely mentioned the religion of Marshal and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. It is a religion based on the teachings of Christ. China claims the right of an independent interpretation of those teachings. And we must not forget the words of that great teacher, Henry Drummond, that Love is the final result of Evolution, and that Christianity did not begin at the Christian era, but is as old as Nature.

Lastly, while Chinese Christians, as all true Christians, regard the great wars of our time as a terrible falling away from the teachings of Christ, China, under her Christian leaders, has not hesitated to enlist all her powers, spiritual as well as material, in defence against the last danger to all that Faith and Love have given to human life.

THE SINO-INDIAN CULTURAL ASSOCIATION

THE KALAKSHETRA BRANCH

IT was on the occasion of the fourth anniversary of the Sino-Japanese war, on the 7th of July 1941, that the idea arose of trying to make a closer contact between India and her great Neighbour. Looking round for means and ways, it was thought best to do this through the existing Sino-Indian Cultural Association, the Headquarters of the Indian Centre of which are at Shantiniketan, and known as the Vishva-bharati Cheena-Bhavan. A correspondence entered upon with the Head of that Centre, Professor Tan Yun-shan, resulted in the institution of a Branch at Adyar, under the auspices of the existing Cultural and Art Centre there, Kalākshetra, of which Shrimati Rukmini Devi is the moving force and the actual President.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

The idea of such a Sino-Indian Cultural Movement which would draw the two lands more intimately together, was placed before his Chinese hosts by Gurudeva Rabindranath Tagore during his visit to China in 1924, in the following words : "My friends, I have come

to ask you to re-open the channel of communication between China and India, whose foundations were laid eighteen hundred years back by our ancestors with infinite patience and sacrifice. For I hope it is still there ; though overgrown with weeds of oblivion, its lines can still be traced. We in India have no power, political, military or commercial ; we do not know how to help you or injure you materially. But, fortunately we can still meet you as your guests, your hosts, your brothers and your friends. Let that happen. I invite you to us as you have invited me. I do not know whether you have heard of the institution I have established in my land, at Shantiniketan. Its one object is to let India welcome the world to its heart. Let what seems a barrier become a path, and let us unite, not in spite of our differences, but through them. For differences can never be wiped away, and life would be so much the poorer without them. Let all human races keep their own personalities, and yet come together, not in a uniformity that is dead, but in a unity that is living."

PROF. TAN YUN-SHAN

In answer to the call Professor Tan Yun-shan and others organized the Sino-Indian Cultural Association, with two Centres of activity, one in China, at Nanking, and one in India, at Shantiniketan. But the building of the Association at Nanking was destroyed by the Japanese bombardment during the first year of the Sino-Japanese war (1937-38). Owing to this war the activities of the Movement in China have necessarily somewhat lapsed. But the Centre at Shantiniketan is still active. The "Chinese Hall" there, erected in 1937, was ceremoniously opened by the Poet himself, and the words quoted above are taken from his address on that occasion.¹ From Professor Tan Yun-shan's address I extract the following:

"Today I am reminded of an old story, of the last quarter of the seventh century of the Christian era, when a great Indian sage, named Bodhidharma, went to China. He brought with him no other material things than a single robe and bowl. He loved the country and lived and died there. The only gift he left to his host as well as his disciple, besides his Dharma, was this single robe and the bowl. They became a landmark in the history of Buddhism in China. They were the symbols of a great school of thought, and so became a Dharma-jewel of Chinese Bud-

¹ The Address is given in the next article.

dhism. They are still well preserved in a very famous monastery in the Kuangtung Province. Are these robe and bowl materially speaking valuable things? You will certainly say: 'No.' But being a symbol of love, they became precious and rare, for love is more than anything. So may this 'Chinese Hall' be! It will not only be a Centre of our work for cultural interchange, but also a concrete link of love between our two countries and cultures."

When the Chiang Kai-sheks visited India in February last, they made a handsome donation, both to Tagore's Institution and to the Chinese Hall.

AIMS AND WORK

The direct aims then of the Kalāshetra Branch at Adyar, in conformity with the ideals and objects of the parent movement, are to draw the two oldest and greatest peoples of Asia closer together in a bond of mutual understanding and respect for each other's cultural achievements in the past, and of co-operation for the conceiving and the realization of a still greater future for both, marching abreast in the vanguard of human progress. These objects it is thought to pursue by the exchange of ideas between the two races, through lectures, publications, and exhibitions of each other's arts, crafts, and other cultural productions, as well as by the establishing of friendly relations

between Indians and Chinese in India.

During the first few months of its existence, the Kalāshetra Branch had of course still to feel its way about, and could not yet give much sign of life directed outwards. On China Day this year, that is, on the 7th of March last, however, at a meeting in the great Hall of the Theosophical Headquarters at Adyar, greater publication was given to its aims and ideals, and the following present were then and there enlisted as members: 1. Dr. G.S. Arundale, 2. Shrimati Rukmini Devi, 3. Bhikkhu Arya Asanga, 4. Rohit Mehta, 5. Sri Devi, 6. Alex Elmore, 7. Mary Elmore, 8. K. Sankara Menon, 9. H. van de Poll, 10. Irene Prest, 11. Edith Pinchin, 12. Elithe Nisewanger, 13. Jaganatha Rao, 14. J. L. Davidge. Since then more members have been registered.

In connection with the fifth anniversary of the Sino-Japanese war, in July of this year, it was planned by Shrimati Rukmini Devi,

the Head of the Branch, to make a special effort to give greater publicity to the existence of the Sino-Indian Cultural Association. For this purpose a radio-talk was arranged on "Art in Chinese Life," broadcasted by the All-India Radio from Madras at the end of July. Our readers will find it printed as the next but one article. Further a meeting is scheduled in Madras, where leading persons in cultural and educational movements and institutions will be asked to speak on one or other aspect of Chinese culture and Indian contacts with China. In the third place it was suggested by Rukmini Devi that a special issue of *THE THEOSOPHIST* might be dedicated to China, and its heroic effort to stem the tide of violence and aggression, and to lead the Asiatic peoples to a brighter future of freedom and self-government. This suggestion being immediately accepted with enthusiasm by the President of The Theosophical Society, the result now lies before the reader.

TO KNOW AND TO BE SILENT

BY PO CHÜ-I

Who know speak not, who speak know naught,
Are words from Lao Tzû's lore.
What then becomes of Lao Tzû's own
Five thousand words¹ and more?

¹ That is, Lao Tzû's *Tao Tê Ching*. See page 155.

CHINA AND INDIA

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[Extracted from an Address delivered on the occasion of the Opening Ceremony of the "Chinese Hall" (*Cheena Bhavan*) at Shantiniketan. Another extract from the same Address will be found on page 121 of this issue. The whole Address with that of Professor Tan Yun-shan on the same occasion was published as Pamphlet No. 2 by the Sino-Indian Cultural Society at Shantiniketan.]

THE Hall which is to be opened today will serve both as the nucleus and as a symbol of that larger understanding that is to grow with time. Here students and scholars will come from China and live as part of ourselves, sharing our life and letting us share theirs, and by offering their labours in a common cause, help in slowly rebuilding that great course of fruitful contact between our peoples that has been interrupted for ten centuries. For this Vishva-bharati is, and will, I hope, remain a meeting-place for individuals from all countries, East or West, who believe in the unity of mankind and are prepared to suffer for their faith. I believe in such individuals even though their efforts may appear to be too insignificant to be recorded in history.

It might be supposed that in a world so closely knit by railways, steamships and air lines, where almost every big city is cosmopolitan, such special invitations for contact are superfluous. But, unfortunately, the contacts that are being made today have done more to estrange and alienate peoples from one another than physical inaccessibility ever did. We are discovering for ourselves the painful truth that nothing divides so much as the wrong kind of nearness. Peoples seem to be coming in each other's way, dodging and trapping one another, without ever coming together. We meet others, either as tourists when we merely slide against the surface of their life, entering hotels only to disappear from their land, or as exploiters in one disguise or another. We are living in a world where nations are divided into two main groups—those who trample on others' freedom, and those who are unable to guard their own; so that while we have too much of intrusion on others' rights, we have hardly any intercourse with their culture. It is a terrorized world, dark with fear and suspicion, where peaceful races

in dread of predatory hordes are retreating into isolation for security.

I am reminded of my experience as we were travelling up from Shanghai to Nanking along the great river, Yang Tse. All through the night I kept on coming out of my cabin to watch the beautiful scene on the banks, the sleeping cottages with their solitary lamps, the silence spread over the hills, dim with mist. When morning broke and brought into view fleets of boats coming down the river, their sails stretching high into the air, a picture of life's activity with its perfect grace of freedom, I was deeply moved and felt that my own sail had caught the wind and was carrying me from captivity, from the sleeping past, out into the great world of man. It brought to my mind different stages of the history of man's progress.

In the night each village was self-centred, each cottage stood bound by the chain of unconsciousness. I knew, as I gazed on the scene, that vague dreams were floating about in this atmosphere of sleeping souls, but what struck my mind more forcibly was the fact that when men are asleep they are shut up within the very narrow limits of their own individual lives. The lamps exclusively belonged to the cottages, which in their darkness were in perfect isolation. Perhaps, though I could not see them, some prowling bands of thieves

were the only persons awake, ready to exploit the weakness of those who were asleep.

When daylight breaks we are free from the enclosure and the exclusiveness of our individual life. It is then that we see the light which is for all men and for all times. It is then that we come to know each other and come to co-operate in the field of life. This was the message that was brought in the morning by the swiftly moving boats. It was the freedom of life in their outspread sails that spoke to me; and I felt glad. I hoped and prayed that morning had truly come in the human world and that the light had broken forth.

This age to which we belong, does it not still represent night in the human world, a world asleep, whilst individual races are shut up within their own limits, calling themselves nations, which barricade themselves, as these sleeping cottages were barricaded with shut doors, with bolts and bars, with prohibitions of all kinds? Does not all this represent the dark age of civilization, and have we not begun to realize that it is the robbers who are out and awake?

But I do not despair. As the early bird, even while the dawn is yet dark, sings out and proclaims the rising of the Sun, so my heart sings to proclaim the coming of a great future which is already close upon us. We must be ready to

welcome this new age. There are some people, who are proud and wise and practical, who say that it is not in human nature to be generous, that men will always fight one another, that the strong will conquer the weak, and that there can be no real moral foundation for man's civilization. We cannot deny the facts of their assertion that the strong have their rule in the human world; but I refuse to accept this as a revelation of truth.

It is co-operation and love, mutual trust and mutual aid which make for strength and real merit of civilization. New spiritual and moral power must continually be developed to enable men to assimilate their scientific gains, to control their weapons and machines, or these will dominate and enslave them. I know that many will point to the weakness of China and India and tell us that thrown as we are among other ruthlessly strong and aggressive world peoples, it is necessary to emphasize power and progress in order to avoid destruction. It is indeed true that we are weak and disorganized, at the mercy of every barbaric force, but that is not because of our love of peace but because we no longer pay the price of our faith by dying for it. We must learn to defend our humanity against the insolence of the strong, only taking care that we do not imitate their ways and, by turning ourselves brutal, destroy those very values

which alone make our humanity worth defending. For danger is not only of the enemy without but of the treason within us. We had, for over a century, been so successfully hypnotized and dragged by the prosperous West behind its chariot that, though choked by the dust, deafened by the noise, humbled by our helplessness, overwhelmed by speed, we yet agreed to acknowledge that this chariot-drive was progress, and that progress was civilization. If we ever ventured to ask, however humbly: Progress towards what and progress for whom?—it was considered to be peculiarly and ridiculously oriental to entertain such doubts about the absoluteness of progress. It is only of late that a voice has been heeded by us, bidding us take account not only of the scientific perfection of the chariot, but of the depth of ditches lying across its path. To-day we are emboldened to ask: what is the value of progress if it make a desert of this beautiful world of man? And though we speak as members of a nation that is humiliated and oppressed and lies bleeding in the dust, we must never acknowledge the defeat, the last insult, the utter ruin of our spirit being conquered, of our faith being sold. We need to hear again and again, and never more than in this modern world of head-hunting and cannibalism in disguise that—By the help of unrighteousness

men do prosper, men do gain victories over their enemies, men do attain what they desire; but they perish at the root.

It is to this privilege of preserving, not the mere body of our customs and conventions, but the moral force which has given quality to our civilization and made it worthy of being honoured, that I invite the co-operation of the people of China, recalling the profound words of their sage, Lao Tzû: Those who have virtue attend to their obligations; those who have no virtue attend to their claims. Progress which is not related to an inner ideal, but to an attraction which is external, seeks to satisfy endless claims. But civilization, which is an ideal, gives us power and joy to fulfil our obligations.

Let us therefore abide by our obligation to maintain and nourish the distinctive merit of our respective cultures and not be misled into believing that what is ancient is necessarily outworn and what is modern is indispensable. When we class things as modern or old we make a great mistake in following our calendar of dates. We know that the flowers of Spring are old, that they represent the dawn of life on earth, but are they therefore symbols of the dead and discarded? Would we rather replace them with artificial flowers made of rags, because they were made "yesterday"? It is not what is

old or what is modern that we should love and cherish but what has truly a permanent human value. And can anything be more worthy of being cherished than the beautiful spirit of the Chinese culture that has made the people love material things without the strain of greed, that has made them love the things of this earth, clothe them with tender grace without turning them materialistic? They have instinctively grasped the secret of the rhythm of things—not the secret of power that is in science, but the secret of expression. This is a great gift, for God alone knows this secret. I envy them this gift and wish our people could share it with them.

I do not know what distinctive merit we have which our Chinese friends and others may wish to share. Once indeed our sages dedicated themselves to the ideal of perfect sympathy and intellect, in order to win absolute freedom through wisdom and absolute love through pity. Today we cannot boast of either such wisdom or such magnanimity of heart. But I hope we are not yet reduced to such absolute penury of both as not to be able to offer at least a genuine atmosphere of hospitality, of an earnestness to cross over our limitations and move nearer to the hearts of other peoples and understand somewhat of the significance of the endless variety of man's creative effort.

CULTURAL CONTACT BETWEEN INDIA AND CHINA¹ BY PROF. TAN YUN-SHAN

Director, Cheena Bhavan, Vishva-bharati

THE cultural contact between India and China is part of a long history. It started with the introduction of the great world religion, Buddhism, from India into China. The earliest date for such introduction is very hard to ascertain. According to the record of Chinese history, it is the Yung-Ping tenth year of Ming Ti of the Han Dynasty, namely, A.D. 67, when Buddhism formally reached China for the first time. But, according to other books, it seems that even before the Ts'in Dynasty (260—207 B.C.) Buddhism had already arrived in China. Take, for example, one old Chinese book called *Lieh-Tzu*, in which we find the following passage: "Confucius said, 'I have heard of a sage in the West, who set up order without rule, made people believe him without instruction. So majestic and supreme was he that no earthly name could be assigned to him (for designation)!' " Confucius, as far as we know, really lived at the same time as the Buddha and what

he meant by the West is, no doubt, India; for it was the ancient custom of China to call India the "Western Kingdom" or the "Western Heaven," and to call herself by the name of the "Middle Kingdom" or the "Glorious Country." When he spoke of a sage with so much praise, it was quite possible that he meant the Buddha, together with his message and the culture of India. There is another Chinese book called *Chin-Lu*, or Classic Records, containing a statement that "in the fourth year of the King Cheng of the Chin State, eighteen monks headed by one Shih Li-fang came to China from the Western Region with classics and images of Buddhism and the Buddha for the first time." Here the fourth year of the King Cheng of the Chin State (268 B.C.) is 22 years before the founding of the Ts'in Dynasty by him (then called Chin Shih-huang-ti) with all China under his control. There are other numerous accounts of a similar nature in different books and it is not necessary to enumerate them one by one here. From these we can see that the date of introduction of Buddhism from

India into China was much earlier than the Yung-Ping tenth year of Ming Ti of Han Dynasty, namely, A.D. 67, and that the cultural contact between India and China had taken place more than two thousand years ago.

After the introduction of Buddhism into China, numerous Chinese monks and scholars came to India for studying, and Indian sages and missionaries went to China for preaching. The most famous among the Chinese who came to India were Fa Hsien, Hsüan Tsang and I-tsing. Among the Indians who went to China, Kasyapa Matanga, Kumarjiva and Gunarata were the most famous. Kasyapa Matanga was the first Indian missionary to have preached in China and to have formally introduced the great religion of Buddha. Kumarjiva and Gunarata were two of the greatest Indian translators of Buddhist Scriptures from Sanskrit into Chinese. The former translated 94 books, consisting of 425 Fascicles; the latter 64 books, consisting of 278 Fascicles. Fa Hsien was the first Chinese who came to India for learning and returned to China after having achieved great success. Hsüan Tsang and I-tsing were the two greatest of the Chinese translators of the Buddhist *Tri-pitaka*. Hsüan-Tsang brought from India to China 520 bundles of 657 books and translated 73 of

them, consisting of 1,330 Fascicles. I-tsing brought to China from India nearly 400 books and translated 56 of them, consisting of about 230 Fascicles. These are not only some of the most splendid and glorious achievements of Chinese culture, they are also magnificent feats, in the history of world civilization. It is these sages and scholars, both Indian and Chinese, who, through their stupendous work and labour, created such great, wonderful and intimate cultural friendship between our nations in the past. They met each other with love and respect. They exchanged their greetings and gifts just as noble friends would do. They never harboured in their mind any insincerity or unfriendliness towards one another. They had not the least idea of personal advantage and disadvantage. Their motives and actions, their words and deeds were pure and emphatically cultural and religious.

