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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

I FIND in the *Lichtbringer*, the German organ of the Order of the Star in the East, a pleasantly worded message from Alcyone.

MY DEAR DR. HUBBE-SCHLEIDEN,

May I through you thank all the German members of the Order of the Star in the East for the loving greeting they have sent me. I hope that millions of men in Germany will listen to the message which the great Teacher will deliver when He comes; and I pray that His blessing may rest on all of those who are already preparing the way for His coming.

In His love

J. KRISHNAMURTI

It is clear that he, at least, does not regard himself as the great Teacher, and the distinction which was so unintelligible to Mr. Justice Bakewell is clear enough to the person concerned!

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It is interesting to see the desperate efforts made by the *Hindu* of Madras, *à la* Mrs. Partington, to stop

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with its mop of abuse the advancing Atlantic of Theosophy. Even the judgment of Khan Bahadur Osman Sāhab, has had no effect in checking the steady inflow of new members into the Theosophical Society in India. Malice has at last overreached itself, and the solid fact that thousands of respected Indians are Fellows of the T.S. and are entirely unshaken by the vitriolic attacks of our enemies, and that they honour and love Mr. Leadbeater and treat with contempt the false charges made against him, outweighs in the mind of the public all the epithets and libels so plentifully supplied. And the fact that our enemies, with their pretence of morality, have no word of honest indignation for the father who blackened his innocent son with false charges of revolting crime, makes its fairly clear that it is not immorality that they object to, but that their sole aim is to injure Theosophy. After a while the public will recognise that the steady defence of Mr. Leadbeater and the rallying round him of the Theosophical Society does not mean that Theosophists are indifferent to morality, but that they know that he is a man of pure and noble life, and this cannot be driven out of their knowledge by libels manufactured in America and taken as evidence in Madras without proof. When the present illusion is over, people will recognise that, as so often before in history, they have been betrayed into shameful injustice.

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I was invited to give a lecture on Theosophy on board the *Persia* and very willingly did so. The chair was taken by General Sir Henry Mohun, D.S.O., and the interest aroused was shown by the enquiries next morning for literature in which to pursue the study. 'Theosophy and its Bearing on Life' was the

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subject, and it proved itself a very attractive one. Some amusement was caused by a reference to the belated attitude of the *Times* on religious questions, belonging to the nineteenth century rather than to the twentieth and its naïve statement that it had regarded Mysticism as an "exploded superstition," when it found itself obliged to report the Dean of S. Paul's lectures on the subject.

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By the way, the *Times* article on Theosophy in India was much garbled in transmission. Reuter —or the Indian newspapers quoting him—carefully omitted the fact that Theosophy is regarded as a "backward movement" because it is "an encouragement to Hinḍūs to consider, as has been justly said, that 'their Gods, their philosophy, their morality, are on a higher plane of thought than the West has ever reached'. Theosophy must, of course, be allowed to run its course, but it should have no approval, or the semblance of it, from the government." There lies our crime in the eyes of the *Times*, or is it in those of Sir Valentine Chirol? We have aroused the Hinḍūs to the value of their own great literature, and have awakened their self-respect. The article would have been less useful in India as a weapon against Theosophy, if it had been honestly quoted, for it would have been seen that it treated with contempt the religion of two hundred and fifty millions of British subjects. It was not quite honest of the *Pioneer*—if it knew this—to omit from its telegram the reason for the condemnation of Theosophy. The *Times* has also printed the falsification of the judgment of Mr. Justice Bakewell in the High Court in relation to Mr. Leadbeater, sent out from Madras and corrected after

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it had done its work of injury. It is a little difficult to struggle against the deliberate distortions sent out to every country from Madras, but in the long run "Truth conquers, not falsehood". They who "live in the Eternal" can afford to wait.

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There was one painful matter in connection with the trial—the treachery of some members of the Esoteric School. They gave to our opponents the documents they had sworn to keep private, and thus exposed our most sacred religious feelings to ridicule, and our holiest beliefs to misrepresentation. The result of this is the cessation of our private journal the *Link*. In the police-court trials, in that atmosphere poisoned with the emanations of crime, our most cherished religious ideas have been profaned and blasphemed. A Mussulman, a Christian, a Hiṇḍū would have been respected, but the Theosophist is fair game. None the less, we may count it privilege and joy to suffer thus, for here and there some groping soul may have heard, even in this way, the first notes of the celestial music which hereafter shall fill all life with melody. Even for one such, it has been worth while to suffer through these weary months.

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I have received from America a copy of a journal entitled *The Divine Life*. Fourteen pages out of twenty-four are devoted to abusing the Theosophical Society, the Order of the Star in the East, Alcyone, and others. The Editor promises that "we shall fully criticise their principles and practices in the further issues". Some people have odd ideas as to what constitutes the 'Divine Life'.

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The Theosophical Educational Trust has started well. It has bought for Rs. 40,000 from Babu Govinda Das, a fine plot of land near Shānṭi Kuñja, Benares City, whereon the necessary buildings can be raised. When the Hon. Paṇdiṭ Madan Mohan Malaviya declared publicly that Theosophy should not influence the Hinḍū University, I saw that the University had no place for me, nor for any one loyal to the Theosophical Society. The University Committee has been glad to get hold of the College, built and supported largely with the money of Hinḍū and non-Hinḍū Theosophists. All that is to be taken over; the services of Theosophists all over the country have been freely given to collect funds; they have contributed largely, believing that the Hon. Paṇdiṭ was friendly, and that the President of the Theosophical Society was a welcome co-worker. Now, we suddenly find that we have been deceived, and that Theosophy is in no way to be recognised. When I saw this, I resolved to hurry the formation of the Trust, so as to be ready to continue the work on the lines we had always tried to follow. We shall have two Schools at Benares opened on July 7th. There will be a boys' College and a girls' School opened at Gorakhpur on July 1st. The large self-supporting School at Bankipur comes over to the Trust, as does the High School at Madanapalle. In other places action is also being taken, and before the year is out we shall be in full swing of work. That is our answer to those who have tried to ruin us.

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The Distressed Indian Students' Aid Committee, of which Mrs. Herbert Whyte, F. T. S., is Hon. Secretary, has just issued its second Annual Report. The

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Committee is a very strong one, with Sir James Wilson, K. C. S. I., as Chairman, and with three members of the India Council, the Educational and Assistant Educational Advisers to Indian Students, and other well-known people as members. Its work is most useful in helping students stranded in a foreign country, and as all the work is done by efficient volunteers, the office expenses are extraordinarily low. The superior landlord of our T. S. Hostel for Indian Students in London has become bankrupt, but it is hoped that some arrangement may be come to which will prevent the closing of this useful Students' Home.

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The liking for Theosophical Summer Schools has spread to Germany, and a 'Theosophische Ferienkurse' is to be held in Weisser Hirsch, near Dresden, from June 25th to the end of July. An admirable programme has been drawn up, and courses of lectures are to be delivered by Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, Herr Ahner, Frau Irma von Manziarly, Herr Anders, Herr Gorsemann, and Herr J. Cordes, Austrian General Secretary. Herr Gorsemann's lecture-cycle on Wagner's Operas is peculiarly suitable to its surroundings. We heartily wish success to our German brethren in their efforts to spread a knowledge of Theosophy in their Fatherland.

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New Zealanders do not seem inclined to submit to the tyranny of orthodoxy. The Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association of Greymouth invited Miss Christie to lecture to them on Evolution, in an old Kirk which had been turned into a Hall. The Moderator, who had control over church property, closed the hall, much to the disgust of the would-be audience. The

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Y. M. M. I. A. thereupon disbanded, and its members are engaging themselves in the study of Theosophy. In Westland, a neighbouring town, some Roman Catholic larrikins disturbed the Theosophical meeting, and locked lecturer and audience into the Hall! However, they were set free by an energetic friend, and were none the worse for their temporary imprisonment. In Australia the 'Golden Chain' is spreading, some three thousand applications from children having lately come in, as the result of the insertion by Mr. Studd, F. T. S., of the Golden Chain promise in the Journal of the Education Department, Victoria.

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A curious story comes from the north of India. There is a man who has formed a group to pray for the early coming of the Kalki Avaṭāra. He declares that the Kalki Avaṭāra is born in India and was fourteen years old in 1910. He says also that several great souls are already born into the world and that others are coming. In the prayer book used by this group reference is made to the Ṛṣhis Ḍevapi and Maru as the forerunners of the movement. This man is a Brāhmaṇa, and knows neither English nor Persian; he knows nothing of the Theosophical Society, nor of the coming of the Lord Maiṭreya, so it is interesting to hear what is practically our own story under other names. It is not however, surprising, as there are Hinḍūs scattered over India who are in touch with the White Lodge.

Our readers must have noted an interesting article on 'Time and Eternity' from the pen of J. S. Mackenzie,

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LL.D., Litt. D., in our May number. Mr. C. W. Leadbeater has written on the same subject of Time in the June *Adyar Bulletin*. After describing what we mortals call Time and what it means to us he proceeds to describe 'God's time'. He says:

> That other time is God's time; and in *that* time what we call our past is not irrevocable, but is constantly changing, though always in the direction of improvement, or evolution. It may be said that the events of the past cannot be changed; but that statement is after all an assumption. The important events of the past are our contacts with other egos, our relations with them; and these relations *are* being changed, whether we know it or not; for they are in this direction at right angles to what *we* call time, which at present we are unable to appreciate.
>
> But just as it is now possible for us to become conscious all along our line instead of only at one point of it, so will it in the far-away future be possible for us to acquire a consciousness which shall contain *the whole square*—a consciousness equivalent to that which now seems to us the Divine Consciousness. Probably then the whole process will be repeated, and we shall find that the whole square is moving at right angles itself; but it is better to try to grasp one facet of the idea at a time. In the same way our railroad is not only being carried round from west to east as the earth rotates upon its axis, but it is also being carried through space at a far swifter rate as the earth revolves round the sun; and it has yet again an additional and quite different motion as the whole solar system revolves in its incalculable orbit round some far greater central sun.

He quotes the late Mr. C. H. Hinton on this transcendental view of Time and we may draw our readers attention to *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. i, p. 69 and Vol. ii, p. 466. This article of Mr. Leadbeater should be carefully studied by every Theosophical student.

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HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

A CHAPTER OF HER PAST

By A. L. POGOSKY, F. T. S.

IF one were to take a geographical map and mark on it Helena Petrovna's movements during the period 1848-1872, it would present the following picture: From 1848 to 1851,[1] travels in Egypt, Athens, Smyrna and Asia Minor, *the first* unsatisfactory effort to penetrate into Tibet; in 1851 (the date is given in her own notes) a visit to England, where occurs her first meeting with the Master who appeared to her in her childhood, and whom she called her Protector; from 1851 to 1853

[1] The years are taken from Mrs. Besant's pamphlet, *H. P. Blavatsky and the Masters of Wisdom*, published in 1907. Other articles on this subject give comparatively the same dates.

