



THE KRISHNA VALLEY.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ERE these lines meet the eyes of our readers the Thirty-sixth Anniversary of the Theosophical Society will be over, and will have passed into "the infinite azure of the past". All the omens for it are good, and I trust that they will be justified in the event.

* * *

January 1, 1912, is upon us. "A Happy and Useful New Year" is the wish of THE THEOSOPHIST to its thousands of readers, scattered all over the civilised world. The Theosophical Society is being carried onwards on the crest of the flowing tide, and we may look forward with confidence to what the New Year may bring us. Troubles may arise on our horizon, but they will all fade away, and any clouds that may fleck our sky will be dissolved in the beams of the rising sun. The Star in the East is shining, and it is the Bright

and Morning Star, the harbinger of Dawn. Glad is the outlook, joyous is the prospect; for we see the Golden Gates beginning to unclose, and a ray is shining through of the Glory which is to be revealed.

* * *

The karma of wrong done ever recoils on the community which inflicts it. The Nairs have been a down-trodden and despised people for centuries, and Hinduism has treated them with contempt and scorn. It is true that some of their social customs were and are outrageous, but the more civilised should have sought to aid them to reform instead of violently repelling them. Now that they are trying to reform themselves and to rise in the social scale, they show a bitter hatred to the creed which has trampled on them. There are two or three Nairs who, infinitely to their credit, have won high position in Madras, and we cannot wonder that they try to do a little trampling in their turn. Remembering all this, I can readily pardon Mr. Justice Nair for his ungenerous action, when I invited his co-operation in calling a meeting on behalf of the Hindu University. It would have been easy for him simply to refuse, but he preferred to utilise my letter to make a violent attack on Hinduism in the public press. To say that a Hindu University will be likely to promote sedition was to speak against history and against present evidence. There is no nation more loyal than the Hindu, and the sedition which arose here was not indigenous, and never took root; it was engineered by Anarchists abroad, who had not

been educated in a Hindu University, and who slew Hindus as readily as English and Musalmans; the great mass of Hindus submitted readily—as Englishmen would have done in their own country under similar circumstances—to repressive legislation necessary for the checking of crime. When Hindus become seditious, the Indian Empire will perish, for, as Lord Minto truly remarked: “When the Indians no longer want us, we shall have to go.” It is because Hinduism is loyal and law-abiding, that the Empire will endure for ages to come. The Advocate-General made an admirable reply to the learned Justice; he pointed out that religion was necessary to the welfare of a nation, and that no instance was known of an irreligious nation attaining greatness; he asked, if Hindus renounced Hinduism, what religion they were to embrace—Buddhism? Christianity? Islam? He went on:

It is easy to say that the whole nation ought to be converted to Christianity or Islam: but the man who says that ought not to be reckoned as *practical*. I do not think that it will ever come to pass that the people of this great continent as a whole will be converted to an alien religion—alien to their traditions, alien to their instincts, alien to their civilisation. It is sooner said than accomplished. If it is impossible for a nation as a whole to get on without religion, if it is impracticable to expect a nation as a whole to give up its national religion and become proselytes to another form of faith, are we not bound to do our best to conserve everything that is noble and precious in our religion, and are we not bound to see that some sort of instruction is given in the elements of religion? Is it not our duty to see that all those wholesome influences which come under the sanction of religion—all those wholesome influences which can be utilised to mould the character—are well utilised?

These remarks of the eloquent Advocate-General may well be pondered, for India without Hinduism is unthinkable. Hinduism has preserved for the world the Ancient Wisdom, which would have temporarily vanished without it; it has permeated Europe with its philosophy, and has given to European religion a new impulse of the deepest spirituality. Mr. Justice Nair and his community may repudiate Hinduism, seeing only the spots in the sun, but if they do so, they have no future.

*
*
*

It may also be suggested that we should not use the term 'sectarian Universities,' with which our opponents label us. Sects are divisions within a religion, but the whole religion cannot reasonably be called a sect. Hinduism, Muhammadanism and Christianity are not sects, but religions, and the right adjective for the Hindu and Muslim Universities is 'religious'.

*
*
*

Mr. Edison is going to carry us back many thousands of years. It will be remembered that clairvoyant observations showed in very ancient Peru, in Toltec days, books made of very thin sheets of metal. The *Madras Mail* reports that Mr. Edison has produced nickel sheets of "one twenty-thousandth of an inch in thickness, which are tougher and more flexible than ordinary book paper, and absorb ink equally well." Made commercially, it should be cheaper than book paper, and 2,000 pages would equal in thickness 1,500 pages of 'India paper'. It is strange how the old secrets are being rediscovered.

*
*
*

His Holiness Shri Shankaracharya of the Sringeri Matt has performed a great and useful work in establishing the Indian Samskrt Institute in Bangalore. The building is a splendid one—it was in course of construction when I last visited Bangalore—standing on a site twenty-six acres in extent, a fine quadrangle being approached by a flight of steps rising ten feet. It is built entirely of stone, and the front hall, which is surrounded by a corridor, measures 100 by 50 feet. Room is provided for a Library, and there are three courts surrounded by rooms behind the large hall. The whole cost about two lakhs, and forms a most imposing structure.

Students' quarters are built in the spacious compound, and seven students and a professor came into residence last May. His Holiness delivered an opening address, in the presence of the Maharaja of Mysore and leading men of the State, giving an interesting sketch of the past of the Matt and eulogising some of his great predecessors. He then surveyed the condition of religion in India, and gave his reasons for founding the Samskrt Institute, expressing the hope that great scholars would go out from it to spread the light of spiritual knowledge. His Holiness has indeed used his power and wealth to good purpose, and all will hope that the project so well begun may endure for centuries, spreading the sublime Hindu philosophy and guiding the people along the path of right thought, right emotion, and right action.

* * *

A great civic honour comes to the Theosophical Society in the person of one of its earnest and

helpful members, Mr. Narottam Morarji Goculdas. He has just been appointed Sheriff of Bombay, the youngest Sheriff Bombay has ever known. He has served his city well, as Secretary of its most important public movements in late years, and has shown great organising faculty, and rare unselfishness. His brother and himself have been among the largest donors to the Central Hindu College, and when I was in Bombay, they promised a lakh to the Hindu University. It is very encouraging when an honour falls to those who do not seek titles by lavish gifts to Government schemes alone, but who give without thought of personal reward.

* * *

At the time of writing this I am at the Coronation Durbar, living in the fairy-land of the Indian Chiefs' Camps. I am a guest of H. H. the Maharaja of Alwar, one of the chivalrous Rajput Princes of premier rank, and one who, though young, is already beginning to make his mark by his recognition of the duties of Chieftainship, and his superiority to the temptations that surround every autocrat. He is sincerely devoted to his country, and full of the wish to serve. He has thrown himself heartily into the University scheme, recognising the enormous value it will have in the future of India, and with H. H. the Maharaja of Bikaner, another of the younger Chiefs, able and patriotic, he is endeavouring to forward the good cause in every way. On December 4th, a large and influential Hindu Deputation waited on the Hon. Mr. Butler, who showed the greatest sympathy

with the proposed University, and went carefully through all important details. Mr. Butler, later in the day, at the Muhammadan Conference, stated that there would be no difficulty in the establishment of the two Universities, provided that the respective communities contributed the necessary funds. There, then, lies our present duty, and to the fulfilment of this condition every patriotic and religious Indian should bend his efforts.

* * *

The laying out of the huge area occupied by the Coronation Durbar is a masterpiece of organisation and skill, and Sir John Hewett, chosen for this difficult task, has acquitted himself triumphantly. The tents stand in well-arranged gardens, with charming lawns and flower-beds; the whole is lighted with electricity, and at night the scene is exquisitely pretty, many of the arches shining out in coloured lights, admirably arranged. The camps of the Maharajas of Kashmir, Alwar and Bhavnagar are specially admired; red tents and screens mark out the camp of the Maharana of Mewar, "Sun of the Hindus," highest and proudest of Rajput Princes, occupant of the oldest throne in the world, heir of matchless traditions of high courage and unblemished honour. For those who know the story of the past, there is a strange fascination in the whole surrounding scene; and as these royal children of India, sons of the Aryan mother-stock, gather round the mighty Emperor and Empress, born of the Aryan youngest sub-race, enthroned over the widest Empire earth has known, what heart so cold, what brain so dull, as not to answer to the glamour of the past and the

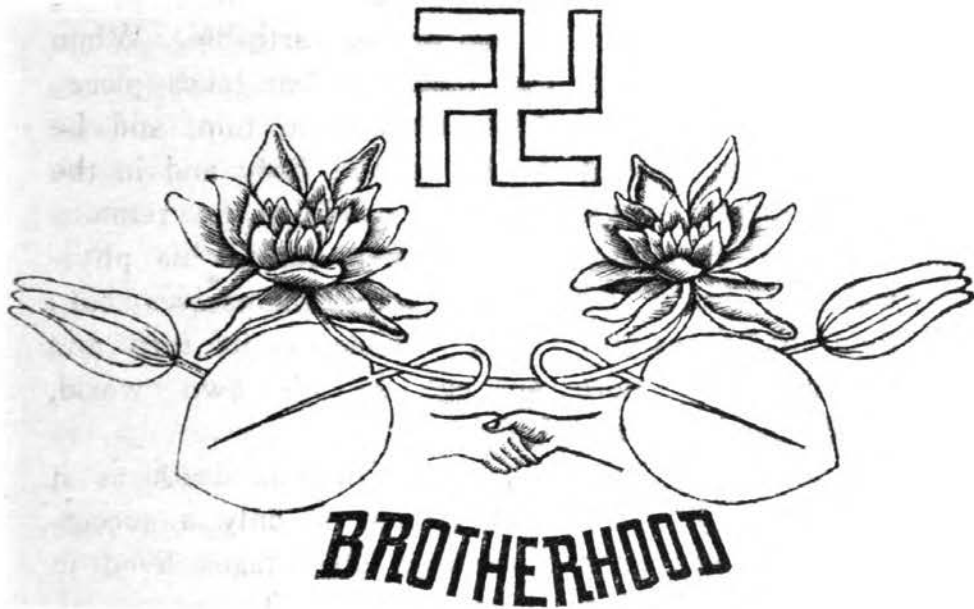
glory of the present? May it all tend to closer sympathy between England and India, and may the encircling by the Rulers of their Lord Paramount in one great group, shining with what earth can give of splendour, be the forerunner of that union between the two nations, on which the peace and prosperity of the future must depend.

* * *

A word of recognition should be given to the admirably performed work of the Indian police; in their steadiness and courtesy they recall their London comrades, and no higher praise can be awarded. Their task is a difficult one, in the midst of rushing motor-cars, prancing horses, mule transport-carts and slow bullock-waggons, but all is well-managed. Despite the traffic, one may add, the roads are dustless—a final triumph in a district famous for its dust.

* * *

The Durbar itself falls too late for this month. I will speak of it in our next issue. Durbars, like Levees, are masculine functions, but on this occasion the Government is issuing invitations to ladies as well, and we are permitted to be 'spectators'.



A TEXTBOOK OF THEOSOPHY

CHAPTER VI

AFTER DEATH

By C. W. LEADBEATER

(Continued from p. 364)

[These chapters are from a forthcoming volume to be published by THE THEOSOPHIST Office, and therefore we reiterate our rule that "permission for the reprint of a series of articles is not granted." Permission for translation should be obtained from THE THEOSOPHIST Office.—ED.]

DEATH is the laying aside of the physical body; but it makes no more difference to the ego than does the laying aside of an overcoat to the physical man. Having put off his physical body, the ego continues to live in his astral body until

the force has become exhausted which has been generated by such emotions and passions as he has allowed himself to feel during earth-life. When that has happened the second death takes place; the astral body also falls away from him, and he finds himself living in the mental body and in the lower mental world. In that condition he remains until the thought-forces generated during his physical and astral lives have worn themselves out; then he drops the third vehicle in its turn and remains once more an ego in his own world, inhabiting his causal body.

There is, then, no such thing as death as it is ordinarily understood. There is only a succession of stages in a continuous life—stages lived in the three worlds one after another. The apportionment of time between these three worlds varies much as man advances. The primitive man lives almost exclusively in the physical world, spending only a few years in the astral at the end of each of his physical lives. As he develops, the astral life becomes longer, and as intellect unfolds in him, and he becomes able to think, he begins to spend a little time in the mental world as well. The ordinary man of civilised races spends longer in the mental world than in the physical and astral; indeed, the more a man evolves the longer becomes his mental life and the shorter his life in the astral world.

The astral life is the result of all feelings which have in them the element of self. If they have been directly selfish, they bring him into conditions of great unpleasantness in the astral world;

if, though tinged with thoughts of self, they have been good and kindly, they bring him a comparatively pleasant though still limited astral life. Such of his thoughts and feelings as have been entirely unselfish produce their result in his life in the mental world; therefore that life in the mental world cannot be other than blissful. The astral-life, which the man has made for himself either miserable or comparatively joyous, corresponds to what Christians call purgatory; the lower mental life, which is always entirely happy, is what is called heaven.

Man makes for himself his own purgatory and heaven, and these are not places, but states of consciousness. Hell does not exist; it is only a figment of the theological imagination; but a man who lives foolishly may make for himself a very unpleasant and long-enduring purgatory. Neither purgatory nor heaven can ever be eternal, for a finite cause cannot produce an infinite result. The variations in individual cases are so wide that to give actual figures is somewhat misleading. If we take the average man of what is called the lower middle-class, the typical specimen of which would be a small shop-keeper or shop assistant, his average life in the astral world would be perhaps about forty years, and the life in the mental world about two hundred. The man of spirituality and culture, on the other hand, may have perhaps twenty years of life in the astral world and a thousand in the heaven-life. One who is specially developed may reduce the astral life to a few days or hours and spend fifteen hundred years in heaven.

Not only does the length of these periods vary greatly, but the conditions in both worlds also differ widely. The matter of which all these bodies are built is not dead matter but living, and that fact is to be taken into consideration. The physical body is built up of cells, each of which is a tiny separate life animated by the Second Outpouring, which comes forth from the second Aspect of the Deity. These cells are of varying kinds and fulfil various functions, and all these facts must be taken into account if the man wishes to understand the work of his physical body and to live a healthy life in it.

The same thing applies to the astral and mental bodies. In the cell-life which permeates them there is as yet nothing in the way of intelligence, but there is a strong instinct always pressing in the direction of what is for its development. The life animating the matter of which such bodies are built is upon the outward arc of evolution, moving downwards or outwards into matter, so that progress for it means to descend into denser forms of matter, and to learn to express itself through them. Unfoldment for the man is just the opposite of this; he has already sunk deeply into matter and is now rising out of that towards his source. There is consequently a constant conflict of interests between the man within and the life inhabiting the matter of his vehicles, inasmuch as its tendency is downward, while his is upward.

The matter of the astral body (or rather the life animating its molecules) desires for its evolution

such undulations as it can get, of as many different kinds as possible, and as coarse as possible. The next step in its evolution will be to ensoul physical matter and become used to its still slower oscillations; and as a step on the way to that, it desires the grossest of the astral vibrations. It has not the intelligence definitely to plan for these; but its instinct helps it to discover how most easily to procure them.

The molecules of the astral body are constantly changing, as are those of the physical body, but nevertheless the life in the mass of those astral molecules has a sense, though a very vague sense, of itself as a whole—as a kind of temporary entity. It does not know that it is part of a man's astral body; it is quite incapable of understanding what a man is; but it realises in a blind way that under its present conditions it receives many more waves, and much stronger ones, than it would receive if floating at large in the atmosphere. It would then only occasionally catch, as from a distance, the radiation of man's passions and emotions; now it is in the very heart of them, it can miss none, and it gets them at their strongest. Therefore it feels itself in a good position, and it makes an effort to retain that position. It finds itself in contact with something finer than itself—the matter of the man's mental body; and it comes to feel that if it can contrive to involve that finer something in its own undulations, they will be greatly intensified and prolonged.

Since astral matter is the vehicle of sensation and mental matter is the vehicle of thought, this instinct, when translated into our language,

means that if the astral body can induce us to think that *we* want what *it* wants, it is much more likely to get it. Thus it exercises a slow steady pressure upon the man—a kind of hunger on its side, but for him a temptation to what is coarse and undesirable. If he be a passionate man there is a gentle but ceaseless pressure in the direction of irritability; if he be a sensual man, an equally steady pressure in the direction of impurity.

A man who does not understand this usually makes one of two mistakes with regard to it; either he supposes it to be the prompting of his own nature, and therefore regards that nature as inherently evil; or he thinks of the pressure as coming from outside—as a temptation of an imaginary devil. The truth lies between the two. The pressure is natural, not to the man but to the vehicle which he is using; its desire is natural and right for it, but harmful to the man, and therefore it is necessary that he should resist it. If he does so resist, if he declines to yield himself to the feelings suggested to him, the particles within him which need those vibrations become apathetic for lack of nourishment, and eventually atrophy and fall out from his astral body, and are replaced by other particles, whose natural wave-rate is more nearly in accordance with that which the man habitually permits within his astral body.

This gives the reason for what are called promptings of the lower nature during life. If the man yields himself to them, such promptings grow stronger and stronger until at last he feels as

though he could not resist them, and identifies himself with them—which is exactly what this curious half-life in the particles of the astral body wants him to do.

At the death of the physical body this vague astral consciousness is alarmed. It realises that its existence as a separated mass is menaced, and it takes instinctive steps to defend itself and to maintain its position as long as possible. The matter of the astral body is far more fluidic than that of the physical, and this consciousness seizes upon its particles and disposes them so as to resist encroachment. It puts the grossest and densest upon the outside as a kind of shell, and arranges the others in concentric layers, so that the body as a whole may become as resistant to friction as its constitution permits, and may therefore retain its shape as long as possible.

For the man this produces various unpleasant effects. The physiology of the astral body is quite different from that of the physical; the latter acquires its information from without by means of certain organs which are specialised as the instruments of its senses, but the astral body has no separated senses in our meaning of the word. What for the astral body corresponds to sight is the power of its molecules to respond to impacts from without, which come to them by means of similar molecules. For example, a man has within his astral body matter belonging to all the subdivisions of the astral world, and it is because of that that he is capable of 'seeing' objects built of the matter of any of these subdivisions.

Supposing an astral object to be made of the matter of the second and third subdivisions mixed, a man living in the astral world could perceive that object only if on the surface of his astral body there were particles belonging to the second and third subdivisions of that world which were capable of receiving and recording the vibrations which that object set up. A man who from the arrangement of his body by the vague consciousness of which we have spoken, had on the outside of that vehicle only the denser matter of the lowest subdivision, could no more be conscious of the object which we have mentioned than we are ourselves conscious in the physical body of the gases which move about us in the atmosphere or of objects built exclusively of etheric matter.

During physical life the matter of the man's astral body is in constant motion, and its particles pass among one another much as do those of boiling water. Consequently at any given moment it is practically certain that particles of all given varieties will be represented on the surface of his astral body, and that therefore when he is using his astral body during sleep he will be able to 'see' by its means any astral object which approaches him.

After death, if he has allowed the rearrangement to be made (as, from ignorance, all ordinary persons do) his condition in this respect will be different. Having on the surface of his astral body only the lowest and grossest particles, he can receive impressions only from corresponding particles outside; so that instead of seeing the whole of the astral world

about him, he will see only one-seventh of it, and that the densest and most impure. The vibrations of this heavier matter are the expressions only of objectionable feelings and emotions, and of the least refined class of astral entities. Therefore it emerges that a man in this condition can see only the undesirable inhabitants of the astral world, and can feel only its most unpleasant and vulgar influences.

He is surrounded by other men, whose astral bodies are probably of quite ordinary character; but since he can see and feel only what is lowest and coarsest in them, they appear to him to be monsters of vice with no redeeming features. Even his friends seem not at all what they used to be, because he is now incapable of appreciating any of their better qualities. Under these circumstances it is little wonder that he considers the astral world a hell; yet the fault is in no way with the astral world, but with himself—first for allowing within himself so much of that ruder type of matter, and secondly for letting that vague astral consciousness dominate him and dispose it in that particular way.

The man who has studied these matters declines absolutely to yield to the pressure during life or to permit the rearrangement after death, and consequently he retains his power of seeing the astral world as a whole, and not merely the cruder and baser part of it.

The astral world has many points in common with the physical; just like the physical, it presents different appearances to different people, and even to the same person at different periods of his career. It is the home of emotion and of

lower thoughts; and emotions are much stronger in that world than in this. When a person is awake we cannot see that larger part of his emotion at all; its strength goes in setting in motion the gross physical matter of the brain, so if we see a man show affection here, what we can see is not the whole of his affection, but only such part of it as is left after all this other work has been done. Emotions therefore bulk far more largely in the astral life than in the physical. They in no way exclude higher thought if they are controlled, so that in the astral world as in the physical a man may devote himself to study and to helping his fellows, or he may waste his time and drift about aimlessly.

The astral world extends nearly to the mean distance of the orbit of the moon; but though the whole of this realm is open to any of its inhabitants who have not permitted the redistribution of their matter, the great majority remain much nearer to the surface of the earth. The matter of the different subdivisions of that world interpenetrates with perfect freedom, but there is on the whole a general tendency for the denser matter to settle to the bottom. The conditions are much like those which obtain in a bucket of water which contains in suspension a number of kinds of matter of different degrees of density. Since the water is kept in perpetual motion, the different kinds of matter are diffused through it; but in spite of that, the densest matter is found in greatest quantity nearest to the bottom. So that though we must not at all think of the various subdivisions of the astral world

as lying above one another as do the coats of an onion, it is nevertheless true that the average arrangement of the matter of those subdivisions partakes somewhat of that general character.

Astral matter interpenetrates physical matter precisely as though it were not there, but each subdivision of physical matter has a strong attraction for astral matter of the corresponding subdivision. Hence it arises that every physical body has its astral counterpart. If I have a glass of water standing upon a table, the glass and the table, being of physical matter in the solid state, are interpenetrated by astral matter of the lowest subdivision. The water in the glass, being liquid, is interpenetrated by what we may call astral liquid, that is by astral matter of the sixth subdivision; whereas the air surrounding both, being physical matter in the gaseous condition, is entirely interpenetrated by astral gaseous matter, that is, astral matter of the fifth subdivision.

But just as air, water, glass and table are alike interpenetrated all the time by the finer physical matter which we have called etheric, so are all the astral counterparts interpenetrated by the finer astral matter of the higher subdivisions which correspond to the etheric. But even the astral solid is less dense than the finest of the physical ethers.

The man who finds himself in the astral world after death, if he has not submitted to the re-arrangement of the matter of his body, will notice but little difference from physical life. He can float about in any direction at will, but in actual fact he usually stays in the neighbourhood to which he

is accustomed. He is still able to perceive his house, his room, his furniture, his relations, his friends. The living, when ignorant of the higher worlds, suppose themselves to have 'lost' those who have laid aside their physical bodies; but the dead are never for a moment under the impression that they have lost the living.

Functioning as they are in the astral body, the dead can no longer see the physical bodies of those whom they have left behind; but they do see their astral bodies, and as those are exactly the same in outline as the physical, they are perfectly aware of the presence of their friends. They see each one surrounded by a faint ovoid of luminous mist, and if they happen to be observant, they may notice various other small changes in their surroundings; but it is at least quite clear to them that they have not gone away to some distant heaven or hell, but still remain in touch with the world which they know, although they see it at a somewhat different angle.

The dead man has the astral body of his living friend obviously before him, so he cannot think of him as lost; but while the friend is awake the dead man will not be able to make any impression upon him, for the consciousness of the friend is then in the physical world, and his astral body is being used only as a bridge. The dead man cannot therefore communicate with his friend, nor can he read his friend's higher thoughts; but he will see by the change in colour in the astral body any emotion which that friend may feel, and with a little practice and observation he may

easily learn to read all those thoughts of his friend which have in them anything of self or of desire. When the friend falls asleep the whole position is changed. He is then also in the astral world side by side with the dead man, and they can communicate in every respect as freely as they could during physical life. The emotions felt by the living react strongly upon the dead who love them. If the former give way to grief, the latter cannot but suffer severely.

The conditions of life after death are almost infinite in their variety, but they can be calculated without difficulty by anyone who will take the trouble to understand the astral world and to consider the character of the person concerned. That character is not in the slightest degree changed by death; the man's thoughts, emotions and desires are exactly the same as before. He is in every way the same man, minus his physical body; and his happiness or misery depends upon the extent to which this loss of the physical body affects him. If his longings have been such as need a physical body for their gratification, he is likely to suffer considerably. Such a craving manifests itself as a vibration in the astral body, and while we are still in this world most of its strength is employed in setting in motion the heavy physical particles. Desire is therefore a far greater force in the astral life than in the physical, and if the man has not been in the habit of controlling it, and if in this new life it cannot be satisfied, it may cause him great and long-continued trouble.

Take as an illustration the extreme case of a drunkard or a sensualist. Here we have a lust

which has been strong enough during physical life to overpower reason, common-sense and all the feelings of decency and of family affection. After death the man finds himself in the astral world feeling the appetite perhaps a hundred times more strongly, yet absolutely unable to satisfy it because he has lost the physical body. Such a life is a very real hell—the only hell there is; yet no one is punishing him; he is reaping the perfectly natural result of his own action. Gradually as time passes this force of desire wears out, but only at the cost of terrible suffering for the man, because to him every day seems as a thousand years. He has no measure of time such as we have in the physical world. He can measure it only by his sensations. From a distortion of this fact has come the blasphemous idea of eternal damnation.

Many other cases less extreme than this will readily suggest themselves, in which a hankering which cannot be fulfilled may prove itself a torture. A more ordinary case is that of a man who has no particular vices, such as drink or sensuality, but yet has been attached entirely to things of the physical world, and has lived a life devoted to business or to aimless social functions. For him the astral world is a place of weariness; the only things for which he craves are no longer possible for him, for in the astral world there is no business to be done, and, though he may have as much companionship as he wishes, society is now for him a very different matter, because all the pretences upon which it is usually based in this world are no longer possible.

These cases, however, are only the few, and for most people the state after death is much happier than life upon earth. The first feeling of which the dead man is usually conscious is one of the most wonderful and delightful freedom. He has absolutely nothing to worry about, and no duties rest upon him, except those which he chooses to impose upon himself. For all but a very small minority, physical life is spent in doing what the man would much rather not do; but he has to do it in order to support himself or his wife and family. In the astral world no support is necessary; food is no longer needed, shelter is not required, since he is entirely unaffected by heat or cold; and each man by the mere exercise of his thought clothes himself as he wishes. For the first time since early childhood the man is entirely free to spend the whole of his time in doing just exactly what he likes.

His capacity for every kind of enjoyment is greatly enhanced, if only that enjoyment does not need a physical body for its expression. If he loves the beauties of nature, it is now within his power to travel with great rapidity and without fatigue over the whole world, to contemplate all its loveliest spots, and to explore its most secret recesses. If he delights in art, all the world's masterpieces are at his disposal. If he loves music, he can go where he will to hear it, and it will now mean much more to him than it has ever meant before; for though he can no longer hear the physical sounds, he can receive the whole effect of the music into himself in far fuller

measure than in this lower world. If he is a student of science, he can not only visit the great scientific men of the world, and catch from them such thoughts and ideas as may be within his comprehension, but also he can undertake researches of his own into the science of this higher world, seeing much more of what he is doing than has ever before been possible to him. Best of all, he whose great delight in this world has been to help his fellow-men will still find ample scope for his philanthropic efforts.

Men are no longer hungry, cold, or suffering from disease in this astral world; but there are vast numbers who being ignorant desire knowledge, who being still in the grip of desire for earthly things need the explanation which will turn their thought to higher levels, who have entangled themselves in a web of their own imaginings, and can be set free only by one who understands these new surroundings and can help them to distinguish the facts of the world from their own ignorant presentation of them. All these can be helped by the man of intelligence and of kindly heart. Many men arrive in the astral world in utter ignorance of its conditions, not realising at first that they are dead, and when they do realise it fearing the fate that may be in store for them, because of false and wicked theological teaching. All of these need the cheer and comfort which can only be given to them by a man of common-sense who possesses some knowledge of the facts of nature.