Unfortunately these contacts and relationships between India and China, later on, relapsed into forgetfulness, probably on account of vicissitudes of life and changes in circumstances. For the last few centuries, the path between our two countries had been dimmed by deep darkness and was covered up with the accumulated dust of indifference. But from a spiritual point of view, our national love

¹ Reprinted by courtesy of the Author and Publisher, from *Souvenir of the Visit of Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek to India*.

and sympathy for each other have never ceased, though the formal relationship has been somewhat severed in the course of time. As soon as the opportunity arises, we shall ever be ready to take hold of it and renew our old relationship at any cost. Now this opportunity has already come to us, and it is our duty not only to revive the old friendships and associations but also to create new contacts and relations between our two great countries, India and China. The visit of the late Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore to China in 1924 had marked the resumption of our old national relationship. The impression he created among us during his sojourn in China is even greater than that of our sages in the past. The Chinese people generally regard the late Gurudeva and the Mahatma as the modern Buddhas of India. It is due to the efforts of the late Gurudeva and his inspiration that my humble self initiated a movement to organize the Sino-Indian Cultural Society in Nanking in 1924, and in Shantiniketan in 1933, with the object of linking up the civilizations of the two countries, to interchange our cultures, to cultivate friendship among our peoples, and, lastly, to work for universal peace and human fraternity. The establishment of the Cheena Bhavan or the Chinese Hall in the Vishvabharati or the International University at

Shantiniketan was the first offspring of the organization of the Sino-Indian Cultural Society. Recently, the visit of the great Indian hero, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, to China in 1939; and the visits of the Chinese Goodwill Mission led by His Excellency Tai Chi-tao, President of the Examination Yuan of the National Government of China, and of the Chinese Buddhist Mission led by His Eminence the Rev. Tai Hsu to India in 1940, have all rendered excellent service to a restoration of the cultural contact between these two great nations. Now the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the two greatest personalities and supreme leaders of modern China, have created a new epoch of contact and friendship between our two countries by their historical and memorable visit to India during the last month. This visit of the Generalissimo and his heroic consort will be a great event not only in the history of India and China but in the history of the whole world.

Today the world is full of brutal hostilities and deadly and atrocious conflicts. The whole of civilization seems to be approaching the verge of complete destruction. It will be a great thing if the two great nations of India and China, whose populations combined together amount to nearly half of all humanity, should join together to

shoulder the responsibility of fostering and promoting peace and justice in the world of today as they did in the past and thus make

the most glorious contribution to mankind!

Cheena Bhavan,
Shantiniketan, 1st March 1942

TAGORE'S HOMAGE TO THE CHINESE

Between the two periods of his life separated by over half a century, periods when, as we have seen, Rabindranath wrote on China's martyrdom, he also offered many tributes to Chinese culture. In 1903 he wrote a long article on *Letters of John Chinaman*, a book which had caused a great stir in intellectual Europe and came from the yet undisclosed pen of the great scholar Lowes Dickinson; Tagore's article which forms the foundation of a great concept of Asiatic culture, and of its place in the united destiny of modern civilization, demands careful study. We see the ideal of the Vishva-bharati taking a clear shape in his writing, and he searches deeply into the ideals which have kept China and India fundamentally true and civilized for thousands of years. Tagore offers his homage to Chinese humanity, to the great industry of her people, her peaceful arts, and her rootedness in family affections. Asia becomes to him a living reality for he finds the same basic virtues in our Indian peoples as well and he prophesies a great eastern future. But the divisive tendencies, starting from lack of social initiative which so often makes our Asiatic countries invite peril, did not escape his attention. He foresaw the reawakening which had to come through new spiritual dynamism. China and India, he told us later, can well achieve a synthesis which will save humanity for men.

Rabindranath returned from China in 1924, with a Chinese name Chu Chen-tan given to him by his Chinese friends on the occasion of his 64th birthday in Peking on the 8th May 1924. Chu Chen-tan may be translated into English as the "Thunder-voiced Rising Sun of India." Rabindranath also brought a gorgeous Chinese robe which was presented to him during the Chinese birthday. This Chinese incarnation, under a new name and dress, made him happy and touched his imagination. One of his last poems, written on the 21st February 1941, dwells lovingly on this theme.

"Once I went to China.
Those whom I had not met
Put the mark of friendship on my forehead
Calling me their own. . .
I took a Chinese name, dressed in Chinese clothes.
This I know in my mind.
Wherever I find my friend, there I am born anew."

These lines taken from his poem would indicate how the unity of civilizations had become for Rabindranath Tagore as real as personal feeling. And it is this sense of personal kinship which the visit of China's great representatives have now confirmed in our lives. A poet's dream has made that possible.

—From an article in *Souvenir*,
by DR. AMIYA CHAKRAVARTY

ART IN CHINESE LIFE

BY BHIKKHU ARYA ASANGA

[A Radio talk, under the auspices of the Sino-Indian Cultural Society, Kalākshetra, broadcasted by the All-India Radio from Madras, in July 1942.]

THE events of the day irresistibly draw our eyes to China. They have also revived my old sympathies for her. During the past five years now the Chinese have been defending their country with indomitable fortitude against foreign aggression. This spirit cannot but bring success in the end. May they soon win their way through to peace.

My memories of and sympathies with the Chinese people go back to my earliest years of recollection, when Chinese sweet-sellers in the fair island of Java used to carry their delicacies from house to house in two big thin-iron boxes, low swinging from either end of a resilient pole borne on the shoulder. To the interested watcher these boxes, rhythmically rising and descending where they hung in nooses from the ends of the pole, were a fascinating spectacle. Up and down and forward, up and down and forward they went, in their downward movement just narrowly missing the road with each springy step forward of the pedlar, never once making him stumble, on the

contrary ever helping him onward with their own momentum.

And then, what a children's paradise those boxes revealed when at last they came to rest and were opened on the front steps of the house, where the hawker's wooden rattle, a hollowed-out fruit of some kind, called mother and the small ones from the back parts of the house or garden, to gather around his treasures with greedy eyes and hands and mouths. What happy times were those, when strife and war did not yet enter into the fabric of our children's world, when mother's care and father's protection still made our life one long play-day in a garden of warm brown and lustrous green.

Later contacts in manhood's riper days have founded both my memories and sympathies on the firmer basis of appreciation and respect for some marked qualities of the Chinese race. What are these qualities? In so far as related to my subject—"Art in Chinese Life"—those qualities are especially their industry, diligence, patience, conscientiousness, and a rare executive

ability. These qualities combined have put the average Chinaman, have put his race as a whole, in possession of an exquisite artistry, of a perfect craftsmanship, in which he is not surpassed, even if equalled, by any other race on earth.

Take that sweet-seller of my youth. He was an accomplished artist in his craft. Whenever his picture rises again before my mind's eye, I still see his neat figure, in black and white, his lacquered iron boxes, polished and gleaming, their white interior spotless and clean, his long slender hands handling with such care his precious sweets, his sonorous rattle, and particularly his rhythmic stride with the boxes swinging in harmony! Yes, in his useful occupation, he was an artist to the tips of his fingers, and I am tempted to add, to the tips of his toes. But think of the years of diligent, patient, conscientious application which he must have given to his task, to become such a master in it!

Carlyle has said that genius is the capacity to take infinite pains. Well, it is the genius of the Chinese race to have acquired that capacity in its long unbroken history of five thousand years and more. Compared with China many other races of the present day still show markedly their youth by their impatience and the crudity of some of their ideas about art and the so-called high vocation of art.

I just mentioned my pedlar-artist's "useful occupation." Many a modern artist, especially if he has earned some fame, will probably feel offended by this coupling of the name of his Divine Mistress, "Art," with a "useful occupation." He would consider such a marriage rather as a *mésalliance*, or bestow even a more ugly name on it. He generally keeps aloof from becoming a useful member of the community, in the sense of contributing anything to its material well-being. He lives only for his "Art," he declares, but in reality he lives only for himself. Yet he expects from that same community a quick return for his egocentric labours, in the form of a thick slice off its cake of worldly goods, towards which he helped to contribute nothing. Not to speak of the fame and the honour which he counts upon to accompany it.

And this is called *l'art pour l'art*! I will come back to it later on in another aspect. Here I must first give an example of the Chinese artist's infinite patience, of his ability to take infinite pains, and to endure this for long, long years only to produce one masterpiece, without hope of having honour and fame lavished upon him by the community. His name even is not preserved for future generations gratefully to remember him by. He is recognized as an artist only by the dealers who relieve him

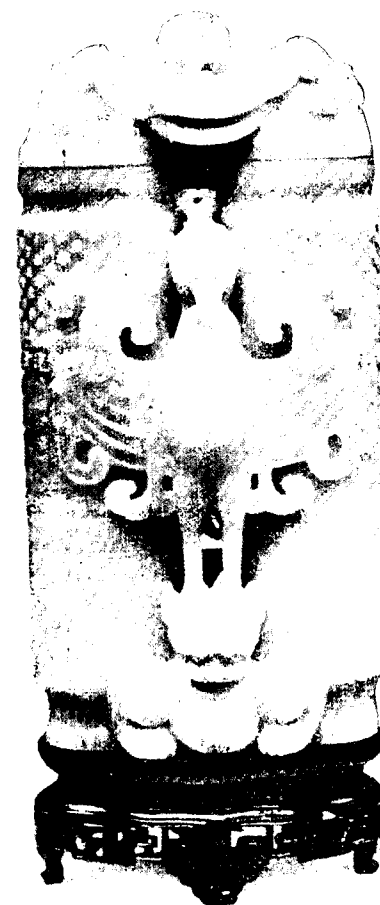
of his treasure for a scanty remuneration, or by the rich patron for whom he works, and from whom he earns his livelihood. And indeed, how can other considerations enter into his musings, entirely occupied as these are with the perfection of his work, and the joy of creation, void of any thought of how to profit by it, how to sell it for a stiff price? Is not that more truly "*art pour art*," or "art for art's sake" only, than the other style of living?

To speak of Chinese craftsmanship is to speak of jade, by means of which, or rather *in* which, it has found its most perfect expression. In all the varied branches of arts and crafts to which they have applied themselves, the Chinese have accomplished wonders, even from a purely chronological point of view, excelling in some of them at a time when the inhabitants of other parts of the world were still in a semi-savage stage, capable only of crude efforts in art. There is generally in the products of Chinese handicraft, there is in fact in all that they make, a degree of perfection of form, and a finish of craftsmanship, unsurpassed by any other race as a whole. A Chinese workman, even the simplest, simply cannot create and deliver a thing still in a state of crudeness, rough, incomplete, unfinished, angular, gaping, loose, not close-fitting and smooth and polished in all its parts. For many

years I have known the Chinese artisan make of a job, whatever the job, always a thoroughly good job. And the more refractory the material, the harder the wood, the harder the stone, the harder the metal, the more he enjoys making it yield to his fine skill, illimitable patience, and highest sense of finish.

Now, as regards jade—belonging to the hardest kind of substance a workman may select to try his skill upon—it can yet be made most delicately soft to the finest touch. It is undoubtedly because of the satisfaction which the artist's creative power felt from this "contrarieness" between the difficulty of the work and the shining polish it was capable of taking on, that the Chinese have preferred and loved jade best of all the materials they made use of.

Jade is so hard that stone cannot break it, nor iron cut it. Only by dint of long-continued perseverance, and with the help of emery and jewel-dust, can jade take on those delicate shapes of flowers, leaves, dragons, and other lovely forms—can it be worn down so thin that the light shines through—as we still admire in the old-time vases, bowls, earrings, pendants, etc. and which make these objects still a marvel to the eye and touch and æsthetic sense. But what time and labour, what industry and endurance, what love and sense of beauty went into the



Vase of twin-cylinder form in white jade.
H. $11\frac{1}{2}$ in. W. $4\frac{3}{4}$ in. (From *Chinese Art*, by S. W. Bushell, vol. I)

creation of one really fine piece! Ten years were counted as nothing for one such result. And look at it, and stroke it, and understand how it was possible for a Chinese poet of old to sing that jade made him think of "a wise man," seemingly hard and rigid in his virtue, but whose heart, when better known, proves soft as wax, like polished jade proves to the finger's touch.

Time does not allow me to go with you through all the branches of Chinese arts and crafts. Of the latter, the crafts, among which are to be counted, carpentry and wood-carving, pottery and porcelain, weaving and embroidery, lacquer-work and enamels, stone-cutting and bronzes, in all of which the Chinese have excelled—of all these crafts, jade-cutting has here been taken as representative of all the others, in so far as artistry, delicacy, and finish are concerned. We shall now take up as representative of the finer, subtler, more intellectual arts—music and dancing, painting and sculpture, architecture and poetry—the first named, that is, music.

The Chinese are a most practical race. That is another of their marked racial qualities. The western maxim, *l'art pour l'art*, or "art for art's sake" only, would not be understood, could not be accepted by them. Art is there for life, not for itself alone, for man to make his life, to make himself, more

harmonious, more beautiful and happy. If art does not do this, it is not worth meddling with. That was the standpoint of the Chinese wise men of old. This may be illustrated by an incident and some sayings from the life and work of the most venerated of Chinese sages, Confucius, to whom the old social order in China practically owed everything.

Of the finer arts, music and painting are probably the two departments in which the Chinese have most excelled. Grown out of the needs of their public life—painting out of the brushwork required by their remarkable script, music out of the exigencies of their public ceremonies—these two arts have had in their turn the greatest influence on the people's private life. Music had an important place in the state ceremonies, and these played a first role in the public life of the nation. Music was not primarily intended for recreation, merely to pass a pleasant hour with. It is the most subtle and abstract of all arts, and therefore still the least understood by the masses. It has great power over the minds, and therefore also over the daily lives of men, for weal or for ill. It can make them or mar them. Therefore it has to be treated as a thing holy, not to be handled and abused by the vulgar. Where in the world has this been understood? In China!

Confucius once exclaimed: "If a man be without the virtues proper to humanity, what has he to do with music?"¹ Now imagine the modern artist of the "art for art's sake" school being told that he should strive to be a virtuous man as much as an artist! His answer would probably be the opposite of Confucius' exclamation, namely, "What has virtue to do with Art?" Well, the Chinese reply might be: "Virtue is the crown of Art." So at least was Confucius' opinion of music in particular. He is said to have declared on another occasion: "It is by Poetry that the mind is aroused, it is by Propriety that the character is established, but it is from Music that perfection is attained."²

And not only upon the minds of men, even upon their purely physical existence and behaviour, their ways of sitting and standing, of going and lying down, good music has its refining and harmonizing influence. Confucius was quick in recognizing the distinct qualities of different tunes and melodies. Among many others, there were two old tunes, composed, it is said, by the ancient Sage-Kings Shun and Wu, of which the Master, as the pupils were wont reverently to refer to Confucius, had said that the first tune was "perfectly beautiful and also perfectly good," and that the second tune was also "per-

fectly beautiful, but not perfectly good," because it breathed too much of a martial spirit.³

Now the first tune, the one of the ancient Emperor Shun of the twenty-third century B.C.—mind, more than 4,000 years ago!—was still preserved and much in vogue in a neighbouring State. One day it happened, when the Master was travelling to the capital of that State, that he saw on the way a boy carrying a pitcher, and he was so struck by the lad's manner of walking that he urged the driver of his vehicle on, to get quickly to the capital. For in the boy's gait and carriage he had recognized the old tune, and he yearned to hear it played, for his ears to catch again the entrancing strain.⁴ Such magic the rhythm and harmony of music has!

The Master's own life must have been deeply under its influence, for his disciples have placed on record several peculiarities in his daily behaviour, which must have been the effect of melodious harmony. For example, one reports that "if his (the Master's) mat was not laid straight, he did not sit down on it."⁵ And another has noted that even when resting or sleeping "in bed, he did not lie like a corpse,"⁶ that is, rigid like an inanimate

¹ *An.* 3.25.

⁴ *Chinese Classics*, I, 68.

⁵ *An.* 10. 9.

⁶ *An.* 10. 16.

¹ *Analects*, 3.3.

² *An.* 8.8.

object, but like a being still showing the rhythm of life active in him.

How the boy with his pitcher, and Confucius in his sleep, remind me of the sweet-pedlar of my youth,

with his easy, sweeping stride and his heavy, swinging boxes. The harmony of it! He too, though a humble walker of the street, must have been under the ban of the music of his race.

A NOTE ON CHINESE LIFE

BY E. E. SPEIGHT

The charms of social intercourse which developed through long centuries greatly as a result of Confucian ethical teaching and the precepts of Tao have been noted by many travellers and contrasted with the feverish life of European and American society.

I think that most of us have had some acquaintance with Chinese qualities of character, and that each of us has some contribution of praise to make. What appeals to us is the combination of sturdiness, trustworthiness, sincerity and engaging good-nature. And there is generally, as in the finest handicraft of China, a conviction of depth, of untroubled age, of fidelity to forms and norms evolved long before there were any nations in Europe. I find in one of my notebooks this sentence: "I never knew how great and how poor we Europeans are until I came to know the Mongols," and by Mongols I meant the people of the Chinese world. And I still find great enjoyment in looking at pictures of Chinese people, having learnt to feel behind all oddity, ruggedness, or even what once I should have called ugliness, a satisfaction which is very certain but very hard to define. Many of the faces appear to have been

torn by agony in some past life, and yet suggest that saying by one of Dostoevsky's characters: "It is the great mystery of human life that old grief passes gradually into quiet tender joy."

One American who lived long in the Far East wrote these words: "Now and then you meet such a great man that you cannot nail him to an outline, but find him diffusing himself into a rich atmosphere or halo of character, so that he carries a pungent reality for the soul."

They told me in the Far East of a general whose anger made the tiger afraid, and whose laugh rejoiced the children. In European poetry there are confessions of consciousness of deathless personality from the old Welsh poet Taliessin to Alice Meynell and Arno Holz, who wrote: "I have been all things, and their relics lie within me, many and motley."

Many Chinese people give me the impression of having this consciousness but being the stronger because of a reserve which forbids them to express it in words. Some of the personalities one meets over there are really startling.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OF FREE CHINA

[San Ming Chu I, or the Three Principles of the People, formulated by Dr. Sun Yat-sen, Father of the Chinese Revolution, are Nationalism, Democracy and Socialism.]

San Ming Chu I,
Our Party's aim,
To rebuild the Republic
And establish Universal
Brotherhood.

Press on, comrades,
Vanguard of the people!
Cease not your vigil,
But ever follow the Principles!

