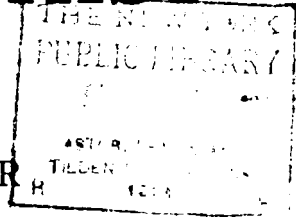


BORO-BUDUR, GENERAL VIEW.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER



A HEARTY greeting to all in western lands, to whom January 1st marks the beginning of a New Year. May all the evils which threaten Europe be averted—if so it may be—or turned to good purposes, if hap they must. Such troubles have ever heralded great changes, and as we know that the changes are “near, even at the door,” it would be childish to fret over or fear the “things that are coming on the earth”. The world is safe in the strong Hands that guide its destiny, and along whatever roads, through whatever storms, that destiny may take us, we can rest secure in the knowledge that Power and Love will shape all things to good. And so, despite the darkness, the old cry rings out from the watchman: “All’s well with the night.”

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With the New Year we re-name our Adyar publishing business. ‘THE THEOSOPHIST Office’ is not a good description of the rapidly growing business we carry on. Henceforth we take the name: ‘The Theosophical

Publishing House.' This name will also be taken by the 'Theosophical Publishing Society,' Benares City, which belongs to me. The large 'Theosophical Publishing Society' in London belongs to Mr. Keightley and myself, and our partnership determines on the expiry of the Bond Street lease in 1917. At that date the T. P. S. will cease to exist, and the Theosophical Publishing House will take its place.

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The new National Society in Austria is, for the time, very happily housed in a large flat in the old house of the Sovereign Knights of Malta, their Chapel being next door. No better home could it have. The responsible Board consists of well-known people in Vienna, and it starts under very hopeful auspices.

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The movement for liberty in Germany has been stimulated by the refusal of the General Secretary to issue a Charter to a Lodge consisting of seven old members, headed by Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden; the General Secretary wrote (15-10-12):

It is impossible to attach to the German Section the Branch, for the Charter of which you applied on the 14th September last. This cannot, at least, be done on my own responsibility, but would have to be submitted to our next General Convention. The reason for this is the manner in which you have for some time chosen to represent the Theosophical cause; this is felt by the German Section to be directly opposed to their intention, and even hostile to them. Above all things I myself cannot put my name under the charter of such a Branch which includes members who follow this kind of work.

Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden is universally respected, is a well-known public man, and was a member of the T. S. long before Dr. Steiner was heard of. This refusal is a direct breach of the T. S. Constitution. Another application

was refused on the perfectly proper ground that the Branch was attached to Adyar, and on the improper ground that the members "worked in a way (in einer solchen Art arbeiten) which was contrary to the intentions of the German Section". It is then perfectly clear that the General Secretary insists on uniformity of method and thought. He disclaims this principle verbally, but acts on it practically. It will be necessary, I think, to call a Special Meeting of the General Council next summer to decide on the steps which can be taken to maintain the T. S. Constitution against a Section which sets it at naught. It is quite clear that Dr. Steiner and his followers reject the T. S. Constitution and Rules; how much better it would be for us all if they frankly and honestly withdrew and made their own Society, which might then remain in fraternal relations with us, and yet put on its members whatever restrictions it thought desirable. Within the T. S. the restrictions put by the German Section on individual liberty of thought and action are not maintainable.

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The T. S. is face to face with an organised attack, engineered by the most dangerous enemy that liberty of thought and speech have ever had—the Jesuits. H. P. B. long ago warned us that this conflict would come, and now it is upon us. They work in different lands in different disguises, but aim steadily at one thing—the destruction or the distortion of Theosophy. In America, they started a secret organisation, called the Universal Brotherhood (not openly identical with Mrs. Tingley's U. B.), and within this the 'Besant Union,' and cleverly induced Theosophists to think that they were working in my interests. Their chief tool has

now joined the Roman Catholic Church. In Germany, they are working to secure the predominance of Christianity in the T. S., thus distorting it into a Christianising sect, and making certain its rejection in the East. They use their old weapons—misrepresentation, slander, false charges, all levelled against the leaders of the movement they seek to destroy; and all means are good *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. The 'Black General,' as their Head is called, has agents everywhere. Attacks are circulated in many countries, in many tongues; money is poured out like water; one day's post brings attacks from Rome, from Stockholm, from Hongkong. It is very interesting to watch, and one recalls the words of warning that "the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time". The old record bids men rejoice because it is so; of such combats the *Bhagavad-Gītā* says that they are the open door to heaven. Therefore the word goes out to all faithful members: "Quit you like men: be strong."

A very interesting account—which reads like the prologue of one of Rider Haggard's novels—appears in an illustrated American journal issued by 'The Star Company'. (The name is not given.) It is written by Dr. Paul Schliemann, grandson of the famous archæologist, Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, who carried out the excavations which revealed Troy to the modern world. He unburied nine cities, one above the other; the second of these, or the eighth from the lowest, was ancient Troy. The antiquity of the deepest but one runs far back into the night of time: "Very conservatively, its destruction may be placed at 20,000 B. C." (This is

not an extract from *Man : How, Whence and Whither !*) The lowest but one, therefore, must run very many thousands of years further back, and it was in this city that Dr. Heinrich Schliemann found in 1873 a bronze vase, with an inscription : " From the King Chronos of Atlantis." On his deathbed, the great archæologist declared his belief in the lost continent of Atlantis as " the cradle of all our civilisation ". He left certain directions in a sealed envelope, to be opened only by a member of his family who would swear " to devote his life to the researches outlined therein ". His grandson, Dr. Paul Schliemann, took the vow, and is carrying it out, with results which are already sufficiently astonishing to the modern world. Already a map is published which recalls Theosophical sketches, but which will need to be amended.

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Another important event is the delivery of a course of three lectures on Christian Mysticism by the Dean of S. Paul's. He declared that : " Mystical experience is a solid fact, guaranteed by those who have had it." He truly said that it could not be passed on to others, but that others wanted to learn from Mystics their explanations. " To the Mystic, heaven was a state rather than a place, something which was all about us . . . Mysticism asserted that a spiritual world was proved to be necessary by the highest experiences of the soul ; it asserted that we were in part at certain times in an eternal and spiritual world." *The Times* had a leading article on the subject, saying that Mysticism was " commonly supposed to be an obsolete state of mind, or to persist only among the ignorant and sentimental". Very ignorant of the history of religion must be those who thus " commonly

suppose"! But such people, *The Times* thinks, must have been much surprised by the Dean's remarks, which make Mysticism alone "religion at first hand". The Mystic's faith "is more scientifically secure" than that of others. And the article proceeds to make a very good defence of the Mystic. Thus from without and from within, from Atlantis and from S. Paul's, arguments are coming which justify the ridiculed teachings of Theosophy. H. P. B. told us in the nineteenth century that many proofs would be given in the twentieth of the truth of her statements. O great Pioneer! the proofs are accumulating.

* * *

The Dean of S. Paul's must be careful, or he will have leaflets circulated all over Europe denouncing him as immoral. He is reported in *The Times* of November 6, 1912, as giving a second lecture on the ethics of Mysticism, and as saying of the state of illumination that: "Strictly it was not a moral state, as morality in the ordinary sense was transcended in that state." We are likely to have Mr. Fussell of Point Loma issuing this sentence as: "Mysticism is not a moral state," and declaring it to be therefore immoral. The Dean pointed out, it is true, that "the lowest ideal of the Mystic was that he should become the ideal citizen". But this can be omitted. All over the world Mr. Fussell has circulated my own statement that the "T. S. has no moral code," and has suppressed the remainder of the statement that the T. S. has the noblest moral ideals, and strives to live in the spirit of Christ rather than by the law of Moses. The article from which the words are taken contains the most strenuous assertions of the necessity for the noblest moral life. Mr. Fussell's statement is on a

par with that of the sceptic who declared that the Bible said: "There is no God." It is difficult to understand the state of mind of a man who can deliberately circulate over the whole world for years a deliberate falsification of this kind. I shall be in America next year, and shall take steps to protect the Theosophical Society from further slander from Mr. Fussell. In fact, by the time this reaches the public, my lawyer in America will have received instructions to have all preliminaries complete before I reach the States.

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I see that the *Leader*, Allahabad, has received a check in its wild career. *The Madras Mail* of November 25, 1912, has the following:—

Benares, 23rd November. In the criminal case lodged by Babu Jagannath Das, of Queen's College, Benares, against Mr. C. Y. Chintamani, editor and printer of the *Leader* of Allahabad, under Section 500, I. P. C., for alleged defamation, a compromise was filed in the Court of the Joint Magistrate. Babu Gourishanker Prasad, B. A., LL. B., Vakil, High Court, author of the alleged defamatory correspondence, wrote a letter of apology to the complainant and another letter in the *Leader*, contradicting his letter and expressing regret at having caused pain to the complainant, and he also paid Rs. 800 as damages.

I feel a little inclined to copy the clergyman who was in a crush and being violently hustled; a man near him, undergoing the same treatment, uttered "a big, big D"; "Thank you, sir," quoth the parson. Seriously speaking, Mr. Chintamani is a very smart young man, and is probably inspired in his violent utterances by a genuine love of India; twenty years hence, when he has sobered down, and has shed his youthful antagonism to religion, he will, I hope, become very useful to his Motherland. If the above prosecution makes him hesitate to insert anonymous letters of abuse against people he dislikes, it will have served a useful public purpose. It

is not every one who can afford to treat such letters with contempt, as I have done for nearly two years.

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An interesting article on 'A Musical Cure' appeared in the Florence journal, *The Italian Gazette*. The writer states that he has made some experiments "on the use of musical sounds as a cure for neuralgia," and the result of these and of enquiries on the subject among friends have led him to the following conclusions:—

The note F natural immediately below the middle C of the pianoforte on the majority of subjects produces the greatest effect, though some are more influenced by F sharp and G natural and E natural. To allow the sound to exercise its full curative power the patient must put his mind in a state of receptivity, to endeavour, so to speak, to drink in all the beauty of the sound. I can explain the state better perhaps by asking the reader to observe the audience at a concert. Those who are lovers of music seem to place themselves in such a position, such an attitude of mind, as to enjoy all the music thoroughly; it is this position and attitude of mind that I want the patient to adopt. The effect is still more strongly marked if the same note is sounded on the 'cello, as on this instrument the notes between E natural, F natural, F sharp, and G natural can be sounded. The experiments should be carried out in a room where there is practically no sound—the ticking of a clock or even of a watch in one's pocket should be avoided. This may be arranged by covering the walls of the room, doors and windows included, with thick felt.

A curious fact about the note F natural is that it seems to be the middle note of nature. The noise of a crowd or a city in the distance resolves itself into F natural.

Students of *The Secret Doctrine* will recall the statement of H. P. B. on this subject as to the 'Great Tone':—

It is, even by scientific confession, the actual tonic of Nature, held by musicians to be the middle Fa on the key-board of a piano. We hear it distinctly in the voice of Nature, in the roaring of the ocean, in the sound of the foliage of a great forest, in the distant roar of a great city, in the wind, the tempest and the storm; in short, in everything in Nature which has a voice or produces sound. To the hearing of all who hearken, it culminates in a single definite tone, of an unappreciable pitch, which, as said, is the F, or Fa, of the diatonic scale.—*S. D.*, iii, 463, 464.

To those whose ears are open, all nature is ever singing, and truly melodious is the chant which ever arises from our earth. As is said in *Light on the Path*, the sound of life "is not a cry but a song". Glad is the music which rings out from fairy-bells of blossoms dancing in the sunlight; glad is the murmur of innumerable grass-blades swaying in the wind; glad is the song of the birds in the trees, weaving a tracery of audible melody over the supporting warp of what are called the inaudible singings of creeping rootlets and of rising sap. "All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord," Lord of Life and of Love; and to the open eye and the open ear beauties undreamed of by our blind and deaf humanity fill the fragrant air with daintiest measures and harmonies of countless microtones.

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Colonel Roosevelt has his friends and his enemies. One of our New York members writes that a lawyer of much ability and with no personal reasons for so thinking, "considers the Colonel as the worst reprobate that this country has produced; and a few nights ago I heard a prominent clergyman say that he considered him the greatest man since Jesus". As is the case where most great men are concerned, opinions are violent, for and against. And Theodore Roosevelt is a great man. It did not need as proof his splendid courage when he was shot. He has struck a high and pure note in American politics, and I hope he will succeed Dr. Wilson at the White House.

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The Mysore Widows' Home is an admirable institution, and we are glad to see from its *Report* that it is doing well, and that H. H. Mahārāja of Mysore has

given a building for the Home and a monthly grant of Rs. 60. The *Mangalore Report* of the Depressed Classes Mission shows fair support, and much devotion is spent upon its work; but it is evidently uphill labour. The attempt to form a Pañchama colony goes forward but slowly. Great credit is due to those who are trying to improve the miserable conditions under which so many of the Pañchamas live.

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Narottam M. Goculdas, Esq., F. T. S., while Sheriff of Bombay, had the admirable idea of creating a Two-Anna (two-penny) Famine Fund for the relief of the Kathiawar sufferers. No less than Rs. 78,088-14-10 has been collected for this Fund, since it was started on January 13, 1912. Three cattle kitchens were opened, and a big grain shop was established where grain was sold at reduced rates—one of the best forms of help. Rs. 62,932-14-8 went in fodder for the starving cattle. Mr. Narottam M. Goculdas is thinking of starting a 'Presidency Permanent Famine Fund'; he says: "A draft of the scheme is being made ready and will be placed before the public in a short time." Such a Fund would be able to meet a call for relief at once, whereas now there is much delay in collecting money when the need for it is already urgent. The idea is a good one, and we trust it will be successfully carried out.

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The Victoria Hall was packed each Sunday for my lectures, and hundreds of people were shut out, and went away disappointed. Some Madras gentlemen very generously arranged to hire the great circus tent, belonging to the Pārsī Theatrical Company, on November 29th,

so that all who wished might hear. The place was crowded, all standing room being occupied. I lectured on 'The Higher Self and the Spiritual Life'. The four lectures are being published separately, and will also be issued in a little volume. We sold some reserved seat tickets for the three lectures, and after paying the expenses, we have forwarded the surplus to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

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In the London Lodge of the T. S., our Vice-President, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, is delivering a very interesting course of lectures on Astronomy, illustrated by lantern slides. Mr. Sinnett treats the subject from the ordinary scientific standpoint, illuminating it by occult teachings. The lectures are arousing, needless to say, very great interest. Conversational meetings are held in the afternoons, alternating with the lectures in the evenings. We hope that these lectures may later be issued as Transactions.

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The Hon. Mr. Khan Bahadur Kudus Badsha Sahab has been appointed Sheriff of Madras for the coming year, and *The Madras Mail* remarks: "Much respected amongst the English, Muhammadan and Hindū communities, his appointment to the Shrievalty will give satisfaction in all quarters." This gentleman was one of those who signed the address of the citizens of Madras, presented to me on October 23, 1912. He will have a technical, as well as a real right, to represent the citizens during his year of office.

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An English member writes:—

One of our members here told us of an interesting remark a Roman Catholic priest made to her last week regarding

the Theosophical Society. He met her by chance at the house of a friend he was visiting and asked to what religion she belonged. She said, "I am a Theosophist," quite expecting him to freeze up. But his comment was this: "Well, materialism is dead and buried for ever, thanks to your lot."

There is a truth in that, for H. P. B. did not give her life in vain. She slew the dragon of materialism, and only its reflex writhings remain.

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There is a paper called *The Watch-Tower*, the organ of an American body, 'The International Bible Students' Association'. At a Convention held last year, the Association appointed a Committee to make a tour round the world, and to "supply an unvarnished report of the true condition of affairs in Oriental lands, amongst the peoples usually termed 'heathens'." The report is contained in the April number of the above magazine and has just reached me. It is the most extraordinarily fair and honest report of the 'heathen' which I have ever seen from a Christian pen. Some extracts from it will be found elsewhere in our columns.

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What do our readers think of this?

Nid oes cwestiwn a glywir yn amlach pan siaradir am ailymgnawdoliad na: "Os bum yma o'r blaen, paham na chofiaf hyny?" Fe rydd ychy dig ystyriaeth i ffeithiau atebiad i'r gofyniad.

It is not a cipher, but is a proof that Theosophy is reaching our Welsh brethren in their own mother-tongue. Hearty congratulations to the enterprising Welsh Theosophists. It is a translation of 'Why our past lives are forgotten,' and 'Karma,' from 'Elementary Theosophy' in THE THEOSOPHIST. The little pamphlet is issued by the Cardiff Lodge, and its publication is due to a devoted Welsh member.

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I am very glad to announce that the Madanapalle High School—for which Mr. Ernest Wood did so much, and to which he added a fine laboratory by the help of Mr. Charles Harvey—has received another most valuable addition to its buildings, in the shape of a Library. It is erected by a son to the memory of his father, and he has given it his father's name, 'The Mulbagal Venkoba Rao Library'. The foundation-stone was laid on November 29th by the Headmaster, Mr. Giri Rao, B. A., and the Collector presided, and said some generous words of praise.

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As we go to press the *Times* report of Dr. Inge's third lecture reaches us. He dealt with prayer as the Mystic knows it, and advised his hearers to learn about it rather than to "condemn it with faint praise, or point out the mistakes and heresies to which it might lead". The true Mystic did all work as worship. He "was too strong a sacramentalist to care much for sacraments"—a pregnant phrase. "If he was filled with water springing up into everlasting life, he could not very much care for the stagnant cisterns of tradition." The Dean did not believe in the objective reality of visions and like phenomena, but he did believe in the Mystics' great central experience—direct communion with God. Perhaps, after awhile, the Dean will realise that, while the outer phenomena of a vision may be created by the mind, there are underlying facts of an objective world which are seen *through* the mental atmosphere which distorts them, and imposes on them its own colouring.

THE WATCHERS FOR THE DAWN

(A Song of Advent)

The Vision is there, it is there
For all who have eyes to behold,
And the sounds of His Coming are clear
For those who have ears to hear.

As the morning, so tender and fair,
In a glory of crimson and gold,
Rises, with light from the East,
Rises for greatest and least ;
And the flowers, at the Sun's high feast,
Open their blooms and rejoice ;
And the birds, with welcoming voice,
Sing at the Coming of Day,
Shout for their joy of the light :—

So it shall be, it shall be,
For our world, so weary and sad,
When the mighty shall know there is none so mighty
as He ;
And the humble shall lift up their eyes to His Face, and
be glad ;
And the souls of the eager, the loving, shall open as
flowers,
In the glow of those wonderful hours,
When the Teacher of Angels and men
Moves in our midst again.

(So shall it be, ye weary, in the Day
That is not far away.)

But now, in the end of the night,
Now, in the hush of the dawn,
Now, when the veil that is drawn
Betwixt men's eyes and the Light
Hath begun to quiver, hath thinned,
Till a breath of the Heavenly Wind
Shall tear it asunder :
Till, with power and great glory, and wonder,

The Light of the World shall shine, and the Day of the
 Lord shall break—
 Even now, in the end of the night,
 There are those who stir and awake,
 Who rejoice that the darkness is well nigh past,
 That the Day of the Lord is at hand,
 That the Coming of Christ is near,
 That not for ever, unending, the night shall last.
 They are waking in every land,
 And their watch-fires are burning clear.
 Like stars, in the spaces of night,
 They shall burn and burn, till they fade out of sight,
 In a glory of infinite light.

And now, in the end of the dark that has hung so heavy
 and long,
 As the birds break the hush of the dawn with fragments
 of welcoming song,
 So hearts call to hearts in the stillness, rejoice, and are
 strong;
 So fire unto fire is beaconing, far and wide,
 So the lovers of Christ proclaim them on every side.
 So their fires shine out, one by one,
 And they call to each other, the whole world round,
 Till their glimmering fires shall be quenched in the blaze
 of the Sun,
 And their fragments of song in the great Hosanna be
 drowned.

By ineffable Hope possessed,
 These are they who wait,
 Calm in a world's unrest,
 Fearless 'mid doubts and hate,
 Hopefully hearing the cry of a whole humanity's need;
 And the clamour of warring nations and classes, the
 Babel of creeds,
 Bewilders them not; for they know
 That the Elder Brother of men,
 The Incarnate Wisdom of God,
 The Mouth that utters His Word,
 The Master of Masters, the Lord
 Of Angels and men, the Desire of all Nations, their
 Saviour and Lover,
 He who the ways of earth hath trod,
 In a day that is long ago,
 Shall tread them in blessing again,
 And again shall His Glory discover,
 Breathe Love on a sea of strife,
 Bid mourners from mourning cease,
 Give us, for clamour, Peace,

Bring Truth to them that fervently seek,
To souls, awake and alive, fuller abundance of Life,
Infinite Pity to souls crushed, and unhappy, and weak—
 Judgment, stern as a sword,
 Mercy, as pouring of balm ;
 To the proud, the rebuke of the Lord,
To the lovers of Peace, to the men of good-will,—His Calm.

He that is faithful and true,
He who hath sworn—" I Come,"
Comes to make all things new.
Voices of earth, be dumb.

Ye, whose fires burn bright,
Whose ears are quick to hear,
Watchmen, in many a land,
Watchmen, what of the night ?
Say, is the Morning near ?

" The night is far spent, and the Day, the Day of the Lord,
is at hand."

C. W. Scott-Moncrieff

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY¹

By MADAME PISSAREFF

Surrounded by love and hatred of parties, her immortal personality goes through the annals of the world's history.

—*Schiller.*

THE FIRST PERIOD OF H. P. BLAVATSKY'S LIFE

ONE can hardly imagine anything more wonderful and more unjust than the persistent misunderstanding, and even enmity, which Russian educated society still shows towards its great countrywoman, H. P. Blavatsky.

Eighteen years have gone by since the day of her death; more than thirty years since she founded the Theosophical Society—time enough to bring forth an earnest research into the activity and work of this Russian woman, who fought with such indomitable force against the materialism that enchained human thought; who inspired so many noble minds, and who was able to create a spiritual movement which is still growing, developing and influencing the consciousness of our contemporaries. The results of her work are in sight, and they, alone, can give a true appreciation of H. P. Blavatsky.

¹ Translated by Madame Pogosky. See THE THEOSOPHIST, May, 1911.

She was the first revealer in modern days of the occult teaching on which all religions are founded, and the first to make an effort to give a religio-philosophic synthesis of all ages and all races. She brought about the revival of interest in the ancient Eastern wisdom, and created an international brotherhood embodying a reverence for human thought, in whatever language expressed, a broad tolerance for all members of the human family, and an effort to realise not a dreamy, but a concrete, idealism, transfused into all spheres of life. Such results should silence enmity, and awaken a deep interest in the wonderful power of a soul, which could give such an impetus to human thought. Yet in Russia the name of H. P. B. is still surrounded with distrust, and there is not a single influential voice to say a word in favour of her, who in justice should be regarded as the glory and pride of her country.

Out of all her literary work, which revealed to western Europe the occult teachings of the ancient East, only one book, *The Voice of the Silence*, has been translated into Russian up to last year; and her literary name is known only by the *Indian Sketches*, which, under the title of *From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustān*, were published in the *Russian Messenger* in the beginning of the eighties. All I can find in Russian literature concerning H. P. B. is a fiendish pamphlet by W. Solovieff, several articles by the same author, but adopting quite a different attitude, in the *Rebus* (July, 1884), and two articles in the *Dictionary of Vengeroff*. One of these is a quite insignificant biography, made up from third-hand information, and the other is by Wladimir Solovieff. If we add to this a biographical sketch, very little known, by H. P. B.'s

sister, Vera P. Jelichovsky, issued in the *Russian Obosreine*, 1891, a book by the same author written in answer to the above-mentioned pamphlet of W. Solovieff: *H. P. Blavatsky and the Modern Priest of Truth*, and two articles in *Rebus*, 1881-2, also by Madam Jelichovsky, we include all that has ever been written in the Russian language about H. P. B.

H. P. B., by her wonderful psychic organism, showing powers which the majority of people have not yet developed, so far outdistances the type of a modern intellectual man, that only the psychology of the future may be able to understand her fully and to define her qualities. History tells us, that now and again there have already appeared human beings gifted with powers unknown to mankind; such were Cagliostro, Jacob Böhme, Swedenborg, and others, but the difference between them and H. P. B. is great. They lived in other times, when communication between people was slow and statements were difficult to verify, and critical analysis was yet in its infancy, so that we have only vague legends about their wonderful powers; but H. P. B. appeared in the world at a time, when intellectual inter-communication goes on all over the world with great rapidity, when every remarkable fact becomes immediately all the world's property. She lived successively, quite openly, in three different parts of the world receiving anyone who wished to see her, and was personally known to a multitude of people of every nationality and profession. She was also known to many scholars of America, Asia and Europe. She herself, her life, and her so-called miracles, were in everybody's sight. It was impossible to ignore her or turn her into a vague legend. But few realise even now that not only the

teaching she has brought from the East, but she herself, her personality, and her wonderful psychic gifts, are of the greatest importance to our epoch. She is not a theory, but a fact, and this fact affirms most persistently, that science must either broaden its limits, enclosing in its boundaries not only physical phenomena but also the super-physical, and accept psychic and spiritual evolution as well as the evolution of forms, or—lay down its arms and consider itself as helpless in view of the higher order of phenomena. From this standpoint, as a fact far outstripping its epoch in its inner qualities and lending deeply interesting suggestions as to future lines of human development, H. P. B. ought to be of the greatest interest to modern psychologists; *how* this interest has been shown in reality, we know from the *Report* of the scientific Psychical Research Society. I found no better attitude in any other accounts of professional scientists.

When one comes across reminiscences and recollections of those who knew H. P. B. personally, both friends and foes, or when one questions the living witnesses of her life, one is struck with the variety of their opinions, as if it were not one, but many, who pass before one's vision under that same name of 'H. P. B.'. To some she is a great being, who opens new ways to the world—to others a dangerous destroyer of religions; to some a charming, brilliant companion—to others a misty exponent of inconceivable metaphysics; she is either a great heart full of compassion for all sufferers, or a soul knowing no mercy; either a clairvoyant, penetrating into the depths of a soul, or a naïve believer in the first comer; some speak of her endless patience, others of her turbulent irascibility; and so on, *ad infinitum*. Indeed there are no brilliant features of

human soul that are not connected with the name of this wonderful woman.

No one knew her *wholly*, with all her qualities. Her uniqueness went so far, that even her nearest and dearest felt puzzled and mistrustful.¹

The tragedy of the solitariness becomes evident when one reads her biography, written by her beloved sister—alongside of the latter's love, how much misunderstanding, often confusion, how much *enforced* confidence, just because she saw "irrefutable proofs". What an astonishment this loving sister expresses when she meets with a very high appreciation of H. P. B.'s personality; on such occasions she feels like apologising, as if to say: "Well, this is rather too much!"

Yet this is very natural. H. P. B.'s qualities were so far above the usual level that they were too foreign to the great majority. Someone said about her that: "she rose to heights where only eagles among men may soar, and those who could not rise with her saw only the dust on her soles". Even her nearest co-worker and assistant, Colonel Olcott, confesses in his *Diary*, that, in spite of many years of companionship, he could never answer his own pregnant question: "*Who was H. P. B.?*"—so resistant to any ordinary definition was her many-sided nature, so unusual were many of her qualities and manifestations. But in some of the descriptions all who knew her agree: all affirm that she possessed an extraordinary spiritual power, which subjugated all surrounding her, that she had an incredible capacity for intense work, and a superhuman patience when it concerned her ideal and her fulfilment of the Master's will; they also unanimously agree, that

¹ Puzzled, yes; mistrustful, never.—A. B.

she had a striking, limitless sincerity. This sincerity tells in every expression of her ardent soul, which never shrank before the "*what* will be thought of her?" "*how* will they read her thoughts and actions?" It tells also in the spontaneity of her letters, in every detail of her stormy life, full of suffering. Her sincerity and confidence reached a degree most amazing in one so rich in experience: to begin with, there was the life of a young Russian girl in good society during the time of serfdom; and then the quite fairy-tale experiences of India and Tibet in the *rôle* of a disciple of eastern Sages, and finally the no less extraordinary position of a spiritual teacher and herald of the Ancient Wisdom among highly-cultured Englishmen in the soberest of European centres—London.

