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The following telegram was received this morning from Coimbatore, where the President and Mr. Arundale and Mr. Wadia have been interned:

"Released last night unconditionally.—Besant."

to take the same course in regard to other persons upon whom restrictions have been placed under these Rules merely by reason of their violent methods of political agitation.

Twelve days have passed, during which all India has been keenly expectant of the release of the interned, but nothing so far has happened, in spite of rumours day

after day. One more monthly anniversary of Internment Day has passed, bringing with it protest meetings everywhere. There certainly has never been such an upheaval of feeling throughout all India as over the internments; and the emphatic determination of the Indian people to do everything to set the interned at liberty, is sufficient comment on the claim of the Government that the President has ever used any "unconstitutional and violent methods of political agitation". A further intimation of what the Indian people think of what she has done to help their cause is the fact that she has been elected as the President of the Indian National Congress—the great political body which represents Indian opinion—for its next session at Calcutta in December. I hope, before this number of THE THEOSOPHIST is finally issued, it will be possible to announce that she and Mr. Arundale and Mr. Wadia are back with us in Adyar. When they are free once more, it will be a happiness for them to know that their martyrdom has unified India as never before, and has brought nearer the goal of Home Rule within the Empire for which Indians are striving so earnestly to-day. One further thing will add to their happiness, and that is that as the result of the agitation over their internments, not only will they themselves be released, but also many others who have worked for national aims and suffered as they have, specially the Muhammadan leader, Mohammed Ali, and his brother Shaukat Ali.

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It is curious that none of those who are so terribly shocked that the President of the Theosophical Society should say that it ought to stand for the equal freedom

of all opinions which do not excite to crime, made no protest when the same President, in December, 1915, said that the Society should throw itself on the side of the Allies. The German and the Swedish members said that this compromised the neutrality of the Society, as indeed it did. The passage was in her Presidential Address, and ran as follows:

> We, who are Servants of the White Brotherhood, who regard Love as the supreme virtue, and who seek to enter into the coming age of Brotherhood and co-operation, we can but follow the Guardians of Humanity, and work for the triumph of the Allied Powers who represent Right as against Might, and Humanity as against Savagery. The Theosophical Society, the Society of the Divine Wisdom, founded by members of the White Brotherhood and their Messenger in the world, must throw itself on the side which embodies the Divine Will for Evolution, the side on which are fighting the Supermen of the day. If by this we lose the members we had in the Central Empires, after the War is over and the madness of it is overpassed, it must be so. Better to lose our members than to lose the blessings of the Brotherhood, better to perish, faithful to the Right, than to become a fellowship of Evil.

It would be well to devise some method whereby the Society should decide for itself what it means by neutrality. Does neutrality impose upon it official indifference to all the great questions of Right and Wrong? May it not, as a Society, stand up for Religion, for Justice, for Freedom, for Humanity? In the great struggles which usher in a new civilisation, must it crouch in a corner silently, while the great and good are grappling with the forces of evil? When the World-Teacher comes, must it stand aside and see Him crushed for lack of help, pleading its neutrality, while Judas betrays and Peter denies? Neutrality in matters of varied religions, of party politics, of disputes on philosophy, of education, of social reform, is one thing; but neutrality on questions of the evolution and degradation

of Humanity is quite another. When GOD and the Devil are at grips—to use the old terms—neutrality is cowardice, neutrality is crime.

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The doctrine of Universal Brotherhood which the T.S. expounds, brings with it the obligation that all who reverence the ideal of Brotherhood should actively work for it in some one way or another. To Theosophists, all work which conduces to the liberation of the Divine Spirit of man from the limitations that surround him is Theosophical. The Spirit of man on its upward way is held down by bonds of many kinds; these may be superstitious religious observances, unbrotherly social customs, false ideals of education, or political conditions which hinder the free expression of the soul's full nature. The T.S. as an organisation, since it stands for Brotherhood, gives its perfect sympathy to all—to individuals or organisations alike—who strive to achieve all aims which tend to liberate the Spirit of man and give all men larger opportunities for Self-expression.

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In the statement which the President has made about freedom of speech and the T.S., she has clearly stated that the Society "cannot identify itself with any special creed, religious, social or political". The Society as an international body cannot declare in favour of or against Home Rule for India or Ireland, or for or against a monarchical or republican form of government for Spain or Portugal or any other country, or for similar special political creeds. But with all, in these and other movements, which conduces to freedom of speech "for all opinions which do not excite to crime," and which helps men to fuller opportunities for spiritual

growth, the Society is allied by its very nature as a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood.

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The spirit of the brute which has surged up of late from the depths of humanity's past, and which has manifested itself in the fierce barbarities of to-day, unfortunately not less among civilians than among the fighters, has caused a ghastly situation in America. The colour feeling of the whites as against the negroes probably manifests itself in the United States more acutely than anywhere else; and one of the strangest paradoxes of civilisation to-day is to find there a most advanced civilisation having still embedded in it characteristics of the most primitive. Thus we find, on July 1st last, these events took place in the city of East St. Louis in Illinois, the State which was the centre of political activity of Abraham Lincoln the Liberator, who abolished the slavery of negroes in America.

No two writers agree entirely in their accounts of the beginning of the massacre. Henry M. Hyde, a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, says that on the evening of Sunday, July 1, a Ford automobile, occupied by four men, was driven rapidly through the negro districts of the city. The four men yelled, cursed and fired revolvers right and left. Some of the shots are said to have entered adjacent buildings, one of them a church, whose bell was rung later. At the ringing of the bell—evidently a preconcerted signal—two hundred armed negroes assembled and, marching two abreast, started downtown. They were met by a police automobile, also a Ford car and also containing four men, who proved to be police officers in plain clothes. The officers started to explain, but the negroes refused to listen, and when the car turned, fired a volley at the fleeing officers. One of them was instantly killed, another died later. Then hell broke loose. For the greater part of thirty-six hours, negroes were hunted through the streets like wild animals. A black skin became a death-warrant. Man after man, with hands upraised, pleading for his life, was surrounded by groups of men, who had never seen him before and who knew nothing about him except that he was black, and stoned to death. A negro girl,

seeking safety from a band of white men, was attacked by white women, and despite her pleas for mercy had her face smashed by a club wielded by one of the white women. An aged negro, tottering from weakness, was seized and hanged to a pole. Three million dollars' worth of property was destroyed. State guardsmen were called out, but did nothing. The police seemed helpless or acquiescent. A number of arrests were made, but hardly anyone was held. "I have heard of St. Bartholomew's night," writes Carlos F. Hurd, in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, I have heard stories of the latter-day crimes of the Turks in Armenia, and I have learned to loathe the German army for its barbarity in Belgium. But I do not believe that Moslem fanaticism or Prussian frightfulness could perpetrate murders of more deliberate brutality than those which I saw committed, in daylight, by citizens of the State of Abraham Lincoln.—*(Current Opinion)*

During my six years' residence in America I have noted again and again sporadic outbursts of this nature, but never such a holocaust as this, of which this is the summary: "Forty or fifty of the coloured people were killed; nearly a hundred were taken to hospitals; more than three hundred houses in the negro quarter were burned to the ground." Anyone living in America knows how difficult is the negro problem, but one unrecognised element of the difficulty lies in the easy-going, self-excusing attitude of the American people whenever these outrages happen. The vices of the negroes are held to excuse the vices of the whites, and instead of a stern condemnation and a determination to wipe out such a terrible blot on a young and beautiful civilisation, there are excuses and explanations. One is glad to see that Col. Theodore Roosevelt is an exception to this rule, and has denounced not only the crimes but also the explanations offered for them.

How can we praise the people of Russia for doing justice to the men within their boundaries if we in any way apologise for murder committed on the helpless? In the past I have listened to the same form of excuse advanced in behalf of the Russian autocracy for pogroms of Jews. Not for a

moment shall I acquiesce in any apology for the murder of women and children in our own country.

The Theosophical Society in America has evidently a stupendous task ahead of it, to permeate American civilisation with the real spirit of Brotherhood. At first sight there seems no land which is a more fruitful field for Brotherhood; but the moment colour comes into question, as between man and man, then atavistic reversions blot out men's higher natures. When the great World-Teacher comes, He comes to all peoples, and it is well that America should put her house in order for His Coming. He will require of all nations many sacrifices of their prejudices, and those nations who train themselves in such sacrifices before He comes will be those which He will be able to carry with Him to higher types of civilisation. If the United States of America does not so prepare herself, she certainly will not go forward to her high destiny which the Gods have prepared. For His life is the life of all men, and what He said of old is still true to-day: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

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One of the daily trials of some of us who live in Adyar is to be confronted with the terrible poverty in India, and to feel our utter helplessness. They talk in Blue Books of the prosperity of India; and even here, judging from the motors of landowners and prosperous lawyers, India seems thriving and happy. But in one special way we gain a glimpse at Adyar of the poverty of the land, and it is from the number of poor boys who come to us for money for school fees, for books, and even for board and lodging. Hardly a day passes when

we do not hear of the poverty of parents who cannot educate their boys; and to note in the boys the longing for education and to see how it is denied them, is a pitiful sight. For there is no free and compulsory education in this land yet, where even after a century and a half of British rule scarce two per cent of the people get any schooling at all. And daily the number of scholars increases, and as there are only a few colleges, crammed already as to numbers, the standard of requirements is steadily made higher so as to keep down those "fit" to be educated. It is not in Madras alone that we see these things; everywhere it is the same. And in the meantime Royal Commissions decide on increase of salaries for the I.C.S. Two-thirds of the President's income goes to help these lads who are starving for knowledge; and during the Internments, since her income has ceased, dozens of boys have lost what help she was able to give. With all possible means devoted to them, yet the letters come to her begging for help day after day. Most of these boys are not orphans; they are sons of Government clerks and others, but what the parent earns is scarce sufficient for food and clothing in these days of "prosperous" British India. Some day it will be worth while to make a Blue Book—should it not be a black book?—of this phase of Indian life, which the "heaven-born" do not see, or if they see, seem to think scarce anything of. But at Adyar, we are trusted by the poor and the needy, and into our ears are poured tales which make the heart bleed. That is why, here at Adyar, we understand why there is unrest all over the land and dreams of something better.

MRS. BESANT AS A FABIAN SOCIALIST

By G. BERNARD SHAW

[THIS article, as also the two following articles, was originally written for a memorial book intended to honour the President's seventieth birthday, but owing to the internments it was not possible to publish this book. We have therefore taken the liberty of publishing the article in the October number of THE THEOSOPHIST and assuming Mr. Bernard Shaw's kind consent.—ED.]

IT is perhaps a little hard on Mrs. Besant that the various phases of her public activity should be explained by others who cannot in the nature of things possibly know as much about them as she knows herself, and whose right to determine the order of their importance for her is very questionable. I can easily imagine a memorial volume of such explanations and

estimates producing nothing in its recipient but a lively desire to throw it at the heads of the authors. In risking this sort of impertinence, I at least do so with a very uneasy sense of its indelicacy, consenting only because, if I refuse, the work may be done by a less friendly hand. I have no fear of supplanting a more friendly one; for though it has not been my destiny to be anybody's friend in this incarnation, my peculiar genius having driven me along a path in which all personal relations except those with working colleagues have been reduced to episodes, my personal feeling towards Mrs. Besant remains as cordial after a long period of years during which I have hardly seen her half a dozen times as it was when her association with the Fabian Society brought me into daily intercourse with her.

Mrs. Besant is a woman of swift decisions. She sampled many movements and societies before she finally found herself; and her transitions were not gradual; she always came into a movement with a bound, and was preaching the new faith before the astonished spectators had the least suspicion that the old one was shaken. People said "She will die a Roman Catholic," which was their way of expressing the extreme of mutability for an Englishwoman. They were right to the extent that she was seeking a catholic faith; but she grasped that great idea sufficiently to know that Roman Catholicism is a contradiction in terms: real catholicism cannot be bounded by the walls of Rome. Her steps were rapid: she began as a clergyman's wife putting difficulties to Pusey, who missed this most momentous chance so completely that she was presently actively attacking the curious combination of Bible

fetishism with a bigoted determination to see nothing in the Bible that was really there which then stood in the way of all real religion in England. Then came a swift transition to the scientific side of the Freethought movement, excited as it then was by Darwin's discovery of that simulation of evolution by "natural selection" which seemed to atheistic freethinkers a conclusive explanation of the evidences of design in biological structure. My first recollection of Mrs. Besant on the platform is a meeting in South Place, at which nobody seemed incredulous when hopes were held out by her chairman that the production of what would now be called synthetic protoplasm might shortly be expected from an Edinburgh laboratory.

At this moment the freethought movement, until then unchallenged as the most advanced battalion of modern thought, found itself jostled by a revival of Socialism. The older freethinkers, to whom Socialism was only an exploded delusion by which Robert Owen and his son had sidetracked and discredited freethought in the first half of the century, opposed the new movement with contemptuous vehemence under the formidable leadership of Bradlaugh. But the scientific wing of freethought, knowing nothing of the Owenite episode and having been led to seek economic solutions of social problems by Mill, Marx, and Henry George, found a life and hope in the new movement which was somehow lacking in promises of synthetic protoplasm, survival of the fittest, and demonstrations that the throat of a whale was too small to pass Jonah down.

Mrs. Besant swept ahead with her accustomed suddenness and impetuosity; but it must have been a

tragic moment for her, as it involved opposing Bradlaugh, side by side with whom she had fought all England in the cause of liberty of conscience. Of Bradlaugh history has so far given every description except the only one that fits him. He was quite simply a hero: a single champion of Anti-Christendom against the seventyseven champions of Christendom. He was not a leader: he was a wonder whom men followed and obeyed. He was a terrific opponent, making his way by an overwhelming personal force which reduced his most formidable rivals to pigmies.

Now at this time Mrs. Besant was the greatest orator in England, and possibly in Europe. Whether it is possible for her to be still that at seventy I do not know; but I have never heard her excelled; and she was then unapproached. Certainly the combination of Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant was one so extraordinary that its dissolution was felt as a calamity, as if someone had blown up Niagara, or an earthquake had swallowed a cathedral. Socialism had many colleagues to offer her who were more accomplished than Bradlaugh. One of them, William Morris, was a far greater man. But there was no platform warrior so mighty: no man who could dominate an audience with such an air of dominating his own destiny. Unhappily for him, she was right and he was wrong on the point that divided them; and, when they parted, his sun set in a rosy glow of parliamentary acceptance, even by Lord George Hamilton, whilst hers was still stormily rising.

In selecting the Fabian Society for her passage through Socialism Mrs. Besant made a very sound choice; for it was the only one of the three Socialist Societies then competing with one another in which

there was anything to be learnt that she did not already know. It was managed by a small group of men who were not only very clever individually, but broken in to team work with one another so effectually that they had raised the value of the Society's output far above that of the individual output of any one of them. They had not only reduced Socialism to a practical political programme on quite constitutional lines; but they had devised an administrative machinery for it in the light of a practical knowledge of how government works (some of them being government officials of the upper division) in which the other societies were hopelessly deficient. This was exactly what Mrs. Besant needed at that moment to complete her equipment. But it could not hold her when once she had rapidly learnt what she could from it. To begin with, it was unheroic; and the secret of her collaboration with Bradlaugh had been that she too was essentially heroic in her methods as in her power, courage, and oratorical genius. Fabianism was a reaction against the heroics by which Socialism had suffered so much in 1871: its mission was to make Socialism as possible as Liberalism or Conservatism for the pottering suburban voter who desired to go to church because his neighbors did, and to live always on the side of the police. It recognized the truth for political purposes of Mark Twain's saying: "the average man is a coward". And Mrs. Besant, with her heroic courage and energy, was wasted on work that had not some element of danger and extreme arduousness in it.

Besides, considering the world from Shakespear's point of view as a stage on which all the men and women are merely players, Mrs. Besant, a player of

genius, was a tragedian. Comedy was not her clue to life: she had a healthy sense of fun; but no truth came to her first as a joke. Injustice, waste, and the defeat of noble aspirations did not revolt her by way of irony and paradox: they stirred her to direct and powerful indignation and to active resistance. Now the Fabian vein was largely the vein of comedy, and its conscience a sense of irony. We laughed at Socialism and laughed at ourselves a good deal. In me especially, as events have proved, there was latent a vocation for the theatre which was to give to tragedy itself the tactics of comedy. I attracted and amused Mrs. Besant for a time; and I conceived an affection for her in which I have never since wavered; but in the end the apparently heartless levity with which I spoke and acted in matters which were deeply serious, before I had achieved enough to shew that I had a perspective in which they really lost their importance, and before she had realized that her own destiny was to be one which would also dwarf them, must have made it very hard for her to work with me at times.

There were less subtle difficulties also in the way. The direction of the Fabian Society was done so efficiently by the little group of men already in possession, that Mrs. Besant must have found, as other women found later on, that as far as what may be called its indoor work was concerned, she was wasting her time as fifth wheel to the coach. The Fabians were never tired of saying that you should do nothing that somebody else was doing well enough already; and Mrs. Besant had too much practical sense not to have made this rule for herself already. She therefore became a sort of expeditionary force,

always to the front when there was trouble and danger, carrying away audiences for us when the dissensions in the movement brought our policy into conflict with that of the other societies, founding branches for us throughout the country, dashing into the great strikes and freespeech agitations of that time (the eighteen eighties), forming on her own initiative such *ad hoc* organizations as were necessary to make them effective, and generally leaving the routine to us and taking the fighting on herself. Her powers of continuous work were prodigious. Her displays of personal courage and resolution, as when she would march into a police court, make her way to the witness stand, and compel the magistrate to listen to her by sheer force of style and character, were trifles compared to the way in which she worked day and night to pull through the strike of the over-exploited match girls who had walked into her office one day and asked her to help them somehow, anyhow. An attempt to keep pace with her on the part of a mere man generally wrecked the man: those who were unselfish enough to hold out to the end usually collapsed and added the burden of nursing them to her already superhuman labors.

I have somewhere said of Mrs. Besant that she was an incorrigible benefactor, whereas the Fabians were inclined to regard ill luck as a crime in the manner of Butler and Maeterlinck. The chief fault of her extraordinary qualities was that she was fiercely proud. I tried, by means of elaborate little comedies, to disgust her with beneficence and to make her laugh at her pride; but the treatment was not, as far as I know, very successful. I would complain loudly that I wanted something that I could not afford. She

would give it to me. I would pretend that my pride was deeply wounded, and ask her how she dared insult me. In a transport of generous indignation, she would throw her present away, or destroy it. I would then come and ask for it, barefacedly denying that I had ever repudiated it, and exhibiting myself as a monster of frivolous ingratitude and callousness. But though I succeeded sometimes in making her laugh at me, I never succeeded in making her laugh at herself, or check her inveterate largesse. I ought to have done much more for her, and she much less for me, than we did. But I was at that time what came in 1889 to be called an Ibsenite. My *Quintessence of Ibsenism* is an expansion of a paper which I read to the Fabian Society with Mrs. Besant in the chair. Those who have read this book and followed Mrs. Besant's subsequent career will understand at once that she must have felt as she listened to it that this was not her path. She had at that time neither lost faith in the idealism which Ibsen handled so pitilessly, nor had she taken her own measure boldly enough to know that she too was to be one of the master builders who have to learn that for them at least there are no such small luxuries as "homes for happy people". The only permanent interest the Fabian Society or any other society could have for her personally lay in such advance as it was capable of towards a religious philosophy; and when I led this advance into a channel repugnant to her, her spiritual interest in the Society died.