Be diligent, be brave,
Be true, be loyal,
With one heart, one mind,
Carry through to the end.

LEADERS OF MODERN CHINA

SUN YAT-SEN

IT is but fit to start with new China. She it is that in the hour of her need has knocked at the doors of our hearts, she that by the long and valiant struggle for independence has roused our intense sympathies. Having first dealt with her, then only are we free to turn our attention to old China, and the culture she gave to her people.

Modern China begins with the year 1911, when the Ch'ing or Manchu Dynasty, which had ruled the country for the last two and a half centuries and more, had to make place for the Republic. And the heart and soul of this revolution, the life-breath and the life-blood of the young China that in the year mentioned set out upon its troublous career, was Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

KIDNAPPED

Born in 1866 of Chinese Christian parents, he was Christian educated, partly in Honolulu which he visited twice with his mother, partly in China. He studied medicine at Canton and Hongkong, but soon embarked upon his real life-work as a political reformer and agitator against the Manchu Dynasty. When he had to flee for his

life, he went first to America, later to England. But, hardly arrived in London, on the 1st of October 1896, he was ten days later kidnapped when walking in Regent's Park, as he said, "almost before I had learned to distinguish between Holborn and the Strand." He was brought to the Chinese legation and kept in durance till the time when he would be killed, "and his body sent to China in a packing-case. But he scribbled a note on a bit of paper, and managed to push it into a crack in a piece of coal, which he threw out of a window. A servant girl found it and took it to the police."¹

THREE PRINCIPLES

Nothing daunted by his perilous experience, he continued his political activities with unabated fervour, and in 1898 proclaimed the "three principles" of Nationalism, Democracy and Socialism, to be worked out in the "five spheres" of the executive, the legislative, the judicial, the civil examinations, and the public censorship. "In the years that followed, Dr. Sun laboured indefatigably for his cause, travelling incessantly under all

¹ Particulars furnished by Professor E. E. Speight who had them from Sun Yat-sen himself, at a tea-party in London, over forty years ago.

kinds of disguises, entering into relations with men and societies, obtaining money for his projects, and writing in explanation of them."¹ His labours were at last crowned with success by the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty. On 29 December 1911 he was elected the first (provisional) President of the Republic. But such was his unselfish interest in the fate of his country that it was not yet two months later before he again resigned that which for others would have been the pinnacle of their ambition, to the older statesman, Yüan Shih-kai. The Manchu Dynasty ended formally on 12 February 1912 with the abdication of the six years old Emperor, Hsüan T'ung.

For many years more Dr. Sun Yat-sen, in speech and in writing, worked hard for the regeneration of his people till, on 12 March 1925, he succumbed to an illness from which he had suffered for a long time. The following extracts from Nora Waln's book, *The House of Exile*, give a living picture of the man as he was in the last years of his life, as he died, and as he still lives after death in the hearts of his countrymen. The first extract is of Dr. Sun's appearance at a tea-party in a drawing-room of the House of Lin at Canton, the year before his death:

A TEA-PARTY

"One afternoon Sun Yat-sen came. He stood by the hostess' tea-table and asked for tea. As he was recognized, talk ceased, cups and plates were put down. For forty years, longer than the lifetime of any of this group, he had devoted his life to an attempt to elevate China to a state of unity, freedom and independence. He had accomplished the overthrow of the decadent Manchu Dynasty; but again and again, within touch of the establishment of a national Republic, he had failed.

"Yet there was no smirch on his reputation. His life was an open book. These young people held him in the deepest veneration. With his hand resting on the back of a chair, he asked for three minutes of silence, for self-examination, for consideration of the doctrine of republicanism, and for self-determination. The silence was emotional, yet peaceful and profound. At the end of it, he made the finest call to leadership of the masses that it has ever been my privilege to hear.

"One felt his spirit steady, true and undaunted. His eyes were bright, his cheeks flushed, his countenance illuminated, his body straight and vigorous. His speech was conversational. Yet it rang a louder call to unselfish service than any dramatic oratory could have done."

¹ Herbert H. Gowen *An Outline History of China*, 1917, p. 339.

A PASSING

The second extract describes his passing:

"In the winter of 1925 Sun Yat-sen went north to quicken a national party with which to end feudalism and establish a central government. He was accompanied by his wife, his son, and Mr. Borodin, the Russian communist. He lectured, held conferences, and sought interviews with key-persons until his strength failed and he entered the Rockefeller hospital at Peking. The English nurse who tended him has told me that he was the most unselfish patient she ever nursed. Although he was racked with pain he had no thought for himself. He would have no caller turned away and worked with a bright spirit until his last heartbeat, inspiring his wife, his son, and each visitor to give their time, strength and talent to the establishment of a true Republic. He died on March 12th, 1926."

A WILL

The extracts which follow tell of his influence after death:

"It seemed at first as if his death was only to result in civil war. But in death his power in China, among the great mass of the populace, suddenly became greater than in life. His will after publication in the vernacular press, became almost a religious testament. I found my maid, Bald-the-first,

committing it to memory, word by word. When I questioned her, she said she did it because it was good.

"I devoted my life to my country in a futile attempt to raise our nation to a state of good internal government and a place of independence among world nations. My experience has absolutely convinced me that to attain this goal we must enlist the support of the great mass of the people at home and abroad to work in co-operation with those nations that treat us on a basis of equality.

"The revolutionary movement has not succeeded. It therefore is imperative that all my fellow-workers should do their utmost in order to realize my "Reconstruction Plan," my "Outlines of Reconstructive Policies," and my "Three Principles of the People." Fight on, my fellow-workers, with renewed vigour, to bring about a People's Convention for the solution of our national problems and to abolish the unequal treaties with foreign nations. These things must be done in the shortest time.

"I had read in the daily press that it was thought a forgery framed by the Russian advisers, and spoke of this to my friend, Mai-da. She told me coolly that the Chinese people did not think it a forgery but a direct message from the greatest spirit of modern times."

CHIANG KAI-SHEK

Of the living we cannot make so free, but must of necessity be more reticent. In his younger days the

Generalissimo was closely associated with Sun Yat-sen in the capacity of his confidential secretary, faithful to his master till the last days of his life. After the latter had passed away, he was bound to become the leader, by the force of his character, by the loyalty to his former employer's ideals, and like him by disinterested devotion to the cause of his country. Also by the qualities of a true military leader, quick in decision and action, and never giving up but always returning to the attack, he became inevitably, though not till after many clashes with the diverse warring interests, the centre around which rallied the best elements of the nation.

OUTLAWED BUT TRIUMPHANT

One incident out of many of his naturally eventful life must suffice to give an idea of the living man. In December 1926 the Central Executive Council at Hankow dismissed Chiang Kai-shek from his appointment as Commander-in-Chief. So he went to Nanchang to rest. But that could not be for long. In March he was on the move again to Shanghai. From here on we leave the narrator who was one of Chiang Kai-shek's party, to tell his own story:

"We were thoroughly tired and discouraged. I joined in trying to persuade Chiang Kai-shek not to land. But he would not listen to advice. He gave the order to land, and we landed. He led us boldly

to the Lung-hua garrison and entered in the manner of a Commander-in-Chief who expects the salute of his officers and men. From there he sent out a call for all persons who chose to support him to come and review the Shanghai situation.

"None of the material elements were in Chiang's favour at Shanghai that day. But he was determined to purify the Nationalist party. It did not seem at all probable that evening that he would be able to stop the adverse tide. Hankow authorities had published in Shanghai an offer of half a million dollars for Chiang Kai-shek's head, but when supporters failed to come to him at the garrison, he went into the streets to seek friends. First he visited the Red and the Green Secret Societies, and convinced them of the need for action. Then he went to the Ningpo Guild. He is a native of the village near Ningpo. Ningpo provides Shanghai with the bulk of her proletarian population. He secured a hearing, which collected the folk from his home district solidly behind him. This done, he walked boldly into one after another of the labour headquarters and addressed whomsoever he found present. Then at twilight he reviewed the troops. He had them stand at attention to listen to a brief address in which he recalled them to memory of their sainted leader Sun Yat-sen.

"The meetings planned for Sunday morning were held at the exact place and hour ordered. But instead of being signals for a reign of terror, each was a demonstration of gratitude to Chiang Kai-shek—a leader come to save the people of China. Chiang did not attend any of these demonstrations. We attended them for him, to tell the demonstrators that Chiang Kai-shek does not desire personal acclaim but just to help the people to do right."¹

THE NEW-LIFE MOVEMENT

There are one or two other points still to be mentioned, before we can pass on to the Generalissimo's able consort. The first point is that Chiang Kai-shek is not only a War-Lord, as which alone too many must needs see him, because the circumstances of his life have more especially made a call on his military talents in the defence and liberation of his country. There is another side to his character—that of a moral and political reformer of his country and his people. As such he became the founder of the New-Life Movement in China. In the next article an exposition will be found of the aims and ideals of the Movement, extracted from a pamphlet written by the Generalissimo, and perhaps translated by his wife, for her Lord speaks but his native language, and in intimate interviews she often functions as

¹ Also from *The House of Exile*.

his interpreter. And who knows if she has not also had a hand perhaps in this New-Life Movement of her husband?

VISIT TO INDIA

The present World War has brought China and India nearer together than ever before. It has, for example, never yet happened in the history of the last 2,000 years and more of intercourse between the two countries, but has happened today, that the virtual ruler of the one paid a friendly visit to the other land. And in March last, China Day, the 7th of July, was celebrated in their honour on Indian soil. Let us consider this event more especially as a reciprocation as it were of the visits of two of India's representative men, its greatest Poet of modern times, Gurudeva Rabindranath Tagore, a score of years back, and its most able political leader, Jawaharlal Nehru, in 1939. May these events be a forecast of a closer cultural and political contact and co-operation between the two great nations in the future.

SUNG MAI-LING

To speak of the Generalissimo, and not to mention Madame Chiang Kai-shek, *née* Sung Mai-ling, would be a gross neglect. Her husband has often been called by superficial judges the Dictator of China. Nothing is less conforming to verity.

A Dictator, indeed any tyrant, is a jealous ruler, who shares his lone power with no one. Think of all the Dictators, great and small, of our own and former days, the Hitlers and Mussolinis, the Kemal Pashas and Francos, the Stalins, Napoleons, Cæsars and Alexanders. In their lives woman plays no part save as an object of pleasure. Without a real consort, a companion to share the burden of their fearful responsibilities, to soften and round off the sharp angles and corners of their extremely male and hard nature, they pursue mostly a headlong career of destruction.

Perhaps we may best style Madame Chiang Kai-shek the power behind the throne, a benevolent power, like that of Kuan Yin, the Chinese Mother of Mercy. But what is most remarkable is the fact that it was not one woman alone, but a trinity of sisters, who for and with and through their husbands played in a greater or lesser measure a similar role.

THE AMAZING FAMILY OF SUNG¹

When Dr. Sun Yat-sen looked round for a companion in life, after repudiating a family-arranged marriage according to ancient custom, he naturally chose the daughter of another Chinese Christian family, the Sung. And it was the middle

one, Sung Ching-ling, whom he carried away as his wife. Let me cite here Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru's judgment of her, after his visit to China in 1939. To him she was "that gracious lady who has been the flame and soul of the Chinese Revolution, ever since the Father of that Revolution passed away. She is indeed of the elect of the world." The year after Sun Yat-sen's death, on the 1st of December 1927, his former faithful secretary, Chiang Kai-shek, followed suit, and married the youngest daughter, Mai-ling. Up in Shansi there lived a rich banker, belonging to the family of K'ung, descendants of the great Teacher, Confucius, of the sixth century B.C. The K'ungs have probably the longest known genealogy to show, of all the noble families on earth, tracing back their descent for nearly eighty generations. This banker, H. H. K'ung, was the happy suitor of the eldest daughter of the house of Sung, Ai-ling.

Of themselves a greatly gifted family, the daughters of Sung have allied themselves with the most outstanding figures in the political field of their country, all strenuous workers and creators of modern China. Mr. H. H. K'ung is now the President of the Executive Yuan, while a brother of the ladies Sung, namely Sung Tzu-ven, is Minister of Finance. For completeness' sake I further note that a son

of Sun Yat-sen, Dr. Sun Fo, is the President of the Legislative Yuan.

It is only natural that malicious tongues have spoken of a Sung Dynasty. Let the world say and

think what it likes. Time and posterity will judge aright whether the power of the Sung was for the good of China, and through her for the great world. I have no doubts on this score.

A CHINAMAN AND A CHINESE LADY BY E. E. SPEIGHT

When I was a sub-editor of the great New English Dictionary in Oxford over forty years ago, one of my best friends was old Dr. James Legge, University Professor of Chinese, and world-famous as a translator of Chinese classics. His son, Sir Thomas Legge, lived in London, and one day I was invited to tea there. When I went into the drawing-room I saw a small Chinaman talking to Dr. Legge. I was introduced to him, and his name meant nothing to me then. He spoke such excellent English that I could not help asking him where he had learnt it. He told me that he had been trained at a Medical Mission Hospital in Hong-kong. . .

Now he was the man who affected world-history in such a way that as a consequence Japan has been fighting against China for over four years, and China has been united as never before by the friends of that man, Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, who by their recent visit to India have thrilled more than half the population of the world with new hope and confidence.

That Chinaman's name was Sun Yat-sen. You can imagine how interested I was in his career for the thirty years he lived after that. . .

In the most informative book that has been written in English about modern Chinese life, a book called *The House of Exile*, now a Penguin book, you will find much about Dr. Sun Yat-sen and the family of Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

Dr. Sun Yat-sen was the first Chinaman I met, and I could not have met a greater. The first Chinese woman I met gave me an experience of quite another kind. When Gurudeva, Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, was in Japan, where I first met him also, I was staying with his secretary Mr. W. W. Pearson, at a hot-spring resort on the side of Myōkō San, a volcano near the west coast of Japan. There also was a Japanese gentleman into whose care had been placed a Chinese princess who had been chosen as the bride of the last Emperor of China, then a boy of ten. The little princess was one of the most vivacious girls I have ever seen. She was what we call a regular tomboy. We spoke to each other in Japanese. I often played with her, and one day she offered to write her name for me. The only paper I had with me was a copy of the Poems of Francis Thompson, in which she signed both her Chinese and Japanese names.

¹ The phrase is taken from the Penguin book, *Mower in China*, Chapter 5.

THE NEW-LIFE MOVEMENT IN CHINA

BY GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK

[Extracted from the publication by the Calcutta Office of the Chinese Ministry of Information in India, 1942.]

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MOVEMENT

THE struggle of China to emerge from the revolution, which in 1911 began successfully by the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty, has been hampered by the unpreparedness of the people for the responsibilities of public life, and by the age-long influences of apparently sanctified customs. To correct or to revolutionize an age-old habit is a difficult thing, but by using the simplest and therefore most efficient means it is hoped that in time the outlook of the people will be entirely changed, and they will be able with spirit and competency to meet the requirements of the new time and new life.

The aim of the New-Life Movement is the social regeneration of China. To this end the thoughts of the people are being directed for guidance, to the ancient high virtues of the nation, namely Propriety, Justice, Integrity, and Conscientiousness, expressed in LI, I, LIEN, and CH'IH. These four virtues were highly respected by the Chinese people in the past,¹ and they

¹ They are the fundamental Confucian virtues, established and recognized as such in China for two and a half millenniums.

are vitally necessary now if the regeneration of the nation is to be effected. We have to learn that to correct personal and national failings we must fall back upon the old teachings.

Rudeness and vulgar manners can be corrected by cultural and artistic training, and degeneration can be overcome by developing good character. It is difficult however to succeed merely through the ordinary processes of education and governance. If we are determined to reform we must start with the most fundamental question—how to reform our habits first? This is why the New-Life Movement is regarded as the key to the salvation of the nation.

PRINCIPLES OF THE MOVEMENT

Although the LI, I,² LIEN, and CH'IH have always been regarded as the foundations of the nation, yet the changing times and circumstances may require that these principles be given a new interpretation. From the pragmatic point of view today we may interpret the four virtues as follows:

² Pronounce Lee, Ee.

LI means "a well-regulated attitude" (of mind as well as heart).

I means "right conduct" (in all things).

LIEN means "clear discrimination" (honesty in both personal and official, or private and public life).

CH'IH means "real conscientiousness" (integrity and honour).

The word LI means reason. It becomes natural law when applied to nature. It becomes a rule when applied to social affairs. It signifies discipline when used in reference to national affairs. These three phases of one's life are all regulated by reason. Therefore LI can be interpreted as well-regulated attitude of mind and heart.

The word I means proper. Any conduct which is in accordance with natural law, social rule or national discipline must be considered as proper. When an act is not proper, or when one thinks something is proper but one does not act accordingly, the act is naturally not right and therefore cannot be called I.

The word LIEN means clear. It denotes the distinction between right and wrong. What agrees with LI and I is right, and what does not so agree is wrong. To take what we recognize as right and to forego what we recognize as wrong constitute clear discrimination. This is LIEN.

The word CH'IH means consciousness and conscience. When one is conscious of the fact that one's

actions are not in accordance with LI, I, and LIEN, one feels ashamed. When one is conscious of the fact that others are wrong, one feels disgusted. But the consciousness must be real and thorough so that one will strive to improve the good and endeavour to get rid of the evil. Then we call it CH'IH.

From the above it is clear that CH'IH governs the motive of action, that LIEN gives the guidance for it, that I relates to an action actually being carried out, and that LI regulates the outward form of that particular action. The four are interrelated, interdependent upon one another. Together they make a virtue perfect. LI without I becomes dishonesty. LI without LIEN becomes extravagancy. LI without CH'IH becomes flattery. All these may appear like LI, but in reality they are not LI. Similarly, I without LI turns out to be offensive. I without LIEN is lavishness. And I without CH'IH is fantastic. All these are really not I. Again, LIEN without LI is falseness. LIEN without I is niggardliness. And LIEN without CH'IH is corruption. They are not LIEN. CH'IH without LI is chaos. CH'IH without I is violence. And CH'IH without LIEN is ugliness. They are not CH'IH.