One of H. P. B.'s qualities, which exercised a great attraction on her own friends, and at the same time sometimes seriously harmed her, was her well-pointed, brilliant humour, mostly kindly meant, but sometimes ruffling to petty ambitions.

Those who knew her in her earlier days, remember her with delight—unswerving, impetuous, merry, sparkling with acute humour, and witty conversation. She loved to joke, to tease, to create a commotion. Her niece, N. W. Jelichovsky, says: "Aunt had a wonderful quality: for the sake of a joke, or a witty word, she would bring anything upon herself. Sometimes we laughed ourselves into hysterics, listening to her interviews with London reporters. Mother often reproached her: 'Why do you invent all this?' 'Ah, well, they are poor chaps; let them earn something!' Sometimes she would tell impossible stories even to her Theosophical friends, just to make them laugh.

We did laugh then—but with some people out of the dullness which does not understand a joke, there came a lot of misunderstandings and unpleasantness and not only unpleasantness. It is very likely that some of those who were affected by her jokes went over into her enemies' camp.

Her enemies may be divided into two categories : enemies of her teaching and her personal ill-wishers. Among the first, the most violent were the missionaries residing in India, whose influence was shattered by her striving to unite in a general Esotericism all ancient Āryan beliefs, and to trace the origin of all religions to *one* divine Source. Besides the missionaries, she had also enemies among the orthodox spiritists, whose teachings she undermined, both by numerous articles and conversations, with her usual straightforwardness. She had also personal enemies among the English in India. By nature she loved freedom and hated conventionality, and this alone shocked English society in India, which could not forgive her for preferring the despised Hindū ; moreover all those who approached her with a selfish desire to gain the occult knowledge which gave her power to manifest her 'wonders' and who did not get any, they also became her foes. The result of all this hatred was the well-known case of Coulomb, Patterson, and Hodgson.

I will now give those biographical details which I have been able to verify with the courteous co-operation of her nearest relatives.

Her life can be divided into three well-defined periods. Childhood and youth, from her birth in 1831 up to her marriage in 1848, make up the first period. The second, the mysterious years about which hardly

any definite information can be had ; this period lasted twenty years, from 1848 up to 1872, with an interval of four years spent in Russia with her relatives. The third, which lasted from 1872 up to her death, was spent in America and India, and the last six years in Europe, among many witnesses who knew Helena Petrovna well. Of this period there are many biographical sketches and articles on it, written by those who were near to her.

It is much more difficult to get a clear idea of her childhood. From the two books of her sister V. P. Jelichovsky, *When I was Little*, and *My Youth*, where she describes her family, one can hardly get any idea of Helena Petrovna's character and experiences. This is partly due to the fact, that Madame Jelichovsky was four years younger than her sister, and could not consciously observe her, who, by her own statement, lived quite a separate life ; and partly because during the thirties of the last century, when the sisters were children, supernormal psychic powers must have been considered as something very undesirable, and to be kept hidden from other children. The second source of information is Mr. Sinnett's book, *Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky* ; it gives many interesting details, but the author wrote his book from chance narratives of Helena Petrovna, and it is difficult to be sure how far he remembered accurately, and how prompt he was in putting them down.

Among the people of her own age, her aunt Nadejda Andreevna Fadeeva—only three years older than Helena Petrovna—who was on most intimate terms with her when they were children, confirms the wonderful phenomena surrounding H.P.B. in her childhood. One of her letters, written in May, 1877, is given in Mrs. Besant's

brochure, *H. P. Blavatsky and the Masters of Wisdom*, London, 1907.

The physical heredity of H. P. B. is rather interesting, as among her ancestors were representatives of France, Germany and Russia. By her father she was descended from the reigning Mecklenburg Princes, Hahn von Rottenstein-Hahn. Her mother was grand-daughter of Bandre du Plessy—an exiled Huguenot, obliged to leave France on account of religious persecution, who, in 1787, married Prince Pavel Vasilievitch Dolgoruky; their daughter, Princess Helena Petrovna Dolgoruky, married Andrez Michailovitch Fadeef and was Helena Petrovna's own grandmother, who herself brought up the early-orphaned children. She left the memory of a remarkable and highly cultured woman of unusual kindness, whose learning was quite exceptional in her age; she corresponded with many scholars, among them Mr. Murchison the President of the London Geographical Society, with many noted botanists and mineralogists, one of whom named after her a fossil-shell discovered by him—Venus-Fadeef. She knew five foreign languages, painted beautifully, and was in every way a remarkable woman. She herself educated her daughter Helena Andreevna, mother of Helena Petrovna, and transferred to her her gifted nature. Helena Andreevna wrote novels and stories, was well-known under the *nom de plume* 'Zenaida R.' and was very popular in the forties. Her early death evoked universal grief and Brélomsky¹ devoted to her several eulogistic pages, calling her 'the Russian Georges Sand'. I heard a good deal about the Fadeef family from Marie Grigorievna Ermoloff, who possessed a wonderfully clear memory, and knew the

¹ A famous Russian critic.

family very well when the Fadeefs resided at Tiflis, while Madame Ermoloff's husband was the Governor of this province in the forties. She remembered Helena Petrovna as a brilliant but very wilful young lady, who would not submit to anyone; the family enjoyed a high reputation, and Helena Petrovna's grand-mother was so highly thought of, that notwithstanding her not visiting anybody, the whole town came to "pay her homage". Besides the daughter Helena Andreevna, who married an artillery officer Hahn, and another daughter (Vitte by marriage) there were two more children: Nadejda Andreevna who now lives at Odessa, and a son, Rostislav Andreevitch Fadeef, whom Helena Petrovna loved so much that her biographer, H. S. Olcott, said that they and Vera Petrovna Jelichovsky (her sister) with her children—were her only attachments on earth.

Left early an orphan, Helena Petrovna spent the greater part of her childhood in the home of her grandfather Fadeef, first in Saratoff, later at Tiflis. As far as we can judge, her childhood was very bright and joyful. In the summer, the whole family moved to the Governor's summer residence, a large and ancient mansion surrounded by a garden with many mysterious nooks, a pond, and a deep ravine, behind which ran a dark forest descending to the banks of the Volga. The ardent child saw in nature a mysterious life of its own; she often conversed with birds and animals, and during the winter her learned grand-mother's study presented such an interesting world that it would have fired even a less brilliant imagination. The study contained many curious things: various stuffed animals, and grinning heads of bears and tigers; on one wall there were charming little humming-birds, glittering like so many bright flowers;

on the other sat owls, falcons and vultures, and above them, under the very ceiling, a large eagle spread its majestic wings. But the most awful was a white flamingo, which stretched out its long neck, as if it were living. When the children came to their grand-mother's study, they sat astride on the black stuffed horse or on the white seal, and in the twilight they fancied all these animals began to move, and the little Helena Petrovna told many terrible and captivating stories, especially about the white flamingo, whose wings seemed to have been sprinkled with blood. Besides the phenomena due to her near connection with nature and evident to all, there were others visible to her alone. From early childhood the clairvoyant child saw the majestic figure of a Hindū in a white turban, always one and the same. She knew him as well as she knew her own relatives and called him her Protector, saying that it was He who saved her in dangers.

One of those accidents happened when she was thirteen years old: a horse she rode became frightened and ran away; the child was unseated and, getting entangled in the stirrup, hung on to it; instead of being killed, however, she felt round her body somebody's arms, which supported her till the horse was stopped. Another accident happened much earlier, when she was quite a baby. She wished very much to examine a picture hanging high up on a wall and covered by a white curtain. She asked some one to uncover the picture, but her wish was not gratified. Once, being in the room alone, she pushed a table to the wall, put another small table over it, and a chair over this again, and succeeded in climbing to the top of it, holding with one hand to the dusty wall and with the other

reaching out to the curtain ; she lost her balance and remembered nothing else. Coming to, she found herself lying on the floor safe and sound, both tables and the chair standing in their usual places, the curtain drawn over the picture, and the only proof of all this having really happened was a little trace of the small hand, left on the dusty wall under the picture.

Thus the childhood and youth of Helena Petrovna passed under very happy conditions amidst a cultured and, it seems, a very friendly family, with benevolent traditions and a very sympathetic attitude towards the inferior classes. Her marriage at the age of eighteen with an elderly and unloved man, with whom she could not have anything in common, can be explained only by a keen desire to gain more freedom. If one imagines the conditions of life of a young lady in provincial 'high life,' even in a good family, with all the prejudices and irksome etiquette of that time, one can easily understand how such conditions oppressed a nature so ardent, so difficult to limit, and so freedom-loving as the young Helena Petrovna's must have been. Further happenings confirm this supposition : three months after her wedding,¹ Helena Petrovna ran away from her husband, and this flight brings the first period of her life to a close, after which begins another, full of endless wanderings by sea and land in one or another part of the world.

Helene F. Pissareff

¹ Some say on her wedding journey.—Ed.



THE BEARING OF RELIGIOUS IDEALS ON
SOCIAL RE-ORGANISATION

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

(Concluded from p. 465)

IN order to realise the effect of Religious Ideals on a Society growing up around them and dominated by them, we should carefully study the history of the past, bearing this in mind. Let us take for such study the Ideals of Christianity, and the development of European Society under their influence.

Two main Ideals appear to me to be presented by Christianity : (1) The Value of the Individual ; (2) Self-sacrifice.

The first of these made the Individual, instead of the Family, the social unit, and, by emphasising the value of the individual soul, evolved and strengthened the sense of Individuality in man. The immense stress laid on the life here as determining man's everlasting destiny; the submergence of the idea of reincarnation—universal in the ancient world—entailing the permanence of the after-death happiness or misery brought about by the use of that one life on earth, thus magnifying its importance beyond all measure; the substitution of this conception of the overwhelming value of earthly life with its accompanying heaven or hell for that of a continued life, repeatedly circling through the three worlds—physical, intermediate and heavenly—in a long evolutionary process by which, ultimately, perfection was attained; all this inevitably led to the emphasising of the value of the individual possessed of this single chance of salvation; this one, short, span of earthly life linked to such gigantic outcome magnified the all-importance of the individual soul. “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” The Christian teaching, based on the Hebraic ideas of the fixed earth with its revolving firmament studded with sun and moon and “the stars also,” made man as truly the centre of life as was his earth of the universe. For man God descended upon earth, took birth in human flesh, and died; man's salvation was God's chief occupation; for man He rose, ascended into heaven, and thence would come again; man's behaviour pleased or grieved Him, made Him content or jealous and wrathful; “God is angry with the wicked every day”; heaven was clouded by

man's ill-behaviour, and rejoiced over his contrition. Man's importance became enormous in this scheme of things, and his value rose to an unimaginable figure. If we contrast it with the previous conception of a continued life—with its quiet enduring of present wrong as the outcome of past ill-doing ; with its patient striving to plant seeds of qualities which in the future would flower and bear fruit ; with its gentle disregard of the fate of a single life which bulked but small in the face of a life everlasting, stretching through a long vista of births and deaths—if we contrast these two conceptions, we shall realise the impetus given to Individuality by the Christian religion, the magnifying of the individual man.

Hence we have, in the West, Individualism as the basis of Society ; Man stands alone, isolated, a congeries of inherent, inborn Rights. The apotheosis of the Individual is seen in the assertion of the Rights of Man, and the necessary corollary of a competitive Society ; the individual man asserts himself and fights against his fellows ; the individual classes struggle with each other ; the individual nations war with each other. Each fights for his own hand ; each seeks to win by his own individual strength of body or brain that which he desires to possess ; competitors in trade carry on cut-throat competition ; capitalist and workman fight by lock-out and strike ; rival kingdoms seek the bloody arbitrament of war ; the weaker nations are exploited for the enriching of the stronger ; trade-expansion is forced by conical shot, and markets are opened by the sword ; Society becomes a weltering chaos of struggling interests ; might is right ; the hand of the strong is on the throat of the weak ; the helpless is trampled under foot.

Is it, then, ill with the world? is this cockpit civilisation the result of the teaching of the Gentlest, the most Compassionate, of the Lover of men? Nay, be a little patient, O critic of a great work of art while still half-hewn from the stone. All is very well, despite the outward seeming, for this strong Son of God, who is Man, is but evolving the forces which are necessary for the work which shall be done by Him when the strength which now crushes the weak shall be yoked to their service, and each seed of their pain shall blossom into the splendid flowers of their joy.

For the second Ideal of Christianity, shaped less by ecclesiastical doctrine than by the all-compelling power of a Perfect Life, is that of Self-sacrifice, whereof the Cross is the ever-inspiring symbol;

. . . . the Cross of Christ
Is more to us than all His miracles.

The piteous figure of the dying Christ, thorn-crowned and scourged, nail-pierced and naked, was lifted to the heights of unsurpassable command when o'er its pathetic weakness brooded the curbed omnipotence of a God, voluntarily bowing an Immortal Life to a shameful death, and permitting the strong hands which upheld the universe to be nailed by His creatures to the cross. Such was the Figure which silently stood over against Christendom—silently indeed, but there was magic in the silence. Through the storm and the turmoil, through the struggle and the anguish, a voice was ever softly breathing: "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." From the eyes of angry men and weeping women and hungry children shone out the dumb appeal of the eyes of the suffering Christ. Strength was shamed

in the moment of its triumph; ruth was stirred when greed should have slept, full-fed. In some wondrous way weakness was seen as being stronger than strength, and pain as sweeter than joy. And then there came to the heart of Christendom the meaning of the forgotten words spoken by its Lord: "He that is greater among you, let him become as the younger, and he that is chief as he that doth serve. . . I am among you as he that doth serve." Then rang out the words of His servant Paul: "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." More and more is this Ideal of Self-sacrifice asserting itself in the Christendom of to-day, the Ideal of yoking strength to Service, of recognising the measure of power as the measure of responsibility, of the joy and the glory of voluntary renunciation. That is the Ideal to which the younger generation of the wealthy and the highly placed is stretching out hands aching to serve, is offering up hearts aflame with passionate devotion to man. And that is the Ideal which shall triumph, and shall turn the strength which has been gained in struggle to the uplifting of the trampled, which shall consecrate that strength to the performance of duties instead of to the assertion of rights.

This is the permanent Ideal, while the other is temporary, and shall pass away, having served its purpose, and shall be looked back upon as marking one of the many stages through which man has climbed from savagery to civilisation; it will be seen clearly in the future—as some already see it to-day—that Society could not endure as a constant battle-field of warring interests, but that there must come a great reconstruction, in which the needs of all shall be reconsidered, the

happiness of all shall be aimed at, the extent of possession shall measure the duty of service.

That is the Ideal which, in many different forms, is making its way among the nations of the West. Sometimes it appears in the fierce shape of democratic Socialism, with class-hatred as its inspiration; but hate is a disintegrating force; it cannot construct; and every effort that springs from hatred is doomed to exhaust itself in failure. Side by side with this is another form—a Socialism of love, which aims at giving, but does not exhort to spoliation. It is the noble longing of the happy to bring happiness to the unhappy, of the educated to bring knowledge to the uneducated, of those who have leisure to bring leisure and diminution of toil to those who labour. It is the feeling we call “the social conscience”—a feeling which has its roots in love and sympathy, and which is therefore constructive. For the forces born of love are those which join together, and only a Society which is built on love, and cemented by love, can endure through the ages of the future.

Let us consider what religious Ideal will now serve us as a basis for the reconstruction of Society. What Ideal will suffice to breathe into men’s hearts the necessary inspiration for action? Can such an Ideal be presented in a way so precise, clear, intelligible and rational, that it will command the brains of men as well as attract their hearts, that it will give to the social conscience the force of a natural law? Unless this can be done, our labours will largely fail, for we cannot rely for social reconstruction only on the generous impulses of the noblest and most spiritual men and women. It is necessary that all people should feel that a law exists, accord with which means happiness, and disregard of

which brings ruin—slowly or swiftly, but inevitably. For there is nothing which so compels human reason as the sense of an inviolable natural law, working around us, below, above us, a law from which we cannot escape, and to which we must conform ourselves—or suffer. In Society, as in religion and in morals, we must appeal to the reason, we must justify our proposals before the bar of the intellect; only thus can we bring those whose instincts—growing out of the past—are anti-social, to realise that they cannot wisely satisfy those instincts, because such satisfaction would result in a common ruin, in which they, as well as others, would be engulfed.

What religious Ideals, then, are there which may serve as a basis for Society, and may be seen as rooted in natural law, unchangeable and inviolable? First: the One Life. We must realise that we all share a common Life, are rooted in that Life, so that nothing that injures another can be permanently good for any one of us; that the health of the body politic, as much as of the body individual, depends on the healthy working of every part, that if one part is diseased the whole of the body suffers.

On this point science and religion teach the same truth. We can show, from a book on physiology, how the scientific man builds up, in ever more complicated fashion, that which he calls an individual. He recognises that each of our bodies is built up of myriad individuals, each of which lives its own life, was born, grew, died and decayed; it is huge communities of these individuals which make our bodies—plastids or cells he calls them as they are walled or unwalled—whether actively moving about in the blood,

or comparatively stable ; these form the lowest grade of individuals. Then when these are joined together we have the second grade of individuals—tissues. Tissues, joined together, give us the third grade of individuals—organs. Organs joined together make the fourth grade of individuals—plant, animal and human bodies. Bodies joined together make the fifth grade of individuals—communities. Communities joined together make the sixth grade of individuals—nations. Nations joined together, make the seventh grade—Humanity. This is not the teaching of the poet, of the dreamer, of the man fond of allegory, simile, symbol. It is the dry presentment of fact in the physiological handbook. For science, out of the study of diversity, has realised the underlying unity, as religion, beginning with the unity, has divided gradually that unity in training the State, the Family, the Individual. The scientific man regards humanity as an organism, and religion recognises the same idea. Only where science sees one universal Life, religion sees also one universal Consciousness, and calls that Consciousness—GOD. Religion teaches the Immanence of God: One Life in many forms, One Consciousness in many consciousnesses, One Spirit in many spirits—The ONE individualised for love's sake, for bringing "many sons unto glory".

Thus this idea of One Life in us and in all, One Life expressing itself in countless individuals, is expressed alike by religion and by science. It matters not whether we climb up to a truth from below by countless observations—the Method of Science, or descend into matter from the heights of Spirit—the Method of Religion; both ultimately proclaim the same reality, and this unity of Life, and therefore of Humanity, may

be accepted from either. The recognition of that common life is the only sure basis for the building up of Society in the multiplex individuals that we call nations.

Let us suppose that this thought becomes the dominant thought in all minds ; will they not inevitably begin to realise that the health of the whole must depend on the health of the parts ? Put poison into the mouth, and the whole body suffers. Inject it into a vein, and the whole body is sick. Allow poverty, misery, ignorance, to spread abroad in your body politic, and the whole body politic becomes diseased, and there is no sound health in it. A belief in the Immanence of God compels the recognition of the Solidarity of Man : "There is one Spirit, *and One Body.*" The second truth is only the earth-side of the first. Hence any scheme of social reconstruction that is to endure must be based on the practical recognition of a common Life in which all are sharers. That means that there must be no slums, and no plague-spots of vice in our cities ; it means the disappearance of the frightful poverty which gnaws at the life of millions of our fellow-beings. It means such a recognition, such a realisation, of the common Life, that we who are cultured and comfortable shall feel diseased and tortured unless we are doing our utmost to relieve our brothers and sisters from suffering ; a realised common Life cannot rest content while there is so much agony unregarded.

This is felt in blood-relationship. There is no need of law to compel a brother to assist a brother ; the law of love in the heart negates the need for any other law, and compels us to carry help to a suffering member of the family. And it is true that "God hath made of

one blood" all the children of men; and until we feel for those outside the blood-family as we feel for those within, until for us all form one family, until—in the phrase of an old Hindū scripture—we regard all the elders as our parents, the contemporaries as our brothers and sisters, the youngers as our children, we have not really risen to the *human* point of view at all. For in true men and women, the sense of love, compassion and sympathy—of Service, in a word—stretches over earth, through death, and back to earth again, and just in proportion as we have evolved this quality in far-reaching benevolence are we truly Man.

As this truth becomes generally recognised, all who suffer will have an indefeasible claim on all who are able to help, by the mere *fact* of their suffering; instead of running away from the sight of suffering, and trying to forget it, as so many do to-day, we shall allow the suffering to wring our hearts until we have removed it from another. We shall live out the exquisite words of that gem of literature, *The Voice of the Silence*, given to us by H. P. Blavatsky: "Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye. But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain; nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed." And it is written: "To live to benefit mankind is *the first step*."

As this Ideal begins to rule, the sense of true Solidarity will arise, and Society will be built in full recognition of the law that social health depends on the health of every individual in Society, that it is not enough that some should be successful, but that all must have their share of happy life. Without this, Society perishes. The law of the common Life, the expression of which

is Brotherhood, is woven into the very substance of the human race. There have been many Empires, many Kingdoms in the past, and they have all broken up when they denied the law of Brotherhood. Where Brotherhood is ignored, it breaks that which ignores it. Empires have been builded by King-Initiates, and have lasted for thousands of years in happiness and prosperity; but when, in later days, selfishness grasped the sceptre, the Empire slowly crumbled into dust.

The first Ideal, then, which is necessary for Social Reconstruction, is the Unity of Life—we are all one. None can suffer in the body politic without the happiness of all being tainted; success and failure are common for the whole of us; while to ignore the law may for a brief time bring success, in the long run it inevitably brings destruction. A man takes advantage of his fellow man, builds up his own business by the destruction of the businesses of his neighbours, gathers together money by injuring, not by serving, those around him. Perhaps as a lawyer he is unjust, unfair, and wins his cases and fame and fortune by unjust and unfair pleadings in our Courts. The result is that the standard of morality of the nation is lowered. Commerce and trade become rotten, and no man can really trust his neighbour; for the tricks of business and trade are played, and people know it. As mistrust gradually spreads through the people, prosperity sinks lower and lower; and the children and grand-children of the successful but dishonest man share in the degradation of the whole nation. For the poison that he put into the veins of the nation has gradually spread through the whole body, and the whole is sick and degraded: the national life becomes polluted and devitalised, and everyone

suffers. The wealth he gained by wrong is scattered, and the family, for which he cheated and saved, sinks down in the general national decay.

Another religious Ideal, needed especially for the actual work of Social Reconstruction, is the joy and glory of Sacrifice. This again is beautifully seen in the family. No compulsion is there needed. Where food goes short, the youngest children are the first to be fed. The baby is the last to be neglected, when pressure comes upon the family resources: for, instinctively, the elders feel that the burden must not fall on the weaker shoulders, while they are there to bear it in their stead. Sacrifice is seen not to be sorrow, but a healthy instinct of the true human heart, and wherever it meets weakness there comes the impulse to serve.

And if this were carried out in the reconstruction of Society, what would be the result? No longer then would most be expected from the weakest, nor would the bearing of the heaviest burdens be put on the shoulders least fitted to sustain them. Who, in our Society, are those who most need something of the ease of life—good food, good clothing, good shelter, and leisure that will truly recreate? Surely it is those who toil—those who are giving their strength to production, and who for long hours labour for the common helping. And yet those, under our present system, are the worst fed, worst clothed, worst housed. It is far harder for a man, exhausted by eight, nine, ten hours of labour, to go home to a slum where the air is foul and the surroundings repulsive, than it would be for one less exhausted. It may be said that he feels it less than would one accustomed to other life. That is true, for habit dulls. But is not this the heaviest condemnation of our social

system, that we have crushed our workers down to the point where they do *not* feel sufficiently acutely the evil conditions of their lives? We force them to be less than human, and then plead their lack of refined humanity as an excuse for leaving them as they are.

Modern civilisation has failed to make the masses of the people happy. Look at the faces of the poor; they are the faces of a saddened and weary people, weary with the burden of life. Until the people are happy, we have no right to talk of 'Society'; there is only a weltering chaos of social units, with no social organisation. But gradually we shall take the social question in hand, and aim at the realisation of the splendid phrase: "*From* each according to his capacity; *to* each according to his needs." That is the Law of the Family, and one day it will be the Law of the State; for it is the true social law. As the truth of reincarnation becomes accepted once more, the duty of the elders to the youngers, the claim of the youngers on the elders, will be recognised; help, protection and training will be gladly rendered by the elders, and the evolution of the youngers will be quickened.

This can only come about by religious effort and the religious spirit. Not out of the Ideal of material prosperity but out of the religious Ideal must spring the Sacrifice that is joy, because it is the conscious expression of the common life; only out of the religious Ideal can come the Brotherhood which exists in all its splendour in the spiritual world, and, in time, shall surely spread to us in this mortal sphere. It is the spiritual sight which is the true vision, and the testimony of the spiritual consciousness, which has been so ignored in the West, is beginning to be seen as an asset

in human Society. That spiritual consciousness always speaks for Unity, for Brotherhood, for Service and for Sacrifice; as it unfolds, it will bring the materials for a nobler social State.

The Immanence of God; the duty of the strong to serve and to protect; the linking together of power and responsibility; the realisation that the higher and stronger should put forward no rights—that rights belong to the weaker and the more helpless; these Ideals, as they are recognised, will regenerate Society, and will stimulate the noblest emotions of the human heart to love, to help and to serve. There will be no need of confiscatory legislation, for the heart full of love will be the law of life; it will be a question of giving not of taking, of voluntary help not of compelled drudgery. Then will the danger of warfare pass away, and peace, which is the fruit of love, will spread over the lands. In the unity realised by religion, the apparently conflicting interests of men on the material plane will disappear, and as the Spirit of Love dominates, the discords caused by hatred will pass away.

Annie Besant

THEOSOPHICAL IDEAS IN CONTEMPORARY POETRY

By MARGUERITE M. C. POLLARD

THROUGH all the ages the greatest poets have always been Theosophists in the deepest sense. Dowered with the gifts of seership and of expression, they have been the revealers to mankind of the glories of the higher planes. One after another has come forth to reveal to suffering humanity the incomparable loveliness of Truth. Through all the ages they have worshipped the One under the aspect of Beauty, and through beauty have awakened other hearts to an insatiable thirst for divine and imperishable Truth. The poets of to-day have the same great office. Now, as of yore, they are priests of the robe of God, teaching man to love the beauties of physical nature as a manifestation of the inconceivable glory of the Lord of Life. Already "the voices of the day are heard across the voices of the dark" and there are many poets in advance of their age who have come in upon the crest of the advancing wave of thought. Too little are they listened to, too little can they make their voices heard above the fever and the din of the work-a-day world. It is fatal only to be able to idealise past ages and to think that the whole earth now is common and unclean, and yet this is the point of view which every poet of a new age has to encounter.

No conventions are more rigid than literary conventions, no prejudices more bitter than artistic prejudices, no martyrdom more painful than the poet's martyrdom. Art is as free and spontaneous now as ever, the vision as fair now as it was in the beginning and as it shall be ever for those who have poetic sight. Men may look back to a golden age in the dim past or forward to it in the dim future, but always for the seeing eye the golden age is now and the Kingdom of Heaven is within.