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travels in South America and a journey to India, the *second* attempt to reach Tibet, and return *via* China and Japan to America; from 1853 to 1855 or 1856, wanderings through North and Central America, and move to England; from 1855 or 1856 to 1858, return from England *via* Egypt to India, and the *third* vain attempt to penetrate Tibet. Here we encounter a discrepancy. The Countess Wachtmeister, who stood nearest to Helena Petrovna during her last years, in her speech at the Leipzig Theosophical Society, meeting on 30th September in 1899, said that her first journey to Tibet happened in 1856.[1] In December, 1858, Helena Petrovna suddenly appears in Russia, stays with her relatives first in Odessa, then in Tiflis up to 1863; in 1864 she at last penetrates into Tibet, whence she goes for a short time to Italy (in 1866), then again to India, returning *via* the mountains of Kumlun and the lake Palti once more to Tibet; in 1872 she passes through Egypt and Greece to her relatives in Odessa, and thence in 1873 she goes to America; and this ends this period of her life.

These wanderings over the face of the globe, lasting some twenty years—even if we omit the four years spent with relatives—seem at first sight quite aimless, because we have to do not with one bent on scientific research, but with a woman who had no profession whatever; and the only indication of her real aim is the oft repeated endeavour to reach Tibet. Besides this indication, we have no definite information as to this period of her life. Even relatives whom she warmly loved—her sister and aunt, to whom she was tied by

[1] The Countess Wachtmeister added an interesting detail of this journey: as foreigners were not allowed to enter this country, the Hinḍūs who came to meet her at Darjeeling put her in a car and covered her with hay, and in this way she went through.

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tenderest friendship—even these two knew nothing of this epoch of her life. For some time they felt sure she was no more among the living.

In the *Memories of Madame Ermoloff*, who knew all the circumstances of Helena Petrovna's maiden life, we find a little detail, not mentioned anywhere else, which may have had an important influence on her destiny. At that time there lived in Tiflis a Prince Galitzyne, a relative of the Viceroy of the Caucasus, who often visited the Fadéeffs, and was greatly interested in this original young lady. He was considered, as Madame Ermoloff puts it, "either a Freemason, or a magician, or a fortune-teller".[1]

Immediately after the departure of Prince Galitzyne from Tiflis came the sudden decision of Helena Petrovna to marry a very unsuitable old gentleman, M. Blavatsky. Putting together these circumstances and the subsequent flight from the husband's house, it seems likely that, in conversing with the 'Magician' Prince Galitzyne, a man well-informed upon, or at least interested in, the phenomena of mediumship and clairvoyance, Helena Petrovna imbibed many hints affecting her decision to break with the limitations of a young lady's life in society. It is very probable that she told her sympathetic listener of her visions, and of her 'Protector,' and received from him information, and perhaps even the address of that Egyptian Copt who is quoted as her first teacher in Occultism. Confirmation of this lies in the fact that, on reaching Kerch with her servants, Helena Petrovna sends them back from the steamer,

[1] H. P. Blavatsky's relatives replied to my inquiry that Prince Galitzyne was indeed very often with the Fadeeffs before Helena Petrovna's marriage, but whether he was an Occultist or not they could not say, but thought it very likely.

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and, instead of going to her father, as her relatives and servants believed, she travels to Egypt, not alone, but with a friend, the Countess Kisselva. It is possible that this meeting with a companion was a mere chance, but it might have been previously arranged. If my surmise is true, all the character of her disappearance in the East changes: instead of being an aimless hunting for adventures, it appears in the light of a definite striving towards a definite aim.

Three years later occurs the important event of this epoch of her life: her first meeting with the Master. This meeting, in London, in 1851, is mentioned by H. S. Olcott, the Countess Wachtmeister and Mrs. Besant. The full significance of this meeting can be understood only having regard to her heroic, glowing devotion to her Master, which never weakened, but overcame all difficulties, remaining till her last breath. This devotion, revealing the whole capacity of her greatness of soul, was the brightly burning beacon directing all her future actions; by its light, all her wanderings, all her bizarre experiences, and her oft-repeated efforts to reach Tibet—where she hoped to approach Him—are invested with a new, and deep meaning. Her foes and those who judge by appearances surmise that the mystery of her life hides something objectionable, or why should her life not be open, just like that of anybody else? Yes, she had something to hide, but it was no commonplace adventure which filled the mysterious part of her life, but the indomitable striving of a big soul after a big aim.

To be able to understand this side of her life, one must know what discipleship means, what it consists of, what responsibilities it puts on the disciple, and what is the attitude of a disciple of an occult school towards the

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Master in the East. Without a slight idea of these things, a true understanding of the life of Helena Petrovna, who undoubtedly was a disciple of high Adepts of eastern Wisdom (Brahma-Vidyā) is quite impossible. To Europeans, who have lost every idea of Esotericism, the very existence of the eastern Masters, living quite a separate life somewhere among the inaccessible Himālayan Mountains, unknown to any but a handful of dreamers—Theosophists—seems a fairy tale. But this attitude completely changes as soon as one begins to understand the inner meaning of the religious teachings of India. The difference between the intellectual and spiritual life of the materialistic West and that of the mystic East is very deep, and the misunderstandings arising in the one concerning the most vital life of the other are natural. But in the East no one doubts the existence of high Adepts of Divine Wisdom.

In the *Boston Courier* of 18th July, 1886, with reference to the accusation brought against Helena Petrovna of having fabricated fictitious communications with non-existent Masters of Wisdom, appeared a protest signed by seventy paṇḍiṭs, from a nursery of scholars of the ancient Indian religions, stating that Mahāṭmas or Sāḍhus are not a fancy of Madame Blavatsky, but are superior Beings, the existence of whom no enlightened Hinḍū can doubt, who were known to the elders, and with whom many Hinḍūs, not in the least connected with the Theosophical Society, are in constant communication. This is a testimony of eastern scholars. But western scholars too, at least the advanced ones, do not deny the possibility of supernormal psychic powers, which in the majority of men lie latent, but which will develop in time to their full degree of manifestation.

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Once admit this, and it is quite illogical to deny the possibility of higher and yet higher degrees of psychic and spiritual evolution, involving the existence of 'superior Beings,' whose spiritual powers and gifts are as yet unknown on *our* level of development. Many are confused by the mystery surrounding Them. But there are very grave reasons for this mystery. One of the more comprehensible of them to a European mind lies in the fact of the natural refinement of the nervous system which must take place in such cases—the fact that such sensitive organisations must suffer excessively from our modern surroundings and modes of living; this will be easily understood by anyone who has 'sensitive nerves'. If we picture this sensitiveness increased to a much greater degree, it is easy to imagine a limit beyond which the noise and vibrations of modern city life, and the crowding together of a multitude of inharmoniously attuned human natures may be felt as an actual danger and injury. In this lies the main reason why people who have reached a high degree of saintliness, inevitably implying extreme sensitiveness of the whole nervous system, always sought solitude, hiding in deserts and lonely places. If a man with exceptionally fine psychic development—following his life's aim—is forced to remain in the crowd, he must suffer greatly, and, the higher his stage of development, the less able is he to stand the gross noises of modern city life[1] without certain measures of precaution known to Occultists.

If one has but the slightest idea of occult phenomena one can truly say, in analysing H. P. B's. life,

[1] It is well-known to H. P. B's nearest disciples, how she suffered from physical noises.

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that this whole period of it was firstly a preparation for discipleship, then discipleship itself; while the last years of her life bear clear evidence of a definite spiritual mission. Many features of her life, as well as the character of her literary work, prove it. Firstly, the Stanzas of Dzyān, for which all three volumes of her *Secret Doctrine* serve as commentaries, could be accessible only to a disciple of an Adept, who, for reasons of the highest order, considered it right and necessary to give them to the world towards the end of last century. Otherwise, the Stanzas would have been known a long time ago, if not to western scholars, at least to eastern paṇḍiṭs; but this was not the case, and the Stanzas were actually given to the world for the first time through H. P. B. Had this not been really so, the learned Brāhmaṇas in India would have risen in loud protest to expose the imposture of this woman who claimed for herself the merit of the first transmission of so precious and ancient a document, more particularly as she belonged to a race of secretly despised barbarians.[1] The other book, *The Voice of the Silence*, does not reveal her discipleship only to Europeans, who have lost touch with religious Esotericism; those who understand the real meaning of the line "*Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life and few they be that find it*," and know what the eastern religious path means, see clearly that H. P. B. was a disciple of the esoteric school of the East; for only *there* was she likely to find such sentences as these—permeated through and through with the spirituality of the ancient East. Only a true chelā, moulding his spiritual life on new lines with mighty efforts, burning

[1] **Mlechchas.**

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all his lower nature in the fire of inward battle, is able to give expression to the experience of the Spirit as H. P. B. did in her *Voice of the Silence.*

The second proof of her discipleship is afforded by her constant communications with the Masters of the East, to which we have frequent testimony from Europeans and Hinḍūs. These communications were of varying character; they were seldom held directly on the physical plane, but more often by writing, and still oftener they were of a clairvoyantly psychic nature, to which sphere belong the so-called 'astral' communications, when the form of the absent was clearly seen and his voice heard. But in the stage reached by the psychic powers of Helena Petrovna such communion between Master and disciple (Guru and chelā, as they put it in the East) can be as definite and continuous as physical communion. Between them something like a wireless telegraphy seems to have been established. Many witnesses testify how, even in the middle of a lively conversation, when Helena Petrovna's attention was riveted on a definite subject, she would suddenly stop, as if listening to something, and after this there appeared invariably either a letter or inner directions, which she immediately set herself to fulfil. No one, at such times, ever heard any sound; her open inner ear alone clearly distinguished the words uttered by the Master, which were conveyed by the magnetic currents playing between them. All such phenomena, such as clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, telepathy, inspiration, etc., considered as supernormal not so long ago, begin to be registered in the annals of scientific research, but modern science will not be able to explain them till it

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recognises the spiritual nature of man, his spiritual evolution. Up to now only Occultists can truly discern all the 'abnormal' psychic phenomena, but they do not consider them abnormal; they consider them to be powers of the human soul developing prematurely and one-sidedly, therefore inharmoniously. In the normal progress of evolution these powers open very gradually and slowly and in definite, mutual correspondence, whereas by forced evolution they can only manifest in an inharmonious and therefore undesirable manner, as is the case with most mediums, who have developed their vehicles before the development of the Spirit. Or they can develop *through orderly inner culture.* In the last case a teacher is needed, who himself has gone through a similar training; besides, it is necessary to be initiated in the higher spiritual spheres, and if the disciple has enough spiritual strength to bear the tremendous efforts required for the conscious inner rebuilding of the whole of his psychic nature, then he can outstrip his race in an extraordinary way. These forces, which in others act as yet cosmically, will be mastered by his own will; he will be their master, and therefore a great quantity of energy in him will be liberated for the higher spiritual work. On the other hand, such psychic powers as are developed prematurely, and are not submitted to the consciousness and will, can only harm him who possesses them; he is not lord, but slave of these powers, which master and confuse him. Although his prematurely developed inner eye and ear catch the coarser vibrations of light and sound of the unseen world, he does not become more spiritual and intelligent. He is unable to analyse them, and does not understand the mutual relations existing between

