

# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

**A**T the time of writing, news has just been received of our President's safe arrival at Bombay, on December 19th ; but beyond the account of an enthusiastic reception, in which the Boy Scouts took a prominent part, and the bare statement that she will deliver the first lecture at the Theosophical Convention at Benares, before proceeding to the National Congress at Amritsar, we have as yet received no information regarding her. We still hope, however, that some " Watch-Tower " notes from her pen may reach us in time for this number. The gratitude of India for the work she has accomplished in England is well expressed in a telegram from Dr. Subramaniam : " Offer humble congratulations on your great work for the Motherland. Pray the Great Ones to continue Their gracious blessing on Their greatest worker."

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Needless to say that Adyar is rejoicing at the near prospect of welcoming her home. We have been eagerly scanning the accounts of her activities in England, but at last we are to reap the benefit of having her again in our midst.

Some idea of the impression created by her series of lectures in the Queen's Hall, London, may be gathered from the following brief report of the first lecture, which appeared in *Light*:

A venerable figure, though showing little trace of her seventy odd years, except in her ever-whitening hair, Mrs. Annie Besant is a living challenge to all who carp at the study of occult forces and see in it a broad highway to a mental retreat.

In spite of the strike conditions, a large audience gathered on Sunday morning to hear the first of a series of public lectures from the standpoint of Theosophical teaching as applied to the problems bequeathed to us by the war. Mrs. Besant dwelt at length on the Theosophical view that the war marked the critical point of transition between two great aspects of humanity. That which has dominated, and does so still, has used the concrete mind largely as its great lever. The dominating race of the future will find its greatest strength in its intuitive powers and their wise use. The disclosing to-day of such widespread psychic gifts, and the general interest in them, indicate that this new race is already showing itself among us.

Dwelling on the particular contributions various races make to the whole, Mrs. Besant pointed to the family-idea in India, where duty and obedience had become subordination in many cases—and the antithesis of the West, where the excessive individualism, which in its assertiveness ignored the claims of others, became supreme selfishness. Both contributions were needed by mankind, and the one could be a corrective of the other.

Referring to the strike, Mrs. Besant said that something of this family-ideal of the East was at the root of it—the stronger standing for the weaker brother—and of this we could be glad, even if the strike itself made no appeal.

“From all according to their capacity,  
To all according to their need,”

was the only sound foundation for the future—and all Governments must in their turn prove themselves not autocratic but appointed for the service of the nation.

Reincarnation, with which she did not suppose many in her audience agreed, was the key which made it possible to understand why the young men in such vast numbers had gone from us. Death was no loss when we realised that all essential things were retained, and that on the other side the fruits of experience here were maturing, and soon these boys would be back with their larger vision, to become the Builders of the New World, a world in which the law of the jungle would be replaced by the law of brotherhood, and each nation encouraged to give of its best to the common stock. “Men have learned during the war how to subserve the part to the whole, they have

developed magnificent organising powers at work at that moment, and these must be harnessed to produce the necessaries of life for all."

As I rose from my seat, an ardent Theosophical member, sitting near, said to a friend: "Isn't she sublime—the greatest intellect of our day?" While not being able fully to endorse this adulation, nor agreeing with all the speaker's views, I nevertheless rejoiced in the fine appeal for reason, and arbitration, and goodwill, to be our most potent weapons in the building of the New Jerusalem.



A more intimate glimpse of the Theosophical side of her activities is afforded by the following extract from one of her letters, published in *New India*:

Much of my time during this last week has been given to Theosophical and Co-Masonic work, both of which Bodies have claims on me, and both of which I have been serving during my stay, though the duty to India has been kept steadily in front of all else. A Theosophical Lodge, named the Action Lodge, was lately formed, each member of which promises to consecrate a definite amount of time to some selected public activity, chosen by himself or herself. It has just undertaken an interesting piece of work. Dr. Haden Guest—who devoted himself to medical work on various Fronts during the War, and who is a member of the London County Council and the chosen Labour Parliamentary candidate for Woolwich—was lately sent out to Vienna and Budapest to examine into the condition of the people, and brought back a very terrible report, especially of the state of the children. He was one of the founders of the Action Lodge. The Lodge has selected a unit of eight young men, with Commander Cather at their head, to go out to Hungary and organise in Budapest the feeding of the children. The "Save the Children Fund" has contributed £1,000 for the work, and the unit starts immediately on its beneficent task. It is a good beginning.

This need for relieving the distress prevailing in Central Europe owing to the scarcity of food and other necessaries of life—a scarcity which falls most heavily on the children—seems to us one of such humanitarian importance that we publish a short article on the subject in this number, giving the main facts of the situation. It is indeed good news to hear that Theosophists in England have taken the matter up so energetically, and that Capt. Haden Guest has been instrumental in organising this unit.

The same letter continues with a stirring episode of how the Theosophical Society in Russia is standing out like a

beacon-light in the darkness by preserving a centre of peace amid the storms through which this great country is passing :

I heard a pretty story the other day about the T.S. Lodge in Moscow. During all the terrible days of slaughter and riot, with the people being killed in the street outside, the Lodge kept its room open, decorated with flowers, and with lights burning, so that any person might come into it as a place of peace and goodwill, a refuge from the storm outside. Many a one came for a few minutes of meditation or prayer. It was said in Moscow : "The Theosophists have kept a candle in Moscow all through the night."

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Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa has been doing excellent work in Australia, delivering lectures in every State to crowded audiences, and winning both for Theosophy and for India an invaluable appreciation. A friend has sent us a copy of the *Rockhampton Bulletin* (Queensland) in which appears a report of one of his lectures with the fascinating title, "The Day of Divine Democracy". The following has been taken from this report :

The only way of democracy ever becoming a success, the lecturer insisted, was to conceive each individual, not as a perishable mortal, but as an imperishable entity, a soul, who came into a State in order to discover his innate divinity by giving of his best to the State. Their appeal for good citizenship must not be made by appealing to a man's or a woman's selfishness for success or ease ; they must go deeper down and appeal to the soul within. This must certainly be by abolishing poverty and hardship in labour conditions, but, at the same time, each man and woman should be trained definitely to seek an inner life of his soul and to develop that soul-nature in the service of religion, or philanthropy, or education, or science, or art. The day of democracy was with them ; but the new experiment would only be a real success if they believed that God Himself was working through each one of them. They had to realise thoroughly that God dwelt in each man and woman, of every race and religion, as much in the Australian aborigine as in the most cultured Australian. This was divine democracy, and men and women would train themselves to work together in the State, the worker with the capitalist, the simple with the highly cultured, all as the children of one God, and partaking of the same divine nature. The true way to end wars and national jealousies was for them to accept the ideals of divine democracy and try whole-heartedly to reverence their fellows, irrespective of their sex, or race, or colour, or religion and sect. The lecturer, in conclusion, urged that the welfare of the State was not made by legislators in parliaments, but by men and women in their

homes and places of business. Each one of them was necessary with his contribution to bring in the successful era of divine democracy, and the swiftest help was to grow in the sense of reverence towards their fellow men, in each of whom, man or woman, white or brown, yellow or black, was the great life of God seeking to reveal His grandeur and beauty.

Mr. Jinarājadāsa, in his lectures and writings during the last few years, has always laid special emphasis on the divinity of man, as being the only real basis for social reconstruction, and all who wish to help in preventing the great democratic movement from drifting into materialism are grateful to him for his continual insistence on the necessity for a spiritual conception of brotherhood—apart from the superficial and often artificial barriers of nationality and colour. We are glad to say that his series of articles, "First Principles of Theosophy," will be resumed in next month's THEOSOPHIST, after an unavoidable break imposed by lecturing tours.

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Our good friend, Mr. Cousins, who left India last spring to go to Japan, sends us a cutting from *The Japan Times and Mail*, which he contributed by way of celebrating the anniversary of the founding of the T.S. We reprint it here in full, not merely for the sake of its interest as a piece of propaganda in a country hitherto almost untouched by Theosophical workers, but also by reason of its value as an example of how the subject can be introduced to the public through the popular press in simple and attractive form and in everyday language. It is headed "Human and Religious Unity: An Interesting Anniversary".

November the seventeenth is a date celebrated in every country of the globe. Yet, comparatively speaking, its observers are a mere handful—one here, seven there, hundreds elsewhere, not gathered into cheering masses for some exciting festival, but held together by a pledge to "form a nucleus of the universal brotherhood of humanity".

On November 17, 1875, a Society was formed in America for the purpose of bringing together such persons as might be found disposed to study religious origins with a view to finding some sure

ground of mutual understanding. The name chosen for the Society was compounded of two Greek words, "*theos*"—God, and "*sophia*"—wisdom, *i.e.*, the Theosophical Society.

From that time the Society has grown, and like all vital movements has had its crises and divisions, particularly as it applied no test for membership save a declaration of adherence to the principle of human kinship, and so attracted into its ranks people of speculative mind and marked personality.

The operations of the Society are now world-wide and varied. Certain phases of its work, such as the "study of the powers latent in nature and humanity" (clairvoyance and the like) have attracted attention and been the subject of much controversy. But it is more than likely that, at the present juncture in the world's affairs, the Society's contribution to thought on the question of human and religious unity will be regarded as of chief and immediate importance.

According to Theosophical ideas, all conscious life springs from one source in a spiritual unity, just as all physical life has its unity in the ether. In the course of human evolution great souls have arisen, in different ages and countries, who have been able to come close to the truth that is behind everything, and their glimpses of the truth have been developed into the great religions of the world.

On the side of the intellectual presentation of truth, these religions are naturally limited, and differ very considerably as to the details of human nature and its relationship to the universe; but where the spiritual development of the individual is concerned, a comparative study of the religions shows that they are practically at one. All indicate that the dropping of selfishness, and the turning of activity into disinterested helpfulness to others, constitute vital steps towards "salvation".

Theosophy therefore invites the followers of the various religions to apply their Faith to life in the light of its deepest teachings. If they do so thoroughly, they will soon discard surface differences that come through the brain, and will find a common joy of heart in the realisation of the divine nature that is in each one. They may in course of time work out a unified creed, but it is within the power of all to reach a unity of spirit, even now, by recognising that each Faith is as one of the colours of the spectrum into which the white light of ineffable truth has been split up.

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Our readers are probably aware that instruments have been devised by scientists whereby the health-aura can be made visible to the naked eye, and even the aura itself is sometimes visible. We are now told by Dr. Waller, who recently exhibited his instruments in London, that it will soon be possible to photograph thoughts and emotions. At present, it is already

possible to represent them diagrammatically with the utmost accuracy. A London paper, describing the experiments, says :

You may now actually watch the diagram of your feelings as they arise, and read their strength on the screen. The experiment was made with some of the audience, men and women, but the machine had to be altered and rendered less sensitive for the women, lest their emotions should overwhelm the apparatus.

One marvellous diagram represented the feelings of a Belgian woman during an air raid. She proved so excellent a subject that the lecturer had only to say : "Think of Belgium," and her emotions were written in capital letters by the machine. She could be happy or unhappy at command, and the machine duly registered the degree of her happiness or the reverse.

All people take about two seconds to respond, as one saw in several rough-and-ready experiments with the audience. The emotion or thought responded to all sorts of stimuli. Sometimes the lecturer just asked a sudden question ; sometimes he threatened to burn the victim, or passed a hand quickly over his eyes. In each case the result was duly recorded.

It is remarkable that any physical movement lessens the emotion as registered by this electric machine, which responds so sensitively to the electric energy of the nervous centres of the brain that it is likely to be of great practical use in discovering the ways of mental and physical wear and tear.

It appears that the machine is not a mere heart-beat recording instrument, though what it actually is we have yet to learn. In any case, it is interesting to watch how the borderland between the seen and the unseen is gradually being traversed, and how the inner worlds seem at last to be beginning to enter the purview of science.

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A letter from America speaks enthusiastically about the success of educational work based on Theosophical principles. One of the public lectures given on this subject at the recent Convention was by Mrs. Mary Gray, who has been actively connected with the Theosophical school at Krotona. It bore the distinctive title "The School of the Open Gate," and in describing the system our correspondent remarks: "All this is worked out in a delightful way, such as makes one wish they could hurry and reincarnate again so as to have the joy of such school days." We also read, of the Krotona school, that : "This

experiment is being watched with much interest by prominent educators, one professor bringing his class of fifty to study the methods of the school."

While on the subject of education, we may mention that in India the Society for the Promotion of National Education is rapidly extending its sphere of usefulness on its own lines, as is shown by the Report of last year's work just published ; and in spite of the independent course it has always taken, its good work has already been so far recognised by the official authorities that the S.P.N.E. schools in Madras, together with the Boy Scouts, have been inspected by Lord Willingdon.

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As mentioned in the Editor's Notes of the December *Adyar Bulletin*, the dramatic talent of Adyar has emerged from a period of pralaya into another cycle of manifestation. It will doubtless be remembered that the last cycle was carried to its zenith by Miss Eleanor Elder ; this new cycle has opened under the guidance of Mrs. Charles Kerr, with the performance of a short play entitled "The Fatality of a Dream". This was given in the Hall at Headquarters on November 29th, in honour of Mr. Arundale's birthday, and reflected much credit on all concerned. The play was adapted from F. W. Bain's book *A Syrup of the Bees*, and introduced some Theosophical suggestions, such as memories of past lives, without incurring the odium often attached to "a story with a moral". The acting showed considerable promise, and the scenic effects, especially in the matter of colour and lighting, were really beautiful. It is intended to follow up this first venture with other productions of artistic merit, with the object of educating, as well as amusing, the neighbouring public. We wish the "Adyar Players" every success in the coming year.

G. S. A.

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THE SPIRITUALISATION OF THE SCIENCE OF  
POLITICS BY BRAHMA-VIDYĀ

By BHAGAVAN DAS

*(Continued from p. 230)*

IV

(a) THE NATURALNESS OF THE MUTUAL JEALOUSIES  
OF THE FOUR CLASSES

THE subject of the preceding section may be looked at from another standpoint. Not only does public instinct tend to make the partition before mentioned, positively; it also tends, negatively, to guard against violations of it, with a

natural jealousy which to a large extent must be regarded as healthy.

Taking, for purposes of illustration, the conditions of the country the language of which is being used here to convey the old ideas to the modern world, we see that the clergy (who ought to include, though they do not now, the scientist-educationists), theoretically the most highly *honoured* (in the person of the Archbishop of Canterbury), are not allowed to have any official *power* at all, over the general public, and also, practically, no wealth worth speaking of. Such disciplinary power as they have over their subordinates and pupils, within their special jurisdictions, dioceses, parishes, educational institutions and classrooms; and such emoluments as are allowed to them—these only prove the rule that the factors of the trinities can never be wholly separated from each other, though only one prevails at a given time and place. It is true that the archbishops and the bishops and some heads of educational institutions are given large salaries; but they are expected to spend a good bit of them on their work rather than themselves; and, as a fact, most of them do so; if any do not, they are looked at askance.

The days of warlike bishops and other “princes of the church” leading armies to battle in person, and cardinals being also prime ministers, have long been over. If, in consequence of the very great value attaching in the present Western phase of civilisation to ready speech and quick wit in debate, another branch of the learned professions, *viz.*, that of the practising lawyers, obtains many places of Cabinet Ministers in Great Britain, for instance, this healthy public jealousy requires them to cease from practice at the Bar during the time they are in office, and content themselves with fixed salaries. Otherwise, the men of the learned professions are usually not allowed to exercise power over the general public, directly, as the executive officers do, but only indirectly, by

influencing public opinion, by persuasion, by "teaching" in short. The relations of the "constitutional sovereign" to the rest of the governmental machinery; and in the latter, of the civil power to the military power; and in the civil power, of the legislature to the civil executive; and in the latter, of the judicial officers to those of the executive proper; and so on, layer within layer—all these are illustrations of the operation of the same psychical cause.

Conversely, the same jealousy tries equally to prevent the executive from adding to its power of *action*, the function of legislation, of decision, and of guiding and controlling education, and from appropriating also the honour attached to the latter. By all accepted political standards of to-day, the control or even the influencing of the legislative, the judiciary, and the "educative," *i.e.*, the Universities and schools, by the civil executive, and far more so by the military, means bad government and backwardness in civilisation.

That same jealousy tries to prevent the very wealthy, or the very playful and pleasure-seeking, from appropriating high honour or serious power in any substantial degree; and *vice versa*; though, of course, it does not succeed; whence the perpetual turmoil.

It may be noted in passing that just as the unskilled workman is the undifferentiated plasm, "root-matter," *prakṛti*, and the three kinds of specialised workers are differentiated products, *vikṛtis*; as "work" in general becomes separated into three main kinds; so "play" in general, amusement, enjoyment, becomes specialised into the three kinds, *viz.*, of honour, of power, and of the æsthetic satisfactions that wealth can purchase. Each kind of "work" has its appropriate relaxation and recuperative rest, as well as tonic, stimulus, nourishment and preparation for the next effort, in the corresponding kind of "play".

In the matter of the means of living also, the natural public jealousy endeavours to act in the same way. The case has been mentioned of barristers being debarred from suing for fees, because the fees are *honoraria*, and the theory (unfortunately only the theory) is that the profession of the Bar is too noble, even to-day, to tolerate the ignobility of any one of its members suing a client for "sordid pelf"; that it helps justice through sheer, pure philanthropy and charity. In addition to this, practising lawyers are mostly not permitted by the law to follow any other occupation for money; and most countries have rules against salaried public servants engaging in other trades and occupations. But such laws are usually got round in ways suggested by other laws; and once a person has got on to the upper rungs of the social ladder which are reserved for "success" in any profession, the laws, *i.e.*, the custodians of the law (the higher being themselves such "successes"), generally allow him to do much as he likes.

In India, in some parts of the country, there are even laws disallowing certain "castes," as such, from purchasing land, for instance; in short, public feeling is against the combination of many ways and means of living. But of course, again, the feeling is not respected properly in practice, on the one hand—whence aggravation of the unceasing ferment—and, on the other hand, is excessively indulged, in a country like India, with extraordinary caste-traditions, whereby such a minute subdivision of castes by workmen's occupations and excessive subdivisions of manual labour is growing in the present mixture, conflict and confusion of two different cultures, the indigenous and the foreign, as threatens to upset the whole economy of domestic and industrial work. It is the equivalent, in indigenous sub-caste terms, of the labour troubles of the West.

The immediate reason of all the confusion and blind struggle, and defeat of proper feelings and frustration of right

instincts, is the lack of systematic thought on the subject and corresponding regulation of practice on a wide scale.

The culture of the Middle Ages of Europe, which developed under the ideal of religio-political unity that was evolved and imposed upon it by the Roman Catholic Church, had many excellent features and good ideas, together with much evil in practice, as usual. It seems to have had a fairly marked class-division, almost like that of India—of course without the rigid heredity of “caste,” and with provision for change from class to class, easy as between the clergy and the nobility, and more difficult for the other two. And this was accompanied with various other corresponding divisions, of functions, etc. But it was not scientifically and deliberately based on metaphysical and psychological laws and facts, was incomplete, and fostered contempt by the so-called “upper” two class-castes of the so-called “lower” two (as has been the case in India also). Hence the rapid overwhelming of its elements of good by the elements of evil in it. Half-truths are proverbially more dangerous than outright untruths.

#### (b) THE WAY TO SATISFY THE LEGITIMATE ELEMENT IN THESE JEALOUSIES

The *attitude* towards each other of persons having to do with each other and work together, the *feeling* of elder-and-younger-brotherliness, the *spirit* of sympathetic co-operation—*these are all-important*. As soon as arrogance lifts its head on one side, so soon will fear and hatred begin, on another side, their work of burrowing beneath and undermining the whole structure of society. And the only way to create, foster and maintain the right *spirit*, is to *balance up rights with duties*; *privileges with responsibilities*; honour with comparative “poverty,” asceticism, benevolent study and educational responsibility; *power* with only a little less poverty, with

self-denial, with avoidance of luxuries, with perpetual running of *risks for the protection* of the people, "the defence of the realm," political responsibility; *wealth* with *charity* and economic responsibility for the maintenance of public institutions and the supply of the requirements of the people; *play* and amusement with *labour* and industrial responsibility. Only if there is a perpetual, alert, vigilant, adjustment of *gains* and *pains*, will the spirit of the brotherhood of humanity operate successfully for the ever-growing prosperity of mankind as a whole, side by side with a satisfied sense of justice and equity. The two act and react upon and help each other. It is not enough to preach ideals as to mutual attitude of mind and good feelings; it becomes goody-goody talk, or even hypocrisy. It is not enough to assert and proclaim the "rights of man"; it becomes aggressive quarrelling, or remains a cry in the wilderness. It is not enough to pass brave laws; they are abused grossly, or remain a dead letter. We want all in co-ordination.