There is thus no lack of the most profitable occupation for any man whose interests during his

physical life have been rational; nor is there any lack of companionship. Men whose tastes and pursuits are similar drift naturally together there just as they do here; and many realms of nature, which during our physical life are concealed by the dense veil of matter, now lie open for the detailed study of those who care to examine them.

To a large extent people make their own surroundings. We have already referred to the seven subdivisions of this astral world. Numbering these from the highest and least material downwards, we find that they fall naturally into three classes—divisions one, two and three forming one such class, and four, five and six another; while the seventh and lowest of all stands alone. As I have said, although they all interpenetrate, their substance has a general tendency to arrange itself according to its specific gravity, so that most of the matter belonging to the higher subdivisions is found at a greater elevation above the surface of the earth than the bulk of the matter of the lower portions.

Hence, although any person inhabiting the astral world can move into any part of it, his natural tendency is to float at the level which corresponds with the specific gravity of the heaviest matter in his astral body. The man who has not permitted the rearrangement of the matter of his astral body after death is entirely free of the whole astral world; but the majority, who do permit it, are not equally free—not because there is anything to prevent them from rising to the highest level or sinking to the lowest, but because they are able to sense clearly only a certain part of that world.

4

I have described something of the fate of a man who is on the lowest level, shut in by a strong shell of coarse matter. Because of the extreme comparative density of that matter he is conscious of less outside of his own subdivision than a man at any other level. The general specific gravity of his own astral body tends to make him float below the surface of the earth. The physical matter of the earth is absolutely non-existent to his astral senses, and his natural attraction is to that least delicate form of astral matter which is the counterpart of that solid earth. A man who has confined himself to that lowest subdivision will therefore usually find himself floating in darkness and cut off to a great extent from others of the dead, whose lives have been such as to keep them on a higher level.

Divisions four, five and six of the astral world (to which most people are attracted) have for their background the astral counterpart of the physical world in which we live, and all its familiar accessories. Life in the sixth subdivision is simply like our ordinary life on this earth minus the physical body and its necessities; while as it ascends through the fifth and fourth divisions it becomes less and less material and is more and more withdrawn from our lower world and its interests.

The first, second and third sections, though occupying the same space, yet give the impression of being much further removed from the physical, and correspondingly less material. Men who inhabit these levels lose sight of the earth and its belongings; they are usually deeply self-absorbed, and to a large extent create their own surroundings,

though these are sufficiently objective to be perceptible to other men of their level, and also to clairvoyant vision.

This region is the summerland of which we hear in spiritualistic circles—the world in which, by the exercise of their thought, the dead call into temporary existence their houses and schools and cities. These surroundings, though fanciful from our point of view, are to the dead as real as houses, temples or churches built of stone are to us, and many people live very contentedly there for a number of years in the midst of all these thought-creations.

Some of the scenery thus produced is very beautiful; it includes lovely lakes, magnificent mountains, pleasant flower-gardens, decidedly superior to anything in the physical world; though on the other hand it also contains much which to the trained clairvoyant (who has learned to see things as they are) appears ridiculous—as, for example, the endeavours of the unlearned to make a thought-form of some of the curious symbolic descriptions contained in their various scriptures. An ignorant peasant's thought-image of a beast full of eyes within, or of a sea of glass mingled with fire, is naturally often grotesque, although to its maker it is perfectly satisfactory. This astral world is full of thought-created figures and landscapes. Men of all religions image here their deities and their respective conceptions of paradise, and enjoy themselves greatly among these dream-forms until they pass into the mental world and come into touch with something nearer to reality.

Every one after death—any ordinary person, that is, in whose case the rearrangement of the matter of the astral body has been made—has to pass through all these subdivisions in turn. It does not follow that every one is conscious upon all of them. The ordinarily decent person has in his astral body but little of the matter of its lowest portion—by no means enough to construct a heavy shell. The redistribution puts on the outside of the body its densest matter; in the ordinary man this is usually matter of the sixth subdivision, mixed with a little of the seventh, and so he finds himself viewing the counterpart of the physical world.

The ego is steadily withdrawing into himself, and as he withdraws he leaves behind him level after level of this astral matter. So the length of the man's detention in any section of the astral world is precisely in proportion to the amount of its matter which is found in his astral body, and that in turn depends upon the life he has lived, the desires he has indulged, and the class of matter which by so doing he has attracted towards him and built into himself. Finding himself then in the sixth section, still hovering about the places and persons with which he was most closely connected while on earth, the average man as time passes on finds the earthly surroundings gradually growing dimmer and becoming of less and less importance to him, and he tends more and more to mould his entourage into agreement with the more persistent of his thoughts. By the time that he reaches the third level he finds that this

characteristic has entirely superseded the vision of the realities of the astral world.

The second subdivision is a shade less material than the third, for if the latter is the summerland of the spiritualists, the former is the material heaven of the more ignorantly orthodox; while the first or highest level appears to be the special home of those who during life have devoted themselves to materialistic but intellectual pursuits, following them not for the sake of benefiting their fellow-men, but either from motives of selfish ambition or simply for the sake of intellectual exercise. All these people are perfectly happy. Later on they will reach a stage when they can appreciate something much higher, and when that stage comes they will find the higher ready for them.

In this astral life people of the same nation and of the same interests tend to keep together, precisely as they do here. The religious people, for example, who imagine for themselves a material heaven, do not at all interfere with men of other faiths whose ideas of celestial joy are different. There is nothing to prevent a Christian from drifting into the heaven of the Hindu or the Muhammadan, but he is little likely to do so, because his interests and attractions are all in the heaven of his own faith, along with friends who have shared that faith with him. This is by no means the true heaven described by any of the religions, but only a gross and material misrepresentation of it; the real thing will be found when we come to consider the mental world.

The dead man who has not permitted the rearrangement of the matter of his astral body is free of the entire world, and can wander all over it at will, seeing the whole of whatever he examines, instead of only a part of it as the others do. He does not find it inconveniently crowded, for the astral world is much larger than the surface of the physical earth, while its population is somewhat smaller, because the average life of humanity in the astral world is shorter than the average in the physical.

Not only the dead, however, are the inhabitants of this astral world, but always about one-third of the living as well, who have temporarily left their physical bodies behind them in sleep. The astral world has also a great number of non-human inhabitants, some of them far below the level of man, and some considerably above him. The nature-spirits form an enormous kingdom, some of whose members exist in the astral world, and make a large part of its population. This vast kingdom exists in the physical world also, for many of its orders wear etheric bodies, and are only just beyond the range of ordinary physical sight. Indeed, circumstances not infrequently occur under which they can be seen, and in many lonely mountain districts these appearances are traditional among the peasants, by whom they are commonly spoken of as fairies, good people, pixies or brownies. They are protean, but usually prefer to wear a miniature human form. Since they are not yet individualised, they may be thought of almost as etheric and astral animals; yet many of them are

intellectually quite equal to average humanity. They have their nations and types just as we have, and they are often grouped into four great classes, and called the spirits of earth, water, fire and air. Only the members of the last of these four divisions normally reside in the astral world, but their numbers are so prodigious that they are everywhere present in it.

Another great kingdom has its representatives here—the kingdom of the angels (called in India the devas). This is a body of beings who stand far higher in evolution than man, and only the lowest fringe of their hosts touches the astral world—a fringe whose constituent members are perhaps at about the level of development of what we should call a distinctly good man. We are neither the only nor even the principal inhabitants of our solar system, and there are other lines of evolution running parallel with our own which do not pass through humanity at all, though they must all pass through a level corresponding to that of humanity. On one of these other lines of evolution are the nature-spirits above described, and at a higher level of that line comes this great kingdom of the devas. At the present level of evolution they come into obvious contact with us only very rarely, but as we develop we shall be likely to see more of them.

When all the man's lower emotions have worn themselves out—all emotions, I mean, which have in them any thought of self—his life in the astral world is over, and the ego passes on into the mental world. This is not in any sense a movement in

space; it is simply that the steady process of withdrawal has now passed beyond even the finest kind of astral matter; so that the man's consciousness is focussed in the mental world. His astral body has not entirely disintegrated, though it is in process of doing so, and he leaves behind him an astral corpse, just as at a previous stage of the withdrawal he left behind him a physical corpse. There is a certain difference between the two which should be noticed, because of the consequences which ensue from it.

When the man leaves his physical body his separation from it should be complete, and generally is so; but this is not the case with the much finer matter of the astral body. In the course of his physical life the ordinary man usually entangles himself so much in astral matter (which, from another point of view, means that he identifies himself so closely with his lower desires) that the indrawing force of the ego cannot entirely separate him from it again. Consequently, when he finally breaks away from the astral body and transfers his activities to the mental, he loses a little of himself, he leaves some of himself behind imprisoned in the matter of the astral body.

This gives a certain remnant of vitality to the astral corpse, so that it still moves freely in the astral world, and may easily be mistaken by the ignorant for the man himself—the more so as such fragmentary consciousness as still remains to it is part of the man, and therefore it naturally regards itself and speaks of itself as the man. It retains his memories, but is only a partial and

unsatisfactory representation of him. Sometimes in spiritualistic seances one comes into contact with an entity of this description, and wonders how it is that one's friend has deteriorated so much since his death. To this fragmentary entity we give the name 'shade.'

At a later stage even this fragment of consciousness dies out of the astral body, but does not return to the ego to whom it originally belonged. Even then the astral corpse still remains, but when it is quite without any trace of its former life we call it a 'shell'. Of itself a shell cannot communicate at a seance, or take any action of any sort; but such shells are frequently seized upon by sportive nature-spirits and used as temporary habitations. A shell so occupied *can* communicate at a seance and masquerade as its original owner, since some of his characteristics and certain portions of his memory can be evoked by the nature-spirit from his astral corpse.

When a man falls asleep, he withdraws in his astral body, leaving the whole of the physical vehicle behind him. When he dies, he draws out with him the etheric part of the physical body, and consequently has usually at least a moment of unconsciousness while he is freeing himself from it. The etheric double is not a vehicle, and cannot be used as such; so when the man is surrounded by it, he is for the moment able to function neither in the physical world nor the astral. Some men succeed in shaking themselves free of this etheric envelope in a few moments; others rest within it for hours, days or even weeks.

Nor is it certain that, when the man is free from this, he will at once become conscious of the astral world. For there is in him a good deal of the lowest kind of astral matter, so that a shell of this may be made around him. But he may be quite unable to use that matter. If he has lived a reasonably decent life he is little in the habit of employing it or responding to its vibrations, and he cannot instantly acquire this habit. For that reason, he may remain unconscious until that matter gradually wears away, and some matter which he *is* in the habit of using comes to the surface. Such an occlusion, however, is scarcely ever complete, for even in the most carefully made shell some particles of the finer matter occasionally find their way to the surface, and give him fleeting glimpses of his surroundings.

There are some men who cling so desperately to their physical vehicles that they will not relax their hold upon the etheric double, but strive with all their might to retain it. They may be successful in doing so for a considerable time, but only at the cost of great discomfort to themselves. They are shut out from both worlds, and find themselves surrounded by a dense grey mist, through which they see very dimly the things of the physical world, but with all the colour gone from them. It is a terrible struggle to them to maintain their position in this miserable condition, and yet they will not relax their hold upon the etheric double, feeling that that is at least some sort of link with the only world that they know. Thus they drift about in a condition

of loneliness and misery until from sheer fatigue their hold fails them, and they slip into the comparative happiness of astral life. Sometimes in their depression they grasp blindly at other bodies, and try to enter into them, and occasionally they are successful in such an attempt. They may seize upon a baby body, ousting the feeble ego for whom it was intended, or sometimes they grasp even the body of an animal. All this trouble arises entirely from ignorance, and it can never happen to anyone who understands the laws of life and death.

When the astral life is over, the man dies to that plane in turn, and awakens in the mental world. With him it is not at all what it is to the trained clairvoyant, who ranges through it and lives amidst the surroundings which he finds there, precisely as he would in the physical or astral worlds. The ordinary man has all through his life been encompassing himself with a mass of thought-forms. Some which are transitory, to which he pays little attention, have fallen away from him long ago, but those which represent the main interests of his life are always with him, and grow ever stronger and stronger. If some of these have been selfish, their force pours down into astral matter, and he has exhausted them during his life in the astral world. But those which are entirely unselfish belong purely to his mental body, and so when he finds himself in the mental world it is through these special thoughts that he is able to appreciate it.

His mental body is by no means fully developed; only those parts of it are really in action to their fullest extent which he has used in this

altruistic manner. When he awakens again after the second death, his first sense is one of indescribable bliss and vitality—a feeling of such utter joy in living that he needs for the time nothing but just to live. Such bliss is of the essence of life in all the higher worlds of the system. Even astral life has possibilities of happiness far greater than anything that we can know in the dense body; but the heaven-life in the mental world is out of all proportion more blissful than the astral. On each higher plane the same experience is repeated. Merely to live on any one of them seems the uttermost conceivable bliss; and yet, when the next one is reached, it is seen that this far surpasses it.

Just as the bliss increases, so does the wisdom and the breadth of view. A man fusses about in the physical world and thinks himself so busy and so wise; but when he touches even the astral, he realises at once that he has been all the time only a caterpillar crawling about and seeing nothing but his own leaf, whereas now he has spread his wings like the butterfly and flown away into the sunshine of a wider world. Yet, impossible as it may seem, the same experience is repeated when he passes into the mental world, for this life is in turn so much fuller and wider and more intense than the astral that once more no comparison is possible. And yet beyond all these there is still another life, that of the intuitional world, unto which even this is but as moonlight unto sunlight.

The man's position in the mental world differs widely from that in the astral. There he was using a body to which he was thoroughly accustomed,

a body which he had been in the habit of employing every night during sleep. Here he finds himself living in a vehicle which he has never used before—a vehicle furthermore which is very far from being fully developed—a vehicle which shuts him in to a great extent from the world about him, instead of enabling him to see it. The lower part of his nature burnt itself away during his purgatorial life, and now there remain to him only his higher and more refined thoughts, the nobler and unselfish aspirations which he poured out during earth-life. These cluster round him, and make a sort of shell about him, through the medium of which he is able to respond to certain types of vibration in this refined matter.

These thoughts which surround him are the powers by which he draws upon the wealth of the heaven-world, and he finds it to be a storehouse of infinite extent, upon which he is able to draw just according to the power of those thoughts and aspirations; for in this world is existing the infinite fulness of the Divine Mind, open in all its limitless affluence to every soul, just in proportion as that soul has qualified itself to receive. A man who has already completed his human evolution, who has fully realised and unfolded the divinity whose germ is within him, finds the whole of this glory within his reach; but since none of us has yet done that, since we are only gradually rising towards that splendid consummation, it comes that none of us as yet can grasp that entirety.

But each draws from it and cognizes so much of it as he has by previous effort prepared himself

to take. Different individuals bring very different capacities; they tell us in the East that each man brings his own cup, and some of the cups are large and some are small, but small or large every cup is filled to its utmost capacity; the sea of bliss holds far more than enough for all.

A man can look out upon all this glory and beauty only through the windows which he himself has made. Every one of these thought-forms is such a window, through which response may come to him from the forces without. If during his earth-life he has chiefly regarded physical things, then he has made for himself but few windows through which this higher glory can shine in upon him. Yet every man who is above the lowest savage must have had some touch of pure unselfish feeling, even if it were but once in all his life, and that will be a window for him now.

The ordinary man is not capable of any great activity in this mental world; his condition is chiefly receptive, and his vision of anything outside his own shell of thought is of the most limited character. He is surrounded by living forces, mighty angelic inhabitants of this glorious world, and many of their orders are very sensitive to certain aspirations of man and readily respond to them. But a man can take advantage of these only in so far as he has already prepared himself to profit by them, for his thoughts and aspirations are only along certain lines, and he cannot suddenly form new lines. There are many directions which the higher thought may take—some of them personal and some impersonal. Among the latter are art,

music and philosophy ; and a man whose interest lay along any one of these lines finds both measureless enjoyment and unlimited instruction waiting for him—that is, the amount of enjoyment and instruction is limited only by his power of perception.

We find a large number of people whose only higher thoughts are those connected with affection and devotion. If a man loves another deeply or if he feels strong devotion to a personal deity, he makes a strong mental image of the deity or of that friend, and the object of his feeling is often present in his mind. Inevitably he takes that mental image into the heaven-world with him, because it is to that level of matter that it naturally belongs.

Take first the case of affection. The love which forms and retains such an image is a very powerful force—a force which is strong enough to reach and to act upon the ego of his friend in the higher part of the mental world. It is that ego that is the real man whom he loves—not the physical body which is so partial a representation of him. The ego of the friend, feeling this vibration, at once and eagerly responds to it, and pours himself into the thought-form which has been made for him ; so that the man's friend is truly present with him more vividly than ever before. To this result it makes no difference whatever whether the friend is what we call living or dead ; the appeal is made not to the fragment of the friend which is sometimes imprisoned in a physical body, but to the man himself on his own true level ; and he always responds. A man who has a hundred

friends can simultaneously and fully respond to the affection of every one of them, for no number of presentations on a lower level can exhaust the infinity of the ego.

Thus every man in his heaven-life has around him all the friends for whose company he wishes, and they are for him always at their best, because he himself makes for them the thought-form through which they manifest to him. In our limited physical world we are so accustomed to thinking of our friend as only the limited manifestation which we know in the physical world, that it is at first difficult for us to realise the grandeur of the conception; when we can realise it, we shall see how much nearer we are in truth to our friends in the heaven-life than we ever were on earth. The same is true in the case of devotion. The man in the heaven-world is two great stages nearer to the object of his devotion than he was during physical life, and so his experiences are of a far more transcendent character.

In this mental world, as in the astral, there are seven subdivisions. The first, second and third are the habitat of the ego in his causal body, so the mental body contains matter of the remaining four only, and it is in those sections that his heaven-life is passed. Man does not, however, pass from one to the other of these, as is the case in the astral world, for there is nothing in this life corresponding to the rearrangement. Rather is the man drawn to the level which best corresponds to the degree of his development, and on that level he spends the whole of his life in the mental

body. Each man makes his own conditions, so that the number of varieties is infinite.

Speaking broadly, we may say that the dominant characteristic observed in the lowest portion is unselfish family affection. Unselfish it must be, or it would find no place here; all selfish tinges, if there were any, worked out their results in the astral world. The dominant characteristic of the sixth level may be said to be anthropomorphical religious devotion; while that of the fifth section is devotion expressing itself in active work of some sort. All these—the fifth and sixth and seventh subdivisions—are concerned with the working out of devotion to personalities (either to one's family and friends or to a personal deity) rather than the wider devotion to humanity for its own sake, which finds its expression in the next section. The activities of this fourth stage are varied. They can best be arranged in four main divisions; unselfish pursuit of spiritual knowledge; high philosophy or scientific thought; literary or artistic ability exercised for unselfish purposes; and service for the sake of service.

Even to this glorious heaven-life there comes an end, and then the mental body in its turn drops away as the others have done, and the man's life in his causal body begins. Here the man needs no windows, for this is his true home and all his walls have fallen away. The majority of men have as yet but very little consciousness at such a height as this; they rest dreamily unobservant and scarcely awake, but such vision as they have is true, however limited it may be by their lack of

;

development. Still, every time they return, these limitations will be smaller, and they themselves will be greater; so that this truest life will be wider and fuller for them.

As this improvement continues, this causal life grows longer and longer, assuming an ever larger proportion as compared to the existence at lower levels. And as he grows, the man becomes capable not only of receiving but also of giving. Then indeed is his triumph approaching, for he is learning the lesson of the Christ, learning the crowning glory of sacrifice, the supreme delight of pouring out all his life for the helping of his fellow-men, the devotion of the self to the all, of celestial strength to human service, of all those splendid heavenly forces to the aid of the struggling sons of earth. That is part of the life that lies before us; these are some of the steps which even we who are at the very bottom of the golden ladder may see rising above us, so that we may report them to those who have not seen as yet, in order that they too may open their eyes to the unimaginable splendour which surrounds them here and now in this dull daily life. This is part of the gospel of Theosophy—the certainty of this sublime future for all. It is certain because it is here already, because to inherit it we have only to fit ourselves for it.

(To be continued)

C. W. Leadbeater

THEOSOPHY AND 'THE MAN IN THE STREET'

By E. M. G.

THE question more often put to the Theosophist than any other is the apparently simple one, "What is Theosophy?" And probably every Theosophist who thinks at all deeply would agree that far from being simple, it is the most difficult of all questions to answer.

The stock reply is that Theosophy is the *Theo-Sophia*, the Divine Wisdom; and the doubtful "thank you" of the enquirer, as he turns away thoughtful, and often much mystified, shows how far from satisfying is this *prima facie* definition.

Occasionally it is taken a few steps further, and the statement is made that Theosophy is not a religion but the Truth in all religions; and to a certain type of enquirer this reply will be full of illumination. To such it more often than not forms the prelude to a course of Theosophic reading, and to a speedy joining of the Society and re-union with a body of philosophic and religious thought, found and appreciated in previous lives. Again there is the point of view which held the field almost to the exclusion of any other at the time when the writer of this article joined the Society—that Theosophy is the inner or esoteric side of Religion; and, as such, the heritage only of the comparatively few, totally unsuitable for

'the man in the street,' if this phrase be taken as referring to a mental rather than a physical state.

Such phrases as "Theosophists are born, not made," "No real Theosophist is ever a propagandist," were on the lips of most members in the nineties of last century; and the charge of spiritual pride and an assumption of a kind of mental arrogance was (not altogether unfairly) often brought against members of the Society in those days. It will be at once apparent to the reader that the attitude implied in such a phrase as the former of the two quoted is entirely incompatible with anything like the propagandist attitude; for the idea behind the phrase is that of a gradual growth through ages of evolution, physical, mental and spiritual, until that inner core of truth underlying the outer forms of religion can be apprehended; and no amount of missionary zeal on the part of others can really bring about that moment of the 'soul's awakening' any more than the tearing open of the bud will bring the perfect rose to birth.

So true is this conception of the unfolding of the Divine within the human, that it is not strange that it seemed for a considerable period to obscure the opposite and equally true conception of spiritual growth—that the soul can only grow by *giving*, that to hold for the separated self alone is to bring about stagnation and death. We cannot but feel that if this be true with regard to the exterior truths of the religions that are given from without, far more must it be true of that glory of Vision that dawns on the soul when once the Theo-Sophia is glimpsed. How should such an one dare to say :

“I have seen where my brother is blind; let me enjoy the light while he yet remains in darkness.” For some years past the writer has thought much over these two points of view—both so true when taken apart, both so apparently irreconcilable; and in the course of work for the Society it has been found that the question is one which exercises many thoughtful minds. This article is therefore an attempt to put before such minds the conclusion at which the writer has arrived, in the hope that it may prove helpful, or at least suggestive.

It would appear that, if taken deep enough, the two positions are not irreconcilable, but, on the contrary, mutually dependent; the apparent incompatibility arising from an incomplete and totally inadequate conception of what Theosophy really is.

Let us have recourse to analogy; can we find one for the Theo-Sophia? It seems that we can; and though at first we may appear to go further away from ‘the man in the street,’ though we may be called upon to breathe the rarefied air of the heights of metaphysic that the giant intellects of the older Faiths knew and ascended; yet in that wider outlook, in that mighty scheme of evolution, we shall find room for all the pairs of opposites, we shall see the solution of every contradiction and irreconcilable problem of the finite mind. To think upon these problems, to enter at all upon this region of thought, is to feel as does the Alpine climber as he watches the dawn from the hut where he has spent the dark hours of night.

Slowly at first, and ever more rapidly, the glow of the coming sunrise spreads and deepens, touching

first the high upstanding peaks, then penetrating into the deeper places, till field beyond field of white majestic silence or deep blue shadow lie revealed, beautiful beneath the radiance of the dawning light. And then at last, suddenly, and with an all-embracing glory of might and power, the Light-Bringer himself is there, all the earth is flooded with that coming, the darkness is slain and the shadows flee away.

Is not the light of the physical sun to the physical world the revealing of his attitude, his purpose, himself, towards every stone and flower and shrub? Is it not the sun's 'Wisdom,'—the content of his mind or consciousness towards the earth, his purpose for it, his relation to it? Does he not say daily: "Behold, I make all things new"? And might we not call the sum total of his 'mysterious ways' the *Helio-Sophia*, and ourselves, in so far as we entered into and understood them, Helio-sophists? May we not say of this physical Heliosophy: "These things are an allegory," and fearlessly carry them on and back into the realm of the mental and spiritual worlds?

In this conception is not the Theo-Sophia the Mind of the Logos towards His Universe; His purpose for it, His relation to it, the content of His consciousness embodied in it, finding in it the vehicle for growth, expansion and self-expression? Theosophy is in this relation the 'Real,' for it is the consciousness which is the Noumenon, of which all that exists is but the phenomenal and transitory expression; and every human being is a Theosophist whenever or wherever he apprehends one fraction,

however minute, of the Real, apart from the veils of illusion that soften and temper the burning of that perfect Orb of Truth which as yet no man may see and live.

It has been said that no analogy will hold beyond a certain point; but of this analogy between the light of the physical sun which is life (physical vitality) and the Light of the Logos which is Wisdom (Life-Eternal) this dictum does not hold good; for the two are more than analogous, they are identical; the same force on different planes, the same life in different vehicles, the One in different aspects of the Many. And this analogy (as we will call it for the purposes of our argument) will help us in many of the difficulties with which the reason of the finite mind finds itself confronted, when endeavouring to express that which is metaphysical in terms of the physical consciousness—such a difficulty, for instance, as that which many minds encounter when attempting to grasp the Buddhist doctrine of the impermanence of the separated self.

The conception referred to is very well put in THE THEOSOPHIST for May, 1911, in an article on 'The Religion of Burma' by Bhikkhu Ananda Metteyya, in his presentment of the Anatta Doctrine: "Whether high or low, great or small, gross or subtle, mean or exalted, there is no Self at all." Bhikkhu Ananda goes on to state "that the conception of the 'I' and the 'Not-I' or 'the Universe,' as contrasted or separated entities, is founded on a misapprehension far greater and much farther reaching than was the old delusion of the geo-

centric philosophy.”¹ “All life is One. There is neither in the heart of man nor in the heart of heaven any one separate and immortal being; any existence other and apart from aught in all the worlds.”

Upon this doctrine, so paralysing in its effects on human hope and endeavour when misapprehended, our analogy will throw a light at once inspiring and satisfying, although to gain this illumination we must push the analogy fearlessly home to its furthest limits, leaving for the moment the safe levels for those timid thinkers who may not venture, and following to its logical conclusion the truth contained in the doctrine of Divine Immanence; a phrase so often on the lip in the present day, and embodying as it does the Theosophia in its entirety. It is now no longer a matter of speculation, but—thanks to the telescope, the microscope, the spectroscope—a matter of scientific knowledge, that the composition of all physical tissues, whether those of mineral, vegetable or animal, is identical with the matter of the Sun of our system. Not only so, but medical science now understands how to rebuild animal tissue by means of the application of some of the more lately discovered rays of solar light and heat, and to restore tone temporarily to the nervous system by the introduction of one or other of the many ‘coal-tar drugs,’ which retain the virtue deposited by the Sun in the mineral strata of our earth long ages ago. Of a truth it may be said of crystal, plant or animal form: “All life is one. There is

¹ A suggestive analogy from the point of view of the present article.

neither in the heart of one nor the other any separate or immortal being."

Have you ever watched the Sun taking back its own in the shape of colour? Have you seen the burning July rays drawing back into themselves the brilliant dye that was taken from the refuse of the coal-seam and held for a time in the fabric of your curtain or carpet? If you have seen this, can you let your imagination go out to follow those rays as they mingle with the pulsing beams of the sunshine and go back into them, and farther back still into the central throbbing heart of Colour itself? Do they *lose* because they are no longer the 'separated self,' held separate by the fabric of warp and woof in which they knew a different existence and contacted your life and mine? Do they lose or gain as they go back, impregnated to all eternity with that knowledge, to mingle with the One whose life they will enrich by their vibrations; even as they in their turn will gain by the vibrations brought to that Central Life by rays that have known the joy of the singing corn-field, or the sorrow of the breaking form they could not tarry longer to inhabit?