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the facts of the super-physical world. An orderly training of higher psychic powers has its science, its strict principles, its discipline, its experience, its many stages, its masters and its schools; and one of these eastern schools accepted H. P. B. as a disciple. The fact is proved by her last years, when the results of the systematic training of her powerful gifts as a medium were clearly evident. "Then (1859 to 1860) all these phenomena were beyond her power and control," writes her sister W. P. de Jelihowsky, "but when we saw her again in 1884, all these manifestations of unseen agents were obedient to her, they were *never* manifested without her will, and ceased instantaneously by her wish. The same change occurred with regard to her practice of clairvoyance. At one time she saw things *without any desire*, things which did not interest either her or her surroundings; twenty years later she could transfer her spiritual sight wherever she wished, and saw what she *wished* to see."[1]

These psychic powers, developed to full consciousness and fully subservient to her will, prove indisputably that her psychic development went through the orderly training of an occult school. These powers can be subdivided into several groups: (a) 'Suggestion,' calling forth various illusions—in light, sound, touch, taste and smell—in those who are under the suggestion; (b) clairvoyance of all kinds—the reading of other people's thoughts and moods by change of aura in the subject read; (c) communication from a distance with those who are gifted in the same or a higher degree; (d) a greatly developed intuition (super-consciousness) which made her able to obtain knowledge by means unknown to the

[1] *The Russian Review*, 1891.

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majority of people, such as the reading of the Ākāsha, the cosmic chronicle of the world; (e) precipitation of objective pictures by will-power on paper or other material. The pictures obtained by H. P. B. in this way, by putting her hand on a clean sheet of paper, were submitted to experts in 1895, after a period of seventeen years, and they could clearly see the design, as though it were made in water-colours, blue, red and green pencils, ink, and gold. In all such cases the concentrated imagination appears as the creator, force and matter as its working tools. All these methods are known only to the eastern schools of Occultism, no western medium owns them; (f) phenomena requiring knowledge of the primitive forces of nature; of the law of cohesion forming the various agglomerations of atoms; and the nature of ether, its composition and potency. It would be useless to enumerate her other powers, as they could only be explained by one who knows as much as H. P. B. knew herself.

Further evidence in favour of her high occult development is given by her determined silence about all the circumstances of this period of her life. This fact is especially important in the case of one so frank and unreserved in character. Her relatives state that she never considered what she said, nor before whom she was speaking. This did her great harm, giving her opponents a handle against her. One who knows the conditions of occult training will find such a silence not only perfectly natural, but the best testimony that a certain man really was a disciple of an occult school. One may live with a disciple under the same roof for a whole life-time, and not realise that he belongs to any such school.

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Further proofs we find in her persistent assurance that *she is not* the author of her books, but only a tool, only one who writes under dictation, etc. If this had not been so, if the Master had not been behind her, if she had herself invented *The Secret Doctrine*, with its innumerable references and quotations, she would have been not only a person of immense learning, acquired in an unknown way, but also the greatest genius imaginable, for such an individual creation as her *Secret Doctrine* cannot be found in any epoch. What could make her deprive herself of the deserved fame, honour, and esteem of her contemporaries, and persist in ascribing her personal creativeness to imaginary phantoms? What power could make one who by her own efforts acquired such a store of knowledge disown it in favour of a creation of her own imagination, calling forth insult, distrust, derision and misunderstanding from all sides, even from near and dear friends? Only a hopeless insanity could bring about such an incredible state of things. Helena Petrovna was accused of many failings, but never of *this* one.

The foregoing probably throws sufficient light on the true meaning of the second mysterious period of her life. The few facts known to her friends concerning this period give indication of the same qualities as characterised her last years, which were spent in the presence of many witnesses: the same iron will, the same heroic courage, the same unlimited devotion to an idea, the same fiery enthusiasm, the same indomitable energy. This second period of her life may have been rich in brilliant personal experiences; one may be sure at any rate that such experiences as she did have were of no trivial description. It is also possible that, being

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often without money during her wanderings, she had to earn her living by means which did not correspond with her social position, and may easily have evoked gossip and undeserved suspicions. This looks the more probable when one recollects the daring nature of her disposition, which stuck at no obstacles, and must have shown many a characteristic calculated to irritate the Philistine.

One of the episodes of her journey through Mongolia, mentioned in *Isis Unveiled*, gives some idea of the kind of situation she had to encounter during her wanderings. It was in 1855, when she was twenty-four years old and was trying to reach Tibet for the *third* time. She started from Calcutta with three companions, passing through Kashmir under the guidance of a Tartar Shaman. Her companions did not go far: two of them were sent back by Government agents and the third got ill with a terrible fever. The fearless Helena Petrovna went on alone with the Shaman, yearning after the 'forbidden land'. During a rest in the Mongolian steppe, under a tent, the Shaman agreed to show his young companion the effect of the talisman which he constantly wore. Without any explanations, he swallowed it, and almost immediately fell into a deep trance. Two hours were spent by the young woman in company with the rigid body, in solitude, in a Mongolian desert, and these two hours appear to have been a very interesting time, for she made the Shaman's astral body travel all over the world and tell her what her friends were doing. One of these friends, an old Russian lady, even appeared to her in person, in a corner of the tent, with a letter in her hand. It was found afterwards that this lady, while reading a letter at the time, had

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lost consciousness and had "seen Helena in some desert place, inside a gypsy tent". Helena Petrovna finally sent the astral body of the Shaman for help; and in a little while a whole party on horseback arrived at the tent and extricated her from a rather unpleasant situation.

I may here quote an interesting document, relating to her second sojourn in Tibet, between the years 1866 and 1871, and published in Mrs. Besant's book, *H. P. Blavatsky and the Masters of Wisdom.* This document was delivered in an extraordinary way to Helena Petrovna's favourite aunt, N. A. Fadéeff, who thus describes its appearance in a letter dated 26th June.[1]

I wrote to Mr. Sinnett two or three years ago, in answer to one of his letters, and I think that I told him what occurred in connection with a letter received by me phenomenally, when my niece was on the other side of the world, or when to speak the fact, no one knew where she was—which was exactly the thing that troubled us. All our enquiries had ended in nothing. We were ready to believe her dead, when —I think in the year 1870 or soon after—I received a letter from the Being whom you call, I think, Koot-Hoomi, which was brought to me in the most incomprehensible and mysterious way, in my own house, by a messenger with an Asiatic face, who vanished before my eyes. This letter, which begged me not to be anxious and assured me that she was safe, is still in my possession, but at Odessa. When I return I will forward it to you, and I shall be very glad if it is of use to you. Excuse me, but it is difficult, almost impossible for me to believe that there can be people sufficiently stupid to think that either my niece or yourself, invented the men whom you call Mahāṭmās. I do not know if you have long known them personally, but my niece spoke to me about them, and that very fully, years ago. She wrote to me that she had seen and re-knitted her connection with several of them before she wrote her *Isis*. Why should she have invented these personages? With what object? and what good could They do her if They did not exist? Your enemies are neither wicked nor dishonest, I think; they are, if they accuse you of that, only idiotic. If I, who am, I hope, to remain to my death a fervent Christian, believe in the existence of these men—

[1] *Loc. cit.*, p. 8.

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though not in all the miracles alleged about Them—why should not others believe? I can certify to the existence of one of them, at least. Who could have written to reassure me in the moment when I most needed such reassurance, if it were not one of these Adepts they talk of? It is true that I do not know the writing, but the way in which it was delivered to me was so phenomenal that no one, save an Adept in occult science, could have accomplished it. It promised me the return of my niece, and the promise was fulfilled. Anyhow, I will send it to you in a fortnight, and you will receive it in London.

The letter was duly forwarded ten days later, enclosed in a note from Madame Fadéeff; it was written on Chinese rice-paper, "backed with the glossy hand-made paper one sees in Kashmir and the Punjab, and enclosed in an envelope of the same paper. The address is: 'To the Honourable, Very Honourable, Lady Nadeijka Andriewna Fadéeff, Odessa.' In one corner, in the handwriting of Madame Fadéeff, is the note in the Russian language in pencil; 'Received at Odessa, November 7th, about Lelinka (H. P. B.'s pet name), probably from Tibet. November 11th, 1870, Nadeijka F.' The note says: 'The noble relatives of Madame H. Blavatsky have no cause to mourn. Their daughter and niece has not departed from this world. She lives, and wishes to make known to those she loves, that she is well, and feels very happy in the distant and unknown retreat that she has chosen. . . . Let the ladies of her family comfort themselves. Before eighteen new moons have risen, she will have returned to her home.' Both the note and the envelope are written in the now familiar handwriting of the Mahāṭma K. H."

A. L. Pogosky

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DISCRIMINATION

By JANET B. MC.GOVERN, F. T. S.

(*Concluded from p.* 328)

IF Occultism is to be a working power in our lives in the sense in which James defines Pragmatism, then must it be made a practical thing, capable of application to present-day problems. In no respect is this more markedly the case than in that which has been called the Feminist Movement of to-day. This subject has been so admirably treated by Bhagavān Ḍās in his recent book *Science of Social Organisation*, that but little remains to be said, except as the result of personal observation of the Woman Movement, carried into both the political and economic fields, by one who is both a westerner and a woman.

Personal observation corroborates both ancient occult and modern scientific statements (see Havelock Ellis) on the subject. Woman is the complement, not the duplicate of man, the co-operator, not the competitor. "Could we make her as the man" not only "sweet love were slain," but also would be slain all those functions intellectual and spiritual, as well as physical, for which woman, as woman, exists. Very literally: "Woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse," and it is in her diversity that her power exists.

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Were one incarnation the only life of the soul on earth, then perhaps naturally, at this particular stage of evolution, might the soul clothed in woman's body cry out for the privileges and (superficially considered) the wider opportunities which modern civilisation has given man in the fields of economics and politics ; more particularly would this be justifiable where—as not infrequently happens in this transitional era—mental aptitudes and inclinations are masculine rather than feminine, in the narrower sense of these words.