### (c) BIOLOGICAL AND SOCIOLOGICAL ANALOGIES

The great Vedic metaphor, identifying the four vocational class-castes of the sociological organism with the four limbs and parts of the biological organism, indicates the principle which should govern the spiritual as well as the other relations of the classes to each other. The parallels between the two may be pursued very far—because of the fact of the organic unity and continuity of nature and the world-process, and the consequent law of analogy running throughout.<sup>1</sup> The relations between the four universal classes should be the relations of head, hands, trunk and legs. The true principle is organic unity, not brotherhood, which is a lower, a subordinate

<sup>1</sup> Herbert Spencer is the great exponent, in the West, of the organic theory of the State. Leacock criticises him and others in *Elements of Political Science*, but weakly.

principle. The true ideal is humanism, not nationalism, which is only a resting-stage ideal. Who thinks that the trunk and the legs should be despised and looked down upon by the head and the arms? or that the legs should not be as well-nourished as the other parts? or that the food should be put into and stored in the head rather than the stomach? or that the sword against the vicious and the shield over the virtuous should be wielded by the feet rather than the hands? or that, in the waking and walking condition, the hands should support the body rather than the feet? or that, in the sleeping and resting condition, all the parts of the body should not be on the same level? If the head is placed highest, in the working state, and the feet lowest, spatially, it is all because of natural psycho-physical causes and conditions, and not because the one is loved more and the other less, ethically; or that there is any deliberate intention to give more comfort or pleasure to the one than to the other. The biological or prāṇic adjustment is so nice that each part performs its natural function without thought of exchanging it for, or adding to it, another's—and (or we may almost say, because) comfort or discomfort to any, in the doing of its duties, is diffused instantaneously to all the others, so that all the others join whole-heartedly in promoting the one and remedying the other.

#### (d) THE MISMANAGEMENT IN INDIA

In India, there seems reason to believe, the division of vocational class-castes or varṇas was deliberately interwoven, on the solid scientific basis of psycho-physics and metaphysic, with the other divisions re-advocated here. And it was probably because of this that the Indian (so-called Hindū) culture and civilisation has managed to last longer than many others, or even perhaps every other known to history, except the Chinese. But the general degeneration of

character; and the growth of selfish hypocrisy, and spiritual pride (contradiction in terms as it is) and worldliness in the custodians of honour and of *shāstra*, *i.e.*, science; of arrogance, rapacity, love of luxury and eschewal of science in those of power and of *shāstra*, *i.e.*, the weapons of offence and defence; of avarice, ignorance, miserliness, timidity and want of public spirit in those of wealth, the means of general weal; the replacement of wisdom by cunning; of *rāja-dharma*, sovereign-duty, by *kutīla-nīṭi*, crooked diplomacy; of the fact that kingship, sovereignty, is *an office*, by the assumption that it is private property; of charity by hoarding; of willing service by rebellious jibbing; the substitution, for the principle of "vocation in accordance with psycho-physical worth," of the pseudo-principle, the falsehood, of "privileges and rights by mere birth"—all this has been leading that culture to its downfall and decay; and contact with the West under conditions of political domination by the latter—in contradistinction to the case of Japan, where the contact did not bring in political domination—and the consequent inrush of the Western conflict and confusion of ideas on social, political and economical subjects, is completing the break-up.

#### (e) THE ELDER THE MORE RESPONSIBLE

When a living organism is attacked with disease, it may be said that all parts of it are responsible for having given admission to that disease. Yet if it be of any use to fix the responsibility on any one principally, then it would not be wrong to say that the head is responsible for the well-being of the body in the first degree, and the arms in the second. If the head goes wrong, everything goes wrong. As the head guides, so the other parts work. *Noblesse oblige*. The eldest of the family is the most responsible. The priest, the man of intellect, is the eldest. The soldier, the man of power, the



next. The priest and the soldier have made, or marred, nations.

### (S) SPIRITUAL POWER AND TEMPORAL POWER

A Western historian has observed that "unless public liberty is protected by intrepid and vigilant guardians, the authority of so formidable a magistrate [as an autocratic monarch] will soon degenerate into despotism. The influence of the clergy, in an age of superstition, might be usefully employed to assert the rights of mankind; but so intimate is the connection between the throne and the altar, that the banner of the church has very seldom been seen on the side of the people. A martial nobility and stubborn Commons, possessed of arms, tenacious of property, and collected into constitutional assemblies, form the only balance capable of preserving a free constitution against enterprises of an aspiring prince."<sup>1</sup> The quotation shows that the author recognises the relations between the priest and the ruler, in the way of mutual support or mutual restraint, as potent for the helping or the hindering of the people. But the case he takes is that of an autocratic monarch as ruler. His remarks would not apply to modern conditions, under which, in most countries, the rulership is, *de facto*, in the hands of a group of the highest bureaucrats in alliance with the richest capitalists, the representatives and the "cream" of Gibbon's "martial nobility" and "stubborn Commons". Manu's statements, on the other hand, based on psychological generalisations, are so comprehensive, without losing concreteness, that they will cover all cases of the relations under reference, whatever the form of government. "When the kshattrā, *i.e.*, the 'protection-giving,' the ruling-executive-military element in the State, exceedeth due bounds, and increaseth beyond its right proportion, and tries to become more and higher than the brahma, *i.e.*, the

<sup>1</sup> Gibbon, *Roman Empire*, I, ch. iii.

‘knowledge-giving,’ the scientific-spiritual-legislative element therein, then it is only the latter itself that can restrain the former and bring it back to its former right proportion. (Terrene) fire ariseth out of water, iron cometh out of stone, kshaṭṭra is made by brahma; their might, resistless against others, faileth against their parents. Kshaṭṭra prospereth not without the support of brahma; nor doth brahma flourish in peace without the help of kshaṭṭra. When the two help each other in righteousness, then both this world and the next become happy.”<sup>1</sup> Which same ancient idea is expressed by a newspaper of the day, in the course of a discussion of measures for the extension of education, thus: “With the advancement of science, everything can be righted. But science, by itself, cannot accomplish much. Governments must come to its aid; otherwise things will continue as of old.” *Aid*, it should be borne in mind, financial and other *support* and encouragement, *not domination*. There has been, and is, a strong tendency in the “advanced” countries to make “Scientific Services,” an “Imperial” Chemical Service, a Physical Service, an Electrical Service, etc., the appendages, subordinates and subservients of bureaucratic State departments—which means a greater menace to the weak and the poor. Elsewhere the verses of Manu are further explained. “The edge of the sword blunts itself against the rock; the blaze of the fire is extinguished when it falls upon water; even so kshaṭṭra-power decays when it slights brahma-knowledge.”<sup>2</sup> “Knowledge and power, science

<sup>1</sup> *Manu*, ix, 320—322. What Manu means by saying that fire comes out of water, is difficult to say. It would scarcely be permissible to suggest that he was thinking of the combustible hydrogen and the combustion-supporting oxygen which make up terrene water! The case of lightning from the clouds is more obvious. The *Nirukṭa* mentions a way of utilising the lightning. There is also a mystic story, in the *Shatapaṭha Brāhmaṇa*, of how Agni (Fire) was made in successive ways or forms; it died out or disappeared in the first three; in the fourth it went and hid in the “waters,” liquids, but was dragged out thence by the *ḍevas* or gods; then it was angry with and “spat” upon the waters for failing to give it refuge, whereupon Ekaṭa, Dvīta and Trīta (or “Once,” “Twice,” “Thrice”—spoken of as *ṛshis* in the *Purāṇas*) were born. The mystic story requires interpretation.

<sup>2</sup> *Mahābhārata*, Shānti, ch. lv, 24.

and valour, ought ever to help each other for the spread of righteousness, the maintenance of the peace and progress of mankind, the prevention of that social disorganisation and disorder which is the invariable consequence of conflict between the two, and which conflict is inevitable if either deviates from the path of righteousness. So closely are the two connected that each may be said to be the parent of the other.”<sup>1</sup>

The conditions have become very unfavourable, no doubt ; still one feels at times that if the “priests of science” of to-day, the “brāhmaṇas” of all the belligerent nations, had recognised their true mission, had risen to the height of it, had banded together, had given warning of “sentence of excommunication,” of ostracism (or its modern more prosy equivalent “boycott”), of withdrawal of all scientific information and help, to the militarist-navalist kshaṭṭriyas of all those nations whose sense of righteousness had been replaced by arrogance and greed and hate ; if they had thrown all their weight on the side of the weak and the virtuous masses and against the strong and the vicious classes, instead of meekly and weakly signing, as they did, manifestos in support of the actions of their respective nations, prostituting science to slaughter and enslaving the scripture to the sword ; possibly this great destruction and confusion of the great war and its sequels would have been warded off from the human world. They failed to do so, because they are not yet *true priests of science*. Their science is incomplete, a half-science, a half-truth, and not the whole and true science of *spirit as well as matter, soul as well as body*, the possessor of which alone is the full and true priest of science, priest as well as scientist, and therefore the only true priest and the only true scientist, knower of the things of the other life as well as this, full of the fearless spirit of asceticism and self-denial as well as wisdom—and whom, and whom alone, therefore, no militarists and navalists dare disregard.

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, lxxviii, 48—51.

(g) THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS REGENERATION

When such brahma, *ascetic wisdom*, arises in the world, anywhere, then it will surely control effectively the kshattra, executive civil and military power, and of course also the "vit" or finance power and commerce power and the "shudra" or labour power—and control them all easily, with their willing co-operation, because for the good of all. It has been justly remarked that reform begins in the "head," and revolution in the "foot". Brahma means knowledge, science, as well as the living group in which it is vested; as well as the Supreme Principle of Infinite Consciousness which includes everything. Right knowledge is the first step; out of it arises right desire as the next step, or, at the least, right desire is promoted by it and wrong desire hindered; and finally comes right action as the third step. In other words, first right thought, then right word, then right deed. Such is the ordinary psychological order of rotation of the functions of the mind. Our first duty, then, is to promote the spread of right knowledge on the subject. When public opinion has been sufficiently formed, has accepted these old ideas as likely to be of use, and develops a corresponding desire, the desire to embody them in social life, then will come the time for specific legislation which will effectively organise human society in the way suggested.

(h) THE INTERWORKING OF RIGHT KNOWLEDGE,  
RIGHT DESIRE, AND RIGHT ACTION

It is true that in order that the promotion of right knowledge may have a chance, people should be at least willing to listen. This means that they should have some kind of desire for this alleged right knowledge, different from what they have been accustomed to. And the objection may

be taken that this involves a vicious circle; knowledge leads to desire, and desire to knowledge. The reply is that while there is a circular movement, it is not exactly a circle that it makes, but a spiral, hence there is no viciousness in it. This has been indicated in the preceding paragraph, where the psychological order of *rotation* is mentioned. Also, the fact should be noted that while additional knowledge leads to further desire directly, a new desire leads to appropriate additional knowledge through action. The action of an individual is always in accordance with his strongest desire, the desire which prevails over any other desires that there may be. If the action brings the hoped-for feeling of pleasure together with the other experiences which constitute knowledge, then that knowledge helps to confirm that desire and enhance it, so that it leads on to more and stronger action of the same kind as before, in the way of mutually enhancing action and reaction—till the desire exhausts itself. If the action brings, instead, an unexpected pain, together with other experiences which, as before, constitute knowledge, then that painful knowledge helps to produce a *change* of desire. “Helps,” only, in both cases; knowledge in itself has no motive or creative or destructive power. Only desire has such power. In fact it is the only, and it is all, power proper. Desire, as love-passion, creates; desire, as hate-passion, destroys. It is essentially *unreason*, “blind” passion, arbitrary, *ṭamas*. Reason, knowledge, is only an arranger, a reminder, a helper. In Purāṇic symbolism, Brahma creates, Ruḍra (Shiva) destroys, Viṣṇu intermediates and helps to maintain, to keep the world-wheel going. Desire, the ruling passion, makes the “character” of the individual; it is the individualising, finitising force; indeed it *is* the individual.<sup>1</sup> Therefore we cannot say that

<sup>1</sup> See *The Science of Peace and The Science of the Emotions*, by the present writer, for detailed treatment of this subject.

right or wrong knowledge will *create* right or wrong desire in the *individual*. It is truer to say that right or wrong desire *causes* right or wrong knowledge (through action), by making the individual take up the right or wrong standpoint. Therefore it is said that the egoistic soul, still clinging to the finite, cannot effectively study the science of the Infinite, the Vedānta, the "crown of knowledge". And therefore it has been said repeatedly before, that in putting forward these old-world solutions of new (or perennial) world-problems, it is assumed that at least the thoughtful of the nations are ready to listen with open mind, in consequence of the war and its results. Desire, being arbitrary, by its very nature—"it is my wish," "it is my pleasure," being the final answer to every series of "why's"—changes from within itself, in accordance with its own inherent laws of cyclic periodicity. And the changes are not very many. Only two. From prevailing egoism to prevailing altruism; and from preponderant altruism to preponderant egoism, back and forth—in the great, broad forms. The minor forms are infinite. The most important of these minor forms, for the purpose of these writings, the forms which may be regarded as penultimate—as egoism and altruism are ultimate—are those of the four psychical ambitions before mentioned; these are all subdivisions of egoism, or rather the other three are subdivisions of the fourth, *viz.*, play, which may be regarded as the primary form of self-expressing egoism; and the desire of renunciation of all these four, in the service of others, as repayment of the threefold "social debt,"<sup>1</sup> is the primary form of self-expressing altruism.

### (i) SIGNS OF THE TIMES INDICATING CHANGE OF SPIRIT

It has been remarked that "it takes two to tell the truth: one to tell it and another to hear it," *i.e.*, to recognise it as

<sup>1</sup> See *The Science of Social Organisation*, by the present writer, for the details of this triple "social debt" in accordance with the Indian tradition.

truth, otherwise the telling is even as the telling of an untruth. In the present case, the ground for the hearing has been prepared by the war. The aggressive egoism, the deeply selfish desire, of the advanced nations, has, by excess, defeated itself; has led to appropriate action in the shape of this war; and the consequences of this action, and the vast pain and the allied experiences constituting much additional detailed knowledge, all emphasising and bringing home over again the old, old truth that we cannot get sweet fruit out of sour seed, cannot build heaven, which is built with love alone, out of hate which is the material that invariably makes hell alone—all this knowledge helps in the transformation of the preponderatingly egoistic into a more altruistic desire. There is perceptible a more widespread and a more serious seeking for solutions, which will fit in with the change in the desire and the outlook, but which will not insist upon a much greater or indeed wholesale altruism, for which the world of man as a whole is not yet prepared; which will make allowance for some degree of egoism; which will, in short, make a reconciliation between egoism and altruism, and not seek to abolish the former utterly and entirely—something impossible, and therefore rightly to be judged and called unpractical and utopian and not fit for serious consideration; as on the other hand, to supinely assume that, and behave as if, all improvement in human nature and relations generally is impossible, is worse than unpractical, is most mischievous.

The extraordinary case of the Prime Minister of Britain pleading for more spirituality, has been already mentioned as a sign of the times. As this is being written, the newspapers bring the even more extraordinary report of a bishop of the official Church of that same country<sup>1</sup> endeavouring publicly to promote a League of Religions, as a necessary supplement and

<sup>1</sup> The Bishop of Kensington.

complement of the League of Nations, and pleading for “universal brotherhood” and inviting and inducing a Hindū, a Muslim and a Buddhist, and also a student of and writer on Comparative Religion,<sup>1</sup> to speak from the same platform. The seed of Theosophy, re-planted four and forty years ago, with the re-proclamation of universal brotherhood, seems to be now beginning to sprout after this long period. But the perversity of human nature, and the aggressive stubbornness of this mechanico-industrial civilisation of flesh and alcohol, has been such that—alas and alas!—the dead, hard-heart soil of the “upper classes” of the nations has had to be watered and moistened and softened with rivers of blood before the seed could throw out shoots through it to the upper air. And even yet, the steady growth of the shoots is in great jeopardy. Many perils beset them; for all the heads of the hydra of aggressive nationalism, or rather capitalist-class-ism and bureaucrat-class-ism and tenacious materialism masquerading as nationalism, are not yet crushed by any means. The danger is that if these heads continue to rear themselves again and again, the Hercules-club of Labour will be compelled to crush them and—and herein is the danger—may itself get broken in the process, leaving the whole of civilisation in ruins, repeating, on a larger scale and in a somewhat different and far more acute form, the story of the slow decay of India after the *Mahābhārata* war and the Yāḍava destruction.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Estlin Carpenter. Such a League of all religions would only be another name and form of the true Theosophical Society, if it can only guard against the perennial danger of falling from humanitarianism into sectarianism, of becoming converted into a new religion instead of remaining a reconciling summation and heart essence of *all* religions, not only old ones, but any new one or all new ones that may be evolved and shaped and fashioned, outside of it, by any peoples of the earth, in consequence of the very human need for change and novelty and love of the concrete in the shape of personal objects of devotion, and symbologies, and ceremonies and sense-impressing and emotion-arousing formalities and rituals. Such Universal Religion should be to particular religions as engineering *science* is to particular pieces of architecture. The danger of a League of Religions becoming a means of absorbing other religions into one particular religion is the same in kind as the danger of the League of Nations becoming a League of only the victorious nations, for the purpose of absorbing or enslaving the others.



But we must act as if the hope were stronger than the peril, as if the strength of the disease of competitive aggressiveness were now below, and that of the *vis vitæ* of co-operative organisation above, fifty per cent. This is the opportunity for helping the *vis vitæ* with the medicine of right knowledge in the shape of the solutions of human problems given to humanity by the elder seers of the race.

### (j) POLITICAL IDEALS

The political-economical-social ideals now struggling with each other in the field of Western (and therefore also of Eastern) civilisation are those of "nationalism" and "imperialism" tending to merge into "federalism" (which has also been, less happily, described as "convergent nationalism"), and of "individualism" and "socialism" tending to a fundamental agreement as to the end desired, under cover of the theoretically accepted word "self-determination," but differing widely in methods, and leading, as an immediate consequence, only to the multiplication of parties, the exacerbation of party-politics and the introduction of greater complications in the party-system of administration, which has latterly tended more and more to become the dominant form of all administrations that are at all autonomous, from great governments to business-boards and school-committees.

The above-mentioned "isms" or views and ideals, or outlooks and aspirations, as we may like to call them, are more political than economical and social; but it is obvious that all three kinds of problems are closely—indeed, inseparably—connected with each other. In the general survey of human conditions introducing these discussions, it has been indicated that the materialistic-science view of life, the ideal of deliberate "individualism" in respect of the considered philosophy and ethics of politics, "nationalism" and

“territorial patriotism” in respect of the practice of politics, “capitalism” and “mechanicalism” and “industrialism” in respect of the economic aspect, and, finally, various ways of living, dietary and sex-customs, in regard to the social aspect proper, tend to go together; as, on the other hand, the spiritual-science view of life, “socialism” or “humanism” in respect of the philosophy and ethics, and “familism” and “classism” in respect of the practice of politics, “agriculturalism” and “pastoralism” in respect of the economic, and certain ways of living, dietary and sex-relations, in regard to the social aspect proper, tend to go together in another supplementary, or complementary, or (if we so prefer it) contrary group. It is also clear that the word “social” has two significations, a larger and a smaller. In the larger it includes all aspects whatsoever of gregarious human life. In the smaller, it refers only to matters of domestic life, ways of eating, drinking, marrying, disposal of property by inheritance or testament or otherwise, ways of salutation and other ceremonial conventions, and so on. The grouping, the correspondence, runs through all these, in broad lines, because of the organic unity of nature and of human nature. A turn of the kaleidoscope, and a change in the position of any one of the coloured pieces of glass, means a change in the positions of all the others and a re-arrangement of the whole.