Is it so hard to imagine that each ray in its body of earth would think the sole purpose of the great Orb that gave it birth was to evolve *it*—its joy, its growth and eternal gain? Or to carry the thought on to the great Day of days, when that ray shall know that all the travail and toil, all the multi-coloured panorama of the life of the physical earth had in view that, and that alone, to give to the One the great reinforcement of the Many; to raise to a

power undreamed of by the mathematics of the physical brain, that Unit of Consciousness in which all waits to be revealed. "As below so above." For our purposes let us reverse the great Pythagorean axiom. We need not emphasise the teaching of our analogy, for the Truth is One, though the dream of earth-life take many shapes.

"From the Unreal lead us to the Real." The cry goes up from many thousands daily, and yet there are comparatively few who realise that the whole of that which modern thought has named Evolution is comprised in those two words 'Unreal' and 'Real'. For as in a figure of some stately dance the two partners slowly change places until the one occupies the position of the other, so in the long procession of the ages do these two change places in the consciousness of man, till all that once was Real, big alike with the promise and the menace of the years, files past into the shadowy realm of the Unreal, and the vague outlines of the Unreal, towering above and beyond upon the horizon of consciousness, draw ever nearer till they in their turn take their place amid the hosts of the Past. Then does man become as God, knowing Unreal and Real to be but the One Life, that is, Himself; and Past and Present merge for him in the Eternal Now.

And so we come once again to our question: "What is Theosophy?" And we answer: "The Theo-Sophia, the Wisdom of the Logos, the Mind of the Logos in His Universe; and the Theosophist is he in whom, even in the smallest degree, this Mind predominates over the relatively false

conceptions of the mind which still informs itself only by means of sense-perception, or the mental concept raised upon false premises." "Let this *mind* be in you which was also in Christ Jesus," for in Him was the Light of the Logos that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Do we say that this is too high a philosophy, too subtle a metaphysic for 'the man in the street'? Are we still tempted to believe that in the Theo-Sophia is no message whereby "the wayfaring men, though fools," may walk, and not fear?

To return for a moment to our analogy: let us ask ourselves if the knowledge of the heliocentric system, when that great truth superseded the old geocentric system, brought no change to the thought of the world at large; if it was merely an intellectual 'volte-face,' to be apprehended and appreciated by the savant or the scientist alone. It would be difficult to find any corner in the realm of Science, Religion, Economics, Art, Poetry, or human life generally, into which that knowledge has not permeated, destroying by its light old forms and outgrown ways of thought, and revolutionising every conception of the modern world. This little earth of ours the centre round which the planets move, the origin of their ordered march, the arbiter of their destinies!

May not the analogy be traced even more closely here, in the conception each human being has at one stage of his evolution of his relation to the God of whose Existence he is at no stage unconscious? Himself as a created individual, as a soul to be redeemed, to be 'bought back' at a tremendous

cost from the paths of disobedience and of sin, and even then able to oppose to the Divine Love the resistance of a puny yet indomitable will! Is not this the geocentric theory in the spiritual world? Anthro-po-centric, shall we call it, for want of a better word? Must not all theories and deductions starting from this standpoint necessarily work out in error and mistaken action? *Man* at the centre of the Universe; *God* shedding upon the insignificant orbit of his three-score years and ten the effulgence of a light and love too often falling vainly on soil arid and desolated by pride and sin; is not this an outworn and cramping point of view—the mere groping of the human mind towards some expression of its own Divinity?

How different the message that Theosophy brings to every man, woman and child; nay more, to every sentient atom in this world athrob with life, proclaiming that *God* is at the Centre and Heart of Being, and that all things circle round Him in ever-lessening orbits till Centre and Circumference again are one. In this great scheme of things, we see Man but as one Ray from that great Central Life, blent and merged with that other ray that we call matter, Maya, Illusion (lost in proportion as it is found), so that from the two may arise a new thing, life without form, but having in itself all that form can bring to its enriching; consciousness self-existent, as before the birth of time and space, yet enriched and expanded by that upon which it has fed. In the phrase, so mystic and so wonderful, used by the Eastern before the simple meal in his own home: “I, God, eat thee,

God," we have in parable the whole evolutionary process, had we but ears to hear.

So to our thought the message of the Theosophist to his age takes definite shape and form; and the two apparently contradictory view-points alluded to at the beginning of this article become clear. For, even as when the geocentric theory was in the field, men worked in all practical matters unconsciously by the facts of the heliocentric which as yet they knew not; and even as by the proclamation of this great truth, action and theory were 'at-oned' in their lives, to the great advance of social and intellectual growth; so it is now in the spiritual region of man's development. We see him, still holding narrow, anthropomorphic views of his God, giving lip-service and so-called intellectual credence to the fettering dogmas of an unspiritual age; but all the while shaping his life, all unconsciously it may be, by the Truth that is Eternal and Immutable, whether he knows it or not. In a million acts of heroism and sacrifice, by love and pure desire, by aspiration and innate devotion to the highest when he sees it, Man proves his Divinity, and shows forth the God within.

Is it not the high mission of those who have glimpsed something more of the Theo-Sophia than their fellows, who are entering even the borderland of that inner region of being where mortal mind is irradiated by the Light of Divine Wisdom; is it not the mission of such to proclaim the one great discovery which is the the starting-point alike for lowly and exalted, lettered and unlettered, old and young, so soon as they are

able to receive it? The doctrine of the Divine Immanence is held to-day by many of every Church and creed; the Theo-centric rather than the anthropo-centric theory of existence has dawned upon our modern world; and from that glorious conception arise new methods of thought, new fields of action, open in varying degrees to every human soul, be his position and stage of development what it may. Once let the 'wayfaring man' grasp this great Truth, and from henceforward his knowledge of life and his own nature will change in *degree* but not in *kind*. On that sure foundation he may build, adding stone to stone until he stand forth as Master of the Wisdom.

This then is the message of Theosophy to an age in which it has risen once again for the birth of a new day: "Whether high or low, great or small, gross or subtle, mean or exalted, there is no self at all," for "In *Him* we live and move and have our being." "Thou art THAT."

E. M. G.

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN DRAMA

By BASIL HODGSON-SMITH

THROUGHOUT all the world's history, drama has played an important part in education, and in depicting the social conditions of the day. Needless to say, this was so in Ancient Greece. We read in Plato how the great reform movement of Anaxagoras had so entered into the current thought of the time, that you could not even go to the orchestra without hearing of these things. One explanation of the passage about the orchestra in this connection is that a theatre-goer was liable to be treated to the doctrines of Anaxagoras, so much had they become part of the mental stock of Athens. It will be remembered that Anaxagoras was one of the pioneers in the movement of natural philosophy at Athens. He maintained that the moon derived its light from the sun; he taught the eternity and indestructibility of matter; he declared that becoming and perishing were merely other names for combination and separation; and, most important of all, that intelligence was the cause of all motion and order in the universe. He is also recorded to have believed that rational animals were not confined to our world, and that the moon contained dwelling-places as well as hills and valleys.

But since my subject is *modern* drama, I must not spend too much time on ancient drama, very interesting though that be. I must, therefore, pass over the Roman tragedians, and will jump many centuries, pass over many countries, authors, periods, or I shall never arrive at this so-called enlightened age. Even in the Middle Ages, that time which we truly regard as steeped in superstition and ignorance, there is one bright spot in an otherwise dreary period—namely, the drama. Quite early there were the Mystery Plays, many of which are quite Theosophical. Perhaps the best known, because of its recent revival, is *Everyman*. Passing on through the centuries, we meet such play-writers as Beaumont, Marlow, Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Massenger and Shakspeare. Needless to say there are many plays of Shakspeare which are open to Theosophical interpretation. But Shakspeare is far too vast a subject for me to do more than refer to.

Mention, however, should perhaps be made of a most Theosophical play written about a century and a half ago, by Lessing, the well-known German philosopher. It is called *Nathan the Wise*, and shows us how a man ought to act towards his brethren, and teaches us the lessons of charity, kindness and the love of mankind. Lessing was always keenly attracted by drama, and, while at the university, he produced for the Leipsic stage many small pieces of his own, and had serious thoughts of turning actor. In later life he married, but his wife soon died, the wife whom he had so fondly loved. Also many attacks were made on him by the bigoted theologians of the day. Professor

Henry Morley writes in his introduction to the play: "The uncharitable bitterness of these attacks, felt by a mind which had been touched to the quick by the deepest of sorrows, helped the shaping of Lessing's beautiful lesson of charity, this noblest of his plays—*Nathan the Wise*."

It is very prettily worked out, and though it is, I think, little known, it is of great interest to Theosophists; for Lessing held that reincarnation was a necessary component part of any rational scheme of evolution.

Again, above fifty years ago we see with what skill Wagner, in his own special way, combines the drama with music. In his *Nibelungen Ring*, for example, he follows the Greek tragedians' system of the trilogy, and weaves into the four days of the opera a great deal of the German Mythology. A truly marvellous and wonderful production it is from the dramatic point of view, and to explain it from the Theosophical standpoint would in itself take more than an article.

And now, after this brief survey of the drama at various periods of European history, let us turn our attention more particularly to the modern exponents of histrionic art. It is quite impossible in a short paper to work out a Theosophical interpretation for all the plays which are affecting the minds of the public just now. Naturally I can take only a few authors and a few plays, and I must be excused if I omit anyone's particular favourite piece, or do not mention many of the well-known dramatists. For the field is so large, and the space at my disposal is limited.

No criticism, discussion or chronicling of modern drama, modern fiction, or modern literature, would be complete without reference to George Bernard Shaw. There are few writers for the stage who can come up to Shaw, and none that can beat him along his own particular lines. He is that most delightful thing, an iconoclast—a person with a grievance against Society, one who runs a tilt against conventionality. There is no better thing for a man than to have the pedestals of his Gods overthrown, the foundations of his shibboleths shaken, since it shows him where he is weak. To accept anything as true merely because you were told it in your infancy, or because it has been handed down by your forefathers, or because it is the custom of the time, or because Society thinks so, is both weak and foolish.

Thus a man who is prepared to face facts, to look the world straight in the face with both eyes wide open and the observing faculty keenly active, does a desirable service to mankind as a whole and to himself in particular. He may be—he even probably is—wrong, since his starting-point is a pugnacious antagonism to the established order of things; but his faults would be virtues in us, since his point of view is so widely at variance with our own. If his criticism is not just, it will fall like water off a duck's back, instead of being, like a heavy shower, absorbed by a parched and down-trodden earth.

You cannot go to one play of Shaw's without feeling in very truth that he has hit some nail upon the head; without taking away with you

some uprooting and pungent idea, which should give you food for thought and reflection, unless you are so encased by class, society and conventional prejudices as to be impermeable to new ideas.

Though Shaw is so important a factor in Modern Drama, it is difficult to find any direct touches of Theosophy in his plays. *Man and Superman*, however, does perhaps border on our lines, and in this play I think Shaw excels himself in the brilliancy of his arguments, and his exquisite touches of half-realities. Exactly what the 'Superman' is one does not fully discover, but as Shaw suggests that he is to be a product of a future age, we must simply wait and see.

will be remembered that Nietzsche also deals with this Superman in his philosophy.

Perhaps also Shaw's play *Candida* is open to Theosophical interpretation. *Candida* represents the intuitive, the sacrificing, the protective, the mother-side, yes, all that is highest and best in feminine nature. She alone of all around understands the longings, the aspirations, the yearnings after ideals, and the falling in love of the boy-poet. She sees the weaknesses of his soul, sees how she could help him, uplift him, save him from himself, evolve his very soul. But her husband, the Vicar, does not understand. Broad-minded though he be, yet he is truly narrow in his conceptions and understanding, and is hedged in by convention. He is thoroughly good, upright and straightforward, honourable to the last degree, but bombastic, pig-headed and, perhaps, rather a bore. He completely

misunderstands the situation, and she has to choose between poet and husband.

She clings to the husband, whom she has always loved, but points out to him how he is turning away from his doors this child-poet, whereas it was their duty to help and uplift those with whom they came into contact. There is one inharmonious element in the piece—Candida's father. Shaw, imbued as he is with socialistic and democratic notions, wishes us to think that so pure, so understanding, so noble a woman could not exist except as a daughter of the people, and he depicts her father as a vulgar, though prosperous, man. Thus is dragged in a discordant note, which spoils the perfection of the whole, for Candida could not have been what she was with such a father, to say nothing of the improbability of the Vicar marrying the daughter of such a man.

Many of Shaw's plays deal with questions which we do not usually discuss in open assemblages, though there is always much truth at the back of his forceful arguments. Like the car of Jagannath, Shaw continues his relentless, blood-sucking journey, sapping at the vitality of conventional customs. Demagogue, iconoclast, revolutionist, he is an enigma and paradox, the solution and understanding of which I must leave to my readers.

Next to Shaw perhaps one should range Galsworthy, though of course any arrangement of this kind is purely arbitrary, and merely a question of individual idiosyncrasy. In *Strife* Galsworthy clearly brings out the incompatibility of interests between capital and labour; his characters stand

out before you as living men, and you see before your very eyes the fight between John Anthony, the President of the Trust, and Roberts, the leader of the workmen. Very terrible indeed is the picture portrayed of the effect of the strike, yet both of these two chief characters adhere to the end to their principles. The President of the Board holds that concession of any kind is not only weakness but madness, as the granting of requests once will but form a precedent for further demands in the future. On the other hand Roberts, the leader of the men, by his personal magnetism, attempts to hold them back from a compromise which they, reduced to starvation and dire need as they are, want to make, since he knows that the Trust also is at its last gasp. So well is the play written that it brings home to one thoroughly the great fundamental interests of both capital and labour.

His *Silver Box* is another most effective play. Here he sets forth the conditions of a life of luxury and of that of want—the rich young ne'er-do-weel, and the honest charwoman and her drunken husband. It is a play that makes one want to do something to alter existing conditions, and thus, I think, is really valuable. But perhaps the play of his which has produced the most effect and done the greatest good is *Justice*. It deals with prison laws and the need for prison reforms, and I think one is justified in saying that it is partly in consequence of this play that the prison laws have been altered. The length of time in prison for those who are serving for their first offence is lessened, and solitary confinement is less frequently employed. Thus

this play has done an immense amount of good, and anyone who has seen it will, I am sure, agree with me that prison conditions and the laws relative to first offences were in great need of reform.

Another play of his, recently produced in Manchester, was replete with thought and suggestion from the mystical point of view. I refer to *The Little Dream*. It depicts the trials and temptations of a baby-soul weaned from its home amidst the mountains, to be drawn into the vortex of a pleasure-loving town.

After a time the soul tires of its worldly existence, and returns to the freedom and purity of its mountain life. It has returned wiser perhaps but sadder, for the mountains can never be quite the same to it now, nor can it be quite the same to the mountains. The whole of this experience is woven into a dream of the mountain maid, and after her awakening you wonder what choice she will make—God or Mammon.

Granville Barker is another modern play-writer who deals with modern problems, though perhaps his plays are hardly appropriate to comment upon here. He has however written a delightful little fantasy called *Prunella*, which is quite suggestively non-material.

Of course Ibsen must not be left out, as I believe many of his plays are quite Theosophical. Unfortunately I am not in a position to judge, as I have seen and read but few. Miss Pagan has, however, published *The Fantasy of Peer Gynt*, which she has adapted for the English stage. Her version of it is distinctly Theosophical. It may be

regarded as the life-history of a soul in the various stages through which it passes. The guiding spirit of his life, from whom he has fled because of the consciousness of his sin, is typified as a beautiful and pure maiden, and it is not till the last scene that he realises that she is in very truth himself, his higher nature, his conscience, the true ego, call it what you will. *A Doll's House* is full of brilliant ideas and half-truths. But one feels that Ibsen is not quite sure of it all himself. I think it was written at a turning point in his thoughts, and when we consider the ideas prevalent at the time of its production, we must admit that it was a most remarkable play.

The Passing of the Third Floor Back, by Jerome K. Jerome, is a truly occult and Theosophical play. It shows one how marvellously versatile Jerome must be, to be its author as well as the author of *Three Men in a Boat* and *Paul Kelver*, both of which books are in a totally different style. The Stranger, the World-Teacher, comes to associate—not as might have been expected with the intelligent or religious, but—with a somewhat common-place assemblage at a boarding-house. The motley throng at the boarding-house is well depicted, and in every-day life one meets the types to a greater or lesser degree, and their conglomeration and intensification do not, it seems to me, spoil the beauty of the piece. The Stranger with infinite tact brings out in each the highest, the noblest, the best; by his very presence he acts like sunlight on the drooping flowers round him. As the play progresses, we see wonderfully depicted the

changes produced by the presence of this spiritual man. By ignoring their undesirable side he transmutes and ennobles them, till, in the last scene, his work being accomplished, he passes out of their lives, but leaves behind him for ever the indelible mark of his presence. A truly beautiful theme, and one which makes its impression on the spectator. One leaves the theatre quite impressed though perhaps a little sad, realising what an enormous power for good is a truly pure man, and resolving to do one's little best to emulate his qualities, and to try to bring love and sunshine into the sorrowing lives of those around.

Unfortunately I did not see a play which succeeded it, one also of similar conception, though perhaps not quite equal to it, *The Servant in the House*. Mrs. Lauder has described it in the December, 1910, number of THE THEOSOPHIST.

A little later was produced *False Gods*, but again, unfortunately, I was not in London, and so missed this powerful drama. Needless to say it was a magnificent spectacular representation, since it was performed at His Majesty's Theatre, and we can all realise how the size of the stage and Sir Herbert Tree's wonderful reputation for scenic effect depicted the land of Khem as it must have been. Naturally anything about ancient Egypt is of special interest to Theosophists, and the portrayal of its religious tenets especially so. Let us hope that it will some day be revived, so that we may all have an opportunity of seeing it. Mrs. Lauder writes most enthusiastically of it in the above-mentioned article.

Turning to lighter stage productions, we come to *When Knights are Bold*. It is perhaps the last place where we should expect to find Theosophy, and yet there it is. The principal character dreams himself back into his former existence, back into the Middle Ages, where he is surrounded by his friends and relations in the forms which they then inhabited. He alone remains the same, an incongruous figure in conventional evening dress, surrounded by mediæval knights and fourteenth-century conditions. It is an artistic, though perhaps somewhat crude, representation of reincarnation, but wrapped up in a form to which the public is willing to listen.

At least in the current musical comedy—perhaps the most degenerated side of the stage, both for the participators and the auditors—one would think that there could be no Theosophic thought. Yet see with what a beautiful scene of pastoral simplicity and truthfulness *The Arcadians* opens. A lovely glade in which this race, forgotten by Father Time, exists. One could imagine that it were almost astral, or at least etheric. Their love is pure, their thought good, their truth faultless. It begins so well that one wonders how it will end, for the music is soft and delightful, till suddenly there comes in that discordant note which musical comedy always has—the vulgar comedian—and the play is utterly spoilt from the artistic standpoint. The second and third acts degenerate into the usual run of musical comedy, though there is always the undercurrent of good in the attempt of the two Arcadian girls to reform our wicked London. The

fruitarian restaurant has no doubt brought vegetarianism before the minds of people to a greater extent than it might otherwise have been, for one of the best forms of advertisement is mild ridicule. One is disappointed in *The Arcadians*, though the central thought of bringing the message of truth to the West is quite Theosophical.

Some pantomimes in their transformation scenes, especially at Drury Lane, weave such a marvellous and changing kaleidoscope of colour, by means of water, lime-light and fabrics, as to produce an almost astral colour-effect. That charming play *Peter Pan*, though perhaps not directly Theosophical in its heterogeneous mixture, is yet delightful in its combination of dream and fairy existence. But from that it is but a short step to that exquisitely-delightful fairy-Theosophical-child's-play *The Blue Bird*. Words utterly fail one in trying to describe this masterpiece of Maurice Maeterlinck; it must be either read or seen to be thoroughly appreciated. The Theosophical interpretation is so obvious, and the play so beautiful, that I will not spoil it by adding my criticism. Mrs. Lauder comments beautifully on it in the article to which I have referred. Permit me then to quote a few sentences from Herbert Trench, in his Introduction to the sixteenth edition of the English version :

Of the beauty and profundity and gay humour of this play for children, it is needless for me to speak. Its central idea is the victorious destiny of mankind, as represented by the wanderings of the two children. The girl Mytyl and the boy Tytyl in their dream travel out of darkness, through the half-hostile environment of an alien nature, pursuing their never-ending quest of the Blue Bird Happiness, aided only by

Light, by their own courageous hearts, and by that steadfast friend of humanity, the dog.

In none of his works has Maeterlinck blended so happily scientific observation with the dream-work of the poet, to issue in an absolute simplicity, so that the travels of the children, told in dialogue of the most limpid kind, may carry children of their own age with them in complete understanding scene by scene, through the regions of fairyland, through the past, through the unborn future, even past night and the grave, back to their happy cottage. As they go Maeterlinck shows how, one by one, all the blind ancient terrors fall away, leaving Man confounded with a fate which is ever clearer to his gaze. Maeterlinck has thus put a whole philosophy into a gay fairy tale that may be understood and enacted and laughed over by a child. It will have no less charm for the wise and mature.

Modern Drama is such an immense subject that it is very difficult adequately to cope with it. Naturally in this age, when it is impossible to take up a current magazine without finding some ghost story, weird happening, or supernatural event chronicled, but few plays escape this present-day tendency. Yet of course it is impossible to mention all. A case of thought-transference and intimate psychic communication with an apparition at death is depicted by Martin Harvey in his impersonation of *The Corsican Brothers*. The preying upon the mind of a crime committed, and the foreseeing of its eventual punishment, Irving represented in that harrowing play *The Bells*. Interplanetary communication, with a message brought by one of its denizens, is set forth in melodramatic form in *A Message from Mars*. Anstey in his *Brass Bottle* gives an Arabian display of magic to a twentieth-century audience.

Pinero, Barrie, Henry Arthur Jones, Sutro, and other modern dramatists, depict the condition of present-day society, and try to uphold a morality slightly above that of the time, in such plays as *His House in Order*, *The Walls of Jericho*, *The Cabinet Minister*, *The Hypocrites*, *The Ogre*, *The Perplexed Husband*, etc., etc., though it always seems to me that these authors are too much bound by conventionality, and dare not depart too far from accepted and crystallised endings. I suppose if everybody looked only at the higher branches of a tree, and did not point out the branch immediately above us, we should never climb to the altitudes destined for us.

There is another play of which mention should be made—one written by our Vice-President, Mr. A. P. Sinnett. It has been quite recently revived at the Court Theatre, and I had the pleasure of being at its 'first night'. It is entitled *Married by Degrees*. It treats of those complicated and intricate psychological phenomena known to the western world as cases of dual personality. The unfortunate girl of the story has two aspects, during the manifestation of which she is called respectively Lucy and Leonora. Each personality does not remember what was done when the other was in charge, and such a psychological problem gave Mr. Sinnett an admirable opportunity for setting forth obscure facts. The play, however serious in intent, is not in any way devoid of interest. For there are amusing complications which will suggest themselves at once to the thoughtful; but Lucy's *fiancee* overcomes all difficulties by wooing Leonora as well, and, by a rather hasty

crowding of events into the last act, we have mesmeric influence brought to play, producing the unexpected result of merging the two temperaments into one. The play affords altogether an interesting, instructive and amusing evening.

No paper on Modern Drama would be complete without a short panegyric of Miss Horneman. She fully realises that the drama bears a unique and most important part in affecting the minds of the public, and in the setting forth of new ideas. Making this her work and regardless of expense, she financed the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, in order that plays of an advanced type might be produced. She hoped to educate the public to the appreciation of plays which otherwise could never be produced—plays calculated to make men think, or to point out the evils of present day conditions. Many authors who might otherwise have lived and died obscure and unappreciated have, with her assistance, presented their works to the public and become renowned.

Not only does the Gaiety Theatre usually produce a fresh play each week, but Miss Horneman's influence does not stop there. For years she financed the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, which was designed specially for the production of Irish drama. Here many most interesting plays, tending towards a broader and more Theosophical point of view, have been performed, some written by that genius, half-poet, half-mystic, W. B. Yeats, besides others by less-known lights. Miss Horneman, in the spirit of true generosity, ran her theatres not to make money, but to do good, and

her work has been so far rewarded that in Dublin, at all events, she has been enabled to withdraw her support. Would that there were amongst us one like her, who could put a theatre at the disposal of Theosophists, so that the ideas of reincarnation and karma, and the simple Theosophical truths, could be presented to the public in an easy and acceptable manner.

It is difficult to know where to stop in treating of Modern Drama. Plays which depict the progress of advancing thought are surely to be welcomed. In our present age it is perhaps natural that these should turn largely upon sex problems, the affirming of the superiority of women, and the obsolete marriage laws. But let anyone who is interested along these lines read Shaw's play entitled *Getting Married*, and the preface to it. Again, his *Doctor's Dilemma* arouses one to serious thought about medical conditions, diet, health, etc.

Barrie's *£12 Look*—a piece recently performed before His Majesty, King George V—presents the problem of whether it is better to be married to a rich machine, or to be free and earn your own living.

The magnificent Repertory work I have referred to, but there are big issues connected with the theatrical world to which one can but briefly allude. These are mainly as to the advisability or otherwise of a National Theatre, and the desirability or the reverse of the censorship of plays.

Again, one ought to refer to the work of the Stage Society, which has brought to light so much talent, histrionic, literary and dramatic. It produces

four or five plays every year, there being two performances of each—on the Sunday night and Monday afternoon. If the play is a success, it is often taken up and produced at a London theatre. Thus it both enables new actors to display their talent, and brings before the notice of critics, the press, and members of Society the works of dramatists who might not otherwise succeed in persuading a producer to take their play. For when the obstacles of stage production are surmounted, and the play is presented as a whole, managers are more able to judge as to its probable success or failure.

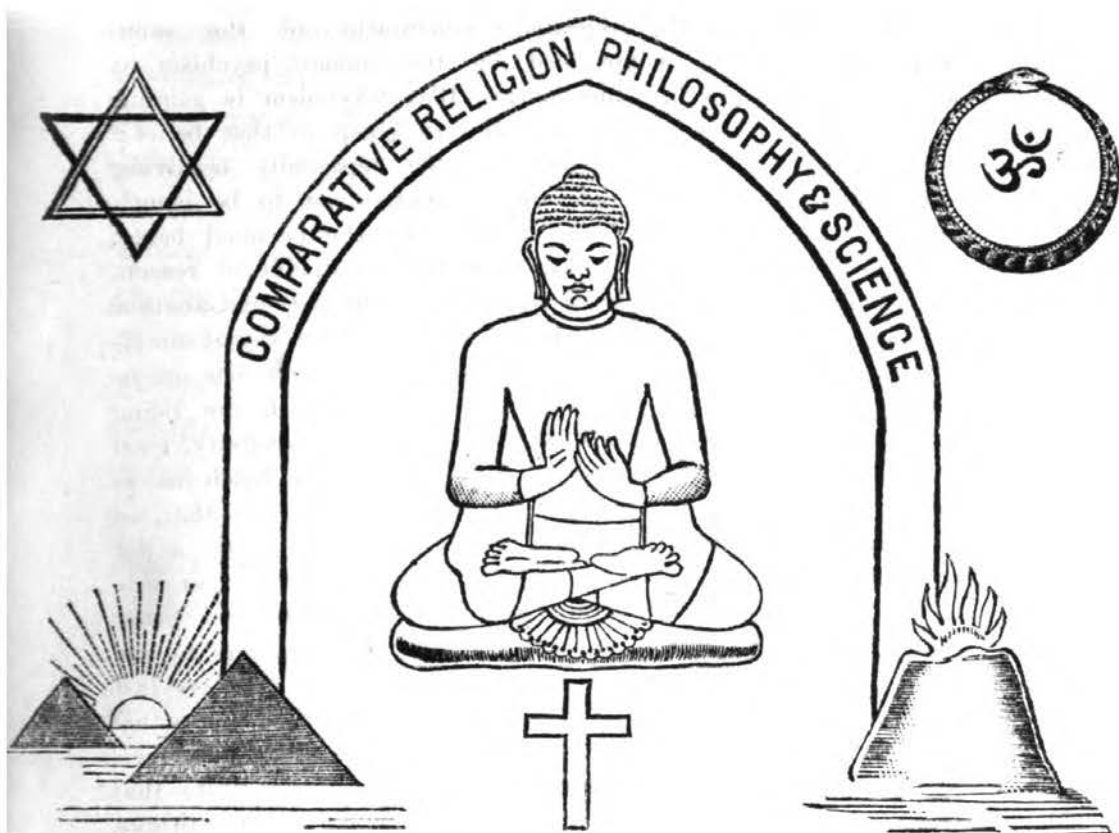
My object in writing this article was to try to show that even in this degenerate age, when selfishness is at its height, when the arrangements of Society, slowly formed as they have been, are quite incompetent to cope with the semi-instruction of the half-educated masses, we have yet many play-writers who try to portray the state of affairs as they see them, and either suggest a remedy or leave the problems unsolved in the minds of their hearers. I cannot here go into the vast question of the social conditions which exist around us to-day—the squalor and utter hopelessness of the poor, the discontent of the middle classes, the thoughtlessness of a large proportion of the rich, and the constant warring between those two unhappily hostile parties—capital and labour.