The end came as suddenly as the beginning. The years had been so full and passed so rapidly that it seemed only a short time since I had gone to a meeting

of the Dialectical Society to deliver an address advocating Socialism, and had found the members perturbed and excited by the appearance of Mrs. Besant, who had long ceased to attend the Dialectical meetings, and who was still counted as the most redoubtable champion of the old individualist freethought of which Bradlaugh was the exponent. I was warned on all hands that she had come down to destroy me, and that from the moment she rose to speak my cause was lost. I resigned myself to my fate, and pleaded my case as best I could. When the discussion began everyone waited for Mrs. Besant to lead the opposition. She did not rise; and at last the opposition was undertaken by another member. When he had finished, Mrs. Besant, to the amazement of the meeting, got up and utterly demolished him. There was nothing left for me to do but gasp and triumph under her shield. At the end she asked me to nominate her for election to the Fabian Society, and invited me to dine with her.

The end was quite as startling. One day I was speaking to Mr. H. W. Massingham, then editor of *The Star*, at the office of that paper in Stonecutter Street. I glanced at the proofs which were lying scattered about the table. One of them was headed "Why I Became a Theosophist". I immediately looked down to the foot of the slip for the signature, and saw that it was Annie Besant. Staggered by this unprepared blow, which meant to me the loss of a powerful colleague and of a friendship which had become part of my daily life, I rushed round to her office in Fleet Street, and there delivered myself of an unbounded denunciation of Theosophy in general, of female inconstancy, and in particular of H. P. Blavatsky, one of whose books—I

forget whether it was *The Secret Doctrine* or *Isis Unveiled*—had done all the mischief. The worst of it was that I had given her this book myself as one that she might like to review. I played all the tricks by which I could usually puzzle her, or move her to a wounded indignation which, though it never elicited a reproach from her (her forbearance with me was really beyond description), at least compelled her to put on herself the restraint of silence. But this time I met my match. She listened to me with complete kindness and genuine amusement, and then said that she had become a vegetarian (as I was) and that perhaps it had enfeebled her mind. In short, she was for the first time able to play with me: she was no longer in the grip of her pride: she had after many explorations found her path and come to see the universe and herself in their real perspective.

This, as far as I know, is the history of Mrs. Besant's last unsuccessful exploration in search of her appointed place in the world. It had many striking incidents: chief among them the match girls' strike, "Bloody Sunday" in Trafalgar Square and its sequel, and her election to the London School Board after such election meetings as, thanks to her eloquence, are unique and luminous in the squalid record of London electioneering. In such experiences she lost her illusions, if she had any, as to the impudent idolatry of the voter which we call democracy. It has seemed to me, too, that the diplomacy and knowledge of men and affairs in the governing class which characterized the Fabians played its part afterwards in her educational work in India. But here I am only guessing. After the inauguration of her career as a Theosophist, I

dropped out of her saga. But I have not forgotten my part in it. My affections have two excellent qualities: extreme levity and extreme tenacity. I do not like the proverb "Love me little: love me long"; but whoever invented it had a very narrow escape of finding its true form, which is, "Love me lightly: love me long". And that is how I loved, and still love, Annie Besant.

G. B. S.

INDIAN MEMORIES

By JOSEPHINE RANSOM

IT is of the small things in the life of my great chief that I would write. Others will tell of Mrs. Besant's work as it has compelled big issues in this country or that; but I will try to show how her greatness shines through small, gracious acts. A multitude of memories at once crowd my mind and I long to set them all down—if thereby I could portray the better for you my loved leader. I wonder if these few words of mine will convey something of the fragrance of her tender thoughtfulness. I must select from my memories, and the choice is difficult.

But first I must tell you of the first time I met my chief, and, hearing her speak, knew that she loved India —the Motherland—with a deep, abiding love. It was long ago at Adyar, the Adyar of Colonel Olcott's days, and in those days but twenty-seven acres broad. *Avaṭāras* was the subject of her lectures, and I sat for the first time amidst an absorbed and reverent Indian audience, listening to her. As her words swept through brain and heart I thought I saw wrapt faces shine with a new light and dark eyes kindle to new resolves. The rich-toned voice rang through the hall and seemed ever to dwell with special tenderness upon the word India—India! It was a cry,

a call, reaching deep and far into one's heart; it awoke in me a longing and a memory. To hear her call thus upon the spirit of India and awake its echoes is to know that my chief's own heart is full of "Indian memories," which, one gradually learns, express themselves in knowledge of daily custom, exquisite tact, and boundless sympathy with all the people of that ancient and honoured land. By lovely acts innumerable she knits to herself and her high destiny the humblest and the greatest men and women whom she touches in the round of daily life.

When my chief walked through her garden at Benares, or across the Adyar acres, as she passed along she would put her hand upon some green bush or perfumed flower with gentle, lingering touch—as though a responsive consciousness abode in shining leaf or secret flower-heart, and would know that she loved it and its pretty efforts to reveal in its own way some of God's eternal Beauty.

When Shanti Kunja, in Benares, was her home and headquarters, and the Central Hinḍū College was arising near by, there were creatures of all kinds on the compound, and to each one she gave affection and the attention they so dearly love. Very much the larger part of her midday meal was reserved for the animals. First the sweet-breathed, heavily dew-lapped cows and humped bulls. Their long tongues curved eagerly round the chupattis my chief always tendered with her left hand, lest by some mischance the busy right be injured and her work interfered with. Then the deer, rather lively creatures with active hoofs and sharp horns; and it was sometimes a problem how to get out of their enclosure without knowing

how sharp those horns actually were. The horses came next, patient, clear-eyed creatures, who came to know the hour of their mistress's visit and watched the roadway for her and greeted her with ecstatic little whinnies of delight. She rubbed their velvety noses and murmured soft words in their sensitive, pointed ears, as they nosed eagerly after the gift—offered always in that same left hand. The wee, fierce mongoose, sworn foe of the cobra (who, too, save for that foe, found an undisturbed home within the garden walls), found in her a friend. She placed sweets where it best could find them, and she made a point of sitting silent while the nervous, wild thing worked its way to the coveted dainty.

Then there were the beggars who came so often to the door—over which a fat little Ganesh snuggled in a niche—and prayed for alms, and were rarely disappointed. To the young and able my chief sometimes put a pointed question which sent them off abashed, ashamed; to the aged and infirm something was always given. An old man came sometimes who seemed dreadfully ill and weak. But one day from a sheltered corner we accidentally saw him come stumping vigorously along the far end of the roadway that curved from the open gateway to the bungalow. As soon as he was in sight of the house he suddenly collapsed into infirmity, into painful decrepitude, and coughed most miserably. He looked the part of helpless, pain-racked old age to perfection, and had never failed to win a generous alms from my chief. When his iniquities were explained to her she merely smiled and said: "He is old; and to the aged I always give."

When she went abroad on her many journeys, working and pleading for fine causes, her mind burdened with details, her thoughts busily engaged in devising how to further far-reaching schemes, yet, whatever the stress of the moment, she never forgot to hang upon her wrist the little bag of embroidered Indian silk, full of copper coins for the wayside beggars. It is said in India that when one is setting out upon a journey it is well to court good luck by dispensing alms to the beggars. Hence the clamour of them as they cluster by the entrances to Indian railway stations, for they know of the popular notion! Nor would my chief that another should scatter the alms she gives, for that would rob her of the personal touch with these maimed and miserable creatures making capital out of their miseries. Some day, when the beggar is a captain among men, he will look back upon the lives he lived on earth, and that personal touch with her will yield up to him its priceless value and meaning.

One day a syce (groom) in her service had his foot injured by an impatient hoof. It rendered him unfit for work. His tender-hearted mistress carried to him lotions and dressing, and with her own hands washed and cleansed the hurt. She magnetised some water and soaked the lint in it, and bound up the bruised foot —so hard and horny from running barefoot all his days. As her beautiful hands soothed his pain, the syce's dark eyes shone with humble adoration; and in them also a hint of wonder that his great Mem-Sahiba should busy herself with his injuries—he who counted for naught, save in the eyes of one who knows and loves and serves all men of whatever class or rank.

Children love my chief. Out of respect for the burden of her work, Indian mothers would try to keep small, brown-eyed folk away in another part of the house. But when no eye was upon them, they crept away and were found in her room playing quietly with pencils and papers that she had given them, or else curled up fast asleep against her knees. Once a small child lay ill at Adyar, her mother anxious and worried. My chief had to go on a long railway journey and give lectures and carry out a crowded programme. She returned very fatigued, yet waited only long enough to remove her dusty outer garments before she walked the quite considerable distance to where the sick child was, to see for herself how it fared, as well as to bring to it her own healing presence. I have seen footsore and weary boys come to my chief from all the four quarters of India for her advice and help. Into some little village or far distant town one, perhaps, had come telling of a lover of their land and its people—a wise woman who helped poor boys to the education for which their souls longed above all things. Age-long culture and refinement have bred in them a desire for knowledge, to satisfy which they will endure such ills and adventures as seem more than credible. With permission reverently asked from elders and as reverently given, and rich in blessings but in little else, boys set out on a long journey on foot. They begged for food from the ever-generous householder as they passed, and slept beneath the stars or in some ever-open caravanserai. Their goal was Kāshī—the ancient, holy city of their people for countless generations—where dwelt the great lady who might satisfy their desires. Many a wayside shrine or silent

temple heard the whisper of the secret hope in a boy's heart, and the low-breathed prayer that his journey be not in vain. They would arrive at last and seek out my chief, known of all, and diffidently lay before her their quest. Kindly questions soon made clear their wishes, their longings; then plans would be made to find them places in the Central Hiṇḍū College—fast growing famous. And yet another little band of India's sons was unreservedly hers in devotion. In their hearts she laid the foundations of India's future greatness; on those foundations they will build a structure glorious and worthy of their Motherland and of the wonderful woman who lived and wrought for their good.

No tongue shall ever tell, no pen ever write of all the men and women throughout India, and of all castes and creeds, whom my chief has helped. To hundreds, nay, thousands, she has shown a better way in life. She has given them a new hope, and above all has made their religion alive to them. But her supreme gift to India is a fresh, high and stirring ideal of the Motherland. In consequence, men in high posts, men of renown, men of all sorts, have sought her out for advice and guidance in things both secular and spiritual. An Indian ruler here, another there, under her influence has forsaken the ways of carelessness to become an ardent worker for his people, as well as a courageous enthusiast in his own reformation. To them she has recalled the past when the king served his people as loyally as they served him. To each his duty—to be obeyed and fulfilled to the best, the highest that in him lay. I recall one ruler of wide territories who sought her guidance in the affairs of his State.

My chief found for him men of repute and nobility to be his ministers; their faithful discharge of duty and their integrity helped that ruler to put his State in such order that it became, notably, a finely governed kingdom. I have known of rulers of ancient lineage and proud, oh, proud beyond anything to be found elsewhere in the world, bend before her in lowly homage in acknowledgment of her utter obedience to the best and highest in all things spiritual. To none save devotees of the one high God and His Will do such proud men give homage—such homage as is nigh as priceless as the deep, sweet beauty of spirit that has evoked it.

Nowhere more than in India are the heads of great sects reverenced. Their power is unlimited, and runs throughout the length and breadth of the land. Their earthly natures are ignored, and devotees remember only that they represent the Lord and honour them accordingly. Where their feet have passed is therefore holy; where their shadows have fallen is holy also. Yet these powerful leaders have recognised the influence that my chief wields in their own land. They have watched her work through many years and have seen it work for good. On every side they have discovered men and women in whose hearts she is enshrined. One such leader, of whom I sought wisdom, knew me as a lover of my chief, and therefore he said simply: "Yes, follow her; for in her is the grace of God."

India is the land of long and tenacious memories, and in her big heart she gives a warm corner to each one who works for her welfare unselfishly. One of the warmest corners she will give to my chief, one

of her longest memories will be of the woman of will and power and love who gave so freely of her life that India should rise and be a noble participant once more in the world's work, its enterprises, its discoveries, its joys and its splendours.

Josephine Ransom

THE STILLED ROOM

STILL, in the noonday hush, her empty room;
Save One, the dear, familiar faces all look down
Upon a silence shaken only by the boom
That floats in softly from the unreal, far-off town
To mark the passing of this hushed high-noon.

No sound of ceaseless, swift, sure pen; paused the toil
That filled the hours, and bent the venerable head
To everlasting tasks of love; quiet the foil
That, flashing forth, would lay the canting lie for dead
To save the Truth, her Holy Writ, from soil.

Still her empty room; nor pen nor voice is whispering
Words the world is tremulous to hear and heed.
Yet hope, love! Can mere men still that spirit everlasting?
Can toy men silence with their foolish, earth-made screed
The standard-bearer of the earth's great KING?

L. G.

THE CONTRIBUTION OF ANNIE BESANT TO PSYCHOLOGY

By W. D. S. Brown

The Gulf

IT is a curious fact that psychology should have made such rapid progress in recent years without recognising the value of the Theosophical system of thought as found in the writings of Mrs. Annie Besant. This gulf between the two kindred lines of investigation may be partly explained by a natural fear on the part of the scientifically minded that an acceptance of hypotheses based on exceptional clairvoyant evidence might imply the acceptance of the Theosophical philosophy *in toto*, involving many questions concerning religion rather than science.

Such a fear is by no means unfounded. In the first place it is a noticeable tribute to the consistency of the Theosophical scheme of life that an understanding of any of its main aspects more or less depends on an acknowledgment of the others. Secondly, as Mrs. Besant points out in the first of her six published lectures on *Theosophy and the New Psychology*, to ignore the recorded experiences of religious mystics is to exclude some of the most valuable psychological evidence obtainable. Thirdly, the basis of the classification adopted by Mrs. Besant is one common to all

religions, namely, the threefold nature of Spirit and its threefold reflection in matter. In fact it may be fairly said that Mrs. Besant's interpretation of the theological dogma of the Trinity in terms of psychology constitutes her most valuable contribution to that science. But we shall return to this point presently.

The main significance of Mrs. Besant's work on this line is indicated by the virtual confession on the part of progressive psychologists that they are still mostly working in the dark. Let us take as an illustration the application of psychology to education, a problem which the London County Council has taken up with commendable foresight. The writer was present at an educational conference held in London at the Imperial Institute in the early summer of 1914. The subject chosen for discussion was "The Next Steps in Education," and representatives of prominent bodies engaged in educational reform, including the Fabian Society, were invited by Dr. Haden Guest to come forward with their experience on the various lines on which they had specialised. A large proportion of the programme was given up to papers dealing with the psychology of teaching, and the experts recounted the latest achievements of psycho-analysis and other methods, expounding many ingenious classifications of children into "visualisers, audiles, motiles," etc. On one point, however, they all were agreed, and that was that further knowledge was absolutely necessary before any practical results could be expected. The last speaker on that occasion was Mrs. Besant, who modestly disclaimed membership of the teaching profession, but offered a few suggestions based on a study of "Eastern psychology". In about twenty minutes

she had outlined a complete course of education, classified according to the successive stages of the child's bodily, emotional and mental growth—first, physical activities designed to develop the motor organs and powers of observation; then the reading and recital of wholesome literature, to give a lead to the emotional tendencies; and finally those branches of study, such as mathematics, that train the reasoning faculties. The word Theosophy was not mentioned, and so the conference accepted the suggestions on their own merits as being at least something to go on with; but the Theosophists present well knew how that note of order had been introduced into the preceding chaos.

Now it is precisely this note of order that modern psychology is groping for, and will have to find before it can co-ordinate the chaos of independent observations it has collected. Theosophists claim that the knowledge necessary for this work of co-ordination already lies in the hands of a few who have studied the higher laws of nature, and has been made available for scientific use by the practical genius of Mrs. Besant, who brought the frequently puzzling statements of H. P. Blavatsky into closer relationship with current conceptions, and confirmed them with the testimony of her own experience and that of her collaborator Mr. C. W. Leadbeater.

Sooner or later scientific psychology will be driven to admit the natural correspondences which are the signposts of the occultist, and the result will be a sorting out of phenomena on the very plan which has all this time been offered to the scientists for their guidance. When this happens, it is quite likely that Mrs. Besant's

service to this "science of the mind" will be passed over unrecognised, though possibly by that time the attitude of science towards Occultism and its pioneers may have changed; but in either case the indebtedness will remain.

THE BRIDGE

Let us now attempt to review the main points of Mrs. Besant's presentation, noticing at the same time how the difficulties of the school represented by, say, Myers are answered. We may conveniently begin by assuming the fact of consciousness, apart from the question of its origin and ultimate nature; a ground on which all schools of thought are prepared to meet. So far we can only conceive of consciousness in relation to an individual (the word "personality" is more common in non-Theosophical literature, and is the cause of much confusion of thought among Theosophists, who rightly restrict the use of the word to a narrower and more definite meaning). Now consciousness, according to Mrs. Besant (*A Study in Consciousness*, Part I, chap. IX, pp. 195 and 198) and notably Bergson, is dependent on *change*, as the factor which brings about a sense of difference, however slight, between that which changes and that which remains the silent witness of all changes—the germ of self-consciousness and hence also the starting-point of thought as the relation of subject to object, of the Self, or I, to a world outside, the "Not-Self". In tracing the early awakening of consciousness, Mrs. Besant is thus careful to distinguish between the phase of indiscriminate consciousness, usually classed as merely

"sentient life," and that of self-consciousness, to which the term consciousness is usually restricted. In this way Occultism is able to take a step further and posit a nascent consciousness of so-called inanimate matter; for wherever there is motion or change, as in even the atom, there also, the occultist claims, must be present the element of consciousness, the thrill of the One Life through the One Substance.

The poles between which the pendulum of consciousness is ever swinging, even in the earliest stages, are those of pleasure and pain, evoking sensations that are congenial to the awakening self and those that are uncongenial—that produce a sense of restriction, of diminished vitality. This stimulation of sensation evokes in its turn a growing memory of past sensations, and hence the desire to repeat the pleasant and avoid the painful sensations.

Thus consciousness at once begins to "unfold" into the three aspects that foreshadow and pave the way for the three aspects of the fully unfolded consciousness—Will, Cognition, and Activity. Sensation is elementary Cognition; desire is the Will which is still under the sway of external objects; memory arouses anticipation and the effort to find pleasant sensations in the future, which is Activity. On p. 47 of *A Study in Karma* these three aspects of the Spirit in man are defined in terms that might well be taken as a touchstone for all psychological problems:

> The power of concentrating all energies into one is Will; the power of becoming aware of an external world is Cognition; the power of affecting that outside world is Activity. This action is inevitably followed by a reaction from the outside world—karma. The inner cause of the reaction is Will; the nature of the reaction is due to Cognition; the immediate provoker of the reaction is Activity.

These reactions from the outside world are reflections in matter of the three aspects of the Spirit in man, and are primarily differentiated in the three worlds of form, the physical, the astral or emotional, and the mental. Each of these worlds or planes reflects all three aspects, for they are inseparable; but one aspect always predominates in its respective world. In the physical world it is the Will aspect, in the astral world the Cognition aspect, and in the mental world the Activity aspect. It has been a source of considerable difficulty to the writer, and in at least some cases to others, to reconcile the characteristics attributed to these three worlds with the aspects of consciousness they are said to reflect; and it would seem that there is an ample opening for psychologists to supplement Mrs. Besant's statements on this subject by working out further ramifications of the general scheme. Let us see how the case stands in the meanwhile.