CONCLUSION

By observing these virtues it is hoped that crudeness and vulgarity will disappear, and that the life of

our people will be more refined in accordance with culture and artistic standards. By art we are not referring to the special enjoyments of the gentry. We mean the cultural standard of all the people. It is the boundary line between civilization and barbarism. In ancient times the Chinese knew the six arts of propriety—etiquette, music, shooting, driving, writing and mathematics. It is a pity that most of us have neglected one or other of these our own arts. As a result we are somewhat behind the western nations in these fields of artistic achievement. A lack of artistic training is specially revealed in the prevailing social conditions today. Suspicion, jealousy, hatred and strife are symptoms of barbarism. To remedy these we have to emphasize art.

The life of our people will be more refined when we have more artistic training. We shall be richer when we are more productive. And we shall be much safer when we are more patriotic and better trained and equipped to defend ourselves. This rational life is founded on LI, I, LIEN, and CH'IH. The four virtues can in turn be applied to food, clothing, shelter and action. If we achieve this we have revolutionized the daily life of our people, and we have laid a solid foundation for our nation.

* * *

NOTE: THE ANCIENT ART OF ARCHERY

The "shooting" mentioned above as one of the six "arts" or disciplines, was in ancient time of course "archery." The great Master, Confucius, himself was fond of archery, as of angling, and must have been no mean proficient in both. One of his disciples has put on record that "the Master fished with a line, but not with a net; he did not aim at a resting bird."

And because of his love for these "arts," he was wont to use illustrations from their discipline, to make clear one or other point of the discipline of virtue. Said the Master once: "A gentleman never contends in anything he does, except in archery. Even then he bows to his rival and yields him the way as they ascend to the pavilion; in like manner he descends and offers him the penalty cup. In his contentions he is still a gentleman." At another time: "In archery piercing the target is not essential, for men are not of equal strength. Such was the rule of yore." Skill was more esteemed than strength. The stress is upon the word "piercing," not just "touching." Again: "In archery we have something like the way of the superior man. When the archer misses the centre of the target, he turns round, and seeks for the cause of his failure in himself."

¹ See for these anecdotes the *Analects*, 3.7.16, and 7.26 (translation by Soothill), and *The Doctrine of the Mean*, 14.15 (translation by Legge).

GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE OF INDIA

[Issued at the end of his visit to India in February 1942]

DURING my two weeks' stay in India, I have had the opportunity of discussing very frankly with the highest Civil and Military authorities as well as with my Indian friends the questions concerning joint plans against aggression and the objective of our common efforts. I am happy to find that there was full sympathy and general understanding between us. My mission is now drawing to a close. On the eve of my departure I wish to bid farewell to all my friends in India and to thank you for the many kindnesses showered upon Madame and myself. The briefness of my stay has not permitted me to tell the Indian people all that I wished to say. I avail myself of this opportunity to address to them the following message. It is the expression of my high and warm regard and long-cherished hopes for India. It comes from the depth of my heart.

Since my arrival in this country I have found to my great satisfaction that there exists among the people of India unanimous determination to oppose aggression.

China and India comprise one half of the World's population.

Their common frontier extends to three thousand kilometres. In the two thousand years' history of their intercourse, which has been of a purely cultural and commercial character, there has never been an armed conflict.

Indeed, nowhere else can one find so long a period of uninterrupted peace between two neighbouring countries. This is irrefutable proof that our two peoples are peace-loving by nature. Today they have not only identical interests but also the same destiny. For this reason they are in duty bound to side with the anti-aggression countries and fight shoulder to shoulder in order to secure real peace for the whole World.

Moreover, our two peoples have an outstanding virtue in common, namely, the noble spirit of self-sacrifice for the sake of justice and righteousness. It is this traditional spirit which should move them to self-negation for the salvation of mankind. It is also this spirit which has prompted China to be the first to take up arms against aggression, and in the present war to ally herself unhesitatingly with the

anti-aggression countries not merely for the purpose of securing her own freedom, but also for the purpose of securing justice and freedom for all mankind.

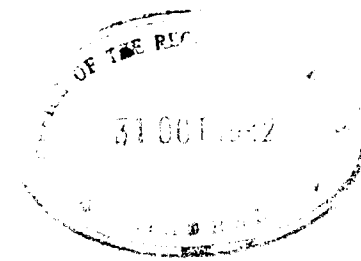
I venture to suggest to my brethren, the people of India, that at this most critical moment in the history of civilization our two peoples should exert themselves to the utmost in the cause of freedom for all mankind, for only in a free World could the Chinese and Indian peoples obtain their freedom. Furthermore, should freedom be denied to either China or India, there could be no real peace in the World.

The present international situation divides the World into two camps, the aggression camp and the anti-aggression camp. All those who are opposed to aggression and are striving for the freedom of their country and mankind should join the anti-aggression camp. There is no middle course and there is no time to wait for developments. Now is the crucial moment for the whole future of mankind. The issue before us does not concern the dispute of any one man or country; nor does it concern any specific questions pending between one people and another. Any people therefore which joins the anti-aggression front may be said to cooperate, not with any particular country, but with the entire front. This leads us to believe that the Pacific war is a turning-point in

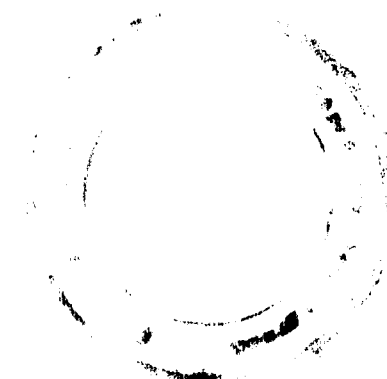
the history of nationalism. The method, however, by which the peoples of the world could attain their freedom might be different from what it used to be. The anti-aggression nations now expect that in this new era the people of India voluntarily bear their full share of responsibility in the present struggle for the survival of a free world in which India must play a part. A vast majority of the World's opinion is in full sympathy with India's aspiration for freedom. This sympathy, which is so valuable and so difficult to obtain, cannot be appraised in terms of money or material, and should therefore by all means be retained.

The present struggle is one between freedom and slavery, between light and darkness, between good and evil, between resistance and aggression. Should the anti-aggression front lose the war, the civilization of the World would suffer a setback for at least one hundred years and there would be no end to human sufferings.

So far as Asia is concerned, the cruelties committed by Japanese militarists are beyond description. The sufferings and oppression which have been the fate of Formosans and Koreans since their subjugation by Japan should serve as a warning. As regards the barbarities committed by the Japanese army since our war of resistance, the fall of Nanking in December



Monument to the Unknown Warrior in China



1937, is a case in point. Over 200,000 civilians were massacred within one week. For the last five years the civilian population in free China have been subjected, almost daily, to bombings from the air and bombardment by heavy artillery. In every place invaded by the Japanese troops, men, women and children were either assaulted or killed. Young men and educated people received their special attention with the result that men of intelligence and ideas have been tortured. Nor is this all. Institutions of culture, objects of historical interest and value, and even articles necessary for livelihood, such as cooking utensils, ploughs, tools and domestic animals have been either forcibly taken away or destroyed. In places under Japanese military occupation rape, rapine, incendiarism and murder are of frequent occurrence. Moreover, they have with official connivance everywhere opened opium dens, gambling houses and houses of ill fame in order to sap the vitality of the people and destroy their spirit. Such is the disgraceful conduct of the Japanese, the like of which is not to be found in countries invaded by the other aggressor nations. What I have just said is but an inadequate description of the true state of affairs as reported by Chinese and foreign eye-witnesses.

In these horrible times of savagery and brute force the people of China and their brethren, the people of India, should, for the sake of civilization and human freedom, give their united support to the principles embodied in the Atlantic Charter and in the joint declaration of twenty-six nations and ally themselves with the anti-aggression front. I hope they will whole-heartedly join the Allies, namely, China, Great Britain, America and the Soviet Union, and participate shoulder to shoulder in the struggle for the survival of a free world until complete victory is achieved and the duties incumbent upon them in these troubled times have been fully discharged.

Lastly, I sincerely hope and I confidently believe that our Ally, Great Britain, without waiting for any demands on the part of the people of India, will as speedily as possible give them real political power so that they may be in a position further to develop their spiritual and material strength and thus realize that their participation in the war is not merely an aid to the anti-aggression nations for securing victory, but also a turning-point in their struggle for India's freedom. From an objective point of view, I am of the opinion that this would be the wisest policy which will redound to the credit of the British Empire.

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"GIVE US GUNS AND PLANES"

BY GENERAL HO YING-CHIN

Minister of War and Chief of the General Staff

A COUNTRY with the size and population of China, in the process of evolution into a modern State, faces many and varied difficulties in carrying on simultaneous war and reconstruction. And we have over 300 divisions with 5,000,000 soldiers in the field, and 10,000,000 men in reserve or in training behind the lines. Over 800,000 guerillas are harassing enemy garrisons and enemy lines of communication, while more than 600,000 regular troops are operating behind the Japanese lines.

We hold a fighting line from north to the south of 2,800 miles and hold it so well that every attempt of the enemy to break through in recent months has failed. Take, for instance, the enemy offensives in southern Honan, western Hupeh and northern Kiangsi where the invading forces, which made three attacks, were thoroughly defeated and routed. When we have sufficient munitions and equipment, we shall at once launch large-scale counter-attacks and deal still harder blows to the enemy.

We need a stronger air force—both for defence and offence—more artillery, improved communications in the rear, medical supplies and much else. But, meanwhile, we are successfully immobilizing more than one million Japanese soldiers in China and causing them losses of some 2,000 men a day. Japan cannot penetrate further into Chinese territory, nor can she become an effective partner of the Axis Powers, as long as China resists. Our people are one in their purpose to maintain unity and to liberate our nation.

Will this war make China a militaristic nation under a dictatorship? No. China will need an army for national defence, but our main energies will be directed towards the building of industries, the improvement of land and water communications, the increase of agricultural production, the extension of education, the betterment of social and economic life for all people, the development of constitutional representative Government and the advancement of Democracy. When peace comes, our disbanded soldiers will return to their farms and businesses or be employed in large public works. China will work for peace, within her own borders and in the world. China will make her contribution to a richer and freer international life, as a self-governing and progressive republic.

China stands for the preservation of justice and freedom against tyranny and oppression and the building of an international order in which nations can work freely together and solve their mutual problems by lawful and peaceful methods.

THE LAST OF THE MANCHUS

BY NORA WALN¹

A BEAUTIFUL girl or woman has half won my heart before she speaks. If she has wit, I am her unconditional slave. I have never seen any woman, of any race, equal to the loveliness of the Manchu ex-Empress in 1927. It is said that beauty was sought in all the eligible households to mate with the last scion of the Ch'ing Dynasty, but had the seekers looked through all the world and had equal right to take what girl they chose, I doubt if her equal could have been found.

Beauty is elusive to description. To write that she is tall, slim, has ebony hair, rose-petal skin, slender arched feet, perfect hands with perfect half-moons at the base of each nail, and brown eyes, is but words.

She is of such repose that she appears calm at all times; but one glances away having decided that her eyes are like the sepals of a hazel-bur, and looks again to find that they are black pearls; her face is sad, so sad that it twists one's heart—while one stares, it brightens until it holds all impish delight. Her manner has all dignity, yet is so simple that one cannot decide wherein lies her imperial manner.

I was drawn not by her beauty only. I had pleasure in her which would have drawn me if she had been ugly to the eye.

The ex-Empress lived then in the Japanese Concession at Tientsin. As

¹ From *The House of Exile*, Bk. III, Ch. III, §4.

women do when they sit and embroider together, she told me her life and I told her mine. She had a happy childhood, brought up like any Manchu girl of royal blood—strictly and simply. She was surprised and thrilled when she was told that she had been chosen to marry the ex-Emperor.

"My wedding in 1922," she said, "was perhaps the last Manchu pageant. Everything was done with care to fulfil the rites which have been elaborated through the centuries to make the Son of Heaven's wedding the most marvellous of spectacles. Flowers perfumed the courts. All the Banners came, bringing their wives and children. Every one was dressed in robes jewelled and encrusted with gold according to rank. There was music—"

"And you in it," I interposed.

"Yes—I was the bride in it, and I enjoyed it all. It was a fairy tale, such as my nurse used to tell me, come true," she laughed. "I did my part in it so that when it was over my mother, who had been exceedingly anxious lest I be clumsy, said that I did it all right."

She put a new thread in her needle and stitched a primrose petal. Then she went on about herself.

"We lived peacefully in Peking for two years. We had one part of the Forbidden City. There is a lovely lake there—pink with lotus in early summer. We skated on it when it was frozen,

and drifted on it in a purple boat on warm spring evenings. We wrote and gave plays in the blue-domed theatre. There was ample space there for us and for the Manchu families who had been connected with the old court. We lived a secluded life. We did not find it confining, but natural. The Son of Heaven and his bride, according to Manchu custom, usually lived a secluded life. The Chinese did not molest us, although when my husband was in his teens some Chinese tried to make him Emperor of all China again. He had not liked that experience and we did not concern ourselves with Chinese politics.

"In 1912, when my husband, then the six-year-old Emperor, signed the agreement of voluntary abdication prepared for him, the contract promised that he should keep this quarter of the Forbidden City forever as his private property. It never occurred to us that this promise would ever be broken. But one October morning in 1924, when we were at breakfast, my old nurse ran in, screaming that Chinese soldiers were pushing in through the gates to take us. I thought that she had gone silly, and told her to be quiet.

"I was eating an especially delicious baked apple, and I went on eating it. But she was right. The court below our balcony—we were in the Winter Palace—filled with Chinese soldiers. We had to run. We ran through passages and across courts to the streets, arriving breathless in the Foreign Legation Quarter. . .

"We reached the gates of the Japanese Legation, exhausted. I tripped on my torn skirt, and would have fallen

in the road, but the Japanese guard ran to my assistance. The Japanese soldiers helped us inside and shut their gates in the faces of the angry, shouting Chinese soldiers. My clothes were spoiled. The Japanese Ambassador's wife kindly gave me clothes of hers. We never got anything from our home. . .

"It was announced that my husband's Abdication Treaty was cancelled, and all China has treated it as cancelled ever since then. Our private residence, according to the contract, is now a museum—people pay a fee at the gate to look at our things."

ODE TO THE DUKE OF CHOU

Dewlap o'ergrown and heavy tail
Th'impatient wolf impede or trip.
But see the Duke, humble while tried!
Along his red shoes quiet slip.

Tail heavy and dewlap o'ergrown,
Th'impatient wolf trip or impede.
But see the Duke, humble while tried,
His fame unflawed by hasty deed.

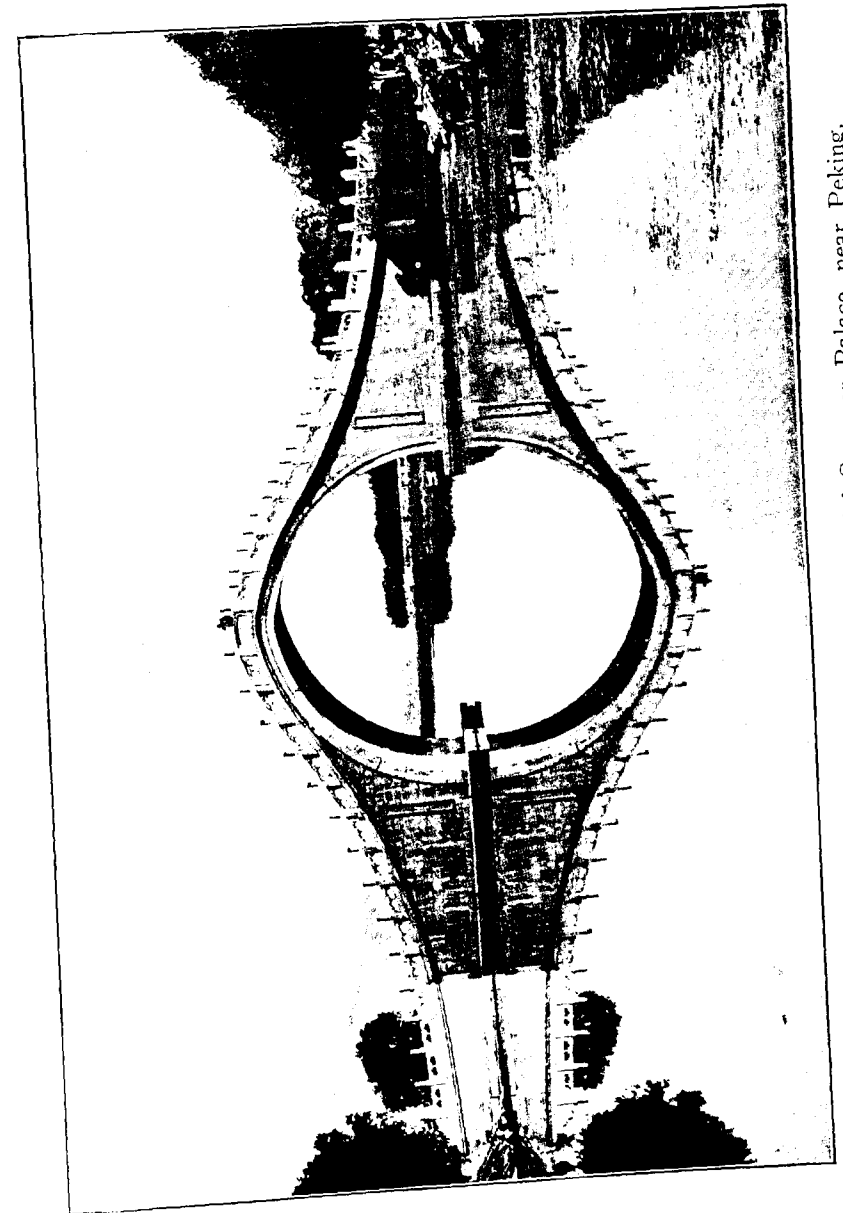
—From *The Book of Poetry*, 1. 15. 7.