We are living now at a transitional stage. The serfdom and practical slavery of the masses (a state which existed but a few centuries ago) has passed never to return ; but what will be the outcome of affairs no

one can foresee or predict. It naturally follows that Divine Truth, Religion, Philosophy and Reality, are for the time unsought after, uncared for, put aside amidst this ceaseless strife. Hence also it follows that whatever be the outcome of this civil war of incompatible interests—whether it appear worse or better in our eyes—so long as it brings rest, quiet, peace, it will be welcomed as enabling the minds of all to turn towards higher things, to search after truth, and not to expend one's whole energy fighting for the fleeting ephemeral changing objects of this life. In this connection drama has its place in portraying these conditions, and in arousing a lethargic public. Whatever tends to quicken the advent of a new era, whatever hastens on the arrival of a new dispensation, that also tends to bring nearer the time when religion, either in its present form or in a fresh garb, will be the daily food of all alike; when religious thought will form part of the everyday life of the ordinary man.

Hence is modern drama one of the most useful and important features of present civilisation; hence it tends to bring nearer the Golden Age in which will be appreciated, will be applied, will be believed, that Divine Wisdom which we now study under the name of Theosophy.

Basil Hodgson-Smith



PROFESSOR BOLLAND AND REINCARNATION

By FRANCIS SEDLAK

PROFESSOR BOLLAND is no friend of the Theosophical movement. This is made plain in a recently published book from his pen: *Mevrouw Blavatsky en hare 'Theosophie'* (Leyden, A. H. Adriani, 1911). The book contains three subdivisions: (1) Spiritualism and Madame Blavatsky, (2) Mahatmas of Madame Blavatsky, (3) H. P. B.

and Reincarnation. Here I propose to deal only with the concluding paragraph of the third lecture :

The belief in the repeated embodiment of the same 'impersonal ego' is entertained by the human psychism in our country already in many parts; Blavatskyanism is gaining ground. What, however, have 'we' to grasp in that belief? With respect to such a belief in the repeatedly occurring embodiment of a lasting individuality that is not to be identified with the rôle played in actuality by the personal being, it suggests itself at first sight, from the standpoint of reason, that there is no consciousness apart from the body and another consciousness with another body; that already by way of simultaneity or contemporaneousness that Being which acts in us and speaks through us must be also identified with the Being of other beings, even though the well-being or adversity, good or bad fortune, of these others does not directly touch us as our own. What may be next pondered is the fact that, in comparison with the past, when we thought and acted, or did *not* think and act, in such or such manner, we are at this moment the same and again also not the same; and hence that our essential unity, the unity of our Essence, our human Being, was also before our birth the same or another, just as we choose to take it. The actual identity, our actual identity, is the essential identity in ever-changing difference, wherein no consciousness pure and simple can fix itself; that Being which feels and thinks in us is the Being that thinks, thought and will think in others, but this essential unity or identity is that of the manifold, of the all-embracing actuality, and no abstract or purely self-poised unity: no unity such that it subsists by itself and admits of the fixation of an enduring particular ego amid the self-converting and self-suspending flux of particularities. Actuality is not what subsists inertly; the truth of our being is eternal completeness and no abstract or particular enduring. And the teaching propounded by Theosophy of the rebirth of an identical soul is *fanciful psychosophy*, mythical psychology and the imperfectly grasped conception of the notion that the Being of beings is in all difference and flux one and the same identically self-maintained being, and that all experience or increase of knowledge is a repeatedly occurring inwardising or recollection of what held true in earlier minds and will hold true in the later ones.

The idea of reincarnation is, then, presumably untenable mainly because "the actual identity, our essential identity, is the essential identity in ever-changing difference, wherein no consciousness pure and simple can fix itself." "Actuality is not what subsists inertly," and as the idea of reincarnation implies "fixedness of an enduring particular ego amidst the self-converting and self-suspending flux of particularities," it is to be dismissed altogether, or estimated at best only as "the imperfectly grasped conception of the notion that the Being of beings is in all difference and flux one and the same identically self-maintained being."

Now, in spite of Professor Bolland's extravagant claims as a thinker in general and an exponent of Hegelianism in particular,¹ I must venture to confess that his idea of the Ego is not exactly that which I have satisfied myself is Hegel's. He says (p. 13, V. Hegel's Werke).

I confine myself here, to a remark which may render the grasp of the notions to be developed here easier and thus set the student more at his ease. The Notion, in so far as it reaches the stage of an existence such that it itself is free, is nothing else than the Ego or pure Self-consciousness. True, the Ego *has* notions, *i.e.*, determined or particular notions: nevertheless, the Ego *is* the pure Notion itself which, *as Notion*, has reached Presence. When, therefore, reference is made to the fundamental determinations which constitute the nature of the Ego, the expectation is quite natural that reference is made to something familiar; to something with which the ordinary consciousness is conversant. But the Ego is, *firstly*, the purely self-to-self-referent unity, not in its immediacy, but as a result of that abstraction from all

¹"Honour to whom honour is due. Great is the spirit of Hegel—but in 1900—1910 pure reason speaks *Hollandsch en Bollandsch*" (Luiveri Rede en hare Werkelijkhed, 2nd Edition. A. H. Adriani, Leyden, 1909, p. 903).

determinateness and content which it must make when retiring into the freedom of the boundless equality with itself. So the Ego is *Universality*: Unity that is self-equal only *by means* of that negative attitude which appears as a process of abstracting, so that, owing to this its very negative attitude, this unity contains all determinateness dissolved within itself. The Ego is, *secondly*, the self-to-self-referent unity just as much immediately, as *Singularity*, that absolute determinedness which opposes itself to another and excludes it: as individual personality. That Universality which is equally immediately absolute Singularity and a Being-in-and-for-itself which is directly an establishedness, being this Being-in-and-for-itself only by means of the unity with the established being: this constitutes the nature just as much of the Ego as of the Notion, and either of these latter becomes meaningless when the indicated both moments are not grasped at once in their abstraction [*i.e.*, distinctly against one another] and at once in their perfect unity.

Of course, as a Hegelian, Professor Bolland is perfectly aware that the nature of the Ego is identical with that of the Notion—and the reader understands that the Notion stands with Hegel for the universal principle of all that is, for the first Cause or God. So far, however, as Professor Bolland would have us believe that that fixedness of the Ego which is implied in reincarnation is only a matter of fanciful psychosophy, only due to an imperfect grasp of the true nature of the Notion, to a putting of a lastingly fixed Ego in the place of the identically self-maintained Being of beings: a closer consideration of the just quoted notion of the Notion—and *eo ipso*, then, of the Ego—will show plainly that Hegel at any rate is in principle on the side of reincarnation.

The Notion is the absolutely infinite, unconditioned and free—in a word, the Universal. Universality connotes absolute simplicity *by means* of

absolute negativity; or it is such a self-reference that it is immediately only as absolute mediation. The Universal is, then, it itself and embraces all that may seem to come under the head of other-wiseness. Thus it is *free Might*, but (says Hegel, p. 38, *ibid.*) "could be also called *free Love* and *boundless Bliss*". That determinateness which it contains as absolute self-activity has only the sense of *Particularity*: a term meant to convey the idea that the Universal has no Negation except so far as it is in this its distinction from itself returned into itself. That there is any distinction at all is just due to its own absolute negativity, by means of which alone it is absolute simplicity. It is not to be compared with another, but rather grasped as the *creator* of another; and it is just this idea—that the otherwiseness has no independency of its own against the Universal except as the latter's own free Self-determining—that is conveyed by the term: Particularity.

So far, Professor Bolland appears to be quite in the right in laying stress on the nature of the essential identity as a flux of self-converting and self-suspending particularities. Still, according to Hegel, the Notion—the Ego—is equally the *individualised* Universal, and the two moments, of Universality and Particularity, of the Being-in-and-for-itself and Establishedness or Dependency, are to be grasped "at once in their abstraction and at once in their perfect unity". A further consideration of the Particular establishes, indeed, the fact that, in identifying the Ego only with its Presence, with the role which it plays in the sphere of actuality, Professor Bolland fails to give its proper due to

the perfect unity of the universal and particular, *i.e.*, to the Individual.

The Particular is the Determinateness or Presence, so far as this is grasped as a moment of the Notion, of the Universal, not simply as an independent being. Presence and its distinctions are due to the particularisation lying in the nature of the Notion as absolute simplicity by means of absolute negativity. In so far as the Notion is absolute negativity, it *creates* distinctions; but in so far as it is, nevertheless, also absolute simplicity, it does not *become* another, but remains positively and simply self-poised: perfectly liberated from Becoming, or even Reflection on, an externally given opposite. It is clear, then, that in paying attention only to the fact of distinctions in the world of actuality on the assumption that they are unconnected with one another and especially that our own Being is only one of them (an assumption peculiar to the ordinary consciousness and also shared by Professor Bolland, so far as he gibes at the idea of an 'impersonal ego') we ignore that the Particular—just because it is no result of mere Becoming on the part of the Universal, no, nor even the latter's mere Reflection on a self-subsistent objectivity assumed as a co-eval opposite substance—is truly the self-poised Universality itself. But in order, on the other hand, not to remain superficial and identify Universality with the Being of things, our own physical being included (and thus commit ourselves to pantheism), we must not lose sight of the stated notion of the Particular as of a Being such that it is *created* by means of the perfect unity of absolute

negativity with absolute simplicity, and hence such that its independence is at once equally stripped of its distinguishedness against another Particular.

True, in that we leave, for a moment, the fundamental oneness out of sight, particularisation on the part of the Notion appears to result in the Becoming of the existing manifoldness of distinctions—and so comes it, then, that Being as such, with which beginning is made in the Objective Logic, turns underhand into Becoming. But when the dialectic of Becoming clarifies itself to the standpoint occupied in the Subjective Logic, the existing manifoldness of the results of Becoming is grasped by Reflection as utterly dissolved in the absolute simplicity of the Notion, and Becoming is then realised only as Creating, as Self-particularising of the Universal. The existing particular notions appear, then, to be distinguishable against one another only *within* the absolutely simple Notion; or their distinction is a matter of Self-discernment on the part of the Notion. They are not to be opposed to the Universal as another, radically different sphere, but to be opposed only in the name and by means of absolute Idealism. In short, from the standpoint of the Notion, the existing manifoldness of particularities immediately collapses in its own absolute simplicity and hence stands truly only for the display of the absolute negativity, by means of which alone the Notion is absolute simplicity.

But so it does appear, after all, a futile endeavour to seek a rational foundation for the fixed endurance of a particular Ego, and Professor Bolland is, then, quite in the right in his diagnosis of the belief in

reincarnation. So far as mention is made, in connection with the Universal, of distinction, this is an empty distinction,—not the distinction between the Universal and *one* of its particularities, but between the Universal and the *totality* of distinguishable particularities, because the Universal is secondless and hence only *self*-discerned, whilst no single particularity appears to be exhaustive of the boundless Self. But—God be praised for this evidence of inspiration in face of one-sidedness!—is not the Notion *just as much* absolute negativity as absolute simplicity? Can we lay claim to a full grasp of the nature of the Notion, so long as we emphasise its moment of absolute simplicity *to the exclusion* of its other moment of absolute negativity?—so long as the side of absolute negativity is simply merged into the side of absolute simplicity, as though it were not *notionally* co-ordinate with the latter, but had the rank of Illusion pure and simple? Does not Hegel, too, lay especial stress on the perfect unity of these two sides only *by means* of their distinctiveness? The Notion becomes meaningless unless they are grasped “*at once* in their abstraction and *at once* in their perfect unity”! The sphere of distinctions is due to the creative Might of the Notion and the Notion is absolutely simple only by means of this Might, only as a creative process, only as absolute negativity: which means that it clothes its distinctions with its own nature: that it creates only in its own image!

Unless, then, the moment of absolute negativity is co-ordinated with instead of sub-ordinated to, the moment of absolute simplicity, the actual identity

of the Notion presents itself to mind only in the guise of a bottomless abyss, "wherein no consciousness pure and simple can fix itself," which engulfs in its vacuous depths every distinction and thus frustrates every design of the true Notion in its particularisation. Creation is then, not a Self-revelation by means of that ever-changing difference which we call growth, development, progress, but an idle display of nothingness to nothingness: for, unless the Notion admits of Self-fixation *within* its ever-changing flux of particularities, unless it does *individualise* itself and thus maintains itself also as a focus of self-development, as a *Purpose*, Creation must be denied all purposefulness and the absolute simplicity of the Notion is by means of Nothing pure and simple. But then the Notion is really grasped only as pure Being, and instead of Creation we have before us chaotic Becoming, "wherein no consciousness pure and simple [*i.e.*, the Notion itself] can fix itself."

"And this is the judgment, that the light is come into the world, and men loved the darkness rather than the light" (John III. 19), Professor Bolland quotes on the title page of his book, undoubtedly in a sincere belief that he is defending light against darkness. "Great is the spirit of Hegel, but in 1900—1910 pure Reason speaks Hollandsch en Bollandsch," he says elsewhere, undoubtedly, too, in a sincere belief that his is the monopoly of Reason. Yet behold—he is only a victim of self-conceit! The notion of the Notion eludes, after all, his grasp—when all is said, he does not understand Hegel—the mighty champion of Individuality.

Those who strive for perfection; those who *feel* the truth of absolute negativity; those to whom the alpha and omega of wisdom does not lie in a fatalistic drifting along the line of least resistance, to whom God is not merely a bottomless abyss, engulfing with an equal absence of all fruit, levelling down with an equal callousness, the good and bad, knowledge and ignorance, the striver and the indolent; those, in short, who believe in personal immortality and reincarnation—all those are to Professor Bolland “weak, puny and unmanly souls”!

That Hegel cuts off the train of dismal inferences from Bollandian monism at its very source is plain from this passage, p. 41, *ibid*:

The true, infinite Universal determines itself freely: its finitisation is no transition—this is confined only to the sphere of Being as such—but creative might, as the self-to-self-referent absolute negativity. By virtue of its absolute negativity, the Universal is a source of immanent distinguishing, and this implies determining by means of its unity with Universality. But so the distinguishing results in distinctions such that they are themselves universal, purely self-poised: in *fixed*, isolated distinctions. The isolated *subsisting* of the Finite which has determined itself before to its Being-for-self, also to Thinghood, Substance, is in its truth Universality, with which form the infinite Notion clothes its distinctions—a form which is precisely one of its own distinctions. Herein consists the creative activity of the Notion which is graspable only in this its inmost nature.

Although the reader cannot necessarily be expected to gauge the full force of this passage, he must see at first reading that Hegel not only has no quarrel with the fixedness of notional distinctions, but that he is actually justifying it in the name of that very universality of the Notion which Professor

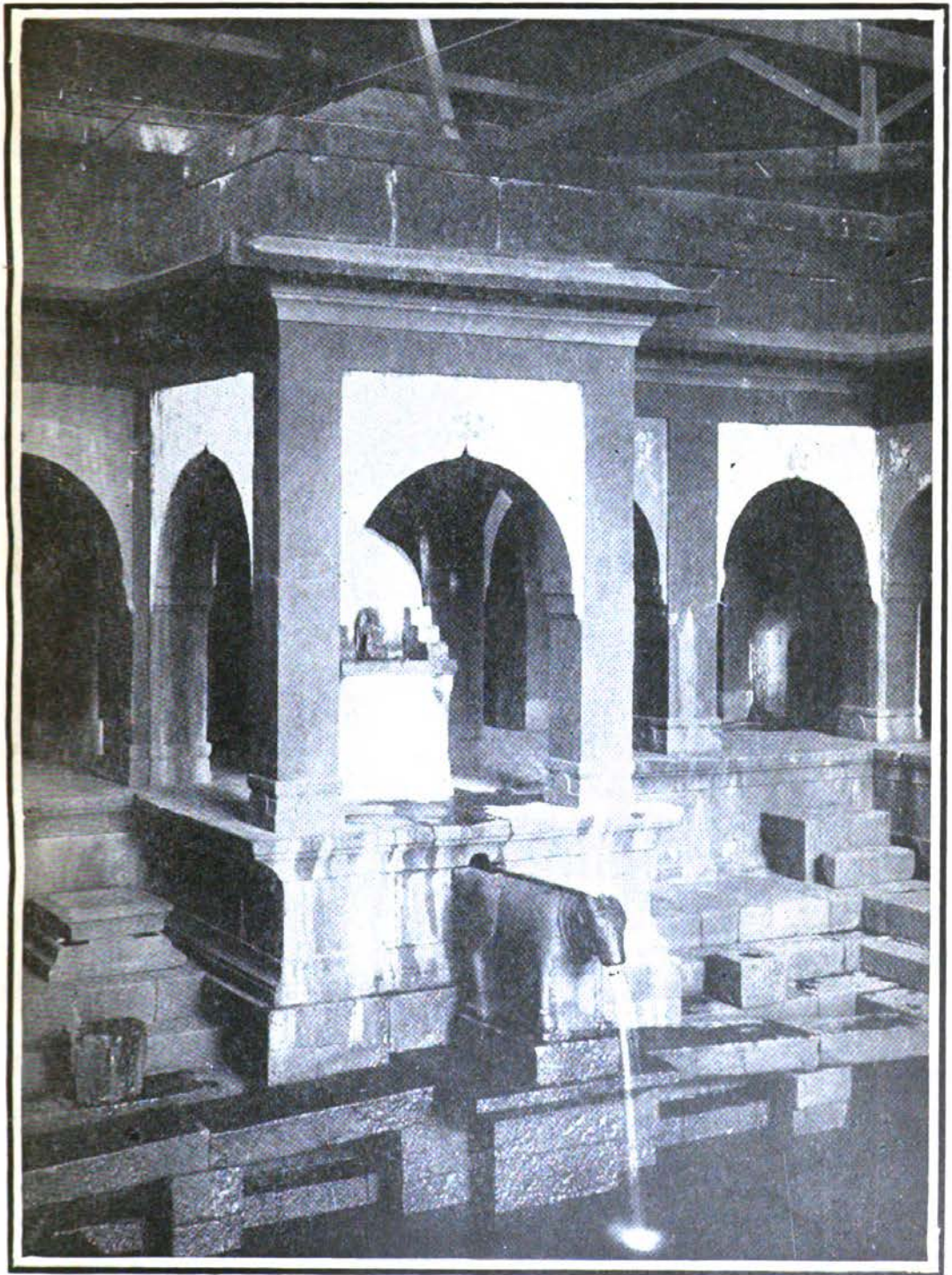
Bolland would fain present as a final argument against its tenability. And when, by penetrating the depth of Hegel's—or rather Notion's own—thought, one thoroughly grasps the nature of Creation in all its universal sweep, then, were there no extant belief in reincarnation, one would have to postulate it on purely rational grounds! The notion of the Ego being that of the Notion, the fixedness of notional distinctions means fixedness of particular Egos. But, then, since this fixedness stands *per se* for the abstraction of absolute negativity and this abstraction is yet to be grasped also in perfect unity with the other moment of the Notion, the fixedness of particular Egos does not, of course, imply a pluralism of eternal beings. Their endurance does not multiply eternity, does not split God into many separate Gods, but refers to the duration requisite for the fulfilment of that purpose for which the Notion-God creates particularities of its own self. When one grasps that the purpose of man is to arrive at Self-knowledge—at a *free* surrender of particular fixedness by means of a full grasp of the two moments of the Notion *at once* in their abstraction and *at once* in their perfect unity—logical necessity of reincarnation admits of no doubt: just because natural death does not, as we know, presuppose perfect Self-knowledge, whilst yet the concrete unity of the Notion can be realised only by means of physical existence.

Francis Sedlak

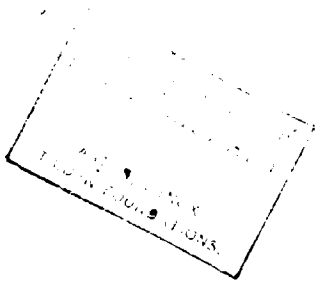
THE TEMPLES OF SHIVAJI

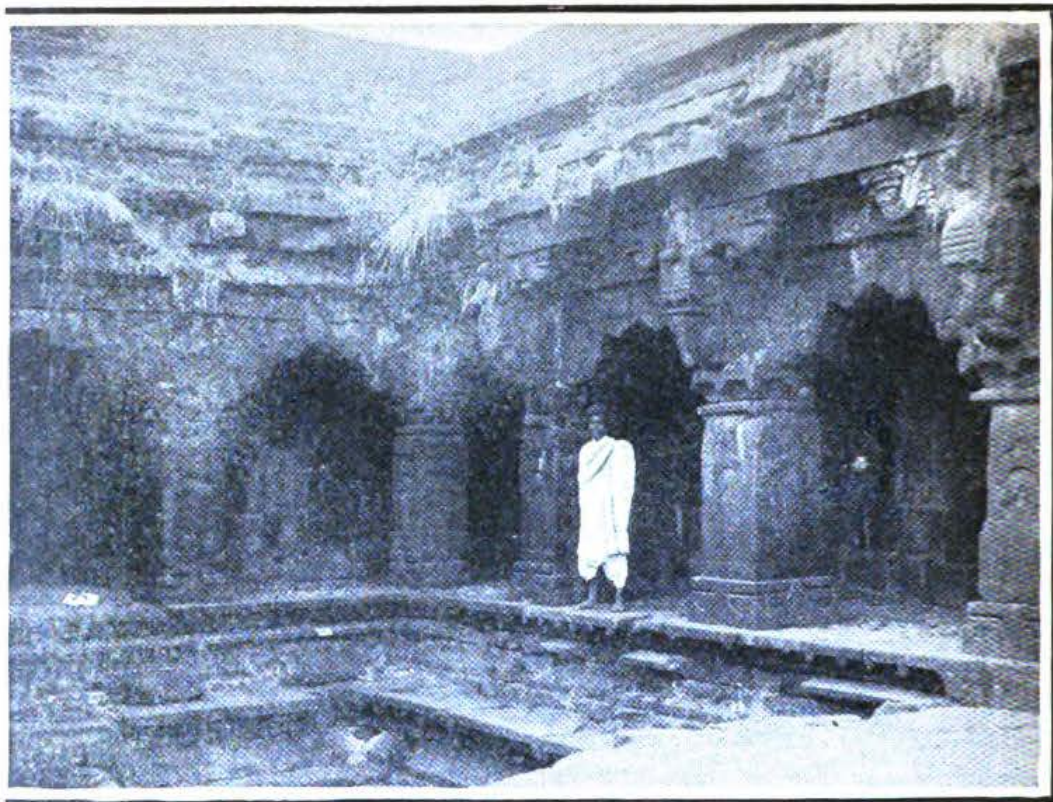
LAST month we gave two illustrations of Pratapgarh Fort belonging to the celebrated Maharatta warrior and ruler Shivaji. If on account of his magnificent courage, chivalry and martial diplomacy Shivaji is one of the most attractive characters in Indian History, and stands equal to the great Baber and high-souled Akbar, his personality has greater charm and attraction for us when we read of him as the devotee of Bhavani and the disciple of Rama Das.

In this number we reproduce four illustrations: The frontispiece is an enchanting spot in the Krishna Valley. The Krishna is the largest river that waters the Deccan. It is natural therefore that its springs on the Mahableshtar hills should be regarded as holy. The remaining three are scenes of temples at this spot, and with them the name of Shivaji is connected. The illustration of the inner room in the Temple of Shri will be found very interesting, as the quaint lights and strange bells and fascinating idols are typically Hindu. They are places of pilgrimage to the pious Deccani, and ought to be so to the student of Maharatta history.

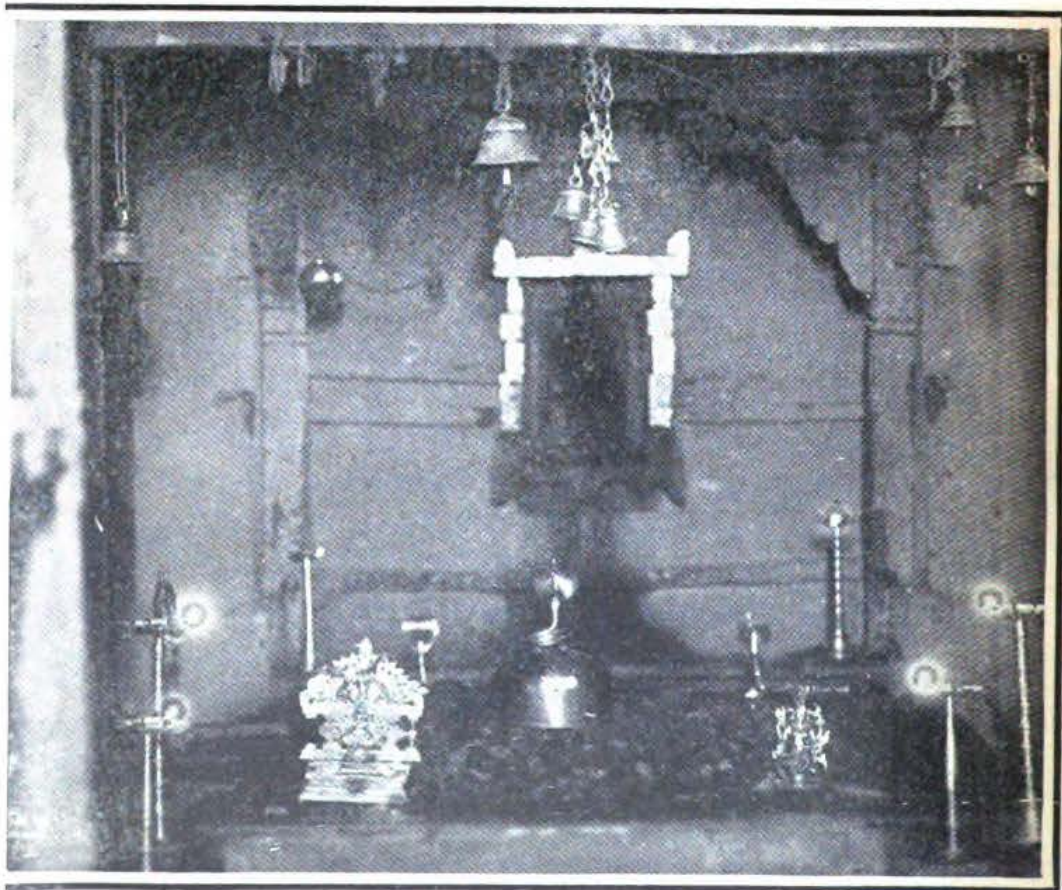


THE TEMPLE OF KRISHNABAI, MAHABLESHWAR.





OLD TEMPLE OF KRISHNABAI NEAR THE KRISHNA FALL.



TEMPLE OF SHRI, MAHABLESHWAR.