To one, however, who accepts the hypothesis of reincarnation such an attitude of mind is impossible, logically considered, since—conceding reincarnation at all—it must be conceded that experience both as man and as woman is necessary for the perfectly developed soul. Ruskin's statement to the effect that the future of civilisation lies in the hands of the women of to-day is (to the discriminating) obviously true, for as wife (or as mistress), and as mother, woman's influence is literally unbounded, either for good or evil. It is she who sets the standard for the citizen of to-day—her husband—and the citizen of to-morrow—her son. "Woman exists for the sake of husband and son" is a truism, not brutal but ideal; "either sex alone were half itself"—the centripetal and centrifugal forces respectively—and the moment this fact is lost sight of, *i.e.*, when woman, instead of being the co-operator, becomes the competitor of man, then is civilisation demoralised, and woman herself the chief sufferer in consequence.

This ideal is true, whether judged from the occult or the scientific viewpoint—the two being a unity when not superficially seen; and it does not imply that woman

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is a toy, only to be "braided and jewelled and kissed," but rather emphasises the necessity for the higher education of woman, that she may be, in the true sense, 'helpmate' to husband and to son, intellectual, as well as emotional, a stimulus and an inspiration, rather than a clog. In other words, woman's education should be such as best to fit her, ethically, intellectually, and physically, for the most perfect fulfilling of 'woman's rights'—wifehood and motherhood—and experience has shown that in this education the influence of masculine instruction and intellectual attrition, as well as of feminine, is desirable.

The modern western woman—such as is not infrequently found to-day—whose time is so filled with "contemplation and meditation upon cosmic consciousness" that she has no time to devote to husband and children—these in consequence being neglected as regards the needs of every-day life—is, to the discriminating mind, less advanced than the sweet wife, referred to in *The Light of Asia*:

> Sujata, loveliest
> Of all the dark-eyed daughters of the plain;
> Gentle and true, simple and kind was she,
> Noble of mien, with gracious speech to all
> And gladsome looks—a pearl of womanhood—
> Passing calm years of household happiness
> Beside her lord in that still Indian home,
> Save that no male child blessed their wedded love.

Then afterwards when "that jewel of her joys"—a male child—was given her, and she, in thankful reverence, worshipped the Lord Buḍḍha, recounting to him the simple and exquisite code of her life, He said:

> Thou teachest them who teach—
> In thee is seen why there is hope for men—
> As thou accomplishest may I achieve!

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Another point upon which discrimination bids some emphasis be laid is that we are not worthy of that which we have received, along Theosophical lines or otherwise, if we make no effort of our own to add to the store of knowledge, or at least to amplify some fragment of it by individual study (which does *not* mean mere committing to memory), and, as far as time and capacity allow, by experiment on our own part. Is there not too much of a tendency on the part of some of us to sink into mere parrot-like repetition of truisms and of statements made by earlier, or by more advanced, students and investigators? It is quite possible to yield to none in reverent love, or in profound gratitude to those further on the Path, whose greater intellects or more advanced occult development have made possible for our understanding the Knowledge which we now hold, and at the same time to realise the danger of stagnation on our own part. This phase of Discrimination is as greatly needed in Occultism as it is in other branches of science, where it is perhaps more generally recognised.

Stagnation in any direction is but the first step to retrogression, and no one was more on the alert that Theosophy should not crystallise into a hard and fast dogma, become a thing of 'authority' only, than was the great-souled, broad-minded H. P. B., with her constant warning against the apotheosis of personality, her own or any other, and her plea for the upliftment of the abstract, the impersonal; also her constant reminder that if Theosophy lives but to become another sect it will have failed of its mission.[1]

[1] The latter point was also emphasised by Mrs. Annie Besant in her lecture, 'The Work of Theosophy in the World,' delivered at the Queen's Hall, London, July 7, 1905.

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From which follows sequentially another point, not to be overlooked by the true seeker after the Wisdom of God; that is, that all of the Divine Wisdom given out in any age is not, never has been, and never can be, contained in any one vessel; that each organisation is, as it were, but an arc of the one whole, the splendid Truth, which none of these bodies know, or ought to pretend to know, in its entirety. This fact is occasionally lost sight of apparently by certain members of every organisation, filled with zeal for that particular organisation, but lacking in discrimination, consequently mistaking the fragment for the entirety. The partisan spirit is fatal to the earnest wooer of Theosophia.

We are reminded in the *Doctrine of the Heart*, (page 29): "Knowing as we do that our Society [the Theosophical Society]—or for the matter of that every movement of any consequence—is under the watch and ward of vastly wiser and higher Powers than our little selves"; and this is a reminder which should be unnecessary to the well-balanced, discriminating Theosophist, who is quickened with the *spirit* of the true Theosophia, rather than paralysed with the *dead letter* of party spirit, who recognises that "every movement of any consequence" serves its purpose, the more so when it is willing to recognise that the others have each a purpose also to serve.

To the discriminating mind it would seem certain that when the soul has evolved to the point implied in S. Paul's great declaration concerning Love (I *Corinthians*, xiii), when such a soul truly lives in the "united spirit of life" which it consciously realises as its "true Self," then will open to it the Gateway of Initiation, irrespective of organisation or party affiliation. Label

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counts for nothing; the inner spiritual reality for everything.

Each uplifting spiritual movement is but as a note in the perfect harmony, which, lacking any, would be incomplete; or as it is put in 'Abt Vogler' (Browning): "On earth the broken arcs; in heaven, the perfect round." Only instead of the "broken arcs," one prefers to think of many small circles—each representing a different phase of the Wisdom of God—interlacing to form the perfect Great Circle.

What is wanted to-day is, to quote Matthew Arnold, "lucidity of mind and largeness of temper, in a strife of imperfect intelligences and tempers illiberal".

Discrimination bids us beware that we do not mistake the part for the whole, but remember these words:

> Stone by stone, mankind is building a new Earth: a mansion of many chambers, wherein are warmth and comfort, toil and play, school and home, and every room has doors opening into every other room. Soul by soul, it is building a new Humanity; it is making men after the pattern of strength, beauty and love. And in that mansion these mortals shall gather—the children shall fill its heights with laughter, the men set its walls resounding with their excellent labour, the women touch it with the grave miracle of motherhood. Harmoniously they shall live and toil and play. And the name of that mansion where these mortals are to dwell?
>
> It has many names. Each leader, prophet or poet gives it a special name. But these are only words for the real name, which no man yet knows.[1]

In order to maintain a just sense of proportion, of relative value, of discrimination between the label and the reality which the label should represent, as implied in the preceding paragraphs, it is essential that there be not lost, or that such be cultivated, if it be not ours already, the "saving grace of humour". It has been

[1] Just as Christianity—apparently, from intelligent research—was the pleroma, or fulfilment, of the various spiritual movements of that era—on which point see *The Pleroma*, by Dr. Paul Carus.

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said that an Occultist is never without a sense of humour—a self-evident truth, since the genuine Occultist is perforce a being of intelligence, and the greater the intelligence, the better developed the sense of humour —another term for the sense of proportion. "Wit," it has been aptly said, "is a needle for pricking gas-bags" —the most effective weapon against shallowness and presumption, sham and self-righteousness, the weapon used by many of the most effective reformers in all ages.

"The second-rate poet always takes himself seriously," is an axiom in literary circles. Second-rate intelligence, whatever the line of its expression, takes itself always *au grand serieux*, losing all sense of the *ridiculous* and hence of proportion. Nothing so much as a true sense of humour—than which, parenthetically, nothing is further removed from either buffoonery or inconsequent giggling—helps us to maintain equilibrium, to keep a sane, wholesome, unsoured, optimistic, outlook upon life. As has been well said:

> There is no virtue in bearing crosses of our own seeking. Many a misguided man prays for strength to bear burdens that do not belong to him, and for grace to endure trials that he has gone out of his way to make for himself. Life's blessings outweigh its burdens, its joys outnumber its griefs, and a prayer for common sense and a healthful outlook is quite as necessary as a prayer for grace. There is nothing more blinding than tears of self-pity.

Were this more generally borne in mind there would be less cant, less ostentation, less pose of 'responsibility'; the man who bears most genuine and most vital responsibility makes least display of it; there would be a more general recognition that the most powerful forces are the most silent ones. Life would be simpler, saner, happier, more courageous.

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Only as men and women hold that sense of proportion, only as they maintain that sunny optimism, only as they are without cant and without affectation, will they in any true sense be called upon to become helpers in that mighty wave represented by the present-day Movement—known in its different phases by different names—which is sweeping mankind on to a new and to a more splendid civilisation, a civilisation where Brotherhood shall be not talked, but shall be lived. True it is:

> There is everywhere a striving after a saner, fuller, and more wholesome life, for something more vital and simpler. There are everywhere signs that the ugliness of cities has reached its limit; that the power of commercialism has palled; and once more men and women are returning to the rhythm of life long ago broken by the rush and whirl of machinery, and are seeking beauty in colour and form and sound as men found them in olden days when they saw in all beauty, whether in nature or in art, a manifestation of the Gods they worshipped.

Before each individual lies the choice of becoming in the New Era either an accelerator or a clog. Those who would be as wings to carry the New Movement forward must discriminate between the real and the counterfeit; must above all things avoid hypocrisy—to self as to others; must remember that there is a lower, as a higher, aspect to all things; that in no respect is there greater liability to subtle self-deception than in mistaking self-centredness and personal pride of a not particularly admirable sort for true humility.

La Rochefoucauld says:

> Pride transforms itself in a thousand different ways, but it is never better disguised and more capable of deceiving than when it conceals itself under the garb of humility.

And Massillon says:

> Pride conceals itself only to be discovered, runs away from praise only that it may be followed, disclaims

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compliments only to gain them, scorns itself only as a bid for praise. Pride has a thousand compensations imperceptible to ourselves and nothing is rarer than humility for its own sake.

To which may be added the biting skit of Southey:

> And the devil was pleased, for his darling sin
> Is the pride that apes humility.

True humility—that noblest and rarest of virtues, which unconsciously sacrifices "the self to the Self impersonal"—does not parade itself; it is the most effectual armour against gossip and slander; for a man of sterling humility, a corollary of a true sense of humour and proportion, is wise enough not to bother about what 'they say,' nor, of all things, to resort to petty slander and back-biting in return.

A sense of humour is conducive to true simplicity —absence of pretence and pose, than which nothing is more fatal to the would-be Occultist. All intelligent persons who have been thrown at all with children know how difficult it is to impose upon them; how quickly a little one will see through sham, pose, cant and buncombe. In this respect—as in others—he must verily become "as a little child" who would know the kingdom of heaven, a kingdom which, as the discriminating of all ages and races have recognised, may be manifested on earth as well as in the world beyond death.

He who would learn Discrimination can do no better than take as his watchwords: Purity, Simplicity, Serenity, Gladness.

Janet B. Mc.Govern

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THE RITUAL OF PLAY

THE SYMBOLISM OF CHILDREN'S TOYS AND GAMES

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

Author of *Seven Essays on Theosophy and Architecture etc.*

GOD loves all little children, those souls, "trailing clouds of glory" lately fared forth from His presence into this stained world of sad dreams.