But for our present purposes, we need not discuss the other aspects, but may confine ourselves to the predominantly political ideals, mentioned at the outset of this section. Detailed studies and expositions of these will be found in works on politics specially dealing with them.<sup>1</sup> Here it is desirable only to point out that “nationalism” passes into “federalism,” the ideal of the “Federation of the World,” through “imperialism,”

<sup>1</sup> *Political Ideals; Their Nature and Development*, by C. Delisle Burns (Oxford University Press), published 1915, is an excellent treatise on the subject, beginning with Greece, as usual. Of course, there is nothing about ancient Indian views, also as usual.

by a gradual expansion of the meaning of the word "nation," in consequence of changing world-conditions, from the sense of the population of a given territorial area, to that of the aggregate of the populations of many such areas, and then to that of the whole "human nation," the whole of the race of man. It is useless to try to define precisely the connotation of the word "nation" in the earlier stages. Unity of ancestry, of language, of customs, of religion, of habitat, of commercial and political offensive and defensive interests, and other kinds of unity—all these come into it; but none is conclusive; now the one predominates, now the other; and there are always exceptions and vague and shadowy fringes which make utter precision impossible—as is the rule everywhere in nature, the universal being inherently made up of inseparable opposites. For practical purposes, at the present day, territorial unity, as demarcated by governmental unity of sovereign, suzerain, or central authority, is the main test. In the vagueness and elasticity of the fringe is the possibility of the expansion (or the contraction) of the connotation and the denotation of such words, and, in the case of the word "nation" in particular, of the hope that "imperialism," which, at the moment, is only a more aggressive, more selfish and more powerful "nationalism," will gradually be compelled by the force of circumstances to shoot beyond its mark and merge into what is in many ways its very opposite—"federalism," "the Federation of the World," a true and honest League of all (and not only the allied) nations.

This is even clearer in the case of "individualism" and "socialism". *Prima facie*, the two seem hopelessly antagonistic. But the *via media* of reconciliation is to be found in the word "self-determination" which both believe in. The word and the thing—"self"—is common to, and ranges through, all shades and grades, from the crassest, grossest, narrowest selfishness to the broadest and most enlightened philanthropic

service of the group-self, the social self, the Self of the Human Race and of ever greater and greater stretches and circles of life. Its finite aspect prevailing, makes for selfish, competitive individualism, "*struggle* for existence"; its infinite aspect predominant, makes for altruistic, co-operative socialism, "*alliance* for existence". But the two are inseparably connected together as the two halves of a see-saw; the one goes up as the other goes down; if, however, we try to cut off and abolish either half altogether, the other half falls down too and disappears, into pralaya, latency, sleep. The idea and ideal of individualism, broadly speaking, is that every individual should have a full and fair opportunity of development and self-expression or self-realisation, but since, as is obvious, this has to be done for each of many individuals, some mutual limitation, some mutual regulation and definition of rights and duties—which is the essential meaning of law or dharma—is inevitable. But such regulation is the essential idea of socialism; it involves the recognition of a "social soul," a group-soul, an oversoul, metaphorically if not literally, whatever the connotation of the pronoun "We" may be decided to be, in contradistinction to that of the pronoun "I".<sup>1</sup> (On examination, it will be found that both the connotations have pseudo-infinite grades and degrees; but the contradistinction is also unmistakable.) On the other hand, as individualism recognises that each individual is only one of very many, so, patently, socialism recognises that society is made up of individuals, and the trees cannot be neglected in caring for the wood.

Looked at thus, it appears that the distinction between individualism and socialism, as currently interpreted, is one of emphasis only. If we accentuate the element of mutual

<sup>1</sup> Mr. C. D. Burns guards himself carefully against the imputation to him of any belief in a "social soul" (pp. 5, 251 and 257). The metaphorical use of the expression he would probably allow. But that the metaphor has a literal basis also—on this point see *The Science of Peace*, by the present writer, where the question of "individuals within individuals" and the significance of the vedāntic "Sūtrātma" are discussed.

regulation, we tend more towards socialism ; if that of the individual's free play, then individualism.

The ideal of "liberty," thought by Western writers to have been first consciously recognised and appreciated in Athens, as involving personal independence and group-autonomy, may be regarded as only the Grecian incarnation of what has been newly born in Europe as "individualism". So the notion of "order" being the complement of "liberty" as a basis for civilisation, similarly supposed to have been invented in Rome, is the older form of modern "socialism," which seeks only to extend "order" into various regions into which it is not allowed to penetrate in various countries, at the present day.

Various other concepts which have held sway in Europe from time to time, such as that of "cosmopolitan equality," as the protest of Stoicism and Christianity against race-exclusiveness and the institution of slavery ; of a (European) Unity of Civilisation, in the Mediæval Ages ; of many Sovereign States with a balance of power as between them, belonging to the Renaissance ; of the Rights of Man and the sovereignty of the people, developed thereafter in the Revolutionary epoch ; of Nationalism and Imperialism and Federalism, of our own day—all these but ring changes on the concepts of Individualism and Socialism, these themselves being but the two different results of two different accentuations of the two inseparable aspects of the One Self, as said above.

The point to which all these considerations are directed is that IF the leaders, guides, counsellors, rulers, of the peoples of the earth, and the manipulators and suppliers of their food and clothing—IF these are really surfeited with the ecstasies of "war" (in the comprehensive sense) and its attendant emotions, and IF they really now want and are ready for the quieter and soberer emotions and satisfactions of "peace," THEN they will find a reconciliation, a due balancing of power,

between all such political and other ideals, between the claims of the individual and the claims of the State, between the individualistic as well as the socialistic demands of human nature, between the conflicting "interests" (worldly as well as other-worldly) of each individual life, and between the "classes" that make up the aggregate of human communal life—they will find their reconciliation in *the psycho-physical principles* of the old Indian social organisation, all through which the thread of "Self-determination" runs incessantly, but with a special interpretation of the word "Self," on which more may be said later on.

Bhagavan Das

*(To be concluded)*

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## PRISON REFORM

By CAPT. ARTHUR J. ST. JOHN

I AM asked to write on the above subject; but, to be frank, I am not very much interested in prison *reform*. I am more interested in trying to find out how either to abolish prisons or to transform them into something very different from what they are now. If reform is a step in one of these directions, well and good; but if it is simply a tinkering at prisons as they are, without revolutionising their aim and method, then I should prefer to leave such reform alone.

Most people who have thought on the subject will, I think, agree that the only excuse for sending to prison a large proportion of the people who are now sent there, is that the magistrates do not know what else to do with them. In the last few years the Probation system has grown up to deal with these cases. To be more accurate, it has not yet grown up in the British Isles, for it is a very immature infant here, and ill-grown at that. It is much better understood and developed in America.

When rightly understood and fully developed, I believe that Probation might be applied to all, or nearly all, criminals, including even those for whom it seemed necessary to provide some kind of segregation, some separation for a time from ordinary society. This would then take the place of imprisonment. How would it differ from imprisonment as we know it to-day? That would depend upon our motive in "segregating" these fellow-countrymen of ours, which would depend upon our attitude towards them.

If we recognise that a man commits a seriously anti-social act as a result of some innate defect, defective training, or defective environment, or of two or all of these causes, then we shall surely agree that what is required is either the correction of the environment, or the correction or care of the individual—perhaps both. We are dealing with cases for which segregation is, *ex hypothesi*, deemed necessary, so we will leave aside mere correction of environment. In any case, punishment seems to be ruled out; for innate defects and faulty training, society (that is, we ourselves, the community) is at least as much to blame as the anti-social individual. Justice requires, not punishment or retribution, but remedial treatment and re-education or training, to turn the criminal from an anti-social into a social and useful member of society. For the welfare of the community, as well as for that of the individual concerned, we want to prevent his repeating his crime.

For this purpose we must (1) prevent his *wanting* to repeat it, and (2) enable him to refrain from repeating it. To put it positively, we must make his interests and activities social—conducive to his own and his neighbours' welfare. If he should be so defective that this result cannot be produced, that he cannot be trusted to lead a social life in freedom, or without special support, then he should be cared for or provided with whatever support is necessary, so that he can lead as happy and useful a life as is possible to him. With readers of THE THEOSOPHIST I hope I need not spend time or space in pointing out the cruelty and injustice of punishing to no purpose, of making people suffer without any apparent benefit to themselves or the community. The infliction of such suffering, of course, harms us all, as well as the individuals on whom it is inflicted. Yet that is just what we are doing now, year in and year out.

Let us see, then, what might be done in the way of forming our prison system in the direction above indicated.



The first step would seem to be to change our own attitude—to rid ourselves of the superstition that we ought to punish people for committing crimes, and impress on ourselves that we owe it to such people, and to ourselves, to undo, as far as we can, the mischief that we have done to their bodies and souls.

How are we to repair the mischief? Our treatment of them must be such as to help them to become, not, as at present, good prisoners, but good men and women, good members of free society, to the utmost of their capacity. The whole training must have this in view; it must be a training in self-direction for life and freedom. Obviously this involves a revolution in our present prison system. I will now try to indicate a few practical steps towards such a revolution.

(1) *Prison officers.* I have often said that prison reform must begin with the prison officers. Their whole treatment and status must be altered before any great improvement can be made in the prison system. If the above-mentioned aims and principles are to prevail, they must first be grasped, and their application attempted, by the staffs. And how can this be expected of officers who are subjected to petty fines, espionage and repression. If freedom and self-direction are to be aimed at in the prisoners, they must be practised by the officers, who must have a chance of exercising intelligence and responsibility. So, to begin with, I would abolish all punishments for prison officers and put them on their honour. Then I would give each officer who has passed satisfactorily through a period of probation, a definite sphere of responsibility, perhaps a group of prisoners, and a reasonably free hand in doing what is expected of him. Then I would see if shorter hours and longer leave could not be arranged; and, finally, higher salaries.

(2) *Prisoners' self-discipline.* No great success can be achieved without securing the co-operation of the prisoners in their own improvement. First, their physical and mental

health should be very carefully attended to. They should be given every possible facility in finding, and if necessary learning, a satisfactory trade or craft. Ample recreation facilities should be provided, both for body and mind. They should be encouraged to form Mutual Welfare Leagues, more or less after Mr. T. Mott Osborne's model, for their own self-discipline and mutual welfare in prison and after. They should be given full pay for work done, and charged for their keep. Needless to say that the ordinary punishments would disappear as the new spirit and method developed.

(3) *Buildings and sites* should be gradually adapted to these ends as becomes practicable. The new "prison" must gradually approximate to an industrial and agricultural village or colony, as nearly integrally complete and self-supporting as possible.

(4) *After-care.* The Mutual Welfare League (and perhaps a federation of such Leagues) should maintain responsibility for the future of its members, helping them to rehabilitate themselves in the community. As these colonies or villages become real and natural, "prisoners" may here and there like to remain in the communities which they have helped to build up. If so, why not?—always provided that they do their share of the upkeep. And if they do not, then they are not fit to return to ordinary society.

Such are a few hints of the kind of prison reform I should think worth considering. I need hardly say that they are only to be taken as hints, not as hard and fast rules.<sup>1</sup> I am not greatly concerned as to the forms in which the new attitude will express itself. Our business is to study and realise a sound attitude in spirit and in truth.

Arthur J. St. John

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<sup>1</sup> Perhaps I might be allowed to add that further suggestions and information are to be found in the publications of the Penal Reform League, 7 Dalmeny Avenue, London, N. 7.



## WHITMAN—HELPER-ON OF HOPE

By FRANCES ADNEY

*I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own ;  
I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own.*

—WHITMAN

**D**URING the past year, Walt Whitman's centenary, while the world was ostensibly being made safe for democracy, a battle of emotion and opinion has surged about the memory and the writings of "the good old gray," America's apostle of democracy. Some of the newspapers and magazines have put out "Whitman Centennial Editions"; and while those invited

to contribute to such publications have been for the most part his strong admirers—often indiscriminate admirers—yet detractors and deniers have not been silent. Many to-day sympathise with Whittier's action when he threw Whitman in the fire; numbers of people wish that Emerson's advice against the publication of *Children of Adam* had prevailed; others, with Lowell and Holmes, "see nothing in this man Whitman". On the other hand, Edgar Lee Masters, whose works show frequent Theosophical turns of phrase and thought, states that Whitman has more nearly justified the ways of God to man than any poet America has produced, perhaps more so than any poet who has lived.

From England, Arnold Bennett's tribute rings forth, *vis.*, that Whitman was one of the greatest teachers that ever lived. Great Britain welcomed him almost from the first publication of his poems, William Rossetti having printed a small, early edition of *Leaves of Grass* which the Pre-Raphaelites enthusiastically acclaimed, Swinburne alone of the group later retracting his terms of praise. Ruskin wrote to an American friend: "These are quite glorious things you have sent me. Who is Walt Whitman, and is much of him like this?" Robert Louis Stevenson, who at first considered his work hopelessly barbaric, wrote of him later in *Books That Have Influenced Me*:

I come next to *Leaves of Grass*, a book of singular service, a book which tumbled the world upside down for me, blew into space a thousand cobwebs of genteel and ethical illusions and, having thus shaken my tabernacle of lies, set me back again upon the strong foundation of all original and manly virtues. But it is only a book for those who have the gift of reading.

Walt Whitman shrank from indiscriminate praise, but there is nothing to indicate that he ever resented the fiercest criticism. The thing which grieved him when he was here, may in some measure grieve him still—the sorrowful fact that the masses for whom he wrote do not know what he was talking about, do not dream of the majestic freedom towards

which he would lead them. He knew he must wait to be understood. Sadly he foreshadowed our present day :

Democracy—the destin'd conqueror—yet treacherous lip-  
smiles everywhere,  
And Death and infidelity at every step.

Whitman sought to make democracy safe for the world ; and his conception of democracy vastly transcended any form of government, representative or other. Democracy to him meant an immense spiritual brotherhood ; and at his best, when he was afoot with his vision, this brotherhood included the world, past, present and to come, with assemblages of all the planets and solar systems. Sometimes his vision pierced the heights and became painfully acute ; and then, like Arjuna when Kṛṣṇa revealed Himself, he gasped : “ I cannot bear it ! ” In his ordinary consciousness he lived brotherhood hourly and somewhat vehemently, saying :

I speak the password primeval—I give the sign of democracy ;  
By God ! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their  
counterpart of on the same terms.

He did not dare to reject anyone. The scope of the world, of time and of space, pressed upon him ; the Hottentot and woolly-haired hordes, “ human forms with the ever-impressive countenances of brutes,” were his brothers—nay, his very self. “ Each of us is here as divinely as any is here.”

Because he was here so divinely, he shrank from the prospect of being cramped into any ordinary biography. How could anyone understand him who did not understand himself ? As to his own identity, he knew that he had only hints, clues, indirections. Inevitably, however, we seek all possible hints and clues which tend to explain this extraordinary being ; and the outer events of his life help us a little on our way.

He was born at West Hills, Long Island, New York, May 31st, 1819. His father was a carpenter. His ancestry was Holland-Dutch and English, with a dash of Quaker in the

composition. The family moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., where Walt went to the public schools until the age of twelve, when he "tended in a lawyer's office, then a doctor's". When he was fifteen he went into a printing office to learn type-setting. At the age of eleven and twelve he began writing bits for *The Long Island Patriot* and *The New York Mirror*; and in *Specimen Days* he tells of opening these publications and cutting the leaves with trembling fingers, adding: "How it made my heart double-beat to see *my piece* on the pretty white paper in nice type." He taught in the country schools in Suffolk County, New York, for three years, then started a weekly newspaper, which was well received. Of this venture he said: "Only my own restlessness prevented my establishing a permanent property there." This restlessness pursued him until, in some capacity, he had learned by heart the lore of his beloved America; for he worked or tramped over practically the entire country. Sometimes he was on the editorial staff of a newspaper, as in New Orleans; again he did journalistic writing, or mere type-setting. At one period he turned to his father's trade of carpentering, building and selling small houses to working men at a small profit. At this business he might have prospered; but he would frequently drop it to write away at his *Leaves*. He was singularly free from the money-getting taint. He entered lovingly into all life of the open air, fraternising with working men of every class and type, "going with powerful, uneducated persons," giving his democratic proclivities full swing.

During the Civil War he became a volunteer nurse in army hospitals and camps, and it is claimed for him that he personally visited and ministered to over 100,000 sick and wounded Union and Confederate soldiers. During these hospital service years he supported himself by writing letters to *The New York Times*. Out of this experience grew the sorrowful yet stirring division of the *Leaves* sub-titled "Drum Taps,"

through which his love for the common soldier surges as an overmastering passion. Out of this experience, too, grew his lifelong ill-health, the paralysis which was pronounced to be the outgrowth of overwork and camp malaria. With health impaired by unremunerated service to his country, he was given a desk in a Government office at Washington, only to be summarily dismissed therefrom by the chaste head of the department for the offence of being the author of *Leaves of Grass*. He was reinstated, however, in another department of the Government, which place he retained until increasing illness forced him to cease work. He accepted with equanimity whatever befell, as his own words, written in 1882, indicate :

From to-day I enter upon my sixty-fourth year. The paralysis that first affected me nearly ten years ago and has since remained with varying course, seems to have quietly settled down and will probably continue. I easily tire, am very clumsy, cannot walk far ; but my spirits are first-rate. I go around in public almost every day—now and then take long trips by rail or boat . . . keep up my interest in life, people, progress and the questions of the day. About two-thirds of the time I am quite comfortable. What mentality I ever had remains entirely unaffected, though physically I am a half-paralytic and likely to be so as long as I live. But the principal object of my life seems to have been accomplished—I have the most devoted and ardent of friends and affectionate relatives ; and of enemies I really make no account.

Any recital of the externals of Whitman's life is incomplete without a knowledge of his own attitude toward his lesser self, the personality. He seldom made the error of thinking that the personality was the reality. He stood outside himself :

That shadow, my likeness, that goes to and fro, seeking a  
liveliness, chattering, chaffering ;  
How often I find myself standing and looking at it where  
it flits ;  
How often I question and doubt whether that is really me.

That shadow of himself aroused Lincoln's admiration when, seeing Whitman pass the White House, he turned to those near by and said : " Well, he looks like a man ! " That shadow of himself, the personality, awakened within the people he met

a warmth and depth of love which it is the fortune of few souls to inspire. He was adored by hundreds of the common people who had never read a word of his writings. Children were strongly attracted by him. Rough labouring men pressed close about him, longing to touch him, not understanding the secret of his magnetic presence, yet nevertheless laying affectionate hands on his arm or knee. As he himself was the caresser of life, wherever and however moving or appalled, so life itself, embodied in his warm-hearted, simple-minded countrymen, turned and poured upon him *largesse* of spontaneous love.

Whitman sought the lower classes ("his noisy, fire-engine society," as Emerson called it), and his seeking was neither a pose nor a philanthropy. He was one of them on many planes of nature. With all his vision, his spirituality, his illumination, he was undeniably deeply immersed in matter. Therein lies a danger to his readers, a danger which he freely recognised. "You read this book at your peril"; and again he asserted that he should probably do as much evil as good with *Leaves of Grass*. "This is no book; whoever touches this, touches a man!"—a man, furthermore, we must add, who fully and freely recorded those periods when he was "dowsed in the frenzies of the Earth and the necessities of Nature".

Since in youth and early manhood he had few books, he probably had no opportunity to ponder that warning given by Proclus: *The mortal, once endowed with Mind, must on his soul put bridle, in order that it may not plunge into the ill-starred Earth but win to freedom.*

Whitman did, through devious windings, win to a large degree of freedom; and, on some upper plane, he doubtless came into touch with the mind of Proclus, for he formed himself on Shakespeare<sup>1</sup> and the Bible. Whoever reads

<sup>1</sup> Whitman's sensitiveness to unseen forces is indicated here: "I will not be positive about Bacon's connection with the plays, but I am satisfied that behind the historical Shakespeare there is another mind, guiding, and far, far reaching."



Shakespeare contacts a measure of the mighty power of the Master Rāgozci.<sup>1</sup> Whoever studies the Bible deeply, bathes his spirit in those Mysteries which are there veiled in symbolic language, and sends out filaments of his soul toward those Members of the Great White Lodge who make the pages of scripture pulse with life for one who reads, not by the letter, but by the syllable.

*Leaves of Grass* was written after Whitman had attained a state which some of his friends called Cosmic Consciousness. The degree and the extent of his illumination must be estimated from his works. Previous to this period he had written from the surface of his mind, and the public had accepted the output. Thereafter, the world stamped with some savagery upon the product of his superconsciousness as well as upon those phrases which seem to have sometimes surged up from a turbid subconsciousness. The murk of the undercurrent was inevitable, and Walt was himself the child of whom he sang :

There was a child went forth every day ;  
And the first object he look'd upon, that object he became ;  
And that object became part of him for the day, or a certain  
part of the day, or for many years, or stretching cycles  
of years.