The poet is the great idealiser ; he sees life fresh with the dews of the morning. He is the great inspirer, because he is the man of aspiration, God-intoxicated, a visionary, yet able to body forth his vision and make it concrete. But too often he is the "voice of one crying in the wilderness" : none heed him, possibly till he has been dead for many years. "God gave the poet his song" and the poet to his age—to his *own* age primarily, even though he be a poet for all time. But comparatively few of his contemporaries hear the song until the events or conditions that inspired it have long since passed and the voice of the singer is for ever still. A younger generation may raise "the tardy bust," but to what purpose? The poet rarely gets his full meed of praise in his life-time, still more rarely in his youth ; and yet of all men the poet is most sensitive to praise. The artistic vocation is to give pleasure. Praise to the poet is the outward and visible sign that he has fulfilled his mission. He spares no pains to obtain it.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
That last infirmity of noble minds,
To scorn delights and live laborious days.

Few poets feel the pleasing prick of that spur.
Nearly always they have, like Browning, to bear years

of neglect and indifference, to starve in garrets like Goldsmith and Chatterton, to walk the streets all night like Johnson and Savage, or to sell matches in the streets all day like Francis Thompson. If they be not "steeped in poverty to the very lips," they are stretched upon "the rack of this rough world" in other ways. "Envy and calumny and hate and pain" do their worst. The learned world, which ought to be the most sympathetic, is generally hostile. Many sink. Others, purged even of that last infirmity, continue to write because, like Blake, they have a gift to give, a duty to accomplish. Knowing that a herald has merely to deliver his message and is not concerned with the way in which it is received, they learn at last to say:—

There is delight in singing tho' none hear
Beside the singer.

It is for us to learn:—

There is delight
In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone
And see the prais'd far off him, far above.

The waste of poetic power through public indifference is pitiful—pitiful from the point of view of the poet who suffers acutely in the process, but far more pitiful from that of the generation which fails to appreciate him. The poet has his vision and the joy of creation.

I too will something make
And joy in the making
Although to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking.

But his contemporaries, sunk in ignorance, held fast in the grip of sloth, have no vision, only the joy of persecuting. Heaven lies about them, but they prefer to walk in outer darkness with weeping and gnashing of teeth. A new poet ought to be welcomed

as tenderly as a new-born babe; his way should be prepared as assiduously as that of a new prophet. There is no fear that the rough places will be made too smooth, or that *his* path will be one of roses all the way, however we may toil. None of us can alter the mistakes of the past, but each of us may cry with Napoleon: "L'avenir, l'avenir, l'avenir est a moi." When the next great poet appears, we may be among the first to recognise him and to convince others that "a new planet has swum within our ken". It is impossible to give infallible rules for the recognition of a great poet, but one would expect to find in him strong individuality, beauty and originality of form combined with depth and sublimity of thought. The whole history of literature shows that it is not easy to recognise these rare gifts.

"We needs must love the highest *when* we see it," but we do not see it. We love Lancelot, or another; any one but the blameless King.

Chesterton has said that "great poets are obscure for two opposite reasons; now, because they are talking about something too large for anyone to understand; now again, because they are talking about something too small for any one to see". But though it is difficult to recognise true greatness, our mental attitude may be one of watchfulness. We may be on the alert, ready to welcome any real poet, ready to worship a great poet. We may have our lamps trimmed and our loins girded and when the Light-Bearer, the Son of the Morning, arises, we shall hail gladly the Interpreter of the ideals and aspirations of a new age, the herald of the day that is to be.

But already the roseate hues of morning are tinting the eastern sky; much Theosophical truth is

being presented clothed in forms of inspired imagination, and steeped in the deepest emotions of the heart. Old storehouses of forgotten legends are being ransacked by modern Keltic bards, and in the light of Theosophy we see how much of the Ancient Wisdom these old folk-tales contain.

The faery world, the world of elemental and angelic orders of beings, is ours once more. "Immortal mild proud shadows" haunt the woods and "deep down 'mid coral caves" "the sweet wild creatures of the sea" await a day "when Ocean shall be earth's sole heir". Yeats has peopled his world with these ethereal beings. There is a passage of wonderful weird beauty in 'The Countess Cathleen,' in which the merchants call upon the water-folk to aid them in removing the Countess's gold. The words of the invocation have a strange fascination of sound, and one could almost imagine them to be of mantric effect:—

Come hither, hither, hither, water-folk :
Come all you elemental populace ;
Leave lonely the long-hoarding surges : leave
The cymbals of the waves to clash alone,
And, shaking the sea-tangles from your hair,
Gather about us.

All down the ages poets have agreed as to the lightness of the sea-faeries and the swiftness of their 'printless' feet. Lightness and swiftness are the qualities assigned to them by Yeats.

I can hear a sound
As from waves beating upon distant strands ;
And the sea-creatures, like a surge of light,
Pour eddying through the pathways of the oaks ;
And as they come, the sentient grass and leaves
Bow toward them, and the tall drouth-faded oaks
Fondle the murmur of their flying feet.

In the poem entitled 'To Some I have Talked with by the Fire' Yeats discriminates between three orders

of the non-human evolutions. First there are the opposing forces, "the dark folk, who live in souls of passionate men"; secondly, there are the elementals, who have not yet evolved a sense of right and wrong, "the wayward, twilight companies"

Who sigh with mingled sorrow and content
Because their blossoming dreams have never bent
Under the fruit of evil and of good.

And lastly there is the great deva kingdom, the angels of all nations and all faiths,

The embattled flaming multitude
Who rise, wing above wing, flame above flame,
And, like a storm, cry the Ineffable Name,
And with the clashing of their sword-blades make
A rapturous music, till the morning break,
And the white hush end all, but the loud beat
Of their long wings, the flash of their white feet.

It is not possible to read far in Yeats' poetry without becoming aware of the presence of superphysical beings. He writes of them with conviction, and believes that a knowledge of their existence will soon again be general. "I cannot get it out of my mind," he says, "that this age of criticism is about to pass, and an age of imagination, of emotion, of moods, of revelation, about to come in its place, for certainly belief in a supersensual world is at hand; and when the notion that we are phantoms of earth and water has gone down the wind, we will trust our own being and all it desires to invent." He himself has an unshakable trust in the creative mind of man. For him, as for the old alchemists, imagination is the greatest of all powers, the first emanation of Divinity. In using it we become Godlike.

Our imaginations are but fragments of the universal imagination, portions of the universal body of God, and as we enlarge our imagination by imaginative sympathy, and transform with the beauty and peace of art the sorrows and joys of the world, we put off the limited mortal man more and more, and put on the unlimited immortal man.

It is interesting to compare the mysticism of A. E. (George Russell) with that of Yeats. Both have felt the inspiration of the East, both have succumbed to the magical fascination of ancient Irish legend. Both, like Fiona Macleod, are confident that Ireland is yet to have a great future, to be "the nursery of the heroic powers and influences that go forth to conquer and die".

It has been said that Yeats would have Ireland the Island of the Arts, and that A. E. would have Ireland the Island of Saints. Perhaps this is so: the latter certainly would fain kindle a spiritual fire to protect his people from the perils of materialism:—

I declare the true ideal and destiny of the Kelt in this island to be the begetting of a humanity whose desires and visions shall rise above earth, illimitable into God-like nature, who shall renew for the world the hope, the beauty, the magic, the wonder, which will draw the buried stars which are the souls of men to their native firmament of spiritual light and elemental power.

All else is insignificant so long as the Soul is loyal to the mandates of the Higher Self, attains the beatitude of Saintship, the mystical union with the divine.

What does it matter whether every Kelt perished in the land, so that our wills, inviolate to the last, made obeisance only to the light which God has set for guidance in our souls?

A. E. is less drawn to the occult side of mysticism than Yeats, as Ian Mör has said. He is essentially a visionary. He does not people the world with elementals, but finds "the radiance of Deity" shining through it. He identifies himself with the life in nature and looking up at the stars says:—

Those myriad eyes that look on me are mine;
Wandering beneath them I have found again
The ancient, ample moment, the divine,
The God-root within men.

A. E. is deeply interested in the soul's long voyage from the Great Deep to the Great Deep, and he tries to render in verse the ecstasy of "the ancient hours ere we forgot ourselves to men". In 'The Children of Sin' he gives poetically the whole process of involution and evolution. There he tells of the birth of souls from the ocean of infinite Being. Sin is the Oceanus of Keltic mythology. Symbolically he is the Great Deep, or original Divinity from whom all sprang. The myth tells how the Children of Sin were changed into swans by magic, and lived for ages on the waters round the Irish coast. Their metamorphosis symbolises the descent of the Spirits of men from the heaven-world into earth-life. Their age-long bondage on the waters symbolises the bondage of the astral world, the world of desire (always represented symbolically by the sea), to which the soul is bound according to the kârmic law, until abandoning the fruit of action it is made ready to pass into the Eternal Peace.

In another poem 'Babylon,' which forms an interesting contrast to Henley's 'When I was King in Babylon' in the treatment of the idea of reincarnation, A. E. makes us realise very beautifully the great antiquity of the human Ego.

The blue dusk ran between the streets : my love was winged
 within my mind,
 It left today and yesterday and thrice a thousand years behind.
 To-day was past and dead for me, for from to-day my feet
 had run
 Through thrice a thousand years to walk the ways of ancient
 Babylon.
 On temple top and palace roof the burnished gold flung back
 the rays
 Of a red sunset that was dead and lost beyond a million days.
 The tower of heaven turns darker blue, a starry sparkle now
 begins ;
 The mystery and magnificence, the myriad beauty and the sins

Come back to me. I walk beneath the shadowy multitude of
towers ;

Within the gloom the fountain jets its pallid mist in lily flowers.
The waters lull me and the scent of many gardens, and I hear
Familiar voices, and the voice I love is whispering in my ear.
Oh real as in dream all this : and then a hand on mine is laid :
The wave of phantom tide withdraws ; and that young Baby-
lonian maid,

One drop of beauty left behind from all the flowing of that
tide,

Is looking with the self-same eyes, and here in Ireland by my
side.

Oh light our life in Babylon, but Babylon has taken wings,
While we are in the calm and proud procession of eternal
things.

It has been truly said of A. E. that "by his vision-
ary force he annihilates space and time, and leads us
out into infinity with the vista of all the heavens before
our eyes".

Yeats writes of the divinity of beauty, of her "high
and lonely mysteries" which lie hidden "flame on
flame," "deep under deep," "throne over throne".
A. E. in 'The Divine Vision' deals with remembered
beauty. Ideal beauty in Yeats' poetry is symbolised as
the Rose : so too is the divine love in pursuit of which
all else is to be put away :—

We must become blind and deaf and dizzy. We must
get rid of everything that is not measureless eternal life.
We must put out hope as I put out this candle. And memory
as I put out this candle. And at last we must put out the light
of the sun and of the moon, and all the lights of the world and
the world itself. We must destroy the world ; we must destroy
everything that has law and number ; for where there is no-
thing there is God.

(To be Concluded)

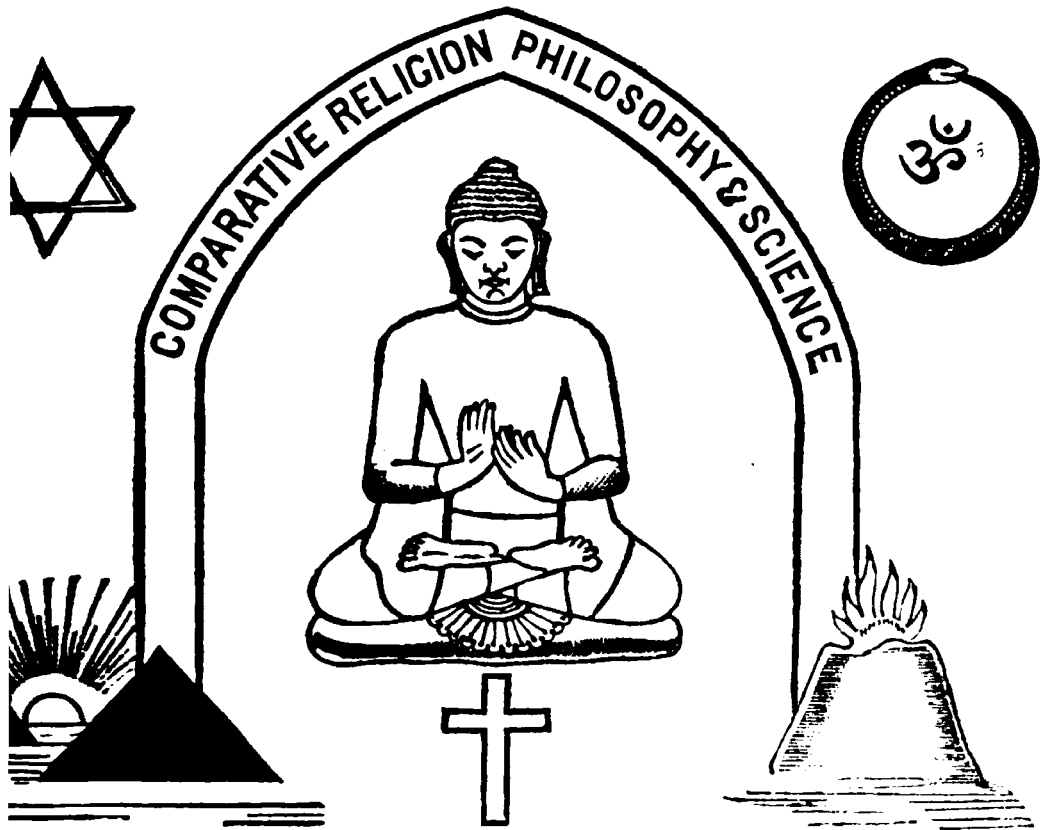
M. M. C. Pollard

DAY-DREAM

With the rushing of the wind,
With the musick of the lyre,
Shall I sing to thee of Love,
Of my Love and my Desire,
Of the beauty of Her form,
Of Her loveliness and grace,
And the roses that adorn
With their blushes Her sweet face.

Can I strike this lofty theme?
Can I speak of the Ideal,
Of the Phantom of a Dream,
Of the Mystic and Unreal?
For in these my Love doth dwell,
Of no earthly mould is She
And the Vision Realised
Lives in vast Eternity.

T. L. Crombie.



A JAIN MEDITATION

By ACHARYA AMIBGATI SVĀMI¹

O LORD! make my Self such that He may have love for all beings, pleasure in the company of learned men, unstinted sympathy for those in pain, and tolerance towards those perversely inclined.

2. May Thy grace enable me, O Jinendra, to separate—like the sword blade from its scabbard—the Self, which is faultless and omnipotent, from the body.

¹ Translated by Ajit Prasada, M.A., LL.B., and Chaitan Das, B.A., S.C.

3. O Lord! may my mind, after a complete destruction of all sense of attachment, be at equilibrium, in pleasure and pain, among friends and foes, in gain and loss, at home and abroad.

4. O Revered of all Saints! may Thy feet be ever enshrined in my heart and act as a light to remove all darkness; and there be engraved, and impressed, and fixed, and imaged, and unified with it.

5. O Lord! if I have, by carelessly moving hither and thither, destroyed, cut asunder, brought into (incompatible) connection, or otherwise injured, any organism possessed of one or more senses, may such wrong action of mine be annulled.

6. If I, moving away from the path of salvation, overpowered by passions and senses, have foolishly omitted to observe the rules of purity of conduct, may such errors of mine, O Master, be set at naught.

7. I destroy sin, from which all ills in the cosmos proceed, whether committed through mind, or word, or body, or passion, by self-analysis, self-censure, and repentance, just as a doctor completely removes all effects of poison by the force of incantations.

8. O World-Victor, I purify myself by performing expurgation for all foolish deviation from rectitude arising from Aṭikrama, Vyaṭikrama, Aṭichār and Anāchār.

9. Aṭikrama is the defiling of the necessary purity of mind; Vyaṭikrama is non-observance of the rules of conduct; Aṭichār, O Lord, is indulgence in sensual desires; and Anāchār is defined as excessive attachment (to them).

10. O Goddess Sarasvaṭi! pray, pardon me if through inattention I have uttered any thing wanting in meaning, spelling, word, or sense, and grant me the boon of knowledge absolute.

11. O Goddess! Thou art like the jewel Chintāmaṇi in granting all desired objects. May I, by worshipping Thee, obtain wisdom, control of mind, purity of thought, realisation of my true Self and perfect happiness everlasting.

12. May that Lord of Lords be enshrined in my heart, who is an object of contemplation for bands of ascetics, to whom all Monarchs and Archangels sing hallelujahs, and who is praised in the Vedas, Purāṇas and Shāstras.

13. May that Lord of Lords be enshrined in my heart, who in essence is Knowledge, Wisdom, and Happiness, who is free from all imperfections, pervading the universe, who is accessible in contemplation, and who is called the Highest Self.

14. May that Lord of Lords be enshrined in my heart, who destroys all the trammels of the world, who sees all that is innermost in the universe, who pervades all, and who is seen by a devotee.

15. May that Lord of Lords be enshrined in my heart, who has established the path of salvation, who has passed beyond Birth and Death (which proceed from sin), who sees the worlds, and is bodiless and faultless.

16. May that Lord of Lords be enshrined in my heart, who has clasped to his bosom all beings, who is free from all passional defects, is wisdom personified, is above all senses, and eternal.

17. May that Lord of Lords be enshrined in my heart, who pervades all for the good of all, who is perfect, is all-knowing, who has destroyed all bonds of karma, and by contemplating whom all evil is annihilated.

18. I seek shelter in that Supreme Lord who cannot be touched by the contamination of evil karmas, just as volumes of darkness cannot affect the strong-rayed sun, and who is stainless, eternal, one, and many.

19. I seek shelter in that Supreme Lord, who, centred in His own Self, diffuses the light of wisdom, and illumines the universe in a manner that the sun cannot rival.

20. I seek shelter in that Supreme Lord, having seen whom the universe becomes clearly and distinctly visible, who is Pure, Eternal, and All-tranquil, is without a beginning and without an end.

21. I seek shelter in that Supreme Lord, who has annihilated desire, pride, delusion, anguish, sleep, fear, sorrow, anxiety, just as a jungle is burnt up by the fierce fire.

22. Neither a cushion of grass nor a wooden plank, neither a slab of stone nor a piece of ground, has been prescribed for purposes of meditation. That *Aṭma* itself which has subdued its foes—passions and sense desires—has by wise men been said to be the pure seat.

23. No seat, my good friend, is necessarily essential for attaining communion, and neither world-homage, nor group-meetings are required. Renounce all desire for the external, and be incessantly absorbed in thine own Self in every possible way.

24. "No external objects are mine. May I never be theirs." Determine this and break connection with the external, and, O good friend, if thou desirest to secure deliverance, be always centred in Thyself.

25. Thou who seest Thyself in thyself art pure and possessed of sight and wisdom. A sage who concentrates his mind attains communion howsoever situated.

26. My Self is ever One, Eternal, Pure, and All-knowing in its essence. The rest are all outside me, non-eternal, and brought about as results of action.

27. How can He who is not one even with his own body be connected with his son, wife, or friends? when the skin is removed from the body, where do the pores remain?

28. The Self encased in the body undergoes various sorts of sufferings because of this connection; therefore those who desire deliverance for the Self should avoid this corporeal contact through mind, speech, and action.

29. Liberate thyself from the trammels of doubt through which thou art lost in this world-forest. Realise thyself as separate and absorbed in contemplation of the Highest Self.

30. Whatever karmas you have performed previously, you experience their results, whether good or evil. If what you experience is caused by another, then the karmas you have performed have clearly been of no effect.

31. "Leaving aside the self-gathered karmas of the dweller in the body, no one gives anything to any one." Think of this with a concentrated mind, and give up the idea that there is another who gives.

32. Those who always meditate upon the High Self, who is revered by Amīṭgaṇi, who is distinct from everything, who is worthy of high praise—such persons attain the supreme bliss which abides in salvation.

33. He who with a fixed mind contemplates the Supreme Self (Paramātmā) through these thirty-two verses attains that position which can never be lost.

Ajit Prasada and Chaitan Das

NOTE

A very interesting fragment of news comes from Philadelphia, where Professor L. von Frankl Hochwart, a distinguished Austrian neurologist, has been addressing a scientific audience in the University Hospital. He has been carrying on investigations into the functions of the pineal gland, and finds it to be related to mentality, and, somewhat incongruously, to sexuality. He is said also to have hinted "that if anything may ever be learned regarding the origin of what is commonly called spiritual impulse, it is not unlikely that it may be found when the mystery that still hedges this little-known organ is cleared away". This is a promising statement.

AN OUTLINE OF MANICHÆISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

(Concluded from p. 401)

VII. THE ORGANISATION OF THE MANICHÆAN SECT AND RULES FOR ITS MEMBERS

THE divisions of the members of the Manichæan sect were closely related to their cosmogony ; just as there were five divisions in Light-ether, there were also five degrees for the Manichæan, each corresponding with one of these divisions. The highest sphere of these was known as Gentleness, and the members of the highest degree of the Manichæans—the Teachers—were called Sons of Gentleness ; they were initiated into all the mysteries of the religion. Below them came the bishops, or the Sons of Knowledge, so called after the second division of the Light-ether. Then came the Sons of Intelligence, the Presbyters. The fourth division consisted of the Sons of Secrecy, the Elect, the real members of the sect ; and the fifth degree comprised the Aspirants or Auditors, who were not yet accepted into the religion, these were the Sons of Understanding.

This way of dividing is given by the Christian, as well as by the Oriental authors and in the Greek abjuration. S. Augustine says that there were twelve Teachers

and seventy-two Bishops, which numbers would correspond with the zodiac and the stars belonging to it, as well as with the Apostles and disciples of Christ. The meaning of the names of the different degrees of the Manichæans is easily understood. The Sons of Understanding were those who began to understand what the truth is; the Sons of Secrecy had some idea of the esoteric (secret) doctrine of Manichæism. The Sons of Intelligence certainly understood these esoteric doctrines, and the Sons of Knowledge undoubtedly had complete knowledge of them; the Sons of Gentleness were so called because gentleness was considered to be the highest quality.

The only degrees of which we know anything are those of the Auditors and the Elect, which are continually mentioned together. The Auditors were those who were preparing themselves to become Elect, and their inclusion in the order was necessary since without them the Elect could not lead their ascetic life. The Auditors were not forbidden to lead the quite ordinary life. They could marry and have children, eat meat, drink wine, and earn their livelihood by agriculture, trade, or whatever they chose. Laziness, or idleness, was considered a very great mistake. Al Biruni, an Arabian author of the tenth century, gives us some more information. Though his writings date considerably after Manes' times, his statements must be reliable as several passages prove that he read Manes' own books of the Auditors. Al Biruni said that their duties were: to give a tenth part of their possessions as alms to the poor; to fast a seventh part of their lives (most probably each seventh day)¹; to have only one wife; to help the righteous, and to relieve them

¹ The Confession-prayer published by Dr. Stein speaks of seven sorts of alms-giving and fifty days of fasting in a year.

of their troubles. Al Biruni also said that he did not find any trace in Manes' writings of excuse for immorality in the Auditors, as has been pretended, and that the tendency of his teachings is in absolute contradiction to this idea. In the Turfan fragments somebody calls himself in the prayer an Auditor from Babylon. It is possible that this was their regular title.¹

Before becoming an Elect, one must be sure that one can bridle lust and covetousness; that one does not want to eat meat or drink wine; that one can lead an absolutely chaste life, and can avoid prejudicial contact with water, fire, sorcery and hypocrisy. If one is not certain of being able to do all these things, then one should not become an Elect; however if one loved the religion one could be an Auditor and try on every occasion to live as far as possible according to Manes' rules.

Al Biruni also gives us some information on the duties of the Elect. They had to respect poverty, and to prefer it to wealth; to suppress desire and passion; to abhor the world, and withhold themselves from it; they should practise fasting and alms-giving to the highest degree. It was forbidden to the Elect to possess anything in the world² except nourishment for a single day and sufficient dress for one year³. Also they should practise absolute continence and wander about the world preaching and urging all to live a virtuous life.

The Elect should break all the links which still bound them to the world, not only by not possessing

¹ M. 4.

² It is not very clear how they could do much in alms-giving if they were not to possess anything; perhaps it was by alms-giving that they were to lose all their possessions.

³ The same in M. 731.

anything, but also by not paying any more attention to the ties of relationship. Of course all these measures were meant to make them as free as possible from matter, because, as we have seen, it was through the Elect that Light-particles could be set free; for instance, if they ate a fruit the Light-particles in this fruit were no longer attached to matter. The Auditors also could do something for the deliverance of Light-particles, but the purer the instrument was, the more light it could produce. When the material links which held the Light-particles were broken, Christ continued their evolution, they were then pulled upwards by the sun and the moon, as we saw before.

To keep their bodies as clean as possible, the Elect had to choose their food carefully. So they ate melons and cucumbers, for the many Light-particles which they contained. The Elect were taught to repeat certain sentences to everything they ate. To the bread, for instance, they said: "It was not I who kneaded you, baked you, cut you, etc; I eat you without guilt." To prevent the Elect from having to meddle with matter—since this would have made their deliverance slower, each contact with matter giving birth to new duties—the Auditors did all the work which would have soiled the Elect. The relation between Auditors and Elect was that of inferiors to superiors. The first duty of the Auditors seems to have been to provide everything for the Elect, and if they did not do this as well as possible they were to be punished most severely in hell. Without the Auditors the Elect could never have reached perfection, or led the ascetic life. The spiritual link between Elect and Auditors is not clear, but there certainly were between them other ties than those of the domestic

duties done by the latter; we know, for instance, that the Elect could forgive faults to the Auditors, but perhaps these were only faults committed while serving the Elect, as when preparing food, plucking fruits, or the like. Most striking is the passage in the Confession-prayer in which we read: "It was the rule to pray every day to the Moon-God, to God, to the Law *and to the pure Elect*"—which shows us that the Auditors even prayed to the Elect.¹ Of course, to judge the importance of the passage, we ought to know exactly what was meant here by the word 'pray'.

We do not know what were the conditions under which an Auditor could become an Elect; this certainly belongs to the secrets known only to the Elect and not known to S. Augustine. I think it very probable that a sort of Baptism was part of the ceremony of admission to the higher degree. I do not think, however, that this Baptism was performed with water; perhaps it was done with oil—as recorded in the Apocryphal book, *Acts of Thomas*—or only by laying the hand on the head of the baptised, a method adopted by the mediæval Manichæans; but of everything connected with this sacrament our knowledge is very uncertain.

Possibly the Lord's Supper was held at the same time as the Baptism, or at least, the baptised could partake of it; but this also belongs to the mysteries and the esoteric part of the Manichæan religion. The only precise information we have is from the venomous Cyril of Jerusalem, who says that the Lord's Supper was celebrated by invoking demons, that the chalice contained

¹ Here again we must remember that the text is from Turfan, and that the date of it is not certain, so that it is possible that we have to do with a later form of Manichæism, in which the original rules are exaggerated.

an indescribable and shocking mixture,¹ and that figs were used instead of bread. Considering Cyril's hostility and untrustworthiness, there is no reason to believe this improbable version. From other sources, however, we know that this sacrament was celebrated by the Manichæans.

The every-day life of the Manichæans was regulated by rules, arranged in two series, one containing three seals² and the other ten. These ten commandments were all the Manichæans had to know in order to lead a life according to their Teacher's doctrines. A sort of *Credo* contained them all. They were commanded to believe in God, His Light, Force and Wisdom; that God was the king of the Light-Paradise, His light the Sun and Moon, His force the five elements, soft breeze, wind, light, water and fire, and His wisdom the religion which contains five ideas, each with their representatives in the Manichæan religion—the five degrees of which we have already spoken.