And that His blessed little ones, in the first bewilderment of their changed surroundings, shall not too soon forget the precious secret of His love, they are reminded of it, in their toys and in their games. These things become to them, all unconsciously, the very ritual of their worship. That is why playing children, like praying Mystics, though happy, are so often of so serious a mien.

Most children are instinctively religious in the psychological, not the theological sense of the word: their souls open to true transcendentalism as naturally as flowers open to the sun. It would seem as though of life's profound secrets they had only to be *reminded*, and not taught.

That instruction is always the most apt and enduring which springs from interest, from delight; and as the child's interest and delight are in its play, here is a

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natural channel for instruction which a wise parent would do well to utilise.

The following interpretation of children's games and toys makes no pretence of being exhaustive, neither are the imputed meanings anything more than suggestive, for every symbol, from the very nature of symbolism, means many different things. All that has been attempted is to gain recognition for the truth that child's play is symbolic, and inspire the parent first to perceive, then to explain and interpret these allegories to the child. This will have the effect of stirring into growth those fine flowers of the mind and spirit, even while the little hands are engaged in the mastery of the mere machinery of existence. By these means the child will early acquire those keys which open the portals to the transcendental life.

DOLLS

The body is but the doll of the higher nature, for without the ministrations of its divine mistress the body is only a stuffed and painted image, its flesh no better than wax, its bones than sawdust. Just as a child plays with its doll, so does the soul attend the body, determining, directing, and manipulating the manifold activities of its "reflex personality".

Teach the child by means of this symbol that as it loves and cares for its doll, so it is loved and cared for by the divine part of its own nature.

KITES

A kite is an ambition toward the Highest, held firmly against the buffeting winds of circumstance by the strong string of common sense. It is hard, sometimes, to get a kite into the air: again and again it

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tumbles, just as new resolutions are so desperately hard to keep. But once aloft it easily rides the breezes, going, like a good habit, 'of itself'. The great thing in a kite is to have it easily balanced. This is a matter of adjustment, and adjustment to life saves the high-soaring ideal from disastrous plunges and falls.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that as it walks the ways of earth it should send up to God some part of its nature to be held there aloft, serene and calm.

Tops

We are all tops set spinning from the hands of God. What we call our life, our sustained rotation about the point of personality, is but His love. Because, like the top's motion, this life inheres in us, we cannot think of it as other than our own.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that as the top can stand only as long as it is in motion, effort and activity keep the soul fixed and firm amid the temptations of the world.

Quoits

The stake is Ambition, the rings are Opportunity. To excel in pitching quoits it is necessary to regard each ring pitched, as the only one, focussing all effort and attention upon that. So in life, to attain any ambition, each opportunity must seem to be the last. Perhaps this is the reason why, though the soul has lived many lives, we do not remember them.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that the skill gained in many abortive efforts paves the way to ultimate success.

The Return Ball

(A ring for the finger, to which is attached an elastic cord, and on the other end of the cord, a ball.)

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The child's hand is the bosom of the Father: the ring is the spirit, forever in union with the Most High. The ball is that eager and adventurous desire nature which flies forth, questing concrete experience, and would return never but for the soul—the stretched string 'attached' both to Heaven, its home, and to earth, its lodging for a night. The soul pursues its earthly lover gladly, but only that, when the outgoing impulse slackens, it may bring that poor prodigal back home.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that into whatever hell of suffering he in his sightlessness may wander, there is always that in him through which he may attain the Light.

BALL

A ball is a thought: it flies wherever it is directed, to a distance and with a velocity proportional to the power which propelled it. If a ball is thrown too high it falls short; if it is thrown too low it hits the ground and, diverted by some chance obstacle, may fail to reach its destination. Similarly, if one's thoughts soar too high they lose in practical efficiency, while if they fly low, they are diverted by every trivial circumstance.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that while he is learning to throw a ball swift and straight, to catch it with certainty and to return it nimbly, so in sending out thoughts he should be accurate and forceful, and in receiving the thoughts of others he should be receptive and alert. Teach him that just as he should keep his eye on the ball, so he must keep his mind upon the thought.

FIREWORKS

Pick apart your bomb or rocket (carefully, though!): what do you find? Ugly gray powder, little black things like stones; strings, perhaps, and a paper fuse or two. Yet out of this scant handful of seeming dirty rubbish can come sound great enough to drown out thunder, light bright enough to eclipse the arrayed constellations

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of the midnight sky. And all that is needed to liberate this latent beauty is *a little spark of fire.*

Though in our unillumined moments we seem such poor and pitiful creatures, there is a dynamic power in us, which, set free by some spark of love or ambition, may "magnify the Universal Soul" to the amazement of mankind.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that fired by some noble passion, the heart of the humblest may blaze forth into transcendent beauty, like a rocket in the night.

THE HUMMING WHEEL

(A hollow tin wheel, with holes in it, hung on a double axis in the middle of a loop of soft string, and alternately tightening and slackening it at the right intervals, the wheel is made to revolve rapidly backward and forward. When it attains a certain speed of rotation it gives forth a musical note.)

The wheel is a symbol of our terrestrial nature. The soul (the string) communicates to it the rhythm of its life movement, and so converts an inert and voiceless thing into a harmoniously vibrating vehicle for sensation.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that if it would hear the song of life it must discover and observe the rhythm of life.

THE SKIPPING ROPE

The skipper leaps at those intervals established by the rhythm of the revolving rope: if he jumps a moment too soon or too late the rope will trip him.

We should seek to discover and respond to those cyclic movements of the universal soul by means of which we are able to transcend the plane of every-day existence. But if we attempt to precipitate our moments of illumination, or to prolong them beyond their natural term, we lose all sense of the rhythm of existence.

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Teach the child by means of this symbol that in life, as in rope-skipping, the secret of success is to seize, but never to over-stay, the opportune moment for action.

String Figures

(The Cat's Cradle)

A piece of string is perhaps the simplest of all playthings, and the most universal. The invention and manipulation of string figures is a favourite amusement in all quarters of the world. This order of diversion is popular not alone among children, savages and peasants, but among serious-minded men and women, who exchange their devices in the same way that chess players send one another their games and problems of chess. Learned articles have been published, and books written on the subject of string figures, which readily rises to the dignity of a cult.

This forming of intricate and ingenious patterns on the hands with a simple loop of string is a symbol of *art*. For art is the intention of consciousness upon such simple and universal things as sounds, forms, colours, with the effect of organising and arranging them into significant and rhythmic pattern, pleasing to the senses and eloquent to the mind and soul of man.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that it is not so much the richness of his endowment which matters, as the use he may be able to make of any talent, however meagre, of which he stands possessed.

Jack Straws

It is impossible to win at the game of Jack Straws, unless all one's attention and effort are concentrated upon one straw at a time. Hesitancy at the wrong moment, or the attempt to release two straws from the pile in a single trial, both spell disaster. This game is an apt symbol of the complex life of to-day and the manner in which it should be dealt with. Each morning we are confronted with a heaped pile of tasks,

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duties, problems, solicitations to enjoyment. Success and happiness depend on our wisdom in choosing, and having chosen, the single-mindedness and concentration we are able to bring to each. Failure is sure to follow if in attempting one thing we cannot help thinking about another, or if we try to do too many things at once.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that sureness, deftness, concentration, so necessary for the trivial game of Jack Straws, are not less necessary in the great game of life.

Stilts

If a man essays to elevate himself artificially above the level of ordinary humanity on the stilts of a special morality, he is in a state of unstable equilibrium: his only chance of safety, like that of the stilt-walker, lies in unceasing shifting about.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that if he sets himself up as superior to other children he is in constant danger of a fall.

Hide and Seek

In the game of Hide and Seek, the child, after an interval of 'blinding,' seeks out his scattered playmates one by one. So does a person, after the lethal interval of death, seek out those kārmically linked to him, resuming and carrying forward relations established in antecedent earthly existences.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that life is a seeking and a finding, a sport of the soul, interrupted but never ended, carried on with familiar, dear, immortal companions.

Snap the Whip

In the game of Snap the Whip the secret of not being thrown when the jerk comes lies in holding tight to the hands of one's companions on either side.

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In the great crises of life a man needs first and most the support and sympathy of his friends and those he is sure of only if he holds to them firmly and loyally at all times.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that in life as in the game of Snap the Whip, the farther away one is from the leader, the greater the danger of being thrown down and left behind.

SKATING

The act of skating is a condition of falling, the fall prevented from becoming complete by the skill of the skater in so adjusting the weight of his body in relation to its centre of gravity that the perpetually imperilled equilibrium is never irrevocably lost. Learning to skate is therefore learning to fall and to recover in such rhythmic sequence and with such certainty and swiftness that when the art is mastered delightful motion ever triumphs over immanent disaster.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that in learning to live, as in learning to skate, there must not be too great fear of falling, for only by falling can one learn. As Blake says: "You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough."

FISHING

The suspense and excitement of fishing finds its analogue on the higher arc of the spiral of life whenever the hook of desire is cast into the deep waters of experience. The stern joy of the struggle between the fisherman and the captive fish finds its parallel in the exultation which comes at the moment of achievement of any desired object; and the feeling deep in the heart of the fisherman when he sees his spent victim gasping its life out at his feet, corresponds to that distaste and disillusion which forever dogs the footsteps of gratified desire.

Teach the child that the fascinating and cruel sport of fishing is a thing to be experienced, perhaps, but in the

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end outgrown; just as that see-saw of consciousness between wanting and having the petty objects of ambition, however native to the terrestrial nature, is neither native nor necessary to the soul and is therefore to be outgrown.

SWIMMING

In swimming, perhaps more than in any other sport, *confidence* is a prime requisite. The feeling that water will as easily sustain the body as engulf it is a great factor in learning to swim. This is proven by the fact that a beginner often succeeds in keeping afloat when he imagines he is being supported, but fails as soon as he learns that the support (which he only imagined) has been withdrawn. The swimmer must trust his medium, submerge himself to the utmost: the higher he tries to keep himself out of the water, the more frantic must become his efforts to keep from going under.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that in the life of the spirit there must be faith, there must be trust.

Claude Bragdon

EARTH AND INFINITY

There's part o' the sun in an apple;
    There's part o' the moon in a rose;
There's part of the flaming Pleiades
    In every leaf that grows.
Out of the vast comes nearness;
    For the God whose love we sing
Lends a little of his heaven
    To every living thing.

Augustus Wight Bomberger,
in the *Outlook*

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THE BASES OF THEOSOPHY

A STUDY IN FUNDAMENTALS—PHILOSOPHICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL, PRACTICAL

(*Concluded from p.* 341)

By JAMES H. COUSINS, F. T. S.