FALSE LOVE

Where grow the willows near the eastern gate,
And 'neath their leafy shade we could recline,
She said at evening she would me await,
And brightly now I see the day-star shine!

Here where the willows near the eastern gate
Grow, and their dense leaves make a shady gloom,
She said at evening she would me await,
See now the morning-star the sky illumine.

—From *The Book of Poetry*, 1. 12.



Lo-ko Ch'iao. Hunchback Bridge. Imperial Summer Palace, near Peking.
(From *Chinese Art*, vol. I.)

CHINESE POETRY

FOUR of the specimens of Chinese poetry, reproduced in this issue, are from the *Book of Poetry (Shi Ching)*, one of the Confucian Classics. The selections here presented are taken from the translation by James Legge.

The subject of the Ode on p. 165, is Ch'ang, Duke of Chou (1231-1135), who was the real founder of the great Chou Dynasty, and as such afterwards became known as Wên Wang, or King Wên. The Chou rulers refused to take the discredited title of Ti, or Emperor, but called themselves more humbly Wang, or King. Because of his literary labours on the *Book of Changes (I Ching)*, that "most bewildering of all the Confucian Classics," King Wên was known as the "Scholarly King." His eldest son, Fa, became the first and most famous ruler of the Chou Dynasty under the name of Wu Wang (1122-1115 B.C.). A younger son, Tan, is the famous Duke of Chou. He is one of the most revered figures in Chinese history. He was held in the highest esteem by Confucius, who once exclaimed in deep sorrow: "Extreme is my decay. For a long time, I have not dreamed, as I was wont to do, that I saw the Duke of Chou." In the Ode on p. 154, he is portrayed under the figure of an old

wolf, wary and most wise, because most humble and "yielding." Two more pieces from the same collection are found on pp. 154, 165.

China's finest poetry, however, comes from the times of the T'ang Dynasty (618-907 A.D.). The greatest name of all belongs to Li Po (705-762). He excelled especially in the "stop-short," of which he is a consummate master. Two specimens of this kind from his hand are on pp. 163, 174. A contemporary of his, and second only to him, is Tu Fu (712-770). "The Hermit" on p. 105 is a fine example of his art. The third greatest is perhaps Po Chü-i (772-846). The satirical quatrain on p. 123 is from him. It must be understood that the selections from their poetry given here, are not representative of the men. They were equally famous for their beef-eating, wine-drinking and dissolute living as for their poems, which generally dealt with more worldly subjects. Of quite another temper is Ssü K'ung T'u (834-908), commonly called "the last of the T'angs." His poetry is generally of a philosophical kind steeped in Taoist mysticism. The specimen on p. 163 gives extracts from a longer poem of 24 stanzas. The translations are taken from *A History of Chinese Literature* by Herbert A. Giles.

WU-WEI IN STATECRAFT

THE modern trend of civilization is leading to an increasing interference by the State in the private affairs of the citizens. In its progress towards complete subordination of the individual to the community, hardly any private claim is respected. It cannot but be that this movement towards one extreme must ultimately lead to a "reversion." The swing of the pendulum, having reached its farthest point, is bound to turn again towards the other pole.

The opposite tendency is of marked aspect in the wise men of ancient China. Contrary to our modern instincts, they believed in a policy of *laissez faire*, or *wu-wei*. This may sound unbelievable in our ears, used as we are to the incessant meddling of Government with our lives. Yet it is a fact that the great secret of Statecraft was believed by them to consist in *leaving people alone*, in letting the hand of Government be seen only but not felt. The great sage Confucius quoted one of the old Emperors, Shun, as a model, because, "he did nothing but gravely and reverently occupy his royal seat."¹ The way of the King should be like the way of Heaven, whose presence is always there above us, but whose workings we do not feel or know directly. Yet it fulfils itself, it works out its will in our destinies, and most so when we are happiest and least conscious of it.

¹ *Analects*, 15, 4.

In the book of another old philosopher, Chuang Tzû, the great Taoist sage after Lao Tzû, there is a whole chapter (XI) "On Leaving Alone." Its opening paragraphs are most remarkable: "There has been such a thing as leaving mankind alone. There has never been such a thing as governing mankind. Leaving alone is based upon the fear lest by interference men's natural good disposition be perverted, and their virtue lost. On the other hand, if their natural disposition be not perverted, nor their virtue lost, what room is there left for Government?"²

The old wise men had faith in their fellow-men, in man's innate goodness of character. They were staunch believers, and have made it a fundamental principle of Chinese philosophy and ethics all through, that man is by nature good, and if left to grow naturally in perfect freedom, will achieve his destiny smoothly and harmoniously. They were more afraid to spoil than to improve him by interference. When Tz'ui Chü asked Lao Tzû: "If the empire is not to be governed, how are men's hearts to be kept in order?" the Master's answer was: "Be careful not to interfere with the natural goodness of the heart of man. Man's heart may be forced down or stirred up. In each case the issue is fatal. By gentleness, the hardest heart may be softened. But try to cut and polish it, 'twill burn like fire or freeze like ice. In repose

² H. A. Giles, p. 119.

profoundly still, in motion high up in the sky, no bolt can bar, no bond can bind it. Such is the human heart."¹

With such convictions to guide them, it is no wonder that the final advice of these wise old men to anyone called to rule over his fellow-men, be it as the supreme sovereign of a nation, or be he set in a humbler capacity only over a few of his fellow-creatures, was to "leave them alone," to "do nothing," to be "inactive." In the words of the same Chuang Tzû: "For the perfect man who is unavoidably summoned to power over his fellows, there is naught like Inaction. By means of Inaction he will be able to adapt himself to the natural conditions of existence. And so it is that he who respects the State as his own body is fit to support it, and he who loves the State as his own body is fit to govern it. And if I can refrain from injuring the internal economy of my body and from overtaxing my powers of sight and hearing, sitting still like a corpse, while my inner voice resounds like thunder, the powers of heaven responding to every phase of my will, as under the yielding influence of Inaction all things are brought to maturity and thrive—what leisure then have I to set about governing the world?"²

The written source to which all these later Taoist teachings go back, is of course the *Tao Tê Ching*, or the "Book of the Way (*Tao*) and the Power (*Tê*)," where the reputed founder of Taoism, Lao Tzû, has laid down the following maxims about State policy and the Government of men in general: "A

¹ H. A. Giles p. 123.

² *Ibid.*, p. 122.

kingdom is governed by keeping the law, a battle is won by breaking the law, but the empire over all is obtained by leaving alone.³ The more prohibitions, the poorer the people. The more laws, the more thieves and robbers.⁴ So long as I do nothing, the people will of themselves be reformed. So long as I keep quiet, the people will of themselves go straight. So long as I act only by inactivity, the people will of themselves become prosperous.⁵ So long as I desire nothing, the people will of themselves revert to their natural simplicity."⁶

And in chapter 58:

"The government that seems the most unwise,
Oft goodness to the people best supplies,
That which is meddling, touching everything,
Will work but ill, and disappointment bring."⁷

An excellent modern Chinese author, though affected with a tendency to western materialism, and because of that with a somewhat pessimistic turn of mind, has remarked that "Chinese philosophy will never make any lasting impression on the West, because Chinese philosophy, with its moderation, restraint and pacifism, which are

³ James Legge translates "by freedom from action and purpose." This is important in connection with the Mahāyāna conception of the Buddha's leading a life of "purposeless deeds" (*anābhogacarya*).

⁴ Cf. Saint Paul's "The motions of sin are by the law," and, "I had not known sin but by the law, I had not known lust except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet" (Rom. 7. 5, 7).

⁵ Cf. the Buddha's admonition to the Monks: "So long as the brethren do not delight in activities, are not busybodies, not devoted to actions, so long may the brethren be expected to prosper, not to decay" (D. N. II, 81).

⁶ Cf. translation by Arthur Waley.

⁷ James Legge's translation.

all physically conditioned by the decrease of bodily energy (through old age), can *never* suit the western temperament with its aggressive exuberance and vitality." I have to find fault with only one word, underlined. It disregards the time-factor. Time, which changes everything, brings youth to maturity, and maturity to a ripe old age, as it has done to China and India, as it will do to the western peoples in their due times. I concede readily that the western world of our own time and perhaps still for many a century to come, will have little appreciation or sympathy for the *Wu-Wei* ideal. But the West is young yet in its days, and the time will come, must come, when like China and India—for both have the same ideal—it may look back upon the wild days of its youth with a smile of tolerance, as a phase of development through which it had to pass in order

to come through *Sturm und Drang* to the calm and peace beyond.

Even now, at this moment, there may be a few congenial spirits to whom the appeal for Inaction, doing nothing, non-interference, leaving alone, may not altogether seem mere moonshine, but rather a ray from the light that shineth not on sea or land. Just as in China itself these teachings have not always been heeded by the masses, though it is to her everlasting fame that her wise men of old have seen that light. If one may believe tradition it was known and showed itself in action, or rather in inaction, long, long before the theory was clearly formulated in Lao Tzû's and later days. That was in the time of the model King Yao, the predecessor of King Shun, so honourably mentioned by Confucius. The next story is about him and how he practised *Wu-wei*.

EMPEROR, ANGLER AND URCHIN

(Twenty-fourth Century B.C.)

IN the legendary times, some twenty-five centuries B.C., the last great ruler Huang Ti, the Yellow Emperor so-called, had been succeeded by the first of China's two model Kings. Yao was his name. He was a great and good King, of whom after-times cannot show the equal.

In contrast with the later Sovereigns, Yao's was not a hereditary kingship. His function was therefore a more responsible one. He had to prove his worth, or lose his kingdom. The sovereign was called the Son of Heaven, for Heaven was believed to rule through

him. He stood between Heaven and the people, and had to serve them both. He was sometimes also called, not the First Gentleman, but the One Man, because he represented the whole nation, the whole people, was one with them, and could only be happy when they were happy.

He must care for the people as if they are all his own children. If he is good, they will be good also; if his family is happy and harmonious, all the families in the realm will be at peace. If he governs rightly and wisely so that his people have enough food

and property and the right work, then no one will steal or murder or do anything wrong. For the Chinese believe that men do wrong only when they are unhappy and in need, not because of an inborn ill-nature. Therefore the King looks at his kingdom as into a mirror; if he sees peace and happiness there, he knows that he is doing right, but if he sees misery and crime and want, he knows that he is doing wrong. He is like a man standing between the sky and water. Just as clear and quiet waters reflect the brightness of the sky, so his kingdom must reflect the divine order.

Yao lived in a palace, built simply of earth and wood, that was not very different from the houses of his subjects. Imagine a low, broad building facing south, with a roof the corners of which turn upward. Around it open courtyards and many buildings for the business of Government, many groves also of noble trees, and gardens with many flowers. On the palace door is hung a writing-tablet and a drum. If any man thought of anything that ought to be done or that could be improved in the country, or if he knew of something wrong that was being done, he came to the palace door and wrote his suggestion or his complaint on the tablet. Then he struck the drum and went away. As soon as the sound was heard by those within, a man was sent to bring the tablet and Yao read it carefully. In that way he kept in touch with all that was going on in the country, and knew what the people wanted. Yao said: "Are the people cold or hungry, it is my fault. Do they commit any crime, I must consider myself the guilty one."

But do not think that he did everything for the people, leaving nothing for them to do of themselves, in other words taking all the responsibility himself and leaving them no responsibility at all, or hardly any, as is the way of modern Governments. The very opposite was true. The Chinese believe that the less Government does, the better it is, and that people are happiest when they least know that they are being governed.

One day, when Yao was driving through the country, he saw an old man sitting by a stream, fishing and singing happily to himself. He went near to the old man and heard him sing:

We rise at dawn,
And rest at sunset;
We dig wells and drink,
We till our fields and eat.

What is the power of the King to us?

Yao smiled and drove on, glad that his people felt so free of him. Another time he heard a child singing in the streets:

The people are ruled
By your perfect goodness;
Without knowing it we follow
The example of our King.

Yao remembered those two songs, for they helped him to be the wise King that he was. All the provinces were obedient to him, and prospered. Not only men, but animals and birds, even the insects and the reptiles, lived in peace, and the phoenix danced in the courtyards of his palace.

[Adapted with some additions and changes from the wonderfully understanding and popular book, *The Pageant of Chinese History*, by Elizabeth Seegers, (1934, pp. 16-18). It can be recommended to anyone who wishes to make a first and pleasant acquaintance with that amazing people.]

THE EMPEROR ANIMAL-FRIEND

(Eighteenth Century B.C.)

THE last ruler of the Hsia Dynasty was a most depraved man. At last the nobles, under the leadership of T'ang, one of the strongest feudal princes, but also a most righteous lord, rebelled and drove the monarch out. T'ang was made King, and with him in 1766 B.C. began the Dynasty of Shang, which was his family name. He was called Ching T'ang, T'ang the successful or Victorious, but he was not proud of his victory. He was always afraid that he had done wrong in taking the throne from the descendant of Yü, for this was the first time that anyone had rebelled against the King, and T'ang feared that he might have set a bad example to future times. I Yin, the wise minister who had helped him, reassured him, and as he went through the country on his tours of inspection, he himself could see how everywhere the people were becoming happy again, like plants after rain. When he went east, the tribes in the west murmured, saying: "Will he never come to us?" And when he went south, the northern people said: "Why does he come to us last?" He put each province in order, regulating its ceremonies and its industries, and when he left, men went home to their families, and said: "We have waited for our prince; he has come, and all is well again."

He was just even to the animals. Hunting was a great sport in old China.

The hills and mountains were still thickly forested, the farmers had to clear their land little by little, and often in the morning they saw tracks of deer and wild boar, tigers or wild oxen, across their carefully tilled fields. The nobles hunted for many reasons: to drive the wild beasts back from the homes of men, to get food, and for the fun of it. When they went hunting they arranged men in a great circle around the hunting grounds, and then ordered them to walk forward, driving the animals towards the centre of the circle, where the nobles stood in their chariots with their bows and arrows ready. Sometimes instead of having men drive the animals, they set fire to the fields or the marshes, and let the fire drive the beasts into great nets that had been stretched across the land to catch them. There were many animals to hunt—besides the ones already mentioned, there were panthers and leopards, foxes (whose fur they loved to wear), hare, and many others. One time T'ang went hunting and saw that the net had been stretched around the whole hunting-ground, and that a prayer had been written and fastened on it saying: "May everything from the four quarters of the world enter into my net!" T'ang said: "Oh, then everything would be caught!" So he took down a part of the net, leaving it across only one side of the field, and he wrote on it: "Go to the right

if you like, go to the left if you like, reaches even the birds and the beasts." but if you have had enough of life, [From the same book of Elizabeth Seegers. See the note at the end of the said: "T'ang's goodness is great, for it previous story.]

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

BY THE DUKE OF SHAO

(Ninth Century B.C.)

AFTER more than two and a half centuries of rule, the glory of the Chou Dynasty had gradually waned. The Sovereigns had become either lamentably weak, or cruelly tyrannical. But the wise lore of statecraft, and the high example set by the old Duke of Chou (twelfth century B.C.) were still upheld by a few of the nobler type of statesmen. Among these was the Duke of Shao, minister to the Emperor Li Wang.

We deal with the ninth century B.C., before Carthage and Rome were built! And still the advice given by the Duke of Shao to his Emperor is fully applicable today. Its truth will in the long run prove the unmaking of every tyrannical Government, whether imperial or republican, totalitarian or socialistic, aristocratic or democratic, Fascist or Nazi. The "Laws of Freedom"—for lawlessness or anarchy shows itself in practice invariably as the opposite of freedom—cannot be violated with impunity. One of those Laws, to be observed for the health of the State, both of ruler and people, is not only to tolerate the liberty of every one to openly criticize the measures of Government, but to encourage and freely elicit such criticism.

Of the ancient times of the model King Yao (twenty-fourth century B.C.), and the model Emperor Yü (twenty-third century B.C.), it is reported that the first placed a tablet at his palace gates, with a drum at its side, for every one who had some advice to give, to write down his suggestion upon the tablet, and to beat the drum to acquaint the ruler with his grievance, desire or counsel. Yü improved upon the arrangement in so far as the single drum was replaced by five different musical instruments to inform the Emperor immediately of the nature of the business.

In contrast with these old worthies, Li Wang could under no account brook any criticism, but considered all censure as slander. To stop all unfavourable discussion of his policy, he had every malcontent and suspect seized and mercilessly executed. This of course effectively made an end of all public censure. But when the Emperor triumphantly drew his minister's attention to the fact, the faithful servant fearlessly spoke those remarkable words, which have indeed merited being handed down the course of nearly thirty centuries, for our own times still to reject or to take the lesson to heart.

Said the Duke of Shao:¹ "Sire! All you have brought about is a screen which prevents you from learning the real sentiments of the people. But you should know that it is more dangerous to shut the people's mouths than to stop the waters of a river. To halt the progress of a river means to force it to

¹ From *An Outline History of China*, Herbert H. Gowen, p. 50.

expand in breadth, and thus to do more harm than if it had been allowed to take its natural course. Such is the case with your people. If you want to prevent the damage threatening from the inundation of a river, you have to lead it into a proper bed which will hold all its waters. If you want to make an impression on the people, let them have perfect liberty of speech."

SAVED FROM THE STAKE

BY TS'ANG WEN-CHUNG

(Seventh Century B.C.)

SUPERSTITION AND REASON

THE last of the five Confucian Classics is the *Ch'un Ch'iu*, or the "Annals." Literally the name means "Spring and Autumn." But in the spring the Chinese include the summer, and in the autumn the winter, for they divided their year into two parts, from one equinox to the other. The implied meaning of *Ch'un Ch'iu* is therefore "Yearly" Records, or "Annals." To call the book "Spring and Autumn Annals" is consequently redundant.