The *Fihrist* tells us that the ten commandments are for the Auditors, but it is not quite clear whether this series of three seals is meant for all the Manichæans or only for the Elect. Anyhow, in the Confession-prayer it is said that the Auditors have this degree on account of the ten commandments, the giving of alms, and the three seals.³ It is possible that the meaning of the 'seals' were qualities already obtained by the Elect, and striven for by the Auditors; certainly these latter did not live up to them strictly, for they married, ate meat, etc.—things forbidden by these seals, as we shall see presently.

¹ Beausobre, II, 726, gives the Greek original and a Latin translation.

² Also spoken of in M. 32, 551, 789.

³ In the same prayer four seals are spoken of.

The ten commandments are: not to adore idols,¹ not to lie, not to be avaricious, not to kill, not to commit adultery, not to steal, not to believe in false pretexts of magic, not to keep a second way of thinking (which would mean to doubt the religion), not to be slothful in action, and to keep the commandments of the four and seven prayers. It is in these ten commandments that we find an influence of the Old Testament in Manichæism, or at least a striking similitude.

The first of the three seals is the seal of the head.² It imposes purity of words and thoughts; it forbids conversation which could be considered blasphemous (and in Manichæism this idea was very far reaching); it also regulates what is allowed to pass through the mouth as food, forbidding all which could make the senses more acute. First of all, therefore, the eating of meat was forbidden; melons, and other fruits and vegetables containing many Light-particles were specially recommended. The drinking of wine was also forbidden very strictly. It seems that by this way of living, which in our days would by many be considered healthy, the Manichæans grew very pale. They are so described by S. Augustine. But it appears that at the time when this Church Father wrote the régime had already slackened.

The seal of the hand virtually forbids every action which is against the Manichæan doctrine and not forbidden by the seals of the head or the senses. Here it is commanded not to break or to kill anything. The whole of nature was regarded with a certain timidity. As we have said already, he who planted

¹ M. 28 says: Those who adore the fire shall perish in the fire.

² *Signacula oris*. The translation is not quite literal but the meaning is head, as we shall see.

a persea-tree had to wander about till the tree died. By committing such an action, one sets up connection with a kingdom which is not his, one does actions in a dominion where one should not act. The same reason should deter us from killing or breaking any plant or tree. Killing animals is still worse, because the animals descend from the demons, and in killing them one has mixed oneself with the spheres of the demons. The command that we should not break plants is directed also against the possession of earthly goods. By this also one has to do with matter and is degraded thereby from the sphere of the Spirit, where one has the right to be. We always have to rectify the harm we have done in killing, by temporarily inhabiting a form like the one we broke. If we cut corn, we shall become corn; if we kill a bird, we must be a bird for a time. But if we possess many goods and are rich, we have to be poor afterwards. This appears to be not a mere rectification of something wrong, but rather a punishment. But it is also possible that it is after all only an effect. By being rich a person prevents for some time an equal division of goods, and consequently he has to be poor in order to restore equilibrium. This would indicate a very socialistic tendency in Manes' doctrines, but we do not find any trace of this in other parts of his teachings.

The third seal was the seal of the senses, and ordered man to lead a chaste and pure life; it forbade marriage.

Obviously such severe rules must make many sinners, and the facility with which forgiveness was obtained shows us that violations of the rules were very frequent. The justification of the forgiveness was

found in the involuntary nature of the sin; otherwise repentance was impossible. But even if the soul has sinned with the body, forgiveness is not impossible, because even then repentance is strong enough to lift up the sinner; it is he who feels no repentance that is very guilty. The real fault in a sin is the pleasure one has felt in committing it. A distinction was made between completed and incompleted virtues, in other words between the virtuous life (realising the virtues) and the tendency toward virtue. Probably this was also the distinction between the Elect and the Auditors. It might have been necessary to avoid commission of any of the forbidden sins, in order to enter the higher degree, but we have no details as to the organisation of it. There were also prayers of penitence. Fasting was one of the most important points in the Manichæan observances, but, again, we have no very precise information on the subject. The *Fihrist* tells us that a two days' uninterrupted fast must be kept when the sun is in the zodiacal sign of Sagittarius, and the moon is full. Fasts were also enjoined: (1) when the moon becomes again visible; (2) after the sun has gone into the sign of Capricorn; (3) when the new moon begins to shine; (4) when the sun is in Aquarius and eight days of the month are passed, there being then a fast of thirty days, always broken at sunset. The Auditors had to celebrate the Sundays by fasting, and the Elect the Mondays as well; on these days Flügel thinks that they celebrated their Mysteries. By itself this division is not at all incomprehensible, but, at the beginning of the same chapter, the *Fihrist*—from which we get this information—says that Manes commanded seven days of fasting every month. Nor does Flügel find a satisfactory

explanation of this diversity of statements, though he thinks that the summing up of fastings must be understood as a commentary on the first statement that there are seven every month.

In the Manichæan fragments translated by Dr. Müller we find also mentioned a special fasting in the month of Tir (June). I think it speaks of a fast of fourteen days as preparation for a special day in this month.¹

The divine service seems not to have had any ceremonies, but there was one in honour of Manes; very probably this was held only after his death. Faustus reproaches the Christians with their many ceremonies, their veneration for the dead, for martyrs, statues, etc., which gave to their religion a much more pagan aspect than the Manichæan religion had. Faustus says again that Christ (the liberator) finds His place in the heart of man when it is ready for Him, and that therefore no church or temple is necessary. The sacrifice of animals, he says, is out of the question. In the Confession-prayer translated and published by Mr. von Le Coq, we find a prayer-hall spoken of,² and, as Mr. von Le Coq remarks, the finding of religious pictures on the walls of buildings, and votive flags closely resembling those of the Buddhists appears to give further evidence of the use of such buildings, *at least by the Manichæans of Turfan.*³ Now I do not see at all why both statements should not be true. It seems very improbable to me that Faustus—who certainly was a very distinguished scholar—should have written these words if there were no foundation for them. So I think that the last part of

¹ M. 16.

² Line 276.

³ *Journal of Royal Asiatic Society*, April, 1911, p. 306.

Mr. von Le Coq's remark gives us the key to the meaning of this diversity, *i. e.*, that in later years a certain change had been produced in the Manichæan religious service.

The *Fihrist* gives a great part of the prayer which the Manichæans had to say four times each day. As it has a very important bearing on the Manichæan religion, I translate it here as far as we know it:—

Blessed be our Leader, the Paraclete, the Messenger of
Light,
And blessed be his Angels, the Guardians,
And praised be his Hosts, the Light-giving.

Be praised, Light-giving Manes, our Leader ;
Thou root of enlightenment and branch of honesty,
Mighty tree, thou art wholly and entirely healing.

I cast myself down and praise
With a pure heart and a true tongue
The great God. The Father of Lights and their Original
Source,

Be praised and blessed, Thou and Thy whole Magnificence,
And Thy Æons, the blessed whom Thou hast nominated,¹
Thou art praised by Him who praises hosts—
Thy Purity, Thy Word, Thy Magnificence, Thy Delight,
Because Thou art the real God,
Who art entirely Truth, Life, and Purity.

I praise and adore all the Gods together,
And the Light-giving Angels with them,
And Lights with them and the Hosts with them,
Who were there from the Great God.

I adore and praise
The Hosts, those Great Ones,
And the Gods, those Light-giving Ones,
Who by their Wisdom
Went forward and chased the darkness,
And overpowered it.

I adore and praise
The Father of Magnificence,
The Great Ones and the Light-giving
Who came from the two Knowledges.

¹ Priests, etc.

At the beginning of each of these six parts of the prayer, he who said it was to cast himself down on the ground and remain there till he had finished it, then stand up, and throw himself down again, saying the following part. Altogether this prayer consisted of twelve parts; six of them only are mentioned, four others must have been in the same style of adoration, and the last two contained other forms of praise-giving, and the *Fihrist* says that it is not necessary to mention them. These prayers had to be repeated four or seven times a day. Probably four times was obligatory, and the three other times voluntary. The four prayers are to be said: (1) when the sun leaves midday (highest place); (2) between this moment and sunset; (3) at evening time after sunset; (4) in the first third of the night, three hours after sunset. Before saying this prayer, one had to rub oneself with running water or something else. This is rather strange, as water—at least rain—is considered to be the perspiration of the demons who are fixed on the firmament. It is possible of course that running water, most probably from a spring, may have been regarded in a different light. After this rubbing, the praying person had to stand up straight, facing the sun, or at night the moon, or, if neither were visible, facing the North Pole, as being the middle of heaven. It is not to be understood from this that they adored the sun or the moon, but simply that they wished to reverence the places where the deliverer of the Light-particles was supposed to be, and the North as the seat of the King of Light. It is also not quite certain whether these prayers were for all Manichæans, or only for the Elect, and therefore were not known to S. Augustine. The Confession-prayer speaks of

four daily prayers for Auditors, which are called "blessings upon Azrua, the God"; besides this they are to say every day one prayer to God, one to the Lord, and one to the Elect. This would make the right number of seven prayers daily for the Auditors.

The Confession-prayer gives us a long list of sins for which forgiveness is asked by him who says the prayer, and this again gives us an idea of the duties of the Auditors. They ask for forgiveness for blasphemous thoughts; for intermingling with darkness by their senses; for sinning against anything on earth, the Elect, or God, against the five kinds of living beings, against the ten commandments; for adhering to false faiths, or calling the Demon God; for breaking the law by having too many goods; for not saying the prayers in the proper way; for not being attached to God in the right way; for not giving the seven sorts of alms; for not praying to God, to the Lord, and to the Elect—to these last in order to obtain forgiveness of sins.

We have available some further information on the other religious duties of the Auditors. Unhappily the meaning of the most important words employed has not yet been explained, and so we find only the names of the duties. We find that forgiveness is also asked for missing the fifty days *vasanti* yearly, that were held by the pure Elect; for not keeping each year seven *yimbi*, and, monthly, *ca sapat*.¹ In general, forgiveness was asked for all actions by which the Light was injured.

From the beginning of this prayer it is quite clear that the Auditors knew very well the principal facts of the cosmogony.

¹ These words are not yet translated.

Amongst the documents translated by Dr. F. W. K. Müller there are some quite different types of prayers and hymns. There is a very curious one,¹ where the supplication for blessing is directed towards the person for whom the prayer is offered; for instance: "May you live in good physical health." All the different things asked for are only for making a happy earthly life, which seems rather in contradiction to the principles of this religion, specially where happiness in family relations is asked for; but in most prayers deliverance is sought, and desire is expressed for the God who will bring the Light and from whom the victory comes.² Many hymns of praise are also to be found in the same collection of fragments. Several of them make us think of the Catholic *Sanctus*,³ in which in different ways the holiness of God is declared. The names given to God in one of these hymns are very beautiful; the hymn begins: "Magnificent, God of Gods, Lord, Most Divine of Gods, Praise the God of the Light-giving Glory, Walls of Light, prodigally blessed is He in whom you remain, pure and brilliant, and entirely full of joy," etc.;⁴ elsewhere it is said: "God is Alpha and Omega."⁵

In another fragment we find hymns which, though damaged, seem to be in a certain order.⁶ We find the titles: 'Hymn of the Last Times,' 'Hymn of Life and Soul,' 'Hymn of the End,' 'Hymn of the Souls.' Between the different names we find the words: "Here ends the

¹ M. 74.

² M. 4.

³ M. 75.

⁴ M. 730.

⁵ M. 173.

⁶ M. 4.

Hymn of Souls," or "He should recite the Hymn of Souls". This may be a sort of litany made by Manes, as in one place we find the words: "Finished is the Hymn as the deliverer Manes has written it."

Manes in his religion occupied the same place as did Christ in the Christian. He was the centre of it, and nobody else could take his place. Manes nominated his successor before he died, almost as Christ had nominated S. Peter. Every year, on the anniversary of his death, a certain ceremony was celebrated, called Bema. On this occasion Manes' chair was left empty, but decorated with precious cloths. This chair was then placed on a little platform, which was led up to by five steps, probably symbolising the five degrees of the Manichæan hierarchy. The ceremony was held in March, possibly because Manes' death had occurred in this month; but it may also have had an astronomical signification, since at that moment the sun begins its way through the zodiac, and starts afresh on its purifying work in the solar year. Of course this was a very important day for the Manichæan.

The unlimited veneration which the Manichæans had for their teacher is shown by the following litany, addressed to Manes, and found in the Turfan fragments:¹—

Manes, Son of God, Vivifier of the believer; Elected Manes, Lord, Life-giver. He vivifies the dead, and enlightens the darkness. O Light-giving Manes, Lord of increasing praise protect me in the corporeality of Jesus. O Lord, deliver my soul from rebirth. Magnificent is Thy radiant throne.

It is clear that these expressions do not show less veneration than do the terms in which Christ is praised

¹ M. 311.

by the Christians. As we saw, it was only by Manes and his doctrines that man could reach the light, which means salvation.

Important again as evidence of the existence of an esoteric doctrine is the following sentence: "Honour to the Lord Manes, from whom *the secret* has been learned." In the Turfan fragments we find an instance of how Manes taught by parable,³ and also how he developed his system, how one evil is the result of another,³ so that a single wrong act may have enormous consequences.

I do not quite understand why the Manichæans celebrated Easter; most probably it was only to keep up a Christian appearance. They did not properly believe in the fact which was remembered at that season, so there seems no reason why they should celebrate it. All the same, there is no doubt about it; for S. Augustine reproaches the Manichæans with not celebrating it with enough solemnity, and not preparing themselves for it by long fasts.

VIII. THE ORIGINS OF MANES' SYSTEM

Throughout his ritual and in his doctrine Manes has taken many things from other existing religions. We find the fundamental principles of his religion in the older Gnostic systems and Zoroastrianism, and some of them are stated with so much precision, that there can be no doubt as to the fact that Manes agreed with the leading principles underlying the Gnostic systems

¹ M. 33.

² Parable about the relation between the Elect and the Auditors, M. 23.

³ M. 64.

and most probably was even inspired by them when fixing the outline of his own system. Sometimes it may have been that Manichæism and some Gnostic systems derived their doctrines from a common source, and again some forms of Gnosticism may find their origin in Manichæism. It would take us too far if we should point out the links which exist between Manichæism and all the other Gnostic systems, especially as it would be necessary for that purpose to speak of almost all the links which exist between these different systems. The subject has been excellently treated by Professor Bousset.¹

I do not find it possible to trace back Gnostic dualism to the Hindū Sāṅkhya. Evidently there is a most striking resemblance, as we explained, between the Manichæan system and that which is described in the Sāṅkhya philosophy. Both speak of two principles, separate and different from each other from all eternity, and consequently not having a common origin. Mr. Garbe² even goes so far as to suppose a direct influence of the Sāṅkhya philosophy on Gnosticism; this I also think quite possible.

For the origin of Manichæan dualism we have rather to look to the Persian Avestan personalities of Ormuzd and Ahriman, as we find in connection with them the same kind of mythological battle between God and the Devil; but here again the ideas of Spirit and matter are not so much manifested in the Lord of Light and the Lord of Darkness, and there are many differences in the two systems. In the Mazdean religion we find the same divisions, but there matter does not

¹ *Hauptprobleme der Gnosis.*

² Garbe, *Sankhya und Yoga*, p. 17.

so much personify the evil principle. Simon Magus speaks also of the imprisonment of the soul in matter.

In the different Gnostic systems we find several of the fundamental principles which form the Manichæan. We find dualism, first of all, specially in the system of Basilides, where also the same myth is found about the mixing of light and darkness. In Marcion's system, again, we find almost the same opinions on the Old Testament as were given out by Manes and Simon Magus. The Original Man is also found in the Mazdean religion, in India, and in several Gnostic systems. The eternal Circle of Air, and the eternal Light-world are also mentioned by several Gnostics and in the Mazdean religion. The equivalent of the seven Archons which were put in the air is found in the later Persian religions, in the *Pistis Sophia*, in the systems of the Simonians, the Nicolites, the Mazdean religion, and an analogy of it in the Chaldean religion. The King of Light and the Third Messenger are met with in many Gnostic systems and in the *Acta Thomæ*. The Messenger is also the Neryosang of Ormuzd in the Mazdean religion, and is much like the Hellenic Hermes. The World-fire is told of by Irenæus, and in the *Pistis Sophia*. Some of the elements are also found in several Gnostic writings, and, in the form of hypostasis, again in *Acta Thomæ*, which means either Manichæan influence on these *Acta*, or a common source. The idea of the Virgin appearing at the death of a righteous man is also in the Mazdean religion. Several Gnostics speak of the triad "Father, Mother and Original Man" at the head of the *Æons*; the old Babylonian religion also speaks of two triads, the second being subordinate to the first. Similar triads are found in the religion of the Syrians, the pagan

Semites, the Chaldean oracles, and in the Gnosticism of Bardesanes. The ten heavens we find spoken of by Valentinus, and the twelve elements occur in different Gnostic systems, appearing under other names but taking the same place. The "Carrier of the World" is easily to be recognised as Atlas, or the Omophore of the Greeks. This figure is very frequently met with also in the religions of Babylon and Mithra, in the religious iconography of Mesopotamia and in the Semitic religion. The Archon rending the Light-particles by sexual lust is in the Mazdean religion; Saclas, the devil, as prince of fornication, is found in many Gnostic systems. In the same are also seen Adam awakened by life given by Jesus, and the Virgin of Light, who seems—from the newly-discovered Turfan documents—to have taken a much more important place in Manichæism than we yet know. We find her specially in the *Pistis Sophia* and also in the Mazdean religion. The story of Seth and the evil spirits is told of Zoroaster in the Mazdean religion. The figures of Adam and Eve and their children are found, of course, in the Old Testament, as is also the idea of having ten commandments. The cleansing fire is found in Zoroastrianism.

I give here only the most striking likenesses; there are many others suggested, specially by Professor Cumont and Professor Bousset, which show an important influence of Bardesanes on Manes. In divine service also, we find some resemblances between Mazdeism and Manichæism. The hours for prayer are fixed in the same manner. We see also that in both a severe judgment is passed on laziness and on untruthful speech.

Very important are the resemblances between Mandæism and Manichæism, as M. Rochat pointed out very clearly in his study on Manes. Manes was in his childhood a member of the Mugtasila religion (the cult of baptisers), and already here a Mandæan influence was possible; perhaps even the two sects were the same. We find in the Mandæan religion Manda d'Hayye who comes to fight the dark forces; he is then Lord over the Light in this world—more or less like Manes; and he is a messenger of the Light itself—also like Manes. The figure of Manda d'Hayye changes later on. Also in the Mandæan religion we find a King of Light, having five rays. These rays seem rather different from the five elements of the Manichæan King of Light, though M. Brandt¹ sees in them the same principles spiritualised. Mandæism also speaks of the two Kingdoms (Light and Darkness) between which there is no limit, the paradise with flowers and trees. Its description of the King of Darkness is almost the same as the Manichæan one; in both systems, the King of Darkness and an envoy of the King of Light are about to fight each other. In Mandæism this envoy created the world; in Manichæism the King of Light did so Himself. In both systems the sun and the moon are considered as ships; the soul of man comes from the Light, his body from the Darkness.

The moral rules too show a great resemblance. The Mandæans are forbidden adultery, theft, man-slaughter, false witness; they must be true to their word, and not state things they do not know or which are not evidently true; they are ordered to be charitable, etc. The Manichæans are forbidden adultery, theft, man-slaughter, lying and hypocrisy. We have already seen what is

¹ *Mandæische Schriften*, p. 226.

said as to charity. With regard to religious duties, the two religions forbid the service of idols, and witchcraft; Mandæism adds to these the prohibition of fortune-telling. Both religions order the observance of the Sunday, the Manichæans adding to it Monday for the Elect, as we saw. The Mandæans say five prayers: (1) at their awakening; (2) when the first light of the morning is seen; (3) at the seventh hour; (4) in the evening when the rays of the sun are visible; and (5) at a time not specified. The Manichæans pray, as we saw: (1) when the Sun leaves the mid-heaven; (2) between that and sunset; (3) after sunset; (4) three hours after sunset. Baptism was considered very important in Mandæism; it was performed in running water. This might have had a different form in Manichæism. There was also much difference as to fasting, and Mandæans were encouraged to marry and were not forbidden to eat meat. As to the religious hierarchy, we find again much resemblance; there are four ranks in Mandæism: deacon, priest or presbyter, treasurer (bishop), the chief of the people (pope).

Baur attaches very much importance to Buddhism as a factor in the formation of the Manichæan religion; he specially emphasises the resemblance which exists between the two systems in their conception of Spirit and matter, of the origin of the world, its course, its end, and in their moral teachings. Evidently there is some likeness, but I agree with the more modern authors that Baur has exaggerated the value of the Buddhistic elements, and I think that he has not taken sufficient account of Gnosticism. Perhaps he also gives too much importance to the differences between Zoroastrianism and Manichæism; there is more

resemblance between these two religions than he admits. The fact that Baur's work is more than eighty years old furnishes sufficient reason for thinking that his views may be wrong on some points regarding which new facts were ascertained long after his time.

Manes was himself very well aware of the fact that his own religion was to a great extent a mixture of elements taken from other religions. Some of the texts published by Dr. F. W. K. Müller are very illuminating on this point. The difficulty in finding the real meaning of these fragments is that they generally consist of a few isolated lines, so that we find several matters spoken of without knowing the whole of what is said about them. With regard to the religion of Zoroaster we find, in these fragments, the deliverance of Ahriman¹ mentioned and also a correction of a misinterpretation of the relations between Ormuzd and Ahriman,² who are also spoken of in another fragment.³ We find mentioned the rules taken from Zoroaster's books.⁴ And from another fragment we may even conclude that Manes was considered as the chief of the Mazdean religion.⁵ From Chapter XVI of *Skand-Gumanik Vizdr*⁶—a middle-Persian text—we see that the author almost entirely identifies Mandæism and Manichæism; of course the fact that we have here to do with a Persian text may partially account for this point of view. We do not find any important Buddhist fragments amongst the Manichæan manuscripts. All the same, we have one most interesting

¹ M. 4.

² M. 28.

³ M. 470.

⁴ M. 16.

⁵ M. 593.

⁶ Published in: Salemann, *Ein Bruchstück Manichæischen Schrifttums*, p. 16. etc.

case, where we find a Buddhistic legend—the story of the “four meetings”—in Manichæan writing.¹

How little we can understand the real significance of these fragments is shown by those passages which speak of Christianity. We know exactly what Manes thought about it, so we cannot give much importance to them. In those fragments we find parts of the passion of Christ, the trial before Pilate, the crowning with thorns, the flagellation, Mary's visit to the grave where the angels bade her not to look for the living among the dead.² This may all have been part of a comparison between Christianity and Manichæism, a similar comparison is made between the last judgment in Manichæism and Christianity.³ Another fragment tells us of a polemic of Manes against Christians and Pārsīs⁴ and another again says that Manes is the mediator between Jesus and the world.⁵ This mediatorship is almost the same function as Manes assigned to himself; we remember that he always called himself a true disciple of Christ, and also his messenger.⁶ The name of Jesus is found several times in the fragments of manuscripts.⁷

Striking is the important place which the Christian apocryphal writings occupy in Manichæism. Two of Manes' disciples have names of apocryphal origin—Hermes and Thomas. We have already said that strong influence of the *Acta Petri* on the *Acta Archelai*

¹ A. von Le Coq, *Ein Christliches und ein Manichæisches Manuskript und Fragment*. Dr. von Le Coq thinks that it is by Manichæism that this legend came to Europe.

² M. 18 and 132.

³ M. 475.

⁴ M. 28.

⁵ M. 38.

⁶ M. 17, 77.

⁷ M. 311, 177, etc.

has been noticed. This, however, might well have been an influence on the Christian author of the *Acta Archelai*. Many elements in Manichæism are found also in the *Acta Thomæ*, as we saw at the beginning of this section, and a long piece of the Hermes' Shepherd is found in a Manichæan Manuscript.¹ Dr. von Le Coq thinks that another Christian fragment in Manichæan writing is wholly of Christian origin.² The expression "the Lord is Alpha and Omega" might show knowledge of *The Revelation*.³ Manes called himself the Paraclete as we have seen. These few facts are all we can find as to any link between Christianity and Manichæism, though the resemblance to Gnosticism is very great.

Raimond van Marle

¹ F. W. K. Muller, *Eine Hermes Stelle in Manichæischer Version*.

² A. von Le Coq, *Ein Christliches und ein Manichæisches Manuskript-Fragment*.

³ M. 73. Another fragment (M. 38) gives a prayer which is directed at the same time to Jesus and Mitra.

ASTROLOGY IN THE BIBLE¹

By ANNIE L. BARLEY

S. JEROME, in a treatise on the Bible, said : " Every word of the sacred scriptures has seven meanings for him who can discover them." Madame Blavatsky has also said that the key to unlock the Hidden Wisdom must be turned seven times. These sayings remind us of the fact that there are seven great Religions, each coloured by its own particular Ray, each originated, watched over, and guided by a great Planetary Spirit, and each having its sub-religions. One of the great root-religions was the Chaldean religion, or astrology. That being so, we may fairly look upon astrology as one of the turns of the key to the sacred scriptures, or it may be even the master-key, by turning which, with a proper understanding, we may obtain the hidden Wisdom.

If we examine any of the scriptures of the world, we find them all to have been drawn from one source, though varying in their details and local colouring. May it not be that this source is astrology or the wisdom of the stars? Of some significance in this connection are the words of S. Paul where he says that earthly things are a pattern (or rather copy) of things in the

¹ The writer is much indebted to *Astrology in the Apocalypse*, by G. G. Collingwood, in the preparation of this paper.

heavens; elsewhere again he speaks of the "Word written for ever in the heavens".

In this paper no attempt has been made to go deeply into the subject of the astrological teachings to be found in the Bible, its object being rather to go quickly through the sacred book, in order to show how thoroughly it is imbued with the spirit of astrology, and how much the knowledge of that science is taken for granted.

To anyone who re-commences to study the Bible with an earnest intention of finding a deeper meaning than appears on the surface, it soon becomes apparent that there are in it many passages and allusions which are exceedingly puzzling—puzzles which no amount of guess-work will solve. The student feels instinctively that these puzzles are not simply ridiculous statements, nor entirely the production of the eastern mind, with its tendency to exaggeration and love of high colour. The inclination to discredit or ridicule the hitherto unsolved problems of the Bible is giving place, at the present day, to a more sympathetic and less prejudiced study of the beliefs, surroundings and circumstances of the writers of the sacred books, and of the people for whom they were more immediately written. We know that the better understanding of the inscriptions found in Egypt is leading to a solution of some of the difficulties of the Pentateuch, but not all; for though the writer of those books speaks in terms familiar to a people living in Egypt, still he knows that they were strangers and aliens there, and he speaks generally in the more familiar language of the country of their origin and birth.

To understand the Pentateuch then, and indeed the whole Bible, we must trace the origin of this people living in Egypt, *among* the Egyptians but never *of* them,

and never really in touch with their habits, customs, and mode of thought. We find them to have come originally from Mesopotamia, to have lived for a time in Egypt, and then to have gone to Canaan. Later we find them to have been constantly the allies of the Assyrians, and their captivity completed their Chaldean education.