THE FIELD

The three lower or denser worlds are often spoken of as the "field" of human evolution. Each world may therefore be regarded as the soil (to follow up the metaphor of a plant) best suited to promote the growth of the seed of consciousness implanted therein, and to provide one of the three successive stages of growth. For instance, the first stage is the physical, the world in which consciousness first reaches the "waking" stage. The outstanding quality of physical matter is clearly that of stability or inertia (tamas), and is therefore eminently suited to assist the elusive play of consciousness to become steady and concentrate by the exercise

of Will. This concentration strengthens the sense of "I," which in turn reacts in astral matter as desire and in mental matter as independent thought.

Next comes the awakening of consciousness on the astral plane, the matter of which, if our hypothesis be correct, should be especially adapted to evoke the aspect of Cognition. At first sight the connection seems rather far-fetched; and perhaps we remember that the astral plane is, more than any other, regarded as the plane of illusion. But apart from the fact that all the planes are relatively illusive, illusion implies an attempt to gain knowledge, though it may not yet be productive of accurate results. Now from all descriptions of astral phenomena the matter of that plane seems to be peculiarly susceptible to the twin forces of attraction and repulsion, producing rhythmic alternations of arrangement, and preserving the balance between the two extremes. This quality would seem to correspond to the saṭṭvic guṇa of Hinḍuism. It seems to fulfil the function symbolised by the apple of discord that Paris is said to have awarded to one of three rival goddesses, or that other apple which was to bestow the knowledge of good and evil—with such apparently disastrous results.

In other words it enables the consciousness to experience marked attraction for some objects and, at least in the earlier stages, marked repulsion for others. This has the effect of specialising the centres of sensation in the astral body and developing the physical sense organs, the avenues of cognition for the outside world. Thus we read that the Self willed to see and eyes appeared; the Self willed to hear and ears were formed. This division of objects into pleasant and painful is also the

beginning of discrimination, the higher manifestation of Cognition, the discerning of the real amid the unreal. Since this function largely depends on memory, there is also a strong reaction in the mental body, urging it to record and retain impressions ever more definite and durable; and the sense of "I," established under the steadying conditions of physical matter, is perpetuated by a subjective continuity of consciousness. The raising of desire into emotions by the influence of thought, and of the emotions into virtues—the higher emotions rendered permanent—is described by Mrs. Besant in *A Study in Consciousness* with profound insight and in great detail.

The matter of the mental world can easily be understood to react most readily to the aspect of Activity, which is involution and evolution, the wheel of birth, life and death, the ceaseless coming and going of the Great Breath, by which universes are thought out into being and thought back into non-being. It is certainly true that the man of thought is seldom the man of action as well—at least as the word is commonly understood, and very often the "man of action" is openly contemptuous of thought *per se*; in fact we are so used to look upon physical activity as the only kind of action worth the name that the lifelong student is generally put down as a "slacker". But of course his activity is just as great as that of the busybody, if not greater; only it is mental activity, activity in its most appropriate world of matter. It may well be said of the idealists, inventors, discoverers, and other revealers of truth—painful as well as pleasant—that even if they do not get as far as putting their ideas into practice themselves, they sooner or later

affect the actions of multitudes; they build up industries and organisations, and change the face of the world—"without lifting a little finger," as H. P. Blavatsky once graphically put it. Mental matter at work on its own plane may seem to be anything but "rajasic" from the physical point of view, but once put it into contact with the fuel of the astral plane and the concussions of the physical, and it will move things as violently as the harmless-looking dynamite cartridge, or as imperceptibly as the leaven in the lump of meal. The physical world promotes action by providing the necessary resistance; the mental by providing the necessary stimulus and sharpness (to use a photographer's term) of plan.

The Ruling Motive

This aspect of Activity brings us to the consideration of the next axiom of occult psychology—one always emphasised by Mrs. Besant when dealing with human motives—namely, the double direction of the evolutionary current, the "path of forth-going" and "the path of return". This dual current operates in the smaller cycles of human activity as in the larger cycles of cosmic processes, and must be taken into account by psychologists before anything like a true estimate can be formed of the motives underlying apparently inconsistent actions. It is not enough to speak of "conation" as if it were a series of stray impulses feeling their way without any particular aim or direction. We must be able to discover at what particular halting-place the consciousness has arrived in the course of its long journey, and whether its face is turned outward or homeward; hence the importance

of a map of the route such as the Eastern philosophy supplies.

Mrs. Besant does not hesitate to call in philosophy to the aid of psychology. The entire orbit of consciousness, she declares, can be found in the two assertions: "I am this," and "I am not this." The Self desires to see itself, and projects its shadowy image on the screen of Māyā or illusion. It is hypnotised by the image and identifies itself therewith. This is the path of forth-going. But eventually the Self finds other images it likes better, and so gets dissatisfied with the disguise it has adopted; or perhaps it grows tired of the whole business of running about after images; and then it turns its back on the inadequate form and asserts its freedom with the repudiation: "This is not I." In the language of psychology, it is a sequence of auto-suggestion and association, followed by counter-suggestion and dissociation.

From the outside the path of forth-going is seen as a gathering of materials for experience, the path of return as the organisation of those materials and the extraction from them of faculties and principles. With this object an atom of each of the three lower worlds is appropriated and retained throughout the series of lives in these worlds; they are called the permanent atoms, and form the nuclei of the bodies which are successively formed and disintegrated for the purpose of contact with each of the three worlds. The structure of these permanent atoms follows the unfolding of the consciousness on their respective planes, and their capacity of response represents the stage which the consciousness has reached. When bodies are being

formed, they attract matter in the form of other atoms capable of responding to their own ranges of vibration, and when the bodies are discarded they store up the added capacity of response gained through these bodies, as the spiritual tri-atom stores up the essential elements of all these material capacities.

THE "RUBBISH-HEAP" AND THE "PEARLS"

These permanent atoms are the citadels of that mysterious region—the subconscious; only the psychologists make the extraordinary mistake of confusing it with the super-conscious, as it should be called in contrast; the "pearls" are classed with the "rubbish-heap," as Mrs. Besant says of Myers' simile. The true subconscious is a survival of the past, in some cases the emergence of forgotten faculties of real value, in others mere cupboard skeletons, perhaps ghosts of animal or even pre-animal instincts and passions, or of functions long since relegated to the automatism of the body and preserved for the race by heredity. Hence the danger of going backwards instead of forwards, by reviving conscious control of these automatic functions through the earlier mechanism of the solar plexus and sympathetic nervous system, and by Western forms of Hatha Yoga such as hypnotism. Apart from the injurious nature of such practices, Mrs. Besant is emphatic in explaining their futility, as the experiences obtained in trance are never remembered in the waking consciousness.

On the other hand the super-conscious is the herald of the future, for it proceeds from regions of consciousness that are gradually opening up to all in

the normal course of evolution. It consists of impressions from the astral and mental planes, or even higher, that are able to register themselves in the physical brain. Already the astral and even the mental body may have been sufficiently organised to form an effective vehicle of consciousness in its own world, but the knowledge of that higher world cannot be registered by the waking consciousness (defined by Mrs. Besant as the consciousness of the outermost vehicle—during earth life the physical) in the physical body until the matter of the brain is sensitive enough to respond to these more rapid vibrations.

This increased sensitiveness is often produced at times of physical weakness, due to illness, fasting, or emotional strain, as also by the temporary paralysis of the physical senses in hypnotic practices such as crystal-gazing; and so psychic experiences are most commonly found under these conditions. But they are also frequently followed by some form of nervous breakdown, and no wonder, for the brain is in the very worst condition to withstand the more powerful forces of the subtler planes. Hence the prevailing confusion in the minds of many psychologists between psychic faculty and neurasthenia, and even between the religious ecstasy of the mystic, or the inspiration of the genius, and the instability of the madman.

Now Mrs. Besant loses no opportunity of pointing out that there is the instability of growth as well as the instability of disease, and that therefore there is an obvious reason why psychic novices should also have the most highly strung organisms, with their attendant liability to obscure disorders, and why these delicate instruments should often prove unequal to the strenuous

tasks imposed upon them. But she is equally careful to point out that there is no need for this overstrain if people will only follow the rules of clean and simple living insisted on by Eastern teachers from time immemorial, and will have the patience to learn to control the mind by steady and regular practice. She always warns her readers that this royal way of Raja Yoga must necessarily take time, possibly many lifetimes, but the result is certain and abiding. In clearing up such misconceptions, which have already caused much avoidable suffering, Mrs. Besant has given to the world knowledge of far greater value than any statements of purely scientific interest, for it has a practical application to fundamental human needs. Not only has she classified the abnormal phases of consciousness, but her analysis of the normal emotional nature and its purification reveals the method whereby that which is going on in most people unconsciously may be consciously directed and hastened.

The Only Way

In her psychological writings and lectures Mrs. Besant assumes the acceptance of the law of reincarnation, without which, of course, many of her explanations would be unintelligible. Probably few serious psychic researchers would nowadays care to risk their reputations by a point-blank rejection of this truth, and it is quite likely that many take it for granted in an academic, non-committal way. But psychologists have yet to come forward boldly and assure the public that in the light of the most recent evidence (such as the recovery of the memory of past lives during

hypnotic trance, etc.) and the most careful reasoning, there appears to be no other way of "placing" the otherwise bewildering varieties of human consciousness.

In conclusion we may notice how, in all her expositions, for example in the section on Memory in *A Study in Consciousness*, Mrs. Besant always falls back on the first great truth of the cosmos—the unity of all life. For, until psychology ceases to regard human beings as separate entities, half the problems that lie before it will remain unsolved. To take the example already quoted, how many otherwise unaccountable phenomena, such as psychometry, can be related by this simple application of the principle of unity, namely, that the human memory is but a single furrow ploughed in the universal memory of nature. Again, how else can the phenomena of prevision be related to physical laws and human free will, save by the positing of a level of consciousness in which the distinctions of past, present and future are seen as limitations of the consciousness imposed by its vehicles.

We surely seem to be nearing the time when the "Eternal Now" and other paradoxical sayings of the mystics will come to be admitted by scientific minds as the logical sequel to an extension of human faculties in the directions indicated by psychic phenomena. It is always encouraging to remember that humanity as a whole has completed its journey of forth-going, and has begun to tread the difficult path of return, while the more advanced egos are already well on the way. Therefore, in spite of occasional relapses into materiality, the leaders of modern thought are being irresistibly impelled by evolutionary pressure towards a more

spiritual view of life, and we may be sure that in this vanguard of science there will always be many who reckon their inspiration and success from the time of their contact with the work of Annie Besant.

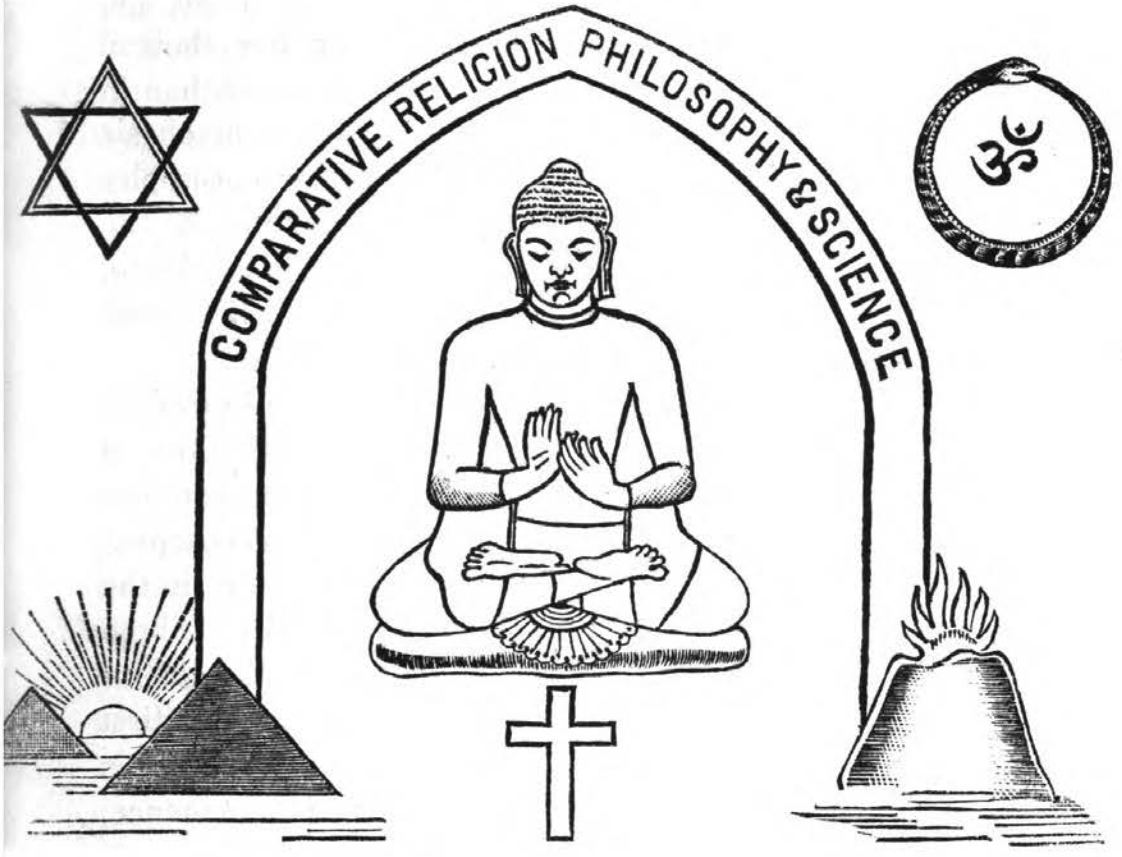
W. D. S. Brown

THE HERO-POWER

GREAT Energy! The thoughts of man grow pale
Without Thee. Dreams of gods and heroes die,
Unsuccoured by Thy Fire. What thought divine
First sends Thee on Thine errand to these dark
Wet valleys, far from Thy primeval Home?

Lo, Thou befriendest all the Fatherless,
Thou art the Mother of the Lonely Hearts,
Dost stay beside them through the long grey days
And bitter Nights of Being! Who knows Thee,
He shall not see the stars of Love go out
Upon the sacred altars, for Thou, God,
Thou great, gold-winged Lord of Energy
Shall take the pain and passion of his heart
And turn it into Action. Thus the great
Musicians suffered, till He took the pain
And tuned it into Wonder, . . . thus all those
Who have left landmarks on the stony way
Were guided in the doing. What is Pain?
It is an angel that doth clip the wing
Of some too wild a passion, that would lose
Itself in Chaos of too wild a flight
Across the Empyrean. Cling to Pain,
He yet shall guide you upwards, with strong arm
To find Achievement! Energy, forsooth,
Is but dead Pain that rises on fresh wing.
Take flight with Him and guide the world to God.

N. P.



THE NATURE OF MYSTICISM

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

(Concluded from Vol. XXXVIII, Part II, p. 514)

THEOSOPHICAL MYSTICISM

MODERN Theosophy is such a vast body of ideas that at first sight it is impossible to predicate any one mode of Mysticism as characteristic of it. All

the main principles of the great religions and philosophies are represented in Theosophy; it is fully Pantheistic when certain teachings are examined, and yet at the same time it is a pure and lofty Monotheism. No greater impetus to Devotion can be found than in certain Theosophical teachings, and yet the emphasis laid on the Wisdom aspect of existence makes Theosophy a scientific philosophy. Not less striking is the acceptance in Theosophy of ritualistic and sacramental Mysticism as one mode of discovery of the great Reality.

Furthermore, modern Theosophy is still developing, adding fact after fact to the age-long tradition of ancient Theosophy; and since too the Theosophical Society cannot lay down what constitutes Theosophy, Theosophical Mysticism must be looked for more in the ideals of leading Theosophists than in books. Three main ideas, however, in Theosophy give us the clue to its characteristic Mysticism, and of these the first describes the nature of the Great Reality. This is viewed both as a Transcendence and as an Immanence, both as an Absolute and as a Creative Logos. Hence all creation, all things whatsoever, visible and invisible, partake of the Divine Nature, and yet Divinity exists in a Transcendental nature of Himself that is not involved in His creation. The second idea is that man is an expression of Divinity, "very God of very God," and, like his Maker, he partakes of the dual nature of Transcendence and Immanence. As the Immanence, man is an unfolding life, evolving through the lower kingdoms of life up to humanity and then beyond into still higher orders of creation; yet as the Transcendence, man the "Monad" is ever in the bosom of his

Father, a perfection that is, and not a perfection that is to be. The third idea is that the universe in its changing life is guided in all its changes by the Divine Consciousness, with the one aim of enabling man as the Immanence to unfold the latent germ of Divinity within him, so as to bring to his consciousness the realisation of himself as the Transcendence.

These ideas, so characteristic of Theosophy, have given rise to a Theosophical Mysticism which may be stated as follows.

The Theme.—This is "the Plan of the Logos". This thought dominates Theosophical Mysticism; each moment of time, each particle of energy, is revealing this "God's plan, which is evolution". One mighty Divine Thought is building and unbuilding, according to a Plan, alike the atom, the human soul and the stars. This Thought at work, this Plan which is being carried out, is a radiant Love, an omnipotent Power and an entrancing Wisdom. The Logos, the Maker of the Plan, is Himself the Plan; therefore to work for the Plan, to co-operate with it ever, is the way to communion with Him and to the discovery of the God that we are.

This Plan reveals itself in all worlds, and at all stages of evolution. When nebulæ condensed into planets, it was according to the Plan; as atoms developed affinities to form molecules, it was according to the Plan. Stage by stage the Plan is carried out, and the orders of creation in the ascending ladder of evolution appear according to the Plan. Similarly too is it with reference to all human affairs; the rise and fall of civilisations, the growth and decay of empires, the appearances of religious teachers, lawgivers, prophets and martyrs, all happen in accordance with

the Plan; it uses for its purposes each man individually, and also men collectively as nations and races. Each created thing is an agent of the Plan.

> It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved
> Except unto the working out of doom;
> Its threads are Love and Life; and Death and Pain
> The shuttles of its loom.
>
> It maketh and unmaketh, mending all;
> What it hath wrought is better than had been;
> Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans
> Its wistful hands between.

For this mighty Plan is not a mechanical working of the forces of nature. It is a Being who, closer than breathing, "nearer than hands and feet," as a wondrous Personality holds a little child's hands while it prays, and gazes into the face of the martyr when he is enveloped in flames; beyond all personality, and yet a Person of Persons, the Plan catches up to Himself the saint who flames in devotion and the lover who offers himself to the Ideal. To gain a glimpse of the Plan is to see life in its totality and beauty, and to know how to co-operate with the Plan is to know what life truly is.

The Method.—This for Theosophical Mysticism is Discipleship. The Plan of the Logos reveals itself not only in Nature, but also in personality; and it expresses itself in a Master of the Wisdom in a perfection not too far beyond realisation by the human heart and mind. In mysterious ways the Plan crystallises itself in a Master of the Wisdom; he is a perfect mirror of the Divine Thought, a flawless conductor of the Divine Will. The Master is therefore both Guru and Ḍeva, Lord and Master; and the soul that serves his Master serves the Plan.

Therefore the method is Discipleship, and this means not merely to be a pupil or learner. In Theosophical

Mysticism the disciple is first and foremost an apprentice of his Master, less a learner and more a worker. For the Guruḍeva, since he is the Plan, is a mighty Worker; in worlds visible and invisible he toils night and day, bringing to birth new forms of life—new thoughts for men to think with and new hopes for men to dream with. The disciple's aim then is to understand his Master's work, to share in it, and to do such parts of it as are within his capabilities, releasing thereby the energies of his Master for vaster schemes of work. Such knowledge as the disciple seeks is only in order that it may make him more efficient in his Master's work; such purification as he strives for is only in order that he may grasp swifter the Master's thought and be a better channel of his will.