CHAPTER IV

Theosophy in Personal Practice

WE have now examined the principles underlying the bond of universal brotherhood to which every candidate for Fellowship of the Theosophical Society must give assent. We have seen that the broad religio-philosophical teachings which form the basis of the *Theo-sophia*, when applied to human activity in its historical, horizontal, or extensive aspect, explain the inter-relationships of humanity, and impel towards an illuminated toleration in respect of the inevitable differences in human affairs which are inherent in a relative State. We have seen also that applied Theosophy is only another term for practical altruism. We have moved from the universal to the general. Let us advance our consideration a stage further, to the particular, to the point of view of the human unit—not the unit as unit merely, but the consciousness awakened to the things which distinguish it from all other

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consciousnesses, and awakened also to the things which link it up with every other consciousness and with the whole.

In a former part of our study we considered the bearings of the psychological fact that the active consciousness—which is the relative expression and limitation of the Self—cannot ever be in full possession of the total consciousness, which is the distillation of our accumulated experience in this or other lives, for the very simple and conclusive reason that the part cannot include the whole. It has been said that the past is all that we possess. The truth is, we do not possess the past: the past possesses us. We are not the sovereigns of the larger consciousness: we are its obedient servants. Its essence has passed into the blood and tissue of our life, and reappears in those inevitable reactions to new experiences which distinguish our conduct in any set of circumstances from the equally inevitable conduct of our fellows. The minutiæ of past experience have been sifted in accordance with our own particular genius; they have been classified, generalised, sublimated, and transformed into faculty. This transformation into faculty, that is, faculty as the media of a developing consciousness, would appear to be the ultimate end of experience.

But when we have realised these truths, which are involved in the great fundamental doctrine of the Divine Unity actuating and nourishing diversity, we have not come into possession of a merely mechanical universe. In all the concerns of humanity, in the aggregates called nations, and in the individuals, we are constantly faced with the idiosyncrasies of the x quantity, the something behind the *persona* which cannot be caught

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and put under a microscope. It is not a mere glimpse of the totality of human experience behind the temporary personality. In the history of a particular entity it appears to remain unaltered in kind through all the fluctuations of physical and mental experience. The nearest approach to an expression of it is the word *temperament*. It runs like a strand through the heart of the twisted rope of life, but its beginning is somewhere beyond the life. It is the inherent thing against which the earliest experiences are smitten into infant faculty. In the Theosophical view it is itself a totality of faculty developed through experience in past lives, and carried forward as the distinguishing characteristic of the present life. Whistler and Leonardo da Vinci were painters. They both used the same materials; but Whistler might not feel complimented if a picture by Leonardo were accidentally attributed to him. Say the name Dante to a student of literature. Then say the name Hugo. You have touched two stops which evoke entirely different responses in the mental instrument on which you have played. Yet these poets, and others that might be named of equal distinction and equal distinctiveness, put words into lines with rhythm and rhyme. Behind the analysable work there is the impalpable but intensely real worker.

It is not necessary here to enter into a discussion of the doctrine of reincarnation. For our immediate purpose of uncovering the philosophical, psychological, and social bases of Theosophy we need only emphasise the wide distinction between the temporary, active consciousness—the personality—and the more stable, though by no means permanent, inner consciousness—the individuality. But while we bear in mind this distinction,

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we must also bear in mind the fact that between the personality and the individuality, as between all else in the universe, there is no final gulf fixed: each is part of the other. However distinct any two personalities may be even when in closest contact; however distinct each personality may be from its own individuality at a given moment in time and space; we have to recognise an influx from the vertical side of life as being responsible for the processes of memory and continuity; we have to acknowledge an interaction of powers from the thither side of the personality that makes recognition and understanding possible; and the more actively these powers of the vertical life operate in human intercourse, the more is that intercourse raised above the things pertaining to the transitory personality, and made to vibrate harmoniously.

Just here is the problem of all education—of the child in the school, and of the adult awakened to the educative value of life. The problem is, how to discipline and intensify the active consciousness so as to bring within easy reach the accumulated treasures of the deeper consciousness. We cannot hope to make the boundaries of the personality coincide with those of the individuality; but we can endeavour to expedite transit so as to bring about a metaphysical if not a physical shrinkage of our world; we can whip up the slow trundle of the stage-coach into the three thousand six hundred revolutions a minute of the apparently stationary and silent turbine.

But why should we seek for this intensification and expedition in the active consciousness? The most obvious answer, on the lowest level, is that if we do not, we shall find ourselves in the rear in the race of life.

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The western world has developed to a high pitch the propensity to 'hustle'. It does not seem likely to relinquish it: indeed it is more likely to impart its speed to some extent to the East, than to slow down, for a considerable time to come. As a matter of self-preservation, therefore, it behoves us to strive after physical and mental fitness. It is in answer to this exigency of modern life that there has arisen an immense interest in physical culture and in various forms of mental training. In probably the vast majority of cases the matter is taken up from a wholly selfish motive. Professors of muscle-training and brain-training hold out elaborate promises of success, chiefly in the way of getting the better of one's fellows. But the Theosophist knows that, however low the motive may be, any attention to the bettering of the physical and mental instrument can only in the end result in the enrichment of the general life of the community. The physical qualities now so eagerly sought after are not brute force or destructiveness. They are qualities of resilient strength, of quick response to stimuli, of endurance. Their practice is an exercise in co-operation, and whatever the ostensible aim of the practitioner may be, the real end will be far beyond him. The same may be said of the mental culturist. His object may be to acquire powers whereby to get the upper hand of his neighbour, but here or hereafter the betterment of his mental vehicle can only result in the betterment of his entire world.

These things are plain to the Theosophist. He understands their purport in the evolution of the race, and he takes his share in helping the numerous movements for hygienic and dietetic reform, bodily development and mental improvement. He endeavours also

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to expedite their progress by infusing through them the spirit of Beauty, and to this end he invokes the aid of the muses of poetry and the drama and of the plastic arts. By means of the quickening power and exaltation of rhythm in movement and in sound, he seeks not merely to develop the life on the sensible side, but to lift the active consciousness into the realms of the super-sensible; to transfigure the physical with the spiritual. In this way he ambitions the dignity of co-working with the centripetal tendency in the whole and in its parts, the tendency to surmount the horizontal phase of life, and by making the *persona* less gross and domineering, so to speak, and more transparent and tractable, to forward the process of indrawal or redemption. This is the further answer to the question, which we have stated to be the aim of education: Why should we seek to intensify and expedite the operation of the active consciousness?

But the methods whereby the Theosophist seeks to pursue the true education (*ducere*, to lead) of himself and his fellows, are not exhausted when he has trained his thinking apparatus and his machinery to the utmost of their possibilities. He will not have gone far in physical discipline, and especially in the practice of concentration and meditation, before he will experience in uplifted moments a curious sense of power beyond that which he is normally capable of exerting, and a feeling that, if something would only push him, he could overleap the boundary between the world of sense and the world that he feels with increasing vividness to be just beyond his finger-tips. He touches the deep significance of the English poet's words:

> Our hearing is not hearing,
> And our seeing is not sight.

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He is filled with an intense desire to force himself through and past the indirect and complicated processes of the senses into the realm of immediate cognition. The desire is a prophecy. All along the ages there have been those who have borne witness to the reality of such extension of faculty as is called clear-seeing (clairvoyance), clear-hearing (clairaudience), and true dreaming. In the materialistic phase in the West through which religion and science have both passed, these 'superstitions' were argued out of existence. But to-day an extraordinary outburst of abnormal faculty has snowed over the arguments; the brain-trace theory of mental processes cannot find a trace of itself; and radio-activity has lit the way of physical science, that was paved with ultimate atoms, into the world of Spirit.

In the development of these faculties of the inner Self, the Theosophist sees a powerful reinforcement to the redemptive movement in humanity. But, like all else in the relative universe, such powers may be put to uses on a lower level than their possibilities. A strong and active body may, because of lack of development of the finer influences of the soul, become only a means to tyranny over weaker bodies; a mind highly developed in one direction, and unsweetened by love, may become only an exponent of astuteness; the faculty of telepathy may be exercised in uncharitableness; the gift of healing may be squandered in personal gain. Against these possibilities the Theosophist seeks the safeguard of spiritual character, whose outward and visible signs are compassion for all God's creatures, purity of motive, and disinterested action. He knows that the command "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be

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added unto you," is the universal law of attainment; and so, with his aspiration directed toward union with the Divine Unity, he seeks to withdraw his activities from those phases of life that make for separateness. He is therefore more intent on developing the similarities that he observes in his fellows, with a view to finding common ground for sympathy and co-operation, than dwelling on differences, unless such differences illuminate and aid the synthetic process. He puts his heel upon pride in himself. His desire is to be a servant to the least of his brethren in order that he may bring them to the knowledge of their divine inheritance. But his humility is not a pose: it is not the obsequiousness that degrades: it is the native air of one who has become conscious of his royalty in the Spirit, and has also become conscious of the royalty of his fellows in the Spirit, whether they are conscious of it or not. Spiritual pride is an abasement, and an assertion of personaltiy and separateness. Spiritual humility cannot sink below the level of its divine vision; but its vision is beyond the personality; it encloses and permeates all life; it is an assertion of the essential oneness of the universe. And so, while the Theosophist aims at the perfecting of his physical and mental instrument, he only regards the instrument as *instrument*, and he only regards its perfectionment as a means, not as an end; and while he aims at the development of lapsed or latent powers within himself, he does not concern himself with them as *powers* for the glorification of the personality, but as extensions of media whereby he may the more fully and rapidly unfold his higher consciousness, and exalt his active consciousness, so that the twain shall ultimately be as one, and the divine marriage

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of the man-woman within himself be accomplished in love that seeketh not its own, but seeketh only the good of all; and he knows with joy that in his efforts to climb above the swamps and mists of the lower life, his feet are on the open and ascending road of evolution, aided by those ahead, and companied by the Universe in the homeward march of the worlds.

This, then, is the gift of Theosophy to humanity: a philosophy based on the fundamental laws of nature, realised in the consciousness, warmed by the glow of religious enthusiasm; a religion, not as creed, but as purified and poised emotion, made sure and stable in reason; to the thinking man and woman, a key to the mysteries of life and a revelation of the divine Order; to the Theosophist, an irresistible urge to live out his religious philosophy in a wise, earnest, unremitting activity for the good of all.