THE CHRIST CHILD

By CLARA BAKER SMITH

WE are all familiar with the scriptural narrative and the historical record of that universally important event known as "The Birth of the Saviour" or "The Nativity". The Jewish nation had been for some time in expectation of the Messiah, but His appearance amongst them was not in accordance with the ideal fulfilment which had been anticipated by a materialistic, ritualistic and ceremonial-loving people.

Regarding with some disappointment the Messenger of Truth, in the person of the Galilean prophet, the priests in their intellectual and sacerdotal pride openly refused His teachings. His proofs and demonstrations of power roused them to anger and envy. Only a few lowly and humble followers recognised the Truth He voiced and taught as the Christ, and the man Jesus as the Torch-bearer of that Divine and redemptive idea.

It is not the object of this short paper to deal with the physical, human or typical birth. The purport embodied is the spiritual teaching enshrined, and the absolute transmutation of things into thoughts, by the Science of Divine Mind.

We maintain that the real object of the prophetic message, "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son" (Isaiah XIII. 14) is found in its spiritual interpretation.

The Truth being eternal and spiritual, is without beginning. It knows no end, and is not identified with any personality, not destined nor limited to any time or locality. Whatever the human theological teachings may determine or express, the spiritual only is the real, the Alpha and Omega of the only existent.

The accounts therefore of the bible readings are symbolical, while the pictures they present must be spiritually interpreted.

Beyond the allegorical terms and metaphorical expressions the Truth or Principle lies hidden, while the reality exists in the esoteric value which unfolds, as we venture in the infinite depths.

The difficulty for the human mind to apprehend the spiritual teachings renders it necessary to portray the same in symbolical mental pictures.

The language, therefore, is expressed in the form of parables, and by this method accommodates itself to the human intelligence, in proportion as the evolving consciousness is able to interpret and assimilate the same. Therefore we find in operation the law of progress, which is both just and assuring, and meets the needs of all.

Only the inner self, the spiritual consciousness, the unutterable sense of soul or the true ego, can discern the spiritual reality of the divine teachings.

"As we rise (above human sense), the symbols disappear," and to the advanced purified conscious-

ness "no sign is necessary, since in such a state, and at such a stage, the realities of Spirit are recognised intuitively, and from within".

The evolution of the human consciousness and its ultimate perfection enable us to realise fully our original, eternal, and absolutely virgin heritage.

In this apprehension, the sense of soul recognises direct communion with God—Good, is "clothed with the sun," is found to be crowned with twelve stars, or perfect spiritual illumination, in consequence of the twelve labours of the children of Israel, as embodied in St. John's vision (Rev. xxi. 14.)

She then requires no longer the reflected light of the moon, for the darkness and shadows of human thought have been fully overcome.

Then as Virgin Mary, pure soul, she is overshadowed by the Spirit of Love which is Light; conception of Truth occurs, and the Christ-idea is brought forth.

The offspring at first appears to the consciousness as an infantile expression, or child of Truth; and immediately it is born, the serpent, or knowledge of the lower mind and senses, attempts to destroy it.

Omnipotent Mind protects His own emanations, and carried beyond the claims of the delusive realm, cradled in the arms of Divine Love, sheltered and protected from all attacks of Mortal Mind, nurtured by Infinite Life, beyond the reach of erroneous sense, "the Christ Child" or idea is gradually presented to the awakened consciousness.

Divinely the development continues, even to the fulness and stature of Truth's manhood, or perfected Intelligence.

The offspring therefore of the Virgin Mary (to which appellation and reality each pure soul is an equal claimant) is the activity of Truth, since the fatherhood of the same is Omnipotent Good.

The force or Divine Will is expressed in action, and the idea manifested is the birth of "The Christ Child" to each one of us.

Therefore we perceive that materiality and personality are excluded from the spiritual law of generation which operates. Sex, in the sense of its earthly authority, plays no part in the birth of the Christ. Of perfect, dual individuality, the virgin soul, bodiless and sexless, possesses the nature and elements of our Father-Mother, God.

She is therefore able, by the overshadowing of the Holy Spirit, to demonstrate even as foretold by Isaiah, and bring forth the Christ, which is, and can only be, begotten of Divine Mind.

"The Christ Child" is manifested in the repeated births or spiritual ideas, which in their infinite re-appearing have their origin and parentage in Absolute Mind. The soul consciousness becomes the vehicle for the expression of the same Omnipotent Mind's ideas.

Such births are not dependent upon any human condition of sex, nationality or race, but are an universal legacy, to which all may make claim.

The realisation results only from practical and continued fulfilment of its conditions—absolute purity of thought and action, and faithful obedience to the directions of the finger posts of "the narrow way."

Clara Baker Smith

A MORNING MEDITATION

Peace be to North and South, to East and West,
Peace be to all above and all below,
Peace, all-embracing, all-pervading Peace.

The Peace of quiet lakes and hills and woods,
The Peace of summer eves and moonlit nights,
The Peace of ocean calms and starry skies,
The Peace of faithful and contented hearts,
The Peace and Blessing of the Holy Ones,
Flow into me and out from me to all
Peace be from me to all, from each to all
In all the three worlds dwelling.

Peace, Peace, Peace.

Nay, let there be no more of me and mine ;
Let me but live a centre in the Peace,
Lose, whelm, forget, and merge myself in Peace.

Peace all-embracing, all-pervading Peace
Peace to all Beings, everlasting Peace.

X.

THE STORY OF THE WEAVER'S DAUGHTER

PESAĀKAVADHITAYA VATTHUM

(Translated by F. L. Woodward, M. A., Principal
of Mahinda College, Galle)

[This beautiful story of the little maid, who loved the Lord and was true till death, is contained in the Commentary on the *Dhammapada*. The greater part of this Pali commentary is made up of illustrative stories. "The whole work," says Professor Norman, "constitutes a species of *Acta Sanctorum*, enforcing by multitudinous concrete examples the theory of karma laid down in the fundamental text with which the *Dhammapada* opens: *Manopubbangama dhamma*".]

ONCE upon a time, those folk who dwelt at Alavi, after the Master had come to Alavi, invited Him to take a meal and made their offerings. After returning thanks on the conclusion of the repast, the Master said: "Inconstant is the life of man, certain is death; it needs must be that I should die; death is the end of life for me; in truth life is uncertain, certain is death! Thus should ye meditate on death with concentrated mind. Those folk who have not meditated thus on death are panic-stricken when death cometh, and make their end with wailing, just like a man who seeth a snake with horror and affright. But those who on death have meditated fear not at all, just like

a man who from afar beholds a snake and, seizing a stick, he rids himself of it.¹ Therefore should ye practise the meditation on death."

Now, when they heard this teaching of the Law, the other folk turned to their affairs (and straightway forgot it all), but a little maid of sixteen years said to herself: "O wonderful indeed is the talk of Buddhas! 'Tis fitting that I should practise this meditation on death." So day and night she practised it for full three years.

Now one day the Master, at the early dawn of day, was looking over all the world, and seeing that the little maid had come within the network (*aura*) of His thought, (*nanajalassa anto pavittham disva*) He said: "How, how is this?" And looking closely at the thing He said: "This little maid, for full three years since first she heard my teaching, has practised the meditation on Death. Now, therefore, will I go thither and put to her four questions, and if she answers them I shall praise her on those four points and say to her this verse:

Blind is the world; and few there be that see,
Just as a bird that 'scapes the fowler's toils,
So few there be that find the way to heaven.

And when I have pronounced the verse she will stand established in the First Path's Fruits, and all the crowd shall gain profit by her illustration of my preaching."

With this intent He left the Jetavana with a following of five hundred monks, and thereafter reached the Aggalava monastery.

¹ This does not mean *kills* it, but removes it in the orthodox fashion (*yahimsa*), as seen in the East, of removing snakes.

The folk who dwelt at Alavi, on hearing that the Master was come, went to the monastery and offered Him a meal. And she, too, that little maid, on hearing that the Master was arrived, with joy exclaimed: "They say that my Father, my Lord, my Teacher, whose face shines like the moon when it is full, even the great Gautama the Buddha, hath arrived! 'Tis full three years since the Master, who shines like gold, was seen by me! And now shall I win the sight of His all-golden body, and hear His honey-sweet most excellent teaching of the Law!"

But her father, on going to the hall, said: "Dear child, the cloth I have begun to weave is bespoke by another customer: there is yet a span of it unwoven. I must finish it to-day, so quickly charge the shuttle and fetch it here."

Then she thought to herself: "I am longing to hear the Master's preaching of the Law—and now father says this to me! How can I hear the Law? Well! I must fill the shuttle for father and take it with me."

Then the thought arose in her, "If I do not bring the shuttle, father might strike and kill me; so I will charge the shuttle, take it to him, and then go and hear the Law." So down she sat upon a stool, and charged the shuttle with the flax.

Now the folk of Alavi had made their offerings to the Master, had taken His bowl and stood waiting for Him to render thanks (*anumodanattaya atthamsa*). The Master thought to Himself: "I have come here some thirty *yojanas*, all for the sake of this daughter of a household, and to-day

she cannot get a chance of coming. When she gets her chance and comes, I will return my thanks." So He sat there and was silent. *Now when the Master holds His peace nor gods nor men dare say a syllable.*

So it happened that she, the little maid, having charged the shuttle, put it in her basket, and went to her father, and reached the outskirts of the gathering; and as she went she cast a shy glance upon the Master. And the Master also lifted up His head and glanced at *her*. And she knew by the manner of His glance: "The Master sits in such a great gathering as this, and looks at *me*, and is waiting for my coming! Into His very presence He waits for *me* to come!"

So she laid aside her basket with the shuttle and drew near the Master.

Now why did the Master look at her? it may be said. 'Twas thus He thought: "This little maid, on going hence, will die in unbelief, and go on an uncertain devious path. But if she come to me, upon her coming she will win the fruits of the First¹ Holy Path (*Sotapattiphalam*), and treading a path of certainty, will be reborn in the Heaven of Delight.

And on that very day, 'tis said, her fate was sealed (*mavanato mutti nama n'atthi*). There was no means of escape. So she drew near the Master by intuition of His glance, and entering within the aura of the six-hued rays that shone forth from Him, she bowed herself before Him and stood aside; and there she stood after saluting the Master,

¹ *Buddhi*. will be awakened in her by the Master's word.

who sat in silence amid that vast assemblage. Then said the Master: "Child, whence comest thou?"

"Lord, I know not whence I come," was the reply.

"Whither goest thou?"

"I know not, Lord."

"Thou knowest not?"

"I know, Lord."

"Knowest thou?"

"I know not, Lord!"

So thus the Master asked four questions. And the people were annoyed and cried: "See here! Yon weaver's maid is talking to the all-enlightened One just as she pleases (*icchiticchitam hatheti*). When asked: 'Whence comest thou?' pray, why did not she reply: 'I come from home, from the weaver's house'? And when He asked: 'Whither goest thou?' she should have made reply, 'To the weaver's hall I go'!"

Then the Master silenced the crowd and said, "Child, when I asked, 'Whence comest thou?' why didst thou make reply 'Lord, I know not whence I come'?"

"Lord, thou knowest whence I come—from the weaver's hall. But when thou askedst: 'Whence comest thou?' 'twas meant, methinks, '*coming whence art thou here reboṛṇ!*' And I know not, Lord, whence coming I am here reborn."

Then said the Master: "Well said! well said, indeed! child, thou hast answered the question that I put."

And thus he praised the little maid and said again: "And when I asked thee: 'Whither wilt

thou go?' why didst thou say: 'I know not, Lord'?"

'Lord,' she replied, "thou knowest surely that I had taken the shuttle in my basket and was going to the weaver's hall; but Thy meaning really is, methinks, '*whither going wilt thou be reborn?*' and I know not where I shall be reborn when I have fallen hence (*cuta ito*)."

Then said the Master; "Truly, indeed, hast thou answered the question put by me." And again He praised her, and asked once more; "And when I said 'Thou knowest not?' why didst thou say 'I know'?"

"Lord, *I know that I must die*, and that is why I spoke thus."

"And when I asked thee 'Knowest thou?' why didst thou reply 'I know not'?"

"Lord, I know that I must die—but *the hour of my death I know not*; whether it shall be at night, or in the day, or when the sun is high, or at such and such a time, I know not; and that is why I thus replied."

Then said the Master; "Thou hast replied to my question," and a fourth time He praised her, and then turning to the crowd He said: "So many of you knew not what she meant. So you were angry with her merely for that. Ah! blind indeed are they who have not wisdom's eye: but they have eyes who wisdom have." And then He spake this verse:

Blind is the world; and few there be that see,
Just as a bird, that 'scapes the fowler's toils,
So few there be that find the way to heaven.

Now at the end of His discourse, the little maid was established in the Fruits of the First Initiation, and the teaching was of great benefit to the multitude.

So the little maid took her basket and shuttle and went away to her father's. Now he had fallen asleep while seated at his work, and as she set down the basket and shuttle, by some mischance it struck the beam end of the loom, and down it fell with a clatter. Up started the father from his sleep resumed his task and pulled down the loom, and the end of it smote the little maid upon the breast, and down she fell and died upon the spot. And when her father saw her fallen dead, her body soaked with blood, great grief arose in him, and he exclaimed: "None other than the Master can quench my sorrow now!"

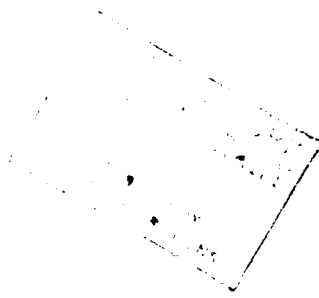
So with lamentation he drew near the Master and told Him all, saying: "Lord! quench thou my sorrow!"

And then the Master comforted him, saying "Sorrow not, for in the endless revolution of this world¹ thou hast indeed shed far more tears than would suffice to fill the oceans four." And with these words He expounded unto him the round of birth that has no rest. And when the man's sorrow had abated somewhat, he begged the Master for the robes, and received the ordination of the less and greater rank,² and in due time he reached the state of Arhat, the saint.

F. L. Woodward

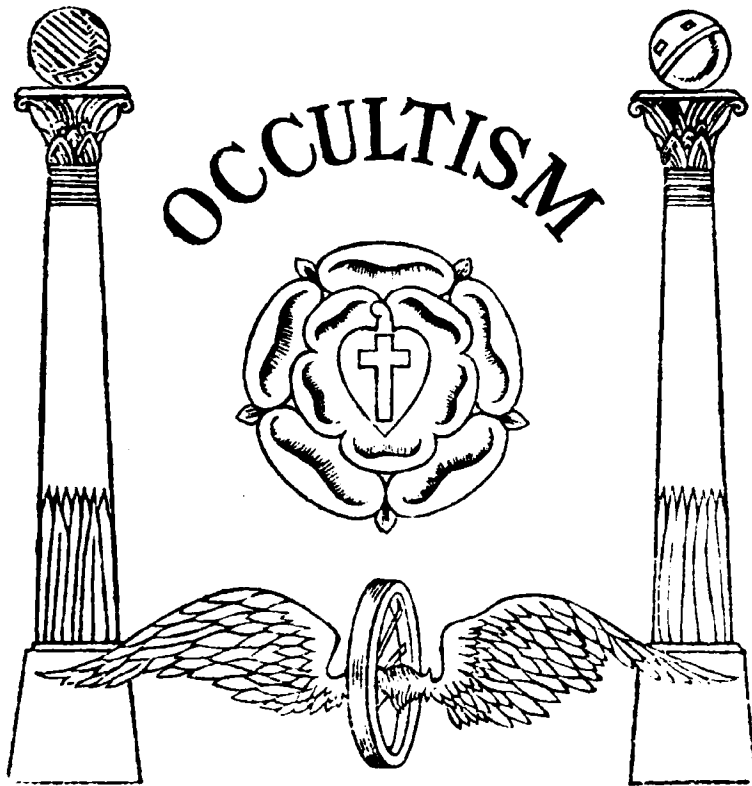
¹ *Samsara.*

² *Pabbajjapasampada*—as Christians might say 'the orders of deacon and priest'.









COUNT FERDINAND DE HOMPESCH

By J. I. WEDGWOOD

ON various occasions, of late, the President of the Theosophical Society has sketched for us something of the past lives and work of the Hungarian Adept, Master Rakoczi, to whose care the special work of guiding the development of western civilisation seems to have been confided.

When the present Bodhisattva incarnated in Tibet in the thirteenth century as Tsong-ka-pa, it

seems that it was His task in some way to reform the esoteric government of the country, and to set on a new footing the "affairs of the Adept Fraternity, by that time collecting chiefly in Tibet". The ninth chapter of *Esoteric Buddhism*, and the section in the third volume of *The Secret Doctrine* entitled the 'Mystery of the Buddha,' contain much heavily-veiled information upon this subject. Tsong-ka-pa, we are told in the *London Lectures of 1907* of Mrs. Besant, "promulgated His order to the Lodge that at the close of every century an effort should be made to enlighten the white barbarians of the West". He who is now the Master Rakoczi seems to have been the active agent in charge of this work, a fact which places western people generally, and especially Theosophists, under a deep obligation of gratitude to Him.

As Christian Rosenkreuz—"the most godly and highly-illuminated Father, our Brother C. R. C."—he founded, at the close of the fourteenth century, the Rosicrucian Mysteries and the occult movement which they crowned. He passed next into the body of a youth of twenty years of age, in which he became known to history as the Transylvanian general, Hunyadi Janos, the terror of the Turks, who checked the invasion of Europe by the Saracen armies, thus rescuing from obliteration the growing European civilisation. We next hear of him in the body of a monk, who was a physician and alchemist. We are told that Francis, Viscount S. Alban, Lord Bacon, was yet another character that he assumed in the roll of history. Still later, the eighteenth century knew him as the Marquis

S. Germain, the wonder-worker and friend of Louis XV, who with H. P. B. and others laboured to establish social justice in Europe, and in France especially—a movement which ended in the horrors of the French revolution. Finally, it is known that he figured, sometimes at least, as Count Ferdinand de Hompesch, the last of the Grand Masters of the Knights of Malta to occupy the island.

Which of the above lives were cases of actual incarnation, in the full sense, from infancy upwards, which of complete possession of an adult body, and which of temporary occupation of a body belonging to another Ego, we have not been told. If further information were ever forthcoming, much light might be thrown on the Bacon-Shakespeare question, so hotly disputed because so little real information, as distinct from ingenious speculation, is available. S. Germain and Hompesch were contemporaries. One of this great Person's main achievements, carried on throughout the cycle of his activity, if possibly we except the Hunyadi life, was the laying of the foundations of modern science. And this was largely done through the agency of secret and Masonic societies. Bacon, of course, was renowned as a reformer of the methods of scientific investigation, who rehabilitated the inductive methods of Aristotle. He was, indeed, one of the founders of the Royal Society. S. Germain worked much in the Masonic Lodges in Europe. He belonged to a Masonic rite called the 'Philalethes,' or Searchers after Truth: Mesmer, Cagliostro, Pasqualez, S. Martin, and the Prince of Hesse-

Darmstadt were also members of this Order. As was also the case with the slightly later Rite of the 'Philadelphes,' the higher degrees were devoted to a graded study of the natural and occult sciences. On these two rites the present Antient and Primitive Rite of Memphis is modelled, although it has an ancient Egyptian tradition behind it; and we may perhaps look forward to the revival of some similar institution in our midst.

Very little is known about the life of Hompesch, and it is my present object to narrate all that I have been able to discover with regard to it. A friend who was resident in Malta set enquiries afoot, at my request, but with little success, save to introduce me to Canon Schembri's book. The principal books I have consulted (in the British Museum), and from which I have taken the following notes, are:

The Order of the Hospital of S. John of Jerusalem, by W. K. R. Bedford, M.A., Oxon. (Genealogist of the Order), and Richard Holbeche, Lieut. Colonel. (Librarian of the Order). London, 1902.

Coins and Medals of the Knights of Malta, by H. Calleja Canon Schembri, D.D., London, 1908.

The Encyclopædia Britannica.

The Knights of Malta, by General Whitworth Porter. Third Edition, London, 1884.

History of the Holy Military Sovereign Order of S. John of Jerusalem, by John Taaffe, Kt., Commander of Malta, London, 1852.

Ferdinand Joseph Antoine Herman Louis von Hompesch was born in 1744, of one of the noblest families on the Lower Rhine. He became Grand Bailiff of Brandenburg. At a very early age he joined the ranks of the Knights of Malta as page to Grand Master Pinto.

The name of Pinto at once introduces a point of great interest. Cagliostro, the pupil of S. Germain, enjoyed the protection of Pinto. Cagliostro, in a fragment of autobiography which he has left us, says that his earliest recollections were of a childhood at Medina, under the care of a teacher named Althotas, for whom he had a boundless love and reverence. Althotas was not only proficient in all the sciences and an accomplished linguist, but was evidently an advanced occultist; and he seems to have bestowed on Cagliostro such love and tender care as were only possible from one in his occult position. Together, they travelled much, visiting even the Pyramids and investigating the secrets of Egypt, until finally they came to Malta. Althotas astonishes his companion by appearing in the habit of a Knight of Malta—a significant occurrence—and Grand Master Pinto treats Cagliostro with extreme benevolence. Pinto was interested in alchemy, of which Althotas seems to have been a past master. It is even hinted that Grand Master Pinto—although as a Knight Templar unmarried—was father of Cagliostro. The date of Cagliostro's birth, according to his own statement, would have been approximately 1749, making him five years the junior of Hompesch. It seems not unlikely that Hompesch and Cagliostro may have met in the *entourage* of Pinto, although, as we have the S. Germain character to account for, it is probable that somebody else must at that time have been occupying the Hompesch body.

To return to the Hompesch history. We are told by Canon Schembri that "in an incredibly

short time he rose high in the estimation of his comrades for the tact and prudence which he displayed in the discharge of the several appointments to which he had gradually been named". For twenty-five years he was ambassador to the Viennese Court; then he became chief of the Anglo-Bavarian *langue* (division) of the knightly Order.

Pinto's successor, Grand Master de Rohan, died in 1796; and Hompesch "a Knight of the German *langue*" was elected to fill his place. The period of his Grandmastership is dated from 1797 to 1799. The tenure of office opened auspiciously, for the Czar of Russia, Paul I, became a warm and generous supporter of the Order. But trouble soon followed.

Napoleon Buonaparte set out in 1798 on his expedition to Egypt. Warnings of elaborate military preparations on the part of the French had been sent to Hompesch, but he had disregarded them. One historian says that he had refused to believe that Napoleon could be animated by any hostile intentions towards the island. On June 6th, the first part of the fleet appeared off the island. Three boats were allowed to enter the harbour for water. Three days later the remainder of the vast array came into sight. Napoleon asked for free entry into the harbour for water. The demand was refused on the well-understood ground that this would be a breach of neutrality, and a violation of the treaty of 1768, under which not more than four armed vessels were permitted simultaneous entrance. This inevitable refusal gave the desired pretext for a quarrel. Napoleon threatened, and on June 10th, landed troops, who encountered small

resistance in occupying the outlying country.

Canon Schembri says that "popular opinion seems to be that the decadence of the Order began with the advent of Napoleon, but a strict historical search would seem to show otherwise". He attributes it to changes made about 1623. General Porter says: "France had been sending spies to sow seeds of discontent in de Rohan's time." It seems certain that there was much confusion and treason. Taaffe declares that the treasonable party had spoiled the gunpowder and tampered with the cannons. Schembri opines that "Hompesch, however, was not the man for this crisis. Easily led by others who were only scheming to bring about his downfall, he in this supreme moment was unable to inspire that confidence which a stronger-minded and more resolute chief would have done". Bedford and Holbeche go further and say: "As an English historian [name not given] puts it, 'The capitulation of the place had been previously secured by secret intelligence with the Grand Master and principal officers'." They proceed later to say that it is at least certain that there was a powerful party ready to support the French, and therefore the Government was a prey to dissensions at a moment when unanimity was the only chance of safety. The writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* classes Hompesch as "perhaps the weakest man ever elected to fill a responsible position in critical times". Another writer, whose name I do not recall, dubs him "imbecile and pusillanimous".

The remainder of the story is soon told. General Porter recounts that "Von Hompesch, instead

of endeavouring to restore discipline and confidence, remained buried in his palace in the company only of a single aide-de-camp". A sortie was made, which proved quite ineffectual. Treason was rampant. Finally the Council met, and decided to send a deputation to request suspension of hostilities as a preliminary to capitulation. The island was surrendered to Napoleon on June 12, 1798, only to pass in 1814 into English possession.

Hompesch was subjected to various slights at the hand of Napoleon, but, ignoring these, he interviewed the French victor, and claimed the plate and jewellery of the Grand Master. The claim was refused on the plea that an allowance of money was to be made to him. On the evening of June 18th, Hompesch left the island in the company of less than a score of Knights who remained faithful to him. They sailed for Trieste, where he strongly protested against the capitulation of the islands dictated by Napoleon. Others of the Knights went to Russia; and Czar Paul, anxious to be Grand Master of the Order, got them to elect him to the post, assuming the office even before it had been vacated by Hompesch. Pressure was brought to bear, and Hompesch signed his abdication in July, 1799. After the demise of Paul I, the Grand-mastership reverted to the Papacy, fear having arisen that the Greek Church would retain possession.

Hompesch joined the ranks of the Blue Penitents of Montpellier, amongst whom he is said to have died on May 12, 1805.

Thus ends the narrative of these interesting events. It is remarkable that the historians all

base their estimate of Hompesch's character, not on accounts given by contemporaries of his public and private life, but on inferences they draw from his conduct at the surrender of the Maltese islands. Yet his rise to the position of Grand Master was phenomenally rapid, and we are told that he stood high in the estimation of his comrades for his tact and prudence. And, as will have been noticed, the various accounts of the hostilities with Napoleon are meagre and contradictory. Most of the writers follow the line of least resistance, and impute to Hompesch cowardice or incapacity. Others rather stultify this verdict by showing that the treason ran so high as to make any attempt at serious defence of the fortifications impossible. Ransom's *Short History of England* (London, 1907) says that treachery delivered the island over to the French. Thirdly, we have the hint that Hompesch had a secret understanding with Napoleon.

Knowing the character with which we are dealing, and considering that he had been none other than the intrepid and skilful warrior, Hunyadi Janos, it goes without saying that the first hypothesis is absurd. Are we to leave the balance of probability with the second solution, or can we make anything out of the third theory? It does seem to be the case that Napoleon's campaigns were definitely employed by the Higher Powers to bring about a re-adjustment of European conditions. New ideas of civilisation, and movements like Freemasonry, followed in the wake of his armies. Whether Napoleon himself was actually under the orders of occult Superiors, or whether the changes

brought about by his own initiative were simply made use of and followed up, I do not know. In a rather remarkable and certainly very interesting book obtained by automatic writing, edited by Lady Paget under the title of *Colloquies with an Unseen Friend* (London, 1907), various statements about Napoleon are made, though with what degree of authenticity is not apparent. A secret Brotherhood is spoken of, who regulated the affairs of Europe under the mystic guidance of a "great voice"—probably one of the Martinist bodies is referred to—and it is said to be "very active now". Napoleon, it is claimed, was under the orders of this Fraternity, and eventually was checkmated and thrown over by them.

Was this possible occult guidance of Napoleon the reason of the hinted secret understanding between Hompesch and Napoleon? And did Napoleon violate this trust, exceed orders, and go forthwith to his defeat at the hands of Nelson at the Battle of the Nile? Or, had the noble Knights of Malta, who once had been the repository of the secret Wisdom Tradition, reached such a pitch of corruption and degradation that their termination was decided upon, and Napoleon made the agent, and Hompesch the instrument, of this *coup de grace*? Some day, perhaps, we shall know the full story of these stirring events.

A picture of Grand Master Hompesch hangs in the Hall of the Knights of Malta at Rome; it was identified as one of the many phases under which Master R. had shown Himself, by Mrs. Besant. Various reproductions are extant, some of which

have been so "touched up" as to impart a look of weakness to the face by foreshortening the chin. A Maltese correspondent states that a full-sized picture is in the Governor's Palace at Malta, that busts are to be seen occasionally in private families, and that there are engravings extant, which are old and of little value or merit.