Knowing as we do that the Chaldeans were the first great teachers of historical times, and that their religion, science and art was astrology, we can readily understand that Abram, living in Ur of the Chaldees, Isaac, married to a Chaldean wife, Jacob, who lived twenty-one years in Paddam-aram, and his sons, brought up by Chaldean mothers, were all thoroughly acquainted with the ideas and terms of astrology. In archaic times the twelve signs of the zodiac were the twelve Typical Things, and so we find Joseph in his dream likening himself and his family to the sun, moon and twelve stars (or zodiac). Likewise, Jacob blesses his twelve sons, and in that blessing we find a striking analogy to the characteristics of the twelve signs of the zodiac. In fact it is certain that whatever learning the Israelites had, was astrologic, and derived from the Chaldean, as also was their early religion. If we take the account written by Moses, an Initiate, of the Creation, Fall, Flood, etc., we find that it sets down for the people the traditions of the faith as received from Mesopotamian sources and couched in astrological terms. One or two examples will suffice: "And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years. . . . And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night."

Passing on quickly, with the object of showing how thoroughly the Israelites were imbued with Chaldean teachings, we find them, soon after leaving Egypt, met by the prophet Balaam, a Chaldean of Pethor, an astrologer and prophet in communication with the Angel of the Lord, who had been engaged by Balak, the enemy of Israel to curse Israel (*Numbers* xxii). The Chaldean custom, on such a ceremonial occasion, was to build altars and sacrifice to the seven planets. Thus we find that Balaam three times built *seven* altars, on each of which he sacrificed a bullock and a ram, and then prophesied of the *Star* that was to arise out of Jacob. Later, in the Book of *Judges*, we find in Deborah's song: "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." In the books relating to the monarchy, we find the first mention of the antagonism between astrology and theology, or rather we should say, between astrology and orthodoxy; and we also find the first hints of the debasement of astrology by the Hebrews from its high and proper uses. As an instance of the former, we learn in *II Kings* xxiii, 11, 12, how Josiah destroyed the horses which were given by the Kings of Israel to the sun, and we read also of the destruction of the altars and chariots of the sun by Ahaz.

In the prophetic books we find frequent mention of the star-worship of Israel. Zephaniah speaks of "them that worship the hosts of heaven upon the housetops". Isaiah speaks of the multitude of astrological consultations: "Let now the star-gazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up and save thee." Jeremiah speaks of the "cakes to the Queen of Heaven". Some of the prophets, like those I have

quoted, seem only to have seen the lower side of astrology, or perhaps only to have spoken against the wrongful use of it; but others, who understood its higher, inner teaching, not only defended it, but used and taught it. Of the latter, the book of the vision of *Ezekiel*, and the book of *Daniel* are wonderful examples. The book of *Daniel* is a remarkable instance of the assimilation of Chaldean knowledge by a faithful Jew, and we find Daniel's proficiency immediately attributed to God: "As for these four children, God gave them skill in all learning and wisdom: and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams." In Daniel's visions and dreams there are several references to astrological ideas, and we find in the *Apocalypse*, that most wonderful of all astrological books, many allusions to the books of *Daniel* and *Ezekiel*.

In the *Apocrypha*, the series of books not generally included in the English Bible, because pronounced by the English Church to be uncanonical, we find more obviously astrological teaching. In the books of *Esdras* and *Tobit* we have the mention of two of the archangels, Uriel and Raphael. The latter speaks of himself to Tobit, as "one of the seven holy angels"; these seven archangels were considered by Hebrew theology, as well as by Chaldean astrology, to be the seven Angels or spirits of the planets. It is noticeable that we find Esdras speaking to the angel as "My God," and "My Lord," and as "Lord, who bearest rule". And Uriel speaks of himself to Esdras as the Maker of all things; as he who revealed himself unto Moses in the bush, and who "showed him the secrets of life and of the end".

Uriel is probably another name for one of the angels, possibly the Angel of Saturn, if we consider 'Ur' as

being a root-word signifying primeval (as in the Teutonic), Saturn being considered by the ancients as the maker of all things.

In the time of Christ, astrological ideas were very general both in Palestine and throughout the world, and there are many pointed allusions in the Gospels and Epistles, Christ Himself often using astrological language in His teachings; *e. g.*, "There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars" (*Luke*, xxi, 25). We could, did time permit, find analogies to the characteristics of the signs of the zodiac in the Beatitudes, the number and character of the Apostles, the Lord's Prayer, etc.; the story of the Magi, those of the Birth of Christ, and of the events accompanying the Crucifixion show that the people of that time had a star-lore which perfectly harmonised with their theology, and therefore they could not fail to look for astrological accompaniments to such great events as the birth and death of the Messiah. Chaldean learning was also diffused among the early Christians, and the writer of the *Apocalypse* must have been a great astrologer of the Chaldean school, who used terms with which the Asiatic Christians were familiar, and who could turn to the books of *Ezekiel* and *Daniel* for confirmation to convince his Hebrew readers. The book of *The Revelation*, which has been the greatest of all puzzles to theologians and divines, has been said to be a great horoscope of the world's destiny, and to contain within its vast field the smaller horoscopes of the nations.

In looking at the Bible as a whole, it will be found that in its teachings, and in the rites of worship given to the Israelites, as also in the description of the New Jerusalem and the new heaven and earth of the

Apocalypse, there is a marked prominence given to the Ram or Lamb. Now the Ram, in the scriptures, is a type of leadership, of creative force and energy, of light, and of sacrifice. In the Persian and Chaldean teachings, the beginning of the year was fixed at the period of the sun's entry into Aries, because, they taught that light and motion were given to the universe at that time. The spring equinox, when the sun enters Aries, is the time when the earth emerges from its long dark sleep of winter, and so this time is typical of the beginning of a new period of activity of the Logos, when a new universe has its commencement, after a time of non-manifestation and darkness, when "darkness was upon the face of the deep". Aries, the Ram, is typical, we said, of light, of creative energy, and of sacrifice. So we read in *Genesis*, that when the Logos commenced the new period of activity, He, the I AM—called by S. John in his Gospel "the Word," and the "light that shineth in darkness"—He said: "Let there be light, and there was light." (*Genesis*, i.). Aries is the sign of the exaltation of the sun, the father and origin of the light of the world; so to Aries is assigned the leadership of the signs, and thus it has the prominence we find given to it in the Bible. Again, we find the Lamb, another form of the Ram, a central figure in the *Apocalypse*. The Lamb is slain as a sacrifice, and rises again, symbolical of the triumph of the sun in Aries after having been apparently slain during the dark months; the Lamb triumphs over the serpent and over the hosts of sin; he becomes the ruler of the Holy City; the four beasts and twenty-four elders bow down before him; and in the Holy City "the Lamb is the light thereof". We find in the Revised Version the Lamb mentioned in

conjunction with the Lion of the tribe of Judah. In one verse of that chapter we read: "The Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed to open the book;" and further on in the same chapter the Lamb is praised as worthy to take the book and open the seals thereof. Here, evidently, the Lamb and the Lion are both symbolical of the triumph of the sun, for Leo is the house of the sun, and Aries is the sign of his exaltation.

Another noticeable feature is the continual repetition of the numbers *twelve* and *seven*. The ancient Rabbis said that all the stars are subject to the seven planets, and the seven planets work through the twelve signs of the zodiac.

It has been mentioned that the twelve signs of the zodiac were the twelve Typical Things, and attention has been drawn to the blessings given by Jacob to his twelve sons. It is interesting to note the agreement between the twelve tribes of Judah and the twelve signs, and also the resemblance between the characteristics of the signs and the blessings. To trace this agreement, the tribes should be taken in the order given in the book of *Numbers*, Chap. ii. Plutarch says that Osiris, the Sun, when starting on his travels, ranged his army in companies and battalions which marched under standards on which the sacred animals or signs of the zodiac were painted. The formation of the Hebrew camp is probably a variation of the same idea. In *Numbers* ii, it will be found that the camp of the Israelites was ordered to be formed as follows: They were to pitch their tents, "every man by his own standard, with the ensigns of their fathers' houses"; at the four cardinal points were placed: Judah on the East, Reuben on the South, Ephraim on the West, and Dan

on the North. We must bear in mind that the Levites, the priestly tribe, marched in the centre of the camp, with the Tabernacle, and the two sons of Joseph with their families were substituted for them. Taking the tribes at the four cardinal points it is easy to recognise them as the four fixed signs of astrology, by referring first to the blessing given by Jacob to his sons on his deathbed, and then to the four beasts of *Ezekiel* and *The Revelation*. "Judah," says Jacob, "is a lion's whelp; he stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion. The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come." Judah corresponds in *Ezekiel* and *The Revelation* to the first beast, who had "the face of a lion," and to the royal fixed fire-sign, Leo. Reuben is the "excellency of dignity and the excellency of power," though in his weaker side "unstable as water". Reuben corresponds to the third beast with the "face of a man"—the Man Aquarius, the excellency of dignity and of power.

Ephraim,—for this tribe we turn to the blessings of the Tribes by Moses, who says: "His glory is like the firstlings of his bullocks." Ephraim corresponds to the second beast with the "face of a calf," and with the fixed earth-sign, Taurus.

"Dan," said Jacob, "shall judge his people, he shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path that biteth the horse's heels"—an apt illustration of the sign Scorpio, the serpent of wisdom or judgment, the sign which, coming before Sagittarius, as it were "biteth the horse's heels". Dan corresponds with the fourth beast, which was "as it were a flying eagle". "The flying eagle, or vulture, was substituted in very early times for the scorpion; the sign Scorpio, being considered the

sign of the Anti-Christ, was held by the people in great terror, and was also popularly associated with Sin and the Serpent of Eden; hence the substitution of the Vulture." It will be noticed in this connection that in the "sealing of the tribes" in the book of *The Revelation*, the tribe of Dan is omitted, the tribe of Joseph is substituted, once under his own name, and once under that of Manasseh, his son.

If the student will read the blessings given to the other sons of Jacob, their agreement with the characteristics of the other signs can easily be traced.

Kircher, a learned writer, astrologer and Jesuit of the seventeenth century, made a plan of the Israelitish camp showing its arrangement and the corresponding signs of the zodiac, in which he gives the arrangement here followed.

It is probable that the twelve Apostles will also be found to correspond with the twelve tribes and the twelve signs, for we read in *Matthew xix*, 28, that Christ told His Apostles: "Verily I say unto you that ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of his glory, ye shall also sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." The names of the twelve tribes were engraved on the breastplate of the Jewish high priest, and the Holy City of the *Apocalypse* had twelve gates, and at the gate twelve angels, and on the gates were written the names of the twelve tribes, and on the foundation of the walls were written the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb.

In *Luke xxii*, 7, we read as follows: "He sent Peter and John, saying, Go and prepare us the passover, that we may eat. And they said unto him, Where

wilt thou that we prepare? And he said unto them, Behold when ye are entered into the city, there shall a man meet you bearing a pitcher of water; follow him into the house where he entereth in . . . there make ready." Now the Hebrew root of the word 'Passover' is *pesach*, which means *transit*, and originally signified the transit of the sun at the vernal equinox into a new sign. About seven thousand years ago, the sun entered Taurus at the vernal equinox, and the bull was the sacred emblem. Between two thousand and three thousand years later he entered Aries at the same time, and the ram or lamb became the sacred emblem, while about the time of Christ, the sun entered Pisces at the vernal equinox, the fish then becoming the sacred sign. In this connection it will perhaps be remembered that the early Christians always represented Christ as a great fish, and the disciples as little fishes swimming after Him. The transit of the sun into a new sign was always symbolised in some manner in the Mysteries, hence probably the killing of the Paschal Lamb at the Passover feast.

In the passage we are considering, Christ is speaking to His disciples, in terms that they would understand, of the new dispensation which should follow that of the fish, and symbolically He bids them prepare for it. So he sends Peter, the fisherman, the Steward of the Mysteries, the representative of the passing sign, and John the Apostle of Love, typifying the new sign, to meet the *man bearing the pitcher of water*, who should lead them to the room ready prepared for the celebration of the Mysteries of the passing over of the sun into the new sign; and there, in place of the killing of the Paschal Lamb, the ceremony symbolising the passing of

Aries, He institutes the Mystery of the new Paschal Supper—the Lord's Supper of Love. And, during His discourses to them of that new time and of the signs which should precede it, he gives them the New Commandment, the commandment of the sign of the Son of Man: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." He tells them that in that new dispensation: "They will see in the heaven the sign of the Son of Man"—surely the sign Aquarius. It seems very possible that the words "Son of Man" when used by the Christ, may have reference to the sign Aquarius, for, if the various texts referring to "the Son of Man" be collected, a very fair idea of the higher qualities of the sign Aquarius may be obtained. Thus for example: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." And: "That ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then saith he to the sick of the palsy), arise and walk." These texts are very applicable to Aquarius the water-bearer, bearing the pitcher of the Water of Life for sick souls, from which whosoever will may take freely. Again: "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," which reminds us of the term "the houseless man," often applied to Aquarius. So we are not surprised to find that the commandment of the new sign is "that ye love one another, even," says Christ, "as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down (that is, give up) his life for his friends."

This paper will not be complete without some reference to the number *seven*. This number is more frequently found in the Bible than any other, more

especially in instructions regarding sacred worship. We continually find it in the instructions given by God to Moses for the making of the Tabernacle, and the garments of the priests; again in its many forms in King Solomon's Temple and in the ritual used there. And in the *Apocalypse* it is reproduced on almost every page.

We will take for our example of the number seven, the message for the seven Churches given to the writer of *The Revelation*. As has been before stated, S. John was an astrologer of the Chaldean school; so we can trace the Chaldean thought throughout the pages of the *Apocalypse*. This vision was seen by S. John on the Lord's Day, that is, on the Sun Day. He sees in his vision One like unto the Son of Man, who speaks to him from the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, and holds seven stars in his hand, and who speaks as "Alpha and Omega, the first and the last". These vowels, Alpha and Omega, were the extremes, that is the first and the last, of the seven vowels which designated the seven planets. The first part of the vision consists of a message to the seven Churches of Asia. John is told by Christ: "The mystery of the seven stars and the seven golden candlesticks" is this: "The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches, and the seven candlesticks are the seven churches." To understand this we must know that the Chaldean astrologers considered that countries and cities were ruled or guarded by the planetary powers, or the Spirits or Angels of the Planets. To S. John and his readers, therefore, this idea would be quite natural, and even necessary, that each Church should have a guardian Angel, or Spirit, and just as naturally they would

look upon the guardians of the Churches as the same as the guardians of the cities. The seven great Churches then, would be ruled by the seven great Angels, who are the Spirits of the seven great planets, the seven planets at that time including the sun and moon, but not Uranus or Neptune.

In the following remarks, the Hebrew interpretation as to the angels of the planets has been followed; this however, it should be mentioned, differs slightly, but not materially from that of other authorities.

The first Church mentioned is *Ephesus*, the city of Artemis the Moon-goddess, suggesting the first planet, as the Chaldeans arranged them. The Angel of the Moon is Gabriel, in both Jewish and Chaldean astrology. Notice that Gabriel is the bringer of dreams in the night, *e. g.*, the vision of Joseph the husband of Mary. Christ speaks of him as "he that holdeth the seven stars," who "walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks," *i. e.*, the Ruler of the starry heavens, like the Moon. The reward of the virtues of the Church of Ephesus was "to eat of the tree of life". The story of Eden is Chaldean as well as Hebrew, and in Chaldean astrology the Tree of Life was specially connected with the Moon.

The Church of Smyrna. Here Christ speaks as "the First and the Last," He that "was dead and is alive". One of the astrologic characters of the sun was that of "the only son" of Heaven, alternately dying and rising again. This must therefore have appealed to the early Christians as an appropriate simile. We notice the character of Smyrna as a martyr Church; calling to mind another legend that the Sun God, Tammuz, was a faithful prophet put to death by a cruel

king. The reward of martyrdom was to be "the crown of life"—the aureole of the Sun, the Giver of Life. In Hebrew theology, Michael was the Angel of the sun and therefore of the Church in Smyrna.

The Church in Pergamos. Here Christ speaks as "he which hath the sharp sword with two edges". On a Chaldean planisphere of the twelfth Century B. C. in the British Museum, the altar of Jupiter bears a two-edged sword, and a passage in an Assyrian inscription speaks of Jupiter as "like to the blade of a double sword". The reward of the fidelity of this Church is the "hidden manna," and the "white stone". White is sometimes given to this planet, called by the Chaldeans 'the lily,' and the 'pillar' or 'capitol'. The Angel of this city and church is Zadkiel.

The Church of Thyatira. This church was guarded by Venus, whose Angel is Hamiel. Here Christ appears with eyes "like unto a flame of fire". Venus, in Chaldean astrology was known as "Mustelil"—the brilliant. He had feet of brass, a metal sometimes attributed to Venus. The reward of the charity (or love) of this Church was: "I will give him the morning star"; of all morning stars, Venus is the most brilliant.

The Church of Sardis. Of this Church Christ said "thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead," the converse of the Church in Smyrna, dedicated to the one who was dead but lives. In Chaldean astrology the planet Mars was known as the star "which is and is not," or has disappeared. Professor Sayce says "this refers to the fact that Mars recedes from the earth till it is almost invisible". Christ threatens to come "as a thief," one of the Chaldean attributes of Mars, who was known as "the plunderer". Mars is also the War God,

so we read that the reward of a good fight is to walk with Christ in white raiment, and to be proclaimed before the Father and the Angels is the reward of the victorious warrior. The Angel of Mars and of Sardis is Chamael.

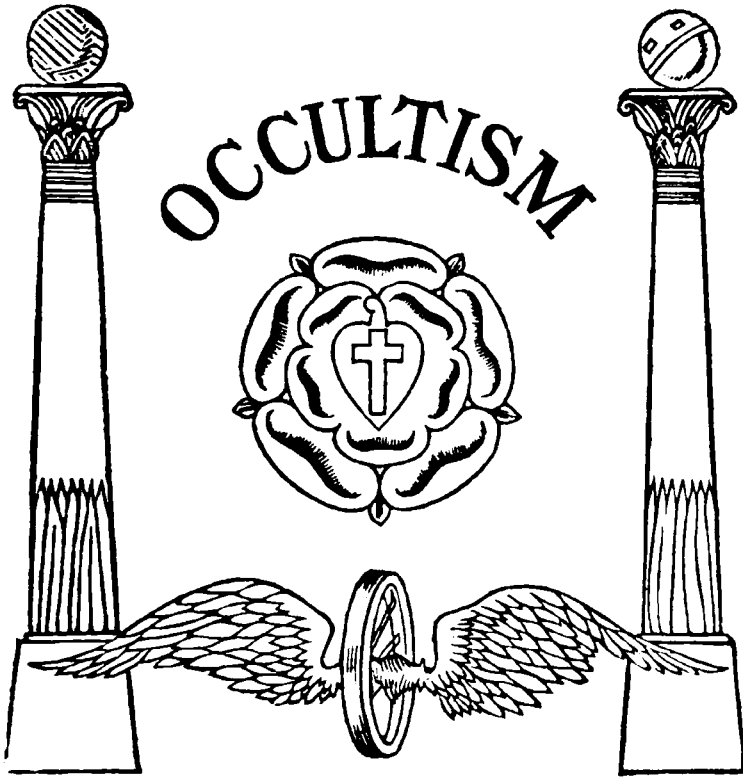
The Church of Philadelphia. This Church was governed by Saturn, whose Angel was Zadkiel. Here Christ speaks as "he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth, and no man shutteth; he that shutteth and no man openeth"—titles given to Saturn. "Holy and true" is an exact translation of one of the Akkadian names of Saturn, undoubtedly referring to Saturn as the teacher of truth. "He that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth and no man openeth" probably refers to Saturn as the ruler of destiny. Notice that this is the only Church to which no sin is attributed, perhaps symbolising the freedom from the necessity of rebirth when the limitations of Saturn have been conquered. The virtues of this Church are Saturnian: "Thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name." The reward of Philadelphia is: "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth"; reminding us of Saturn the trier, and of the "critical period". And further: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out." Saturn was often worshipped as a pillar, or black stone; to be a pillar in the temple, and to "go no more out" signifies the freedom from rebirth when Saturn is conquered. The pillar was to be inscribed with the "New Name," which we find in *The Revelation* xix, 16, was

“King of Kings and Lord of Lords,” a truly Saturnian title. Christ ends with: “Surely I come quickly,” in contrast to the delay of Saturn.

The Church of Laodicea. This was ruled by Mercury, whose Angel is Raphael. Christ speaks as “the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God”. Mercury was in Akkadian astrology Nabu, the proclaimer or witness, and Ak, the Maker. Laodicea’s character is “thou art neither hot nor cold,” the attribute of Mercury, the ambiguous planet. The reward of overcoming was to sit with Christ on His throne, akin to the attribute of Mercury that it is the close attendant of the Sun. Notice that Christ says: “Thou art poor and blind . . . anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see.” Mercury governs eyesight, and in this connection we find in the Book of *Tobit*, that Raphael, whose name means ‘the cure of God,’ was sent to the prophet Tobit to cure him of blindness.

The message to the Churches concludes with the words so often used by Christ in the Gospels: “He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches,” which tells us that the teachings contained in those seven messages, as indeed all the teachings of the sacred scriptures, were not for them alone, but for all those who should have the ears to hear the inner voice speaking to them of the One and Eternal Truth—the Wisdom of the Ages.

Annie L. Barley



THE ĀRYANISATION OF EGYPT

C. W. LEADBEATER

IN the sixth life of Alcyone we followed the first of the great Āryan migrations from the shores of what was then the Central Asian sea to the south of the Indian Peninsula. The religious kingdom that the Āryans established there was, as centuries rolled on, used by the Manu as a subsidiary centre of radiation, colonies being sent from it to Java, to Australia, and to the islands of Polynesia, which accounts for the Āryan

strain to be observed even to-day in what are called the brown Polynesians in contradistinction to the Melanesians.

From South India likewise was sent forth the expedition destined to bring about the Āryanisation of Egypt, which was carried out in much the same way and by many of the same egos who, five thousand years previously, had played their part in the migration from Central Asia to which reference has just been made.

About the year 13,500 B. C. (shortly after the time of the thirteenth life of Alcyone and the twelfth life of Orion, when so many of our characters had taken birth in the Tlavatli race inhabiting the southern part of the Island of Poseidonis) Virāj was ruler of the great South Indian Empire. He had married Bṛhaspaṭi, and Mars was one of their sons. The Manu appeared astrally to the Emperor, and directed him to send Mars over the sea to Egypt by way of Ceylon. Virāj obeyed, and Mars departed upon his long journey, taking with him (according to the instructions received) a band of young men and women.

On their arrival in Egypt, then under Toltec rule, they were met by Jupiter, the Pharaoh of the time. He had one child only—his daughter Saturn—his wife having died in child-birth. The High-Priest Sūrya had been directed in a vision by the Mahāguru to receive the strangers with honour, and to advise Jupiter to give his daughter to Mars in marriage, which he did; and in a comparatively short time marriages were arranged among the existing nobility for all the new-comers.

Small as was this importation of Āryan blood, in a few generations it had tinged the whole of the Egyptian

nobility, for since the Pharaoh had set his seal of august approval upon these mixed marriages, all the patrician families competed eagerly for the honour of an alliance with the sons or daughters of the new-comers. The mingling of the two races produced a new and distinctive type, which had the high Āryan features, but the Toltec colouring—the type which we know so well from the Egyptian monuments. So powerful is the Āryan blood that it still shows its unmistakable traces even after centuries of dilution ; and from this time onward an incarnation among the principal classes of Egypt counted as a birth in the first sub-race of the fifth root-race.

Many changes took place as the centuries rolled by, and the impetus given by the Āryan rejuvenation gradually died out. The country never reached so low a level as the parallel civilisation of Poseidonis, chiefly because of the retention of Āryan tradition by a certain clan whose members claimed exclusively for themselves direct descent from the royal line of Mars and Saturn. For more than a thousand years after the Āryanisation this clan ruled the country, the Pharaoh being always its head ; but there came a time when for political reasons the reigning monarch espoused a foreign princess, who by degrees acquired over him so great an influence that she was able to wean him from the traditions of his forefathers, and to establish new forms of worship to which the clan as a whole would not subscribe. The country, weary of Āryan strictness, followed its monarch into license and luxury ; the clan drew its ranks together in stern disapproval, and thenceforward its members held themselves markedly aloof—not declining offices in the army or in the service of

the State, but marrying only among themselves, and making a great point of maintaining old customs and what they called the purity of the religion as well as of the race.

After nearly four thousand years had passed, we find a condition of affairs in which the Egyptian Empire, its religion and even its language were alike degenerate and decaying. Only in the ranks of the conservative clan can we find some pale reflection of the Egypt of earlier days. About this time, among the priests of the clan arose some who were prophets, who re-echoed in Egypt the message that was being given in Poseidonis—a warning that, because of the wickedness of these mighty and long-established civilisations, they were doomed to destruction, and that it behoved the few righteous to flee promptly from the wrath to come. Just as a considerable proportion of the white race of mountaineers left Poseidonis, so the clan in a body shook off the dust of Egypt from their feet, took ship across the Red Sea and found a refuge among the mountains of Arabia.

As we know, in due time the prophecy was fulfilled, and in the year 9,564 the island of Poseidonis sank beneath the Atlantic. The effect of the cataclysm on the rest of the world was of the most serious character, and for the land of Egypt it was specially ruinous. Up to this point Egypt had had an extensive western seaboard, and although the Sahara Sea was shallow, it was sufficient for the great fleets of comparatively small ships which carried the traffic to Atlantis and the Algerian Islands. In this great catastrophe the bed of the Sahara Sea rose, a vast tidal wave swept over Egypt, and almost its entire population was destroyed. And even when everything settled down, the country was a

wilderness, bounded on the west no longer by a fair and peaceful sea, but by a vast salt swamp, which as the centuries rolled on dried into an inhospitable desert. Of all the glories of Egypt there remained only the Pyramids towering in lonely desolation—a desolation which endured for fifteen hundred years before the self-exiled clan returned from its mountain refuge, grown into a great nation.

But long before this, half-savage tribes had ventured into the land, fighting their primitive battles on the banks of the great river which once had borne the argosies of a mighty civilisation, and was yet again to witness a revival of those ancient glories, and to mirror the state-ly temples of Osiris and Amen-ra. Professor Flinders Petrie describes five of these earlier races, which overran different parts of the country and warred desultorily among themselves.

1. An aquiline race of the Libyo-Amorite type which occupied a large part of the land, and held its own longer than any other, maintaining for centuries a fair level of civilisation.

2. A Hittite race with curly hair and plaited beards.

3. A people with pointed noses and long pigtails—mountaineers, wearing long, thick robes.

4. A people with short and tilted noses, who established themselves for some time in the central part of the country.

5. Another variant of this race, with longer noses and projecting beards, who occupied chiefly the marshland near the Mediterranean. All these are observable by clairvoyance, but they have mingled so much that it is often difficult to distinguish them; and in addition to these, and probably earlier in the field than any of them,

a savage negroid race from the interior of Africa, which has left practically no record of its passing.

Into this turmoil of mixed races came our clan, priest-led across the sea from its Arabian hills, and gradually made its footing sure in Upper Egypt, establishing its capital in Abydos, and slowly possessing itself of more and more of the surrounding land, until by weight of its superior civilisation it was recognised as the dominant power. All through its earlier centuries its policy was less to fight than to absorb—to build out of this chaos of peoples a race upon which its hereditary characteristics should be stamped. A thousand years had passed since their arrival, when, in the twenty-first life of Alcyone, we find Mars reigning over an already highly-organised empire; but it was fourteen hundred years later still before the Manu Himself (they have corrupted His name to Menes now) united the whole of Egypt under one rule, and founded at the same time the first dynasty and His great city of Memphis—thus initiating in person another stage of the work begun by His direction in 13,500 B.C.