James H. Cousins

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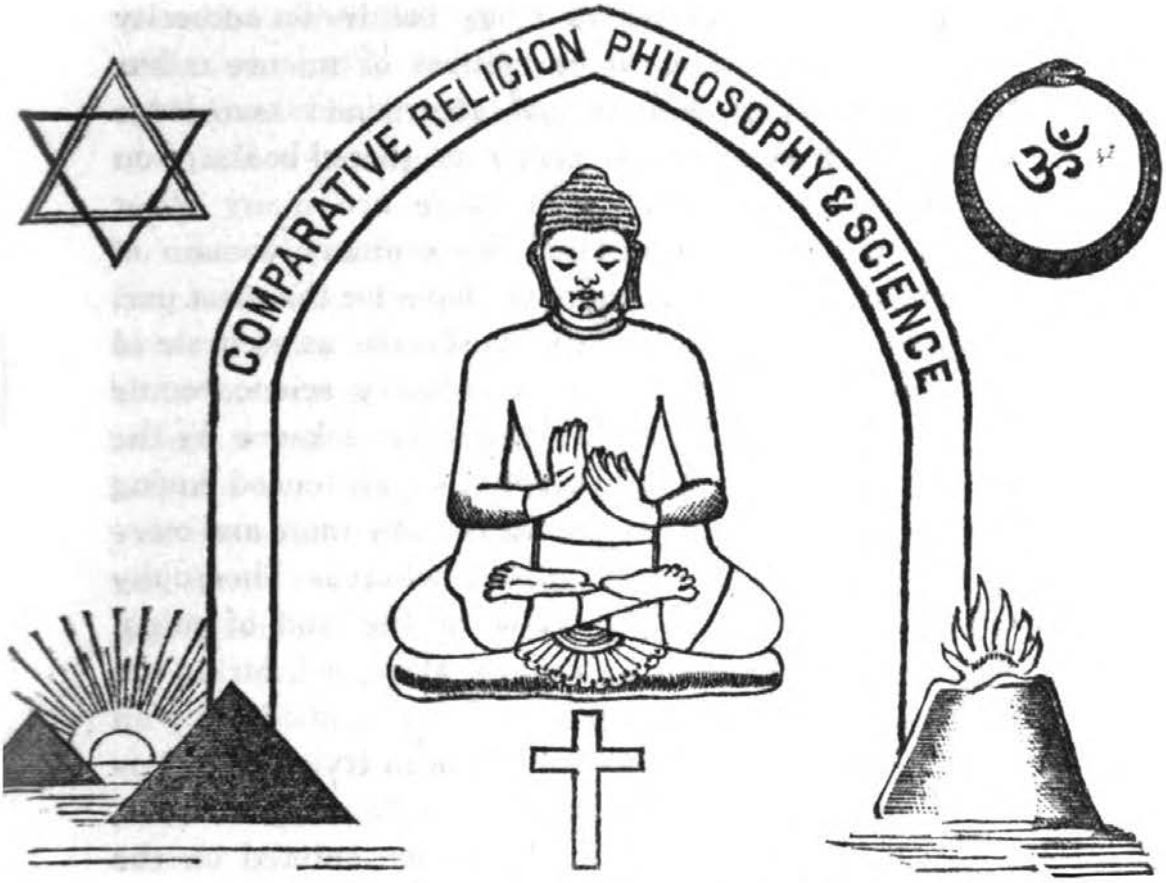

INTUITION AS SEEN BY THEOSOPHY AND PHILOSOPHY

By ANNIE BESANT, P.T.S.

DURING the last five or six years there has been a good deal of change in the world of thought with regard to certain subjects, which, up to that time, were almost exclusively monopolised by the people who are called Theosophists. Theosophists have indeed very much in common with the various religions of the world, but, on the other hand, many things that in the

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ordinary religious world are matters of faith, are to us matters of study, and ultimately of knowledge; so that a number of things which many believe on authority come gradually to us to be matters of science rather than of faith; of definite and ascertained knowledge instead of a belief based either on sacred books or on ecclesiastical authority. But there are many other things which belong more to the ordinary domain of science or philosophy, where we have for the most part stood alone: not recognised by science as accurate in the statements made, because ordinary science could not verify them; looked at somewhat askance by the recognised schools of philosophy, which tended during the latter part of the nineteenth century more and more in the direction of materialism, whereas Theosophy opposes the materialistic view of life and of mind. Hence we have been a good deal alone, but during the last five years things have altered very considerably on the side of science. Science has been trying to understand something of the subtler constitution of matter, and, in dealing with that, it at once entered on the domain that we had regarded as exclusively our own.

One illustration will suffice to indicate this *rapprochement*. We have talked a good deal about what we call the human Aura, a certain cloud-like appearance surrounding the whole of the physical body and taking somewhat of an egg-shaped form, this cloud being made up of finer matter than the gaseous physical; because of this, the cloud shows various colours when its particles are thrown into vibration. Colours, it is well known, may be seen by refracting ordinary white light, or, if the sun be looked at through a fine handkerchief, a disc or fringe of colours may be obtained by diffraction.

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Now, Theosophists have observed that one way of causing changes of colour in the Aura is by arousing certain feelings belonging to our emotional nature, so that if a person feels anger, or pride, or affection, or any other emotion, it is at once shown by a great wave of colour sweeping through the whole of this egg-shaped cloud.

Last year a book was published in London by Dr. Kilner under the name of *The Human Aura*—a name taken, as he said, from Theosophists. He has done more than observe this Aura: he has enabled other people to observe it with the physical eye through an arrangement of glass screens containing a liquid. By this arrangement of screens part of the Aura becomes visible—the coarser part of it. This part of the Aura shows the condition of the person's health, and so on. And if we compare the drawings he has made with drawings issued by Theosophists many years ago, we at once recognise that we have both been looking at the same thing. Theosophists have looked at it clairvoyantly, while Dr. Kilner, by looking at it through an ingenious physical arrangement, is able to see the hitherto invisible cloud.

Further investigation is likely to take place after this scientific confirmation of one part of Theosophical studies, and the more such investigation goes on, the more important the Theosophical view of the human constitution, as regards the material side of man, will be seen to be: it will come under scientific observation and pass into ordinary belief.

But, when we come to deal, not with the physical side of man, but with the consciousness of man, we are in a different region; consciousness cannot be observed

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by sight however refined, but can only be known by the evolution of our own consciousness to higher levels, whereon we become conscious of that higher level in another person. This great difference between bodies and consciousness must always be remembered, that, whereas bodies, of whatever kind, may be susceptible to vision where the ordinary vision is by organs composed of materials similar to that of the bodies, no extension of vision can bring within its powers that which we know as consciousness.

We are dealing with an entirely different category when we are thinking of consciousness, and the only way of knowing that it exists in any particular phase is by possessing that phase in our own consciousness ; then the one consciousness can contact the other, and can come into such touch with it that that which is present in the one becomes present in the other. All spiritual experience recognised in every religion is of this nature. The spiritual consciousness of an individual becomes so awakened that he knows a spiritual consciousness outside himself, comes into direct contact with it, so that he is absolutely certain that that other consciousness exists. It is in the form of the spiritual consciousness that this idea is more familiar than in that of the instinct and the intuition with which I would now deal. I mention the spiritual consciousness merely because in all religious books of a lofty character we find testimony to the existence of this religious consciousness, to the possibility of the person who is deeply devout coming into a personal relationship with God, and a relationship of a character which no argument can shake, which no amount of scepticism can persuade the person who has experienced it to

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disbelieve. He *knows* he has had that experience: in his heart he is absolutely certain of it. The whole testimony of Mystics in all ages, of great saints, of religious teachers of a high order, shows that it is possible for man to come into direct touch with the divine consciousness by raising the human to a point above its normal level.

Let us accept that view for the moment. It is the view of every thoughtful religious person and of every idealist, but it is a view which would not be recognised by a large number of scientific people, although step by step they are coming to it. There is a good deal of testimony on this matter in the writings of Sir Oliver Lodge, who, in studying psychology, has realised the possibility of this super-physical consciousness in man, and states definitely that every one of us only uses a very small part of our consciousness in the physical brain. There is much more outside the brain than works through it, and that larger consciousness, which is the greater part of every one of us, is a consciousness which may more and more illuminate the consciousness in the brain as it is carefully cultivated by meditation, prayer, contemplation, and so on.

It was not, however, until quite lately that philosophy dealt with consciousness in this more extended way. If we take any philosophical book of the last century by the philosophers of Germany, Britain, or France and if we study the philosophical textbooks used in our Universities, in all these we find that intellect is the only faculty in man to which the arguments in philosophy are addressed. Although it is perfectly true that in some of the Indian Scriptures we find it stated quite definitely that by the intelligence

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we cannot realise God, still the ordinary philosophical schools confine themselves to the intelligence. I must exclude one division—the Veḍānṭa—which in the East has gone far, and leads man on to the direct knowledge of God.

Lately, however, a new philosopher has arisen, Mr. Bergson, who is putting forward a theory of human consciousness which comes very closely into touch with Theosophical ideas, and, although he puts the thing in a way other than our way, he none the less definitely declares that man has a faculty within him which is capable of developing and which is different from the intellect and superior to the intellect; that that faculty is closely related to instinct, not to intelligence, and that it is along that line, if it can be followed, that man may hope to know many things which the intellect is unable to grasp.

His view should be studied by Theosophists in order to utilise the suggestions which it makes, if we find that they throw light on some of the problems which are interesting the thoughtful world at this time. Very often it is possible to induce people to accept a light which is offered to them simply for the sake of seeing by it, and it is rather from that side that I would put the Theosophical idea of consciousness. I contend that, if the Theosophical view of human consciousness is understood, a student is able to grasp very much more rapidly this new philosophical theory, and to convince himself perhaps that it is on the right lines. Thus a very long step forward is taken towards the philosophical side of religious belief, and so it is possible to present some points of religious belief, which tend to be rejected by the outer world of the intellectual, in a way

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which they cannot toss aside as unworthy of consideration. One may perhaps fairly say that in the presentment generally made of the Christian Religion, the philosophical side has been far too much left out.

Mr. Bergson is supposed to be the coming man. He is supposed to have taken up philosophy where it was practically dropped by the German School, so that his is a new departure on a line which is being recognised as full of promise for the future of philosophy in Europe. The ideas he puts forward are original from the standpoint of philosophy and are of enormous importance to religion. He puts intelligence and instinct as two modes of consciousness, originating in a simpler condition common to both—a simple form of consciousness into which enter rudimentary instinct and intelligence and from which both have grown up. He then defines intelligence as that mode of consciousness which deals with matter, and which uses mechanical apparatus outside itself in its investigations. Along this line, he says, you must have a world of law; you must have a geometrical and mechanical theory of the universe. You deal with matter, rather than with life. You deal with objects, rather than with functions. And he maintains that you must, in a general way, distinguish intelligence by its manipulation of inorganic matter, forming out of this its apparatus, using it and studying it in all its phases; so that from the intelligence we obtain a mechanical philosophy, regarding the world as a machine in which play the various laws of chemistry, physics, and so on, but in which life, as a distinct and separate thing from matter, is ignored. Intelligence, says Bergson, is unable to understand Life. It can only observe the facts produced by Life in matter.