In Canon Schembri's book illustrations of a few coins and medals struck by Hompesch are given. Some of the medals are in the British Museum, but are quite faithfully reproduced in the above book. The busts are far from flattering in appearance, and as they are in profile it is difficult to compare them with the picture we have. The face recedes rather violently from the nose to the neck, giving the appearance of a very retreating chin. But one of the medals is more pleasant than the others.

On the reverse of one of the medals the arms of the Order appear. The arms of Hompesch are shown on the breast of a double-headed eagle displayed, holding in each beak a Tau cross (not *crux ansata*), and surmounted by the royal crown. The Order of S. Anthony had been amalgamated in 1776 with that of S. John, and in the following year the use of the double-headed eagle holding the T cross had been ordered.

There remains one further point to be mentioned. The various Masonic chivalric degrees, such as Knight Templar, Knight of Malta, Knight of S. John, are held to have no historic connection of descent with the Knights of Malta. But the Master R., who is the true Head of Masonry, did work esoteric Masonry in Malta, and it is doubtless

from these workings that the present exoteric usages are largely derived.

J. I. Wedgwood

NOTE

The occasion of the recognition of the picture of the Grand Master was rather interesting. The Master R., whom I first saw in 19 Avenue Road in 1896, had told me that there was a painting of Him extant, which I should find. When I was on a visit to Rome, Mrs. Cooper-Oakley took me to see the Chapel of the Knights of Malta, and she mentioned that the Council Chamber of the Knights was on the second storey, but that the concierge had refused her permission to enter it. I suggested, quite innocently, that we should make another attempt, and no objection was raised by the official guardian. There were many oil-paintings of Grand Masters hung round the walls, and as I walked round, looking at them, I saw one—which turned out to be that of Grand Master Von Hompesch—of the Comte de S. Germain, and called Mrs. Cooper-Oakley's attention to it; of the fact there can be no possible doubt, as may be seen by comparing the picture herewith given, photographed from this painting, with the well-known engraving of the Comte de S. Germain, also here reproduced.

It would seem as though the Comte had substituted himself for Von Hompesch as Grand Master, probably in order to place the island in the power of Napoleon, so that it might, in due course, pass to England and serve as a link in the chain of her stations on her road to the East. Certainly the violent receding from the nose to the neck, as given in the likenesses of Von Hompesch mentioned by Mr. Wedgwood, does not appear in the picture above named, as the reader can see for himself.

ANNIE BESANT



J. H. de S. Sormaine



J. H. de S. Surmaine



EVENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

LIVES OF ORION

XXII

HAVING been killed so young, Orion came back quickly into earth-life, appearing in 1521 B.C. in the city of Agade, situated in Asia Minor on the shores of the Dardanelles, somewhere near where the town of Lampsaki now is. The city was built around a crescent-shaped harbour, with two little peaks rising behind it, on one of which stood the great white marble temple of Pallas Athene, of which Mercury was then the Chief Priest. The ruling race of the city was Greek, of the old Ionian type, and it was to this white race that the temple of Pallas belonged. The actual administration of the government of the city was in the hands of two elected officials, who were called archons. The greater part of the population were of a much darker reddish race, probably Hittites, who had held the country before it was conquered by the early Greeks some centuries before. These Hittites were worshippers of Tammuz, and of the veiled goddess Tanais or Ishtar (the Ashtaroth of the Bible) and they had a great temple down in the city where the religion was

of a corrupt character and many undesirable magical ceremonies were performed.

In the temple of Pallas the Divine Wisdom was worshipped, and a high and pure type of teaching was given. At the secret meetings of the initiated priests an Indian Adept (the Master of Mercury) sometimes materialised and gave instruction. A curious and powerful magnetic centre had been established there. A spherical cavity had been hollowed out in the living rock, deep down directly under the altar. This cavity had no entrance whatever—no physical communication with anything else; yet floating in the midst of it there burnt always a steady electric-looking glow or flame. Above, upon the floor of the temple, beside the altar stood a curious stone throne, which had been hollowed out of a huge meteorite, and was regarded with great veneration as having fallen from heaven. There were some vestal virgins attached to the temple (Herakles, Eudoxia, and Rhea were amongst them) and at certain services the vestal virgin on duty used to sit in this great stone chair and pass into a trance condition under the influence of the tremendous magnetic force from below. When in this state the virgins delivered sermons to the people, or rather, sermons were delivered *through* them by the Adept Teacher or others. During these trances the High Priest always stood close by the chair to watch over the body of the virgin and see that no harm came to her. Frequently also special messages were given through the entranced virgin to individuals among the worshippers, and to receive such a message was considered a high honour.

There were ten of these virgins, though usually five were in active service, taking turns at the work, while the other five were younger girls who were being trained. (Thetis was noticed as one of the girls in course of training). These girls were bound by no permanent vows, and could leave the temple whenever they wished, though while there they were obliged to conform to strict rules. All had to leave on reaching a certain age, and it was customary for them then to marry and enter ordinary life. It was however open to them, if they chose, to return to the temple after a certain time and attach themselves to it permanently, and many did this. While they were in office the highest honour was paid to these vestals, and they seem to have been quite a power in the city; for example, they had the curious privilege of remitting judicial sentences if they thought fit, when appeal was made to them.

Orion was the son of Mu, a rich and dignified merchant and town councillor, good and indulgent, but not specially a religious man. The mother Helios was an eager, keen-faced woman, intensely interested in philosophy. Orion had two brothers, Sappho and Tolosa, and three sisters, Theseus, Egeria and Eros. The children were well educated, though the curriculum was different from ours. They all learned modelling in clay and the making of pottery, which was very effectively ornamented with figures of animals. They were taught various elaborate forms of writing, and the illumination of books was carried to a very high level. The books were usually parchment scrolls rolled on

ivory sticks, and the writing was archaic Greek, but running from right to left. The children played many games, especially a ball game which they called *sphariske*. They wore light and graceful linen garments in summer, and furs in winter, with an under-garment of soft leather. The poorer people wore chiefly a kind of gray felt.

Orion did well at school-work, and was especially successful at elocution and music. He studied well, and was at quite an early age much interested in his mother's philosophy, and in the services held in the temple of Pallas. He had unusual veneration for the High Priest Mercury, and often hung about the temple courts for hours just to get a glimpse of him. The High Priest often noticed him and spoke kindly to him. While he was still a boy the priests of the dark temple of Tammuz tried by large promises to persuade him to pursue his studies with them, and he attended some of their functions. Their gorgeous ceremonies and elaborate ritual had a certain mystical attraction for him, yet he was often disgusted with them, for he instinctively felt that there was much of insincerity and impurity behind them, and even to enter that temple sometimes made him physically sick.

As he grew up he began to assist his father in the business; he took it up keenly and seemed rather avaricious, but he liked best the more adventurous part of the work—assisting in the loading of the strange-looking ships with bright blue sails, and sometimes even sailing in them to some neighbouring port. Proteus was then the controller of

the port, and his son Selene, though four years younger than Orion, was his friend and frequent companion on such little expeditions, and they constantly discussed the philosophy which attracted them both so deeply. The interest in this continued steadily to increase, and at last quite overpowered Orion's business instincts, so that he went to the High Priest and asked whether he might resign worldly affairs and devote his life altogether to study and to temple work under him. A few days afterwards Orion was called up during one of the services to the meteorite throne, and one of the highly-prized messages was delivered to him.

"Not yet," it said, "can you have your desire. Once before your Master called you, and you would not come. There will come a time when He will ask you again; work *now* that you may be ready to answer *then*, so that through you the world may be blessed."

Orion was tremendously impressed, and resolved that, though he might not enter the temple service, he would at least devote the greater part of his time each day to the study of philosophical truths. Though he had a keen sense of the pleasures of the world, he never forgot this resolution, and he made very good progress in the comprehension of the sacred truths put before him, constantly discussing every step with his mother, and often putting questions to the High Priest. He fell in love two or three times in the ordinary course, but voluntarily put away such thoughts from him lest they should interfere with his studies. His father regarded him as unpractical, because as

time went on he cared less and less for business and devoted himself more and more to religion and philosophy, but his mother always sympathised with him and encouraged him.

In a way his life was uneventful, yet it developed self-control and self-reliance, for it was on the whole a distinctly good life, though lived amidst much of corruption and temptation. He had reached the age of thirty-one when the city of Agade was destroyed by an incursion of warlike barbarians from the interior, probably Scythians, and he was killed in the general massacre of the inhabitants. The priests of the temple of Pallas were warned through the sybils of the impending catastrophe, but were not allowed to tell the people; they might perhaps have saved themselves, but preferred to stand with their countrymen to the last. The priests of the temple of Tammuz had been privy to the barbarian invasion, which was secretly invited by the Hittites in the hope that it might enable them successfully to revolt against the Greeks; but when the attack came, the savage instincts of the robber hordes were too strong for them, and they slaughtered and plundered both races indiscriminately.

Orion's mother contrived to fly from the barbarians, and hid herself in a cave for a while, but unfortunately the roof of the cave collapsed and crushed her, so that she died with great suffering. The High Priest Mercury was killed with the rest, but his power was sufficient to enable him to take the body of a young fisherman who had been drowned in the effort to escape, and

in that body he made his way by degrees to India, staying for some time in Persia *en route*, working there as a goldsmith, and taking a prominent part in the founding of the modern form of Zoroastrianism. In India he joined in the physical body his Master, who had appeared astrally and taught the initiates in the inner subterranean chambers of the temple at Agade.

Selene also was killed in that massacre at the age of twenty-seven, and took birth next near Benares in the year 593 B.C. as Chatta Manawaka, but lived only for thirteen years, so that he and Orion were enabled to return simultaneously to the next life in Greece.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- MERCURY : ... *High Priest of the temple of Pallas. Son: Neptune. Daughter: Fides.*
- HERAKLES : }
 EUDOXIA : }
 RHEA : }
 THETIS : } *Vestal Virgins.*
- AQUARIUS : ... *First Wife of Greek Archon. Sons: Crux, Fortuna. Daughter: Aletheia.*
- TAURUS : ... *Son of Greek Archon's Second Wife (a Hittite). Brother: Arcor. Sister: Juno.*
- ARCTURUS : ... *Other Greek Archon. Wife: Psyche. Son: Gemini. Daughters: Herakles, Capella, Rhea.*

- GEMINI : ... *Son : Pollux.*
- CHAMAELEON : ... *Wealthy Merchant. Brothers : Hebe, Dolphin. Wife : Melpomene. Sons : Lachesis, Atalanta. Daughters : Concórdia, Flora.*
- VEGA : ... *Father : Atalanta. Lover : Liovtai. Husband : Tiphys.*
- PROTEUS : ... *Controller of the port. Wife : Concordia. Sons : Selene, Trapezium. Daughters : Ausonia, Melete.*
- HEBE : ... *Wealthy Merchant. Daughter : Amalthea.*
- DOLPHIN : ... *Wealthy Merchant. Wife : Capella. Son : Cyrene. Daughter : Pomona.*
- MU : ... *Wife : Helios. Sons : Orion, Sappho. Tolosa. Daughters : Theseus, Egeria, Eros.*
- CLIO : ... *A female student of the temple,*
- URSA : ... *Falls in love with Vega.*
- LIOVTAI : ... *Priest of Tammuz.*
-

CAGLIOSTRO THE MALIGNED

By HUME NISBET

CAGLIOSTRO was a mystic, of whose personality nothing has yet been discovered, beyond his unselfishness and the good which he did to humanity. He was persecuted by the doctors of his day for his miraculous and fee-less cures; and by the priests for his Christ-like virtues, who charged him falsely with being one Joseph Balsamo, an impostor, to account for their causeless and ruthless cruelty and bigotry. Finally, after being tortured by the Inquisition, he was imprisoned by his implacable persecutors in the Castle of San Leo, 1791, a Papal prison, compared to which the Bastille was a paradise. The vile and groundless libels of the Inquisitor-General and that notorious creature, Theveneau de Morande, spy and blackmailer, have unfortunately been repeated by Carlyle, Dumas, and the editors of the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, without question.

He came a stranger to the earth;
As all are strangers at each start.
He could not join the heedless mirth,
For pity ruled his tender heart.

The groans of sorrow, want, and pain,
O'er-weighed the laughter of the crowd,
While that keen hunt for fame, or gain
Seemed worthless to his spirit proud.

So little served, so much was sought,
At risks so great to soul and life—
If only surcease could be bought;
Or Peace result from that fierce strife.

If wealth was sought to help the poor,
Instead of pandering to wealth.
That might be motive to endure
Tasks fraught with sin, and risks to health.

He walked alone, misunderstood—
Disliked, suspected, and despised
By those to whom his lofty mood
Seemed arrant folly, undisguised.

He saw, with wearied eyes the guile
That snatched advantage and reward,
He freely gave, with gentle smile,
And gleaned within his own vineyard.

But ruthless foemen gathered round
This Son of God, and jeered and lied.
They were not Jews who mocked and bound.
'Twas in Christ's name they crucified.

Hume Nisbet

IN THE TWILIGHT

“IT is curious,” said the Vagrant, “to notice the confusion of past, present and future which occurs in the astral experiences of neophytes in the astral world. Here, for instance, is a record sent me by a very serious and thoughtful member, who came into the inner circle of the Society in the time of H. P. B. He was, in fact, one of her first pupils. He says that his heart had become much affected after he had witnessed two death-scenes in the astral world, and had suddenly and excitedly rushed back to the physical body; he found himself obliged to move very slowly and carefully, using a cane. He says:

‘At both of these occurrences the body received a great shock. I was not frightened when back in the body; I had no particular feeling about it; but the heart-beats were extremely irregular and queer. The first happened in the early morning of April 9, 1888. I saw a man by the name of Jonas Anderson, related to me by marriage, kill himself. I could bring back no particulars of the sad happening, only the bare fact. I waited for the Swedish mail; it came, and the papers contained the notice that on that very night one of my friends and colleagues, Magnus Elmblad, had died suddenly at Stockholm, supposedly by taking

poison. In letters from home I heard that the man whose suicide I had witnessed was alive and well. "This," I thought, "is merely a *quid pro quo*." And there I left it. In 1895 Anderson did really commit suicide. So I had seen what was going to happen, but was too dull and too ignorant to go to and tell Anderson while in the astral world how bad it would be for him to take his own life, as it now seems to me that I was given an opportunity to do.

The second death scene I saw one morning in October, 1888. Before me lay a narrow country road on a hillside, with a sharp curve in the middle. There came a fine carriage; the two horses before it trotted at a quick speed. In the carriage sat Count Eric Sparre, Governor of my native province in Sweden, Inspector of my College and father of one of my schoolmates. At the curve in the road the carriage was dashed to the ground, and the Count was killed. As a matter of fact, the Count had been killed in exactly this way on the 17th of June, 1886. I seem to have witnessed those two death scenes from a plane on which past, present and future are not so well separated as down here. After these shakings my body was weak for over a year, and our family physician ordered me to take digitalis for it, advising me to move slowly and be extremely careful, as I otherwise might fall down dead any minute. I followed his advice.'

"The latter case is simple enough," went on the Vagrant, "for our friend merely saw the astral picture of an event that had happened. In the first, a confusion apparently occurred in bringing

through the memory, as the event happened at the time at which it was seen, but the person concerned was changed; the strange thing is that the very person who was seen to kill himself did kill himself seven years later. It may have been that the first suicide was witnessed, that the ego of the seer, looking forward, saw Mr. Anderson's danger and tried to impress a warning on the brain of his lower vehicle, and that the two things became mixed up in the etheric brain, and reached the ordinary brain in this curiously substituted form.

Another experience, sent by this same member, is very instructive. He writes: 'On Wednesday, September 18, 1889, on the way from my home to the street-car line, I had to cross a street where they were digging a sewer. Proceeding very slowly, I saw the wide dug-out and wondered how I could cross it, as I was unable to jump over, and as it was also difficult to hobble over on narrow boards, in case there were any laid across. "But," I reasoned, "this body is not myself." I fixed my eyes on a spot at the opposite side of the chasm, thinking at the same moment: "I am there already." Now comes the queer experience. *I was actually there*, as quick as I had thought it, feeling that the body for a moment was walking a short distance behind me, moving at my will, steadily and automatically. *I myself was over the chasm, and I soon had the body with me, too, joining it fully on its arrival.* Perhaps others of you have had some such experience, especially in the early days of your astral development.'"

"I have had a rather unpleasant form of that kind of dual consciousness," said Austra, "in which I found myself, when walking along a London street and thinking of crossing it, in the midst of the vehicles. My thought seemed to have carried my body thither, without my brain consciousness."

"That was rather a dangerous form of it," remarked a new-comer, smiling, "for if the body follows the astral consciousness without knowing what it is doing, it may run considerable risks."

"It *does* run such risks sometimes," said the Shepherd. "One of our members, some years ago, walked physically out of a window of a fourth-floor room, and fell into the street below, with no consciousness that she was acting in anything but the astral body. Such instances are fortunately rare."

"It would seem that children are often unconscious of the difference between the physical and astral worlds," said a member. "They see forms and events in the astral world and talk about them, and are sometimes even punished for untruthfulness when they recount, as things that have 'really' happened, facts that, to their elders, are merely fancies."

"That is unhappily true," answered the Vagrant, "and it is cruelly hard on the children. Besides, disbelief in what they say blunts their moral sense; it is always better to take it for granted that a child is telling the truth, for even if he is saying what he knows to be false, trust begets shame in him for the deception, and he rises to the trust reposed in him. Our correspondent tells us also

of a very wonderful vision he had of the Lord Buddha, when he was lying in danger of his physical life from the weakness of his heart already mentioned. He saw the Lord—his own eyes being wide open—sitting in a dazzling light on a lotus-throne, and the Presence sent warm rays, as of the sun, through and through him; a few hours later, he arose from his bed, and the heart-weakness had gone, never since to return. After some years, a great wish arose in him to see again that blessed vision, and he sat down and closed his eyes, breathing that wish. What followed is very instructive, and I read it in his own words:

‘Immediately upon closing the eyes I saw the beautiful artistic designs that usually come first to me on entering the astral realm. They were clearly outlined and daintily coloured. “No,” I thought at once, “I do not want to look at these now.” The scenes changed quickly. I saw now all kinds of flowers. They had very delicate colours and seemed to be made out of soft, somewhat subdued, light. It looked magnificent. “No,” I thought, “not that.” Then there came a new kaleidoscopic change, and I saw a veritable Garden of Eden: trees and shrubs and fields that looked like a concentration of multi-coloured sun-rays. The scenery gave an impression of sweetness, harmony and peace. “No,” I thought again, “not that, either.” Another change, and now everywhere around me I saw myriads of beautiful heads and faces and eyes, angelic in expression, approaching and receding in rhythmical, wave-like movements all the time. “No,” I thought, “I want to see once more the Blessed One, at

whose Lotus-Feet one third of our race bends down in worship, the first Buddha of our humanity :

In earths and heavens and hells incomparable,
The Teacher of Nirvāṇa and the Law.

Instantly a quick, soft, rippling sound was distinctly heard. It sounded as when silk is torn. And again I saw, this time with my eyes closed, the shining white Form and Figure of the Tathagata. Everything else had disappeared.' ”

CHILD WHO SAW ANGELS

That some children, at least, can see angels is the belief of the Bishop of London.

Preaching at St. Paul's, Haringay, yesterday, his lordship argued that God and the angels were always near us, and he asked the congregation not to regard a child's remark that he or she had seen things as mere fancy. He was confirming in Westminster Abbey and among the congregation, was a girl of thirteen, who had come to see her brother confirmed. Nothing had been put into her mind at all on the matter, but at the service she said to her mother: "Do you see them, mother?" "See what?" asked the mother, and the child replied: "Angels on each side of the Bishop." It was said that the pure in heart shall see God, and was it not therefore possible that a child perfectly pure could see things adults could not see? The Bishop also told the story of five girls whose father-feeling ill, went to lie down. The youngest girl was sent to bed, but came from her room calling, "Come out, there are two angels walking up the staircase". No one else could see anything. Later the child again called: "Come out, the angels are walking down the staircase and father's walking between them". All five girls saw the same thing, and going to their father's room they found him dead.

—*Daily Chronicle*, 6th November, 1911.



QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Pilgrims to the Isles of Penance, by Mrs. Talbot Clifton. (John Long, Ltd., London. Price 12s. 6d. net.)

This is a charming book, one to read rather than to review. It is a chatty record of travel, written by a brilliant and cultured woman, endowed with a sense of humour, who writes as she would talk, telling of the places she visited and the impressions they made upon her; she takes the reader into her confidence in the pleasantest way, making no secret of her delighted pride in her husband's prowess—an admirable picture of him is given—and of her intense enjoyment of the unconventional way in which she and the "Explorer" journeyed in well-known and in little-trodden lands. At one moment she gravely sets down her views as to the Andaman Islands and their unfortunate occupants, and the next she tells how she bought "an extraordinarily ugly hat . . . I destined it to be the worst punishment for my baby number two, a girl, Aurea by name No daughter of mine would ever be naughty twice, if, at the first outbreak, she had to go into the town, wearing this hat."

The journey was motivated by the desire to see orchids at home, and to collect them for transplantation. This desire led them by well-known ways to India and Burma, and thence to the Andamans. A pathetic story is told of one My Myi, who had killed a policeman in a fit of passion, for striking his brother, and who found himself in consequence transported to the penal settlement, where he proved a most exemplary prisoner. So respectable was he, despite his one lapse into crime, that he was sent with Mr. and Mrs. Clifton on their pilgrimage through the islands. To Penang they went, after leaving the Archipelago—and My Myi—to Singapore, Java, and then homewards, and they will certainly share their pleasure with the many who will, I trust, read this book. A. B.

Ruskin: A Study in Personality, by Arthur Christopher Benson. (Smith Elder & Co., London. Price 7s. 6d.)

As Mr. Benson remarks in his preface, just at present the works of Ruskin are "more respected than examined, more revered than read". The object of the seven lectures included under the above title is to provoke a discriminating interest in the life and writings of "one of the most suggestive thinkers, the most beautiful writers, and the most vivid personalities of the last generation".

The book is delightful reading. It is the story of Ruskin's life, told and commented upon in the easy and suggestive way, characteristic of the author, which gives satisfaction to the mentally active and inactive alike. The sub-title—*A Study in Personality*—heralds the fact that it is Ruskin the man, not Ruskin the writer, art-critic, reformer, or prophet with which Mr. Benson is chiefly concerned. All through he emphasises this particular aspect of his subject, and the picture he draws of the man's personality is very interesting. More interesting still is his interpretation of the character he has delineated. To him its chief value lies in the fact that it provides the world with another example of how the really great are those who yield up their wills in joyful and unconditional surrender to the Will behind all things, and that, "not simply out of tame and fearful submission," but because they see that Will to be "greater, purer, more beautiful, more holy than anything we can imagine or express."

The last lecture deals with the growth of Ruskin's literary style. The author concludes: "There is no writer—and this is, I humbly believe, the end and crown of art—who could express so perfectly, so sweetly, so truly, the thought that rose swiftly and burningly in his mind."

A. DE L.

Specimens of Bushman Folklore, collected by the late W. H. I. Bleek, Ph. D. and L. C. Lloyd. Edited by the latter. With an introduction by George McCall Theal. (George Allen & Company, Ltd., London. Price 21/- net.)

The work before us constitutes a precious legacy left by that admirable scholar of African languages, Dr. Bleek, and the value of its contents is self-evident from the mere fact that the material it embodies has been collected between thirty and

forty years ago, and yet has remained fresh and an important addition to our present-day knowledge of the Bushmen. As is well known, Dr. Bleek was, up to his death in 1875, at a lamentably early age, assisted in his researches by his sister-in-law Miss Lloyd, and during some years after this date she continued to collect further material from various individuals of the Bushman race. In 1887 "she proceeded to Europe with a view to arranging the stock on hand properly and publishing it. For nine years she endeavoured, but in vain, to carry out this design," as no publisher dared to undertake the publication, the cost of the production of the volume being relatively high on account of the special type required in connection with the Bushman text. At last a publisher came forward who was willing to take the risk, but then Miss Lloyd fell ill and her impaired strength has since that time delayed the completion of the work. But at last the book has been completed and an extremely valuable volume is the result.

The great authority on South African history, Dr. G. McCall Theal, has written an instructive introduction to the book. In it we find the story of how the material was collected by Dr. Bleek and Miss Lloyd. It is scarcely possible to realise the enormous difficulties experienced by these two pioneers, from the sober and brief statements here made. The pathetic history of the book itself roots, indeed, in a pre-history of trouble and grinding labour. And when reading the simple statement that "it would be quite impossible to gather such information now," because of the fact that the Bushmen are fast dying out or getting assimilated by foreign influences, our admiration and respect for the authors of the book only increases.

Dr. Theal gives us a short history of the Bushman race, in itself a poignant drama. This primitive but valiant race of pygmies—of whom it has been said: Give me ten Bushmen and I will fight any hundred Kaffirs—had simply to perish under the Juggernaut car of civilisation. Dr. Theal says: "Every man's hand was against them, and so they passed out of sight, but perished fighting stubbornly, disdaining compromise or quarter to the very last. There is no longer room on the globe for palæolithic man." Whether Dr. Theal is quite right in his ethnographic exposition concerning the Bushmen may be left open. The last edition of the *Encyclopædia*

Britannica seems rather to favour a narrower view of the early expansion and the affinities of the race than that given here.

The main contents of the book are, as the title indicates, specimens of Bushman folklore, but this title by no means exhausts the whole of the contents. First of all the numerous and excellent illustrations, both in black and white, and in colour, must be mentioned. It is a peculiarity of the Bushman race that a considerable amount of pictorial talent is inherent in it, albeit in a primitive stage. Some twenty-five Bushman pictures are carefully reproduced. In addition we find an equal number of portraits (in colour) and photographs of Bushman types, as well as a number of figures illustrating ethnographic objects.

Secondly, a most important addition to the book is, that of all the stories given in translation, the original Bushman text is also incorporated, a most welcome gift to the philologist, and a first-rate supplement to the most scant quantity of Bushman texts available for study at the present day. Text and translation are given everywhere face to face on opposite pages. It is, therefore, tantalising to note an allusion in the introduction, that besides what is presented here "much more that may perhaps follow, has been got ready". And if we remember that Dr. Bleek left forty-eight volumes of unpublished material in manuscript, covering some 4,500 pages, much may naturally be expected if Miss Lloyd be spared to complete her work and if the present volume meets with the reception from the public which it so amply deserves.

A few very clearly and briefly put notes concerning the Bushmen, by Dr. Bleek, (pp. 434-448) are appended to the volume. We cannot forbear to quote that these people have "no names for numbers beyond the third". Yet "the main importance of the Bushman literature lies in the mythological character of the stories. In this characteristic the Bushman literature shows a marked difference from that of the Bantu nations (Kaffirs, Betsuāna, Damara, etc.) who have legends, but, strictly speaking, no mythologies" (pp. 444-445).

And in another place :

"The Bushmen are a hunting race, strictly monogamous, without chiefs, worshipping moon, sun, and stars, speaking a most harsh clicking and guttural monosyllabic language, poetical

in their ideas, with an extensive mythological traditional literature" (p. 435).

As an appendix (pp. 404-433) a few Kung texts are given. Kung is the name of the 'Bushmen,' who call themselves thus, met with beyond Demaraland. Their language is not understood by the Bushmen proper.

If we add lastly, that the book is excellently indexed and typographically very well executed we have completed our general description of it. But now we should glance over the specimens themselves. They number some eighty-five pieces ranging from a few lines to several pages each. They are divided into two main sections:

- (a) Mythology, fables, legends and poetry.
- (b) History, natural and personal.

Both headings are subdivided. Of each piece the name of the narrator has been given, as well as the date when it was told. Short biographies of the various contributors and portraits of most of them are also furnished. For instance, Kábbo (=Dream) is responsible for fifteen pieces, and Hangkass'ō (or Klein Jantje) for thirty-four pieces.