The work contains the chronological records of the principal events, incursions, victories, defeats, murders, treaties, natural phenomena, etc., in Confucius' native State of Lu, from 722 to 481 B.C. Its authorship is ascribed to the Master himself. The entries are of the briefest, and soon called forth elaborate commentaries from his disciples and others. The most famous of these

is the *Tso Chuan*, or "Tso's Commentary." The author was a disciple of Confucius, and has been rightly canonized as the "Father of Chinese Prose."

Of the way he expands the original text into entertaining episodes, a sample follows here. It also illustrates a trait of the Chinese character. Ignorant and superstitious the common people may be, as they are in every country, but the Chinese temper is in any case not prone to fanaticism. Educated and uneducated alike are open to reason and common sense. And the higher Chinese official, like the one in the story is, because of the course of study and the State examinations in the Confucian Classics he has passed through, generally eminently reasonable.

DROUGHTS AND WITCHES

Under the twenty-first year of Duke Hsi (624 B.C.), Confucius had recorded in his "Annals": "In summer there

was a great drought." Upon this entry Tso embroiders the following narrative:

In consequence of the drought, the Duke wished to burn a witch and a person much emaciated. One of his Officials, however, whose name is well preserved to posterity, Ts'ang Wên-chung, said to him: "That will not affect the drought. Rather repair your city walls and ramparts; eat less, and curtail your expenditure; practise strict economy, and urge the people to help one another. That is the right preparation to meet a drought; what have witches and emaciated persons to do in the matter? If Heaven wishes them to be slain, it had better not have allowed them to be born. If they can really cause a drought, burning them will only make things worse."

The Duke took his advice, and during that year, although there was famine, it was not so very severe.

[The story is taken from *A History of Chinese Literature*, by H. A. Giles, 1901, p. 25 ff. See also *The Chinese Classics*, by James Legge, 5.1.180.]

TAOIST STANZAS BY SSU K'UNG T'U

Repose

It dwells in quietude, speechless,
Imperceptible in the cosmos,
Watered by the eternal harmonies,
Soaring with the lonely crane.
It is like a gentle breeze in spring,
Softly bellying the flowing robe;
It is like the note of the bamboo flute,
Whose sweetness we would fain make
our own.
Meeting by chance, it seems easy of
access,

Seeing, we find it hard to secure.
Ever shifting in semblance,
It shifts from the grasp and it's gone.

Be Natural

Stoop, and there it is;
Seek it not right and left.
All roads lead thither—
One touch and you have spring!
As though coming upon opening flowers,
As though gazing upon the new year,
Verily I will not snatch it,
Forced, it will dwindle away.
I will be like the hermit on the hill,
Like duckweed gathered on the stream
And when emotions crowd upon me,
I will leave it to the harmonies of heaven.

Actualities

Choosing plain words
To express simple thoughts,
Suddenly I happened upon a recluse,
And seemed to see the heart of TAO.
Beside the winding brook,
Beneath dark pine-trees' shade,
There was one stranger bearing a faggot,
Another listening to the lute.
And so, where my fancy led me,
Better than if I had sought it,
I heard the music of heaven,
Astounded by its rare strains.

THE MOUNTAINS AND I

BY LI PO

The birds have all flown to their roost
in the tree,
The last cloud has just floated
lazily by;
But we never tire of each other, not we,
As we sit there together—the mountains and I.

VICTORY OR PEACE?

BY KUNG YANG

(Sixth Century B.C.)

ANCIENT WISDOM

TO most people it will perhaps not seem the right alternative—"Victory or Peace?" Others, however, like Dr. Bhagavan Das,¹ have predicted, at least marked the possibility, perchance the probability, of the present war's ending not in the victory of one and the defeat of the other party, but in a peace brought about through the total exhaustion or weariness of all the slaughter and destruction, of both contending sides. And it is indeed the great, the important question, whether such an end will not be the best for all concerned. For as the Buddha has so clearly seen and taught, victory and defeat must needs lead to another war, nay, other wars, in endless succession. There is always the hope that fortune may one day change her favours, as she is wont to do, or that so-called Karma will have exhausted its adverse influence, and so may turn victory into defeat, defeat into victory. Whereas peace by exhaustion may teach blind humanity to see at last the waste, the uselessness, the folly of such strife. It may bring the belligerents, by the misery shared, to a more friendly understanding of each other.

Such seems to have been the philosophy of old. Such was the teaching of the Buddha in the sixth century B.C.

Victory breeds enmity,
In sorrow live the defeated,

¹ See his recent book, *World War, etc.*

The peaceful alone live in happiness,
Having renounced both victory and defeat.

Such too was apparently the idea of the old Chinese historian, Kung Yang, who lived in the fifth century B.C. Like Tso,² he also wrote a commentary to Confucius' *Annals of Lu*, known as *Spring and Autumn*.

SEVEN DAYS' RATIONS

The great Master had recorded under the year 587 B.C.: "In summer, in the 5th month, the Sung State made peace with the Ch'u State." The Sung State was situated south-west of Confucius' native State of Lu, and it was bordered on the south by the big State of Ch'u, occupying the territory on either side of the great Yang Tse river. Kung Yang relates the following story about the way in which the peace between Sung and Ch'u came about. It is a quaint Chinese story of old-time generous sportsman-like behaviour between honourable gentlemen. Will such times and such sentiments ever return? Or are they still with us?

King Chuang of Ch'u was besieging the capital of Sung. He had only rations for seven days left, and if these were exhausted before he could take the city, he meant to withdraw. He therefore sent his general to climb the ramparts and spy out the condition of the besieged. It chanced that at the

² See the previous article, *ante*, p. 162.

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same time an officer of the Sung army came forth upon the ramparts, and the two met.

"How is your State getting on?" inquired the general.

"Oh badly," replied the officer. "We are reduced to exchanging children for food, and their bones are chopped up for fuel."

"That is bad, indeed," said the general. "I had heard, however, that the besieged, while feeding their horses with bits in their mouths, kept some fat ones for exhibition to strangers. What a spirit is yours!"

To this the officer replied: "I too have heard that the superior man, seeing another's misfortune, is filled with pity, while the ignoble man is filled with joy. And in you I recognize the superior man; so I have told you our story."

"Be of good cheer," said the general. "We too have only seven days' rations, and if we do not conquer you in that time, we shall withdraw." He then bowed, and retired to report to his master.

The latter said: "We must now capture the city before we withdraw."

"Not so," replied the general; "I told the officer we had only rations for seven days." King Chuang was greatly enraged at this; but the general said: "If a small State like Sung has officers who speak the truth, should not the State of Ch'u have such men also?" The King still wished to remain, but the general threatened to leave him, and thus peace was brought about between the two States.

An object-lesson for modern times.

[The story is taken from H. A. Giles, *A History of Chinese Literature*, p. 31. The commentator Tso has quite another story to tell, for which see *The Chinese Classics*, by James Legge, 5. 1. 327-8.]

FRIENDSHIP

Fretted its waters seem,
Yet gently flows the stream:
A bundle of thorns 'twill not bear.
Our brethren are so few;
There are but I and you:
Let nothing our friendship impair.
People's words don't believe;
They are meant to deceive:
Their purpose is but to ensnare.

Fretted its waters seem,
Yet gently flows the stream:
A bundle of wood 'twill not bear.
Our brethren are so few;
There are only we two:
Let nothing our friendship impair.
Trust not to people's breath;
They don't deserve your faith:
Their purpose is but to ensnare.

—From *The Book of Poetry*, 1. 7. 18.

ODE TO KING WEN

Heaven by a deep and ceaseless law
Orders its ways with man.
Pure shone, without a single flaw,
The virtue of King Wên.
To us he shows his kindness still.
As all our powers we strain
To be in concord with his will,
His favour we shall gain.
So may the last his throne to fill
His love and grace retain!

—From *The Book of Poetry*, 4. 1. 1. 2.

A DIVINE FOOL

BY LAO TZU

(Sixth Century B.C.)

"ALL men are rejoicing and happy, as though celebrating a great sacrificial feast, as though going up to a spring festival. I alone am unmoved and placid like a babe that does not yet give a sign of conscious life, like an infant that does not yet smile. I am dejected and forlorn, as though I have no place where I belong. All men have plenty, while I alone seem to have lost all. In my heart indeed I am a foolish man. I am ignorant and confused. The common people are bright and clever, I alone am dull. The common people are quick and smart, I alone am heavy. Unstable am I as the ocean, adrift as though having no place to rest. All men have their usefulness, I alone am a blockhead and a lout. But though I am alone and unlike other men, I prize as no other to find sustenance from our Foster-Mother.

"My words are very easy to understand, very easy to practise. Yet under heaven no one is able to understand them, no one is able to practise them. Still my words have a meaning, and my deeds a motive. Those who understand this are but few, and thereby am I the more honoured. Thus the wise man wears coarse wool outside, and hides the jewels underneath."

* * *

The above piece of autobiography has been taken from the 20th and 70th

chapters of the *Tao Tê Ching*, in a new version which is still in manuscript. Some say that it "cannot be taken as in any sense a self-portrait of the author," but only as a description of "the ancient Chên-jên, the Taoist Adept, the 'perfected man.'"¹ But if Lao Tzû himself cannot lay claim to this epithet, who can? Others have misunderstood the first paragraph as a cry of despondency,² whereby its point is altogether missed. Lao Tzû but reflects the world's misjudgment of the sage as a foolish, useless man, whose deeds and thoughts to them seem devoid of sense and worldly wisdom. Yet they have a meaning and a motive (literally, an ancestry and a master), though not rooted in this world, but in the TAO, the great Foster-Mother of all. Rather than being a cry of despair, these reflections give utterance to a feeling of elation that the changing ways of men—a day of rejoicing and happiness followed by a morrow of grief and misery—have been left for the "unchanging way" of the great TAO, beyond the pairs of opposites. To the man of the world, who lives for excitement and strife, it seems a dull and heavy way, to the sage it spells real calm and peace.

¹ *The Way and Its Power*, by Arthur Waley, pp. 161, 168.

² *The Sayings of Lao Tzû*, by Lionel Giles, p. 17.

A DIVINE TEACHER

BY K'UNG FU-TZU

(Sixth Century B.C.)

THE LEARNER

1. I am a transmitter, not a creator, believing in and loving antiquity (7. 1).

2. I am not one with innate knowledge, I am one who loves antiquity, and is earnest in seeking it there (7. 19).

3. I have spent the whole day without eating, the whole night without sleeping, occupied with thinking. It was of no use. A better way is to learn (15. 30).

4. Even in a hamlet of ten families, there must be found men as conscientious and sincere as myself, but not so fond of learning (5. 27).

5. I am simply a man who in his eagerness to learn forgets his food, who in the joy of it forgets his sorrows, and does not perceive that old age is approaching (7. 18).

6. At 15 I had my mind set upon learning, at 30 I stood firm, at 40 I was free from doubt, at 50 I understood the decrees of Heaven, at 60 my ear was attentive to truth, at 70 I could follow my heart's desire without transgressing what was right (2. 4).

7. If some more years were added to my life, I would give them to the study of the *Book of Changes*, and then I might be free from grave errors (7. 16).

THE TEACHER

1. The sage and the man of perfect virtue—how dare I rank myself with them? But as to silently treasuring up knowledge, learning without satiety,

and teaching others without becoming weary—that may be said of me and nothing more (7. 2, 33).

2. I permit people to approach me without committing myself to what they may do after their withdrawal. Why should one be so severe? If a man has purified himself to wait upon me, I receive him so purified without guaranteeing his past (7. 28).

3. From the poorest man, bringing his bundle of dried fish as a present for my teaching, upwards, I have never withheld instruction from anyone (7. 7).

4. But I do not open up the truth to one who is not eager to learn, nor do I help out one who is not anxious to find out for himself. When I have presented one corner of a subject to anyone, and he cannot learn from it the other three, I do not repeat my lesson (7. 8).

5. Neglect in properly cultivating virtue, failure in thoroughly discussing what is learned, inaptitude to move towards righteousness of which a knowledge has been gained, inability to change what is not good—these are the things which cause me solicitude (7. 3).

6. When a man is not in the habit of asking: "What shall I think of this? What shall I think of this?" I can indeed do nothing with him (15. 15).

7. When I am walking with two others, they serve me as my teachers. I select the good qualities of the one and follow them, I mark the bad qualities of the other and avoid them (7. 12).

THE PRIVATE MAN

1. If the pursuit of riches were always sure of success, though I love it not, I would search for them, even if I had to become a groom with whip in hand to get them. But as the search is not always successful, I will follow after what I love better (7. 11).

2. With coarse rice to eat, with water to drink, and my bended arm for a pillow, I have still joy in such a state of things. Riches and honours acquired unworthily are to me as a floating cloud (7. 15).

3. I will not grieve that men do not know me, I will grieve that I do not know men (1. 16).

4. I am not concerned that I have no position, I am concerned how I may fit myself for one. I am not concerned that I am unknown, I seek to be worthy of being known (4. 14).

5. To undertake the duties when called to office, to lie retired when not so called—'tis only I and you, Yen Yüan,¹ who have attained to this (7. 10).

6. There may be those who act rightly without knowing the reason why. It is not so with me. Hearing much, selecting what is good, and following it; seeing much and keeping it in mind—this is the next best style² of knowledge (7. 27).

7. Do you think, my disciples, that I have anything to conceal? I conceal nothing from you. There is nothing which I do that is not shown to you, my disciples. That is my way (7. 23).

¹ His most beloved disciple.

² Next best to the "intuitive" style, disowned in the first half of the paragraph.

[Note. For the above text I made use of the translations of James Legge, William Edward Soothill, and Lionel Giles.]

THE CORRUPTION OF WEALTH

BY SHU KUANG (First Century B.C.)

THE following is the reply of an aged statesman to his friends and kinsmen, on being urged by them to invest a sum of money—granted to him by the Emperor on his retirement from office—in landed property for his descendants:

"How should I be so infatuated in my old age as to make no provision for my children? There is the family estate. Let them work hard upon it, and that toil will find them in clothes and food, like other people. To add anything, and so create a superfluity, would be to hold up a premium for sloth. The genius of men is stunted by possession.

Wealth only aggravates the natural imbecility of fools. Besides, a rich man is an eyesore to all. I may not be able to do much to improve my children; at least, I will not stimulate their vices and cause them to be objects of hate.

"Then again, this money was graciously betowed upon me by His Majesty, as a pension for old age, of a servant. Therefore I rejoice to spend it freely among my clansmen and my fellow-villagers, as I pass to my appointed rest. Am I not right?"

[Taken from *Gems of Chinese Literature*, by Herbert A. Giles, p. 97.]

EMPEROR AND MONK

(Sixth Century A.D.)

THE THREE TURNINGS OF THE WHEEL OF THE LAW

THE pious Buddhist of the North recognizes three successive turnings of the Wheel of the Law, all three the handiwork of Gautama the Buddha himself, it is held. Thus this belief is well grounded as the impulses for the later movements were latent in the original teachings. The younger offshoots of the tree of Buddhism have developed in a natural way from the seeds sown by the great Teacher, centuries before.

The initial swing was given when the Lord after his enlightenment preached the First Sermon twenty-five centuries ago.¹ It led to the development of the Lesser (better: Earlier) Vehicle, the Southern School, or Pali Buddhism. Its character is mainly *ethical*.

Five centuries later the second turning followed when the sage Nāgārjuna started a deeply *philosophical* revival. It grew into the Greater (better: Later) Vehicle, the Northern School, or Sanskrit Buddhism.² Overflowing the borders of India, crossing the snowy range, it conquered China and Tibet. Its introduction into the Middle Kingdom is said to be due to a dream in

¹ Tradition places this event at 589, modern historical research at 528 B.C. The title of the First Sermon, held at Sarnāth, near Benares, is "the Discourse of the Setting in Motion of the Wheel of the Law" (*Dharma-chakra-pravartana-sūtra*).

² The terms Lesser and Greater Vehicle (*Hinā- and Mahāyāna*) were of course invented by the later school. Because of the unjustified implied inferiority of the older school, they should be avoided.

which the Emperor of the Han Dynasty, Ming Ti, was visited by the golden image of a "foreign god." This happened in A.D. 61. The Sovereign, whose curiosity was aroused, sent eighteen men out to solve the mystery. They returned with two Buddhist monks, who translated many sacred books into Chinese, and so laid the foundation for the spread of the new faith throughout China.

Again, half a millennium later, the third turning of the Wheel began with the advent of "the brothers, saint Asanga and master Vasubandhu."³ Buddhism became more introspective and *mystical*. In this form it made its deepest impression on the Chinese people, due especially to the genius of a South Indian monk, Bodhidharma, who at a ripe age went to China, where he arrived in 526. He is venerated there as the 28th Patriarch in the direct line of transmission from the Buddha, and as the founder of the Contemplative School of Buddhism.⁴

RULER AND SAGE

The following conversation between Bodhidharma, whose Chinese name is P'u-t'i-ta-mo, and the ruler of Southern China, Hsiao or Liang Wu-ti, who was the greatest patron of Buddhism at the time, as these are reckoned in the

³ Th. Stcherbatsky, *Buddhist Logic*, vol. 1, p. 12.

⁴ Sanskrit: *Dhyāna*, Tibetan: *Dzanyan*, Chinese: *Ch'an*, Japanese: *Zen*.

world, gives an idea of the Sage's "Doctrine of the Heart," as it stands in contrast with the "Doctrine of the Eye."¹

"From the moment that I ascended the throne," the Emperor said, "I have all the time been occupied in building temples, having books copied, admitting new monks to the vows, and supporting them. Do you not think that I have acquired great merit thereby?"

"None whatever," answered the Sage without ceremony.

"But how can that be?" asked the mystified Ruler.

Whereupon the Patriarch said: "All these things are unimportant, effects of worldly thoughts and strivings. They will keep the doer bound to the wheel of birth and death, and not complete his course. They are like the shadow clinging to the substance, with no real existence of its own."

"What then is it that gives real merit?" the Emperor wanted to know.

"A deed done in purity of motive, in full understanding of its consequences, in stillness and secrecy, beyond mere intellect. Such merit is not to be sought by worldly means and distinctions."

Not satisfied, the Emperor asked again: "What is the most holy of doctrines?"