In the appended table of *dramatis personæ* are given the names of the characters who have been identified.

Clio and Markab were noticed among a group of Egyptian statesmen who disapproved of the Āryan immigration and schemed against it. Clio's wife Adrona and Markab's wife Avelledo were implicated in their plots. All four of them were eventually exiled, as was also Cancer, the sister of Adrona.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- VIRĀJ: ... *Emperor of Southern India. Wife: Bṛhaspaṭi. Son: Mars.*
- MANU: ... *Appears astrally to Virāj.*
- JUPITER: ... *Pharaoh. Daughter: Saturn.*
- SURYA: ... *Egyptian High Priest.*
- MAHĀGURU: ... *Appears to Surya in a Vision.*
- MARS: ... *Wife: Saturn. Male Followers: Ajax, Betelgueuse, Deneb, Leo, Perseus, Theodoros. Female Followers: Arcturus, Canopus, Olympia, Vulcan, Pallas, Osiris.*
- DIOMEDE: ... *Wife: Brunhilda. Son: Leo. Daughters: Pallas, Osiris.*
- CENTURION: ... *Wife: Diana. Sons: Ajax, Perseus. Daughters: Arcturus, Vulcan.*
- AJAX: ... *Wife: Sagittarius. Sons: Aquarius, Sappho, Algol.*
- BETELGUEUSE: ... *Wife: Ophiuchus. Sons: Fortuna, Psyche.*
- DENEb: ... *Wife: Berenice. Son: Cassiopeia. Daughter-in-Law: Theseus.*
- LEO: ... *Wife: Venus. Sons: Pegasus, Draco. Daughter: Dolphin. Son-in-Law, Vesta.*
- PERSEUS: ... *Wife: Libra. Sons: Egeria, Vesta.*
- THEODOROS: ... *Wife: Lyra. Daughter: Atalanta. Son-in-Law: Draco.*
- ARCTURUS: ... *Husband: Virgo. Son: Wenceslas. Daughter-in-Law: Castor. Daughter: Lomia. Son-in-Law: Psyche.*

- CANOPUS : ... *Husband* : Juno. *Son* : Altair. *Daughter-in-Law* : Daphne. *Daughter* : Spica. *Son-in-Law* : Fomalhaut.
- OLYMPIA : ... *Husband* : Hebe. *Son* : Stella. *Daughter-in-Law* : Sigma. *Daughter* : Chamæleon. *Son-in-Law* : Sappho.
- VULCAN : ... *Husband* : Aries. *Daughters* : Theseus, Sigma.
- PALLAS : ... *Husband* : Leto. *Sons* : Taurus, Fomalhaut. *Daughter* : Proteus. *Son-in-Law* : Egeria.
- OSIRIS : ... *Husband* : Procyon. *Daughter* : Melpomene. *Son-in-Law* : Algol.
- CLIO : ... *Egyptian Statesman*. *Wife* : Adrona.
- MARKAB : ... *Egyptian Statesman*. *Wife* : Avelledo.
- CANCER : ... *Sister* : Adrona. *Husband* : Apis.
- AQUARIUS : ... *Wife* : Amalthea.
- FORTUNA : ... *Wife* : Eudoxia.
- TAURUS : ... *Wife* : Velleda.

C. W. Leadbeater

INVISIBLE HELPERS AND OUR SOUL-CULTURE

By A THEOSOPHIST

I

IN the course of the past few years I have several times been told that some of the lessons impressed upon me by means of symbolic dreams might prove interesting and encouraging to others, showing, as they do, what touching care and supervision are generously given to those who need guidance from the higher planes in the difficult process of soul-evolution.

Many dream-experiences do not lend themselves to publication, but I have selected the following as a tentative effort, on account of the keen sense of humour displayed in the delivery of the lesson.

Some nine years ago it was my great privilege to come suddenly into the New Thought teaching, and from it quickly to gather an intense realisation of the Divine Centre as the basis of every man's life. To lift my body, my mind and character into harmonious vibration with the Christ within (my Higher Self), became an all-absorbing task to which I lent every energy and all my intelligence. No experience of the daily life, no fret or chafing difficulty arising from the calls and responsibilities of a varied and numerous household, was too trivial to be used as a step for the attainment of the purpose set before me—the great purpose of one

day becoming a whole and balanced instrument for the service of God and man.

Some twelve or fourteen months of strenuous effort elapsed, during which time I had become a vegetarian and had made considerable progress in spiritual understanding as well as in the cleansing of my character, when a period of difficulty, culminating in several successive days of heavy failure to live up to the standard I had set before myself, nearly broke my heart, and sent me to bed one night in a state of hopeless despair. I knew I was at the very limit of my possibilities, and yet the review of the day again showed me failure on all sides.

The next morning some unusual noise partially aroused me from sleep. I was conscious that dawn was just breaking, when I probably dozed off to sleep again and heard a gentle voice say : " You have never yet looked at Godfrey's (my little son's) drawings."

Then a large portfolio was displayed before my eyes, and one by one a series of inimitable water-colour sketches was shown to me, each with its title inscribed in large black letters. The first was entitled : ' Mrs. Jones has decided to retire from the vanities of the world and take up poultry farming.' The sketch portrayed Mrs. Jones as a tall, thin, gaunt woman dressed in a plain black dress, her hair parted in the middle, brushed very smooth and neat and twisted up behind in a little tight knot. Her face bore an anxious, almost hungry, expression, but her lips were firmly set and her hands clenched with determined purpose.

Sketch No. 2 followed, revealing a long row of poultry-houses and wire pens on the slope of a stony hill ; and Mrs. Jones surveying the scene with an air

of pleasure and satisfaction. Sketch No. 3: Mrs. Jones beaming with joy over the first brood of fluffy chickens. Sketch No. 4: Mrs. Jones, with an agonised expression depicted on her face, and hands held aloft in horror at the discovery of one of the precious chickens escaping from its clucking mother and wandering far away down the rough, stony hillside. Sketch No. 5, entitled 'Mrs. Jones proceeds to put matters right with great energy,' showed the fussy, gaunt figure starting down the hill in hot pursuit of the wandering chicken.

Then followed a number of sketches all depicting different stages of Mrs. Jones' wild career in pursuit of the straying chicken: up and down the hill-side, in and out, round about the pens and runs, everywhere commotion displayed, and the poor chicken depicted with extended wings and tiny legs, going for all it was worth in terror-stricken flight before its well-meaning pursuer.

In the last sketch of the series the unfortunate Mrs. Jones was represented in a state of total collapse, lying prone upon the ground. So gaunt so thin had she become in the course of the chase that her clothes, even her weary body and haggard face, had lost all substance and lay as it were a thin cloth, faithfully receiving the impress of the stones and rocks underneath her. *She had become nothing more than a mere shadow* moulded to the surface of the rough and rocky hill-side upon which she was stretched. The chicken, meanwhile, released from the ardent and overwhelming ministrations of its would-be saviour, was to be seen in the far corner of the picture, just disappearing under the outstretched sheltering wings of its devoted mother.

As I grasped all the clever, skilful and funny details of the series of pictures as well as the closing scene, I broke into a hearty laugh, exclaiming: "Why the stupid woman! If she had not been so ardently fussy, the poor chicken would have gone back to its mother of its own accord." The sound of my voice awoke me, and in awakening I remembered a previous dream of a few months back, in which the Higher Self had been revealed to me under the name of "Mother".

I thoughtfully considered the possible interpretation of these vivid and most humorous pictures, and suddenly realised their application to my recent experiences. Full of gratitude to my unknown artist friend, I learnt the sufficiency of a sustained and unselfish purpose, and, in addition, the ultimate earthliness of fuss and undisciplined ardour.

A Theosophist

NOTE

The Women's Club Federation in America is a very remarkable body, and wields great power, for the cultured women of the United States have built it up for their own use. There are District and State Federations joined in a General Federation, with all the appropriate Committees, and Boards of Managers; and the rare executive ability of American women has found full scope in this great organisation. Kansas City has an 'Annie Besant Study Club' among its Women's Clubs, and it was given a hearing at the General Convention, a privilege usually restricted to State Federations. The members are by no means all Theosophists, but the Club has sent me an affectionate greeting, hoping "that only good may come to Mrs. Besant in everything she undertakes". I cordially wish to my namesake all prosperity.

A. B.

THE SECRET OF A STAR

By EVA M. MARTIN

(Continued from p. 459)

V

Oh could I tell ye surely would believe it!
Oh could I only say what I have seen!
How should I tell or how can ye receive it,
How, till he bringeth you where I have been?

.

Lo if some strange intelligible thunder
Sang to the earth the secret of a star,
How should ye catch, for terror and for wonder,
Shreds of the story that was pealed so far?

F. W. H. Myers

When Lucien arrived back at the Red Farm, it was nearly dark, and in the low-ceiled, old-fashioned kitchen he came upon a scene that made him pause in the open doorway.

Little Maggie was seated on the table, the centre of a listening group consisting of her father and mother and the two elder boys.

"They was on the top of the hill near Littlecrop Farm," she was declaring emphatically, in her clear, shrill voice, evidently not for the first time. "I see'd them from our field—Lucien and a big bright man, like. . . like an angel, all goldy. And then when I see'd them again, he was gone, and another man was there, and he talked and talked to Lucien, and then suddenly he

wasn't there any more, and Lucien ran down the field to come home."

She evidently felt very important, and Lucien understood in a flash what had happened. She was displeased with him for having left her behind that afternoon, and the desire to gain a temporary notoriety by telling what she had seen had proved stronger than her sense of loyalty to him. She seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the sensation which her revelations had caused.

But before anyone could speak again, Lucien stepped forward. He was conscious of a cold sinking at the heart, for it was like stepping into a magic ring of malign influences, an atmosphere of hatred and wrath and misunderstanding.

The little group fell apart and stared at him as at some alien creature. He made a splendid picture of physical health and beauty as he stood and faced them, with a gleam of absolute fearlessness in his dark eyes. But it was not that that held them all in a strange, sudden silence. It was the spiritual light of an immeasurable joy that seemed to illumine his face and stream from his whole being. In that moment his look held some faint reflection of the glory of the bright God with whom he had so lately spoken, and, confronted by that, there was nothing for commonplace individuals to do but stare and keep silence.

He glanced from one to another, giving little Maggie a friendly smile, at which she turned her head away, for some realisation of what she had done began now to dawn on her.

Then his uncle spoke.

"What does this mean, Lucien?" he demanded roughly. "You heard what the child said? I thought

you were giving up your bad ways lately, for I had heard no tales about you for some time. But it seems you still keep to them, and what's more, don't care who sees you. I declare I'll have no more to do with you—you'll stay no longer under roof of mine—unless you give up these unholy works and have done with them for good and all. I'm ashamed that my children should hear of such things. As to Maggie thinking it was an angel she saw with you, why, we all know that Satan can take to himself any deceptive shape, and a child's innocent eyes wouldn't know the difference."

Maggie's mother suddenly clasped her in her arms.

"To think that my little Maggie should see such things!" she cried, half hysterically. "And she says she's often seen him before when she's been out alone with you. O Lucien, how could you? To think that one of my poor children should have seen the Evil One, perhaps spoken to him! Oh dear! Oh dear!"

Lucien was greatly puzzled. He could not understand why these simple people, evidently not at all prepared to deny the existence of the supernatural, should take it so completely for granted that anything of the kind must be evil. He was too young to know that a certain type of mind, indeed the average mind, is ever more than ready to claim an evil origin for all things that are beyond its limited comprehension, while vehemently denying any suggestion of a possible good one.

Seeing the trouble in his face, little Maggie struggled out of her mother's arms and ran to him.

"I'm sorry I told," she whispered. "I didn't mean to, Lucien."

“Never mind. It doesn’t matter,” he reassured her. “You were too little to know.”

She flung her arms round his neck as he stooped to her, and kissed him passionately.

“Come here, Maggie,” ordered the mother. “Come away from him at once. He’s a very wicked boy. You’re not to have anything more to do with him.”

The child began to cry, and was picked up, shaken, and sent away screaming in the charge of her brothers. Lucien was left to face his accusers alone.

The farmer cleared his throat, and spoke again. It was obvious that his wrath had to struggle against a certain vague feeling of awe, which it could not quite succeed in conquering.

“I don’t want to be too hard on you, Lucien,” he began. “I know people sometimes get drawn into this sort of thing without quite knowing what’s happening to them. But you’ve been warned many a time before this. I’m sure I’ve done my best to knock some sense into your head, and you’re quite old enough now to know how wicked it is to dabble in any kind of witchcraft. Still, there’s some excuse for you,” he rambled on, “for your mother was said to see things other people didn’t see, and I heard some queer tales about her before she died, though I never rightly understood them. Give me the ordinary people that don’t see any more than I do myself. That’s the kind I like But your mother, of course, was a lady, not one of our sort, and what made her want to marry an ordinary country-man like your father was always a mystery to me. But that’s not the point. What I want to know is : will you give up this kind of evil-doing, or will you not? You’re welcome to stay here if you’ll behave yourself ; but if you

won't, well, you'll have to find a home somewhere else, for I'll not keep you."

"And me been such a mother to you, Lucien," put in his aunt, reproachfully, "clothed and fed you just like our own, and though everyone knows it wasn't much your poor mother was able to leave behind when she died, I'm sure that hasn't been allowed to make any difference."

The self-congratulation in her tones would have made a disinterested listener smile, but Lucien was thinking hard and turning rapidly over in his mind the remote possibility of being able to convey any sense of the real truth to these two ignorant, suspicious souls. They evidently believed that he had been in communication with some kind of evil spirit. Could he by any means induce them to believe that it was good and not evil? and even then would their objections really vanish? He doubted it—and yet it might be worth while trying. But how to present it to them? What words to use? The old popular belief in guardian angels seemed the nearest analogy to the truth that they would be likely to understand; and he was preparing to launch out upon this brave but hopeless quest for sympathy and comprehension, when the sound of wheels in the lane outside caught his ear. The elder people heard it too, and paused to listen, for few vehicles came near the lonely farm-house after dusk.

The next moment there was a loud knock at the door.

The farmer's wife flew to open it, and a tall, thin old man walked in, with an unmistakable air of dignity and hauteur, as of one who was accustomed to being obeyed. He cast a comprehensive glance round the

solidly furnished farm-house kitchen, and then turned to the woman and bowed with an old-world grace.

“I must introduce myself, madam, and beg your forgiveness for this intrusion. I am Humphrey Peterson, of Sellwood Manor, some few miles away, and I come on a rather curious errand. May I sit down and explain it to you?”

A chair was brought forward and dusted, with many apologies, for the unexpected visitor. His name was known to the farmer and his wife as that of an old crank who lived alone with thousands of books, and was scarcely ever seen outside his own grounds. But they did not know it for the name of the most famous living authority on the study of comparative religion, one whose opinion was revered by students in all parts of the globe, and whose every published book or article served to add to the high esteem in which his name was held in scholarly circles.

Lucien, in response to a gesture from his aunt, was moving towards the door, when the old man intervened.

“Don’t send him away,” he said. “Isn’t that the boy Lucien, who has been living with you for some years? It was about him that I came this evening. Come here, my boy, and let me have a look at you.”

Lucien came forward obediently enough, but the other was curiously conscious that the process of inspection took place on the boy’s side rather than on his own. The young eyes studied his face with their characteristically clear, far-seeing gaze, and then a faint smile dawned in them and spread to the mobile, sensitive mouth, though no word was said.

“H’m. A handsome boy,” grunted the famous man. “Strong, well-grown, healthy, clear skin—doesn’t

look unbalanced or hysterical in any way." Then he turned to the two elders.

"Pardon me," he said, "but things in connection with this boy have come to my ears and aroused my interest, so that I felt I must come to see him for myself. I don't know how you may feel about it, but I want you to let him come to live with me for a time. I'm not a rich man, but I can look after him well, and teach him a good deal—if he is willing to learn. I only heard lately that he was with you, and whose son he was—for I knew his mother slightly, and am interested in him also on that account. I understand that both his parents are dead, and that he is only distantly related to you?"

"Yes, that's so," agreed the farmer. "But I don't think you can understand, sir, what sort of a boy Lucien is. I was just speaking to him when you came in. My wife and I can't keep him here with the other children—such goings-on as there's been. I don't think you could take an interest in him, sir, if you knew, though of course it'd be a great relief to us, for we don't know what to do with him. There seems no curing him."

"I understand that, like most of the village people, you think him to be in league with the Evil One?" queried the old gentleman, quite quietly, as though he spoke of some ordinary and every-day matter; but eagerly though Lucien listened, the tone held no inflection to indicate what the speaker's own opinions were.

"Well, sir, it seems very like it," said the farmer, a little shame-facedly. "I can't think of any other explanation. And yet he isn't exactly a bad boy except for that."

"Only there couldn't *be* anything worse than that," put in the woman. "Why, even our own little Maggie's

been polluted with it—saying she's seen all kinds of outrageous things when she's been out alone with him. It's well for us as can't see such things for ourselves, though goodness knows what would happen to us all if it was to go on much longer."

She gave vent to a superstitious shudder, and edged a little further away from Lucien with a look that held both hatred and alarm. Humphrey Peterson's keen old eyes were directed, momentarily, to her coarse, heavy-featured face, whose only approach to beauty lay in its occasional gleams of kindness and rough good-nature. Then he turned to Lucien, and was newly amazed by the strength and spirituality of his whole face and figure, as he stood there silently listening. An outsider coming in at that moment would never have guessed that the boy himself and his future were the subjects under discussion. He listened carefully to what was said, and missed no word or gesture, but his whole bearing gave the impression of one who was utterly apart from the conversation, one who possessed some secret clue which told him what the end was going to be, even before it had reached its outward expression in words. Feeling Peterson's kindly gaze upon him, he met it with a look of such sure trust and friendliness that the old man's heart was strangely stirred.

He turned to the farmer and his wife.

"Those being your feelings then, I gather that you will not object to Lucien's coming with me? It will depend on circumstances how long I keep him, but for his mother's sake I will always take an interest in his future, so you need feel no further anxiety about that. Run upstairs, my boy, and fetch your night-shirt. Anything else can be sent over to-morrow."

He rose with an air of finality, and tapped the floor impatiently with his stick.

With one grateful glance at his rescuer, Lucien fled. When he came down again, with a bundle under his arm containing a few necessaries and half-a-dozen of his most precious books, the mental atmosphere in the kitchen had subtly but perceptibly changed. What Humphrey Peterson had said in those few moments he never knew, though later on he guessed a good deal of it; but his aunt actually kissed him, in spite of all that she had so recently said, and looked at him with a curious questioning in her eyes, while his uncle patted him rather sheepishly on the shoulder, and hoped he'd be a good boy and come to see them sometimes.

His new friend poked the bundle inquiringly, and chuckled to himself when he felt the books. And then they went out into the dark together; the village cabman slammed the door of his antiquated vehicle upon them; and for the second time since babyhood Lucien started out upon a new way of life.

The road was rough and jolting, and for some little way they drove in silence. Then Peterson began to murmur, half to himself:

"Nothing evil about it, after all. That's quite certain. Rather disappointing, perhaps. It might have been distinctly thrilling—even sensational! But there's *something* to be investigated—that I'm very sure of. Well, we shall see. We shall see!"

He leaned back in his corner and chuckled delightedly, and Lucien chuckled too. He felt that he and this queer old man were going to understand one another.

(To be continued)

Eva M. Martin

IMPRESSIONS OF THE BORO-BUDUR

By BARONESS MELLINA D'ASBECK

A GIGANTIC mass of chiselled stone, wrapped in meditation. It arises out of a deep valley, in majestic isolation.

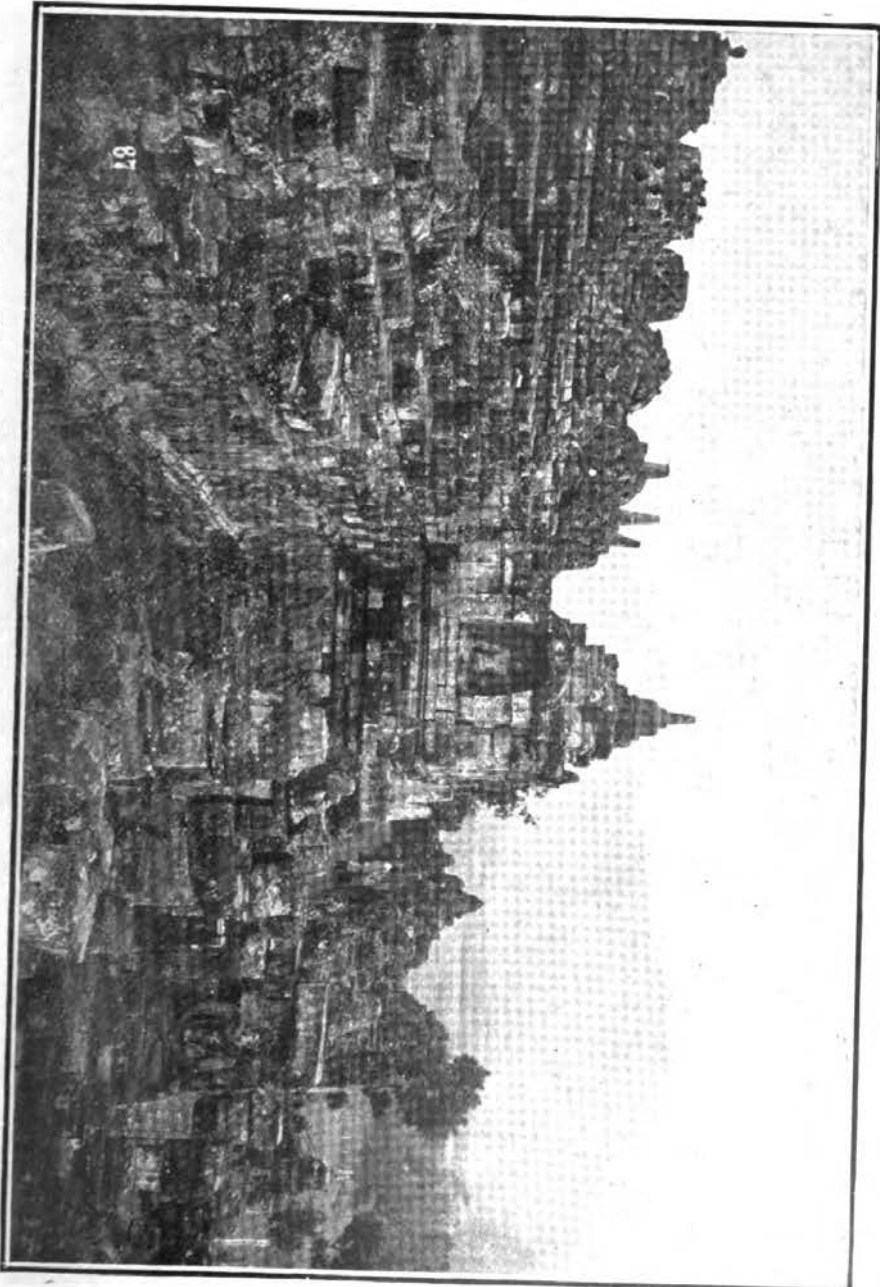
All around, the valley fades away into the distance, and far away at its limits, enormous mountains appear, forming a guarding enclosure to this sacred spot.

At first, as my eyes wandered over them, their massive proportions made the Boro-Budur seem small to me, giving me the impression that, notwithstanding all his efforts, the achievements of man are but little, compared with the mighty works of Nature. Then I looked at the Boro-Budur once more, and my first impression gave way to another—the deepest, the most acute I ever felt. I was dazzled. I had seen mind—mind, arising as a conqueror, face to face with matter. This vision will never leave me, for that which has been revealed can never fade away.

Always, when my thoughts turn again to this beloved spot, I shall see the silent ranks of Buddhas in meditation, facing the massive mountains; meditating always—from morn till sunset, from twilight till the dawn; motionless whilst day after day, the sun irradiates their peaceful features and passes away.

The intense impression given by these figures lies in the fact that their stillness is natural. All other

PART OF A GALLERY WITH BUDDHA STATUES.



87



BUDDHAS OF THE TJANDI MENDUT.

statues represent movements made motionless, passing attitudes fixed for ever by the sculptor. But here is absolute peace in the attitude of perfect equilibrium, thrown into the inertia of the stone ; knowledge supreme embodied in eternal silence.

The modelling of the faces is of the greatest simplicity. The features, scarcely defined, are but an outward sign of the mind within. They are no more than a light veil thrown over the soul, just enough to make it visible to our eyes and to say : this human face contains all the thought of the world, all that is, all that was and all that is to be. Now it *knows* ; the drop lives in the ocean of Eternity whence it proceeded.

Where now was Time ?

A strange thing had happened. My eyes had suddenly been opened. Far away, in the plain, Māyā continued her dance as of old, but it was merely a dance—I knew it now. The mystery of phenomena became less obscure to me. I understood the profound Hindū theory according to which Brahmā deludes humanity. He attracts us by ever new objects, which we relentlessly pursue. But, eternal and infinite in our yearnings, we find these treasures insufficient. In restless explorations we seek for new ones, which again we abandon, until at last our soul reposes in the One. All humanity has to pass through this captivating illusion in order to attain, one day, the eternal Peace of the Buddhas.

Māyā ! thou resemblest an Indian dancing-girl. Thy fugitive and tranquil movements, which Pythagoras called the dance of the spheres, dazzle us. All are deceived by thy play—the lover, fascinated by a human form, the scientist mistaking thy graceful gestures for

absolute facts, the philosopher, poring gravely over the mystery of thy dance.

The artist, perhaps, understands thee best, for he takes thy play for what it is worth and adores it for itself; or else—in bold derision, he scatters a new Mâyā in the world rivalling that which Brahmā created.

This morning, before dawn, I went to the Boro-Budur. A mist made all things seem more unreal than ever. The great pyramidal mass of the monument stood out dark against the sky. The air was cold and gray.

The Statues meditated.