Of the first five sub-sections of the first division (I. The Mantis, II. Sun and Moon, III. Stars, III (a) Other Myths, IV. Animal Fables, V. Legends) we do not find much that lends itself to quotation, and also in the last or VIth (Poetry) there is not much to seduce us. But there is an amusing item called 'Kábbo's song on the loss of his tobacco pouch.' This pouch was stolen by a hungry dog, named 'Blom,' and poor Kábbo, being greatly distressed, remembered a song in the fables of the Ant-eater and other animals, and appropriated it to celebrate the calamitous event. He sang:

Famine it is,
Famine it is,
Famine is here.

Famine it is,
Famine it is,
Famine is here.

To which the (Bushman) narrator and commentator adds gravely and naively

Famine ['tobacco-hunger' is meant here]--he did not smoke, because a dog had come in the night and carried off from him his pouch. And he arose in the night, he missed his pouch. And then he again lay down, while he did not smoke. And we were early seeking for the pouch. We did not find the pouch.

Poor Kábbo! Like the Hottentots the Bushmen are great smokers.

The first subdivision (VII) of the second section deals with 'Animals and Their Habits, Adventures with Them, and Hunting'. We will pass them over. In the next (VIIIth) subdivision on 'Personal History,' however, we find plenty of material for quotation. It contains some charming traits and reveals quite unexpected qualities in the Bushman's mind. The first four stories are Kábbo's adventures. Kábbo had been brought to jail in Cape Town because Bushman life and the white man's civilisation had clashed suddenly, fatally and effectively. The culprit's description of his jail life is pathetic in its directness and simplicity. Here follows his tale:

I came from that place, I came here, when I came from my place, when I was eating springbok. The Kaffir took me; he bound my arms. We (that is, I) and my son, with my daughter's husband, we were three, when we were bound opposite to the waggon, while the waggon stood still. We went away bound to the magistrate; we went to talk with him; we remained with him.

We were in the jail. We put our legs into the stocks. The Korannas [a Hottentot tribe, fellow culprits of Kábbo] came to us, when our legs were in the stocks; we were stretched out in the stocks. The Korannas came to put their legs into the stocks; they slept, while their legs were in the stocks. They were in the house of ordure. While we were eating the magistrate's sheep, the Korannas came to eat it. We all ate it, we and the Korannas.

We went; we ate sheep on the way, while we were coming to Victoria; our wives ate their sheep on the way, as they came to Victoria.

We came to roll stones at Victoria while we worked at the road. We lifted stones with our chests; we rolled great stones. We again worked with earth. We carried earth, while the earth was upon the handbarrow. We carried earth; we loaded the waggon with earth; we pushed it. Other people walked along. We were pushing the waggon's wheels; we were pushing; we poured down the earth; we pushed it back. We again loaded it, we and the Korannas. Other Korannas were carrying the handbarrow. Other people (i.e., Bushmen) were with the Korannas; they were also carrying earth; while the earth was upon the handbarrow. They again came to load the handbarrow with earth.

We again had our arms bound to the waggon chain; we walked along, while we were fastened to the waggon chain, as we came to Beaufort, while the sun was hot. They (our arms) were set free in the road. We got tobacco from the magistrate; we smoked, going along, with sheep's bones. We came into Beaufort jail. The rain fell upon us, while we were in Beaufort jail.

Early the next morning, our arms were made fast, we were bound. We splashed into the water; we splashed, passing through the water in the river bed, while the waggon went first. We walked, following the waggon, being bound, until we, being bound, came to the breakwater. On the way we ate sheep as we came to the breakwater; we came and worked at it.

A white man took us to meet the train in the night. We early sat in the train; the train ran, bringing us to the Cape. We came into the Cape prison-house when we were tired, we and the Korannas; we lay down to sleep at noon.

Kábbo's predominant impressions were threefold: the work he did, the meat he ate and the stocks he was put into. In a second account of the same experience the stocks are still more in evidence.

Then we went to talk with the magistrate; the magistrate talked with us. The Kaffirs took us away to the jail at night. We went to put our legs into the stocks; another white man laid another piece of wood upon our legs. We slept, while our legs were in the stocks. The day broke, while our legs were in the stocks. We early took out our legs from the stocks, we ate meat; we again put our legs into the stocks; we sat, while our legs were in the stocks. We lay down, we slept, while our legs were inside the stocks. We arose, we smoked, while our legs were inside the stocks. The people boiled sheep's fosh, while our legs were in the stocks.

The magistrate came to take our legs out of the stocks, because he wished that we might sit comfortably, that we might eat; for, it was his sheep that we were eating. Kättëng came and ate with us of the magistrate's sheep, while we were eating it; also another man; and still another.

They again put their legs into the stocks; they slept, while their legs were in the stocks. Other Korannas also came, they came into another house.

Of his railway journey Kábbo tells:

I have said to thee that the fire waggon is nice. I sat nicely in the train. We two sat in it, we (I) and a black man. . . . I sat beside a black man; his face was black; his mouth was also black; for they are black.

White men are those whose faces are red, for they are handsome. The black man he is ugly, thus his mouth is black, for his face: black. . . .

In another piece we catch a glimpse of genuine poetic feeling, though expressed in that curiously clumsy and childish language. Kábbo is musing about his approaching return home and says:

Thou knowest that I sit waiting for the moon to turn back for me, that I may return to my place. That I may listen to all the people's stories, when I visit them; that I may listen to their stories, that which they tell. . . . that I may sit in the sun; that I may sitting, listen to the stories which yonder come, which are stories which come from a distance. Then, I shall get hold of a story from them, because these stories float out from a distance; while the sun feels a little warm; while I feel that I must altogether visit; that I may be talking with them, my fellow-men.

For, I do work here, at women's household work. My fellow-men are those who are listening to stories from afar, which float along; they are listening to stories from other places. For, I am here; I do not obtain stories, because I do not visit, so that I might hear stories which float along; while I feel that the people of another place are here; they do not possess my stories. They do not talk my language; for, they visit their like. . . .

As regards myself I am waiting that the moon may turn back for me; that I may set my feet forward in the path. For, I verily think that I must only await the moon; that I may tell my Master that

I feel this is the time when I should sit among my fellow-men, who walking meet their like. They are listening to them; for, I do think of visits; that I ought to visit; that I ought to talk with my fellow-men.

I must first sit a little, cooling my arms; that the fatigue may go out of them; because I sit. I do merely listen, watching for a story, which I want to hear; while I sit waiting for it; that it may float into my ear. These are those to which I am listening with all my ears; while I feel that I sit silent. I must wait, listening behind me, while I listen along the road; while I feel that my name floats along the road; my three names float along to my place... The story is wont to float to another place. Then, our names do pass through those people; while they do not perceive our bodies go along. For, our names are those which, floating, reach a different place. The mountains lie between. A man's name passes behind the mountains' back; those names with which he returning goes along.... The people who dwell at another place, their ear does listening to go to meet the returning man's names; those with which he returns. He will examine the place. For, the trees of the place seem to be handsome; because they have grown tall; while the man of the place has not seen them, that he might walk among them. For, he came to live at a different place; his place it is not.... He is the one who thinks of his place, that he must be the one to return.

Another charming story is that of Hangkass'ō's pet leveret which was killed by his mother. It is quite a surprise to find this little tragic idyll, indicating such emotion, affection and aesthetic sense in a mere Bushman.

Tsātsi was the one who caught hold of and took up a leveret on the hunting-ground: and, he brought it home alive, he came and gave it to me. And I played with it; I set it down, it ran; I also ran after it. And I went to catch it, and, I came to set it down. It again ran; and I again ran to catch it; and I went catching hold of it, I came to set it down. Again it ran; and I again ran after it. And I again caught hold of it; and again, I caught hold of it; and I came to set it down.

Khābbi-ang (my mother) wished that I should leave off playing with the leveret, that I should kill it, that I should lay it to roast. I was not willing to kill the leveret, because I felt that nothing acted as prettily as it did, when it was gently running, gently running along. It did in this manner (showing the motion of its ears), while it was gently running along, nothing acted as prettily as it did; and it went to sit down.

Then they told me to fetch water, for I was one who quickly came away from the water, while I did not go to play at the water. Therefore, I went to fetch water, when I had tied up the leveret. And I went to fetch water; then they killed my leveret for me, while I was at the water. They killed my leveret for me; and then I came and cried about it; because I had thought that they would let my leveret alone. For they must have been deceiving me; they told me to fetch water, while they must have intended that they would kill my leveret for me, which I had meant to let alone, so that it might live on in peace. They had killed it for me. Therefore, I came and cried, on account of it. They said, that we should not again get another leveret; when I wanted them to seek some leverets for me, they said, we should not again get another leveret.

Therefore, they soothing calmed me with the story of the lizard....

The next (IXth) subdivision treats of 'Customs and Superstitions'. From the sub-heading 'Bushman Presentiments' we quote the following:

The Bushmen's letters are in their bodies. They speak, they move, they make their bodies move. The Bushmen order the others to be silent; a man is altogether still, when he feels that his body is tapping inside. A dream speaks falsely, it is a thing which deceives. The presentiment is that which speaks the truth; it is that by means of which the Bushman perceives meat, when it has tapped. The Bushmen perceive people coming by means of it. The Bushmen feel a tapping when other people are coming. . . .

So people feel that springbok are coming when they say: "I feel the springbok sensation"; they "feel the black hair" on the sides of the springbok:

Therefore, we are wont to wait quietly; when the sensation is like this, when we are feeling the things come, while the things come near the house. We have a sensation in our feet, as we feel the rustling of the feet of the springbok with which the springbok come, making the bushes rustle. We feel in this manner, we have a sensation in our heads, when we are about to chop the springbok's horns. We have a sensation in our face, on account of the blackness of the stripe on the face of the springbok; we feel a sensation in our eyes, on account of the black marks on the eyes of the springbok. The ostrich is one, for whom we feel the sensation of a louse, as it walks scratching the louse; when it is spring, when the sun feels thus, it is warm.

About death and after-life an interesting, though obscurely worded, phrase is found in fragment 211 entitled 'Concerning Two Apparitions'.

The narrator saw an apparition, or at least something which he took for an apparition, and relates:

My mothers used to tell me that, when the sorcerers are those who take us away, at the time when they intend to take us quite away, that is the time when our friend is in front of us, while he desires that we may perceive him, because he feels that he still thinks of us. Therefore, his outer skin still looks at us, because he feels that he does not want to go away and leave us; for he insists upon coming to us. Therefore, we still perceive him on account of it.

And to the words *outer skin* the Bushman narrator adds the significant explanation:

That part of him with which he still thinks of us, is that with which he comes before us, at the time when the sorcerers are taking him away; that is the time when he acts in this manner. For, my mother and the others used to tell me, that when we die we do as the Nū people do; they change themselves into a different thing.

Another fragment gives us a glimpse of something like social feeling and mutual good-will amongst the Bushmen.

A man is wont, when returning home, when he feels as if he should not reach home, to throw up earth into the air, because he wishes that the people at home may perceive the dust.

And the person who is looking out, standing up to look out—because she feels that the sun is not a little hot—she stands up, she looks around. And, as she stands looking around, she perceives the dust, she exclaims: "A person seems to be throwing up earth there."

And the people run, run out of the house, exclaiming: "His heart is that on account of which he throws up earth. Ye must run quickly, that ye may go to give him water quickly; for, it is his heart; the sun is killing him; it is his heart; ye must quickly go to give him water." While the people feel that, all the people run to the man. They go, pouring water, to cool the man with water.

And first he sits up, to remove the darkness from his face; for, the sun's darkness resembles night.

About death and its omens, a fragment says:

The star does in this manner, at the time when our heart falls down, that is the time when the star also falls down; while the star feels that our heart falls over. Therefore, the star falls down on account of it. For the stars know the time at which we die. The star tells the other people who do not know that we have died.

From the Kung texts we quote only two small fragments. Amongst these people certain drastic, draconian laws or customs seem to prevail. Here is a sample, simple but potent:

If a man steals, we kill him, we shoot, killing him with arrows, and do not put him into the fire; but, kill him altogether with arrows. It is only a woman whom we burn, burn, putting her into the fire.

As to beliefs: snakes, lizards and a certain small antelope, when seen near graves, are to be respected.

A snake which is near a grave, we do not kill, for it is our other person, our dead person, the dead person's snake. And we do not kill it; for we respect it. And if, during many days, we see it, we do not kill it; looking at it, we let it alone.

Enough has been now quoted from this curious lore to give a fair idea of the contents of this interesting work. May it find many readers and may it pave the way for the future publication of others, of equal value.

J. v. M.

Revolutions of Civilisation, by Professor William Flinders Petrie. (Messrs. Harper & Brothers, London. Cloth 2s. 6d. net.; Leather 3s. 6d. net.)

The present is an interesting volume, written by a famous expert. He attempts a review of civilisation as a whole, and extracts a connected meaning from the different world-periods. The rise and fall of civilisations are regarded as any other recurrent phenomena of nature. There are more elements, of course, in the revolution of a mighty civilisation than in the minor cycles of nature; nevertheless, a calm survey of the different dynasties and periods has led the Professor to certain definite conclusions. He asks if the past phenomena will be repeated, and Theosophists will appreciate his conclusion

that the mixture of many races now going on, owing to conditions never before existing will tend to fuse the whole world. A new type should be expected, and he thinks that that type may depend as much on isolations as on fusion of types.

S. R.

Our Immortal Heritage: An Estimate of Life and Death, by Frederick Charles Baker. (Gay and Hancock, Ltd., London. Price 1s.).

The book is full of insight and is clothed in terse and lucid language. So many books of this stamp appear now-a-days, that the Theosophical reviewer is almost *startled* at the rapid permeation everywhere of modern thought and expression with truth and insight from *within*. So fully has our author argued for the truths of life and death up to the utmost limit of his sphere of vision, that we wish him to take just one step further which will be into the light which Theosophy brings to our understanding of these problems.

C. M. C.

A Study in Theosophy, by N. M. Desai. (The THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 12 Annas or 1s.)

This is essentially a book for the beginner who wants a simple but comprehensive survey of the Theosophical teachings, without being overburdened with details and technicalities. All the main lines of Theosophic thought are touched upon and sympathetically expounded. The author's main desire, as expressed in this book, seems to be a longing to urge people forward to attain as rapidly as possible the goal of human evolution—the Perfect Man. The get up is very neat and praiseworthy.

J. R.

The Imperishable Wing, by Mrs. Havelock Ellis. (Stanley Paul & Co., London.)

This is a collection of eleven short stories dealing with the plain homely Cornish people that the author knows and loves so well. They are simple and often pathetic narratives of ordinary people, but every one is original and striking.

There is nothing hackneyed or commonplace either in the plots or in the telling of them. The author's high ideals (except perhaps on the relation of woman to man), her serious view of life, her power of analysing and delineating character, her humour and her naturalness all combine to make this book a very attractive one. The volume should enhance the favourable reputation the author has already gained.

J. S.

The Child's Inheritance, by G. Macdonald. (Smith Elder & Co., London. Price 12s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Macdonald opens his book by laying down the Principles of Reform by which alone true progress can be made. We must seek "the Idea, round about which matter must ever crystallise in submissive obedience". This is the Principle of Life, and this is "the law fundamental," or "the law of Nature only, which is the only law of laws and properly to all mankind fundamental'" (Milton). This ideal law is to be sought, and followed when found. The desires of the child, being the expressions of its life, must be studied and tactfully directed; we must not stuff the child's mind, but "feed his inborn hunger," realising, in fact, that learning is a delight to a child, unless our evil methods make it distasteful; education fails because "it strives to pack the mind, instead of *leading forth* the soul to master alike its ancestral heritage and the new-found world".

From this promising beginning, Mr. Macdonald proceeds to study the law of heredity, guided by Weissman, giving a luminous exposition of the subject, and showing the "storage of ancestral wealth". The awakening of intelligence is due to "the fact that the new-found world is making extraordinary demands upon the ancient heritage". Life is energy, reason limits it, and the hunger after life is healthy and joyful: "It is the starved cab-horse and the anguished monk that hold submission and suffering to be the meaning of life."

Very carefully and in detail does Mr. Macdonald work out his thesis, and his book deserves to be read and pondered by all who have to do with children.

A. B.

Death, by Maurice Maeterlinck. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

This little book is an attempt to justify by argument a poet's intuition that in spite of appearances to the contrary, man's destiny is one of joy. The prospect of death is, in the author's opinion, one of the blackest shadows that fall on life, and it is this that he wishes to dispel. The reasons he gives in support of his conclusions may seem unconvincing to some, but any attempt to rid the world of fear and superstition is an effort in the right direction and, as such, the book should be welcome to all.

The first few chapters deal with the common conception of death. It is a very primitive one, we are told, and points to a lack of discrimination in those who hold it; most of the horrors that are generally associated with death are really part of life; of all the things we dread in looking forward to the end of life, the only one for which we may in fairness blame death, is the fact that when we die, it is into the unknown that we are forced to step.

The author then proceeds to discuss the various possible conditions that may await us after death. His final conclusion is a hopeful one, namely, that, though in this world there will always be questions which we cannot answer, "everything must finish in a state of happiness, or at least in a state exempt from all suffering, all anxiety, all lasting unhappiness".

The book is characteristic of the times. Religious superstitions are cast aside; the agnostic position is abandoned; though no definite attempt is made to answer it, the question is asked: is there no faculty higher than reason by the exercise of which we may solve the problems which so far have baffled us?—but still those certainties, to be "bathed" in which is to be part of our ultimate satisfaction, belong not to this life but the next.

A. DE L.

The Voices of God, by the Right Rev. A. E. Joscelyne, D. D. (Robert Scott, London. Price 1s.)

The author of this little book strikes a high and true note. To him the Divine Heart speaks through all the different aspects of our life and thought, and "every object, every

mental conception is fraught with true lessons. Somewhat of this power to "lay hold upon God" he strives to evoke in his readers by five different presentations of the same idea. The spirit of the book is so true and beautiful that perhaps it is scarcely marred by the narrower bounds of ordinary Christian orthodoxy into which the writer lets his larger inspiration flow; as when, for example, passing from the silent voice of Nature to the spoken message of Revelation, he sets forth the *unique* claim of the Christian Bible to carry the inspired Word of God, and proceeds to harmonise the differences between the various books of that Bible by comparing them all to the pipes of an organ, played upon by the *same* breath. We think if he had but enlarged that conception to embrace all faiths, as well as all divergencies in the one faith, he would have spoken more deeply and more truly still. The rigid orthodoxy which mars the later chapters is wholly absent from the first, the gem of them all. That echoes the sublime truth of St. Paul's words, "the invisible things of Him being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead". And concerning the qualification necessary for the pursuit of that understanding, the author quotes a very pregnant ancient German proverb: "If thou wouldst attain to thy highest, go look on the flowers; and what they do unconsciously, that do thou consciously."

C. M. C.

Letters to Louise on Life, Love and Immortality, by Jean Delaire. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London.)

In these letters we have a psychological study of much insight and power, of a soul evidently treading the earlier stages of what is called in the East the path of devotion. The titles of the four parts are significant; 'On the Threshold; The Eternal Quest; In the School of Life; The Great Renunciation'. Teresa, who writes, is a very sensitive, passionate, emotional soul, who found for a time spiritual satisfaction in the ritual and sacraments of the Catholic Church, from which the fanaticism of a Calvinistic aunt would have debarred her. Then, as is so often the case, "First the love of God and then the love of man," a mad, romantic attachment; a parting, soon followed by a *marriage de convenance*. Teresa, presents a curious duality of character; she is a student and a philosopher, as well as a woman who would think the world

well lost for love. Catholicism was succeeded by a period of rationalism, introduced to her by one of her Professor friends, and a rupture with her husband brought her as an operatic student to England. There she met Father Bertram "whose birth was a romance, his marriage a romance, and romance and tragedy together make up his daily life," under whose portrait was written, "Sublimely patient, infinitely compassionate; deep, silent, and pure, his very presence is a benediction; and when he speaks men ponder his words in their hearts". Teresa attends his lecture on "Divine Justice and the Doctrine of Reincarnation" shortly before her successful début, at Covent Garden as Elsa in *Lohengrin*, and later she learns from him that essential doctrine of the Ancient Wisdom, belief in the divinity of man. A struggle between love and duty succeeds and Teresa renounces her operatic career, her desire to be near Father Bertram, the man she loves, to return to her husband, who is ill and pining for her presence. The interest of the book is necessarily, from the form adopted, not centred so much in the incidents, the events recorded, as in the character drawing, the self-revelations of a stormy, passionate and proud soul, in whom yet lie the germs of great possibilities. To love much is inevitably to suffer much, as Teresa found; and history and daily life bear witness to this truth. The wisdom of the East teaches that by the paths of knowledge, love, and service, all men find their way back to the Divine, their Source and Father. It is the experience of many that by love, and by love alone, "God may be gotten and holden". Whether we realise the fact or not, in those we love our love pierces through the disguise of flesh to grasp the glory of the incarnate God within. "What more shall I ask of life if to love be given me?" For the smaller loves lead one to the knowledge of the great Love, God, and then we see "God in the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and in the clod". The wise teachers of humanity, the true priests, the mystics and occultists who recognise this world as a training ground of the soul, see love as one of the mightiest factors in that training, and know that even in its lower aspect of passion, it is a force to be utilised, controlled and guided, and never to be laughed at, sneered at, condemned. Love is *the* power which lifts man from brute to Divinity. And to those who read this volume with sympathy and comprehension, some glimpse perhaps of this great truth

may come, while to others Father Bertram's teaching may bring a feeling as it did to Teresa, as "if their feet had been set upon a path which henceforth they must tread unto the journey's end". Truth told in the form of fiction is welcomed by many to whom philosophy, ethics, religion, pure and simple, are repellent. From a propagandist point of view, I personally always gladly welcome any form of fiction which embraces the Wisdom teachings. Madame Delaire, herself a philosopher, has probably adopted the fiction form of teaching truth to ensure this larger audience.

E. S.

Life and Experiences of Edmund Dawson Rogers. (Office of *Light*, London. Price 1s.).

This booklet of seventy-three pages is a reprint of interviews published from time to time in *Light* and gives the main features of the life of a very remarkable man. Mr. Rogers was a journalist and a spiritualist who, for some time, edited *Light* and held the position of President of the London Spiritualist Alliance. The interest of the book to Theosophists is the independent evidence it supplies of the truth of many of the statements to be found in the teachings of the Wisdom, e.g., of the aura, of the activity of the man during sleep, of the after-death conditions, of the power of thought, etc, etc. Its interest to the general reader is that its obvious sincerity and honesty will pre-dispose him to take at least an unprejudiced view of the great subject of Spiritualism. The book is extremely interesting reading and one must agree with the remark made by the Rev. John Page Hopps in his Prefatory Note that it is to be regretted that Mr. Rogers had never found time to write the story of his own life. We hope a greatly enlarged edition of this book will appear at an early date.

J. S.

Hitting The Thought Trail. Brieflets for Busy Men. By Edward Lyman Bill. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

We have here two hundred pages of virile optimism, self-reliance and honest human good-nature comprised in one hundred appropriately-headed sets of trite maxims and healthy advice

backed by practical illustrations. The author's aim is to induce the busy, the self-seeking, the depressed, the irritable and the hesitating men of the world, especially of the strenuous American business world, to turn their minds for a few moments occasionally to thoughts calculated to aid them in getting rid of some of their little idiosyncrasies; to which end each set of thoughts is complete in itself, so that, just as a man rushes into a saloon for a 'corpse-reviver' or other brand of cocktail, he may here help himself 'in a hurry' to a stimulating thought. To the class of man that the volume is intended to reach it can only bring good, as may be gathered from the following headings which are quoted to indicate the range covered: 'Drifting without purpose'; 'The Value of Observation'; 'Look for Sunlight'; 'Slaves to Custom'; 'Fear and the Effect'; 'Scatter Seeds of Kindness'; 'The Power of Concentration'. Under the heading 'The Music of Niagara' we notice the statement that "people who have made a study of the situation maintain that the Falls do not produce a roar, but a perfectly constructed musical tone—that the trained ear should discover a complete series of harmonic tones as easily recognisable as the notes of any chord in music". Can any of our students throw light on this?

C. L. P.

New Thought Common Sense, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
(Gay and Hancock, Ltd., London. Price 4s. 6d. or Rs 3 Ans 6.)

Probably, most of the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST are acquainted with Mrs. Wheeler Wilcox's charming poetry, and know how the true spirit of the teaching we call Theosophical permeates all her work. And the essays in this book, covering as they do a large field of thought, action and ethics, treated in a spirit of strong practicality and a wide spirituality, will appeal, I fancy, to adherents of any advanced thought. As is usual in New Thought literature much insistence is laid on the value of self-reliance, the power of thought, the determination to succeed and the fact that success attends only on those who expect success, all of which is a perfectly sound and true teaching. The author also believes in reincarnation.

E. S.

The Forty Questions of the Soul and the Clavis, by Jacob Boehme. Translated by John Sparrow. Reissued by C. J. B. With emendations by D. S. Hehner. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

We have already twice announced the publication of reprints of volumes of Jacob Boehme's collected works, as issued by Mr. Barker and published by Mr. Watkins. Now a third volume in the series—uniform in appearance with the previous ones—lies before us. The volume is as usual admirably gotten up and contains over four hundred pages. At this time of the day it is certainly superfluous to expatiate on the value of Boehme as a Christian mystic, but it may be interesting to note that this reprint shows that after a lapse of nearly three hundred years there is still a demand for the lessons of the simple Görlitz shoemaker, the two books here reprinted having been first issued in 1632 and 1642 respectively. The *Forty Questions* have been published in five languages in fourteen editions before the present one, and the *Clavis* twelve times in four languages. It is significant that of both works the last German edition dates from 1846 and it would seem that the spirit of the so-called Victorian era was not sympathetic towards the mystic meditations of the Teutonicus Philosophus. In 1910 an edition of the *Clavis* appeared in French and in 1911 our present volume was issued. An interesting 'Prefatory Note' by C. J. B. and a note on 'The Emendations' by D. S. Hehner precede the reprinted text. Throughout the work, in footnotes, we find careful emendations of words and expressions in the original translation, the result of a close collation of that translation with the texts of the German editions of 1682 and 1730. May the new volume gain many friends.

J. v. M.

Practical Theosophy, by O. Hashnu Hara. (Published by L. N. Fowler & Co., London)

This is a book rather for the man in the street than for a serious student of Theosophy. For as the author does not like societies, she is not a member of the Theosophical Society and though it is plain she has studied carefully the earlier literature produced by members of the Theosophical Society, her knowledge of the current seems hardly up-to-date. "The use of Samskr̥t terms, the mystery and elusiveness of terminology so liberally employed" of which she complains are not

conspicuous in our recent Theosophical propaganda output. If reliable information is required on any subject, practical or theoretical, it is generally safer to seek it from an expert. Some of the statements in this book are open to question, and with regard to the sex of the astral body (p. 20) a somewhat ludicrous and decidedly mischievous statement has been made. As a dry matter of fact, the astral in common with the other superphysical bodies, is sexless.

E. S.

The Human Atmosphere, by Walter J. Kilner, B.A., M.B. (Rebman, Ltd., London. Price with Screens 30s.)

Dr. Kilner's book offers the first proof, outside the circle of Occultists and clairvoyants, of the existence of the aura, the cloud-like egg encircling the physical body. He accepts the name 'etheric double' from Theosophical nomenclature, "as no appropriate term has yet been devised," and proves its existence "by the sole employment of material means". By the use of flat glass screens, containing dicyanin, Dr. Kilner found that he was able to see a haze surrounding people, and he proceeded to undertake a series of careful experiments, recorded in this volume. Drawings are given of the aura at different ages and of the two sexes, in health and disease. Dr. Kilner has been able to distinguish what we call the 'health aura' from the rest of the etheric double, and shows the two outlines in his pictures. The student should compare these outlines with plates XXIV and XXV in *Man Visible and Invisible* and he will at once understand what Dr. Kilner figures. Dr. Kilner has also observed the striation of what he calls the 'Inner Aura,' and the fact that the striation became 'granular' when the person was in ill-health. Additional diagnoses and four screens accompany this valuable volume.

A. B.

Meister Eckhart's Sermons, translated by Claud Field, M.A. (H. R. Allenson, Ltd., London. Price 1s.)