A disciple, according to the need of his Master's work, may be a recluse, taking no part in the movements of the outer world; or he may be in the workaday world, giving his Master's message by word and deed, trying to mould events so as to make the Master's plan more realisable in the affairs of men.

But Discipleship does not mean that a soul merely strives to serve the great Plan as it is reflected in his Master; it also means that he grows in the image of his Master. Indeed this may be said to be the true "method" of Theosophical Mysticism, though such growth is impossible without serving the Master in his great Plans. The strength and inspiration to serve grow steadily, because the pupil is more and more assimilated to the consciousness of his Master; the final proof to the Theosophical mystic that his way is a true way lies in the realisation that the larger Personality of his Master slowly permeates his smaller personality,

giving him a wisdom he did not possess and a strength of which he was not capable. The stages of this growth into the consciousness of a Master are those of the Probationary Pupil, Accepted Pupil, and the "Son of the Master". Each stage has its characteristic content of the mystic life, but through all the stages runs the delight in increasing powers for the service of man and of God, and a mysterious joy in the possession of a Father and Friend who is both "perfect God and perfect Man".

The Ideal.—If the "method" is Discipleship, it follows logically that the ideal should be the "Master of the Wisdom". From what has been said about the Guruḍeva, it will be evident that the ideal of this Mysticism is not the liberated soul, the "Mukṭa," who enters into a Nirvāṇa which removes him from all contact with his fellow men. Far rather is it the Perfected Soul, free from all that trammels him of personal desires, who is the Perfect Worker in the Plan of the Logos. The goal of the Theosophical mystic is to be "as a pen in the hand of God, through which His thought may flow, and find for itself an expression down here". Instead of withdrawing from the world of sorrows, in which his brothers still live, the Master of the Wisdom becomes "a living plume of fire, raying out upon the world the Divine Love which fills his heart".

In this ideal, the Perfected Soul as a Divine Worker appears with wonderful brilliancy. According to his temperament or "Ray," he may pass from level to level of Adeptship, growing mightily in Power, Wisdom and Love, till, according to his Ray, he becomes a Manu and a Lord of the World, a Boḍhisaṭṭva and a

Buḍḍha, a Maha Chohan, or a great Adept with other functions. Each level he attains to makes him a Minister of the Logos, with larger spheres of activity and responsibility; he becomes a reservoir of His forces, a warden of His Plan, and an agent of His Will. The freedom which he has achieved after lives of toil he plans to share with all his brothers; he becomes as a parent to the "great orphan," humanity. He loves to brood over its destiny as a mother broods over the future of her only child; as the mother shields her child from all harm, from even the consequences of its own mistakes, so the Master of the Wisdom makes his Divine Self the crucible in which the dross of all men's evil is burnt away in a great flame of love and compassion, leaving for men out of their deeds only what helps men.

The Obstacle.—Since to be the Perfect Worker is the ideal, what hinders such an achievement is evidently the obstacle. This can be but one thing, and it is "the personal equation". There is but one mighty Person at work, the Logos Himself; we are mirrors of His life, but as His Light shines on us to be passed on to others, we may distort it or retain it. It is our personalities that make the obstacle. Each one of us throughout our many lives has built up our "individual" centre of existence, each with his particular angle of vision; and each identifies himself with his past experiences and with his dreams of future achievement. Yet the centre of each cannot be the true centre, the centre of the One in whom all live; to come to His centre we must each renounce something of what we call our "individuality". The renunciation is easy enough, when once a man

has gained a glimpse of God's Plan; thenceforth he longs only to be the perfect mirror of that Plan. Day by day he toils to "cast out the self," to see the problem of life, first as his Master sees, and then as God sees. For in every thought and in every feeling he knows that his personality lurks, obstructing the flow of the Divine Life through them; therefore he toils persistently to purify himself through love of the Wisdom, through worship of the Beautiful, and through unwearied service of his fellow men. Slowly his individuality casts out its "self," and the "personal equation" is destroyed for ever; yet he lives himself and not another. Yet is he also nevermore himself, but Another.

THE LIFE OF MYSTICISM

There is one fact that binds all mystic ways together "in a mystery," and that is that the more mystic ways a soul will attempt and sympathise with, the more fully he will live his own characteristic life of Mysticism. Greater than the mystic of any one of the types I have described is the Panmystic, who greets with joyous rapture the great Life as it comes down to him through any road It chooses for Its coming.

No amount of description will ever reveal the full truth about the life of Mysticism. For truly did the ancient Greeks call the mysteries things seen which imposed silence; and so in each type of Mysticism the heart of it can never be described. Each of us must discover his own mystery, that "final secret" which the inmost, the One, holds for him through the ages. To that discovery each of us is pledged, and "but for this cause came I unto this hour".

Each mystic who has come to his "hour" has known that each man has his hour too, and has longed to bring him to it. Thus has come the great tradition of Mysticism which, like incense on an altar, ascends from man to God, scattering the while its scent to the surrounding air.

* * * *

I have tried as best I could to portray something of the great Mystic Life hitherto found by the mystics of all ages. I have to some extent lived each phase, for I love them all, and while I live each, it seems as if it were the only road to the Reality. Yet I know that I cannot tread as yet all the many roads with equal delight, and that my personal equation has marred what I have tried to give. That thought is that among these many types of Mysticism there is none first and none last; all are equally roads to God, and souls tread equally swiftly along them all. Nor are these the only roads to Him; other ways there are, not even necessarily through Mysticism, and new mystic modes too will appear as the future unfolds the hidden beauties of "God's Plan, which is evolution".

Mysticism is as the scent of blossoms in tropical lands which only open as the sun goes down, and then perfume the air to a swooning rapture. Away from the turmoil of action, beyond where thoughts can live, the mystic senses the perfume of life and makes of his heart a chalice to gather that perfume to offer to God and to man. Happy are men that the world contains mystics always, for the mystics are those children of God who know no age, who sing of sunrise in the darkness of the night, and who see the vision of Man's Ascension in the tragedy of his crucifixion.

C. Jinarājadāsa

SOME PARALLEL THOUGHTS FROM THEOSOPHY AND SHUḌḌHA ḌHARMA MAṆḌALA

By Sir S. Subramania Iyer, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

(Concluded from Vol. XXXVIII, Part II, p. 634)

IN what follows I shall, to a very considerable extent, avail myself of statements by Gobhila for the views of the authorities of Shuḍḍha Ḍharma Maṇḍala, in so far as they compare with Theosophic teachings in regard to the remaining points to which I shall presently allude. The statements I rely on are all to be found in a work consisting of 10,000 verses by way of comments on the *Mahābhārata*, and called *Kārikā*. I may without exaggeration say that nothing can excel this *Kārikā*, whether looked at from the point of view of the substance of the work or the presentation of the topics it deals with. As I remarked in my Foreword to the new edition of the *Giṭā*, Gobhila's writings belong to the class which, in the words of Bacon, are to be "not merely tasted or swallowed, but chewed and digested".

Proceeding to the first of the remaining points, the quotations from the *Kārikā* introduced into the new edition of the *Giṭā* and in the *Ḍharma Ḍīpikā* show that Gobhila takes the identical position maintained by

the Theosophist, that there is but one source from which all the known systems of Philosophy and Religion derive their origin. The name of this source, according to him, is Shuḍḍha Ḍarshana, Shuḍḍha being the synonym for Para Brahman ; Shuḍḍha Ḍarshana, therefore, is the science or the Philosophy of the Absolute. And like the Theosophist, Gobhila unhesitatingly condemns all attempts on the part of the adherents of one faith to revile those of others. He holds that the only attitude permissible on the part of the followers of the Shuḍḍha Ḍarshana is the absolutely charitable one of sifting and finding whatever truth there is in the different creeds branching from the parent stem. That such a precept on his part is acted upon by him will be seen from the very remarkable survey of the different systems of Philosophy of his time.

In my Foreword to *Ḍharma Ḍīpikā* (pp. 7-13) will be found a very brief review of that survey by Gobhila, and I feel sure many a member of our Society will find in that survey the most accurate, fair and instructive account of the Jaina and Buḍḍhist systems of Philosophy, with remarkable explanations as to the derivations of the terms Mādhyamika, Sowṭrānṭika, Yogāchāra and Vaibāshika, the names of the four great Buḍḍhist Schools. I should not fail to add that in referring to Jina, the original founder of Jainism, and Buḍḍha, he speaks in terms of unbounded reverence, and says that both of them were the Messengers of the Hierarchy sent to uplift the masses of humanity sunk in ignorance and atheism at the time of their respective missions. Those peoples whom the two Messengers came to uplift are spoken of by Gobhila as *Chārvākas*. These *Chārvākas*, there are reasons to think, as I have

endeavoured to argue in my Foreword to *Dharma Dīpikā*, were the remnants of the Atlantean Race that had escaped from perishing when the submersion of Poseidonis took place about 9,000 B.C. It is worth noting that Gobhila fixes the date of Jina at about 7,000 B.C., a fact which deserves verification by those competent to undertake the task.

The last point I shall take up is one which was mooted by the late Mr. T. Subba Row in a lecture of his at the Convention of 1886. That learned scholar and occultist drew pointed attention to the prominence given to the number eighteen in the *Mahābhāraṭa* and in the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*, but refrained from entering into any explanation of it. Nor was any light on the subject forthcoming during these many, many years from any source whatsoever. One cannot, therefore, but feel thankful to Gobhila for vouchsafing the much needed explanation. He writes thus:

श्रुणुध्वं मुनयस्सर्वे शंबलग्रामवासिनः ।
भारतस्येतिहासस्य चानुबन्धिचतुष्टयम् ॥ १ ॥
एतद्धि द्विविधं भाति वस्त्वधिकारिभेदतः ।
वस्तु ब्रह्मेति विन्दन्तु तच्च हि त्रिविधं स्मृतम् ॥ २ ॥
विषयः प्रयोजनं च सम्बन्धश्चेति बुध्यते ।
विषयो हीप्सितश्च स्यात्संबन्धस्साधनं स्मृतः ॥ ३ ॥
विषयस्साधनं चैव येनैक्यं व्रजति क्रमात् ।
विद्यात्प्रयोजनं तद्धि ब्रह्मविज्ञानमेव तत् ॥ ४ ॥
अतो वस्तुनि योगीन्द्राः त्रैविध्यं चैवमुच्यते ।
गायत्र्याः प्रथमे पादे त्वीप्सितं परिदृश्यते ॥ ५ ॥
द्वितीये च साधनं स्यात् तृतीये चरणे बुधाः ।
ब्रह्मविज्ञानमेवास्ति सर्वसंहारहेतु च ॥ ६ ॥
चतुर्थे चरणेत्वेव ब्रह्म चैकं हि बुध्यते ।
षोढा त्रयाणां विज्ञाने त्वष्टादशपदार्थधीः ॥ ७ ॥
सत्वं रजस्तम इति गुणास्साधनसंभवाः ।
साधनं स्याद्धि संसारस्तस्य स्युस्त्रिविधा गुणाः ॥ ८ ॥

ऊर्ध्वाधस्सृष्टियोगेन धर्मेण हि महर्षयः ।
निवृत्तिपवृत्तिनाम्ना च षड्विधास्ते ह्युदाहृताः ॥ ९ ॥
गुणास्तथा विषयजास्त्रयः प्रोक्ताश्च शोभनाः ।
तात्त्विको रासिकश्चैव चैतनश्चेति तान्विदुः ॥ १० ॥
निवृत्तिप्रवृत्तिनाम्ना हि धर्मेण परमर्षयः ।
षड्विधास्ते प्रकीर्त्यंते ते प्रयोजनसंभवाः ॥ ११ ॥
शुद्धसत्वं शुद्धरजः तमश्शुद्धं च तादृशम् ।
गुणास्संबन्धजा ह्येते पूर्ववद्विविधा मताः ॥ १२ ॥
अतोष्टादशपर्वा स्याद्भारतः पञ्चमश्रुतिः ।
अनुबन्धिचतुष्टयवार्ता नैवात्र विद्यते ॥ १३ ॥
अनुबन्धिद्वयं चैव भारते संप्रदृश्यते ।
प्रथमं वस्तु निर्दिष्टं त्रितयं परिबुध्यते ॥ १४ ॥
द्वितीयोसौ च तद्विज्ञानधिकारी रहस्यवित् ।
विषयः परमात्मा स्यात्तथात्मा जीवनामकः ॥ १५ ॥
विषयादीनि वस्तूनि बुध्यंते प्रणवेन हि ।
ब्राह्मे पादे तुरीये च गायत्र्याः परमर्षयः ॥ १६ ॥
तुरीयं परमं ब्रह्म सौरचक्रविभूतिमत् ।
सृष्टिः स्थितिस्संहृतिश्च गुणास्ते ब्रह्मणो विदुः ॥ १७ ॥
तुरीयपादपद्धत्या भारताख्यानमुत्तमम् ।
चतुर्विंशतिपर्वास्ति वह्निलक्षप्रबन्धकः ॥ १८ ॥
मूलभारतमाख्यानं चतुर्विंशतिविक्रमम् ।
प्रणवान्मन्त्रमाता स्यात्ततो विद्या यथाक्रमम् ॥ १९ ॥
ततस्सारमुपाख्यानं भारतं परमामृतम् ।
चतुर्विंशतिसाहस्रग्रन्थसंख्याभिमंडितम् ॥ २० ॥

It will be sufficient for the purposes of the readers of this paper to state the substance of the verses, instead of translating them. That substance may be expressed thus. Only two matters are dealt with in the *Mahābhāraṭa*. They are Brahman and the Aḍhikāri or aspirant. In this connection the former has to be looked at in three ways. One, as the object of the aspirant's pursuit; two, as means for the attainment of the object; and three, as the fruition. Taking the means first, it is Samsāra, conditioned or cyclic existence.

The three Guṇas working in it are Saṭṭva, Rajas and Ṭamas—Rhythm, Mobility and Stability respectively. With reference to the two paths of Pravṛṭṭi—forth-going, and Nivṛṭṭi—withdrawing, the said three qualities become six, falling under the two heads of Aḍhōshṛshti and Ūrḍhvashṛshti, the downward and upward creations or evolutions. Next, from the object of pursuit itself, which is twofold as Paramātmā and Ātmā that goes by the name of Jīva, there proceed Ṭāṭvikam—active proclivity, Rāsikam—desire proclivity, and Chaitanikam —cognitive proclivity. These, again, double themselves in relation to the paths already mentioned. Lastly, with regard to fruition, which is no other than the attainment of the knowledge of Brahman, there come into existence Suḍḍha or Primary Saṭṭva element, Shuḍḍha or Primary Rajas element, and Shuḍḍha or Primary Ṭamas element; and these become duplicated for the same reason. The resultant eighteen are dealt with in the eighteen Parvas or Sections of the *Mahābhāraṭa*.

These eighteen, however, constitute but the three feet of the *Gāyaṭrī*, which, originating from the Praṇava, becomes in its turn the Manṭra Māṭā or the Mother of all Knowledge, Sciences and Arts. But Brahman, the One, in its Samashti or undivided aspect, possessing like the sun, as it were, the glorious power of creation, preservation and disintegration, forms the fourth foot. Consequently the *Mahābhāraṭa* of 24,000 Slokas falling under four divisions or groups, being the one originally composed, is the more preferable. And it is this part of the work of Vyāsa that is regarded as the very essence of the fifth Veḍa. This name has been given to the *Mahābhāraṭa* for the reason that it points the way to the fifth and the greatest of the Purushārṭhas, *i.e.*, Prāpṭi,

which leads to the supreme state of Brahmā—Sāmīpyam or proximity to Brahman. I am sure that the above masterly explanation is on the face of it so obvious and true as to warrant its acceptance by all intuitive students.

The latter part of the above quotation from Gobhila naturally leads to my adding a few words in regard to the new edition of the *Gīṭā*, forming the third of the Shuḍḍha Ḍharma Maṇḍala Series. The novelty about it is that the discourse is divided into twenty-six chapters instead of eighteen. In so far as the actual contents of the work are concerned, there is little or no difference between the old and the new editions. But the arrangement in the new edition is entirely on a new basis. That basis is the *Gāyaṭrī* of four feet, to use the conventional expression; and this arrangement has the sanction of principles recognised in such Upanishaḍs as *Chhāṇḍogya* and *Bṛhādhāraṇyaka*, in passages bearing on the worship of Brahman in the light of the *Gāyaṭrī* symbol. In the passage on the *Chhāṇḍogya-Upanishaḍ* on the point, each foot of the *Gāyaṭrī* is said to have six digits. Hence the total number of the chapters in the new edition is twenty-four, every set of six constituting a foot. The first and the twenty-sixth chapters stand for the Praṇava, preceding and following the *Gāyaṭrī Maṇṭra* according to approved practice. It is scarcely necessary to say that the division into twenty-four is not a mere feat of idle fancy, but rests on incontestable facts connected with consciousness—nay, facts constituting consciousness itself. In other words the first set, consisting of six chapters, is the Jñāna or Cognition foot; the second set is the Ichcha or desire or devotion foot; the third set is the Kriyā or activity foot, and

the fourth set is the Yoga or the Samāhāra or the summation foot.

Furthermore the sequence of thought and the logical order which run through the arrangement in question, with reference to the subject-matter of each chapter in relation to what precedes and follows it, cannot but appeal to the student's reason as establishing the inherent value of the method adopted. Finally the crucial fact to which Gobhila draws special attention, in the course of his comments on the character of the arrangement, must be taken as furnishing conclusive evidence that the arrangement in question is not due to the inventiveness of anyone bent upon tampering with the text of this most sacred of our sacred books, but to its introduction by the superhuman author himself before the work left his hands. That fact is that the twenty-four verses of the twenty-fifth chapter contain an orderly, sequential summary of the preceding twenty-four chapters.

Before concluding I may add that I have said enough to justify the view that the Shuḍḍha Ḍharma Maṇḍala Organisation is among those Esoteric Lodges which exist on our globe as repositories of spiritual knowledge or learning, and is overshadowed more or less by the Hierarchy; and consequently the literature in their custody, which is now for the first time coming to be made public, is well worth the attention of the members of our Society.

The study thereof by us can be turned, as I said at the very outset, to the advantage, not only of our own Society, but also of those members of the Hinḍū community who are desirous of obtaining light and help in spiritual matters, but unfortunately

will not come within our fold for the purpose, and who are at the same time unable to obtain what they want from the orthodox party with their rules, restrictions and customs no longer suited to modern conditions and environments. That there are many seekers after truth in this country who stand in the anomalous situation just indicated, there can be little doubt; and in proof of it I may mention that nearly two hundred persons of all castes and creeds, and of both sexes, have sought and obtained admission into the Shuḍḍha Ḍharma Maṇḍala during the past eighteen months or so, and scarcely a week passes without the receipt of applications for such admission. One of the reasons for these earnest souls fighting shy of our Society probably is that its three objects find expression in a form which has a foreign flavour to them.

In these circumstances what is wanted for the wider spread of the fundamental teachings of Theosophy in the Hinḍū community is the liberal and true interpretation of the great Hinḍū scriptures resting on the authority of ancient indigenous teachers, and this is exactly what the Shuḍḍha Ḍharma Maṇḍala literature will, I feel convinced, supply. I can abundantly support my view by a number of citations, even from the four hundred and odd verses of Gobhila's treatise quoted and printed in the *Ḍharma Dīpikā*, and in the new edition of the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*. It is not, however, possible to do so on the present occasion, and I conclude this already long paper with the remark that such of the Hinḍū members of our Society who possess sufficient knowledge of Samskrit for the task, will be rendering a service to their community if they can find the time for research work on the lines I have indicated,

and thus bring within the reach of their co-religionists the golden truths hidden in the Veḍas and Sruṭis by a presentation in forms and terms which will inevitably exercise a beneficial sway over the budding minds of the rising generation to whom the exoteric, narrow and bigoted constructions of sacred texts by the caste-ridden orthodox party are naturally so repugnant.