To which Bodhidharma's significant reply was: "Where all is void of distinctions, there can be nothing holy."

"Who then is he that thus answers me?" was the Ruler's last question, thinking to catch the Sage on his paradoxical answer.

But P'u-t'i-ta-mo was equal to the occasion, his last reported words being: "I do not know."

¹ See *The Voice of the Silence*, vs. 102 and note.

The Emperor remained unenlightened, the recorder of this conversation informs us. He was not convinced as well might be, that his visitor was the bearer of a genuine message. Who, immersed in the affairs of this world, is ready to accept its idleness (*sūnyatā*)? Bodhidharma therefore left the imperial capital, the present Nanking, and settled in another part of the country, from there to spread his message.

But "old Hsiao" was not entirely indifferent. Something had been stirred within him by Bodhidharma's answer. And so, soon after the monk had left him, he asked another monk, of the name of Chih Kung, who the man was. Chih Kung said: "Do you not know him?" "No," said the Emperor. "He is Kwannon, the Great Being himself, who has come here to transmit the seal of the Buddha-mind." The Emperor was astonished to hear this, and wanted to send an envoy after the departed visitor. But Chih Kung declared: "Sire, it is of no use, for even if all the people ran after him, he would not retrace his steps."²

A comparison of Bodhidharma's last words to the Imperial Majesty with the remark of the famous Taoist philosopher, Chuang Tzû, "Those who know TAO do not speak, while those who speak do not know,"³ shows how similar was his message to the Taoist conception and ideal. It explains also the success his mission had. He was

² Zen Essays, by Professor Suzuki, II, 298.

³ Chapter 13 of the collection of his sayings, entitled "The Tao of God," Giles' translation, p. 170. A light-hearted gibe on Chuang Tzû's words by the poet Po Chü-i is found on page 123 of this issue.

in perfect accord with the genius of Chinese mystical thought, of which Taoism was the great embodiment. By a later generation the special message of the Buddhist sage was epitomized in the following quatrain:

"A transmission outside books and scriptures,

No dependence upon words and letters,
Pointing directly at the essence of man,
Realizing one's own Buddha-nature."¹

¹ Cf. *Essays in Zen Buddhism*, First Series, by D. T. Suzuki, p. 163. *Chinese Buddhism*, by J. Edkins, p. 101.

IS THERE A GOD?

BY LIU TSUNG-YÜAN

(Ninth Century A.D.)

OVER the western hills the road trends away towards the north; and on the further side of the pass, separates into two. The western branch leads to nowhere in particular; but if you follow the other, which takes a north-easterly turn, for about a quarter of a mile, you will find that the path ends abruptly, while the stream forks to enclose a steep pile of boulders. On the summit of this pile is what appears to be an elegantly-built look-out tower; below, as it were, a battlemented wall, pierced by a city gate, through which one gazes into darkness. A stone thrown in here, falls with a splash suggestive of water; and the reverberations of this sound are audible for some time. There is a way round from behind up to the top, whence nothing is seen far and wide except groves of fine straight trees, which strange to say are grouped symmetrically, as if by an artist's hand.

Now, I have always had my doubts about the existence of a God; but this scene made me think he really must exist. At the same time, however, I began to wonder why he did not place

it in some worthy centre of civilization, rather than in this out-of-the-way barbarous region, where for centuries there has been no one to enjoy its beauty. And so on the other hand such waste of labour and incongruity of position disposed me to think that there cannot be a God after all.

A friend suggested that it was designedly placed there to gratify those virtuous men who might be banished in disgrace to that spot, as for instance the writer. Another argued that it was simply the nature of the locality, which was unfavourable to the growth of heroes, and fit only for the production of inanimate objects of the kind, as witness the great dearth of men and abundance of boulders in these parts.¹ But I do not accept either explanation.

¹ A gibe at the inhabitants of Kuangsi.

[Taken from *Gems of Chinese Literature*, by Herbert A. Giles, p. 147. The author was a most versatile writer. He was banished for political reasons to a distant post, where he died in 819 at the age of 46. He excelled in political satire, and suffered for the sting of his pen.]

PRINCIPAL EVENTS AND REPRESENTATIVE MEN IN THE HISTORY OF CHINA*

I. MYTHICAL TIMES, 2,267,481-2853 B.C.¹

P'AN KU, the First Man.² Separated heaven and earth, and had power over THE THREE AUGUST DYNASTIES—OF HEAVEN,

Twelve King-brothers, "a monstrous brood with the body of serpents."

OF EARTH,
Eleven King-brothers, "an equally monstrous progeny, made up of the *membra disjecta* of dragons, serpents, horses and human beings."

OF MAN.
Nine King-brothers, "with faces of men and bodies of dragons or serpents."³

THE TEN PERIODS OF ASCENT
Men cease to live in caves and trees, and learn to clothe themselves in skins of beasts.

Sui Jên discovers the use of fire.
Invention of cooking and dancing.

II. LEGENDARY TIMES, 2853-2206 B.C.

FIVE EMPERORS, 2853-2357.
FU HSI, the First Emperor, 2853-2738.

Institution of the worship of the Supreme Being (SHANG T'I), and of the Marriage Sacrament.

* According to Chinese historical tradition. The names of Dynasties and Rulers are in small capitals. For the numbered notes see the next article.

Invention of the thirty-five stringed lute and other musical instruments, of the Eight Trigrams,⁴ of the ideographic script,⁵ of the weaving of nets and snares.

Domestication of the six animals—horse, dog, ox, sheep, pig, and fowl.
SHEN NUNG, the Divine Farmer, 2738-2698.

Invention of ploughs.
Discovery of medicinal plants.
Institution of markets.
Further development of music, invention of the five-stringed lute.

HUANG T'I, the Yellow Emperor, 2698-2598.

Invention of wheeled vehicles, ships, armour, pottery.

Discovery of silk by the Empress Liu Tsu.

Tsang Kie, minister and first state-historian.

TWO KINGS, 2357-2206.
YAO, 2357-2256.

Conquest by Yü of the floods of the Huangho, also called "China's sorrow."

SHUN, 2256-2206.
Regulation of the Calendar.
Standardization of weights and measures.

Mitigation of punishments by altering the size of the whip in court, and of the rod in schools.

III. EARLY HISTORICAL TIMES, 2206-771 B.C.

HSIA DYNASTY, 2206-1767.

YÜ, 2206-2198.

Further canalization of the Huangho. "But for Yü we would have been fishes."

Division of the country into nine provinces.

Discovery of wine by I Ti.

CHUNG K'ANG, 2160-2147.

Sun eclipse, 2154.

SHANG DYNASTY, 1767-1123.

CH'UNG T'ANG, 1767-1754.

Mitigation of the sufferings caused to animals by hunting.

Offered himself as a sacrifice for a drought.

Minister Ki Tzu emigrates to Korea, founder of its civilization.

CHOU DYNASTY, First Period 1123-771.

WEN WANG, the Lettered King, 1232-1136.

Founder of the Dynasty.

WU WANG, son of the former, first reigning sovereign, 1123-1116.

Counted as a crime of the former Dynasty "to have put men into office on the hereditary principle."

Reformation of the Calendar.

Tan, Duke of Chou, brother of the former, wise regent and minister, most noble figure of a statesman, died 1105.

Part-author with WEN WANG of the *Book of Changes*.

Author of the *Ceremonial of Chou*, describing the organization of the Government.

Inventor of the Compass (South-pointing).

Division of the people into nine classes, from high to low, landlord, cul-

tivator, woodman, live-stock keeper, artisan, merchant, house-wife, servant, and those without fixed profession.

MU WANG, 1002-947.

Visits the "Royal Lady of the West."

Sun eclipse, 776.

IV. LATER HISTORICAL TIMES, 771 B.C.—A.D. 221

CHOU DYNASTY, Second Period, 771-256.

Warring States Period.

Great Philosophers:

Lao Tzû, born 607.

Confucius, 551-479.

Mencius, 373-289.

Chuang Tzû, 369-286.

TS'IN DYNASTY, 256-207.

SHIH HUANG T'I, 221-209.

Unification of China. Building of the Great Wall.

Burning of the Books. Invention of the writing brush.

HAN DYNASTY, 207 B.C.—A.D. 221.

KAO TZÜ, Founder of the Dynasty, 201-195.

WU T'I, 141-87.

Expansion of the Empire. Invention of paper.

Revival of learning.

Great Historians:

Ssu-ma Fan, died 110 B.C.

Ssu-ma Ch'ien, died 86 B.C.

The way to the West.

MING T'I, A.D. 58-76.

Introduction of Buddhism, A.D. 67.

V. MEDIAEVAL TIMES, 221-1644.

Period of darkness, division and disorder, 221-589.

THE THREE KINGDOMS, 221-265.

- TS'IN DYNASTY, 265-420.
 Fa Hsien travels to India, 399-415.
 SUNG and CH'I DYNASTIES, 420-502.
 LIANG and CH'EN DYNASTIES, 502-589.
 Bodhidharma, founder of Ch'an or Zen Buddhism arrives in China, 526.
 Origin of Tea.
 SUI DYNASTY, 589-618.
 T'ANG DYNASTY, 618-907.
 T'AI TSUNG, 627-650.
 Great Travellers to India :
 Hsüan Tsang, 629-643.
 I-tsing, 675-685.
 Greatest Painter :
 Wu Tao-tzû, circa 725.
 Great Poets :
 Li Po, 705-762.
 Tu Fu, 712-770.
 Po Chü-i, 772-846.
 FIVE LITTLE DYNASTIES, 907-960.
 SUNG DYNASTY, 960-1378
 Great Painter :
 Li Lung Mien.
 Greatest Poetess :
 Li Ch'ing-chao, 1081-1141.
- YUAN DYNASTY, 1260-1368.
 KUBLAI KHAN, 1260-1295.
 The Marco Polos visit China.
 MING DYNASTY, 1368-1644
 HUNG WU, 1368-1399.
- VI. MODERN TIMES, 1644—
 CH'ING or MANCHU DYNASTY, 1644-1912.
 KANG HI, 1662-1722.
 KIEN LUNG, 1735-1795.
 THE CHINESE REPUBLIC, 1912—
 See the article "Leaders of Modern China" in this issue.
- LONGING FOR HOME BY LI PO
 I wake and moonbeams play around
 my bed,
 Glittering like hoar-frost to my
 wondering eyes,
 Up towards the glorious moon I raise
 my head,
 Then lay me down—and thoughts of
 home arise.

CHINESE NAMES

Chinese names consist generally of three parts. The first is the clan-, family-, or surname, of which there are brought down from the past some four hundred odd, not less, not more. This name is followed by two others, which constitute the personal name.

For example, the Generalissimo's surname is Chiang, his personal name Kai-shek; his wife's surname is Sung, her personal name Maï-ling; her father's surname was Sun, his literary or "studio-name" Yat-sen.

In the course of a Chinaman's life, his personal name is often changed. At birth he receives a "milk-name," when going to school a "book-name," at marriage a "great-name" or "style," when following a literary or learned career a "studio-name," on entering public service an "official-name," and after death a "posthumous-name."

SINO-THEOSOPHICAL NOTES

1. CHINESE CHRONOLOGY

TO the Occultist the figure 2,267,481 B.C. as the date of the First Man, is not so fantastic as it may seem to the man of modern science. Says the Master: We affirm "that the Chinese—I now speak of the inland, the aborigines, who belong in their unallied nationality wholly to the highest and last [seventh] branch of the fourth Race—reached their highest civilization when the fifth Race had hardly appeared in Asia." And that was, the Master writes elsewhere, one million years ago. To this H.P.B. adds: "This handful of the inland Chinese are all of a very high stature. Could the most ancient MSS. in the Lolo language (that of the aborigines of China) be got at and correctly translated, many a priceless piece of evidence would be found. But they are as rare as their language is unintelligible. So far, one or two European Archæologists only have been able to procure such priceless works."

Other Chinese traditions push the date of the First Man back to nearly one hundred million years ago. This brings us, not to the first man of the seventh sub-race of the Fourth Race, but to the begin-

nings of the First and Second Root Races even, for which see Table IV, on page 467 of THE THEOSOPHIST for Sept. 1941. In so far as Occult Chronology is concerned, the Chinese traditional chronology therefore is not so far wrong.

More about the ancestors of the present Chinese is found in the following passage: "They 'of the yellow hue' are the forefathers of those whom Ethnology now classes as the Turanians, the Mongols, Chinese and other ancient nations; and the land they fled to was no other than Central Asia. There entire new races were born; there they lived and died until the separation of the nations. But this 'separation' did not take place either in the localities assigned for it by modern science, nor in the way the Aryans are shown to have divided and separated by Mr. Max Muller and other Aryanists. Nearly two-thirds of one million years have elapsed since that period. The yellow-faced giants of the post-Atlantean days, had ample time, throughout this forced confinement to one part of the world, and with the same racial blood and without any fresh infusion or admixture in it, to branch off during a period of nearly 700,000 years into the

most heterogeneous and diversified types."

It is also well to remember that—again it is the Master K. H. who speaks—"the majority of mankind [in our own days] belongs to this seventh sub-race of the fourth Root-race—the above Chinamen and their off-shoots and branchlets, the Malayans, Mongolians, Tibetans, Javanese, etc., etc., etc. [the Hungarians, Finns, and even the Eskimos, H.P.B. adds; and she might as well have mentioned the American Red Indians of the North and South]—and the seventh sub-race of the third Root-race [Negroes, etc.]. All these are the direct lineal descendants of highly civilized nations, neither the name nor memory of which have survived except in such books as the *Popul Vuh* and a few others unknown to Science" (*The Mahatma Letters*, 150, 154. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 280, 425).

I repeat that it is well to remember this relation of minority to majority, as also of younger to older, in the contacts that the West has with the East. Two things we should never forget. First, the respect paid in the West to "majority," the big role it plays in western "democracy." Second, the reverence paid in the East to the old by the young, this reverence being one of the virtues most strongly insisted upon by the Confucian Ethics. Lack of it is considered a sure sign of barbarism, that is, of want of real

culture, which alas! the young and the West too often show.

2. P'AN KU

"The Chinese believe that their First Man was born from an Egg, which dropped down from Heaven (T'IENT) to Earth into the Waters. They seem to have thus anticipated Sir Willian Thomson's theory that the first living germ had dropped to the earth from some passing comet. Query: Why should this be called scientific and the Chinese idea a superstitious, foolish theory?" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 366). Instead of the above reading, H.P.B. had written, "which T'IENT, a god, dropped down from heaven to earth." This is redundant, since T'IENT is Heaven. I have therefore amended the phrase as above reproduced.

3. MONSTROUS BROODS

The Monstrous Broods of the Twelve, Eleven and Nine King-brothers of Chinese Myth may be explained in two ways according to *The Secret Doctrine*. "In China the men of Fohi, or the 'Heavenly Man' [there is perhaps some confusion here between P'HAN KU, the First Man, and FU HSI, the First Emperor, see Note 4] are called the twelve T'ien Huang and Twelve [Creative] Hierarchies of Dhyānis or Angels, with human faces and Dragon bodies; the dragon standing for Divine

Wisdom or Spirit; and they create men by incarnating themselves in 7 figures [the first seven races of] clay—earth and water—made in the shape of these T'ien Huang, a third allegory" (II, 26-7).

The other explanation of these monsters as grown from the *membra disjecta* or "remains" of previous evolutions, is found in the *Stanzas of Dzyan* themselves. "The Watermen terrible and bad she [the Earth] herself created from the remains of others. . . Seven kings, brothers of the same family. . . Animals with human heads and double faces" (II, 52-6).

4. THE TRIGRAMS OF FU HSI

The article "China" in *The Theosophical Glossary* is not by H. P. Blavatsky. It contains several inaccuracies. By the "lines and half-lines" are meant the Trigrams of FU HSI. For "circle and points" read "small white and black circles." "Yang" is the masculine, and "Yin" the feminine potency, not the reverse.

Kwei does not belong to the Trigrams, but is the 194th radical of the Chinese script, and denotes a ghost, spirit, goblin, etc. The life-breath (*prāna* or *jīva*) is ch'i. And the higher soul (*atma*, *buddhi*, *manas*) is shên.

To King WAN or WEN and to his son TAN (not KAN) is ascribed the authorship of the *Yi King*, or *I Ching*, the *Book of Changes*. Its

date is therefore circa 1150 B.C., and not 2850, which is the date of FU HSI, the original inventor of the Trigrams, but not the author of the *I Ching*. For a translation of this book by James Legge, see *The Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. 16.

The Eight Trigrams were arranged by FU HSI in the following order and meanings:

TRIGRAM	MEANING	
	Chinese	English
1. ☰	Ch'ien	Heaven
2. ☷	Tui	Water
3. ☲	Li	Fire
4. ☳	Ch'an	Thunder
5. ☴	Sun	Wind
6. ☵	K'an	Rains
7. ☶	K'en	Mountains
8. ☱	K'uen	Earth

5. IDEOGRAPHIC SCRIPT

"Writing was invented by the Atlanteans [Fourth Race], and not at all by the Phœnicians [of the Fifth Race]. It was known to mankind many hundreds of milleniums."

About the origin of the Chinese ideographic script the following passage is especially instructive: "The religious and esoteric history of every nation was embedded in symbols; it was never expressed in so many words. All the thoughts

and emotions, all the learning and knowledge, revealed and acquired, of the early races, found their pictorial expression in allegory and parable. Why? Because *the spoken word has a potency unknown to, unsuspected and disbelieved in*, by the modern 'sages'. Because sound and rhythm are closely related to the four Elements of the Ancients; and because such or another vibration in the air is sure to awaken corresponding powers, union with which produces good or bad results, as the case may be. No student was ever allowed to recite historical, religious, or any real events in so many unmistakable words, lest the powers connected with the events should be once more attracted. Such events were narrated only during the Initiation, and every student had to record them in corresponding symbols, drawn out of his own mind and examined later by his Master, before they were finally accepted. Thus was

created in time the Chinese alphabet, as, before that, the hieratic symbols were fixed upon in old Egypt. In the Chinese language, the alphabet of which may be read in any language, and which is only a little less ancient than the Egyptian alphabet of Thoth, every word has its corresponding symbol conveying the word needed in a pictorial form. The language possesses many thousands of such symbol letters, or logograms, each meaning a whole word; for letters proper, or an alphabet, do not exist in the Chinese language any more than they did in the Egyptian till a far later period. Thus a Japanese who does not understand one word of Chinese, meeting with a Chinaman who has never heard the language of the former, will communicate in writing with him, and they will understand each other perfectly—because the writing is symbolical." (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 307; II, 439)

PRONUNCIATION OF CHINESE WORDS

Vowels

a as in far,
e as in when,
ê as in bun,
i as in pin or here,
o as in pole,
u as in who,
û as in the,
ü as in French pure.