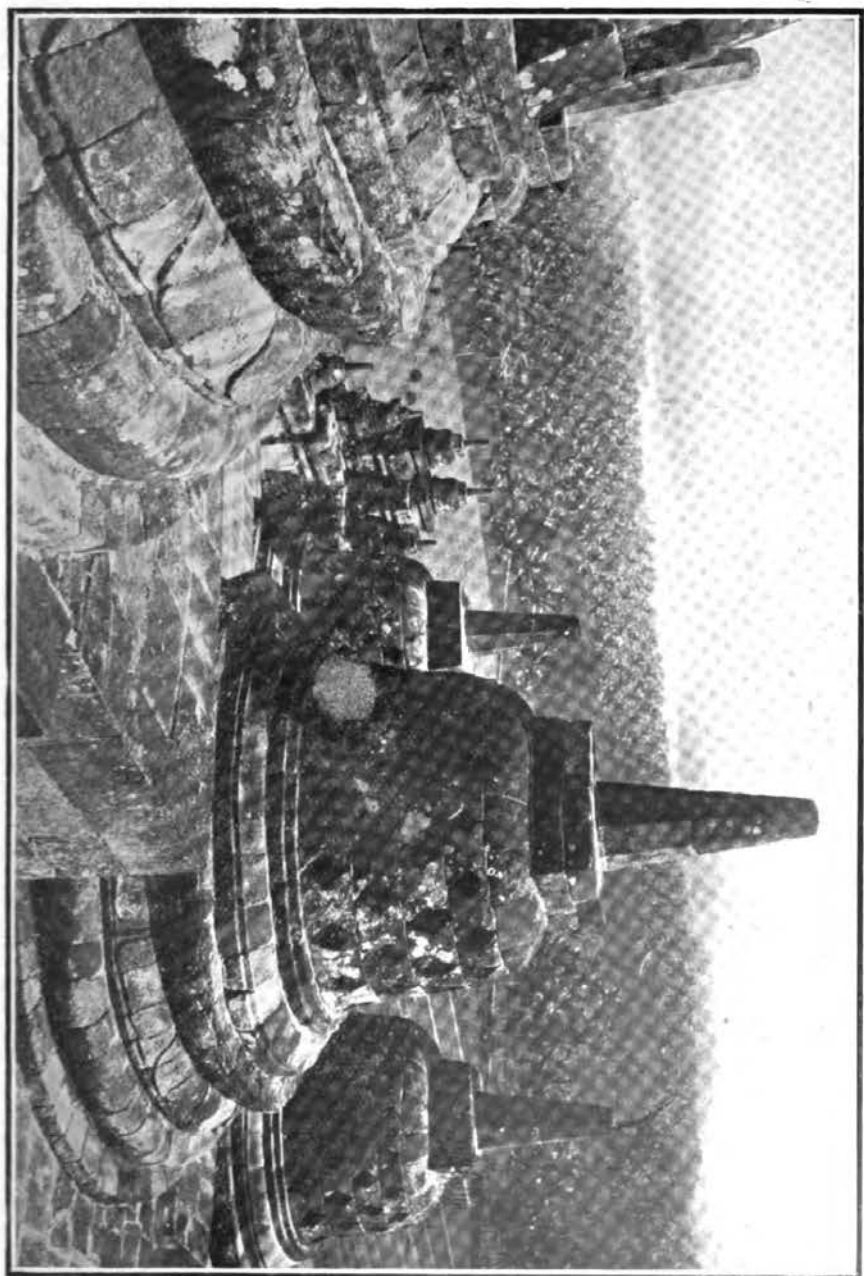
Nature began to reveal herself to the dawning light.

The palm-trees on the brow of the mountains, at first vague shadows in space, became gray feathery tufts. Then they were transformed into blue silhouettes, the stems of which emerged from the unknown. Then, little by little, the Earth appeared, called forth by the magic of the Sun, whose luminous wings were hovering above the mists. One by one her beauties became unveiled; the fertile slopes of the mountains, the blue rivers of the valley, the infinite distances where earth and sky united in a transparent haze.

And nothing of all this lasted. Nature, ever different, ever beautiful, ever fleeting, twined and un-twined her dreams.

The Statues meditated.

Their faces do not change when the sun throws long shadows across them; they do not change when the morning mists turn them into phantoms; they do not change when night envelops them and the pale moon gazes into their eyes. It is because they



VIEW OVER THE VALLEY FROM THE TOP CIRCULAR GALLERY.



STAIRWAY LEADING TO THE SUMMIT.

know, and because infinite wisdom is simplicity ineffable, infinite Peace—Silence.

Now I understand this Life that abides beyond all change. I felt it to-day in the breath of Eternity that hovers over this place like an overpowering incense.

I understand also that this Eternity is everywhere. It broods over the whole world, and manifestation is truly a manifestation, a showing forth of It.

But that which reveals this Eternity to the eyes of flesh hides It from the eye of the Spirit. Therefore manifestation is also a veil.

The secret of many problems was revealed to my restless soul whilst my eyes drank in the peace of these statues. Beyond the swaying ocean of human strife, the waves of which beat against its guardian wall of mountains, the Boro-Budur stands out as a citadel, for ever invincible and inviolate, of Knowledge and of Peace.

And before this great Peace, the troubles of my soul seemed illusions, like the shifting scenes in the plains—a shadow dance.

Confronting all these phantoms, the great Fact asserted itself in majestic stillness—the knowing Consciousness contemplating the gold dust of change.

Mellina d'Asbeck

THE INDIAN STUDENT

By G. S. ARUNDALE

Our readers will remember Father Elwin's low estimate of the Indian boy. A lad asked Mr. Arundale, Principal of the C. H. C., what was his view of the possibilities of the Indian student. He wrote the following beautiful little answer :—

WHAT THE INDIAN STUDENT IS TO ME

I AM, on the whole, of opinion, as I already stated at the Government Educational Conference held in Allahabad early in 1911, that the personal ideal is more attractive and more inspiring to the Indian student than any other ; and if a good leader can be found the Indian youth will follow him to the uttermost. I unhesitatingly say that the Indian boy is one of the finest specimens of the Aryan race I know. I have lived intimately with him, at school, in the play-ground, in his home, in his studies, in his amusements, for ten years day after day, taking no other pleasure than the pleasure of living among those who have been placed in my charge. I claim, therefore, to speak with authority when I say that, he is of the finest material, if in the hands of those who love him, and who strive to grow worthy to lead him in the narrow path of honour and of service. Throw in your lot with his, make his destiny your destiny, share with him your happiness and your trouble, interest yourself in his hopes and ambitions, enter his family as an elder brother, be ready with a smile of welcome whenever he comes to you, have no pleasures apart from the joy of serving him ; live thus and your Indian student will revere you, worship you, follow you

to the end. I, a European, know this to be true, for I have experienced the reward of having given myself utterly in service. And to-day there is a band of young men in the Central Hindū College who love and trust us utterly, because we love and trust them utterly, and who will go out into the world loving and serving their fellow-men because we have striven to love and to serve them in their youth.

There is no display made by this group of workers. There is no Society to which they all belong. There are no rules by which they must all abide. They have taken no vows of obedience. But they are more united than the strictest words or the clearest and narrowest objects could make them, for they live together in an unbreakable bond of love, in a common aspiration to serve their fellow-men. It is this band of young men which has made the Central Hindū College what it is to-day, and from this band of workers will come some of the leaders of the India of to-morrow.

Sometimes I am asked the secret of the enthusiasm so many of our young people display; whence the source of any influence over them that I and my colleagues may have; how it is that so many are at our disposal for any work we may choose to give them now or at any time. My answer is that we, who are the elders, look upon ourselves as the eager servants of the younger generation growing up around us; that we ask them to do nothing we ourselves are not already doing; that our own reverence for those who are our own superiors wins for us reverence from those younger in years than ourselves; that we love India with a deep and eager love; that we are happy in offering ourselves and all that we have, so that our young family may be the better equipped to meet the hardships and disappointments of the worldly life; that we ask naught from our students in return for our service; that we fearlessly protect all who may suffer from the consequences of the advice we give; that we are ever ready to acknowledge our mistakes, even to the smallest child in the school, if such acknowledgment will help him; that during the day our thoughts are ever with our students; that when

we retire to rest we send thoughts of love and protection to them, that they may pass safely through the night.

Be this to your Indian students, strive ever to be this, and you will know the heart of an Indian youth as you had not dreamed it possible. Race prejudices become foolish superstitions; prestige is seen as the instrument of wilful ignorance; differences of religious belief are known, in the light of loving sympathy, as but different roads leading to a common goal. The teacher knows himself as one with his students, and his students trust him and love him, because they see him as part of themselves, with no interests save theirs, with no hopes save theirs, with no life that is not theirs to share.

G. S. Arundale

NOTE

There is a very interesting review in *The Athenæum* of a book entitled *The Times and the Teaching of Jesus the Christ*, published by Longmans. The author states that Jesus received His education among the Essenes; that the Gospel story represents the progress of "the Initiate through the various stages from the grade of a neophyte to that of an Adept"; that there is a great Hierarchy, the avenue to Initiation throughout the ages; that Christ must have come from this, and overshadowed Jesus. All this is sound Theosophical teaching, and it is good to see that *The Athenæum*, while not agreeing with it, is courteous and fair.

THE REPORT OF THE INTERNATIONAL BIBLE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

THE following extracts from the report of the tourists are interesting, as showing the impression made upon them by Orientals. They summarise the results of their observations:—

III.—“What are the teachings, and what are the inducements to accept Christianity, and how enduring are the results?”

Answer.—There are evidences of positive teachings in the past, but there is very little religious teaching now being done, because the people would resent it, and keep their children from the schools. We heard of instances where a small coin per day was given to each child attending school; but, aside from the schooling, the inducements offered by the Missionaries are chiefly social and medical.

Of late the natives are more and more averse to a public avowal of Christianity, because with increasing intelligence come doubts. The tendency of the times in the Orient, as in the Occident, is towards *unbelief in any religion*. If a Missionary falls from faith in the Bible into ‘Higher-Criticism-Infidelity,’ he may continue his office and profession; but the Orientals have no such inducements to outwardly profess what they no longer believe (except native teachers). Besides, these Orientals are very *honest* in respect to their religious professions, except where spoiled by contact with the hypocrisy of the whites.

IV.—“What is the attitude of heathendom toward the Missionaries, and toward Christianity, and what is the prospect of Foreign Missions becoming self-supporting?”

Answer.—The Orientals are remarkably tolerant of all religions, but are often perplexed at the Missionary competition and the opposition of Christian denominations. The higher castes consider the medley of Christian doctrines presented to them less philosophical than their own. Their own, however, is

not satisfactory, they confess. But before exchanging for another they want to know that the change will be for the better. The common conception, that all the peoples of India, China and Japan are *heathen savages*, is very erroneous. Their upper classes, or castes, include some splendid characters of truly noble manhood, the moral and intellectual peers of Europeans and Americans. Indeed, the masses of these people are less vicious, less rude, more kind and considerate than are the masses of Europe and America. Drunkenness and outward immodesty are almost entirely unknown amongst the Orientals.

VI.—“What hope is there for the conversion of the world during the present generation, through the Laymen’s Foreign Missionary Movement, with their proposed thirty million dollars?”

Answer.—No one who knows anything of Oriental conditions would have the least expectation of the world’s conversion during this present generation through the use of the thirty million dollars proposed. Nor, indeed, if the sum were a thousand times that. We would not, however, discourage the giving of money for Missions. Those who give will be benefitted by so doing, and undoubtedly every million spent benevolently in Oriental lands will help to bring in the more extravagant civilisation of the West. It will increase the wants of the natives, and thus promote commerce. As for promoting vital Christianity, we all know that this is not a purchasable commodity.

This seems a little sarcastic!

The tourists were much impressed with the morals of China:—

The Chinese moral standard differs considerably from ours, but they apparently respect their own; there is no obtrusion of the nude and lewd. We saw no immodest dressing—nothing to suggest impurity or licentiousness. Mr. Lerrigo, Secretary of the Canton Y.M.C.A., informed us that the Chinese of the Association had recently purchased a moving-picture outfit, but that they immediately objected to the immodesty of some of the pictures, which would be thought all right in Europe and America. A censorship committee was appointed, and every picture in the slightest degree immodest is eliminated. In their Christian gatherings the sexes sit apart. When we sought for photographic views representing the Chinese, their customs and homes, we found them all modest, chaste. Vulgar, foolish and immodest pictures there were on sale, but they were of European manufacture, and apparently sold to Europeans and Americans.

OF LOVE AND LIFE

By PHILIP OYLER

(Concluded from Vol. XXXIII, No. 12, p. 925.)

MOTHER-LOVE is one of the greatest expressions of infinity. The maiden aches to be a mother, the mother aches to be a grandmother, the grandmother to be a great-grandmother. And does not the little girl dream that she is a mother?

We must all live in the past and the future as well as in the present. If we do not live in the past, we cannot know the bedrock of life; if we do not live in the present, we shall be persecuted; if we do not live in the future, we shall never improve. To succeed, we must realise the eternal as well as the infinite in us.

Enjoyment is by appreciation, not by exclusion.

The sole measure of nobility is round the heart.

As the flower casts forth its seeds upon the mountain side; as the birds send forth their young when adult; so be prepared at puberty to go forth alone upon the road of life.

We ought to be able to read people as easily as we can read books—more easily in fact.

It is encouragement that we all need. Who was ever helped by adverse criticism? Who was ever made better by punishment devised by man?

There are no opposites. Everything is different—and everyone too.

If you believe in anything, you cannot but believe in everything.

What we imagine is no creation of our own. It is something that has existed or will exist. Imagination is one form of vision—into the past or the future.

The soul or light in us is that which knows no time nor space.

We are most truly ourselves when we are alone with the night.

Abandon prejudice, and you shall soon have revelation.

Everything enjoyed is food.

Trust people, and they will show that they can be trusted. Even if some should fail us, is that any reason why we should cease to trust? Would not they who fall have fallen infinitely farther, if we had not trusted them?

Anarchy, though it has an ill name to the public, must always remain the greatest ideal. It is, in essence, gentle and sacred and unbiassed. It is gentle, in that it would have us all live in love and by love. It is sacred, in that it is in harmony with the universal right of freedom. It is unbiassed, in that it has no fixed rules or codes or systems by which to judge and condemn, but would have us all watch the light within us.

To dream of a thing is on the way to attaining it.

There are not merely two points of view to any question; there are as many as there are persons who look at it.

A few cold days without food will show anyone where the bedrock is of human needs and human feelings; will convince him that he is brother to the lowest savage. Let him remember that, then, and be brotherly to all.

Written history is very young, and all the extant records of humanity do not describe a tithe of the feelings that surge up within us, when we are alone with the night and the stars and the silence.

Do you not feel, my sister, the man in you? Do you not feel, my brother, the woman in you? Do you

not feel, both of you, the child in you? Well, that is what you should feel.

We all belong to eternity. It depends upon our vision how much of the past and the future we see. And we all belong to the infinite. Though bound by work to our homes, by friendship to our friends, do we not also live and love in the breadths of the midnight skies?

We are in debt to both past and future. We pay both in our life by our life.

We have nothing of value but what we are.

Be careless of your words to none. There is no one so degraded that he does not value a beautiful thought.

There is no bourn to the sky, no limits to our power, but those which we impose upon ourselves through lack of faith. Let us watch, then, out over the horizons we picture beyond the ones we see.

From the moment that we stretch forth a guarding hand and say: "This is mine," we cease to be free; for it means that we have bartered the kingdom of heaven within us for a realm of worldly things.

It is not wealth that we all need, but health.

It is commonly said that we learn by illness and grief. No doubt we do. But how much more might we not gain by health and by happiness?

Truth is shy of buildings, hesitates to enter under a roof, slips in through an open window on a sunbeam, but is easily stifled or driven out, being a lover of the great air and the deep blue hollows of the sky.

As we lay aside our clothes at night-time, let us lay aside our thoughts too.

Why should we punish theft or fear to be robbed of our worldly possessions? No man can steal our true worth, the gold of our character.

Philip Oyler

ANCIENT PRAYERS

FOUND WRITTEN IN AN OLD ROMAN BREVIARY

THESE prayers are sent by a respected Christian F. T. S., and are worthy of study. Note the reference to the Mysteries, the restoration of which is asked for; the allusion to "the ancient and narrow Path"; the declaration that "we also. . . are the Way, the Truth and the Life"; the indwelling of the Christ "in all forms which Thou hast made"; the recognition that all beings are in His "sacred Form," recalling the great vision of the divine Form in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, xi; the recognition that all the faithful may be channels of the divine Life.

"Lord of all Powers, Light of all Lights, Source of all Wisdom; shine in the hearts of Thy servants, and restore to Thy Church the knowledge of Thy hidden Mysteries of Wisdom.

"Jesus, Thou Light most Holy; lead us to the ancient and narrow Path, which was, is, and will be for evermore. Thou, O Christ, art that Path, and we also by the power of our Life hidden in Thee are the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Thou art One, and from Thee the many come forth, rooted in Thee. Thou sustainest Angels and men. Thou art the Father and Mother of all worlds. By the Hidden Way of the Cross, to the glory of the Risen Word, lead us, O LORD, that we and all Thy Church may find Peace and Union with the Changeless Father of our souls. Amen.

"Lord of the depths and heights, Who dwellest in all forms which Thou hast made; abide Thou in Thy mercy with the souls sunk in darkness. Sustain them with Thy Life, comfort them with Thy Love; make them to feel Thee as a Living Will abiding in them, raising them with Thee to their Divine heritage, the service of all Beings which Thou holdest in Thy Sacred Form. Suffer us to be the channels of Thy Life to them; to cheer and guide them to the Light of the Resurrection. Amen."

THE UNREST IN ENGLAND

[This paper appeared in *The Adyar Bulletin* of last September; but so many readers of THE THEOSOPHIST have written to the Editor, asking how she regards the labour question in England, that we reprint it here.—ED.]

IN the summer of 1912, the London newspaper, *The Daily Graphic*, sent out to various well-known people the following two questions. What are:—

- (1) The causes which have led up to the present situation?
- (2) The lines on which a solution is to be founded?

Mrs. Annie Besant's reply was printed in the issue of June 17th, and was as follows:—

The fundamental cause of the present unrest appears to me to be the impossible conditions under which the manual labour class exists. Their work is hard, their leisure small, and they live under a Damocles' sword of anxiety.

The pension, which is regarded as a great benefit, amounts to 5s. a week in old age—an eloquent witness of the expenditure which is supposed to be adequate to support a manual worker at a time of life when small comforts are particularly necessary. Those who are fortunate have saved something 'to fall back upon,' and there are Friendly Societies, which represent an amount of 'thrift' which rises into heroism.

An immense mass of the population lives normally close to the edge of starvation, and goes over it in 'hard times'. Hundreds of thousands of children are fed because their parents cannot feed them, and the children cannot bear the strain of education on empty stomachs. There are innumerable charities—soup kitchens, Salvation Army shelters, and the like; they are pointed to with pride, but the necessity for them brands our social system with shame.

How can people living as our labouring classes live be anything but restless? True, they used to suffer silently, looking on their lot as inevitable. Now they have discovered that the Society which has so long been indifferent to their comfort,

which warms itself with the coal they raise, walks about in the clothes they make, eats the food they transport, can be made very uncomfortable if they stop working.

Consequently they stop. No sense of social responsibility has been shown by their 'betters'. Why should they show any? Change in the purchasing power of money and all the rest are subsidiary causes. But the one main cause is injustice and the semi-human lives which reward the toil without which Society is paralysed.

SOLUTION: Revolution—whether by legal confiscation of property *a la* Lloyd George, or by violent uprising—or by the higher classes, regenerating the social system.

The first spells ruin, whether spoliation be by law or by force. Civilisation will thus perish, as it has perished before. National strikes are a form of revolution; they spread untold misery, which falls on the workers, not on the well-to-do; they use intolerable tyranny, preventing those who want to work from working; they place the country at the mercy of a few men, who refuse to a non-unionist the right to live, and exercise a tyranny compared to which a military dictatorship would be liberty; as their hands are on the country's throat, Society lies at their mercy.

If we are to avoid revolution we must formulate our Aim and then seek for the Means to accomplish it. The Aim I propose is the establishment of a social system which shall ensure to every man, woman, and child in the State a minimum of well-being, sufficient to enable them to develop fully the powers which each brings with him into the world. A social system which cannot do this stands condemned. Far more will be done in the future.

FOUR REMEDIES

The Means: There is no space to work them out fully. Very roughly they would be:—

1. A gathering of the best brains in the country to re-organise its economic system. This might include the utilisation of its land, the organising of production by men similar to those who made the American trusts, the profits to be divided fairly among all who produce them, with a proportion to the State; the control by the State of all railways and of whatever other things—mines and the like—it was decided could be better done by it than by private effort. The main point is that these questions should be decided by the best intelligences in the country, as parts of a whole, instead of piecemeal by Acts of Parliament passed in a hurry.

2. Voluntary sacrifice of land and money by the great owners and very wealthy men, to help in the utilisation of land, the formation of trusts, and the purchase for the State of the railways, etc.

3. Voluntary personal service in setting running the new system and in smoothing the transition.

4. The leadership of the whole movement by the King, with a Council selected by himself.

Reconstruct or perish : such seems to be the voice of the Unrest, made articulate. The people cannot do it ; it is work for our wisest and best. Under a rational system none should labour—though he might be trained for labour—before twenty years of age ; none should do manual labour after fifty years of age. Thorough education for the first twenty years ; work of some strenuous and useful kind, manual, literary, artistic, commercial, etc., with reasonable leisure, until fifty ; then administration, legislation, the pursuit of any form of intellectual and artistic creation until old age.

There is nothing in such a State that could not be accomplished by human brains and human hearts. Only the will is lacking, and that may be stimulated by the Unrest.

Though one with God, the Master is yet a living person, of flesh and blood ; long ages ago he stood where you stand now, and endured trials and underwent suffering as you do today. But he has come to his goal. He is now a fuller expression of Divinity than any wife or child or friend you love. He is for you the Door to God. It is his appointed duty to lead you to God, as it is your unrenounceable privilege to be led by him.

—*In His Name.*

THE GAYĀ LODGE, T. S.

The foundation stone of the handsome building shown in our picture was laid on January 14, 1910, at 8.15 a.m. by the President of the T. S. It was opened, also by the President, on the 24th September, 1912, at 7.30 a.m.

The whole of the money thus far spent on it, amounting to Rs. 20,000—of which Rs. 5,000 went to the purchase of the land—has been collected by the sixty-five members of the Lodge from the Gayā public. Another Rs. 6,000 are needed to complete the building, and to supply the necessary furniture. It may be that some outside members of the T. S. might like to have a little share in this building, for it is situated seven miles to the north of the Boḍhi-Tree, under which the Lord Gauṭama Buḍḍha reached Illumination, and this nearness gives it a special sacredness. It is twenty-seven miles from the Gurpa (Gurupāḍa=Feet of the Teacher) Mountain, the spot to which, legend says, the Lord Maitreya will go to receive the “garment of Buḍḍha” from Kashyapa. Such memory and such hope attach this spot to all Theosophical hearts, that we must feel grateful to the little band who have toiled so nobly well to erect this building.

The main hall is sixty-three feet by twenty-four, and attached to it are six rooms, to be used, one for the library, one for the E. S., and the rest for guests.

Annie Besant



THE GAYA LODGE, T. S.

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

The Basis for Artistic and Industrial Revival in India, by E. B. Havell. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.)

This neat little volume contains Mr. Havell's well-considered views of Indian Art and its relation to national life. He considers that Indian Art is a living tradition, and that it may be strengthened into the most potent means of national regeneration and prosperity; but he fears that western methods of production will kill out the still struggling handicrafts. It seems that Holland lately sent an expert to India and Java to collect information on the methods of dye-painting on silk and cotton cloth; the result of his study has been the establishment at Haarlem of a new Dutch industry on Indian and Javanese lines. The same thing is being introduced into the technical schools of Germany and Italy, so that a handicraft which India is allowing to perish is being transplanted to Europe. Twenty thousand rupees-worth of Masulipatam hand-dyed cloths could annually be exported to a single merchant in London, over that which he takes at present, if the quality of the work were brought to the level of fifty years ago. These are facts which people interested in the prosperity of India should consider. The skill of the workman is a national asset, and the craftsman is of a more evolved type than he whose initiative and creative power have been dulled by his reduction to the mere tender of a machine. We heartily commend Mr. Havell's book to the reading public, both in India and in England.

A. B.

Famous Ghost Stories, by English Authors: selected by Adam L. Gowans. (Gowans & Gray, Ltd., London and Glasgow, 1912. Price 1s.)

There is of course no suggestion that any of the stories contained in this little book are either new or true; it is simply a collection of a few gems from English fiction. The stories are unequal, and some of them might well have been omitted; possibly questions of copyright would prevent the inclusion of some of the masterpieces which one would have wished to see substituted for these. Be that as it may, the first and second of the four stories from Dickens cannot be surpassed, and the compiler has fortunately not overlooked that most thrilling of all ghost stories, Lord Lytton's 'The Haunters and the Haunted, or the House and the Brain'. Still more fortunately, this incomparable tale is reprinted here in that original and more perfect form which is now so rarely found, because the author later omitted the concluding portion, as he had employed the same idea at greater length in *A Strange Story*. To one who loves the literature of the uncanny, this one narrative alone is worth far more than the modest price of the little book.

C. W. L.

Conscious Control, by F. Mathias Alexander. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This little book is written with the object of condemning the usual systems of physical culture and in particular that which is employed in the British army. Muscular rigidity and strained attitudes are held responsible for many evils, which are to be eradicated by the author's method of conscious control of the muscular system. While there is perhaps an element of truth in the view that modern methods of physical culture tend towards stiffness and ugliness rather than to suppleness and grace, there are few who will agree with the author's contention that cancer, appendicitis, asthma, etc., are due to "the erroneous preconceived ideas of the persons immediately concerned" in respect to muscular movements. The book is mostly an advertisement of the author and his method, and as no clear description of the latter is given, one is unable to judge of its value, and in any case it apparently can only be applied

by the author, personally. The volume is valueless to the general reader.

C. R. H.

Poems Dramatic and Lyrical, by Clifford Bax. (The *Orpheus* Press, 3 Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, London. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

A charming envelope of white and gold prepares us for the golden verses it encloses. Of these the first, 'The School of Plato,' inspired by Jean Delville's great fresco, is, perhaps, the finest. The painter-Theosophist has inspired the poet-Theosophist—and that has a charm of its own. An intense love of Nature, a pure and passionate worship of Beauty, these are the wells from which Clifford Bax draws his poetry:—

Ah for a little with all the delight of a boy
 Allured in the heat of the noon to the cold of the sea,
 Wearied of man and ashamed of the world I stood,
 Worshipping God with the old wild wondering joy,
 Healing my heart with the beauty of flower or tree,
 Cleansing the dust of my life in the life of the wood,
 When suddenly harebells glimmered around me, see
 As a sapphire mist in a maze of environing green.

And how graceful is this, 'An Interior' at Dresden:—

The little flower-set window-square
 Was filled with sapphire-coloured bloom;
 A coolness clove the darkening air,
 And we in that familiar room
 Heard lightly cast along the pane
 The javelins of the August rain.

The two brief dramas, 'Echo and Narcissus' and 'The Marriage of the Soul,' contain passages of great beauty, and are well fitted for a dramatic setting. It is difficult to choose amid so much that is beautiful, but here are some lines:—

Lo, there are stars above me,
 World upon world in the dark air far and away,
 But I am a being older than they
 And they too worship and love me.
 Verily little I seem,
 And little in truth I should be were I only this,
 But I am a spirit, a radiant being of bliss,
 I am the Dreamer and all things else but the Dream;
 For what though an utterly measureless mystery lie
 In all that the sense may see or the soul recall?
 It is I, it is I,

I who am yet more wonderful even than all!

Uncounted ages ago
 I too flamed out of the darkness there, a lord of the heavenly race,
 Albeit now for a little space
 In truth I am fallen low ;
 And yet I remember still
 The beauty that once was mine,
 That now lies hid in the heights of me
 As a tarn in the crest of a hill.

But it is hardly fair to drag jewels out of their setting.
 Buy the book and read it.

A. B.

Mysticism and Magic in Turkey, by M. J. Garnett. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., London, 1912. Price 6s. net.)

In this book, described as "an account of the religious doctrines, monastic organisation, and ecstatic powers of the dervish orders," the author presents us with a quite interesting sketch of mystic teachings, practices, legends and organisations in Islām, mainly as seen in Turkey. The book is very readable if not very profound, and contains a mass of information on out-of-the-way topics as well as an interesting sprinkling of anecdotal history. To Theosophists, Chapter ii, on 'The Spiritual Hierarchy' will be of the greatest interest, for it contains garbled and faint echoes of mighty teachings current amongst the more intimately instructed ones in their midst.