Now that this generation is being stirred up by the noble sentiment of true Nationality and the desire for union and progress without exploiting others, instead of division and stagnation, may the Great Ones of the Hierarchy grant them safe guidance and help with reference to the vital religious aspect of their social well-being, and may such guidance and help come soon. OM-ṬAṬ-SAṬ.

S. Subramania Iyer

THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM
AND
THE LAST OF THE GRAND MASTERS

By LIEUTENANT G. HERBERT WHYTE

(Continued from Vol XXXVIII, Part II, p. 651)

THE WHITE CROSS AT MALTA

THE surrender of Rhodes took place on December 20th, 1522. Without losing any time the Grand Master took steps to keep his Order together and to find for it a new home. His appeals for assistance to the principal courts of Europe met with a ready response, although the promises so readily made were frequently very slow in being fulfilled. Amongst other capitals de L'Isle Adam visited London, staying at the Priory in Clerkenwell, where the Priory of England had its home. Finally after considerable delays the island of Malta, with the adjoining smaller island of Gozo, and the city of Tripoli, were offered to him. It was with rather a sad heart that the Grand Master accepted the offer, for up till the last he hoped to be able to form an expedition of sufficient size to recapture Rhodes, and the barren rocks of the Maltese island and the somewhat precarious possession of Tripoli compared ill with the compact, luxuriant and well organised island of Rhodes.

Nevertheless Malta had great possibilities as a bulwark of Christendom set in the middle of the Mediterranean, and formed a strong outpost of defence for Rome against the ambitious and ubiquitous Turk. The practised eye of de L' Isle Adam quickly perceived the great value of the numerous natural harbours, and also that with energy and enterprise the island might be turned into a first class fortress and greatly improved as a place of abode.

He was remarkably successful in his efforts, and collected a large supply of money, so that he could employ the best architects and craftsmen of the time, and before his death in 1534, only twelve years after the loss of Rhodes, he had the satisfaction of seeing his beloved Order established in Malta, its numbers reinforced, its treasury replenished, and a sound foundation laid for the defences of the island.

The Knights resumed their work of patrolling the Mediterranean, always on the watch for Turkish and other corsairs; their former task of protecting pilgrims to the Holy Land had gradually been superseded by this duty, as the stream of pilgrims grew less and less. Every now and then they varied their programme by sudden expeditions of a somewhat practical nature against any vulnerable spot of the Turkish Empire, invariably returning with rich booty and with many prisoners, whom they kept as slaves. In fact, after a time, Malta became an important centre for the purchase of infidel slaves captured by the galleys of the Order and sold to various European countries—a shameful trade.

So successful were the Knights in harassing the Moslems, that the Sultan Solyman, now surnamed "the

Magnificent," who had driven them from Rhodes, made up his mind that he would attack them again and end their career in Malta ere they grew too strong for him. Accordingly in 1563 he drew up plans for an expedition which he ordered to set out and capture Malta.

At this time John Parisot de la Valette was Grand Master. He had served through the siege of Rhodes and had devoted his life with complete singleness of purpose to the well-being of the Order. From his spies in Constantinople he heard of Solyman's preparations, and at once sent out urgent summons for assistance to all his Commanderies and to the European Sovereigns, at the same time pushing ahead all possible defensive preparations.

His appeal met with a splendid response, and he had the satisfaction of finding himself in command of five hundred Knights and nine thousand men, sheltered behind considerable ramparts, with large supplies of food and ammunition, and with the promise of further numerous reinforcements. Solyman sent against Malta an expedition of thirty thousand men, well equipped and with all manner of siege implements and artillery, in the use of which the Turks excelled.

There is no need to give any details of the struggle, which is one of the most famous in European history. Never had the Knights shown greater heroism and stronger devotion in defence of all that they deemed sacred. La Valette himself stood out as the example of a true Knight, inspiring all about him with his dauntless courage and inflexible will. On the other hand the Turks fought with tremendous energy and daring, and came within an ace of victory.

From May 18 to September 8, 1565, the bitter struggle continued, and at its close the Grand Master could only muster about six hundred men able to bear arms, while the Turkish army was reduced to about ten thousand men. But for the fact that some overdue reinforcements finally arrived from Sicily at the eleventh hour, Malta would have fallen; but fortune favoured the Knights, the Turkish commander was misinformed as to the strength of the fresh troops and embarked somewhat precipitately. Thus was a blow given to the Turkish power from which it never recovered. Solyman died shortly afterwards, and no further attempt of any importance was ever made, from that quarter, to drive the Knights from their new home.

In the years of peace which followed, La Valette set to work to build a capital for the Order on the ground which they had so valiantly defended, and summoned the best brains in Italy to carry out his plans. Then it was that the modern city of Valletta rose up, and it remains as an existing memorial to the splendid courage and strength of the grand old Knights of St. John, whose home it was for over two centuries.

Organisation of the Order

It will be fitting now to give some account of the organisation of the Order and the discipline imposed upon the Knights as we find them described at about this period.

As we have already seen, the position of the Grand Master had greatly changed from that held originally by Peter Gerard, the first rector of the Hospital of St. John in Jerusalem. As the power of the Order

grew and its fame spread, he came to occupy the position of a powerful ruling prince, in spite of the fact that his actual domain was but a small one. He held sway over the very flower of European chivalry and maintained his ambassador at every court, and the Order owned valuable property in every country. He surrounded himself with suitable princely state, and was allowed an income of sufficient size to enable him to do so. Yet at the same time he was also a soldier-monk, vowed to poverty, chastity and obedience. His influence was very great, yet it was made abundantly clear that the power was vested in him as leader and spokesman of the council of the Order, who elected him and in whose hands the supreme power ultimately remained.

In the 17th century the annual income of the Order was about half a million pounds sterling, out of which its army and navy had to be maintained, the Grand Master's court supported, the Hospital kept always open, and numerous other lesser activities sustained. A very large proportion of the income of the Order was drawn from its various European Commanderies, each managed by a Grand Prior, who controlled the affairs of the Order within his district and remitted annually to Malta a fixed proportion of the income derived from the property placed in his charge.

In Malta itself each language had its own Auberge or Inn, under the charge of a Senior Knight, known as the Conventual Bailiff ; and the Grand Master had his palace in Valletta, as well as two other palaces in the country. Very fine buildings these Auberges are, now for the most part used by the various Government and Army departments.

A postulant for admission to the Order had to submit his request either to the head of his Language in Valletta, or to the Grand Prior in his own country. If he sought admission to the highest class of the Order, that of the Knights of Justice, he had to show thoroughly satisfactory proofs of his nobility of birth. He might be received as a novice at the age of sixteen, and then had to submit to a year's probation, after which time he might be received as a professed Knight. When he was twenty, as a rule, he proceeded to Malta and took up residence in the Auberge of his Language. He was entertained by the Conventual Bailiff, who received certain allowances for that purpose and who maintained open house, with a good deal of state and splendour, for all his Knights. The novice had to perform certain naval and military duties in the forces of the Order, and each such year of service was termed a "caravan". At one time three, and later on, four caravans were required of a Knight ere he could obtain any promotion. His further career rested very largely with himself. Malta became, as it were, a University of chivalry to which the noblest families in Europe sent their sons, often putting their names down for admission to the Order while still infants in arms. Some young Knights remained and continued to work for the Order in Malta; others, after their period of residence, returned to their own lands and remained under the jurisdiction of their Grand Prior.

The other degrees of the Order were maintained. Thus young men of good repute could become Chaplains, and there were also priests of obedience who did duty in the Grand Priories of the Order.

Very great importance was attached to the hospital which was maintained in Valletta—a relic of the original purpose of the Order in Palestine—and the very best medical care was given. As many as a thousand patients were at times to be found in the hospital, coming not only from Malta, but from Italy and Sicily. The Knights performed duties in the Hospital, and on certain occasions the Grand Master himself donned an apron and served the patients with food.

The Grand Master had sixteen pages, very carefully chosen from illustrious families, who were received as Knights of Justice at the age of twelve, and served for three years in his household, receiving the best possible education and care. They were very closely attached to the Grand Master; they waited on him at meals, and some of them were always in attendance upon him; their promotion in the Order was frequently rapid. The position of page to the Grand Master was much sought after. Ferdinand de Hompesch, who was the last of the Knights of St. John to be elected to the supreme office of Grand Master, served as page to the Grand Master Pinto about the year 1756.

THE DECAY OF THE ORDER

The great days of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem had passed away. Their hereditary enemy, the Turk, was, at the close of the eighteenth century, no longer a formidable sea power, and the fleet belonging to the Knights was used only for carrying treasure from their scattered European possessions to their island home.

About five hundred Knights of the Order were actually living in Malta in the year 1797. In their

hands lay the sovereign powers of the island, and, partly by virtue of their glorious past, and partly from long established custom, they were regarded by the Maltese as being apart, belonging almost to a nobler order of humanity. But protracted idleness was fatal to their stamina and to their knightly qualities. In the old days each Knight earned his promotion by work and by proven valour in face of the Saracen enemy of Christendom. The tradition of Knighthood remained, and the outer pomp and circumstance which attended it, but the inner reality had largely gone. Their vows of obedience and chastity were almost completely forgotten.

Evidence is not lacking which shows that many of the Knights kept Maltese mistresses, and matters had come to such a pass in Valletta, the capital city, that the honour of a Maltese woman was quite unsafe. Frequently a Knight would attach himself to some Maltese family, nominally as patron, but actually in a very different capacity. As the Knights were entitled to far-reaching privileges in all legal proceedings, they were practically immune against any attempts to impose upon them the just penalties for these misdemeanours. Besides these grave injuries to the Maltese population, the Knights were extremely arrogant in their treatment of them. Thus at the Opera House the Maltese might only occupy the back seats, and in some of the principal promenades of the city no Maltese might be seen.

There was, naturally, a strong but hidden undercurrent of bitter resentment against the Knights in Maltese circles, and, as the Knights numbered only about five hundred and the Maltese population was

about one hundred thousand, the position was an utterly unstable one.

Unity of purpose no longer prevailed in the Order itself. The Knights were drawn from many European countries, but those from France predominated, partly owing to an influx after the Revolution of nobles, who were given the hospitality of the Order, while at the same time the revenues from the French possessions were cut off. Much jealousy and rivalry existed between the various Languages of the Order, and this led to bribery, intrigue and corruption. The whole fabric of this central citadel of chivalry, revered throughout Europe for hundreds of years, was undermined and in danger of crashing headlong to the ground.

On July 13, 1797, the Grand Master Emmanuele de Rohan, who had been ill for some months, died. During the stormy days of the French Revolution the direction of the affairs of the Order had been in his hands, and he had not hesitated to give proof of his active sympathy with the Royalist party in France. It was natural that he should have done so, for the Order was, by its nature, the apotheosis of aristocracy, and, as pointed out above, it had suffered serious financial loss through the upheaval in France.

In this desperate state of affairs, when the outlook seemed wellnigh hopeless, a great assembly of Knights was held in Valletta on July 17, 1797, and amid all the splendour and pomp with which the Order still invested all its official proceedings, Ferdinand de Hompesch, Bailiff of Brandenburg and Minister for Germany, was elected Grand Master and took the solemn vows as Head of the Ancient and Honourable Order.

The Political Position of Malta in 1797

The task which the Grand Master undertook was one of exceptional difficulty. Not only were internal affairs in Malta in a very unsatisfactory state, but also the political unrest in Europe and the peculiar position of Malta surrounded him with perplexities wherever he might turn.

The Mediterranean is, of course, the main highway between East and West, and Malta is situated as a natural fortress in the middle of the route. As I have already pointed out, it was one of the chief bulwarks of Christendom against the Saracen power which prevailed in the Eastern Mediterranean. And it was a position of great importance for any European Power which cherished the ambition of extending its dominion eastward to Egypt and to Asia.

The political sympathies of the Order were European, inasmuch as its Knights and its revenues came from all the principal European countries. Owing to serious loss of revenue it was heavily in debt, and it appeared inevitable that before long the Order would have to appeal for help to one of the great Powers, and surrender some of that independence which it had for so long maintained. It was natural that the conquering Power of France, under Napoleon, should have turned its attention towards Malta, as a step to the East.

The Ambitions of France

Napoleon, it will be remembered, had utterly defeated the Austrian armies, and on April 18, 1797,

peace negotiations were begun which were not completed until October 17 in that year. By this treaty of peace the great European coalition against the new French Republic was almost completely destroyed, and England was left isolated except for Portugal and the kingdom of the two Sicilies. Russia was neutral.

Preparations were being made in France for a great expedition. This fact was known to her enemies, but the object of the expedition was obscure. The prevailing English opinion was that an invasion was contemplated, either of the English coast or of Ireland, and precautions were taken to meet the threatening blow.

On the other hand, although Sicily was nominally at peace with France, the Government of that island feared that their kingdom was the true objective of Napoleon's enterprise. Malta, although practically independent, had been for long under the suzerainty of Sicily.

Apparently the French plans were, in fact, laid for a sudden descent upon England, but they were somewhat hastily altered, and the blow was delivered in quite another quarter.

Talleyrand returned to France from America in the spring of 1797, with the decided opinion that colonial expansion would greatly assist the future growth of his country. On July 3, 1797, he delivered a lecture to the National Institute in Paris on this subject, which made so profound an impression that, thirteen days later, he was offered and accepted the portfolio of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Napoleon was at this time in Milan, cherishing visions of conquest eastwards. He wrote on August 16, 1797: "The time is not far distant when we shall find

that the only way to destroy England is by occupying Egypt." Talleyrand warmly approved of this scheme, and Napoleon, in reply to a letter from that minister, wrote on September 13, 1797, making this reference to Malta: "Why should we not take possession of Malta? . . . four hundred Knights and, at the most, a regiment of five hundred men are the only defences of Valletta. The inhabitants . . . are all for us and are very much disgusted with the Knights."

Again on September 23, Napoleon wrote that it would be well to seize Malta, "an island which sooner or later will fall into the hands of the English if we are so foolish as not to anticipate them. . . . I demand, therefore, that you issue an official order authorising me to cultivate the correspondence that I already possess with Malta."

To this proposal Talleyrand replied on September 27, giving Napoleon full power to seize Malta, and stating that in doing so they would only be anticipating the action of either England, Austria or Russia.

On October 17, 1797, the treaty of peace with Austria was signed, and Napoleon at once began to take active steps to launch the Maltese expedition.

Events in Malta

During the early part of 1797, before the election of Ferdinand de Hompesch as Grand Master, there had been a strong endeavour made to transfer the allegiance of the island to France. As already pointed out, the official attitude of the Order to the new French Republic was one of hostility; but there were some among the large number of French Knights who disapproved of

this policy. A definite conspiracy was set on foot by a group of these Knights, some of whom were very influential, to make overtures to France; they were supported in their plot by some of the disaffected Maltese. Among the Knights, Bosredon de Ransijat, a French Knight, a commander and Grand Cross in the Order and Secretary of the Treasury, and Picault de Mornas, a Knight who had been engineer in charge of the fortifications, but who had deserted the Order and joined Napoleon two years previously, were leaders of this conspiracy. Among the Maltese who were implicated were Vassali, Vincent Barbara, Caruson, Poussielgue (captain of the port) and many others.

The ruling authorities of the Order got wind of the plot, and Vassali and Barbara were arrested. The matter was dropped, however, when it was found that some of the senior Knights were implicated, and beyond the banishment of Vassali and Barbara, nothing further was done. Barbara went immediately to Italy and placed his services at the disposal of Napoleon, who made good use of them in furthering his plans for the seizure of the island.

One of the first actions of the new Grand Master de Hompesch was to write the following letter to the French Government on the very day of his election.

Malta, 17 July, 1797

CITIZEN DIRECTORS,

I perform a duty in acquainting you with the death of the Grand Master Emmanuele de Rohan, and that the suffrages of all the Languages which compose the Order of Malta have unanimously, in the election of his successor, been declared in my favour. I have had the flattering satisfaction of seeing all classes of the Maltese nation displaying the sincerest joy, and lavishing upon me, in a spirit of universal emulation, the most touching marks of their love and fidelity.

Nothing further is required, Citizen Directors, to complete my extreme happiness, than the possession of a

proof that you will participate in these feelings towards me, and will accept with interest my assurance and promise to imitate and excel, if it be possible, my predecessors in their attachment and due deference to the French nation, and their desire for the prosperity of her commerce—for I am convinced that on your side you will desire to treat the Government which has been confided to me with that equity, loyalty and kindness which characterises the French Republic.

I have desired Monsieur Cibon, our *chargé-d'affaires* with you, Citizen Directors, to have the honour of presenting to you this letter. I beg that you will favourably receive him on all occasions when the needs of our service may require him to appeal in my name to your justice and support. My gratitude will equal the profound respect with which I am, etc.

(signed) Ferdinand Hompesch.

To this courteous epistle no reply was, apparently, ever sent.

The French Government gave no indication of its attitude with regard to Malta, and Napoleon continued to employ his agents in watching events in the island and in organising a French Republican party there. Reports reached the Grand Master of the great expeditionary force which France was raising in the autumn of 1797, but the objective of this expedition was shrouded in mystery. It was not until the 6th of June, 1798, when Napoleon's armies suddenly appeared off the Grand Harbour, that the mystery was solved. Only a few days previously the Grand Master had felt himself able to say that "he was persuaded that the French Government had no designs on the Order".

A Glimpse of the Grand Master

As just said, Napoleon took steps to strengthen his connection with the disaffected elements in the island, and to lead them to look to France for their deliverance. The Maltese, Barbara, was used as an agent, and many

others were similarly employed. The most important among these was Poussielgue, first Secretary to the French Legation at Genoa and a cousin to Poussielgue, the captain of the port in Malta.

Poussielgue arrived in Malta on December 24, 1797, the eve of Christmas, and found that the Grand Master had prepared to revive all the ancient ceremonies appropriate to that season, which his predecessors had allowed to lapse. He left again for Italy on January 11, 1798. On February 8, he wrote a full report to Napoleon, of which the following passages are extracts.

> There are at present about six hundred Knights in Malta, of whom two-thirds are French. Altogether the French Knights comprise half the Order, and nearly all of them are in Malta. It was they who elected the new Grand Master, Hompesch. He promised them, when he offered himself for election, the continuation of the support which de Rohan had given to them. . . . The Grand Master is very popular and generous. He often shows himself to the people and distributes largesse. He is extremely cultured, and is affable with everyone, and although his friends may be somewhat tedious, he is a good judge of character and has known how to win the esteem and the love of the Knights of all the Languages as well as of the people. He adds to these qualities that of great discretion and of allowing no one to read his mind. So far there is no one who is exclusively in his confidence or who can flatter himself upon exercising over him an exceptional influence. In short, during my stay in Malta, I have only heard good spoken of him, alike among the Maltese and the Knights, both French and of other lands, and among aristocrats and democrats, and I have had evidence of the eagerness with which the people come from all parts of the island and wait round his palace, in order to have the pleasure of seeing him for a moment. One could not have conduct more statesmanlike and more suitable than that of the Grand Master, having regard to the circumstances in which he is placed. The Council of the Order is entirely devoted to him.