The public itself formed a part of that mire which, put into English (or American) language, jarred its own traditions and racked its nerves. *Leaves of Grass* went through several early American editions, each more disastrous than its predecessor. Of the first edition Emerson wrote to Carlyle that "it had terrible eyes and buffalo strength and was indisputably American". Perhaps two weeks after this letter had been despatched, a second edition of the *Leaves* was put forth, with a laudatory letter in the Appendix which Emerson had written Whitman concerning a portion of his work, and an

<sup>1</sup> For the connection between Proclus and the Master Rāgozci, see Mr. Leadbeater's sermon on St. Alban.

extract from that letter, *viz.*, "I greet you at the beginning of a great career," in gold upon the cover. Edward Carpenter gives an authoritative account of this period of misunderstandings and acrimonies :

. . . Whitman probably failed to realise (it was hardly in his nature to do so) the reaction this advertisement might have upon Emerson and *his* interests. He was thinking of his own bantling first edition, flouted, scorned, neglected and like to perish, and of the splendid testimony from one of the greatest of living names in letters, which would suddenly lift it into fields of life and light. "I supposed the letter was meant to be blazoned," he said one day . . . "I regarded it as the character of an emperor." It did not occur to him that its blazoning might possibly cost the emperor his throne.

But indeed the matter was serious, comically serious. Here was Emerson, the imperial one, whose finger laid on a book was like a lighthouse beam to all the *côteries* of Boston, actually recommending some new poems to the world in terms of unstinted praise. The whole world, of course, went to buy them. A hundred parlours of mildly literary folk or primly polite Unitarian and Congregational circles beheld scenes over which kind history has drawn a veil!—the good husband or head of the house, after tea or supper, settling down in his chair, "now for the book so warmly spoken of!" The ladies taking their knitting and sewing . . . the general atmosphere of propriety and selectness; and then the reading! Oh, the reading! The odd words, the unusual phrases, the jumbled sequences, the stumbling uncertainty of the reader, the wonderment on the faces of the listeners, and finally—confusion and the pit! the book closed, and hasty flight and dispersion of the meeting. Then, later, timid glances again at the dreadful volume, only to find, amid quagmires and swamps, the reptilian author addressing the beloved Emerson as "Master" and saying: "these shores you found!" Was it a nightmare? Had the emperor gone mad? or was his printed letter merely a fraud and a forgery?

That Whitman and Emerson understood each other far better than the public guessed, is evidenced by their friendship, which remained unbroken until the death of the latter. Whitman's strong inner conviction of his own mission and the rectitude of his course is attested by his refusal to tone down his third edition in response to Emerson's eloquent pleading. In spite of the doubts and fears of his publishers, the distrust of his friends, and the mirth and scorn of the public, he stood like a rock—"a rock in a weary land," Elbert Hubbard called him.

His original idea, as he quite simply told Edward Carpenter, was to bring men together by putting before them the *heart of man*, with all its joys and sorrows and experiences and surroundings. He sought to image a complete man—an average man. Some of us who believe in his mission regret that he stopped short of its fulfilment, that he did not unequivocally indicate those other rounds on the evolutionary ladder where the business of life is to transcend the average man. However, he had no physical-plane teacher. H.P.B. had not touched the shores of America when the bulk of *Leaves of Grass* was written; and the world sadly lacked the crystal-clear teachings of Mrs. Besant and C. W. Leadbeater. Whitman could but stumble along the road which, in English literature, was blazed by William Blake—that ardent mystic who was considered a madman with strong leanings toward indecency, when he tried to mirror forth the heaven and the hell which he found within himself. Whitman plunged deep into the stream of mysticism which, exemplified by Blake, was continued in varying volume by both Emerson and Browning—Emerson's presentation of the basic truth of the unity of spirit and matter being intellectual and Platonic (bloodlessly intellectual, Whitman thought), and Browning touching only occasionally on the inherent divinity of matter as represented by the human body, as in "Red Cotton Nightcap Country":

Body and soul are one thing with two names  
For more or less elaborate stuff.

Or in "Rabbi Ben Ezra":

Let us not always say:  
"Spite of this flesh to-day  
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"  
As the bird wings and sings,  
Let us cry: "All good things  
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul!"

If Whitman somewhat over-emphasised the unregenerate flesh, it was doubtless a necessity of his nature. *Il a les*

*défauts de ses qualités.* Unless very high on the evolutionary path, one could scarcely possess the strength to face alone and practically unmoved the obloquy of the world without exhibiting some of the lower, objectionable phases of that power. It is refreshing, after pages of plaudits, to come upon Carpenter's reference to Whitman's "cussedness"—a certain waywardness, wilfulness, or spirit of refusal being thus indicated—tenacity, obstinacy. There were rocky and coarse elements in his character which were reproduced in his writings; but, with discrimination, no reader need wreck himself on those reefs.

His desire to speak straight from and to the heart led him to free himself as much as possible from all literary attitudinising, to discard conventional literary phrases, and to unchain himself from bonds of metre or rhythm. He did, however, attain a wild, free rhythm, a strange music like the surge of the elements. When he chose to so limit himself, he could use poetic form masterfully, as his "Dirge for Lincoln," some of his "Sea Chants," "When Lilacs First in the Dooryard Bloomed," and "O Captain, My Captain" illustrate conclusively. Emerson objected to the absence of metre in the *Leaves*, and ended a talk thereon with Carpenter by taking down a volume of Tennyson from his shelf, handling it affectionately, and dwelling on the beauty of the Tennysonian diction and metre. John Burroughs has summed up comprehensively Whitman's form, which to large numbers of people is offensively and rudely chaotic. Burroughs said:

In regard to the unity and construction of the poems, the reader sooner or later discovers the true solution to be, that the dependence, cohesion and final reconciliation of the whole are in the personality of the poet himself . . . When Tennyson sends out a poem, it is perfect, like an apple, or a peach; slowly wrought out and dismissed, it drops from his boughs holding a conception or an idea that spheres it and makes it whole. It is completed, distinct, and separate—might be his, or might be any man's. It carries his quality, but it is a thing of itself, and centres and depends upon itself. Whether or not the world will hereafter consent, as in the past, to

call only beautiful creations of this sort *Poems*, remains to be seen. But this is certainly not what Walt Whitman does, or aims to do, except in a few cases. He completes no poems apart and separate from himself . . . His lines are pulsations, thrills, waves of force, indefinite dynamics, formless, constantly emanating from the living centre; and they carry the quality of the author's personal presence with them in a way that is unprecedented in literature.

Because of Whitman's audacious adventure, all authors are more free; but the evil which lives after him is the horde of petty penmen who have nothing in particular to say, who cannot wield poetic form, and who consequently flood the land with "free verse".

It is too early to estimate the scope of his influence, even upon authors; but if he had done nothing but stimulate the production of *Towards Democracy*, his work would have been well worth while. Edward Carpenter felt Whitman's influence as he felt that of the sun and the moon, and found it difficult to imagine what his life would have been without it. While *Leaves of Grass* "filtered and fibred" his blood, he did not try to imitate it, or its style, and the form which *Towards Democracy* took, after the rejection of more classic structure, seemed an inevitability. It is because both Whitman and Carpenter were seeking to express the enlargements and expansions of the *ego*, that their writings were necessarily cast into wide, loose moulds which did not too much hamper the cosmic flow—Whitman's product being rough and solid like the earth, Carpenter's partaking more of the air and the stars.

Whitman's work, despite its frequent earthiness, is more intuitional than intellectual. It stimulates, too, the intuition of his readers, as does some vast, unelucidated, cosmic symbol. Behind and beyond every expression looms the more real, the more potent Unexpressed. Of this quality he himself said:

What lies behind *Leaves of Grass* is something that few, very few, only one here and there, perhaps oftenest women, are at all in a position to seize. It lies behind almost every line; but concealed, studiously concealed; some passages left purposely obscure.

These hidden meanings are not yielded to those who approach him in a mood of unkindly criticism, certainly never to those who consider him a conceited egotist. In reality he was gentle and humble, as are all great souls. When he said "I" he meant "You," or, more probably, "You and God". In this sense he could speak of "taking myself the exact dimensions of Jehovah," while, in another mood, the sight of seashore sand could reduce him to abject humility :

O baffled, balk'd, bent to the very earth,  
 Oppress'd with myself that I have dared to open my mouth,  
 Aware now, that, amid all that blab whose echoes recoil upon  
 me, I have not once had the least idea who or what I am,  
 But that before all my insolent poems the real Me stands yet  
 untouch'd, untold, altogether unreach'd,  
 Withdrawn far, mocking me with mock-congratulatory signs  
 and bows,  
 With peals of distant, ironical laughter at every word I have  
 written,  
 Pointing in silence to these songs, and then to the sand  
 beneath.

His Self doubtless sometimes viewed with sad-eyed wonder his occasional mistranslation of Cosmic Love. He indubitably did at times reduce it to its lowest terms. Only those who have touched the atomic astral, only those who, from infancy, have felt the encircling of the Almighty Arms, know how fatally easy it is to degrade that irresistible force, especially if all surroundings and associates are keyed to a low pitch.

There is no doubt that Whitman had reached a stage in evolution which is hardly suspected by the mass of humanity, and that through his great capacity to love he was often able to identify himself with the Second Person of the Trinity. Any account of him would be incomplete without his poem, *To Him that was Crucified* :

My spirit to yours; dear brother,  
 Do not mind because many sounding your name do not under-  
 stand you,  
 I do not sound your name, but I understand you,

I specify you with joy, O my comrade, to salute you, and to  
 salute those that were with you, before and since, and  
 those to come also,  
 That we all labour together transmitting *the same charge and  
 succession*,  
 We few equals, indifferent of lands, indifferent of times,  
 We, enclosers of all continents, all castes, allowers of all  
 theologies,  
 Compassionaters, perceivers, rapport of men,  
 We walk silent among disputes and assertions, but reject not  
 the disputers nor anything that is asserted,  
 We hear the bawling and the din, we are reach'd at by divi-  
 sions, jealousies, recriminations on every side,  
 They close peremptorily on us to surround us, my comrade,  
 Yet we walk upheld, free, the whole earth over, journeying  
 up and down till we make our ineffaceable mark upon  
 time and diverse eras,  
 Till we saturate time and eras, that men and women of races,  
 of ages to come, may prove brethren and lovers as  
 we are.

Perhaps Whitman's chief value is prophetic, in the  
 deepest sense of that word. That he felt himself to be the  
 lineal descendant of Buddhist, Taoist, Sūfi, Alexandrian  
 Eclectic, Platonist and Christian Mystic, there can be no  
 reasonable doubt. Echoes of the Upanishads, which probably  
 he never saw, resound through his words. He was a natural,  
 although an untrained occultist. He sensed the mystic power  
 of sound. He knew that upright lines, curves, angles, dots,  
 were not words, nor even "those delicious sounds out of your  
 friends' mouths"; but human bodies were words—myriads of  
 words; also, air, soil, water, fire. Yet even these do but hint  
 the hidden Name: "Though it were told in three thousand  
 languages, what would air, soil, water, fire, know of my  
 Name?"

He had unshaken faith in the inherent rightness of all  
 phenomena, and he asks doubters rather ironically: "Did you  
 guess that the celestial laws were yet to be rectified and  
 worked over?" For him there was neither doubt nor hurry.

My rendezvous is appointed—it is certain;  
 The Lord will be there, and wait till I come, on perfect terms.

He had secret intimations of pralayic and manvantric successions :

There is no stoppage, and never can be stoppage ;  
 If I, you, and the worlds, and all beneath or upon their  
 surfaces, were at this moment reduced back to a pallid  
 float, it would not avail in the long run ;  
 We should surely bring up again where we now stand,  
 And as surely go as much farther—and then farther and  
 farther.

Whitman loved Nature, but usually in her human aspect. Seldom did he, like Thoreau, seem to find Nature's pageants sufficient in themselves. To his vision, a vast similitude interlocked all, and he believed that soggy clods should become lovers and lamps and that a blade of grass was the journey-work of the stars.

Not in similitude only, but in identity did he believe. "You cannot degrade another without degrading me." He does not try to imagine what another feels ; " *I am* the man—I suffered, I was there!" And after he has identified himself with the old artillerist, the mash'd fireman with breast-bone broken, with silent, old-faced infants, sharp-lipp'd, unshaven men, the mother condemned for a witch, the spent slave hounded by pursuers, he exclaims :

O Christ! This is mastering me!  
 In at the conquer'd doors they crowd. I am possess'd.  
 I embody all presences, outlaw'd or suffering ;  
 See myself in prison, shaped like another man,  
 And feel the dull unintermitted pain.

His passion was for unity, and he sometimes attained the state consistently sought by the yogī.

After democracy his major themes are Love, Death and Joy ; yes, and Religion, although to many he appears essentially irreverent and irreligious. His "Chant of the Square Deific" contains hints that, with St. John of the *Apocalypse*, he saw the unfolding Cross within the cube. Certain is it that he saw God in all, and all in God ; and, absolutely, God was Love. The kelson of Creation is love : Those who love



each other shall be invincible: Love is the base of all metaphysics—these are some of his assertions. He was not proud of his songs, but he was proud of the measureless ocean of love within him.

He linked love with death, and joy with death, in a manner disconcerting to the surface thinker. Singing lustily of life in all its aspects, he would turn and celebrate Death with the mystic ardour of a mediæval saint seeking the Divine Union. "Give me your tone, O Death, that I may accord with it." "I do not believe that Life provides for all, but Heavenly Death provides for all."

After singing the joys of the earth, and the joys of pensive thought, he turned to the joys at the thought of death, which included prophetic gleams of better, loftier love's ideals. He was an incarnation of joy—"I am the ever-laughing"; but, strong and serene, he could face the joy of suffering—to be entirely alone with one's enemies, to find how much one could stand, to look strife, torture, prison, popular odium, death, face to face—to be indeed a God! Yet, when he wished for the word final, superior to all, the Sea gave it him:

Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word DEATH;  
 And again Death—ever Death, Death, Death,  
 Hissing melodious . . . but edging near, rustling at my feet,  
 Creeping thence steadily up to my ears, and laying me softly  
 all over . . . Death, Death, Death, Death, Death.  
 The word of the sweetest song, and all songs,  
 That strong, delicious word which, creeping to my feet,  
 The sea whisper'd to me.

He firmly believed that whatever happens to anybody may be turned to beautiful results, and that nothing can happen more beautiful than death. Because of Whitman, the race will go forward much richer in one of the essential elements of progress—Hope. He saw everything existing for the sake of the Soul; all things were miracles, wholesome and sweet, and his ultimate word was: "I swear there is nothing but Immortality."

Frances Adney

# PSYCHOANALYSIS IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY<sup>1</sup>

By CHELLA HANKIN, M.B., B.S.

ALMOST every one has heard of psychoanalysis, and many people are beginning to get interested in it. A few have become keenly interested, because they realise that psychoanalysis is a big thing, for it deals with big things, in an arresting, real, and original way. It has, in fact, discovered no less a thing than how to construct a mirror in which people, if they will, may view their own souls. You may, if you have the strength, and a sufficiently real longing to know the truth, survey your weaknesses, foibles, faults, your deficiencies, and lack of expression of latent potentialities, and so in the light of knowledge start to reconstruct and shape your character.

Psychoanalysis is a comparatively new thing, yet it is already world-known, and, personally, I believe it is going to be one of the forces which will help to shape the future. If this be so, it is very desirable that Theosophists should understand it thoroughly, as indeed they should endeavour to understand, as far as possible, all the thought in science, literature or philosophy through which the race is gradually evolving. And this is desirable for several reasons: First of all, a very high authority has told us that Theosophic truth can best be promulgated by "enforcing its theories, . . . with direct inferences deduced from and corroborated by the evidence furnished by modern exact science". And then

<sup>1</sup> A lecture given to the Blavatsky Lodge, T.S., London, on November 6th, 1919.

again, modern exact science and Theosophy, if an attempt is made to correlate them, can become mutually very helpful. The Ancient Wisdom supplies the principles and super-physical facts, which ordinary science may, if it will, use deductively to amplify and extend its own physical-plane discoveries. This is particularly true in relation to the science of psychology, for here we are dealing with a mass of super-physical facts, which facts, were they even tentatively acknowledged by psychologists, would turn their outlook, from being a more or less uncharted wilderness, into an exact science. Science, on the other hand, can give Theosophists the means, acquired through much painstaking research, through which the principles and facts known to Theosophy can become demonstrated to their ordinary senses. Take psychoanalysis, for example; it has devised a method through which we have demonstrated to us a means through which we can directly explore the condition of our subtler bodies, and have still further proof of their existence.

From another standpoint, it is particularly necessary for Theosophists thoroughly to understand psychoanalysis, because it deals with so much that has a direct bearing on Theosophic teachings. So much so is this, that it is conceivable that Theosophists might become shaken in their beliefs and, distrusting their own intuition, begin to wonder whether the psychoanalytic outlook were not the correct one. To the superficial investigator the psychoanalytic outlook is strikingly like the Theosophic. Perhaps this is one of the reasons which causes psychoanalysis to become so speedily popular amongst Theosophists. Psychoanalysis, because of the common factors which bind the race through the unconscious, postulates the equivalent to our belief in brotherhood. It further believes in an unconscious—in Theosophic terminology, a sub-conscious—and has discovered the existence of reacting thought-forms; it has also, unknowingly, come into contact

with the consciousness residing in the permanent atom. It speaks of "a God within," and its belief in a psychological determinism approaches, from one aspect, our belief in karma. It teaches, moreover, that it is only through sacrifice and sublimation (*i.e.*, transmutation) of his lower tendencies that man can evolve. Moreover, it has much to say on dreams, and so also has Theosophy. Again, one aspect of psychoanalytic research deals with a very interesting investigation in comparative mythology—the mysteries—and the common factors to be found in all great religions. This investigation has been woven, with wonderful, painstaking research, into the fabric of psychoanalysis in support of its teachings and conclusions.

Now, in this lecture, I shall try to touch upon all this, and attempt to correlate Theosophy and psychoanalysis in these aspects. For this purpose, I propose to deal with the subject under three headings :

- I. A general explanation of its principles.
- II. Psychoanalysis as a Therapeutic System.
- III. Psychoanalysis as a contribution to the thought of Comparative Mythology and Religion.

First of all to explain its general principles. We must remember that there are several varieties of psychoanalysis, but the only variety which I shall deal with to-night is that system elaborated by Dr. Jung, of Zurich. His system is the one which appears to me to have most truly grasped the facts concerning consciousness as they *really* are. He allows the facts of consciousness to mould his system for him, instead of trying to force the facts found into a preconceived hypothesis. This, for example, is what Dr. Freud of Vienna has attempted to do. He has discovered in his investigations the undoubted, very great importance of sex in human psychology. By sex he means the mutual attraction between the sexes at all levels of consciousness. But having made this discovery,

he then became so lost in the same, that he came to the conclusion that the whole of human psychology revolved around this central idea, or root-complex as it is called. Some most amusing reading is to be found in books written on psychoanalysis by followers of the Freudian school, as the result of this conclusion. The strenuous and far-fetched efforts which are made to mould all facts into this primary idea are certainly most ingenious, although so far-fetched as to be sometimes very funny. But it must be owned that the reader who has not yet learnt to view the fact of biological sex as inevitable, interesting, and at the same time a factor in human evolution, most necessary to be understood, is apt, in reading such books, to be overcome by repugnance. And then, as a result, one often hears vehement dislike expressed of psychoanalysis in general, and of Freud in particular. This is a mistake, for however one may disagree with Freud's conclusions, one recognises that he is one of those to whom the greatest honour is due. Fearlessly he shakes himself free from all the trammels which man's ignorance and wrong acting and thinking have built around this subject, and fearlessly builds up a scientific system, which has laid him open not only to the attack of the world at large, but also perhaps to that of the bulk of his profession. Moreover, we must realise that although we may feel we cannot accept his conclusions in many things, we are indebted chiefly to him for the *practical* discovery of the unconscious, which has made all further research along these lines possible. I say *practical* discovery, for although the unconscious was known and discussed from an academic standpoint before Freud's time, it was he who first discovered the means through which this unknown territory could, to some extent, be explored.