In combinations as *ao, ia, ie, iu, ou,*

ui, ue, etc., each vowel is to be pronounced.

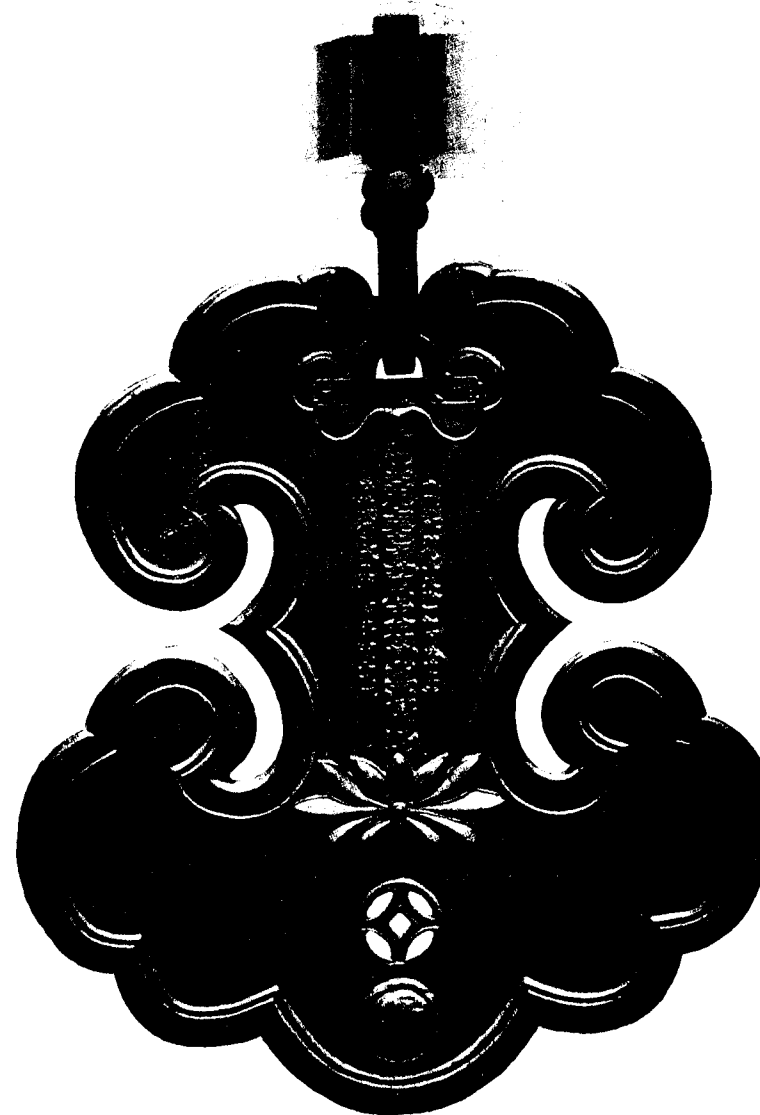
Consonants

These are generally pronounced as in English, except *j*, which is like the French *j*. The *g* is always sounded as in *gag*.

The apostrophe (') stands for an aspirate. For example,

t' as in *pothouse*

p' as in *tophole*, etc.



Bronze Temple Gong. Buddhist. A.D. 1832. H. 3 ft. 10 in.
 W. 2 ft. 10 in. (From *Chinese Art*, vol. 1)

NOVEMBER 17th EVERY YEAR

[On the 17th November 1918, Dr. Besant delivered the following stirring address in the International Headquarters Hall of The Theosophical Society at Adyar, Madras. It was published the next day in *New India*, her daily newspaper. But it has perennial significance for it is a masterly précis of the growth of Nations and of the part played by Theosophist-pioneers therein. In these troublous times it has very special value to all who are endeavouring to play their part in that unfoldment of the Universal Brotherhood of Life which is the very essence of the growth of Nations.—G.S.A.]

MANY have spoken to you of the ways in which Theosophy, Divine Wisdom, has been to each of them severally a help. To each man it must come along his own road and meet him where he is, to help and strengthen him in his life. You will realize that Theosophy does not strive to wean any man from his own faith, but only to deepen it, to strengthen it, to make it fuller, to make it wider, and above all to teach him that another's faith is as sacred as his own, and that no antagonism should exist between the different religions of the world, all of which come from a single source and all of which lead to a common goal. And so you have heard the varied points of view.

THE BLESSING OF UNDERSTANDING

I would put to you one other help which the Divine Wisdom has brought to some of us who wandered in the darkness, where the light of religion had been apparent-

ly extinguished, and in the terrible problem of human life and human sorrow had well nigh been touched with despair for human good. Only perhaps those who have been through the tangle of unbelief can realize what it is when Theosophy gives knowledge for ignorance and certainty for speculation; for there are some of us who have gone into the dark places of the world, who have seen the utter misery of the poor, who have well nigh broken our hearts over the problem, as to how those conditions may be changed, and the world may be made fit for men, women and children to live in, to lead pure and happy lives.

We looked back to the past and saw great men of religious power, founders of religions; we read in the ancient scrolls of India stories of Rishis, of those mighty Ones, who, Themselves above all the attractions of the world, were yet not careless of the sorrows of mankind, but having won freedom for Themselves, knowing the joy of liberation,

remained upon our earth to guide Their younger brethren, visited the Courts of Kings to see whether they ruled aright, visited peasants on the fields to see that their humbler lives also were secure.

In the nineteenth century the whole of mankind seemed to be full of keen struggle with each other and the strong trampled under foot the weak. So, wandering, striving, groping, some of us were willing to labour and even, as Charles Bradlaugh said, to let our bodies fall into the ditch over which men should march to liberty and happiness. In that darkness Theosophy brought us the greatest blessing, the blessing of understanding, of knowing why the world was struggling in the darkness and how the path led up at last from darkness into light. Then it was we learnt with joy beyond all speaking that the Elder Brothers of humanity had not deserted the sorrowful earth; then it was we learnt to know beyond all challenge that the Rishis of the past are also the Rishis of the present, that They have not deserted the world that They once served, that Their strength and protection and guidance are still around us, and we learnt that larger vision, that wider view, which made us able to trace the *māyā* of earthly happiness and see the outlines of the Plan of Ishvara Himself, which is to be realized in the world that seems so sad.

Then we learnt from that Russian woman whom the world was not worthy to receive, who brought the light and was rewarded with calumny, who brought understanding and was trampled under foot by the ignorant, we learnt something from her of the past which enabled us to see light in the present and to trace the outlines of the Plan by which Ishvara is working out the liberation of the world.

THE RISE OF NATIONS

Looking back on what was then the last century, the eighteenth century, we saw two great movements in the world, one in Europe, one in America. You know the Revolution in France and the Revolution in America. We learnt from this Divine Wisdom which embraces all things within itself, that Wisdom of which it is written that it mightily and sweetly ordereth all things, all the affairs of humankind without exception, we learnt that behind those there was one mighty Power, and there were some Elder Brothers of the race. We learnt how before that Revolution in France work was being done by those who were disciples of Jivanmuktas, whom we here speak of as Rishis. Those Rishis travelled throughout Europe to better guide the Kings and Princes of Europe as it then was. We learnt how the breath of liberty swept over Europe and how they laboured so that the

happiness of the people might be secured, and we learnt how for the moment they seemed to fail, and how the new wine of liberty thrown into old bottles burst asunder and a reign of terror in France replaced and destroyed the hopes of those who lived for a new earth and a new golden age. We were taught to realize in that that you cannot lift people suddenly forward from the state of misery and starvation beyond all description, such as that humiliated and brutalized France, to the great heights of freedom, where they might live in peace and joy, and we learnt also the lesson that when such misery and such starvation and such oppression had broken their bonds, it was necessary for the progress of the race that tyranny might succeed revolution, and the strong hand of force might restrain the excesses of the ignorant, the starving and the miserable.

We are asked to cross the Atlantic and see the same forces at work in that country which became the great Republic of the West. The same teachings were preached there and there also the new idealism was taught, the great gospel of human liberty and fraternity. But there the people were on the whole fairly well educated, men of strength, of character, men noble in their type, children of those who had fled from the older Europe in order that they might win freedom of conscience and liberty to do that which

they believed to be the noblest and the best, and when the same teaching touched them, it inspired them to reject oppression, to resist what was evil, but never to lose self-control, nor permit good to disappear under the terrible weight of pain. There was the Revolution in America—that which made the Republic of the United States, the work of the same great Hierarchy, the result of the guidance of the same great Rishis, and we saw in that the conditions of a successful Nation-building, and a forward progress of the world.

SPIRITUALITY FIRST

When those who had been disciples and had not become Rishis started once again in the nineteenth century the new struggle to lift the struggling, the new concerted effort of the Hierarchy to help the world to climb on the upward ladder, then care was taken that in the new proclamation of the ancient wisdom there should be steps marked out clearly by which the Nations might rise, and so the very first thing that those disciples were to do was to revive spirituality, to go to all the religions of the world, and try to bring into them new truths, new strength and new vigour. Because the Elder Brothers of the race were behind, and because it was Their power which worked through human instruments in order to bring a spiritual ideal to

The Society that you have heard. We do not pretend in this movement to create this Brotherhood, because Brotherhood is there and it can neither be created nor destroyed: it is in every man, a portion of the Universal Self that nothing can destroy. But we recognize the Brotherhood as some do not, and in our recognition of Universal Brotherhood lies our utility to the world. The services of Those who created The Society guarded that Brotherhood through many mistakes, and the duty that is put upon us today is to help the world in many ways when the great work of reconstruction is upon us, to bring out into the world what we have learnt, to give to the study of the world that which we have learnt in meditation, to realize that neither meditation nor study belongs to men as an individual but belongs to the world as a service. Wherever there is need requiring service there is work, not only in social reform, not only in politics, not only in education, but everywhere where men are crying for light, where hearts are breaking, everywhere where there are wrongs to be redressed—that is the great mission for which we have been trained during the three and forty years through which The Society has passed.

THE PIONEERS

That is the work that stretches immediately before us in the pres-

ent, if we can only rise to the height of the opportunity given, because we know that Vaivasvata Manu is here, guiding all the work and shaping the future. He wears an Indian body, and is the Manu of the Aryan Race which has spread over the whole world, from the great root-stock. Because They are living, working and guiding every one who is willing to be a channel for Them to work through, They do the work that unaided we cannot do. They are wise enough, mighty enough, for the task of rebuilding the world and bringing a better civilization out of the civilization that has been crumbling around us. While we are weak, They are strong; while we are ignorant, They are wise; while we are foolish, They are full of understanding. It is not the pipe in which the merit is, but the pipe can carry water, and every one of you may be a pipe if you will, and if you give yourself to the Guardians of the race to be a means of bringing Their wisdom and strength to the world that needs them both, I would say to you: Join The Society, but join it only if you are ready for the work of the pioneer. The work of the pioneer is to be in front and to take the blows. The work of the pioneer is splendid work, the only work which to some is worth taking up, but unless you have the spirit of the pioneer, do not join us. The men in front will always be

misunderstood and will always be challenged. Those who are willing to do this mighty work must remember the lines:

As the gold is tried in the fire,
So the heart must be tried by pain.

It is the pain of the few that makes the joy of the many. It is the suffering of the few that works the happiness of Nations. But unless you care to join that band of true Theosophists, care for nothing in comparison with the helping of the world, do not come with us. There is no failure, there is no possibility of loss but ultimate triumph for the world at large. To those who are willing to stand at

the door until the last among men goes to bliss, to them and to them alone really the cry of The Society goes out: "Come and help us. Come and work with us. Be ready to suffer, ready to toil, ready to be misunderstood, ready to fail. For to them over whom shines the Star which is the symbol of the mightiest of all the Rishis, to them there is no sorrow that has not a silver lining, no heartbreak that is not bearable, save failure in duty to the Great Ones, and no joy that earth can give can compensate for a moment's treason to that mighty cause which, because it is the cause of humanity, is the cause of God Himself."

TENTATIVE PROGRAMME

*of the 67th Annual International Convention of
The Theosophical Society, to be held at
Benares, December 1942*

Wednesday, December 23

7.45 a.m. Bhārata Samāj Puja.
9.00 a.m. Veda Pathan in the Temple.
10.45 a.m. Dinner in the Temple.

Thursday, December 24

7.45 a.m. Bhārata Samāj Puja.
9.00 a.m. Prayers of All Religions.
5.30 p.m. Unveiling of the bust-statue of Dr. Besant and the portrait of the late Vice-President, Hirendra Nath Datta.

Friday, December 25

7.45 a.m. Bhārata Samāj Puja.
9.00 a.m. Prayers of All Religions.
9.30 a.m. Christmas Eucharist.
10.45 a.m. T.S. Order of Service.
3.30 p.m. General Council Meeting—First Session.
5.30 p.m. Ritual of the Mystic Star.

Saturday, December 26

7.45 a.m. Bhārata Samāj Puja.
9.00 a.m. Prayers of All Religions.

Saturday, December 26 continued

- 10.45 a.m. Round Table (Ceremonial).
 2.30 p.m. Indian Section (old) Council.
 3.30 p.m. OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION, by the President.
 5.30 p.m. First Convention Lecture: ESSENTIAL UNITY OF RELIGIONS, by Dr. Bhagavan Das.
 8.00 p.m. Entertainments.

Sunday, December 27

- 7.45 a.m. Bhārata Samāj Puja.
 9.00 a.m. Prayers of All Religions.
 9.30 a.m. Indian Section Lecture: INDIA'S DESTINY by Mr. Jamshed Nusserwanji.
 10.45 a.m. Youth Federation meeting—Shrimati Rukmini Devi presiding.
 2.30 p.m. League of Parents and Teachers.
 3.30 p.m. Indian Section Convention—The President in the Chair.
 5.30 p.m. Second Convention Lecture: ESSENTIAL UNITY OF THE ARTS AND CULTURE, by Shrimati Rukmini Devi.
 8.00 p.m. Questions and Answers.

Monday, December 28

- 7.45 a.m. Bhārata Samāj Puja.
 9.00 a.m. Prayers of All Religions.
 10.45 a.m. Questions and Answers.
 3.30 p.m. Art and Education Conference—Shrimati Rukmini Devi presiding.

- 5.30 p.m. Third Convention Lecture: ESSENTIAL UNITY OF LIFE, by Mr. N. Sri Ram.
 8.00 p.m. Entertainments.

Tuesday, December 29

- 7.45 a.m. Bhārata Samāj Puja.
 9.00 a.m. Prayers of All Religions.
 10.45 a.m. Bhārata Samāj Public meeting.
 2.30 p.m. Bhārata Samāj Business meeting.
 3.30 p.m. Symposium: THE THEOSOPHIST'S DUTY TO INDIA—Chairman, Mr. G. N. Gokhale.
 5.30 p.m. Fourth Convention Lecture: ESSENTIAL UNITY OF SOCIAL STRUCTURE, by Mr. Rohit Mehta.
 8.00 p.m. Entertainments.

Wednesday, December 30

- 7.45 a.m. Bhārata Samāj Puja.
 9.00 a.m. Prayers of All Religions.
 9.30 a.m. Closing of the Indian Section Convention.
 2.30 p.m. Indian Section (new) Council.
 3.30 p.m. CLOSING OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION.
 5.00 p.m. At Home.

Thursday, December 31

- 7.45 a.m. Bhārata Samāj Puja.
 9.00 a.m. Prayers of All Religions.
 9.30 a.m. General Council meeting—Second Session.
 2.30 p.m. The Theosophical Educational Trust.
 3.30 p.m. New India League.

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Federation of South American National Societies: President, Señora de La Gamma—Casilla de Correo 595, Montevideo, Uruguay.

World Federation of Young Theosophists: Joint General Secretaries, Mr. John Coats and Mr. Rohit Mehta—Adyar, Madras, India.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is a world-wide international organization formed at New York on 17th November 1875, and incorporated later in India with its Headquarters at Adyar, Madras.

It is an unsectarian body of seekers after Truth promoting Brotherhood and striving to serve humanity. Its three declared Objects are:

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

Second—To encourage the study of Comparative Religion, Philosophy and Science.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man.

The Theosophical Society is composed of men and women who are united by their approval of the above Objects, by their determination to promote Brotherhood, to remove religious, racial and other antagonisms, and who wish to draw together all persons of goodwill whatsoever their opinions.

Their bond of union is a common search and aspiration for Truth. They hold that Truth should be sought by study, by reflection, by service, by purity of life, and by devotion to high ideals. They hold that Truth should be striven for, not imposed by authority as a dogma. They consider that belief should be the result of individual study or of intuition, and not its antecedent, and should rest on knowledge, not on assertion. They see every Religion as an expression of the Divine Wisdom and prefer its study to its condemnation, and its practice to proselytism. Peace is their watchword, as Truth is their aim.

Theosophy offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and demonstrates the inviolable nature of the laws which govern its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway to a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to

the world the Science of the Spirit, teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence as, in their original purity, they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition. The Society claims no monopoly of Theosophy, as the Divine Wisdom cannot be limited; but its Fellows seek to understand it in ever-increasing measure. All in sympathy with the Objects of The Theosophical Society are welcomed as members, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

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

17th NOVEMBER

A GREAT DAY

—BIRTHDAY OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY—

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