Poussielgue, of course, went to Malta as an enemy looking for weak spots; he was amply supplied with money and with introductions, and during his stay of eighteen days in Valletta, in the heart of things, he had

frequent secret meetings with those who were friendly to Napoleon, and he was received by the Grand Master. His testimony to the strong, yet wise and benevolent influence gained in the six months of his rule, is of exceptional value.

Poussielgue then proceeds to give details about the possibilities of seizing Malta. He points out that the finances of the Order are in a greatly depleted condition, owing partly to the loss of all the revenue from its French and Italian possessions, and to the generous hospitality extended to the great number of French Knights—many of them penniless refugees from the Revolution—who desired reunion with France, but for the most part would in no way reconcile themselves to the new Republican Government. It is clear, he points out, that the Order will have to turn to one of the Great Powers for assistance. Overtures from England have already been rejected. Russia need not be feared. Austria, he concludes, should be watched. He suggests that further pressure might be brought to bear upon the Grand Master by cutting off the revenues from Spain and in other ways, whereupon France might offer him another island and a sum of money in exchange for Malta. Finally he describes the various ways by which the island might be captured by force of arms: the actual garrison of the forts, which are of exceptional strength, is about two thousand one hundred men, with a militia reserve, practically untrained, of ten thousand men; the island is dependent upon grain from over sea, and has a supply for eight months in the granaries.

G. Herbert Whyte

(To be concluded)

DOMINUS VOBISCUM

By C. W. LEADBEATER

ANYONE who has watched attentively the Catholic Service of the Mass can hardly have failed to notice the frequency with which the Celebrant turns round to the congregation and utters the words: *Dominus vobiscum*—"The Lord be with you". The people reply: *Et cum spiritu tuo*—"And with thy spirit"; and the course of the Service is resumed.

This pious wish and its response have been called the Minor Benediction.

As I have to some extent explained in a former article, that Service, when carefully studied, is seen to be a coherent whole, moving steadily onward to a climax, and skilfully calculated to produce certain magnificent effects. Regarding the ritual scientifically from that point of view, one wondered a little at the frequent repetition of a remark which, though beautiful in itself, seemed to have no very obvious connection with the splendid purpose of the great act of white magic of which it forms a part. The result of some investigations recently made into its meaning may therefore be of interest.

The phrase occurs no less than nine times in the course of the Mass, with a slight but important addition in one case, to which I shall refer when we come to it. For the sake of convenience in reference, I will take the revised form of the Mass as used by the Old Catholic Church.

The Service as a whole centres round the tremendous outpouring of power which comes at the Consecration. All which is said and done before that moment is intended in various ways to lead up to it, and all that happens afterwards is concerned with the conservation or distribution of the power. The idea of preparing the Priest to perform the great act is undoubtedly present, but also, and more prominently, that of preparing the congregation to receive it and to profit by it. This preparation of the people is achieved largely by drawing them more and more closely into magnetic harmony with the Priest—by bringing them mentally and emotionally into sympathy with him in

the mighty work which he is doing. To assist in the steady augmentation of power all the time, and to promote the ever-increasing harmony of vibration between Priest and people, is the object of this constantly repeated Minor Benediction.

People come into the Church with their minds full of all sorts of thoughts and ideas connected with the outer world—not at all necessarily bad thoughts, but thoughts which are not especially religious in their nature. Some may even be weighed down by a consciousness of failure, or of actual wrong-doing. Therefore after the opening canticle the Service immediately proceeds with the Confession and Absolution. When we were revising the ritual for the Old Catholic Church we were specially cautioned not to put into the mouth either of the Priest or the people words which they could not possibly really mean; so we have eliminated both the exaggerated expressions of vileness, and the unnecessary appeals for mercy, and have tried to give some suggestion of what the people may really be supposed to feel, and of what is actually taking place. The Confession helps the congregation to self-recollectedness, and the Absolution purifies their vehicles and draws them into a higher and more unworldly state of mind. Currents of an altogether better type are thus set flowing through and around them, and then by the recitation of the first of these Minor Benedictions they are brought into harmony with the Priest as closely as possible, in order that they may the better join in the act of worship of the Introit.

Then comes the *Kyrie Eleison*, in which the Three Persons of the ever-blessed Trinity are severally asked to make a special outpouring of love and compassion

—the idea being of course to get the people into an attitude to respond, and to make them realise what is about to happen. This fits them to join worthily and usefully in the *Gloria*—a most beautiful act of praise and worship. At the end of that, when the people are specially exalted by the noble words which they have just uttered and are therefore in a more sensitive and receptive frame of mind, once more the Priest turns to them and endeavours to pour into them something of his own enthusiasm. Their ready response draws them into closer union with him, and they are thus prepared to hear the Epistle and the Gospel. But before the Priest reads the Gospel he asks for and receives special purification and benediction; and as soon as this has descended upon him, he immediately endeavours to share it with the people by repeating the same formula.

After the Gospel and the sermon comes the Creed, the recitation of which should stir the mental faculties of the people and arouse their intellectual enthusiasm. The previous action has been chiefly upon the brain and the astral body; now here is an effort to arouse and open out the mental body as well. The Priest will probably understand more fully than his people the glorious doctrines inculcated in the Creed; having studied them so much more fully, they must be far more to him, and it is therefore probable that his intellectual enthusiasm is greater than that of his congregation. But immediately he makes the effort to share it with them by using the Minor Benediction. Then he proceeds to the Oblation of the Elements, and the people join with him in offering and presenting unto GOD themselves, their souls and bodies, as a holy

and continual sacrifice unto Him. Once more he immediately takes advantage of that additional link, and tries to draw the people together still more closely, that they may prepare with him for the Canon—the most sacred part of the Mass—and join with him in the earnest uplifting of their hearts to the Lord.

From this point onwards, until after the Consecration, nothing is allowed to interfere with the sacrificial action of the Priest; the wondrous and beautiful magic of the Mass moves on its way through all the stages which I described in my former article, and it is only after the pouring out of that stupendous influence upon the whole surrounding district, and just before his own personal Communion, that the Priest once more draws the people into the closest possible relation with him, but this time in a slightly different manner. Instead of holding out his hands towards the whole congregation and using the usual formula, the Celebrant turns to the cleric highest in rank who is present in the chancel, and gives him what is still, according to ancient tradition, called the Kiss of Peace. The lips are now no longer used, but the Celebrant touches his neighbour lightly on both shoulders simultaneously, as though embracing him, and says to him: "The peace of the Lord be always with you." The cleric who receives this greeting extends his own arms as he kneels and touches the sides of the Celebrant, also symbolising an embrace, and replies with the usual words: "And with thy spirit." Immediately he rises to his feet and passes on the greeting to the cleric next in rank, using the same words and gestures, and in this way the greeting is handed on until all those in the chancel have received it and responded to it. In older times

it was the custom that the youngest of the acolytes, who was the last to receive the greeting, descended the chancel steps and passed it on to some member of the congregation in the front seats, who in his turn sent it along the row; it was then transmitted to the next row, and so on until every person in the whole congregation had been definitely and individually linked in this way in an unbroken chain with the Celebrant. Modern conditions do not now permit the full detail of this touching old ceremony; our hurried European life leaves little time for such individual attention; so when the greeting has passed round among the officials of the Church, sometimes the Celebrant himself, sometimes the youngest acolyte who has just received it, comes down to the chancel gates and, standing in the entrance, gives the greeting to the whole congregation *en masse*, and the laity reply all together: "And with thy spirit." Clearly in this there is a double signification; first, to make the strong individual magnetic link of actual touch with every person present; and secondly, to express very strongly and clearly the idea that all must be absolutely at peace with one another and in perfect harmony and love before they engage in the stupendous act of Communion.

Then, yet once more, after the act of Communion is over, the Priest endeavours to share with his people the new and higher conditions which have now been set up. The idea is also present that those who have actually taken the sacred Body and Blood should share the blessing which they have received with those who for some reason have not taken it, though present at the Sacrifice. And yet, again, beyond that is the idea of sharing with outsiders not present in Church at all, and

the thought of the necessity of at once putting to definite use for others that strength which has been received.

Yet again this Minor Benediction is given a few moments afterwards, for it immediately precedes the mystic words: *Ite, missa est*, by which the end of the magical part of the ceremony is announced. Those words are addressed in reality not to the congregation, but to the great host of angel-messengers who have gathered round to take their part in this most wonderful of acts. It is, as it were, their word of dismissal—their formal release from the service to which they have been devoting themselves. Yet we may well take it as having its meaning for the congregation as well; it is as though the Celebrant said to them: "Go now; but as you are about to leave, draw yet again as close as you can to receive the final outpouring of God's blessing." And then comes the solemn Benediction, when the threefold force from the ever-blessed Trinity floods the Church and the neighbourhood. And when that is given, yet once more the Priest makes his final link with his people before he reads the final Gospel—that Gospel which comes so opportunely to remind us of the source of all this beauty and this glory. It is as though the Priest said to his people: "Now that you have God's blessing, yet once more share it to the full and let us preserve it together, never forgetting that we owe it all to the mighty Logos whose glory we have now beheld, the Light and Life of men. Many there are who know not God, and in their ignorance are therefore ungrateful; but *you* have now experienced His sweetness and His love; see to it that you never forget it."

The more we study the rituals which have come down to us from ancient days, whether it be in the

Church or in Freemasonry, the more deeply we are impressed with the certainty that all through the ages, amidst many changes and chances, a guidance from above has unquestionably controlled those who earnestly and reverently used them. Variations have been introduced, and often by persons quite ignorant of the inner meaning: yet, whenever it was possible without a disproportionate outlay of force, those who made those alterations were so influenced that the changes were not fatal to the object of the ritual. We even see cases in which changes introduced apparently for selfish and personal ends were so ingeniously guided and directed that they actually improved the working, and brought it nearer to that from which it had gradually departed. There have been those who scorned ritual altogether, and would have none of its potent assistance; they have been permitted to go their own way, for the Great Powers behind never force a man against his will, and those who are full of self-righteousness are always allowed rope enough to hang themselves, for only in that way can they learn. But there is always guidance available for the earnest and the humble; and so, even amidst many undesirable accretions, great central truths have often been preserved, and human failures have conduced to ends divine. Men have builded better than they knew, and so, if not in one way then in another, God's work has been carried out and God's Will has been done; and even when spiritual pride and religious hatred were most rampant, He has not left Himself without a witness, for He forsaketh not those who truly trust in Him.

We all know, we who have studied Theosophy, that the World-Teacher descends occasionally to the

arena of human strife to found a new religion or to recast an old one; but we are sometimes apt to forget that His work in connection with that religion by no means ends with its founding—that He watches over it, and is always ready to guide and direct its leaders, so far as He can do so without interfering with their freedom of action. In the Gospel which is popularly, though to a large extent erroneously, supposed to give an account of the life in which He founded this last religion of His, it is recorded that He said to His disciples: "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world"; and though this saying is marred by the usual mistranslation, it enshrines a glorious truth. It should be noted that it is part of the special commission that He gave to His apostles; He told them to go forth and teach all nations, baptising them with the very formula which we use to-day, and He explained that to help them in this work He would be always with them, even to the end of this age or dispensation —as we should put it now, to the end of His tenure of the office of World-Teacher.

If we examine the occult side of the ceremony of Ordination, we shall see that there is a very special sense in which this promise is kept. It is not merely that there is the Christ-principle in the Priest, as there is in every man; so great is the wonderful love and condescension of the Great World-Teacher that by the act of ordination He draws His Priests into a close personal union with Him, creating a definite link through which the divine force can flow, making them channels for Him in some sort of an imitation, at an almost infinitely lower level, of the mysterious and wonderful way in which He is a channel for the Second Aspect

of the Solar Logos, the Second Person of the ever-blessed Trinity. Of course there are very many Priests who are entirely unconscious of this; unfortunately there are also many who so live as to make very little use of the splendid possibility which this channel opens for them. Nevertheless this statement is entirely true; and, if time is granted to me, I hope to be able to write of this more fully later. To describe Him, therefore, as still present with His Church, as still definitely guiding those who lay themselves open to His influence, is no mere figure of speech, but the expression of a sublime reality.

I trust my many Hinḍū and Buḍḍhist friends will not suppose that I am endeavouring to convert them to Christianity, or that I have changed my point of view in any way because I am writing so much just now upon these subjects. It simply happens that this is the piece of work which I am doing at the moment, and for that reason my mind is full of it, and in making investigations in connection with it I constantly acquire fresh information which I am anxious to share with my brethren. I hope presently to embody this new information in book form in some sort of order; meanwhile I jot it down as it comes, in these somewhat inconsequent articles.

C. W. Leadbeater

RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

THE LIVES OF ULYSSES

I

ATLANTIS

OF the few lives recorded of the character called Ulysses in the Lives, the first took place long, long ago. It is briefly described as follows by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater. Mars is the king of the tale, Vajra his son, and Ulysses the captain of the Guard.

"A million years ago, in old Atlantis, in the great City of the Golden Gate, there reigned a mighty King. One day there came to him a soldier whom he had sent out to head an expedition against a troublesome tribe on the borders of that vast empire. The soldier reported victory, and as a reward the King gave him the position of captain of the Palace Guard, and placed specially in his charge the life of his only son, the heir-apparent to his throne. Not long afterwards the newly appointed captain had an opportunity of proving his faithfulness to his trust, for when he was alone with the young Prince in the palace gardens a band of conspirators rushed upon them and tried to assassinate his charge. The captain fought bravely against heavy odds and, though mortally wounded, succeeded in

protecting the Prince from serious harm until help arrived, and the two were borne together into the presence of the King. The Monarch heard the story and, turning to the dying captain, said: 'What can I do for you who have given your life for me?' The captain replied: 'Grant me to serve you and your son forever in future lives, since there is now the bond of blood between us.' And with a last effort he dipped his finger in the blood which flowed so fast from his wounds, and touched with it the feet of his sovereign and the forehead of the still unconscious Prince. The King held out his hand in benediction and replied: 'By the blood that has been shed for me and mine, I promise that both you and he shall serve me to the end.'"[1]

Ulysses appears with all the others of the Band of Servers in the long series of the Lives which have been recorded, but the incidents of his lives have not been examined, except for a few of them.

The next life of which we have particulars is as follows, though there is a long gap of dozens of lives between it and the one above.

II

PERU

In the life of Alcyone 12,093 B.C., in ancient Peru, when Mars was the Inca and the Head of Education was Mercury, Ulysses appeared as the great-grandson of Mars, with Corona as his father and Pallas as the mother. The father was a stern soldier and the mother a beauty, but vain and weak. While the father

[1] Souvenir of the American Section Convention, 1908.

was away on military duty, the mother strayed from the path of virtue. Corona on returning discovered the disgrace and killed Pallas and her lover. Ulysses and his brothers and sisters were adopted by the great-grandparents and were placed by the Inca in an orphanage for nobles.

When Ulysses grew up, his bent was for practical work, and he was sent to a technological school; he was deeply interested in agriculture, and at seventeen years he invented a self-feeding sugar-mill which was considered to be ingenious. He did much work in hybridising plants, and presently had a farm given over to him for experiments. Later he was made the superintendent of an agricultural district, in which office he produced various cross-fertilised plants and distributed their seeds to the farmers. He was very inventive, and for long worked at a new kind of water-lift for irrigation; after many failures he at last succeeded. He also evolved a new plant like sorghum, and for this he was thanked by the Inca. He then returned to the technological college to occupy the post of lecturer on machinery and agriculture.

Castor became a student at this college, and was much interested in the models of Ulysses. As the friendship between them grew, Castor began to visit the house of the foster parents of Ulysses, and there he met Herakles. Castor and Herakles married, and had as a son Vajra.

Ulysses made a great pet of Vajra, who was mischievous, and encouraged him in his pranks. Vajra was distinctly wild and felt settled ways as irksome; presently he went off wandering to a wild tribe on the outskirts of the empire. Ulysses was sent by the Inca

to persuade Vajra to return. Ulysses was now a very old man, but he went and succeeded in his mission. On the return journey, however, the party was ambuscaded and a fight ensued. Ulysses saw a man about to shoot Vajra with an arrow, and rushed in between and so was killed.

Thus once again Vajra was saved by Ulysses at the cost of his life.

III

EGYPT

In 2,180 B.C. we meet Ulysses as the son of a Hyksos chief. The Hyksos were a warlike, pastoral people who were excellent riders; they were like the Bedouins of to-day and wore blue robes. At this time they decided upon an invasion of Egypt, and various tribes joining together, the invasion was accomplished. Egypt was discontented and disunited, and this made the conquest easier. The conquests were parcelled out among the various chiefs, and the father of Ulysses obtained one of the towns.

The Hyksos were Sabæans, and felt a tolerant contempt for all who were not like themselves. Ulysses was light bronze in colour and despised the natives. Vajra appeared in this life as a young Egyptian. Ulysses fell in love with Vajra's betrothed and eventually kidnapped the girl. The girl's father was a priest, and the girl protested vigorously and complained to the father of Ulysses; not being released, however, she broke her heart and finally committed suicide. Naturally there was a great scandal, and to get him out

of the way the father of Ulysses sent him away on a military expedition. Ulysses conquered for himself a province and became its king. He then set to work to show what he could do as a ruler. He also built a great temple, at which great feasts and processions took place. No further particulars have been recorded of this life.

IV

PERSIA

In 1,528 B.C. Alcyone was born in ancient Persia as a cousin of the last Zarathushtra, and Ulysses appeared at this time as the king. His father was Lohrasp, who ruled over a country having its capital not far from Shiraz. When quite a young man, he quarrelled with his father and left home and wandered away into the west. There he presently obtained the favour of another king, married his daughter, and then returned home to his father's kingdom at the head of an army. It was arranged that the father should abdicate and go into pious retirement, and so Ulysses became king; his name was Vishtaspa.

About this time Zarathushtra began to preach, and Vishtaspa became converted to the new faith, which he took up with characteristic energy. He had the sacred books of the religion written out on 1,200 squares of hide, and buried them with elaborate ceremonies in a cave near what was afterwards Persepolis.

The conversion of Vishtaspa produced a war with Tartary, which lasted a long time and caused much trouble. The Tartars, however, were eventually defeated

and driven out of the country. Soon after this, Vishtaspa became jealous of his son, Isfandehar (Deneb of the Lives), and imprisoned him—an act which created much popular indignation. The Tartar king now espoused the cause of Isfandehar and invaded the country once more. Vishtaspa on this emergency released Isfandehar on the condition that he would lead an army against the invaders. This Isfandehar did with triumph and success, and consequently he became a greater popular hero than ever.

A little while later Vishtaspa again imprisoned his son, but was again forced to release him to confront another Tartar invasion. This time, however, Vishtaspa had to promise to yield up the kingdom to Isfandehar, before the latter would consent to come forth and save it; but when the invaders were safely disposed of, once more Vishtaspa repented of his bargain, and tried to escape from its fulfilment under various pretexts. He sent Isfandehar to reduce to complete submission a distant and not wholly subjugated part of the kingdom, and in the fighting which ensued Isfandehar was killed by an arrow which struck him in the eye.

Vishtaspa then saw his mistake and realised what his jealousy had done for his son; he died practically of grief and remorse, after a reign of sixty years, and was succeeded by his grandson Baman.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF A VETERAN THEOSOPHIST

IV. H. P. B. IN GERMANY

By FRANCESCA ARUNDALE

IN the September number there is a photograph of a letter which was sent to the child George Arundale by H. P. B. It shows the kindly feelings that made her think of her host's little boy even when she was away. Its quaint phraseology is an example of many letters she used to write, and the last few words are an almost occult foreshadowing of the time when the boy did know and did indeed become a Chela.