Besides Freud, there are other well known scientific investigators along these lines—Adler, for example, who takes as his root-complex “the will to power,” and in consequence

excels Freud in his strenuous endeavours to mould all material to fit in with this standpoint.

And then, besides the followers of these well known investigators, one meets with a large number of would-be workers on these lines who, seizing upon the technique of psychoanalysis, attempt to apply it with good, bad, or indifferent results, according to their stage of knowledge, personal fitness, and general suitability to the work.

I would emphasise that the results may be indifferent, or even dangerously bad, as the result of ignorant handling of this difficult subject. To attempt to interfere with the workings of such a delicate organism as the human soul, is certain to bring about disaster, unless the operator is particularly suited and trained for the work. In fact, certainly in its application as a therapeutic measure, I am not at all certain that the lay worker is at all desirable. In any case, he who takes up this work must have an intimate, sympathetic, and first-hand understanding of human nature, and as far as possible, of its multitudinous interests. In addition, such a one should not only have an academic, but a practical acquaintance with human psychology, both in health and disease. And all this is not easily acquired; therefore the really capable psychoanalyst cannot so readily be found. Anyone who wants to be psychoanalysed should be very careful to whom he entrusts the task. And, above all, anyone who would attempt to help others to put their consciousness in order, should be willing to strive to the uttermost to have his own in such a condition that he will aid instead of harming his patients.

But after this digression as to the various schools of psychoanalysis, let us return to the explanation of its main principles. As I have just told you, psychoanalysis has discovered the unconscious, or, in Theosophic language, the sub-conscious, from the *practical* standpoint. The technique which it uses to explore this region arises from an ingenious application

of the psychological laws of association—through the so-called “interpretation of dreams,” and again, through a test called the association test. It has discovered that the unconscious has a language—a symbolic one—and furthermore, although there are no fixed and universal symbols, nevertheless there is a remarkable uniformity in the type of symbols used. Jung explains this by stating that lying in the unconscious is the history of the evolution of the psychology of the race, and thus archaic methods of thought and feeling manifest themselves therein. And when the unconscious speaks in its symbolic language, it has much to tell the waking consciousness. In direct and forcible language it talks of the faults and foibles of the individual to which it belongs, of his repressed fears, wishes, and aspirations, and demonstrates those things in him which are calling out for expression, and shows him along what lines his evolutionary growth should proceed.

As to the nature of this type of consciousness, Jung has not much to tell us. He regards it simply as one mode of expression of consciousness expressing itself through dense physical matter. Consciousness expressing itself through dense physical matter is, for Jung, the only reality we need concern ourselves about, for his outlook is strictly empirical and practical, and ontological speculations are remote from his system.

Another strong characteristic of his teaching is the insistence upon the fact that all true growth must come from within. Man must be strong and autonomous, must free himself from all leading-strings and props, find out his true line of growth, and then advance to meet life courageously, tackling and overcoming all the obstacles that may lie in his path.

Now all this agrees in many particulars with our Theosophic outlook, but our ultimate explanation of the facts concerned is very different. For example, the Theosophic conception of what the subconscious is, materially differs from

that of the psychoanalyst. The psychoanalytic unconscious, from the Theosophic standpoint, consists of the following factors:

(a) The astro-mental body with its accustomed vibrations and reacting thought-forms. The latter, which consist of astro-mental matter acted upon by various thoughts and emotions in relation to any particular subject, are called complexes by the psychoanalysts.

(b) The etheric brain and nervous system, where originate, I am inclined to think, much of the dream-life investigated by psychoanalysts.

(c) The consciousness lying in the permanent atoms, which contain the vibrational possibilities of the long line of evolution behind the individual. It is this common experience of the race, contained in our permanent atoms, which causes the unconscious in every one to speak the same symbolic language. For the symbols that are used, stand for those external forces and objects of Nature which the infantile consciousness of the race gradually correlated with its own innate inner powers.

(d) Then there are the higher promptings of the ego, which Theosophy would include in the superconscious, not in the subconscious.

Thus it can be seen that a large part of that which psychoanalysis would class as part of consciousness proper, might, to the Theosophist, more accurately be classed as the mechanism of consciousness. This dividing of consciousness into consciousness proper and the mechanism through which it works, is a very helpful one. It simplifies and clarifies much of the findings of psychoanalysis, and, personally, I have found it a very great help in teaching patients to understand themselves.

The psychoanalyst's realisation of the necessity of finding through what line of growth and conduct each individual can best express himself, fits in remarkably with our Theosophic



conception of dharma. Moreover, the realisation of psychoanalysts that all true growth must come from within, also closely corresponds with the outlook of Theosophists. We also believe in a "God within," who must guide and direct each man's evolutionary growth. But the psychoanalyst's "God within" stands for something very different from that of the Theosophist. To the latter it means the spiritual ātmā-buddhi-manas, the reflection of the immortal monad. To the psychoanalyst, it only stands for that part of the "libido" which tends towards evolutionary growth. From the psychoanalytic standpoint, that part of the libido which is under the control of the waking consciousness corresponds to the will. The libido of the psychoanalyst can be defined as psychic energy, and from the Theosophic standpoint is composed of prāṇa, driven by will, entangled often in elemental essence.'

Dreams, from the standpoint of psychoanalysis, are the means through which the unconscious expresses itself in the brain-consciousness. The person's ordinary, often artificial, method of thought and feeling, creates what is called a censor, which prevents the unconscious expressing itself except by means of symbol, which indeed is the natural language of the unconscious. Through dreams all the suppressed and non-expressed material lying in the unconscious manifests itself, and can be understood by anyone who has learnt its language.

The psychoanalyst who does not really understand the Theosophic standpoint, and, on the other hand, the Theosophist who does not really understand the psychoanalytic outlook, are apt to imagine that their respective viewpoints as to the meaning of dreams are diametrically opposed to each other. This is far from really being the case.

Theosophy would classify dreamers and their dreams under four heads :

(1) The quite undeveloped man, whose ego cannot yet get into touch with his sleeping bodies.

(2) The more developed type, who is still unawakened in his astro-mental body, but whose ego is sufficiently evolved to be able to get into touch with his sleeping bodies. By being "unawakened" I mean that the ego cannot yet function independently in his astro-mental vehicle, whilst the physical is asleep.

(3) The still more developed person, who is fully awake on the astral, but who may or may not "bring through" the remembrance of the same.

(4) The fully developed person, who will not "dream" at all in the usual sense. His etheric and dense physical brains, trained to respond only to the impacts of the ego, will remain quiescent whilst the ego is away from them, and so perfectly record the astral happenings on his return.

This last type is so rarely found, that it is not necessary to take it into consideration in practical psychoanalytic problems.

To review the other types :

The first type belongs to such a primitive stage of development that its dreams are simply the product of the etheric and dense physical brains, with perhaps some desire-surgings from the astral, which is floating over the sleeping body. Dreamers of this type will fit in well with the Freudian conception. Dreams relating to wish-fulfilments concerning sex, food, or a fighting- or fear-complex, generally frankly undisguised in their expression, will be all that will be possible at this early stage.

In type second, where it is possible for the ego to influence the dream-life, some warning or advice from this source may appear. It will be possible at this stage of evolution to know the better and do the worse, and the suppressed knowledge as to the better will begin to appear as symbolic dreams. This type of sleeper is much more easily influenced by vibrations, noble or ignoble, which may strike his sleeping bodies from without, and so act as an instigator for a dream. These vibrations may come from either the dense physical or the

etheric. Other types of instigation can come through changes in the physiological condition of the body, or through vibrations started by the astro-mental body or by the ego. The dreamers of the third type will differ according to how far they can bring through their activities on the astral. Full remembrance is very rare, and what is remembered often merely acts as an instigation to start an etheric or dense physical brain dream. It appears likely that this class of dreamer will probably have nearly all his dreams originating in his etheric and dense physical brains, for his astro-mental body will be fully occupied elsewhere, and so will not influence the sleeper so fully as in less developed types. This last type of dream will be symbolic, and quite useful for the purposes of psychoanalysis. Of course in this type also, the ego may give symbolic warning or advice ; and just before awakening, the astro-mental body will also have its share in producing a dream.

So it will be seen that, with very rare exceptions, the dream material of practically every one can be used for psychoanalytic work.

Moreover, we have so far seen how the Theosophic outlook sheds much light upon, and amplifies, the findings of psychoanalysis. In addition, it more truly meets the requirements of humanity than does the outlook of psychoanalysis. Deep down in man's nature there is the inner necessity, because of the essential nature of his being, of the assurance of his individual immortality, and of all that that belief implies.

The Soul of man is immortal.

The principle which gives life dwells in us and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent.

Any system which does not allow for this necessity cannot perfectly satisfy every potentiality belonging to humanity.

Chella Hankin

*(To be concluded)*

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## FRIENDSHIP

THE class was over : we sat alone,  
A solemn Buddhist priest and I ;  
Sweet odours on the south wind blown  
Were all that sought our company.

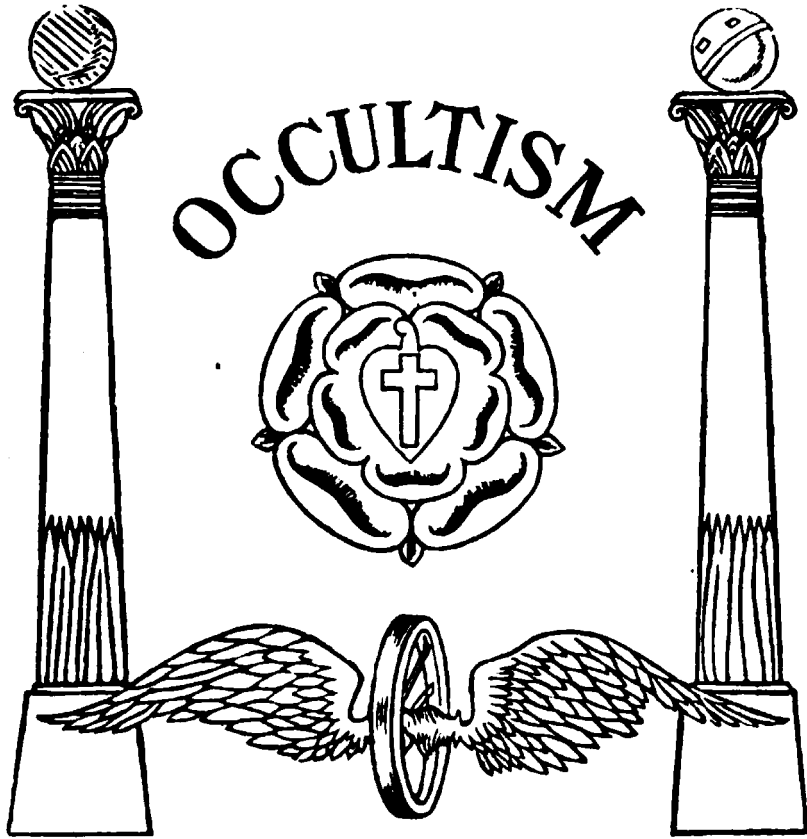
“ For him who has no friend,” he said,  
“ Life is a desert, bleak and wild.”  
He mused awhile, then raised his head ;  
With wondrous radiant eyes he smiled.

“ But who is not my friend ? I love  
In this our world all living things.  
Dear souls are they, the sad who move  
In silence, and the bird that sings.”

He spoke these words, and slowly rolled  
His tidy pack of English books ;  
Bowed like a courtier of old,  
And took his way with joyous looks.

All I had uttered in that hour  
Fell from me and became as nought.  
Mine was the need, and his the power ;  
He was the teacher, I the taught.

E. E. SPEIGHT



## THE DEVAS IN MODERN LIFE

By L. E. GIRARD

**P**ERSONS who even profess a belief in devas (fairies) in these modern times are looked upon as mad. Still more lunatic is a man who claims that these celebrated creatures could have an active part in modern life. And a Westerner like myself, who lends weight to such superstitions, is not only mad but a renegade. Amongst Āryans, only an Indian can be forgiven his absurdities of belief, because after all he is the victim of bad upbringing in a wrong tradition ! But a Westerner who helps to maintain these superstitions in the East and

to revive them in the West, is a thoroughly bad lot, a corruptive force. Fortunately belief in *devas* is not yet legislated against, and one is legally safe. As for what people think who know nothing about the matter, that is of no consequence—one is legally safe, at any rate, in saying that for him *devas* exist even now. Such an assertion is by no means unique in modern times; nor are the Theosophists generally, so many of whom hold the same views, alone in their notions. The anthropologists of the most modern school have at least one member who affirms his belief. And I suspect that Andrew Lang held the same views as may be found expressed by the well known American, Mr. W. Y. Evans Wentz, in his book, *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries*.<sup>1</sup>

Generally speaking, however, among educated people the Theosophists stand alone in this matter. Outside the vast mass of primitive people and the ignorantly (and intelligently) “superstitious” peoples of India, perhaps their solitude is complete. But that is merely because they are eccentric in their own way—as an eminent Indian member of the Society said most wittily the other day: “Our eccentricity consists in the fact that we practise what we preach.” This eccentricity, practised along lines of practical Brotherhood and the like, produces many reforms in politics and social life in India and the world round, but its larger effect in occult matters, such as this of the *devas*, will only come later. It is never too early however, to repeat facts in the face of ignorance. Such repetitions serve to irritate the ignorant and, finally, to make them think. And there are, indeed, few things so irritating to the man of modern so-called scientific mind as to continue to assure him that you know something he doesn’t know, and to refuse (or claim yourself unable) to demonstrate your facts for his benefit in the manner he demands. He does not realise, in spite of all his supposed education, that his denial of your

<sup>1</sup> I note with interest that Mr. Wentz is just now in Tibet.

facts throws on him the burden of the proof of a negative, a thing most difficult—even in mathematics, where, for instance, the squaring of the circle has been proved impossible, but only, I gather, in Euclidean space.<sup>1</sup> And as for proving that no deva exists, the thing is absurd on the face of it.

To prove their existence is comparatively easy by means of ordinary evidential procedure. But the laboratory or field demonstration is what the modern materialist wants. He wants a fairy pinned to a board, or put up in alcohol in a bottle, or hunted down with dogs and guns. He does not realise what a nonsensical request that is. If he did, he might be content to say: "I don't know, and I doubt very much whether anybody knows." And then there might be some hope of demonstrating to him the thing his open mind might enable him to see.

Might, I say; because, after all, modern life has made fairy lore a difficult subject. We lead such dirty lives, psychically and even physically, town dwellers in particular. Then also we are always too self-centred and hurried to get anywhere with knowledge of the devas. And even in a more leisurely land like India, mantrams which are supposed to allude to them or call them are recited by persons who do not even know the meaning of what they are saying, let alone the right intonation, breathing and effort of thought and will required. Such prostitution of Wisdom, of course, makes more and more remote the possibility of getting into touch with the devas. They feel, rightly, that they are being mocked. They are called, in muffled tones, by persons whose

<sup>1</sup> Our ideas of the nature of even physical space are being revised along lines indicated by the discussion in November, 1919, in the Royal Society.

Understanding of the nature of the imaginary number will doubtless in due course throw much light upon many of our philosophical ideas, higher mathematics and philosophy being identical. There is a tradition that Pythagoras said that the most secret of all the mysteries of his school lay in the relation between the decimal and duo-decimal systems. The cycles of human history, no less than the movements of solar systems, have a mathematical basis, upon whose highest layers we are beginning at last to strike exploring picks. But until knowledge is seen as one, there is no hope.

personal lives are frequently most unsuited (I use a mild term) for contacting them. Coarse, thoughtless, bigoted men cannot expect to be answered, even if they call rightly, for they are unfit to move with those delicate creatures. In houses, for example, where children are neglected, or where the girls and young women have not their rightful place, and older women only maintain a position by force of lower character, no true deva would deign to penetrate to answer an appeal, though plenty of lower forms of psychic life as readily flourish in such bad emotional atmosphere as in the etheric surroundings of, for example, a drunkard.

And then the whole of the town system of living is everywhere against the devas. Sanitation is so rare, and the dust and dirt so incredible, especially since motor-cars outstripped roads in excellence, that in towns the finer worlds are deserted by them. Here and there one finds, especially in outlying areas and in shrines, remote, old influences. In commercialised pilgrim centres, despite their claim to veneration, the great deva vessels are empty and dry. With this aspect of things Mr. Leadbeater has dealt in *The Hidden Side of Things*.

In every way the most striking phenomenon in regard to the fairies in modern life is their agricultural influence. He is stupid, of course, who would stay the advance of modern scientific agriculture, with machinery and all the scientific knowledge of manures and soils which we now have. But there is another phase of the matter which is of immense importance to India, and it can first be understood and practised in India alone. Proper ploughing, fertilising, sowing in right proportions and at right intervals, drainage of fields and the like, produce good physical crops. But the whole of the agricultural profession is more than the mere production of food for the feeding of men as if they were oxen. We live by the perpetual sacrifice of the vegetable kingdom. This adjustment between the life of Nature and the higher life of man may be



regarded as a definition of sacrifice: the limited dual life of the lower kingdoms is given up, that the higher kingdom may receive the best expression. Now, if grain is sown and cultivated without thinking of the life which gives it being, that life, being unstimulated to higher things, merely fulfils its own law of being. But when the cultivator understands that every grain possessing germinal tendencies can be made to react to special influence, he is able to bring about two real and useful results which, added to the fine body of the crops resulting from scientific agriculture, produces superior food.

These results are not required in growing fodder for animals, for these are two subdivisions of the same department of evolution. Wheat has little to contribute to the body of an ox so that that body may better express the soul, for there is almost no soul. But with man the case is different.

The two results are these: first, that by intelligently appealing to the forces of Nature the cultivator invites into his field hosts of nature spirits of the most beautiful and varied kind, which assist him with the growing plants; second, that they contribute to that growth a life-side which they alone can give. This is particularly the case in connection with the common grains and fodders, as practically all of them are on the same line of evolution, embodying a life which next passes through ants and bees, and then, in the form of small etheric creatures, continues its good work in fertilising and stimulating plant growth. All these forms have been brought up together for centuries and are, so to speak, at home with one another. These tiny creatures swarm where conditions have been made right for them, and, like etheric butterflies and small birds, and in other forms beautiful and quaint, play about in the fields and encourage growth, just as do earth-worms and the like. Where the cultivator is merely mechanically scientific, they come by accident. Where the farmer is coarse and offensive, as he often is in the West, the very act

of his ploughing contaminates the soil in a small but noticeable degree, and his unpleasantly magnetic hands handling the seeds leave a psychic aroma far from encouraging to the new life. When planting is done by machinery, the result is neutral. But when, on the contrary, an intelligent interest is exhibited by the farmer in his work and its inner character, there is an impress left upon the seedling, and a still more remarkable result obtained by inviting to his help the hosts of tiny creatures and (where possible) the much more intelligent and capable nature spirits proper. For it must be remembered that the great Devarājas, like the Masters, are exceedingly ready to help those who wish to help them in their work.

We might speak of one of them as the King of the Wheat. His interest is to improve the form so that the life indwelling may have the fullest expression. Now a farmer who knows what he is about, will realise that the wheat that he is about to sow will be reinforced in its growth by elementary forces (temporary nature spirits) which the King of the Wheat allows to that particular batch of grain. His intelligent appreciation of this fact is at once responded to by the King of the Wheat, who pours out as much force as is necessary to give response to the hopes and interests of the farmer. When this grain is sown, there lies over the field a special atmosphere of inviting vitality, and if the sower be a clean spirit and his deliberate invitation is added to the natural delights, the field becomes filled with the aforesaid tiny creatures and greater nature spirits; and perhaps even a passing angel, seeing that a great congregation of creatures is possible there, descends into the field now and then from some surrounding wild place to teach his wee people and in his natural way stimulate growth. The resultant crop, physically, and as it were psychically, well-formed because of proper scientific agriculture and scientific Occultism, is greatly added to by a content of special life-force,

and such food, if it be not ruined in the hands of occultly ignorant subsequent dealers, comes to its consumer as a true sacrificial offering, dedicated to this end by those who have produced it.