Of real magic there is not much to be found in the volume, and the discussion of ecstatic powers is very limited; on the other hand, many magic legends and ecstatic claims are recorded.

On the whole the book is entertaining and instructive, and we recommend it warmly to all readers who wish for an introductory volume to initiate them in a pleasant way into the mystical side of modern Islām. A dozen photographic illustrations accompany the letterpress, and a short bibliography as well as a useful index are added.

J. v. M.

*The People's Books.*¹ (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price 6 Ans. or 6d. or 12c.)

Theosophy, by Annie Besant.

From Mrs. Besant's indefatigable pen a new book has come, which will be warmly welcomed by members and non-members of our Society alike. It is a popular sketch of Theosophy, serving as an introduction to the fuller study of the subject. Forming part of Messrs. Jack's admirable popular series it has a special value, in that it will undoubtedly be the means of introducing correct first notions about Theosophical thought and teachings to vast numbers of people not easily reached by the ordinary Theosophical publications. Intrinsically, it has the great merit of being built upon a new plan, different from that followed in most introductory booklets on the same subject with which we are acquainted thus far.

The plan is simple and yet very wide. Instead of concentrating her efforts in an orderly exposition of *teachings* only (we might say: of Theosophical dogmatics), the author has rather put before the reader a series of *aspects* of Theosophy, and so we find the main body of the booklet taken up by a description of Theosophy as science, as morality and art, as philosophy, as religion, and as applied to social problems. The result is that Theosophical readers will find the little work very suggestive, and that non-Theosophical readers will find its presentation in closer touch with the actual world and its activities, its needs and its experiences, than is often the case in similar productions. As a consequence a good deal of 'bridging over' the gap between ordinary conceptions and those of Theosophy is done already whilst reading the work.

For another reason the book cannot fail to prove specially interesting. Mrs. Besant stands amongst us unrivalled as a prolific writer and speaker on Theosophical subjects, as an experienced exponent of Theosophical ideals and views. Charged with the task of giving in condensed form a general outline of modern Theosophy after a three-and-twenty years' career of work and thought in the field, we may naturally expect a mature and well-tempered summary of ripe experience, with all angular enthusiasms worn away, all exalted enthusiasms softened, all

¹ This admirable and cheap popular series is obtainable at THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

dramatic exaggerations toned down. This is exactly the result, and many an old hand in our ranks will find new phrases, new ways of expression, or new definitions or points of view, serving as so many starting points for reflection and very attentive consideration.

We doubt not that the little book will be a big success, and will carry the bright and wise message of Theosophy to many obscure corners on this earth where, without this publication, the new-old good tidings of our own times would have scarcely penetrated.

Insurance as a Means of Investment, by W. A. Robertson.

The subject of this little book lies altogether outside the province of this magazine. We cannot review it in these pages. Messrs. Jack's 'The People's Books' are, however, to be energetically praised whatever their subjects. The book seems a solid production, it bristles with financial tables and returns apt to make the mouth of any desire-elemental water. It recommends safe ways of making money and investing profitably. Its study requires more financial reckoning than is perhaps likely to be done in this world or the next by most of our readers. Yet the old Vedic saying runs: "Before all let there be a certain amount of well-being." And 'The People's Books' should be praised anyhow. Those who are interested in the subject should note the title.

A Dictionary of Synonyms, by Austin K. Gray.

This is a handy book of synonyms, as complete as the magic of modern cheap production can make it. It is an open question whether any pocket dictionary is ever any good at all, but what *could* be given *has* been given. An interesting little introduction precedes the list which by judicious grouping has been made very compact and includes quite a fair amount of material. Each keyword is followed by fairly elementary etymological data. The synonyms themselves are, for the most part, grouped under the words that have the widest range of meaning. The subsidiary words are referred to these keywords and are not treated apart. All synonyms are grouped under two distinct headings, according to their derivation from (1) Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian and other Teutonic origins, and (2) from French and Latin. Words of other origin than Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, Latin and French are marked with the

names of the language they have come from. Altogether something under two thousand words are dealt with. As useful a little book as its size allows it to be.

J. v. M.

Aristotle, by Prof. A. E. Taylor.

“There are a few philosophers,” says Prof. Taylor, “whose influence on thought and language has been so extensive that no one who reads can be ignorant of their names, and that every man who speaks the language of educated Europeans is constantly using their vocabulary. Among these few Aristotle holds not the lowest place.” He points out that in order really to understand the terminology of modern science and philosophy a knowledge of Aristotelianism is necessary; some of the poets even are incomprehensible without it. Many of the common expressions used in ordinary conversation “derive their significance from the part they played in Aristotle’s vocabulary. The unambitious object of this little book is to help the English reader to a better understanding of such familiar language and a fuller comprehension of much that he will find in Dante, Shakespeare and Bacon.” It is hardly necessary to add that if this end is not accomplished, it is the reader who is at fault. The simplicity and clearness of the style and arrangement of the book should make it easy for even the ordinary reader to get a grasp of the main teachings of Aristotle’s philosophy.

Francis Bacon, by A. R. Skemp, M.A., Ph.D.

Like most of his biographers and critics, Mr. Skemp finds the character of Lord Bacon extremely complicated and difficult to understand. He gives a brief account of the great statesman’s career, trying to explain his conduct by reference to his peculiar mental and moral qualities. A short outline of his philosophy and a few remarks on his most important works and his literary style complete the volume.

Julius Caesar, by Hilary Hardinge.

As in the case of many of the books issued in this excellent series, one cannot help being struck, while reading *Julius Caesar*, by the eminently successful way in which the author realises the ideal of this most useful series of popular hand-books on subjects of universal interest. So much information is

compressed into so small a space and yet it is so well presented as to be easy and pleasant reading. Theosophists should be interested in this booklet describing one of the most important lives of Corona, one of the characters in the 'Rents in the Veil of Time'.

The Brontes, by Flora Masson.

Miss Masson is to be congratulated on the delightful picture she has succeeded in giving of the Bronte family. The story of their life is beautifully told and the familiar facts presented in a new way.

Thomas Carlyle, by L. Maclean Watt.

To those who love him, Carlyle is a subject rich in suggestiveness and full of the most varied possibilities. His character, his home-life, his genius, his literary career, the impression he made on his contemporaries, the views taken of him by posterity, his interpretation of life as expressed in his published writings, in his diary, in his conversation—each of these aspects of his life possesses a wonderfully vivid interest of its own. All these are treated in this little book, the various strands being very skilfully interwoven, and making a well-proportioned, living, whole.

Oliver Cromwell and his Times, by Hilda Johnstone, M.A.

The ancient quarrel between Cavalier and Roundhead is eagerly perpetuated even now by the school-boy population. The over-zealous partizan on either side would do well to read Miss Johnstone's fair and balanced estimate of the great Protector. Her view is admirably epitomised in her concluding paragraph. We cannot do better than quote it: "Cromwell, like Cæsar and Napoleon, must bear the assaults of those who see in him the typical tyrant, and the dangerous admiration of those who twist his facts to suit their theories. He will fare best if he is remembered neither as an eager schemer nor an inspired prophet, but as 'a plain, blunt man, that loves his friends,' solving problem after problem in a difficult career when they arose, as seemed honestly to him to be best."

A. de L.

England in the Middle Ages, by Mrs. E. O'Neill, M.A.

"It is the object of this little book to trace the essential features of Mediæval England." So runs the preface and little

remains for the reviewer to add except that the historical facts have been gathered from recognised classical sources.

The period described, beginning with the Norman Conquest and extending to the founding of the Tudor dynasty, as every one knows was a time of growth, of change. A struggle for supremacy was waged between the Barons, the Church and the Crown and the balance at one time swung in favour of one of them, at others of another; but from these turbulent beginnings which Mrs. O'Neill depicts rose the fair structure of constitutional government in England and the conception of justice which became the guiding principle of British rule. And one closes the book with the thought that in the initial experiments and failures of these (probably miscalled) 'dark ages' lay the promise of a national ideal which in later centuries would flower into a noble Imperialism.

The Growth of Freedom, by H. W. Nevinson.

Our author defines freedom as "a harmony of external pressure and inward will" such as is expressed in the phrase "Whose service is perfect freedom". This, he says, does not imply "submission—even to a Divine Will—but a positive, reasoning and joyful co-operation," and where there is any society, even if it be that of two persons only, external pressure comes in. In this harmony of the outer and the inner lies the possibility of the highest development of the personality and the only path to happiness. A chapter is devoted to the origin of authority; others show the ideals of freedom expressed by different races and nations. The influence of Christianity and of feudalism in this connection is touched upon and a general outline of the various phases of the history of the evolution of the religious, intellectual, social, economical and political freedom of Europe makes most interesting reading. Arriving at the period covering the last three centuries we find that "the seventeenth century was marked by the overthrow of absolutism; the eighteenth by the overthrow of oligarchy combined with a general abolition of serfdom; and the nineteenth by the birth of nationalism and some advance towards democracy". The writer seems to find democracy the ideal form of government. When equal opportunities are given to all, irrespective of their "inheritance, birth or surroundings," then "we can hope for a nation endowed with the right

judgment in all things for which we pray". But even then full freedom will not be won. "For, in the campaign of freedom, no truce is lasting, and peace will never be concluded, unless, perchance, in some distant age, there should be revealed far-off the shining gates of that City which, in language familiar to Greek and Christian alike, is a heavenly city, whose builder and maker is God."

Dietetics, by Alex. Bryce, M. D., D. P. H.

For all who are interested in the ' food question ' this little treatise will prove a most satisfactory purchase. In the first place it is written by someone who knows what he is talking about, which the authors of so many of the modern books relating to this matter do not; and secondly the book is made readily understandable by the clear and simple style in which it is written. It contains several very useful tables giving the nutritive and caloric values of various foods—vegetables, fruits, nuts and flesh. The case for vegetarianism in Dr. Bryce's mind is ' not proven,' but his attitude is distinctly a sympathetic one. Rabid food-faddists might consider his cool common-sense views with distinct advantage to themselves and to their friends, whilst vegetarians generally will find many valuable hints for practical every-day use.

A. E. A.

Practical Astronomy, by H. Macpherson, Jr., F.R.A.S. is exactly what it claims to be, giving just that information which will enable anyone to take an interest in the stars, without making a study of astronomy. We recommend it to all who wish to have many interesting friends and companions on a starry night. The author has apparently not realised the possibility that the book would travel outside the British Isles, as there are a few places where the words " as seen from the latitude of England " would have prevented possible misconceptions.

A. M.

The Foundations of Science, by W. C. D. Whetham, M. A., F.R.S.

In spite of the magnitude of the topic, a most extensive survey of the scientific world has been compressed into a

remarkably small compass, and a striking impression of proportion is conveyed by the judicious selection and classification of the most prominent landmarks. Science is considered under the primary aspects of physical, biological and psychical, and is defined as "an ordered knowledge of the phenomena or appearances of nature, and of the connection or relations which have been discovered between them." The style is fresh and genial, and we cannot imagine any better stimulant to popular scientific interest than a few hours in the company of this admirable little book.

Evolution, by E. S. Goodrich, M.A., F.R.S.

The word evolution has come to figure so largely in modern philosophy, and even religion, that there is ample room for a popular book confined to the original scientific use of the word, and such a book is now before us. The writer clearly states and frankly defends the position of Darwin, removing many popular misconceptions which still recall the storm of opposition which the great naturalist aroused. Even if we did not believe in "a guiding force directing the course of evolution," as the writer evidently does not, we should be the richer for a fund of definite data revealing the wonderful adaptability of life to varying conditions under a traceable sequence of cause and effect. It is argued that those who believe in such a force "must admit that it has been singularly blind and inefficient, leading more often to destruction than success". But in the next paragraph, relating to apparent failures, we find the corrective admission: "It is a mistake to assume without clear proof that the course of their evolution can have been useless." Exactly; the destruction of bodies no longer adapted to the temporary conditions which produced them may even be a gain from the standpoint of a continuing consciousness. The book is full of solid reading, and the illustrations and diagrams are instructive.

Radiation, by P. Phillips, D.Sc.

The contents of this book deal with the waves which constitute light and heat, but do not include radio-activity. The question naturally arises—what do such waves consist of? To speak of them as periodical changes in direction of electromagnetic field may not convey much to the casual enquirer, but the value of reducing the number of unknown quantities to a minimum must be obvious to all, and it is in this direction of

the correlation of forces that modern science is tending. The author's treatment is simple and clear, and his explanations speak for themselves.

W. D. S. B.

Cities Seen in East and West, by Mrs. Walter Tibbits. (Hurst and Blackett, Ltd., London.)

This is a book which one reviews only out of respect to the publishers. Mrs. Tibbits' previous book, while defective in many points, had an elusive charm which veiled slipshod English. In this book the defects are aggravated, and while there is still a charm in the descriptive passages—Mrs. Tibbits can describe a scene admirably—the spirit of the book repels; and the model adopted for grammar and the superficiality suggest Ouida. Quite worthy of Ouida is the sentence: "It is a relief to lean over the stern and watch the insouciant sea-anemones flouncing and bouncing beneath"! The writer probably means jelly-fish, for the bouncing sea-anemone of the deep sea is unknown to biology. Ouidaesque also are the princes, duchesses and countesses scattered over the pages like pepper on a stew. But Ouida, while fond of sensual heroes, was not so fond of unclean innuendoes as to the most revolting bye-ways of human sin as is the writer of this book. Clever? Yes, but prurient and polluting.

Coming to India, we pass into another atmosphere. Mrs. Tibbits tells us that the tenth Guru of the Sikhs is reincarnated again, and her indication will be intelligible to a very large circle in India. On that we have nothing to say. The beliefs of men are sacred to the Theosophist. But when one finds the writer of the first part of this book boasting of herself as in a Temple to which "not a dozen people from the outer life of this planet have access," one recalls the Hindū story of the burning up of Kāmaḍeva—and marvels. The austere purity of the 'Great Yogī' is hardly compatible with the gusto with which the uncleannesses of Part I are dwelt on. It is a pity, alike for the authoress and her friends, that this book has been written. It is an outrage that Parts I and II should be bound into the same volume.

A. B.

The Rise and Fall of Nations, by W. J. Balfour-Murphy, LL.D., F. R. G. S. (George Allen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s. net.)

The question "why nations in the past have risen only to fall, why modern nations, originally of the same blood and tongue, have developed on such different lines," has inspired the writing of this book. The conviction that the theory of mechanical evolution "fails to account for the phenomena with which modern European nations provide us" guides the author in his search for the qualities which have made a people great and the causes that have led to its subsequent downfall. In his Introduction he explains his general position and then proceeds to sketch the history of Europe in the light of his views. The conclusion arrived at is that "the decay of a nation is not necessarily a fate from which there is no escape," that every nation is master of its own destiny; "that the morally directed intellect may be regarded as the one great factor to which all other factors are quite subservient"; and hence, that its educational system is of paramount importance to a country. In a final chapter English education is discussed and some practical suggestions offered.

A. de L.

The Dramatic Poem of Job, by William Jennings, M.A. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

A study of the laws of karma as set forth in Theosophical writings solves much, if not all, of the problem of suffering—the problem with which the book of Job deals, and deals without satisfactory issue. Nevertheless, the thoughts of the ancient Hebrew dramatist, orientally rich in simile and metaphor, are of interest for all time; and a religious poem of which such critics as Carlyle and Tennyson have spoken with superlative praise should not be lightly passed by.

It will be found that this translation—in blank verse—is more easily readable than the A.V. or R.V., and that it elucidates passages which a study of the accepted versions left quite unintelligible. The versification is done with ingenuity, good taste, and some poetic faculty; and in comparing this translation with those in prose one feels that the translator has chosen

the form better suited to the symmetry-loving Spirit of Poetry by whom the book is—to some extent at least—ensouled.

R. W. E.

Outdoor Philosophy: The Meditations of a Naturalist, by Stanton Davis Kirkham. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Price 5s. net.)

“Good wine needs no bush,” and Mr. Kirkham's books are well known, at least in his own country; nevertheless we may add that the book under review is one of those which it is good to have in the rush of present-day conditions. In the mad scramble for possessions on the one side and the desperate struggle for existence on the other, men have utterly lost the ‘art of living’; and those who point out ‘the better way,’ as does our author, are friends of humanity. He claims for every soul the right of self-expression and regards life as the only teacher. He says that a man can be truly himself only out in the open. “One is beset indoors by insidious mental germs. A house is a little box full of stale thought which seems seldom to be renewed by fresh and invigorating currents. These germs do not thrive in the open air and thus life in the woods is more conducive to mental health. It is easier to change the mind, to refresh and renew it, when less exposed to the contagion of other minds.” Life is the only teacher; nature the only Scripture; and experience the only source of knowledge. “Truth comes of itself to whomsoever is ready, not as the result of multiplying theories and beliefs.”

A lover of the beautiful as well as a student, this philosophic naturalist in his wanderings afar has caught some of the notes of ‘Pan's pipes’ and translated them into really beautiful prose. Over hills and dales, across burning plains, or beside running streams, or scaling mountain heights, sometimes on horseback, sometimes afoot, the laughing God has led him, but always in his gentler moods.

Flowers, trees, insects and birds companion the nomad's solitude, whispering their secrets of love and of life. Under “the unimproved sky—the only dome that gives room for thought, the only roof that does not seem too near,” he finds freedom and contentment; under the calm gaze of the stars in his camp in the desert—peace. The wide world is his

home. Individual liberty, the power to think his own thoughts and to love beauty with all his strength ; these are his dearest possessions. These are but a few of the writer's " intimations of the philosophic life—the sane and beautiful life that haunts our earthly dream ”.

This is a good book and a beautiful book, and therefore we say: " Read it."

A. E. A.

Werwolves, by Elliott O'Donnell. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s. net.)

Mr. O'Donnell is always interesting, and he has put together in this volume a gruesome collection of stories about that most unpleasant of entities, the werwolf. They throng upon us from the British Isles, from France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, the Balkan States, Spain, Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Iceland, Lapland, Finland, Russia and Siberia, until one expects to meet one round the next corner. One is told how to become a werwolf—but why should anyone wish to become such a monster, one wonders. And one is told also how to dislodge the werwolf, by means certainly unpleasant. Lycanthropy seems to belong to Atlantean sorcery rather than to modern days, but those who wish for a 'thrill' cannot do better than read this entertaining volume.

A. B.

A Dictionary of the Biloxi and Ofo Languages accompanied with thirty-one Biloxi Texts and numerous Biloxi Phrases, by James Owen Dorsey and John R. Swanton. (Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 47, Washington. Government Printing Office, 1912.)

Every new volume issued by the Smithsonian Institution constitutes a new claim on our gratitude and admiration for the marvellous work done by it ; so does the present volume. The Biloxi tribe of Red Indians was first visited in 1699 and at that time was estimated to count some one hundred and thirty warriors in all. The following is the estimate recently

given by experts as to the numerical strength of the tribe: four hundred and twenty in 1698, one hundred and seventy-five in 1720, one hundred and five in 1805, sixty-five in 1829, sixty-eight in 1908. At the end of the first half of the nineteenth century the tribe seemed to have died out altogether and it was completely lost sight of, but in 1886 it was unexpectedly rediscovered by Dr. A. S. Gatschet. In 1892 Mr. Dorsey visited the tribe and reviewed and revised all the linguistic material that Dr. Gatschet had gathered, and added a great amount to it, besides recording several texts in the original. Mr. Dorsey died in 1895 and his materials are now for the first time published. These remnants have the great importance of having been rescued just in the nick of time, for only a few years hence the Biloxi will belong to the past.

Two curious words of the language may be quoted here. *Kuneki*=to bend any inanimate object. *Kuti*=to tell what one has perceived himself (not what he has heard or has been told).

The case of the Ofo tribe is still more dramatic. They were first referred to in 1699. Between 1718 and 1734 they were estimated to occupy 'about sixty cabins'. After 1784 no mention of this tribe appears in the histories or books of travel, and it was naturally supposed that it had been long extinct, when in November, 1908, Mr. Swanton had the good fortune to find an Indian woman belonging to this tribe, of which she is the last representative, who remembered a surprising number of words of her language. Mr. Swanton rescued in this way some eight hundred Ofo words, which he arranges into a small dictionary.

Evidently there is still romance in science.

The Biloxi Dictionary is scientifically arranged and a model of workmanship. The scantier materials of the Ofo language left less scope for an equally broad treatment. The thirty-one Biloxi texts given are very valuable for philology and folklore alike. The whole volume is a splendid piece of workmanship.

J. v. M.

Married by Degrees, a Play in Three Acts, by A. P. Sinnett. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY, London. Price 1s. net.)

Mr. Sinnett's brilliant psychological play is now issued in book form, and those who enjoyed the play, as did the present writer, will be glad to renew the pleasant impressions of 1911. The play turns on the phenomenon of double personality, and Lucy-Leonora, the dual-aspected heroine, is the source of perplexity to others and of difficulties to herself, as "dear sweet Lucy" changes into the "delightful madcap Leonora". The young lady, as Lucy, becomes engaged to an eminently respectable barrister, who does not know that he is on the way to possessing a "complicated wife". The gay Lady Belmont, who is Lucy's hostess, suggests that "he'll have two wives instead of one without committing bigamy," and so will have the pleasure of variety. Into the midst of the happy family party comes Leonora, with results that must be read in the play. The situations are cleverly conceived and brilliantly carried out, and we commend the play to our readers.

A. B.

The Secret of Happiness, by Irving S. Cooper; *Manuals of Occultism*, No. 3. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.)

This is an attractive little book dealing with its subject in that simple and lucid style which is making its author justly popular. It includes chapters on 'The Eternal Quest,' 'The Cause of Unhappiness,' 'The Heart of the Secret,' 'The Fruit of Action,' 'The Potency of Thought,' 'The Alchemy of Love' and 'The Apotheosis of Service'. One wishes one could ensure its perusal by the weak, the selfish and the depressed on whom it should act as a mental tonic, a life-giving draught. Now while it is a universal law of life that all men desire happiness, it is equally a law of nature that the search for personal happiness almost invariably leads not to happiness but to its opposite. "Leave desire and thou shalt find rest" all the great saints have taught their disciples. But to leave or to kill out desire is half only of the secret of happiness, and its negative aspect; and nature ever craves the positive. This book lays more stress on the positive position and insists

that only "as we thus change our motive for action and substitute thought for others in place of desire for ourselves, there will gradually dawn within our consciousness a clearer understanding of the nature of this priceless secret—happiness". The apotheosis of service is reached when the man "exists not for himself but for others, he has forgotten himself in order that he may serve them". And that that day may dawn more quickly for many is the author's object in writing this book.

E. S.

The House of Peace, by Michael Wood. (Longmans, Green and Co., London. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

Whenever Michael Wood's name appears upon a title-page, the purchaser of the book is sure of an hour's pure thought and lofty inspiration, and of the pleasure of reading polished and poetic English. Michael Wood has a deep insight into the human heart, and he is steeped in Theosophical ideas. In *The House of Peace* we once more meet Father Standish, and it is always good to meet him. The redemption of a man who by weakness falls into crime, who, coming out of prison, learns to love a child, is trapped by fiendish malice into circumstances that lead to an undeserved second conviction, is broken into pieces by false accusations leading to punishments in prison, comes out a wreck, and is brought to the House of Peace, where he dies—all this is exquisitely told, and nothing but good can come to the reader by the reading.

A. B.

The Sign of the Star, by Edgar Williams. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras. Price Rs. 2 or 2s. 6d. or 65c.)

This is an alleged poem, with apparently a purpose and a lengthy, explanatory "Introduction". In the latter the author remarks naively: "Some of my friends have been kind enough to point out some infringement of the rules of versification," and adds: "I thank them." It seems a pity that the thanks have not taken the practical form of the correction of some of the more glaring errors. Mr. Williams is no doubt much in

earnest, but it is a mistaken enthusiasm which leads a young author to publish in haste, and regret at leisure that he has not devoted more time, thought and study to the question of 'form'. The public cannot be expected to take the trouble to wade through countless verses in order to find badly expressed ideas—even though the ideas be interesting! And, in a case like this, where it is evident that the writer has something to say, it is almost impossible to discover the nature of that 'something,' so involved is his expression, so unattractive the style.

G. K.

Fellowship in Work, by Mme. Pogosky (C. W. Daniel, Ltd., London. Price 6d. net), is a charmingly written book on the life of the Russian peasantry, the importance of reviving handicrafts, and the happiness of creative labour. The chapter on the value of vegetable dyes will appeal to every lover of pure colours. *An Indian Pot-Pourri*, by Miss Elisabeth Severs (T. P. S., London. Price 12 Ans.) deserves to be read by lovers of India for the pleasure of seeing their knowledge so well reproduced, and by non-lovers of India for their souls' health. It is a delightful little book, and the writer has evidently been touched by India's magic wand. Whithersoever she may wander in years to come, she will ever hear the soft calling of the East—the Mother's call. *The Heart of the Master*, by Carrie Crozier (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras) is a very dainty booklet in blue watered silk. Some will like and be helped by it; others will have a slight shrinking from it as from something a little irreverent—though certainly no thought of irreverence was in the mind of the writer. The second part, 'The Five Symbols,' claims to be extracts from an occult library, but seems to be entirely fanciful. *Some Suggestions for Propaganda*, by Irving S. Cooper (T. P. H., Adyar. Price 3 Ans.), is a very useful pamphlet for workers in the Theosophical field. The Srinivāsa Maṇḍiram, Bangalore, issues as an eight-anna pamphlet the admirable lecture on the *Comparative Study of Sacred Books* delivered by Mr. Johan van Manen at its 1912 Anniversary. The lecturer argued that the comparative study of religions unifies the field of human thought, that it leads to a fuller understanding of one's own faith, and to the grasping of inner and universal

truths; it brings about goodwill between the different nations and helps the realisation of brotherhood. "But we must always realise that we are doing a spiritual work, not merely preparing for an examination." *A Persian Hero, Stories from the Shah Nameh.* (Macmillan & Co., London. Price 1s.) Here is an indication of the splendid advantages our boys and girls are having now-a-days. This school-book edition of the famous Persian stories is well produced, and will give pleasant reading for both school-hours and play-hours. Messrs. Rider & Son have issued the second edition of *The Priestess of Isis*, by Edouard Schure (2s.) Esperanto translation of *At the Feet of the Master* by Alcyone is a nicely produced book and is sold by the T. P. S., London at 1s. 6d. *A Traditional Dream Interpreter* is a collection of "some curious dreams recorded by famous people". (Rexo Publishing Co., 9d.) *A Primer of Natal Astrology for Beginners* by Geo. Wilde (Rexo) has been re-issued.

NOTE

An interesting case of confirmation of one super-physical happening by another is given in the following paragraph from *Light* :

The Richmond and Twickenham Times reports that Mr. Robert King, lecturing at Richmond on the 13th inst., stated that after the Titanic disaster, Mr. Stead manifested at a circle of which he himself was a member, and on being asked how he felt directly after he had left the physical body, Mr. Stead replied that he felt dazed. "I was conscious," he said, "of seeing Mrs. Besant, who was also engaged in the work of helping the sufferers, pass me, but it was a little time after before I really became conscious." Mr. King added that, curiously enough, they had had a letter from Mrs. Besant, who said: "On the night of the disaster we were hurrying, with a band of workers, to the spot, and I saw Stead. He looked so confused, I don't know if he recognised me."

That was so. His need at the moment was not so great as that of many others who were frantic with terror and needed immediate consolation. A little later, my dear old friend was quite himself and gave me a message which I sent on. Soon afterwards, he established his own communications.