It is difficult for me to write about that all too short time when H. P. B. was with us. I kept no diary, and my mind is so crowded with scenes and images in which *she* was the central figure that it is difficult to decipher them so as to be clear and interesting to others. I see her of an early morning in her room writing at her table, the floor strewn with burnt matches which were my despair, careful housekeeper as I was, for coverlets, tablecovers, and carpets might well get burned, and even the house itself might have received considerable damage, for H. P. B. was accustomed to throw her lighted match away without any consideration as to where it might fall. I have also lively remembrances of some of the difficult times

involved by H. P. B.'s absolute disregard of all conventionality. People would come long distances to see her, and it was generally understood that visitors might come between four and six in the afternoon. Sometimes, however, for no reason that we could see, she would decline to come from her room. I remember well one afternoon there was quite a distinguished set waiting to meet her, and when I went up to inform her that visitors had come to see her, I found her in a state of undress incompatible with a visit to the drawing room. When I told her who was there, a little strong language was used and she said that Mr. and Mrs. X might come up. I gently remonstrated that neither her room nor her person was quite in a suitable condition for visitors; she told me I might go somewhere, but if she came down she should come down as she was, and if she saw anyone she would see them as she was, and that I was to send her food as soon as possible for she was hungry. The visitors had to leave and I made what excuses I could.

The most pleasant time I had was always in the early morning; she always seemed more get-at-able then, her mouth settled in pleasant curves, her eyes were kind and brilliant, and she always seemed to understand and sympathise not only with what one said but also with what one did not say. I never felt afraid of H. P. B. in spite of the very strong language she sometimes used. One always somehow felt it was surface strong language. I had free entry into her room at all times, and I can truly say that, from the first time she came to our house to the time when I saw her about three weeks before her death, she never received me otherwise than as a trusted friend. We differed; I misunderstood her ways; but I remember on that last occasion a mutual friend made some objections to what

I had said, and H. P. B. with a twinkle in her eye said: "Miss Arundale and I understand each other, and there is nothing more to be said."

During the time that H. P. B. was with us, an American lady, a Mrs. L. C. Holloway, came to see her, and H. P. B. found that Mrs. Holloway had certain psychic qualities which would enable her to be used for the Master's work; and although those very psychic qualities brought the danger of mistake, H. P. B. determined to try her. Mohini Chatterji and Mrs. Holloway were told to look back into the far past and sketch out the history of the long distant ages. They did so, and in the little upper room at Elgin Crescent the two new friends, new in the present life, although old friends in the past, gave day after day to the writing of *Man: Fragments of Forgotten History*.[1] I was constantly with them, and found the delving into the shadows most fascinating. There may be, I know there are, some mistakes in the book; it was written before *The Secret Doctrine*, before the later knowledge so clearly given in *Man: How, Whence, and Whither*. But the Teachers helped, and manuscript pages were placed before Them, and They made some corrections from time to time. One incident I remember: Mrs. Holloway and Mr. Mohini had been striving for some time to get a certain page of manuscript right, as they saw the facts, but they could not satisfy themselves. They were sitting at a square table, one at each side, and I was sitting at the third side, when at last Mrs. Holloway said: "I cannot see it," and pushed the papers away from her. The table was covered with sheets of foolscap on which they had been writing, and at last she or Mohini, which I do not remember, took up the

[1] *Man: Fragments of Forgotten History*, by Two Chelas in the Theosophical Society, London, 1885.

page again, and on the margin was written in the clear handwriting of the Master in blue pencil the one word "Try". The prefaces by the Eastern and Western Chelas show the poetic psychism of both, and how they suddenly recognised each other as friends in a distant past. It would seem as if this writing was the only cause of their being brought together, for in a short time after the book was finished, psychic misunderstandings arose and Mrs. Holloway returned to America. I liked her very much and I saw her once astrally at night, but I have neither seen nor heard of her since.

In the summer of 1884 we received an invitation from a kind friend at Elberfeld, Mr. Gustave Gebhard, to come and spend a few weeks at his home. Not only did he invite Col. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Mohini, but he invited a large party to accompany them—my mother, myself and my little George, Bertram Keightley, and some others whose names I have forgotten—and many joined the party later. No words can express the kindness of our host, he franked the whole party, and at some of the principal stations on the road we were served with baskets of fruit and dainty sandwiches and lemonade. We were a merry party, H. P. B. in her wittiest and most genial mood, and the large saloon carriage echoed with pleasant laughter and bright speech. That time at Elberfeld was a bright page to look back on, although it ended in the abrupt return of H. P. B. to India on account of the missionary and Coulomb attack. During our stay at Elberfeld the letter was received which was sent to me as Treasurer of the London Lodge; I do not think the details of its appearance have been given. The drawing room at Elberfeld was a large, high room with very high doors. We used to sit in this room before going down to dinner,

which was on a lower floor. It often happened that H. P. B. did not go down and something was served to her upstairs. On the evening I am speaking of, she decided to remain upstairs and settled her bulky figure comfortably in a large armchair while all the rest of us went down, her host asking her what she would like sent up. After dinner the party returned to the drawing room and found H. P. B. quietly ensconced in her chair, as if she had never left it. A party gathered round her as usual and talk was being carried on, when somebody said: "What is that white thing on the top of the portal of the door?" A high chair was brought, and the "white thing" proved to be an envelope addressed to me as Treasurer of the London Lodge. I fully realised that there seemed to be no special reason why the missive should have been given in that peculiar manner. It may have been intended to show that H. P. B. had no connection with it, for it would have been almost impossible for H. P. B. to have mounted on a chair and placed a letter at that height. I have my own theories about many of these curious happenings; we have been often told that the Masters themselves did not always concern themselves with the way in which Their messages were delivered, for this was the concern of the Chela who was the agent for their transmission, and it may well have been that an Indian Chela might choose this way as being dramatic. It *was* dramatic, and people waited till I had assured myself that, although addressed to me, it was also a general communication, and I read it aloud.

TO F.A.

The day of the separation is close at hand, and I would say to you a few words. You are an officer of the L. L. and as such you have a special duty and opportunity.

It is not enough that you should set the example of a pure and virtuous life and a tolerant spirit: this is but negative

goodness—and for Chelaship will never do. You should, as a simple member, much more as an officer, learn that you may teach, acquire spiritual knowledge and strength that the weak may lean upon you, and the sorrowing victims of ignorance learn from you the cause and remedy of their pain. If you choose you may make your home one of the most important centres of spiritualising influence in all the world. The "power" is now concentrated there, and will remain—if you do not weaken or repulse it—remain to your blessing and advantage. You will do good by encouraging the visits of your fellow-members and of enquirers and by holding meetings of the more congenial for study and instruction. You should induce others in other quarters to do likewise. You should constantly advise with your associates in the Council how to make the general meetings of the Lodge interesting. New members should be taken in hand from the first by the older ones especially selected and assigned to the duty in each case, and instructed thoroughly in what you have already learnt, so that they may be capable of participating intelligently in the proceedings of regular meetings. There is a strong disposition to slur over the ceremony of initiation in such a way as to make no serious impression upon the candidate. The method of the Parent Society may be unsuited to English prejudices, yet to fall into the opposite extreme of undignified haste is very much worse. Your ways of initiation are a standing insult to every regular Chela, and have provoked the displeasure of their Masters. It is a sacred thing with us: why should it be otherwise with you? If every fellow took for his motto the wise words of a young boy, but one who is a fervent Theosophist, and repeated with Bertram K.: "I am a Theosophist before I am an Englishman," no foe could ever upset your Society. However, candidates should be taught, and old members always recollect, that this is a serious affair the Society is engaged in, and that they should begin the work as seriously by making their own lives Theosophical. The "Journal" is well begun, and should be continued. It should be the natural complement to that of the S.P.R., which is a bag of nuts uncracked.

Your Branch should keep in correspondence with all the others in Europe: the . . . can help you—the others need your help. This is a movement for all Europe—not for London only, remember. The American members are under great disadvantages, and have had until now, since the Founders left, no competent leaders: your Branch can, and should, help them, for they are your neighbours, and the Head Quarters have already too much to do in other quarters. A Chela will be detailed to answer general questions if the Branch deserves assistance. But remember: we are not public scribes or clerks, with time to be continually writing

notes and answers to individual correspondents about every trifling personal matter that they should answer for themselves. Nor shall we permit those private notes to be forwarded as freely as hitherto. Time enough to *discuss* the terms of Chelaship when the aspirant has digested what has already been given out, and mastered his most palpable vices and weaknesses. This you may show or say to all. The present is for the Branch addressed to you as its officer.

You have accepted an important service—the financial agency—and done wisely. Such aid was very needed. If the members in Europe wish well to the Mother Society, they should help to circulate its publications, and to have them translated into other languages when worthy of it. Intentions —you may tell your Fellow-Members—and kind words count for little with us. Deeds are what we want and demand. L.C.H. has done—poor child—more in that direction during two months than the best of your members in these five years.

The members of the London Lodge have such an opportunity as seldom comes to men. A movement calculated to benefit an English-speaking world is in their custody. If they do their whole duty, the progress of materialism, the increase of dangerous self-indulgence, and the tendency toward spiritual suicide, can be checked. The theory of vicarious atonement has brought about its inevitable re-action: only the knowledge of Karma can offset it. The pendulum has swung from the extreme of blind faith towards the extreme of materialistic skepticism, and nothing can stop it save Theosophy. Is not this a thing worth working for, to save those nations from the doom their ignorance is preparing for them?

Think you the truth has been shown to you for your sole advantage? That we have broken the silence of centuries for the profit of a handful of dreamers only? The converging lines of your Karma have drawn each and all of you into this Society as to a common focus, that you may each help to work out the results of your interrupted beginnings in the last birth. None of you can be so blind as to suppose that this is your first dealing with Theosophy? You surely must realise that this would be the same as to say that effects came without causes. Know then that it depends now upon each of you whether you shall hencetorth struggle alone after spiritual wisdom through this and the next incarnate life, or in the company of your present associates, and greatly helped by the mutual sympathy and aspiration. Blessings to all—deserving them.

K. H.

We did not pass entirely scathless from H. P. B.'s ire while at Elberfeld. Anything that in any way

seemed to reflect on the dignity or power of the Masters was to her like a red rag to a bull. Mr. Mohini in the course of some remarks had stated that he considered it quite possible that the "Brothers of the Shadow" might sometimes imitate the writing of a Master. This for some reason incensed Madame Blavatsky, and we saw that something was amiss. That afternoon we took a drive in the country; there were two carriages of us, including H. P. B. We were a quiet party, quite feeling we were under the ban of displeasure. At last we came to a small wood, and she stopped the carriages and got down, bidding us follow. She took us to a small, open space and began some of her strongest language to Mohini, also including us, saying we were none of us fit to be in the Society and that we never could expect to be pupils of a Master. Her power, her command of the English language, her manifest sincerity, her devotion to the Masters, her indignation that anything should be said or done that could possibly lessen their dignity, was so great that we could only feel guilty before her, and I can judge what others must have felt by my own feelings.

Only at one other time have I ever seen H. P. B. in such a state of anger, and that was after the famous Psychical Research Society's meeting at which Col. Olcott gave some very foolish accounts of manifestations of the Master. I remember well our journey home in the cab, the tense, stern quietude of H. P. B., holding herself in till she got into the house, and then the fury with which she lashed Col. Olcott with her words, her reproaches for having brought the names of the Masters into ridicule. I remember the strong attitude of Col. Olcott, patient, as he owned he had made a mistake, which indeed he had; till at last, when she bade him go out of the Society, he drew himself up

and said: "I do not care what you say; I am in the Society, and I shall remain and work for it till the Master turns me out." Her anger seemed then to evaporate, and she dismissed us all to bed, it being three o'clock in the night.

The time at Elberfeld soon passed; my mother and the little George and myself decided to go home, and H. P. B. and the others were to return to London later.

There were other phenomena during our stay in Elberfeld, but I have said so much on this subject which is really unimportant, that I feel inclined to drop all further mention of phenomena and return to a more interesting matter. It was at Elberfeld that the first news came to H. P. B. of the treachery of the Coulombs, aided and abetted by the Christian missionaries. Week after week, as she awaited news, she suffered through being so far away from the scene of attack. It was in vain that the Lodges unanimously expressed their confidence; her one great fear was that the dignity of the Masters might in any way be lowered. She was ready in a way to throw herself and her honour before the public, provided that no breath of aspersion should come to Their names. In September H. P. B. and Col. Olcott returned to London, and for a short time we again had her with us. I do not remember that the movement seemed to suffer, although there were many who foretold the downfall of Theosophy. Distinguished Theosophists came forward about that time; there were Mr. and Mrs. Cooper-Oakley and, last but not least, I remember Mr. Leadbeater as a visitor to our house. I remember him in his clerical dress and his general appearance of a distinguished English gentleman. He quickly passed all barriers; the Master's call found a willing answer and it was evident from the very first that he "meant business," as he has often told us that we

also must "mean business" if we would pass into the Master's service. His position as a priest of the English Church, the opinion of society, of his family—all were set at naught, and at the Master's bidding he joined H. P. B. and Theosophy at a time when many were turning their backs on both. I have in London many letters that he wrote to me from India in connection with London Lodge business, and they all show the same deepest devotion to the Masters and Their work which has been evidenced in his life ever since.

Madame Blavatsky returned to India in December, but she did not remain there very long, as the following year she returned to Europe on account of ill-health. I did not see very much of her then, although I spent one week with her at Wurzburg. This brings to a conclusion my personal reminiscences of H. P. B. If the Editor of THE THEOSOPHIST thinks that any further remembrances on my part might be of interest, I will endeavour to work up my memory; but for the present I conclude with the words that I consider it a great, very great happiness to have been brought by my good karma into such close relationship with the great Pioneer of our Theosophical Movement, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky.

Francesca Arundale

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

The Prophet of Nazareth: or the Story of the New Testament from fresh points of view, with chapters on the Future of Man and the Return of the Christ, by Elizabetha. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London. Price 6s.)

It is a significant fact that the trend of Christian thought towards a more mystical interpretation of the New Testament seems to have enhanced rather than diminished the spell exercised by the historical personality who forms the central figure of the Gospels. It is also probable that the growing expectation of the Second Coming of the Christ has kindled a new and living interest in the sayings and incidents recorded of Him during His ministry in Palestine. This tendency is strikingly illustrated by the book now before us, for it combines in a very effective manner the simplicity and straightforwardness of a commentary on the literal narrative with the spiritual standpoint acquired by a study of Theosophy; it is also inspired by a very real belief in the early return of the Christ.

The Prophet of Nazareth is much more than a mere collection of extracts, chosen, as is so often the case, to support some particular doctrine or theory; it is a complete and faithful account of practically every important episode in the Gospels, including much that occurs in the *Acts* and the Epistles; but it differs from the ordinary commentary in that the explanations offered are reasonable and in accordance with modern experience of psychic possibilities. The miracles, for instance, are almost taken for granted, as being quite within the capabilities of an Adept; in fact one is sometimes tempted to wish that the author had drawn the line now and then, and ventured on the opinion that certain feats ascribed to Jesus would have come up against laws of nature by which even an Adept is bound, and were therefore probably exaggerations.

However, this literal acceptance is a refreshing change from the frequently excessive ingenuity of the searcher after esoteric meanings. Not that "Elizabetha" objects to the symbolical method of interpretation as such; on the contrary she agrees that the life history of every divine messenger must necessarily symbolise the eternal truths pertaining to the unfoldment of the divine nature in man; but she prefers to dwell upon the actual embodiment of those truths in the story of Jesus, rather than upon their purely abstract presentation.

The book is eminently suitable for Christian readers who are on the look out for more liberal conceptions, provided that they are compatible with their reverence for the Biblical revelation of the Christ. Fresh as the conclusions will be to many—and even we must confess to having been somewhat mystified over the Resurrection—there is nothing tending to detract from the beauty of the original setting, while there is much that adds to its vividness. The Theosophical ideas are introduced gradually and gently, and it is not until the last chapter but one, "The Future of Man," that a full confession of faith is made regarding them. Even then, the word Theosophy is palpably excluded for diplomatic reasons, though surely no one who had got so far in the book would be likely to take fright at the mention of a school of thought which has become known to the world through these same teachings. Here also we find a quotation from *At the Feet of the Master*, a typical sign of the catholicity that invites the confidence of all classes of readers.

After the simple way in which the historical element is disposed of, we were naturally curious to see what the author made of that essentially symbolical puzzle, the Apocalypse; and we were not surprised to find her admitting that the full meaning may have been purposely withheld until the time was ripe for its understanding; but in the meantime she offers quite a sensible and probable solution in terms of the progress of humanity towards divinity.

The volume is decidedly lengthy, but it is difficult to see how the task which was undertaken could have been carried out within a much smaller compass. Perhaps the very extent and variety of the subject-matter has the effect of accentuating any repetitions in the explanatory interludes,

for the latter certainly do tend to become somewhat monotonous. On the other hand a welcome interest is supplied by apt allusions to problems of the day, such, for example, as that of India.

> The near future will ask of us also to perform an act of justice to India. There, indeed, conditions are more complicated, for on that vast continent are to be found differing races and differing religions. But time has brought with it new conditions. Indians of position, education, and ability justly demand full freedom within the Empire, an Empire which will become all the more powerful, all the greater, based upon fraternal Co-operation, the guardian of peace. Our desire should be that this land and its people, once so illustrious, should be linked in harmony with our own nation in mutual understanding. Then, indeed, will be drawn together the powers of East and West, as never before. Surely a great ideal!

The author's style is unassuming but all the more pleasing, and often breaks out into periods of considerable force and beauty. One passage in particular seemed to strike an unusually high note; it is an attempt to portray the Christ as He is thought of by many nowadays.

> The Coming Christ will be for all the world; He will be held by no Church, by no exclusive form of religion dear to men; He will teach the gospel of love as being precious above all else; He will again hold out His hands to the "publicans and sinners," to the outcasts and the sorrowful, to the sick in mind and the weak in body, to the lowly and self-sacrificing, however criticised or slighted. He will call to His feet the children and dumb creatures, looking on them with utmost tenderness and compassion; He will take to His heart the heretic who is a lover of humanity, rather than the orthodox believer who holds his charities within the ring-fence of creeds. He will love East as well as West, and affirm all truth in all religions which have helped the children of men. And He will so base His religion on a science of man's being, that its foundation will never again be shaken or misunderstood. His religion will be the highest science; His rules and commandments the ways of love. No shining presence is needed to enforce the majesty of such a work, of such a Being as He who comes to accomplish it. Though far off, when the time comes in which men shall be seers, with opened eyes, they may behold Him as He is, who has so often descended to teach men and destroy human ignorance, and behold Him indeed in His glory, arrayed in light and radiating a power like the outer warmth of the sun. Most beautiful will be that presence and that vision, but never will it be used for compulsion or to produce ashamed amazement in the minds of the men of to-day. None can ever be truly helped by the compulsion of any outer sign alone; only by the growth of the divine within, through the appeal of the Christ without—His awakening call to the sleeping divine nature implanted in all by the Eternal Creator who planned the evolution of man.

We expect that *The Prophet of Nazareth* will already have attracted much attention in Church and Christian circles generally, for it cannot fail to appeal to the best in all who take their religion seriously, whatever points of disagreement they may find in matters of detail.

W. D. S. B.

Personality, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s.)

Shantiniketan, by W. W. Pearson. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

Under the title *Personality* have been published in book form six of the lectures delivered by Sir Rabindranath Tagore in America during his recent visit to that country: What is Art? The World of Personality, The Second Birth, My School, Meditation, Woman. These lectures are full of illuminating passages, and though each is separate and distinct in itself, the six are linked together by their common insistence on the value and meaning of that elusive something to which the author applies the word personality—a word which he himself thinks will not pass unchallenged, as one of "such an amplitude of meaning".