In the grain and vegetable gardens of a Master this phenomenon is of common occurrence, and it is doubtless in part due to this that the food thus brought to Him is infinitely more sustaining than that which we have. With the sinking of Atlantis this occult agricultural art has been virtually lost, only the faintest vestiges being visible in parts of India. The coarseness of our materialism is due in part to the crudeness of our attitude towards food, the horrors of meat-eating being unmitigated by any sense of apology to the animal—though this would necessarily do little good—and the thick stupidity of our feeling towards the vegetable kingdom being equally unrelieved. Obviously, unless one has one's own complete garden and domestic establishment, the production of such occultly grown food is impossible, for between the intelligent consumer and the intelligent farmer there lie two or three handlings by unintelligent tradesmen and cooks—the latter necessarily the most formidable obstacle, for it is a matter of common observation that food prepared in a spirit of affection, as by a mother for her children, is very much more nourishing than the same food prepared, however scientifically, by a paid chef. So that a complete revolution in the social attitude towards the nature spirits and their work would be necessary to ensure any effective result, a revolution in many professions, to be accomplished only in a new system of education.

This illustration of what might be done with the devas in modern life is but one example, chosen for its clarity, out of scores of possibilities. In towns nothing can be done unless there is a still more complete revolution; for the incredible filth of our streets and sewers, and even of our very persons, to say nothing of modern habits

of drinking and smoking, are an absolute barrier. More might be done in the country, but at present it is only wild life which can present to us the influence of the fairies. This in part explains the degree of flavour and nourishment that is found in wild trees and nuts, in the wild cherry as against the domestic. But there is not the least reason why, under right conditions, the old relations should not be restored. In India alone, I believe this effort might have result, for at bottom there is at least a readiness to believe, and belief is the first factor required. One wonders whether India, in recasting her education, will not make a very terrible mistake if she does not take cognisance of these vital factors? If she brings into the villages an education based upon these and like definite principles of the spiritual life, she can once more resume not only her position as the granary of the world in the physical sense, but she will become likewise the chief storehouse of practical spiritual wealth.

L. E. Girard

## THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF PLANTS

By EGYPT L. HUYCK

(Continued from p. 290)

There was never mystery  
But 'tis figured in the flowers.

—EMERSON

### COMPOSITÆ

**T**HE Sunflower family is called “the youngest and largest plant family, comprising about seven hundred and fifty genera and ten thousand species”. The reader can see what a hopeless-looking task one would have before him to investigate this family. Many of those that grow here are very interesting, so we will begin with the common Sunflower—*Helianthus annuus*. Botany names twenty-five others, but so far as the consciousness goes, we need consider but one. On the astral plane it appears violet with a yellow aura. The consciousness is devotion to Deity. One is reminded of the words of an old ballad :

As the sunflower turns on her God as he sets,  
The same look that she gave as he rose.

Thistles—there are five named sorts that grow in this vicinity—are a pest to the farmers everywhere, and most difficult to eradicate from the fields. For their consciousness we will consider one thistle—*Carduus Californicus*. On the astral plane it is a pink and grey combination, and the consciousness is—power, authority. That which the policeman exercises is a fair example ; for other thistles, the power of a “boss” over a railroad “section gang” would be good. It

might be interesting to say just here that *true power* seems to belong to the Magnolia tree. It is grown in this latitude with some measure of success.

The well known English daisy is much like her big sister the sunflower, not quite so strongly developed in that consciousness. Daisy—*Bellis*—on the astral plane is a green and blue, a sort of sympathy and devotion. Consciousness—worship of the Deity.

Golden Yarrow—*E. Confertiflorum*. This has small flowers, but it grows in such large clumps that the effect of the golden yellow cluster is handsome and very conspicuous on the dry hill-sides; it is woody and below from one to two feet high. On the astral plane it is a bright blue; its consciousness is serene devotion, the kind that folds the hands and leans back in the chair with the attitude—"I am saved". When I tested this Golden Yarrow I was reminded so strongly of many very good people that I used to know, in the days when I attended Sunday school and did Church work, that now, though yellow is my favourite colour and the blossoms make beautiful bouquets, I pass it by, and select something that is less self-righteous in its influence.

*Encelia Californica* is a handsome, conspicuous shrub, two feet or more high. The flowers are two or three inches across, with three-toothed, bright yellow rays, and dark maroon or brown centres. On the astral the centre is yellow and the rays a blue-grey. Consciousness—devotion to God, mingled with fear. Gum-weed—*Madia dissitiflora*. A slender plant, over a foot tall, with hairy stems and leaves, which are aromatic when crushed, pretty little yellow flowers, about half an inch across. On the astral plane it is a bright violet, and the consciousness—joyous praise. Desert Coreopsis—*C. Bigelowii*. The garden Coreopsis is the same, and well known. On the astral plane it is violet flushed with pink, and the consciousness—prayer. Aster—*A. Chamissonis*. These grow all over

the U.S. and are quite variable, they have yellow centres with white, purple, or violet rays, never yellow. On the astral they are lavender, flushed with yellow, and the consciousness—duty-devotion.

With this long list of devoted Sun-worshippers it is quite necessary to have a little unbelief to balance things up a bit, and we have it in the Dog Fennel or May weed—*Maruta*; it grows anywhere and everywhere in most unpromising places from coast to coast. On the astral plane it is a greenish yellow with flashes of grey and blue. Consciousness—unbelief, an agnostic.

Golden rod—*Solidago*. Botany names forty-eight, but let us be content with one. The aura is well-outlined, very clear and distinct grey-yellow; the flower-heads are violet. Consciousness is devotion to God in the old, Calvinistic, religious manner. Marigold—*Calendula*. On the astral plane it is purplish red; the aura, light blue. Consciousness—religious pride, not developed enough for hypocrisy. It is such an effective bedding plant that it is extensively grown for landscape effects here in California.

Dahlia. The splendid qualities and gorgeous beauty of the present-day Dahlia have won for it a place at the head of the most important garden plants—so says *The Garden and Floral Guide*. Persons who have attended "Dahlia Shows" quite agree as to their gorgeous beauty. The flower that grows so wonderfully should have a fine consciousness, but we will leave it to each reader to judge for himself. On the astral plane the flowers look blue, interlaced with yellow lines that are almost geometrical. Consciousness—pride of place, power and position. The Dahlia is a native of Mexico, where Baron Humboldt found it growing in sandy meadows several hundred feet above the sea level. It ornamented the royal gardens of the Escorial, at Madrid, for several years before Spanish jealousy would

permit it to be introduced into the other countries of Europe. It was first cultivated in England in 1804.

*Chrysanthemum.* This beautiful emblem of Japan deserves to have retold the strange legend of the method of its introduction into the Island. Considering the quality of the consciousness of the chrysanthemum, it is a very interesting legend ; here it is, very briefly.

Centuries ago, the Emperor Kytoshim ruled the Island, and peace and plenty filled the land. The old records say that his reign was called the Reign of Great Contentment. But, like other great men, the Emperor had a most relentless enemy, Warui, who lived in exile, on the ridge of the backbone of Nippon, on the topmost crag. He filled his years in plotting revenge. The Emperor's son died ; and during this period of grief, Warui saw that it was his time to strike. So in the month of cherry blossoms he descended to the Imperial City ; dressing himself in the yellow robe of a holy man, he took his stand outside the palace, announcing that the Great God himself had spoken to him.

A great crowd gathered, and he addressed them thus : "The Great God is well pleased with you, and for your reward sends you a wonderful flower, a flower that is softer than the lotus, more stately than the lily, sturdy as the young pine, and more delicate than the plum blossom—but it is without scent. The first—so the Gods have ordained—who brings sweet odour to this flower, the one quality that it lacks, may wish three wishes which will come to pass even exactly as he wished."

By the aid of his magic, Warui caused dozens of strange flowers to spring up in the hard-packed clay. The people dug up the plants and carried them home. News of the heaven-sent flowers spread like wild-fire, and pilgrims came from all parts of the Island, seeking plants, that they might get in the race to give scent to the flower and gain three wishes. The result was



that industry was neglected, bitter jealousies arose, and bloodshed, famine and plague imperilled the Empire; but no odour came to the flower. Thus ended the Reign of Great Contentment. The Emperor finally awoke to the state of affairs, and issued an edict that no more flowers should be grown in the land, under penalty of death; but the tangled, scentless blossoms have survived.

They were introduced into Europe about 1790; the first Chrysanthemum Show was held in England in 1830. It ranks very high as a commercial flower, something around five hundred thousand dollars worth being sold annually in the U.S. One would think that its name referred more to the commercial value than to its colour—*chrysos* meaning gold, and *anthe-mon* meaning a flower. On the astral plane it appears a bluish white with a lovely rose aura; its consciousness—a fierce, possessive desire—it could hardly be called love, yet it is something akin to it—the rose aura would so indicate.

French Marigold—*Tagetes*. These are quite different from the *Calendula*, for they belong to the “power” side of the family. On the astral plane, they are primrose in colour, and the consciousness is that self-conscious power that goes ahead and gets things done. Dandelion—*Taraxacum*; a most objectionable weed. On the astral plane it is a bright purple, and a symbol like an inverted triangle always appears with it. Its consciousness seems to be the power of brute force—“You will do what I say because I say so.” Lettuce—*Lactuca*. Here is the sleepy member of this family; the aura looks much like the heads of lettuce—rather expansive; the consciousness is dreamy and sleepy.

COMMON NAME	BOTANICAL NAME	ASTRAL APPEARANCE	CONSCIOUSNESS
Sunflower	... <i>Helianthus annuus</i>	... Violet, yellow aura	... Devotion to Deity
Thistle	... <i>Carduus Californicus</i>	... Pink and grey	... Power, authority
Daisy	... <i>Bellis</i>	... Green and blue	... Worship of Deity
Yarrow	... <i>E. Confertiflorum</i>	... Bright blue	... Serene religious devotion
Encelia	... <i>E. Californica</i>	... Blue-grey	... Devotion mingled with fear

COMMON NAME	BOTANICAL NAME	ASTRAL APPEARANCE	CONSCIOUSNESS
Gum-weed	... <i>Madia dissitiflora</i>	... Violet	... Joyous praise
Desert Coreopsis...	<i>C. Bigelowii</i>	... Violet flushed with pink	... Prayer
Aster	... <i>A. Chamissonis</i>	... Lavender flushed with yellow	... Duty-devotion
Dog Fennel	... <i>Maruta</i>	... Greenish yellow flashes of grey and blue	... Unbelief, agnostic
Golden rod	... <i>Solidago</i>	... Violet, yellow-grey aura	... Rigid devotion
Marigold	... <i>Calendula</i>	... Purplish red, light blue aura	... Religious pride
Dahlia	...	... Blue interlaced with yellow	... Pride
Chrysanthemum...		... Bluish white, rose aura	... Possessive desire
French Marigold...	<i>Tagetes</i>	... Primrose	... Self-conscious power
Dandelion	... <i>Taraxacum</i>	... Purple	... Brute force
Lettuce	... <i>Lactuca</i>	... Delicate green	... Dreamy sleep

### LEGUMINOSÆ

The writer has waited for inspiration to write up this strange family of beans and peas; as no inspiration seems to be forthcoming, there is only one thing to do—be brave, and face the vices that the bean seems to represent, and rejoice that the peas stand for virtues. It is extraordinary indeed that the commercial varieties of beans represent the evil in human character, and the commercial peas the devotional and virtuous, through all the varying grades of emotion in the other members of the family, until they reach the locust and Acacia in purity and sympathy.

To begin with the garden beans, *P. Vulgaris*, *P. Nanus*, *T. Lunatus* and *T. Multiflorus* will be quite enough. They are so much alike; the lima bean is the least vile of the lot. On the astral plane they are white with a purple ring on the outer edge; they remind me of the flesh of a human corpse. The consciousness—cruel and slovenly, something like that of a "Bowery tough". The Acting Dean at Krotona said of the beans, when asked about his impression of them: "They affect me, astrally, as unpleasantly as a bad odour does on the physical plane. I sometimes eat green beans, but not the dry ones; I can do as well without them."

Clover—*Trifolium*, *Trefoil*—every one knows the common white and red *T. repens* and *P. pratense*, also Alfalfa—*Medicago sativa*—and yellow Melilot. They are all so much alike that one will suffice; I have tried them over and over again for years, but my findings are ever the same, and still I hesitate to place on record those investigations. The bees distil more honey from the white clover and the Alfalfa than almost any other flowers in the United States. As food for cattle, horses, sheep and hogs, it has no rival; to be sure, farmers have to be careful that stock do not overeat of it when it is very green in the spring; but aside from that, it has a marked degree of utility. It is too bad to give it such a black mark, along with its brother the bean, as I shall be obliged to. On the astral plane it reminds me of decaying flesh, and the consciousness is much like the bean—cruel and impatient; it kicks the cat, boxes the ears of the child, beats the horse, etc.—a most unpleasant group of plants.

Peanut—*Arachis*—another miserable member of the family. Its commercial value in 1909 was eighteen million, two hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars, against seven million, two hundred and eighty thousand dollars in 1889, in the United States alone. I recall my first real "feed" of peanuts when as a small child I attended the circus—and by the way it was my *last* for many years. No doubt many mothers will remember anxious hours when their offspring have suffered the tortures of an "overfeed" of peanuts. While there are many fruits and combinations that bring about similar results, the peanut is particularly baneful. On the astral plane it is a muddy mixture of red-blue, green and brown. Its consciousness revels in nausea. I often eat peanuts now, when I feel quite well and positive, but *never* when tired or depleted enough to be negative in any degree.

Lupine. There are many kinds of *Lupinus*, but the *Rivularis*, which has blue, white and purple flowers, is most

common and is quite showy, as the plant stands about three feet high, bearing many spires of flowers, eight or ten inches long. On the astral plane it is a dull grey, with flashes of purplish red or blood colour. Its consciousness—lust and passion.

Wisteria. *W. chaninsis* and the *Multijuga* are the best-known varieties. It was introduced into England about 1816. The *Multijuga* was named in honour of Casper Wistar, an American anatomist, 1761—1818. This much-admired, flowering vine is very beautiful, but it has been one that the writer has always praised from a distance, rather than when near to it. At the time I began seriously to investigate the consciousness of plants, I met a "little lady" who had been doing work along this line for years. We talked for an hour or more; as our methods of investigation are very different, it might be interesting to my readers to reproduce, as nearly as memory will permit, our conversation in regard to the Wisteria.

She asked: "Have you ever tried the Wisteria?" I answered: "No, I don't like it." In reply she said: "Oh my dear, you will when you do, for its consciousness stands for unity; it is wonderful, you know, what marvellous unity the Japanese have; they grow it so extensively and love it dearly." You see, that was quite an argument; but my position had to be defended, and so I answered: "But the Japanese are Fourth-Race people." She was a bit staggered at that—it was such an unexpected answer. She recovered and said: "I had never thought of it from that point of view; but you try it, and I am sure you will love it." I promised, and we parted; much to my regret we have never met again. We did not agree on all points brought up; for example, she claimed that the Petunia had a consciousness of persistence, and as I found irresponsibility for that flower, silence was golden on that subject. Later, when assembling the families,

irresponsibility fitted in with the Nightshades much better than persistence (p. 185). To return to the Wisteria, on the astral plane it is a grey-violet—individual blossoms almost grey; consciousness—the unity of compulsion; it seems like the law of necessity rather than growth into unity.

Mrs. Taylor, in her book, *Japanese Gardens*, says: "It seems the Japanese love flowers more for themselves than for the images they invoke. . . . Their fiction is quite different from ours, for the personality is left out." The Japanese regard each other and their own egos in the same way; for instance, there are almost no personal pronouns in use in their language, "so that the human entity is only a drop in the vast sea of the divine entity . . . there are some lovely, elusive thoughts covering every object in nature, for example the Wisteria is likened not so much to a particular woman as to the lovely abstract ideal of one".

Readers will, no doubt, be interested in the way the "little lady" and the writer agree on this subject of the Wisteria. She seems to accept the consciousness of the flowers without bringing to bear on the subject the least question as to *why*, in this case, there is grey in the aura, or *why* there is that strange straining, as against bonds, in that sense of unity; perhaps hers is the better way, for too much use of the mind may spoil the joy and beauty—who knows?

Pea—*Pisum*. Garden varieties, on the astral plane, are lilac in colour, and their consciousness—loving devotion, without action. I have found that by combining peas with beets, either in salad or at the same meal, they act as a balance to one another; persons who have difficulty in assimilating beets may find this a helpful hint.

Sweet Peas—*Lathyrus*. We all vote in favour of the sweet pea; the beautiful Orchid or Spencer varieties are quite worthy of the admiration they evoke. On the astral plane they are well-outlined; colour—rose and blue intermingled, and the consciousness has added unto itself, through the efforts of man as he cultivated it, love and the expression of

love. It takes one back in thought to the brother-love of the old Romans and Greeks, who were so rich in friendships and expressed their regard for one another in such a charming manner. We are made familiar with it through the medium of the stage and the moving-picture plays. The sweet peas express that brother-love as beautifully as when in old Roman times brother greeted brother, hands upon shoulders, also hand over back as they strolled together.

Scotch broom—*Cytisus scoparius*. There are many kinds, natives of Europe, Asia and Africa, so named from Cythrus, one of the Cyclades, where it was first found. On the astral plane it is un-outlined, blue and yellow in colour, and the consciousness seems to be careless happiness. Deer weed—*Anisololus glaber*—a common and widely distributed perennial. The many long, smooth, reed-like stems grow from two to five feet high, so loosely spreading that they often lie on the ground, the long wands thickly filled with the yellow buds and orange blossoms. A valuable bee plant. On the astral plane it appears blue, the consciousness—sucking. Locust—*Robinia*—is a native of the United States, but traces of it are found in the Eocene and Miocene rocks of Europe. Its name commemorates the botanical labours of Jean Robin, herbalist of Henry III; his son, Vespasian Robin, first cultivated the Locust tree in Europe. It is a very beautiful tree when in full leaf, and at blossom time the flowers give forth a delightful, clean fragrance. On the astral plane it appears white, like a fleecy cloud in an April sky; the consciousness—purity, something like the innocent purity we find in youth.

Acacia. This beautiful and very ornamental tree is grown in this section, the *Melanoxylon* and *Latifolia* for sidewalk planting; the other varieties are grown for ornamental purposes; the *Pycnantha* (Golden Wattle) and the *Cyanophylla* (Blue-leaved Wattle) are perhaps strongest in the quality that they seem to possess. On the astral plane the tree appears a plume of light, its consciousness—a wide sympathy. It seems mental—more of the mind than the heart. It may interest

Co-Masons to be assured that the writer tested the Acacia in the spring of 1917, almost two years before she became a third degree Co-Mason.

It is interesting to remind ourselves that the Ark of the Covenant, and the boards, tables, etc., of the Tabernacle, were made of Acacia wood, called Shittim wood in the Bible—a name identical with the old Egyptian name for this tree. It is not attacked by insects like the Locust tree is; thus it was eminently suited for furniture such as that for which it was employed, in a climate where insects commit such ravages as in the desert and in Palestine. The wanderings of the Children of Israel were of such long duration that it was necessary that the Ark should be built of durable wood.

It is a much-loved tree at Krotona, and in the spring, when it is in full flower, it is fairyland indeed; the feathery wands seem to reach down and caress the passer-by, if he be hurrying to his work or only pleasure-seeking; the sympathy is shed upon all alike.

It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul, can bind.

—SCOTT

COMMON NAME	BOTANICAL NAME	ASTRAL APPEARANCE	CONSCIOUSNESS
Bean	... <i>P. Vulgaris</i>	... Dull white and violet	... Cruel
Clover	... <i>Trifolium, Trefoil</i>	... Dead purple	... Cruel, impatient
Peanut	... <i>Arachis</i>	... Red, blue, green, brown	... Nausea
Lupine	... <i>Rivularis</i>	... Dull grey, flashes of purplish red	... Lust, passion
Wisteria	... <i>W. chaninsis</i>	... Grey violet	... Unity of compulsion
Pea	... <i>Pisum</i>	... Lilac	... Loving devotion with- out action
Sweet peas	... <i>Lathyrus</i>	... Rose and blue	... Love and devotion ex- pressed
Scotch broom	... <i>Cytisus scoparius</i>	... Blue and yellow	... Careless happiness
Deer weed	... <i>Anisololus glaber</i>	... Blue	... Sucking
Locust	... <i>Robinia</i>	... Fleecy white	... Purity
Wattle	... <i>Acacia</i>	... Plume of light	... Sympathy

Egypt L. Huyck

(To be concluded)

## AGONY

*If it be possible, let this cup pass from me : nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.—St. Matthew, XXVI, 39.*

Coward ! Again that craven shrinking back . . .  
Forth thou shalt go and must—through death to life,  
Ere thou canst life attain—must know thy lack.  
What peace was ever cradled, save in strife ?  
And thou, forsooth, would'st fain the torture 'scape,  
Pleading a human frame and mortal shape !