Born about 1260 A.D. in Thuringia, Eckhart was one of the few great Christian mystics of the so-called dark ages but the writings of this Dominican monk are to-day far too little known, and every student whose work lies among Christians should possess this small selection of his sermons.

We find very prominent such familiar ideas as, (1) *The Immanence of God*—"God is alike present in all things and places."... "He works differently in men than in stones.*"; (2) *The Soul Can Know God*—"If the soul is to know God it must forget itself and lose itself. When it has lost itself and everything in God, it finds itself again in God." "It may arrive at such an intimate union that God at last draws it to Himself altogether, so that there is no distinction left.*"; (3) *Service is Joy*—"If God told an angel to go to a tree and pluck caterpillars off it, the angel would be quite ready to do so, and it would be his happiness, if it were the will of God."; (4) *The Righteous Man Needs No Outer Ceremonies*—"Whichever soul knoweth God's Kingdom, that soul needeth no human preaching or instruction; it is taught from within and assured of eternal life."... "When a man finds this within himself, he can let go externals." Small wonder that Eckhart was haled before the Inquisition! We are glad to be able to add to our devotional shelf a booklet which contains many such gems for meditation as this: "He hath brought me forth His Son in the image of His eternal fatherhood, that I also should be a father and bring forth Him".

C. L. P.

Prayer Book Revision: A Plea for Thoroughness, by a
 Sexagenarian Layman. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 4s. 6d.)

The initial mistake of this book, lies in the fact that only the intellectual aspect of a many-sided problem is here presented. But reason cannot have the casting vote in anything appertaining to the spiritual life. It is a counsel of perfection of course, but revision of religious creeds, articles, rituals, dogmas and doctrines ought to be attempted only by those in whom the spiritual life has so unfolded its possibilities that they recognise with knowledge and certainty the inner truth which the clumsy and inadequate garment of words often disguises rather than reveals. The revisions of the Reformation, cited here with approval, have caused some to doubt if we had not better bear the ills complained of than adopt the surgeon's remedy of the knife. Where to stop in this question of revision and how to suit all opinions? That is the crux of the matter. For example, to take a minor point, in the author's opinion "angels and demons seem already to be relegated to the same category as elves, gnomes and fairies, though so long as we are not required

to take them very seriously, they grace the narrative and add in measure to the force and beauty of the teaching". The High Church School, on the contrary, lays increasing stress on the angelic ministry and would certainly retain such a teaching. But that there is an increasing demand for revision is admittedly the case, and if an adequate and fitting supply of clergy is to be maintained, the Anglican Church will have to face the facts and take the risks. The arguments for revision are, within the limits the author has set himself, clearly presented in a dispassionate and logical fashion and the high character and the good work accomplished by the clergy of the Church of England are duly acknowledged. Written by a layman, it is laymen that the book will principally interest and it is highly desirable to interest the laity in the subject.

E. S.

Vers la Théosophie, par M. Jalambic, M. S. T. (Publications Théosophiques, Paris. Price 2 francs.)

As we have already written once on a similar occasion, it seems to us that there is still a wide scope for the use of expository talent in our midst to be expended in the attempt to produce a really good 'first introduction' to Theosophy for the use of the general public. Though the number of such introductions is multiplying fast, there are as yet many gaps to be filled in order to meet the demands of various temperaments and idiosyncrasies. The little book (some 130 pages) lying before us is another sister in the great family and it deserves a great measure of praise. The author has divided his little work into two parts. The first (about two-fifths of the volume) deals with 'Preliminary Considerations'. The second part with a 'Brief descriptions of Theosophical Conceptions'. This plan is admirable in principle and in this particular case is executed with considerable ability. We transcribe the sub-headings of this first part, forming a graduated scale of reasoning, as sufficient to show how the subject proper is adequately and gradually lead up to. The author first discusses our modern moral slackening, the positive spirit and the positivist philosophy of Comte. Then he analyses science: science, what do we expect from it; what is the nature of science; science searches only the conditions of phenomena; the limits of science coincide with those of our intellect. Lastly he discusses instinct and intuition, metaphysics and morals, and concludes with a discussion

on the practical value of positivism and of metaphysical realism. After thus having prepared the way he plunges into the subject of the Theosophical teachings themselves. This second part consists mainly of well-chosen quotations from Mrs. Besant—to whom the little book is dedicated—concerning the greater part of the main teachings of the Theosophical system of dogmatics. The usual practical information for enquirers, giving addresses, lists of books, etcetera, concludes the volume. On the whole the little work is quite a laudable one, based on a sound principle, and the introductory statement that “this little volume addresses itself less to Theosophists than to educated people who are susceptible of becoming such” is faithfully adhered to. We, therefore, recommend the work as a useful means of propaganda amongst the French reading public, and we should like to add a recommendation to those writers within our ranks who contemplate producing something similar to carefully study its plan and its execution before finally settling down to write themselves.

J. v. M.

Stories from the History of Ceylon, by Marie Musæus Higgins. Book II. (Musæus School for Buddhist Girls, Colombo, Ceylon. Price Rs. 1.)

We have here a second series of stories from Sinhalese history, told in a pleasant way to children. It is recommended by the Director of Public Instruction in Ceylon, who cogently remarks, in a Foreword, that: “It is surely unnatural that Ceylon children, especially Sinhalese children, should be brought up on stories about King Alfred or Robert Bruce, and should have no familiar associations connected with Siṭa or Dutti-Gemunn”. He hopes that this book will be used as a Reader in Schools, a hope we cordially echo. The stories are well-chosen and well-told, and their reading will ensure among Sinhalese children some pride in their native land.

A. B.

The Philosophy of Life, by Charles Gilbert Davis, M.D. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

This is dedicated “To all the weary millions of Humanity who are seeking happiness”. It came to me, personally, as rather a disappointment to find that the author's philosophy was a whole-hearted belief in the value of auto-suggestion,

which he describes "as the most wonderful power known in the world to-day for the development of the individual". Of the making of many books, dealing with the power of thought in one or other of its many aspects, there is now an ever-growing multitude and "the action of the Immortal mind on the Human Body" seems to be receiving much attention from both the faculty and the laity. It can only work for good that so many medical men are now teaching that good health depends on the control of thoughts and of emotion. "Fear, anger, jealousy, envy, hatred are all the forerunners of disease and the messengers of death. . . In other words *anger, fear, jealousy and hate are poison.*" I do not agree with Dr. Davis, however, that the organ of the Ego, the immortal mind, is the abdominal brain and that the organ of the "mortal mind" "which dies with the body"—again a questionable statement—is the cerebral brain. Also, one knows there is a type of mind incapable of successful auto-suggestion; the very people to whom it would be the most valuable agent are often, it would appear, congenitally incapable of exercising this power. But to many people, I think, the book would be stimulating and helpful; the list of suggestions and the Exegesis are practical, and ethical. The key-note of the book is optimism: its concluding words run "Birth, life and death are equally beautiful. There is no evil—all is good."

E. S.

Brahmabadi Rishi Ō Brahma Vidya, by Tara Kisore Chaudhuri, M.A., B.L. (4 Volumes. Calcutta. Price Rs. 8/8.)

The book deals with the six systems of Hindu philosophy and shows that they are not inconsistent or contradictory in their teachings but all preach the same doctrine and differ only in minor points.

We have no hesitation in declaring the work to be a production of research and merit. The work represents the orthodox view of the Hindu religion and is deeply philosophical and closely reasoned at the same time. A tone of earnestness and sincerity pervades the whole work. The language of the book is pure, clear and forcible. The exposition of the Sāṅkhya, Patañjali, and the Vedānta Philosophy in the 2nd, 3rd and the 4th volumes is lucid. In expounding the Vedānta System the author has boldly got rid of the spell of Saṅkarāchārya's method of exposition which binds

hopelessly the Bengal Paṇḍits at the present day and he has very clearly exposed the fallacies and the one-sidedness of Saṅkarāchāryā's system and established the principle of *Dual Unity* promulgated by Nimbarkacharya (whose commentaries are very little known in Bengal) as the true explanation of the Universe, and the true instruction of the Veda Vyāsa the writer of the Vedānta Philosophy. In explaining the Sāṅkhya system also, the learned author has refused to follow the commentary of Vijnanbhikshu and has struck out an original path for himself. We feel tempted to suggest that in the interests of the reading public the author should at once set about the translation of this admirably instructive and interesting work into English.

S. K. D.

Aspects of Islām, by Duncan Black MacDonald, M.A.
D. D. (The Macmillan Company, New York, 1911.)

The ten lectures which make up this book belong to the Hartford-Lamson Lectures on 'The Religions of the World'. They are designed for students who are preparing for missionary work—indeed, the book is practically for missionaries alone. This fact gives it a peculiar interest; for one sees just how a Christian Missionary to Islām should see his anticipated converts. It is an odd picture, and one that bears a little closer examination. The lecturer is of course an expert in his department—Arabic—and we are not allowed to forget it. In the Introduction the future missionary is admonished to study his field and put himself into sympathy with it, for what is a missionary's work? . . . "A planting of germinal ideas and an upbuilding of character." Why? Because "the East has suffered for centuries from creeds without relation to conduct and mystical religion without contact with realities. . . an inheritance of words only and mean nothing. His (the missionary's) ideas must be different and show their difference." He is not to attack Muhammadanism directly, "but to let the new ideas eat away its foundations". What he must do is to leave the Muslim "face to face with the Bible," to convince him of its difference from other books, and of "the reality of its unique influence upon men". But the author is really sincere in his attempt to show how friendly the missionary may be among the people he is proselytising. He seems to like the Muslim literature, the best of it, to appreciate the

Muslim Saints, the noblest of them, and to sound deeply the mind of the Muslim generally. One could easily leave it at that and say that here after all is a man, a missionary at heart, seeing truly into the Muslim faith, only that here is his picture of Muhammad: "*He was a pathological case. But for that fate he, too, might have been one of the great poets of the Arabian renaissance. . . . You might describe him as a poet manqué. . . . From comparatively early days he had trances, fell into fits in which he saw and heard strange things*"! His command from a voice to 'Cry!' and his puzzled reply "What shall I cry?" is given this interpretation—"here we have a case of the re-appearance on the lips of Muhammad, in perfectly unconscious fashion, of some phrase which his sub-memory had picked up when he was in a Christian Church, which he had heard read at a Christian service"! Muhammad considered himself "a successor of the long line of prophets" . . . And this is the explanation of that belief. "What his mind did was this. These scattered fragments that he picked up of the history of the Old Testament he proceeded to weave together into a whole. To these, too, he made additions. It is evident that in his time there were traditions of prophets who had come to the Arabs themselves. These he wove together with the stories of the Old Testament in strange, broken fragments and confused anachronistic order, and made them into what has since become to the Muslim Church its canonical history of revelation" . . . His origin went back . . . to the soothsaying prophet who tells where a stray beast is, or a stolen thing is, and who heals and helps in so many different ways"! But: "It is one of the most outstanding peculiarities of Muhammad's mind that he could not, apparently, get any clear idea of a story on hearing it, and far less could he rehearse a story in distinct historical form after he had once heard it He got a scrap of history; he got an allusion; he got a telling phrase; he got a hint of character. He carried that away, and then with that as a centre and with his broad idea of the story—generally a very inaccurate idea—as material, he built up for himself again what he had heard"—and always of course from some Christian source! It is easy to see how such criticisms, carefully scattered through the book, would lead the student to a profound even though kindly contempt for the founder of Islām, and lead him to believe that "there lies before the Muslim peoples a terrible religious

collapse"—which he must help to transform into reliance upon the Bible . . . "It is for the Christian schools and preachers to save these peoples," because "as education spreads and deepens, as history vindicates for itself a place, as the moral feeling becomes more watchful and sensitive, so the legend of Muhammad will crumble and his character be seen in its true light. And with Muhammad the entire fabric must go." It is as though the author tries to show that the Muslim faith is reared upon a dream and with the explaining away of the dream the Muslim Faith must go.

To the student of occultism there are certain points that would find far different interpretations because he holds far different keys with which to unlock their meanings. For instance: we are told that Muhammad was a messenger of the Great White Lodge whence are sent the great helpers of men and he knowing whence came his commands described himself naturally as in "the line of the prophets". Again he makes Jesus say: "I give you tidings of a Messenger who shall come after me, whose name shall be Ahmad". Truly "that was not Muhammad's name"—but surely of him for whom the world looks, the "greatly praised" of whom the Prophet knew. To Muhammad Jesus was of course in the line of the prophets but to him the Christ was not killed. "That to Muhammad's mind was an impossible thought. He did not die upon the cross. . . . That a prophet should be killed by those to whom he was sent he may have regarded as possible; but that a prophet should suffer in such a way was an unthinkable thing for him." Then is added naively; "His vehemence on this point is such as to suggest that he is polemizing on behalf of the sect to which his Christian teacher belonged"! There are many Muslim stories as to who suffered in the place of Christ, and it seems clear that in those days 'substitution' was no improbable idea. "I have read," says the author, "in an Arabic book of the lives of the Prophets that Jesus just before the end, said to his followers, 'Whoever has my likeness put upon him will be slain'. Then arose a man from the people and said, 'I, Lord!' And the likeness of Jesus was put upon him, and he was slain and crucified in his stead." A significant story—for which we thank the author.

It remains for the Muslim world to take up books like these, which in their guise of friendliness do far more harm

than open attacks—as the author realises—and vindicate both their Teacher and their Faith. No one else can do it for them, and nothing would interest us more than to hear from out the heart of Islām itself some statement of its own outlook upon the world of to-day, if indeed it does tremble upon the verge of a cataclysm from which the only hope of being saved lies in accepting Christianity as missionaries fondly believe the Bible interprets it.

J. R.

Thoughts on Natural Philosophy and the Origin of Life,
by A. Biddlecombe. (R. Ward & Sons, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Price 2s. 9d.)

The spirit in which this "little sketch of a true natural philosophy" is written is delightfully alive. All through the book one feels the author's "pleased and awed amazement at the exceeding and marvellous beauty" of nature. The writer remarks in his preface that his thoughts will not have been published in vain if the perusal of them can awaken in the reader the joy he himself feels in the contemplation of her works.

The first essay deals with Newton's first law and the author's emendation of it. The contention is that this law is not really universal, "but is only true when combination and vortication have been set up". The Newtonian philosophy, *i.e.*, one "which starting from a state of rest imagines the motion of matter to have been caused by mutual attraction of its smallest portions," is said to err in that it takes an effect for a cause. Energy (or material motion) not rest, says the author, is the original thing; motion is a condition of matter and from this material motion all natural phenomena are produced.

The "Speed Theory" which is the subject of the second essay is an elaboration of the writer's views on matter and motion. It is based on a study of the phenomena of radio-activity and electricity. In the third discourse we have the speed theory applied in the explanation of the origin of life.

The book is interesting and of the type that attracts those who enjoy reading the productions of minds that do not run along conventional lines.

A. DE L.

Some Master Keys of the Science of Notation, by Mary Everest Boole. (C. W. Daniel, London. Price 2s. net.)

"This science," says the writer, "cannot be taught in words. The possibility of learning it depends on a habit of seeing spiritual law revealed in physical fact." Mrs. Boole is already famous for many books showing forth the spiritual truths which are adumbrated in scientific and mathematical law. More than any other writer, perhaps, has she, in her own inimitable manner, brought very near together the apparently separate realms of scientific thought and every-day moral law. It is difficult for the reviewer to give any clear and short idea of the form and substance of the book. It strikes him as a book of ideas, many of them noble and true, scattered down pell-mell in remarkably terse and plain terms. It is quite original in form and treatment. We can only say "read the book and you will find there many a shrewd vista opened on Truth". A quotation will, perhaps, best of all give an idea of its line of thought. "In the middle of the last century, a bold attempt was made to re-state the doctrine of the Logos in a quite new kind of terminology, not language at all but the notations of the telegraph apparatus, the physical laboratories, the mathematical tripos."

C. M. C.

In the Light of Theosophy, by a Fellow of the Theosophical Society. (The Blavatsky Institute, Hale, Cheshire. Price 1s. 6d.)

Although Theosophy is a wisdom presented in numerous ways, one is rarely afforded a presentation of it in so concise and convincing a form as it is given here by one who modestly calls himself a Fellow of the Theosophical Society. The first chapter on 'What is Theosophy?' makes one eager to continue the consideration of the seven principles in nature and in man, their relations and inter-actions. The first assumption is that the divine nature in man enables him to attain union with, and knowledge of, God; then follow hints to aid him in realising the one important Theosophical doctrine—the living unity of nature, the inseparable kinship of all the myriad lives which throng the Universe. Evolution is explained in its larger and occult meaning. The interweaving of Spirit and Matter forces the higher evolution of man which is attained through reincarnation—a principle the world is fast

recognising and regaining, in its desire to see justice everywhere. The book ends with an interesting chapter on karma, and leaves one with a desire to continue the study in order to follow the intricate ways of Truth.

G. G.

The Religions and Philosophies of the East, by J. M. Kennedy. (T. Werner Laurie, London.)

The tone of this book may be gathered from the dedication: *Ad majorem Nietzschei gloriam*. Its author does himself injustice in the first chapter by crudely assigning the origin of religion to the efforts of the weak to gain security for themselves in face of the strong—a somewhat fantastic idea—and regards Christianity as peculiarly hateful because he considers it as the apotheosis of weakness. Putting aside this idea, partly corrected later, we find much that is interesting and useful in the book, and it decidedly deserves to be read—at least by those who are strong enough to see through the lofty contempt for the poor and weak, which marks much true and valuable thought. It is interesting to note, in the light of the clairvoyant investigations made over a year ago, that Mr. Kennedy thinks that the Āryan Race “cannot have originated much less than 60,000 years ago”—a curiously near guess. He recognises the fact that the Hindū and the Englishman both belong to it, one to its eastern, the other to its western division. Mr. Kennedy approves the caste-system in a rigid form, for he thinks that high and æsthetic culture can only be obtained by the few on a basis of servitude for the many. But he shows the difference between the Hindū and the Nietzschean way of regarding the less developed, by ignoring the fact that in Hindūism the higher castes were bidden to regard the lower with tenderness, as the younger children of the family, while he uses with regard to them language which can but stir up hatred. (I am not forgetting that, in later days, brutality developed among Hindūs in the treatment of Shūdras.)

Mr. Kennedy does justice to the splendid hymns of the *Rg-Veḍa*, but scarcely to the *Bhagavad-Gītā*; he regards it as nihilistic, and falls into the common error, now outgrown by most Orientalists, of regarding Nirvāṇa as extinction, annihilation. The chapter on Buddhism is very unsatisfactory, as

Buddhism, like Christianity, falls under the author's lash as a religion which protects the weak; his superficial view of Nirvāṇa also makes it impossible for him to estimate aright the value of the Lord Buddha's teaching. In dealing with the Prophet Muhammad, Mr. Kennedy's love of strength makes him a little more sympathetic, but his account of the rise of Islām is impoverished by his taking it for granted that the superphysical is out of court, and by the general intellectual arrogance which, after all, is vulgar, like other kinds of arrogance. Mr. Kennedy gives the reason for his sympathy with Islām in quite definite words: "Since Christianity, as is natural, is inoculating as much of the world as it can reach with the degenerate principles of humanitarianism, let us be thankful that there are many millions of Moslems to show us a religion which is not afraid to acknowledge the manly virtues of war, courage, strength and daring—a religion which does not seek new converts by means of cunning dialectics; but which boldly makes converts with the sword."

The remainder of the book deals with the Jews, the six systems of Hindū Philosophy, Confucius, Lao-Tze, Meng-Tze (Mencius), Shintoism, Bushido, and "minor Asiatic religions" in brief fashion. In the last chapter there is a dissertation on East and West that would make some anglicised Indians very angry, and the idea (in the first chapter) as to the origin of religions is widened out to Nietzsche's statement that "religions are invented for the purpose of protecting and perpetuating a certain type of man". If instead of "invented" the word "given" were used, the statement would contain a great truth, for the Founder of each faith so garbs the same eternal verities as to mould a new civilisation for a new human type. Mr. Kennedy brings out the vast influence of India over the thought of the western world, and points to some striking proofs of the knowledge of ancient Indian thinkers. In conclusion he declares, quite truly, that "it is impossible to hold up one form of religion and to say that it suits all men equally well;" that "the religion of men of inferior intellects must be prescribed for them by the higher order of men," as indeed it has been, though Mr. Kennedy thinks the reverse; and that "if only the Brāhminical caste system could be introduced into Europe and maintained in a pure form for three or four thousand years, as was the case in India," then Europeans would become a

really noble type. If Mr. Kennedy would see that 'love' does not mean a feeble and sloppy sentimentality but a strong power to uplift, teach and guide the less developed; if to his clear view of the dangers of democracy—the rule of the ignorant and undeveloped—he would add the duty of the aristocracy, of the more evolved, to train the younger souls, and to render happy and helpful the conditions of their lives instead of to exploit them for their own benefit; if he would realise that Brotherhood is the antithesis of equality, and implies elders and younger with their respective duties; if he would realise man's eternity and his unfoldment by reincarnation—a truth that renders contempt impossible and duty inevitable—then might he become a most useful force in checking the present progress downwards of the European nations into the quagmire of the rule of the ignorant. A. B.

The Church Universal. A Re-statement of Christianity in terms of Modern Thought. By Rev. T. I. Lanier, B. D. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price 5s. 6d. net.)

This volume contains two of the Reinicker Lectures for 1910, expanded into a volume, with an Introduction by the Bishop of Fond du Lac, U. S. A. The first part is entitled 'The Church Universal', and is a plea and an argument for uniting into one body the many sects of Christendom; Mr. Lanier would separate the *facts* of Christianity from the controversies about their meaning, and points out that the dissensions among Christians are about non-essentials and not about essentials. That which is "necessary to salvation" he would alone recognise as necessary for membership in the Church Universal. All non-Christians are ignored on the basis suggested: "(1) One God and Father of us all; (2) one Lord, one faith, one baptism of all; (3) one body, one spirit, one hope of all." But a wider basis is indicated by the quotation from St. Peter, that "'in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to Him,' and him whom God accepts let no man dare reject!" This is scarcely consistent with "one Lord, one faith, one baptism". But the narrower basis would be an immense advance on present conditions.

Part II is an exposition of 'The Sacramental System of the Christian Church'. It begins well by very clear definitions of 'everlasting' and 'eternal,' pointing out that the difference lies in the quality of the life, not in its

length. The necessity of sacraments is well explained by various similes, which, by removing the word from theological connotations, enable the reader to grasp its essential meaning. Baptism in essence is "a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness" and it is this which brings to the man that partaking in the divine nature which implants in him eternal life. The remainder of this Part is a somewhat wearisome labouring of these points—perhaps necessary within the Christian Church—and a new view of the inner meaning of Virgin-birth. In the course of this, Mr. Lanier very clearly declares his full belief in the immanence of God, which is indeed necessary to the views he expounds.

Part III consists of lectures on the Church *Catechism*, and demands no special notice here. A. B.

The Sanctuary, by William W. Hicks. Vols. I and II. (The Sanctuary, 43 West Newton Street, Boston, U. S. A.)

These are two pretty little books of the New Thought type. The first consists of the vagrant thoughts of Mr. Hicks, contemplative, clean and gentle; there is a large class to which they will be helpful. The quotations from the *New Testament* are marred by being taken from some modern revised twentieth century version, instead of from the unsurpassable seventeenth century version of the Anglican Church; the English language is not one of the things which has improved during the three centuries.¹

Vol. II is the life of Mahāvīra, the last Jaina Prophet. The fantastic transliteration of the Orientalists bears quaint and natural fruit herein; they turn J into an italic G, for some reason satisfactory to their scholarly brains; the next step is for a writer, ignorant of their subtleties, to transform the italic G into a roman one, and we have Gain, which will be pronounced as Gain by non-Orientalist-knowing and non-travelled America. Mr. Hicks tells the story of Mahāvīra, the Mighty, in very sympathetic fashion, and it is a good work to bring the life of a great eastern Sage to the knowledge of the West. It will, perhaps, be something of a surprise to many readers to learn how the Jainas regulate their lives by vows. A. B.

¹ Compare: "Come to me, all you who toil and are burdened," with the exquisitely musical: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden."

The Science of the Sacred Word, or the Praṇava-Vāda, a summarised translation by Bhagavān Dās, M.A., Vol. II. (THE THEOSOPHIST OFFICE, ADYAR, MADRAS INDIA. Price 6s. or Rs. 4 Ans. 8 or \$1.50.)

The second volume of this large work, of which I reviewed the first last month, continues the third Section on Action, comprising chapters X to XXV. Following the comments on the Vedas come those on the Upaniṣhats, those profound philosophical treatises of unknown antiquity, which existed ere the fifth Root-Race took its birth, and were handed on to it as its most precious treasure. They are studied here as expounding the world-process, and the four fundamental types of atoms—of cognition, action, desire, and the summation—are explained, the atom being the “doer of all work in the world-process”. Each type has within it a sub-division corresponding to the other three, yielding sixteen subdivisions in all. The seven ṭaṭṭvas have severally their four types of atoms formed in them. The sixteen Upaniṣhats, belonging to the four Vedas respectively, deal with the four fundamental elements of cognition, action, desire, and the summation, and they expound evolution, with the ethical duties which are its means. The minor Upaniṣhats are to be regarded as commentaries on the original sixteen.

The Upa-vedas are the summation of the three parts of each Veda, and deal with the combinations of atoms, giving to each separated Self the body which is in accordance with its karma. “As the ideation of any particular jīva (living Spirit) is, so is its karma.” Paṇḍit Dhanarāja names these the *Ayur-veda*, belonging to the *R̥k*, the *Dhanur-veda* belonging to the *Yajuh*, the *Gandharva-veda* to the *Sāma*, and the *Kāraṇya-veda* to the *Aṭharva*. The Shākhas, branches, of the Veda are next dealt with, and in this an interesting mention is made of “light-atoms” and “dark-atoms”. Are these the two types of atoms, the positive and negative, or male and female, distinguished by clairvoyant investigation, into one of which energy pours, in the other of which energy disappears? If so, the ancient exposition and the modern discovery do indeed clasp hands. Again, in dealing with the Vedāṅgas, it is remarked that the language of the “Gods” is Sanskr̥t, and in some late investigations it was found that the Hierarchy used this language, and that it was apparently brought from Venus.

Some interesting "rules of study" are given in chapter XIV; true study is study of the Self and the mastery of all means necessary for such study; "While the Self is not known and the truth not understood, so long all time is one long holiday or waste of time, the play-time of the soul, the time of self-forgetfulness." Another valuable and suggestive thought is that pleasure and pain are transformations of "an underlying something that is neither pleasure nor pain, but always and everywhere ānanda, bliss or peace."

The Upāṅgas or Darshanas (views), the Six Schools of Philosophy, as they are called for the most part, are next considered; anyone who wants a brief and clear exposition of these schools cannot do better than read this chapter (XV) with its notes.

The object of all this study, from that of the Vedas downwards, is to prepare the student for usefulness in the world. "Having so enlarged his intelligence by all this study, the aspirant becomes qualified for, and should engage in the work of Brahman, the righteous Maintenance of the World-process, the continued turning of the wheel, for the benefit of new jīvas. Such is the net result, the practical essence and significance of all this teaching." To know in order to serve is, in truth, the object of all right study.

Chapter XVIII explains the abstract Self, pure consciousness, the abstract Not-Self, the root of matter, and the Nexus between them, the Negation. The translator's own book *The Science of Peace*, is a commentary on this text. Then follow three valuable chapters on the jīvātmanā, a fragment of the Universal Self particularised by embodiment in an atom; a Spirit is the nearest English equivalent, i.e., the Monad, embodied in an ākāshic atom. Four chapters are devoted to the further study of Action, and the volume finishes with a dissertation on 'Light and Shade', a novel but suggestive fashion of regarding the Self and the Not-Self.

A third and concluding volume is in the press, and we must heartily congratulate the translator on the completion of his labour of love. In this remarkable and able summary he has given to the English-knowing world the gist of an ancient and most valuable work, the archaic style of which would probably have repelled any one less in sympathy with its contents.

A. B.