Theosophists will be interested to trace the author's conception of personality in and out of the framework of the Theosophical teaching regarding the constitution of man. It is hard to place it exactly, and yet one feels that the poet's idea of the meaning of human life has something in it very much akin to that which is the outcome of Theosophical study. At times personality is that which makes us different from animals—the ego, the Theosophist would say—that which makes possible self-consciousness, self-knowledge, the feeling of separateness and hence also the feeling of unity with all. The author says:

> We have seen that consciousness of personality begins with the feeling of the separateness from all and has its culmination in the feeling of the unity with all.

He then goes on to explain that the whole object of human life is to convert this personality of self—that in which the consciousness of separateness predominates over the consciousness of unity—into the personality of soul, in which the consciousness of unity is the element of primary importance. This process we describe in Theosophical language as the gradual disentanglement of manas and kāma and the uniting of the former with buḍḍhi.

Then, again, we have personality defined as that something which makes us "human" in another sense—not, this time, as distinguished from the animal world, but as distinguished from the cold-blooded "scarcely human" people

who are all brains without warming emotional force. We are told:

> Man, as a knower, is not fully himself—his mere information does not reveal him. But, as a person, he is the organic man, who has the inherent power to select things from his surroundings in order to make them his own. He has his forces of attraction and repulsion by which he not merely piles up things outside him, but creates himself. The principal creative forces, which transmute things into our living structure, are emotional forces. A man, where he is religious, is a person, but not where he is a mere theologian. His feeling for the divine is creative. But his mere knowledge of the divine cannot be formed into his own essence because of this lack of emotional fire.

When our author tells us that it is poets and women who are specially at home in the realm of personality and express most fully its characteristic beauties, he is using the word in this second sense.

"My School" is rather different from the other five—naturally—and in it we are given an account of the life at "Shantineketan". This school is based on the ideal of the forest Ashrama of great teachers, where boys "grew up in an intimate Vision of eternal life before they were thought fit to enter the state of the householder". Our author, speaking of these little colonies, the memory of which is treasured still in India, says:

> These places were neither schools nor monasteries, in the modern sense of the word. They consisted of homes where with their families lived men whose object was to see the world in God and to realise their own life in him. Though they lived outside society, yet they were to society what the sun is to the planets, the centre from which it received its life and light.

Something of what this enterprise of his means to him the author tells us here, and also what he hopes of it for his boys.

Anyone who wishes to know more about this interesting educational experiment should read the sketches included in a volume entitled *Shantiniketan*, by W. W. Pearson. Here we have a picture of life at the Ashrama as it appears to a Westerner, with a great deal of detailed information added for the benefit of those who wish to know how things are managed from a practical point of view.

"To give spiritual culture to our boys," says Sir Rabindranath, "was my principal object in starting my school in Bolpur." Mr. Pearson witnesses to the inspiring religious atmosphere of the place and the feeling that it gives one of freedom for self-expression. He includes in his description of the school a delightful character sketch of the Bengali boy—a very attractive person, this future citizen of

the "land of poetry and imagination". A translation of a very charming story for children, "The Gift to the Guru," by Satish Chandra Roy, and an Introduction and two short addresses by Tagore, also form part of this little volume.

The two books, *Personality* and *Shantiniketan*, together will give the reader an opportunity to study Sir Rabindranath's attitude towards life and his educational ideals.

A. DE L.

Manual of a Mystic, being a translation from the Pāli and Sinhalese Work entitled: The Yogāvachara's Manual, by F. L. Woodward, M.A., (Cantab.), Principal of Mahinda Buḍḍhist College, Galle, Ceylon. Edited, with introductory essay, by Mrs. Rhys Davids. (Published for the Pali Text Society by Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London.)

In the Editor's Preface to this translation of the manual called *Yogāvacara*, Mrs. Rhys Davids tells of how Mr. Woodward undertook the task, and gives us some idea of its difficulties and how he has surmounted them.

> Mr. Woodward has accomplished, not a revision, nor a recast of the previous materials, but a fresh translation. And to what extent success in such an undertaking was possible, we judge he has succeeded. The task bristles with difficulties. Success in it means not only a lucid English version of a text often technically obscure and abounding in clerical slips, but much more. It means a rendering not less, if not more, interesting to the general reader than other practical manuals of devotion have proved; and to the student of mysticism a positive contribution, whereby he may widen or deepen his inductions as to the nature and aims of the subject of his study.

Apparently the MS. is of comparatively recent origin, having been probably compiled under the influence of a Buḍḍhist reform movement in the eighteenth century. It is of unique interest as being the only known exposition of the Buḍḍhist method of meditation; while Theosophists will doubtless find many indications of a knowledge of the whereabouts of the chakrams and the significance of the colours in the aura. On the whole, however, we doubt if they will be able to make very much of it; and we can quite imagine the average student of oriental religion giving it up as an undecipherable curiosity.

Even Mr. Woodward himself admits this incongruity in his Prefatory Note, where he says: "Western students of Yoga practices will hardly venture on attempting the processes

here described." He further confesses that the last bhikkhu to whom the secrets of the tradition were imparted (he was still living in 1900) did not practise them either—for the quaint reason that he was said to be a Bodhisaṭṭva and therefore had many lives on earth before him, whereas if he was successful in samādhi he would pass away from earth too soon. However, this disqualification did not deter him from teaching the method to an unfortunate pupil, who went mad and died; "which," as Mr. Woodward laconically remarks, "would probably happen unless the guru himself were fully versed in the methods, and able to see clairvoyantly exactly what effect each meditation was having on his pupil".

It is evident that the manual was not intended for the information of any who were not in possession of the "keys" to the real meanings of the technical terms, as many of these curious phrases obviously are. Such keys, or explanations, would probably be given only in the course of oral instruction under personal supervision, the manual being most likely kept as a record for purposes of reference. As it stands, therefore, it is little more than a valuable piece of evidence as to the survival of occult knowledge in the Buddhist monasteries; and even then, there is no guarantee as to how much of it, if any, was taught by the Lord Buddha.

At the same time the work possesses certain features of distinct interest, which are quite consistent with the Buddhist outlook. For instance, as Mrs. Rhys Davids points out, there is nothing to be found of that aspiration for union with a Supreme Being which is the distinguishing motive in most forms of mysticism. The Buddhist aspirant seems content with producing in his mind a state of abnormal clarity, in which he is able to understand causes. To this end he appears to rely mainly on a strict observance of "recollectedness," beginning with affirmations on the act of breathing. Yet, if we may judge by such expressions as "the momentary flash in the inmost shrine of my being. . . the flooding rapture. . . the transporting rapture . . . the all-pervading rapture," etc., the system is far more than a perfunctory mental exercise. An incidental point of interest is the employment of wax-taper lights to mark the time to be spent at each stage and as objects for visualisation at certain parts of the body

(we should say there was too much of the solar plexus about some of these practices). Another curious exercise is that spoken of as by "devices," a method that apparently utilises the properties of the "elements"—earth, water, fire, and air—and the colours—blue-green, yellow, crimson, and white. The meditation on the "Ten Foul Things" is certainly a strange contrast to the sublime ideas which form the staple food for reflection, but at least it can never be said that the Buḍḍhist discipline pretends to gloss over the shady side of life.

Here, then, we have a sphinx-like classic, rendered into worthy English, and beautifully printed and bound. We congratulate the translator and all concerned in the production. Let all who can, essay to read the riddle.

W. D. S. B.

Glimpses of the Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā and the Veḍānṭa Philosophy, by Mukund Wamanrao Burway, B.A. (Servants of India Society, Bombay. Price Rs. 3.)

We have here one more English rendering of the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* (with the original Samskrit text in Ḍevanāgari), with a long Introduction and a few Appendixes. When there are already so many works in the field, one would be curious to know the author's special object in view. In his own words, the author's aim is "to attempt to remove several misconceptions, misunderstandings, and wrong views which are imposed upon the sublime subject of Veḍānṭa"; and he earnestly appeals "to the Bhāraṭa Ḍharma Mahāmandal and the Jain Dharma Mahāmandal, through the medium of this treatise on the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*, to unite their energies for the advancement of the entire Hinḍū community, by adopting measures which would annihilate sectarian differences". He is quite aware that "a philosophical treatise like the present one is not likely to enlist the sympathy of the priesthood". In the course of his introductory paper he has said some things against caste and ritual, "not in the spirit of a sceptic, but with the aim of advocating that ritual is only the means to an end, and that caste, in the rigid sense in which it is understood generally, has no authority and sanction, except to that extent as pointed out by the Lord in the *Gīṭā*". In the

Introduction the author gives a bird's eye view of the contents of the several chapters of the *Gīṭā*, and discusses such interesting topics as the philosophy of the *Gīṭā*, the chronology of events in the life of Srī Kṛshṇa, the age of the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*, and so on. Intolerant of all biased criticism of Hinḍū philosophy and religion, he has exposed the faults in the expositions of Hinḍuism by Christian missionaries such as Dr. Farquhar, and the Western orientalists such as A. E. Gough.

Among the main conclusions the author has arrived at by his study of the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* may be mentioned the following: (1) The *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* lends no support whatever to that rigidity of the caste system which has undermined the national solidarity of India; (2) the Divine Song enjoins the national uplift in all directions, in thought and action; (3) there is no scope for idleness in the region of Divine Advice which enjoins activity in the righteous direction; (4) Man is not asked to renounce the world, but is directed to pursue all the worldly pursuits in a selfless manner. In the Appendixes he has tried to show how the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* and the Upanishaḍs have influenced Buḍḍhism, and how it is wrong to say that Buḍḍhism is atheistic. He has further pointed out that Jainism is an aspect of Hinḍuism, of Veḍānṭism essentially, and that the difference is only formal and not real.

The author has thus, in the course of his exposition, dealt with many a highly controversial point and focused on each of them some relevant considerations. The exposition is on the whole vigorous but somewhat over-enthusiastic. In his laudable aim of unification of the Hinḍū sects, including Buḍḍhism, Jainism and Sikhism, the author sometimes makes statements which may have the reverse effect. Not a few will certainly demur to the following statement, made as it is without convincing arguments: "If Ahankār is thrust aside, Veḍānṭism, Buḍḍhism and Jainism are fully entitled to meet on a common platform and are certainly branches of a common trunk—the Aḍvaiṭa philosophy of the Hinḍūs."

A. M. S.

The Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse, chosen by D. H. S. Nicholson and A. H. E. Lee. (Humphrey Milford, The Oxford University Press, London. Price 6s.)

Poetry has ever been the natural language of the mystic, but the extent to which English poetry is permeated with the mystical element may come as a surprise to many. This collection stands, therefore, as a magnificent testimony to the spread of mysticism as a living power in the modern world, for it comprises all that is best of the kind in English poetry. Not only are all the well known quotations to be found—a perfect boon to writers and editors—but also many rare and hitherto buried treasures from the minor poets. Some idea of the detail involved in such a work, as well as the breadth of sympathy revealed, may be gathered from the number of authors represented, namely, one hundred and sixty-three —not counting the inevitable "Anon."s. One noticeable feature of the poems selected is that they are mostly of comparatively recent date, and consequently in close touch with the spirit of the time; though some of the older poets, such as Marvell, Pope, and Cowper, also find a place by virtue of their perennial youth.

It is of course impossible, in the space at our disposal, even to begin to survey such a wealth of inspiration, while selections would only seem invidious; but perhaps we may be allowed to make an exception in expressing our pleasure at finding that Sarojini Naidu has not been forgotten—her poems chosen are "The Soul's Prayer," "In Salutation to the Eternal Peace," and "To a Buḍḍha seated on a Lotus". The "choosers," one of whom is a clergyman of the Church of England, state their criterion of mystical poetry with an almost epigrammatic touch (see Introduction):

> Our conception of mysticism must be found in the poetry we have gathered together. But it may serve as a ground for comprehension to say that in making our selection we have been governed by a desire to include only such poems and extracts from poems as contain intimations of a consciousness wider and deeper than the normal. This is the connecting link between them—the thread, as it were, on which the individual pieces are strung. It is less a question of a common subject than of a common standpoint and in some sense a common atmosphere, and our attempt has been to steer a middle course between the twin dangers of an uninspired piety on the one hand and mere intellectual speculation on the other. The claim to inclusion has in no case been that any particular poet is of sufficient importance to demand representation as such, but that a poet of no matter what general rank has written one or more poems which testify to the greater

things and at the same time reach a certain level of expression. For similar reasons we have not included the work of any poet when there seemed no better reason for so doing than that he was representative of some particular period or style.

After many delightful rambles through this enchanted garden, we halted before a captivating fragment of metaphysical song by John Spencer Muirhead, entitled "Quiet". It is innocent of all piety, inspired or uninspired, and is strongly reminiscent of the *Gīṭā*.

There is a flame within me that has stood
Unmoved, untroubled through a mist of years,
Knowing nor love nor laughter, hope nor fears,
Nor foolish throb of ill, nor wine of good.
I feel no shadow of the winds that brood,
I hear no whisper of a tide that veers,
I weave no thought of passion, nor of tears,
Unfettered I of time, of habitude.
I know no birth, I know no death that chills;
I fear no fate nor fashion, cause nor creed,
I shall outdream the slumber of the hills,
I am the bud, the flower, I the seed:
For I do know that in whate'er I see
I am the part and it the soul of me.

At last English mystical verse has been presented to the world in the rich variety of a full and perfect assemblage; and the gratitude of all seekers after the "way" is due to the "choosers" for their labour of love.

W. D. S. B.

The Old Catholic Movement in Great Britain. (Theosophical Book Concern, Krotona, Holywood, Los Angeles. U.S.A.)

Since Mrs. Besant, in the "Watch-Tower" Notes of October 1916, said she expected the Old Catholic Church to become a movement of world-wide importance in the coming years, the interest of the Theosophical world has been aroused, and information on the subject is in demand.

It is to meet this, that the Theosophical Book Concern has compiled the pamphlet (of about 56 pages) under review, in which are reprinted the more important articles on the subject which have appeared in THE THEOSOPHIST and in *Theosophy in Australia* from the pens of C. W. Leadbeater and J. I. Wedgwood, together with the Statement of Principles and the Constitution and Rules for the Clergy. At the end is given a list of books and writings in which collateral information can be found.

It is a very useful and nicely got up pamphlet, not intended for proselytism but merely as a source of information.

D. CH.

Life of the Venerable Louise de Marillac, by Alice, Lady Lovat. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., London. Price 10s. 6d.)

The first few years after the founding of the Company of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul were ones of great danger and difficulty for France, the country of its birth. The Order was started in 1633, during the Thirty Years' War. Destitution and suffering of all kinds among the poor were terribly on the increase in those years of continuous warfare, and the resources of those very few who gave themselves up to work for the poverty-stricken were taxed to the uttermost. It is not surprising, then, that the story of the life-work of the foundress of this Order of "saviours of the people" is a record of strenuous activity, of battles against prejudice without and overtaxed strength within the Order, against sin and disease, and the innumerable obstacles consequent upon the lack of sufficient funds to meet the ever-increasing demands of the work.

The Venerable Louise, moving in the midst of the difficulties which beset her infant community with serene courage and unswerving devotion to her ideal, was an inspiration to her many spiritual daughters, and her teachings, as they have come down to us in the records of her life and her letters, have been a comfort and guide to hundreds who have carried on the work which she and the first Sisters set on foot. The circle of those who are strengthened by her example of self-sacrifice will be considerably widened by the appearance of this the first attempt to bring her history before the English-speaking public in their own language.

The account we are here given of the Company of Sisters is full of intimate details concerning the Order and its members. Anyone interested in the conduct and management of religious communities will find much of value in this story of the gradual adjustment of ideals to facts, of the "Rule" to the needs and capacities of very human "Sisters".

A. DE L.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

PHILOSOPHY AND LIFE

The Indian Philosophical Review is the name of a new quarterly, the first number of which has been sent us for review. It is edited by Alban G. Widgery, M.A., Professor of Philosophy, Baroda, and R. D. Ranade, M.A., Professor of Philosophy, Poona, and is published by the Oxford University Press, Bombay. Its appearance is most attractive, and its 95 pages of clear type contain some excellent matter. A most suggestive article is that by Prof. A. G. Widgery, bearing the above title.

First of all a very thorough enquiry is made as to the scope and function of philosophy. The difference between the philosopher and the ordinary man, it is claimed, is that the former "insists upon a continual and untiring quest for accuracy with regard to every detail of the problems with which he is concerned". He draws no veil of mystery over the assumptions that he is obliged to make, but examines them in the light of normal human faculty and endeavours to trace them to their ultimate grounds. Moreover he refuses to be satisfied with only one point of view, for he aims at collecting all the facts obtainable before forming any conclusions. Again, he is careful to distinguish between "knowledge by acquaintance," which is the only final criterion, and "knowledge by description," which is limited to the verdicts of the senses and intellect. His search is usually spoken of as for "reality," but the author prefers the expression "all the real," as being more inclusive of different lines of thought and belief.

Philosophy, he maintains, is not content with the bare knowledge of facts, but strives to discover the meanings revealed by the facts and their value to life as a whole. At the same time he recognises that however broad the standpoint of value may be, it must necessarily be a human one, and therefore relatively limited.

> To recognise that Philosophy is human is important for that conception of it which relates it especially with values. For thus the task of Philosophy is to find the meaning of reality for men. But just for this very reason, it should be admitted that the meaning which facts have for men may not be their only meaning; and further, that it does not follow that if men are unable to find meaning in certain facts, those facts have no meaning at all. Facts which have meaning for us may also have other meanings, and facts

which have no meanings for us may have meanings nevertheless. But until the facts of human experience are appreciated from the point of view of their value, their meaning is not known, and the task of Philosophy is not achieved.

The next distinction made is between "intrinsic" and "extrinsic" values. Intrinsic values are defined as being of worth in themselves and not necessarily implying any value beyond themselves, whereas extrinsic values are only secondary, as being means to intrinsic values. As a tentative classification of intrinsic values the following is offered: physical, intellectual, æsthetical, moral and religious; and the sense of colour is taken as an example of physical values.

> Physical values have a nature of their own. A colour-blind man can never be led to experience the colours to which he is blind, except by doing away with his colour-blindness. He may be an intellectual giant, and may know all that science has to say on the theory of colours, but that will not help him. You may lead a child to know blue in one way only—by showing blue to him. . . . Physical values are often at the same time a means or a hindrance to the attainment of other values: their intrinsic character is not affected thereby.

The same method of analysis is applied to the remaining classes, and it is interesting to find that religious values are regarded as something more than means to moral ends. By thus giving the facts of life their due place in the scheme of things, philosophy is always seeking to establish a unity of attitude which shall bring mankind appreciably nearer to that unity of consciousness that is man's final attainment.

Another excellent article is "Sankarāchārya's Criterion of Truth," in which Pandit Mahābhagvaṭ of Kurtkoti shews that this famous sage upheld the value of revelation, as through the Veḍas, as well as the use of reason in its interpretation. "Psychology in the Upanishaḍs," by Prof. R. D. Ranade, brings to light the great variety of view to be found in these writings, for instance, on the question of sleep. Other subjects dealt with are Artistic Production, Jainism, Hinḍū Law, Zarathustra, etc. The number opens with Minutes of Proceedings of the Indian Philosophical Association, of which this magazine is the organ, and the combined enterprise seems full of promise.

W. D. S. B.