Nay, not for this thou didst my mansions leave,  
Nor for dull pleasure closed the door of home ;  
I drave thee forth to earth, where all things grieve  
Save joys on wing, that ever seem to roam,  
Because, no joy abiding here, they fly  
From earth to air and hope to reach the sky.

But thou, with leaden weights, earth's heritage,  
Here have I set, to plough thy way to Me ;  
Thy teachers, care and woe, decay and age ;  
Thy monitors, each secret mystery  
Of soul that wanders between heaven and earth,  
Caught in the cruel snare of death and birth.

Now youth has flown, and hope, though years have not  
Carved with last score of age that furrowed brow,  
Still dost thou, fugitive, desire some spot,  
Some hallowed shrine of home to pay thy vow ?  
Nay ! Thou shalt wander on, and ever miss  
Thine own true home, nor in earth-love find bliss.



Courage! And bare thy back to Furies' scourge;  
Thine is the lot to hide within thy heart  
The passion that doth ever burn and urge  
When god and mortal mingle. Would'st dispart  
Life's rose of love, because the thorns of hate  
Grow on her stem, and stab thee, soon or late?

Give then thy lips unto my cup, and drink;  
No hour but passes; soon the wide sands run  
Sucked by the sea; from moist and weedy brim  
Time's tide will bear thee when thy day is done;  
Thou in the grave wilt find both rest and room,  
Nor, in a world of darkness, fear the gloom.

LEO FRENCH

## THE CHILDREN OF EUROPE

By S. B.

Nor can we ignore the conditions of Germany and Austria, . . . where post-war conditions are in some cases even more terrible than those of war itself . . . Europe cannot be restored to political and social health except by a combined effort of the philanthropy of civilised and Christian mankind.—LORD CURZON, 30th June, 1919.

ONE of the most appalling results of the war is the state of famine existing in Central Europe, especially as it affects the children. Information now published (with photographs) tells of almost incredible suffering, bound to continue for a long time in any case, and constituting, unless generous assistance is promptly forthcoming, a grave menace to the future of the race. Letters from Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Russia, Poland, and Armenia, all tell the same story with little to choose between them, so that only one quotation need be given to convey some idea of the distress prevailing throughout these countries. It was written by Dr. Ethel Williams, who had just returned from Vienna, and is taken from *The Newcastle Daily Journal* of June 20th, 1919:

I spent a great deal of time among the children, but could not find a normal child in Vienna. . . . They were *children of skin and bone*—white, emaciated, sunken-eyed. In the poorer parts, I never saw a child of less than two or three years walking. I was five days in the city before I found one attempting to play.

Other statements go into details of the pathological effects produced by extreme malnutrition, in cases where death has not resulted directly from starvation. Of these after-effects, tuberculosis seems to be the most common and disastrous,

having become "a dangerous epidemic" (Dr. Hector Munro, July, 1919). Some of the descriptions of other effects are too horrible to repeat—when the original publications can be referred to. But the real danger for the future may be gathered from Dr. Hilda Clark's conclusion, written from Vienna on May 12th, 1919: "The appalling rise in death-rate and fall in birth-rate threaten to remove the Vienna problem by wiping out the population."

It may be supposed that the removal of the blockade would have put an end to this scarcity of food and other necessities of life. Why, it may reasonably be asked, does this condition still continue?

In the first place the food productivity of Central Europe has been reduced in some places as much as 40 per cent. Then the means of payment for food imports, by exports of raw materials and manufactured goods, has been curtailed owing to the stoppage of industries. This scarcity of industrial products has caused such high prices that even where employment is to be found at high wages, sufficient food and clothing cannot be obtained. Finally, the consequent spread of disease has rendered so many workers incapable, that the reorganisation of industry can only proceed slowly.

Help of two kinds is being urgently called for: immediate help in the form of food and clothing for the children; and ample credit in trade, to enable industries to get restarted. The food sent by the Allies provides only a slight alleviation. In German Austria, for instance, which depends entirely on this source of maintenance, a "famine ration" of  $2\frac{3}{4}$  pounds of bread per head per week,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of flour stuffs, and occasionally a few ounces of meat, is all that can be supplied. Milk is only allowed for infants up to one year of age, and though sick children up to five years old were allowed  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a litre ( $\frac{1}{4}$  pint) per day for a short time, this grant was withdrawn on

May 21st. In the middle of May, Mr. Hoover drew up a scheme for providing school children with one good meal a day, and 130,000 are being fed in Vienna. It is hoped that nursing mothers and younger children may also be reached, and the scheme is being extended to some other parts of German Austria.

As regards private help, it is officially announced that "the Treasury have sanctioned, within certain limits, a proposal to provide one pound for every pound raised and spent by charitable organisations in the United Kingdom for the relief of distress in Europe". An organisation, known as the "Save the Children Fund,"<sup>1</sup> has been set on foot for this purpose, and is doing splendid work in appealing for contributions and forwarding them for distribution. The name of Mrs. C. R. Buxton, Secretary to this fund, is in itself a guarantee of integrity and efficiency; among the numerous forms of philanthropic work she has carried through, perhaps the best-known is her collection of extracts appearing in *The Cambridge Magazine* and representing the efforts made by enlightened writers of all countries to bring about improved international relations for the future.

Surely the relief of such wholesale misery is a practical form of brotherhood that Theosophists will be quick to recognise. The suffering caused during the war may have been inevitable under such conditions; but now that the state of war has been declared to be at an end, it is the duty of the less-stricken nations to do what is possible towards restoring peace in deed as well as in word. Least of all should the children be compelled to pay this awful penalty for a war not of their own making—a war not waged against children.

S. B.

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<sup>1</sup> Address—329, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### "THE ARTS AND CRAFTS GROUP" OF THE LEEDS LODGE

It has been said, with some truth I think, that when a crisis or transition period is about to take place in the world, this crisis or transition has again and again been foreshadowed, as it were, within the body of the Theosophical Society; that in fact the T. S. is something in the nature of a Pattern World, tuned to a higher rate of vibration than the world outside, and thus more sensitive to the stirrings of the mighty Forces which control mankind and guide the onward stream of Evolution.

This idea seems to be rather confirmed by the latest activity of the Leeds Lodge of the T. S. This Lodge has long been noted as a "live," go-ahead centre of Theosophic life, and as such it is only fitting that it should have the honour of foreshadowing what may some day, one hopes, be the more normal life of the great masses of the world's workers.

There has been formed within the Lodge what has been called by its members an "Arts and Crafts Group". This group is the outcome of the Spirit of the Lodge, a step in the right direction towards the forming of one of those Guilds of Craftsmen (and of course Crafts-women) who, with an ideal of Beauty before them, work not for themselves but for love of the work, and the creation of objects of beauty in a world sadly lacking in such things.

Naturally, in starting such a venture, it is essential to have, in addition to this more abstract ideal, some definite goal towards which to work. This goal is supplied by the fact that an extension on ambitious lines has been planned to the existing Lodge premises—a new library being the principle addition, to be known as the "Thanksgiving Peace Memorial" of the Lodge.

Primarily then, the work done is for the decorating of this new library, and a number of oak panels of varied symbolism, which will be incorporated into the walls, have already been completed. In addition, however, a large number of such articles as caskets, trays, small tools, bags and trinkets, have been made in poker-work and beaten metal. These are all for sale, and the proceeds are to be devoted to the furnishing of the library. The most ambitious piece of work done so far is a large table-bureau, a really wonderful

reproduction of a piece of seventeenth-century Chinese work. This is the joint production of several members of the Group.

It is given to few of us to bring down from the realm of the ideal our aspirations and imaginings on to the material plane, but when such a possibility does arise and is taken advantage of, then, as in this group of workers, there is kindled an enthusiasm which re-vitalises the whole atmosphere of the place. I am told that the members of the Group are all of them amateurs, and yet the work they have turned out, even in these few months (the Group was started in July of this year only), is such as would compare favourably with most similar articles the art shops can show. Moreover all the work has that subtle distinction which at once labels it as true handicraft, as distinct from the machine-made article.

It is an interesting venture and one that might well be emulated by many more of our Lodges, especially those which need some common interest, not too entirely in the realms of abstraction, to re-vitalise them and transmute their all too tepid interest into a flame of enthusiasm for the mighty work ahead of us as co-workers of the Masters and Servers of the World.

Leeds

C. S. BEST

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### WHERE IS KULJA ?

THE Gobi desert is really such an inaccessible and mysterious sort of a place, that we of the T. S. are likely to feel as if we had a claim on it, in virtue of our many lives there, if not a property right.

The shape of it, as shown on the map, is more or less like a pillow tied near one end. The larger section lies to the east of the tie and reaches to within three hundred miles of Pekin. The smaller part, to the west of the first, is in Eastern Turkestan and fills the Tarim basin. This makes the total length nearly two thousand five hundred miles, and the map shows a minimum of five hundred miles in width.

*Man: Whence, How and Whither* tells of the great city that was built on the shores of the "Gobi Sea," and many of us have pored over maps of central Asia, wondering just where the place really was. The map issued with Schwarz's *Vade-Mecum to Man* places the city near the outlet of the Tarim basin and not far from the lake named Lob Nor, or about twelve hundred miles north from Calcutta, and seventeen or eighteen hundred miles west from Tientsin.

*The Scientific American*, for 16th August, says that the Eastern Turkestan Agricultural Colonisation Company has purchased thirty three-ton motor trucks for carrying food, seed, supplies and agricultural products between Tientsin and Kulja. And Kulja is "approximately two thousand miles in the interior and without any means of communication, save by roads and caravan routes across the Gobi desert".

Where is Kulja?

Won't some one, with postage stamps to spare, write to these Eastern Turkestan people and tell them not to waste their time out there in the desert. The next great Colony is to be in Lower California, and they tell us that is not due for some six hundred years in any case.

*Morar, Gwalior*

HERVEY GULICK

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### A PILGRIMAGE TO THE TOMB OF THE RAJAH RAM MOHAN ROY

PILGRIMAGES are rare in England in these days, and Indians far away may be interested to know of a pilgrimage made to the tomb of an Indian Prince who lies buried in a great commercial city of the West. The name of Rajah Ram Mohan Roy is sacred to every Indian as the founder of the movement which to-day is spreading like a flame over the whole country, and the name of Bristol is known and loved because there he passed away, eighty-six years ago, after a life devoted to the uplifting of his people.

In the beautiful cemetery of Arno's vale, the gilded dome of the Rajah's tomb stands out prominently amid the forest of white pillars and headstones, with their background of vivid green. It was here, on September 27th of this year—the anniversary of his death—that a tiny group of people met to pay a tribute to the memory of the great pioneer of reform. The early autumn mist had melted away in the golden sunlight of a perfect English September morning, as towards the hour of noon, the sole representative of the Rajah's fellow-countrymen able to be present (owing to the railway strike), Mr. T. Paul, laid a wreath of magnificent yellow chrysanthemums at the foot of the tomb, and Mr. I. Lennard arranged the offerings of flowers which had been brought by the English men and women present as a token of their homage to the memory of one whom all Indians revere.

Very quietly Mr. Paul spoke of the spirit of Nationalism which is stirring into life all over India, breaking down barriers of caste and race, and drawing her peoples into closer union; of the need she feels for expansion and self-realisation; and then, of that great gift which India alone can give to the Nations—the gift of spirituality, the birthright she will keep for ever sacred for the world. And the hearts of those who took part in the little ceremony went upward to the Holy Ones who have her destiny in Their safe keeping, in the earnest aspiration that the Land, linked to our own by so many ties, may have her just desire speedily fulfilled.

K. M. GWILLIM

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## THE WORLD TEACHER AND DEMOCRACY

I AM in sympathy with the object of Mr. Martyn's paper in the current magazine, but it is spoilt by his wild history.

Mr. Martyn says that in 76 B.C. there was practically universal freedom and firmly established democracy. I suppose that even he would not say they existed in the effete monarchies of the East. Rome and Italy were the scene of a furious struggle between the aristocrats and the democrats, in which bloody proscriptions alternated with savage civil wars. The Roman dependencies were tyrannised over by their Roman governors, who shamelessly plundered them without limit. From this hell on earth they were rescued by Cæsar, whose revolution, distasteful to the Roman aristocrats, saved their provincial victims from their previous fate.

One more specimen. He says that the Christian Church, about A.D. 150, *suddenly* altered its organisation to the autocratic. This is not true. His own quotation from Renan simply states that the change took place in the reigns of Hadrian and Antoninus—nearly half a century. It was even longer than this, for the development of the power of the bishops began earlier and was not complete at the end of the time.

J. WILSON



## QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

*The Intuitive Basis of Knowledge, An Epistemological Inquiry*, by N. O. Lossky. Authorised translation by Nathalie A. Duddington, M.A., with a Preface by Professor G. Dawes Hicks. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 16s.)

There are probably few Theosophists who have not felt at times, when attempting to explain to others the important things which they have learnt, that they are hindered by the prejudice which is attached to the Theosophical terminology. It is comparatively easy for a scientist to turn occult science into ordinary scientific language and thus induce people to listen to new ideas without perceiving their Theosophic origin, but with metaphysical and philosophical ideas the case is more difficult. Medical science has helped a little by discovering thought-forms and labelling them "dissociated complexes," and here and there a few more terms are coming into use that do not bear the Theosophic label. Professor Lossky's book should be read by all who have a desire to spread Theosophical ideas concerning the real and the unreal in modern philosophical terms.

As the title indicates, the object of the work is to outline a new theory of knowledge, which is described by the author as "mystical empiricism," and the impression given by a glance at the plan of the chapters and a first reading of those dealing specifically with the new theory, is that here at last we find philosophy mingled with common sense. It is of very little use to tell the ordinary man that he knows nothing and can know nothing about the world that lies around him; because he knows that he does know, although he cannot uphold or defend his knowledge against the arguments of the pre-Kantian empiricists, whose philosophy is ably and clearly outlined in one of Professor Lossky's early chapters. Equally useless is it to assure him—as the rationalists do—that he is the universe and possesses all knowledge. But the dreamer in every man will respond to the idea that we know a little, that if we will we can know more, and that the complexity of the commonest thing in the universe will continue to reveal itself to the careful student in its "extensive and intensive infinity".

There are many interesting side issues in the book, not the least of these being the paragraphs in the Introductory chapter on the dogmatic assumptions underlying many scientific laws—the law of gravitation, for example—and the suggestion that while it is not necessary for a scientist to concern himself directly with these, “he certainly ought to know which of his conceptions about physical phenomena are unproven, either through lack of the means of proving them or because they are beyond the scope of his science”.

As an introduction to the study of philosophy the historical chapters in the book are valuable, for they afford a bird’s-eye view of the main lines of development of philosophic ideas from Locke to the nineteenth century; and if a sceptical reader doubts the conclusions arrived at in these chapters, he will at least find himself well equipped with the necessary data for proving or disproving them. It may not be out of place, in concluding a review of the book itself, to add a word or two in praise of the translation, which flows easily and is lucid and concise.

E. M. A.

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*What is Psychoanalysis?* by Isador H. Coriat, M.D. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

The question of psychoanalysis is very much before the public at the present time, but many people find the technical works on the subject exceedingly bewildering, and even popular articles are full of words and phrases which to them are meaningless. The present volume is intended to define for the general reader the expressions in common use among writers on the subject and to explain briefly the aim and scope of this comparatively new branch of mental therapeutics. It is arranged in the form of questions and answers, the questions having been compiled by the author during a long period of study and practice in this particular field, during which many persons have approached him with enquiries of various kinds regarding the psychoanalytic process and its possibilities of usefulness. The book does not, however, profess to “teach psychoanalysis”; as we are told in the Introduction, this can only be learned by “long training and study by one already experienced in nervous and mental diseases”.

As an exposition of the main principles on which this science is based and a statement of the position of its exponents in the world of thought, the book is excellent. The author does not

discuss or argue, he merely states facts according to the psycho-analytical interpretation. He explains what is meant in this particular connection by such words as transference, resistance, sublimation, wish, censor. He describes the attitude of the psychoanalyst towards dreams, and the relation which should subsist between the patient and the physician; and he brings up for elucidation many points which have no doubt occurred to every one who has even a casual interest in the subject—can a person cure himself of a neurosis by psychoanalytic rules? Does psychoanalysis tend to over-emphasise the sexual elements in neuroses? How does psychoanalysis differ from suggestion? From introspection? His answers to these questions are clearly and simply stated in a manner obviously intended not to persuade but to inform.

Dr. Coriat's attitude towards the system he describes is favourable throughout. He regards this method of investigating unconscious mental processes as full of promise for the future. He says:

Other psychotherapeutic methods deal only with the superficial manifestations of the neuroses and therefore cannot produce a fundamental cure. Psychoanalysis concerns itself primarily with the cause of the symptoms, with their real underlying mechanism.

Hence its great value and efficacy.

Theosophists will find this book a useful introduction to a study of great interest and importance, and one the results of which will serve the world better if they can be modified and interpreted in the light of Theosophical teachings.

A. DE L.

*The Wonders of the Saints and Modern Spiritualism*, by the Rev. Fielding Fielding-Ould, M.A. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 4s. 6d.)

One of the characteristics of the present time seems to be a queer coincidence of attitude towards very different things. The revolts against accepted things—in knowledge, in religion, in political institutions—have their chronological order and cover centuries, but at one and the same time we are now changing our attitude in all these directions. In revolts, it is characteristic of most men to throw overboard everything in the attempt to start afresh; but in spite of the tendency among many to-day to repeat this clean sweep of things and to "reconstruct" everything reconstructable, we would rather consider another attitude as more characteristic of our present generation.

This latter attitude might be called that of picking over our rubbish-heaps, or those of our fathers, to try and find how much gold they threw away with the rubbish.

We choose this way of describing this modern attitude because in the physical world it has been all but literally true. During the last five years, many a factory rubbish-heap in England has been made to yield its "gold" in the form of precious potash, which in agriculture and on the battle-field was worth much more than gold and was a real factor in the winning of the war.

A little careful thought will show that not only the factory rubbish-heaps, but many a mental and spiritual rubbish-heap is being looked over, and many valuable finds are being made. And one characteristic of the search in all these directions is the applying of the latest methods, the latest discoveries, to the testing of the old material. What the chemical expert did for the factory heaps, the Rev. F. Fielding-Ould has done for all the "Wonders of the Saints" which reformers "scrapped" long ago as utter rubbish, and the line he takes is to show how, within the lifetime of the present generation, many—nay most—of these "wonders" have been repeated and have been witnessed and attested by some of the most respected and learned men of the day. If these things are true now, why should they not have been true in the Middle Ages?—and of the saints? And so the author takes instance after instance, and gives back to all who would treasure them the "wonders" of such saints as St. Francis of Assisi, St. Philip of Neri, St. Theresa, St. Columba, and many another; and he brings these into line with the experience of many a modern mystic.

To those who know Mr. Fielding-Ould's other works, no recommendation is necessary, but to others who do not yet know his sane, balanced handling of such difficult subjects, we have no hesitation in recommending the present book. They will realise that the powers of man are not limited as some would limit them, but that man can transcend ordinary limitations, not by breaking but by fulfilling natural laws. To all, then, who are determined to hold on to that which is lovely, to that which is true, whether they find it within the inner or outer courts of a temple, or even outside temple limits, we heartily commend this book.

A. L. H.

*The Isha-Upaniṣhaṭ*, with a new Commentary by the Kaulāchārya Saḍānanda, translated with an Introduction by Jnānendralāl Majumdar, together with a Foreword by Arthur Avalon. (Luzac & Co., London. Price Rs. 3.)

Again we are indebted for this volume of Tāntric lore to the indefatigable "Arthur Avalon," who has made Tāntra Shāstra his special study. The *Isha-Upaniṣhaṭ*, made up of the eighteen closing verses of the *Vājasaneyi-Samhitā*—and so-called because the opening verses in the collection begin with the word *Isha*—tersely lays down the crowning wisdom of the Vedic Religion in such a manner as to lend itself to any interpretation within the four corners of what may be called Hindūism. It has been commented on by the founders of the different schools of Vedānta and their followers; and the commentary by a Tāntric Achārya contained in this volume tries to find a support in it even for those points of theory and practice wherein the Tāntric system seems to differ materially from any of the forms of the Vedāntic doctrine, each of which in its turn claims to be based on the same texts. We may regard Saḍānanda's commentary on this Upaniṣhaṭ as an attempt to read into it, as it were, the Tāntric doctrine, like the attempts of Vedāntic commentators to read into it their respective doctrines. The Tāntric doctrine being set forth clearly and in all its details in other works—*i.e.*, in the Tāntric Texts, such as those published by Arthur Avalon—the main object of this commentary must be, and is stated to be, to show that the Tāntric doctrine is not only not opposed to *Shruṭi*, regarded by all the Hindū religious sects as the highest revelation, but that it is also supported by it. To an impartial critic this attempt of Saḍānanda may have proved equally successful or unsuccessful, and equally convincing or unconvincing, with the Vedāntic commentaries. The commentary of Saḍānanda has, however, the merit of drawing attention to the points of agreement and difference between the Aḍvaita or Vedāntic Monism of Sankara and the Shākṭa's Monism, and of showing how the latter of the two is more consonant with the ordinary man's experience.

One or two noteworthy points of agreement and of difference between the two systems may be noted here. They agree in accepting the monistic conclusion of the *Shruṭi*: "All is Brahman," and proceed to show, each in its way, how one may deal with the duality of Puruṣha and Prakṛti in order to reach this monistic conclusion. Shankarāchārya's method consists in eliminating Prakṛti as being nothing. He posits only one Reality, Aṭman or Puruṣha, and identifies Prakṛti with ignorance, holding that the material world has no

other existence save in ignorance. While explaining the world by the inscrutable Shakti of Brahman, he holds that in reality the world does not exist, and that therefore no Shakti is really displayed. On the contrary, the Shākṭa tries to reduce dualism to monism by identifying Prakṛti with Puruṣha or Consciousness. He cites in support of this view a passage from the *Devī-Bhāgavata* which states that in Laya-yoga Prakṛti should be merged in Puruṣha or Ātmic consciousness. Prakṛti cannot, says the Shākṭa, be merged in Puruṣha unless it is consciousness like Puruṣha: it is impossible for a thing to be merged in and lose itself in that which is wholly contradictory to itself. In support of this view he also quotes the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, x, 8; viii, 22; ix, 7-8; vii, 4-6; xiii, 19-20; ix, 19.

Saḍānanda, in his commentary on this Upaniṣat, points out that there is in reality nothing unconscious in the world. According to the Shākṭa, Māyā is Brahman itself, when Brahman appears as the source of creation; and the Guṇas also are nothing but Chiṭ-shakti. He speaks of Nirguṇa-Brahman as inactive, and of Saguṇa-Brahman or Māyā as active, and regards them as identical, as Shakti and Shaktimān—as Power and the Possessor of Power.

Though the Vedāntic and the Shākṭa monisms differ in their views of the nature of Prakṛti, each has its place in Advaita spiritual culture. Shankara's position is that of a man who has risen above karma, who is established in pure Ātmā or perfect Consciousness and is not cognisant of imperfect Consciousness, and to whom, therefore, the world does not exist. Saḍānanda, representing the Shākṭa system and holding what may be called the theory of the Monistic Karma-yoga, speaks for those who look at the question from the world-standpoint, who have not attained to the sublime height of self-realisation, though intellectually convinced of Monism.

Saḍānanda's commentary on the *Isha-Upaniṣat* is of special value as indicating that the Tāntric Sādhana is in principle Vedāntic, the aim of such Sādhana being to achieve Monism through Dualism, the practice of dualistic karma under the inspiration of the monistic idea.

A. M. S.

*Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to his Children*, edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price \$2.)

When Theodore Roosevelt died, the world lost for the time being one of those all too rare types of men who combine in themselves political sagacity and the purest spiritual philanthropy. Of this latter side of him, those who had not the honour of his personal friendship were less aware; for the vigour of the political controversies in which he so persistently engaged, and which his hard-fighting characteristics intensified, raised clouds of dust—misrepresentation and positive lies—which obscured our vision of this great man. His children, fortunately, have been kind to us by publishing just now, not long after his death and while his presence is still warm in the world, his letters to them. These form a volume of extraordinary charm.

Mr. Roosevelt said to the Editor, when going over the letters, preparing them for publication: "I would rather have this book published than anything that has ever been written about me." Every reader who knows, for example, his *Winning of the West*, will instantly agree that his scholarship, rare as it is, is nothing beside the intense blaze of love which was always burning in the heart of America's Teddy, and glows through all the pages of this book. A great and fearless man we all know him to have been. The Panama Canal is an illustration of the result of the one, and that episode at Milwaukee (when a man shot him point blank over the heart, and Roosevelt walked straight in to the audience waiting for him and spoke for half an hour before indicating that he was even injured in the least degree) is a sample of the other of these two qualities of the man. For, great and fearless as he was, and even at the risk of putting off the less informed reader, I seriously say that here was a man who resembled in many ways the greatest of Cæsars.

But for the letters themselves. They are just the intense out-pouring of affection from this most loving father to his children. The recipients have wisely left the intimate superscriptions at the top, and so we have letters to Dear Quenty Quee, Dearest Archie, and Blessed Ethel—letters that prove the fitness of the form of address (as the writer himself would say) up to the hilt. They exhibit a delightful humour and glee at the episodes of home-life. I quote:

I am dictating in the office. Archie is out by the sand-box playing with the hose. The playing consists in brandishing it around his head and trying to escape the falling water. He escapes about twice out of three times and now must be a perfect drowned rat. (I have just had him in to look at him and he is even more of a drowned rat than I supposed. He has gone out to complete his shower-bath under strict promise that immediately afterwards he will go in and change his clothes.)

Quentin is the funniest mite you ever saw and certainly a very original little fellow. He left at Mademoiselle's plate yesterday a large bunch of flowers with the inscription that they were from the fairies to her, to reward her for taking care of two *good, good boys*.

Again he writes to Kermit regarding the Jamestown Exposition a letter showing the simple qualities of the man, devoting a large part of his letter to the following episode :

In the evening Mother and I got on the *Sylph* and went to Norfolk to dine. When the *Sylph* landed we were met by General Grant to convey us to the house. I was finishing dressing, and Mother went out into the cabin and sat down to receive him. In a minute or two I came out and began to hunt for my hat. Mother sat very erect and pretty, looking at my efforts with a tolerance that gradually changed to impatience. Finally she arose to get her own cloak, and then I found that she had been sitting gracefully but firmly on the hat herself—it was a crush hat and it had been flattened until it looked like a wrinkled pie. Mother did not see what she had done, so I speechlessly thrust the hat towards her ; but she still did not understand and took it as an inexplicable jest of mine, merely saying : “ Yes, dear,” and with patient dignity turned and went out of the door with General Grant.

There are few glimpses of the heavy labours and the tiresome side of the Presidential life, but one may be quoted from a letter of October 1907, regarding one of his campaign tours.

[The first part of] my trip, up to the time that we embarked on the river at Kaokuk, was just about in the ordinary style. I had to continually rush out to wave at the people at the towns through which the train passed. If the train stopped anywhere, I had to make a very short speech to several hundred people who evidently thought they liked me, and whom I really liked, but to whom I had nothing in the world to say.

I remember happening upon him at a western railway junction where a similar episode occurred, but this time the President had something to say. American readers will recall that, during his campaign for a third term as President, the newspaper men dubbed Roosevelt's party, and particularly himself, as the Bull Moose, so as to have it named after an animal, just as the Republican party is denoted by an elephant (the Grand Old Party) and the Democrats by a donkey. Thus, the Progressives were led by a Bull Moose. Well, here by this railway junction Roosevelt's train had drawn up, and the usual gaping crowd waited for crumbs of wisdom. Mr. Roosevelt came out on to the back platform, and the crowd, after cheering, subsided slowly into silence, and the trap-like jaws of the ex-President opened to emit some of the things that he presumed he had to say. But just at that moment an enthusiastic engine-driver, catching sight of Teddy, let off a terrific blast of the whistle of his engine. Roosevelt's open mouth drew back in a broad and characteristically toothsome grin, and then, the moment the engine-driver had stopped his whistle and silence once more ensued, Mr. Roosevelt pointed at the engine and said just one word—“ Bull Moose ”. Whereupon, amidst roars of laughter, he made his escape into his private car !



We feel apologetic at quoting from this delightful book, partly because the materials are so intimate and partly because it will just spoil the fun of the reader, who (if he is wise) will go straightway and see for himself. We recommend the remark of Quentin Roosevelt, as quoted in a letter of 1905, by his father to Kermit :

The other day a reporter asked Quentin something about me; to which that affable and canny young gentleman responded: "Yes, I see him sometimes; but I know nothing of his family life."

The American public saw a lot of its beloved Colonel Roosevelt, but it knew very little of his family life, here so graciously revealed.

There are two things I would like to mention as of peculiar interest to Theosophists. The one is the singular mixture in Roosevelt of intense love for and kindness to animals, and his extraordinary lust as hunter. It is a common thing in the western world, and just the result of a brutal tradition. It is only that persons are brought up in it and, in this particular, do not think for themselves. Roosevelt mistook exercise and fresh air and the need for hardihood and manliness, and the destruction of fine wild bodies, as close correlatives, but we must not blame him unduly for his part in the cruelty our civilisation perpetrates. Had he, perhaps, when he was small, had some one to show him a gentler mode of following his taste for physical pursuits, things might have been different, for his nature was really loving and gentle. Here is a letter of 1906 which illustrates the point :

[To-day, when I was marching to church, with Sloane] some twenty-five yards behind, I suddenly saw two terriers racing to attack a kitten which was walking down the sidewalk. I bounced forward with my umbrella, and after some active work put to flight the dogs while Sloane captured the kitten, which was a friendly, helpless little thing, evidently too well accustomed to being taken care of to know how to shift for itself. I enquired of all the bystanders and of people on the neighbouring porches, to know if they knew who owned it; but as they all disclaimed, with many grins, any knowledge of it, I marched ahead with it in my arms for about half a block. Then I saw a very nice coloured woman and little coloured girl looking out of the window of a small house with a dressmaker's advertisement on the door, and I turned and walked up the steps and asked if they did not want the kitten. They said they did, and the little girl welcomed it lovingly; so I felt I had gotten it a home, and continued towards church.

A small boy of my acquaintance once stood under a cherry-tree in full bloom, watching a scarlet tanager singing his soul out, his body a blaze of red against the delicate blossoms and the dark wood, his song a burst of glory in a still and dewy morning. And then, suddenly, behind him was the crack of a rifle, and the mangled, bloody body of the bird fell sickeningly on the ground at his feet. Turning, he saw behind him the gleeful, and, as it seemed to him then, the fiendish, face of a close friend, delighting in his skill in markmanship. A shock like that when he was small, might have awakened in

Mr. Roosevelt strength to withstand the traditions of cruelty of the time.

The other matter of interest to Theosophists is a little paragraph to his daughter Ethel in 1906 :

I am not in the least surprised about the mental telepathy ; there is much in it and in kindred things which are real and which at present we do not understand. The only trouble is that it usually gets mixed up with all kinds of fakes.

American public life is certainly infinitely the poorer for the loss of this great and true man. How big, likewise, is the void to his children, we can understand if we but read this volume of *Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to his Children*.

F. K.

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*A New Heaven*, by the Hon. George Warren Russell, Minister of Internal Affairs in New Zealand. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 7s.)

The author of this volume can certainly claim to have presented to the public an entirely original conception of after-death conditions, which he describes as full of intellectual activity and fullness of opportunity—an existence where the wrongs and inequalities of the world are righted in a sort of Utopia of modern, up-to-date contrivances, all free and ready to hand !

The story tells of a Scotsman who had, in his youth, owing to a disappointing love-affair, emigrated to New Zealand. There, after leading a solitary life for many years, he is, one night, thrown into a mesmeric trance by a Maori possessed of magical powers. In this trance his soul is set free from his body, he knows himself to be dead, and finds himself in an existence outside the physical. Two Angel Beings greet him and explain where he is, and shortly he is whirled away to "Heaven," which is described as being a place and not a state of consciousness—a vast, luminous planet, composed of mountain ranges, forests, cities and rivers, but no sea, situated in the midst of space.

Descending to the "Great City," the home of all that is greatest in intellect and in art, the subject of the adventure is brought to the abode where dwell his parents with a long-deceased sister. The meeting with the sister is worth describing :

I walked up to the door with a beating heart, hopeful and expectant—it opened as I reached it, and a young woman in the early bloom of maturing life appeared ; with a cry of welcome she threw her arms about my neck and embraced me with great affection. I withdrew myself at once and said : " Pardon me ! Such a reception by a stranger is totally—" She smiled affectionately and said : " O Andrew, it's all right ! I'm your sister Marian."

Delightfully "Scotch," isn't it? One is no longer surprised that "Andrew" had an unfortunate love affair!

Having reconciled himself to the exuberant affection of his family, the hero of the adventure spends some time in the Great City, attending various functions, at which Gladstone, Lord Roberts and Kitchener all put in an appearance, apparently in the best of health and spirits (no jest intended!), but subsequently, to his intense disappointment, he is informed by his Angel guides that there has been some little mistake—he is not dead after all, and must immediately return to his body. In a flash, as it were, he finds himself awaking from the mesmeric trance into which he had been plunged—in his home, in New Zealand. For those who enjoy such fantasies, this book will while away very pleasantly a couple of hours. Judging by its dedication—"To the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of brave men belonging to Britain and her glorious Allies, who have 'gone west'"—it is written in all seriousness, as the product either of personal experience or of conviction.

G. L. K.

*Experiments in Psychical Science*, by W. J. Crawford, D.Sc. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 6s.)

This volume is a sequel to the author's previous book, *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena* (reviewed in THE THEOSOPHIST, February, 1919, p. 505), and in it he assumes that the latter has been read. Here he goes into further details of the levitation phenomena previously described, and gives an account of many fresh experiments which throw much light on the psychic mechanism employed in the production of such phenomena.

It will be remembered that the previous experiments led the author to the conclusion that the table was lifted by means of a cantilever of invisible matter which extended from the body of the medium and gripped the under-surface of the table, a conclusion which was confirmed by the "operators" on the other side; here the further information is given by the operators that this cantilever has a uniform diameter of about four inches, increasing to seven inches where it joins the body of the medium close to the ankles. Another interesting point here investigated is the tendency of the weight at the far end of the cantilever to tilt the medium and chair forward; and it was found that this actually occurred when the weight on the table reached the amount at which the mechanical leverage on the medium would naturally produce this effect; it was

also found that, for lifting heavy weights, the cantilever rested on the floor below the table. The method of anchoring a "psychic rod" to the floor was employed most advantageously in the experiments where the medium and chair were pushed along the floor. The author offers an ingenious explanation of the fact that no strain was felt by the medium where the cantilever entered her body—he supposes that matter of an intermediate density is used to distribute the attachment over the whole body.

Altogether the book is full of practical discoveries relating to the properties of what Theosophists would call etheric matter, such as its reduced action through screens of various meshes and placed in different positions. A remarkable feature of this "Goligher" circle, in which most of the experiments were carried out, is that the sitters seem to supply the psychic energy while the medium supplies the matter; but this division of labour does not appear to have been the case in the "contact" circle described later; the latter experiments, however, and those on "direct voice" phenomena, are not nearly so instructive. In every case we find the same scrupulous care and completeness of records that made the previous book so remarkable; above all, Mr. Crawford has succeeded in proving how much can be done for the science of psychic research by the intelligent arrangement of such simple and reliable instruments as weighing-machines and electric contacts. We are glad to read that he intends writing another book on the same subject; in the meantime every up-to-date student should make an acquaintance with this.

W. D. S. B.

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*The Bengāli Book of English Verse*, Selected by Theodore Douglas Dunn. With a Foreword by Dr. Rabindranath Tagore. (Longmans, Green & Co., Bombay.)

Very few people outside India, and even comparatively few in India, are acquainted with that chapter in the history of literary activity in English which includes Bengal's earliest literary adventures in the "perilous fields of a foreign tongue". The present anthology gathers together the most representative results of one hundred years of poetical effort, and in a short historical introduction Mr. Dunn introduces us to the authors of the poems he has selected for reprint. It is interesting to note how widespread was the response in that particular form to the impulse given to India by means of Western education. As Dr. Rabindranath Tagore points out in his Foreword, the movement towards self-expression in English verse,

which showed itself in Bengal in the middle of the nineteenth century, has a wider significance than that which its literary merit or demerit may assign to it. From the point of view of students of Indian history it is important as summing up a wider movement which is moulding the whole future of the country.

The West which at first drew us on to itself, has forcibly flung us back upon an intense consciousness of our personality . . . This has been illustrated by the course our literature has taken, almost completely abandoning its foreign bed, finding its natural channel in the mother-tongue. The following collection of English poems written by Bengali authors also proves it, in which the earlier writings are timorously imitative, while the later ones boldly burn with their own fire.

A. DE L.

*A Book of Months*, by Dorothy Grenside. (Theosophical Publishing House, London. Price: Cloth 3s. 6d.)

In this book the author takes us with her through the year, month by month, on a wonderful pilgrimage, introducing us to the "Lifter of Veils" in March, to the "Lords of the Dusk and Dawn" in May, to the "Spirits of the Wild" in July, to "Four Great Archetypal Kings" in September, to the "Wind of the Hills" in October, renewing our acquaintance with St. Bridget in November, and finally leaving us with the Christ Child in December. She is the antithesis of that Peter Bell, to whom

A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.

Everything she sees, from the dust at her feet to the stars overhead, everything she hears, from the sound of the homeless wind to the word that was Power—all becomes "Life Miraculous made manifest": "The life of every blade of grass is so vital, so marvellous, so unifying with her own, that every growing thing that is woven as a thread of the garment of the Universe is a mystery wherein she sees reflected the very Face of God." Or again: "The majesty of silent hills calls to the King within us, and our answering cry is the sure and certain seal of royal brotherhood."

To those then—and in these days there are many—to whom the God without is ever calling and claiming kinship with the God within—each revealing each—to all such this *Book of Months* will be a beloved companion and friend, renewing past ecstasies of worship beside the "clump of gorse in flower" or by the "sea-bound rocks," bringing back to him the "Peace that waits for him who learns upon the Hill that Rest is Motion and all Motion Rest".

To others this book may be the means of revealing to them the God within by showing them the "outer beauty which is only the reflection

of an inner radiance of spirit," may give them that inalienable experience "when the body leaps to join the Spirit in an ecstasy of joy, in the presence of that Universal Life that calls through open sweeps and untouched wilds". They will be glad that they answered the author's call: "So come with me to the wood's deep heart, that you may build your dreams anew, that you may brush the earthly dust from off the pathway you would tread, that you may hear the Spirit-Cry that calls in the lonely spaces of the night." And they will shut the book with the deep conviction that "Humility is not for such as we, for we are Stars of Being in a sphere that is not built awry".

The book is one of those which can only be enjoyed to the full by being read aloud, for not only has the "beauty born of murmuring sound" passed into it, but the beauty of the piping of the robin, that of the rushing wind, of the massive mountain—until we find ourselves bathed with the silences which are no silences. After enjoying a book as much as we have this one, it may seem captious to utter a word of dispraise, but for the sake of those other books which we are sure to have from this author, we would suggest a less frequent use of capitals; the theme, we admit, lends itself to their use, but a deeper trust in the intuition of her reader will lead her to discard them in the same way as we have discarded the frequent underlinings which our grandmothers considered necessary for the exact communication of their thoughts.

A. L. H.

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#### MAGAZINE NOTICES

WE have received: *Phuleli*, the magazine of the Sind National College. The first number of this quarterly is one of which Mr. Ernest Wood, the Principal of this College, may be justly proud. Its practical nature may be seen from an article on "Chemical Industry for Sind" by H. W. Muirson Blake; this magazine was accompanied by the Prospectus and General Report of the College. Also *The Madanapalle Magazine*, the excellent monthly of one of the oldest Colleges connected with the T.S. in India. From Australia come copies of *The Round Table Magazine* (Brisbane) and *Follow the King*, the latter being a presentation of the objects of the Round Table; both are really artistic productions and contain some first-class articles. We also welcome *Theosophy in India* and *The Message of Theosophy* (Burma), and notice with pleasure a magazine, *Vision*, edited by Dorothy Grenside and Galloway Kyle.

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