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It cannot cognise Life itself; therefore it cannot truly cognise consciousness.

He then goes on to define instinct as that which works from within, while intelligence works from without; that which uses an organ which it often creates or improves in order to direct the Life of which it is a continuous expression. In an instinct which we see in the animal, the animal is working through some internal organisation, and is directly exercising life by means of this organ, which is part of itself, and which becomes more and more perfected by the activity of the life within. Then, he says, if it be possible for us to get hold of this instinct, it will bring us into direct relation with Life. And he goes on to say that instinct is only a germ which is probably capable of evolution, when it will become intuition, and he defines intuition as self-conscious and unselfish instinct—a very important definition if it be true. If we can get hold of instinct, develop it along much higher lines, consecrate it to the general service of the race rather than to the preservation of the life of a single organism; if in that way we can widen its scope, making it general instead of special, unselfish instead of selfish, self-conscious instead of conscious—then we shall evolve a faculty which has to Life the relation which intelligence has to matter, and which will be capable of solving for us the profound spiritual intuitions already existing to some extent, and putting them into an order which we shall realise as natural and sequential; we shall thus find ourselves with a vast universe of knowledge which intelligence is quite unable to grasp.

He argues very carefully and very subtly to bring himself to this position, and he maintains that by using

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only intelligence in a universe which is made up of matter *and* consciousness, we are practically like people working with only one hand. Intelligence and instinct springing as they do from a common source, are never found quite pure; they have developed along different lines. Instinct has been the method by which the animal has preserved itself and maintained its growth; intelligence is the line along which man has travelled, gradually subduing external nature to himself. Now, this fact that evolution is not a continuous line but a constant branching is being recognised by science. Different qualities are brought out and perfected in each branch along its own line; one quality or set of qualities is evolved along one, and another set of qualities along another. The great fact of sex, especially in the animal and the human kingdom, is the separation of a life-function which in the lower organisms is found expressing itself in a single organ, whereas, as evolution produces higher forms of bodies, the two sexes arise out of the common sex found in the lower organism; in one sex the emotional side is more highly developed, in the other the intellectual. As evolution goes on there is a blending observed in these, but if we take the types at their extremes, we find that to be true.

Then, looking at intelligence and instinct, Bergson further points out that these two are working in inverse ratio to each other—the greater the intelligence the less the instinct, the greater the instinct the less the intelligence. But is it possible for the human race, having intelligence developed to a very high point, to set to work to develop along the other line, and to become all-round instead of lop-sided, as we are to-day? Can we develop instinct in a higher form, having already

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developed intelligence? "The intelligence seeks things which it can never find, while the instinct finds things that it would never of its own accord seek." That is a brief epigrammatic way of putting what is a significant truth. By virtue of the intelligence man is always seeking after knowledge, continually endeavouring to pierce further and further, and to gain more and more. But, says Bergson, you cannot go beyond a certain point with your intellect; you desire to find out certain things about Life, about Spirit, but your intelligence has entirely failed to enable you to reach these. He assures us that man has not the capacity by the intelligence of finding these things, which nevertheless he is always seeking after. He has a notion that they must exist, yet he cannot find them.

Now, Bergson holds that there is a quality which, if it can be developed, will bring man into direct touch with Life, Consciousness, Spirit, and that quality would be the instinct we find in the animal kingdom superimposed on the human intelligence. It is curious how that comes back to the Indian theories as to the relation of Spirit and matter: Spirit is given as a man with eyes but no legs; matter is imaged as a robust man with good legs but no eyes; and so it is said that Spirit with his vision must be carried on the back of matter with its strength, and then the two together will be able to go forward, carrying us to true knowledge. That is very much the idea of Bergson. There is this faculty in us—embryonic; but it is the faculty which will enable us by the stimulus of the intellect to find out the higher truths of life. Only we must remember that we can never evolve it by increasing the intelligence, which is on a different line; this quality belongs to the instinctual nature which deals

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with Life and which forms *from within* the apparatus by which Life can function; therefore only along that line will it develop the intuition, the unselfish, self-conscious instinct.

That view of man is true; at least it is full of hope. It opens up a new line of evolution hitherto altogether unacknowledged by ordinary philosophy. How does that fit in with the teaching of the constitution of man which Theosophy has been engaged in spreading over the world during the last thirty-six years? Spirit, soul and body is a division which we recognise as one which is exceedingly useful in that very simple form; to divide man into a triple constitution expresses a profound truth; the existence of the Spirit who is divine in his essence; the existence of the soul—the connecting link between the Spirit and the body; the body with its senses, whereby the soul can observe and thus come into touch with the outer world. The soul has the intellect, or intelligence, by which the man can think and reason on observations; the Spirit is in a different category; he knows the things of the Spirit, that which the intellect cannot grasp, that which the senses cannot observe.

Now, we allege that the Spirit is triple in his nature, and that triple nature of the Spirit inevitably exists by virtue of the derivation of Spirit from God Himself. This triplicity is asserted in all the great religions of the world. Man, from the Theosophical standpoint and from the ordinary religious standpoint as well, derives his Spirit from God. You have it in the old phrase: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." Hence it ought not to be at all difficult for anyone to grasp the idea that the human consciousness

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is triple. The human Spirit—the reflection of the divine—is triple in its nature although not yet fully developed, unfolded in all its divine powers. The highest aspect of Spirit has Will, or Power, for its expression in human consciousness; Will, or Power, is the highest aspect of the spiritual nature, the immediate reflection of the Father in the Christian Trinity. Then comes the Intuition aspect—that which sees, which recognises the unity of all consciousnesses by their likeness to itself; that which we sometimes call the Christ-nature in man, because it belongs to the divine sonship; that stage through which the average man passes when—to use a Christian phrase—Christ is "born in him"; the condition which S. Paul desired for all those who were converted by him. He called them still carnal, and expressed the wish that Christ might be born in them. That is a phrase Theosophists often use for this awakening of the intuitional aspect in consciousness, the reflection of the Wisdom which is always related to the second Person in the Christian Trinity. You will remember how it is said that Wisdom ever abides with God, and by wisdom the Universe was built. The third aspect is that which is sometimes called the Creative Intelligence, or the activity reflecting the Creative Spirit of the Christian Trinity.

Having these three aspects manifest in our own thought of God, reflected in our own Spirit as the divine image in ourselves, it is not difficult to grasp the Theosophical idea that this Spirit really shows out the aspects of Will, Wisdom, and Creative Activity. Hence we are thoroughly at one with Bergson in regarding intellect and intuition as two different aspects, but we go

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somewhat further than that; we see that these aspects of the Spirit reflect themselves in vehicles of denser matter, and that that reflection behaves exactly as reflection occurs in our physical world. A mountain is imaged in a lake. The foot of the mountain is close to the shore in the water; the middle of the mountain is deeper down; the peak is the deepest of all. That is the law of reflection; that which is highest in the object is reflected lowest in the mirror at its base. Intellect and mind are as object and image closely connected with each other. Intuition—higher than intellect—reflects itself lower down in emotion and instinct; while Will—the highest of all—reflects itself on the physical plane as the instigator of action.

That which shows itself in our emotional nature, to which instinct is so closely related, is joined to the higher intuition and not to the intelligence at all: that is connected with mind in the lower. Let us think for a moment how it works out practically. How is it that we come into touch with higher realities of the spiritual world? If we want, for instance, to reach an experience of the Christ, how would we address ourselves to the gaining of that experience? Not by long intellectual arguments as to the nature of Christ, the relation of Deity and manhood—that would leave us cold, but by an impulse of aspiration and of love, by an intense longing of the heart to come into touch with Him: thus we awaken intuition, thus we are able to contact Him, not by an intellectual argument but by a strong emotion. That is the experience of every religious person. It is the appeal to the emotions, to the heart, which awakens a response in that second aspect of the Spirit which we know as the Intuition, which then comes directly into

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contact with the Christ, who is the divine representative of that side of the human Spirit.

Many of us have experienced this practically, to whatever religion we may belong, whatever may be the name which we give to the Object of devotion. But few devotees take the trouble to understand it theoretically. And yet, surely by adding to our faith knowledge of this higher view of our own nature, our faith would become stronger, not weaker. We should there have done exactly what Bergson wants ; we should have used intelligence to stir up the intuition, which finds that which the intelligence recognises but is unable to reach. That is the process that unconsciously some may have been following. I am only suggesting that it should be followed consciously. Let us realise that we have within our reach the power which, rightly directed, will awaken in us the higher spiritual nature and enable us to come into direct contact with the spiritual world ; then that which we have done instinctively by love and emotion, we may do consciously and deliberately by the awakening of the intuition, the higher aspect of instinct.

The two theories in fact run side by side—this Theosophical view of intuition and Bergson's view, which he is now putting forward as a new departure in philosophy. He is throwing into an argumentative philosophical form, which appeals to the western mind, that view of human constitution which Theosophists have been teaching more along the eastern way of deliberate personal experience and the gaining of knowledge by such experience. We teach the use of meditation. We follow the deliberate self-conscious method, whereby from the emotional nature we can evolve the

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intuitional. The whole of the practice of that on the intuitional side is directed to cause vibrations in the matter through which the emotional side of our nature expresses itself, and these are answered by vibrations from the matter in the higher spiritual world, through which is expressed the intuitional.

We have seen in our investigations into the past that the way in which man became individualised depended on the part of his lower nature which was stimulated into activity; that those in whom the mind was chiefly stimulated by devotion became individualised by the intellect—the intellect answering the effort of the mind; that those who became individualised by pure devotion were answered from the spiritual world by that part of the spiritual nature we call intuition; while those who were stimulated into action by devotion received a response from that region of the Spirit which we call the will aspect, that which is the third in the great human trinity.

If a man makes himself familiar with the Theosophical conception—which is easier to grasp than the philosophical—he will find himself able to understand this new departure in philosophy more easily. It fills up very many gaps which Bergson leaves unfilled. He has not yet quite definitely recognised the connection between instinct and emotion. Doubtless he will recognise that, because we can see in the animals how strong emotions are developed and closely united with, almost indistinguishable from, instinct. I have not read all Bergson's works and I may be doing him an injustice, but he certainly does not fully recognise this in his book on *Creative Evolution*. He shows there the value of the intellect, but he does not show this close

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connection between instinct and emotion necessary for effectively utilising his theory. Bergson puts before you a very beautiful study—intelligence on the one side, instinct on the other. These are the different lines along which evolution has gone. But we need a bridge. We need to know *how* to do what he says is so desirable, to add intuition to the highly developed intellect. And we need help to find that part of our nature which we can evolve along these higher lines, and so make all-round the evolution which is lop-sided.

Hence I believe it will be useful to all, without becoming Theosophists, to study the human constitution as it may be found described in Theosophical books. Let a student take that as a theory, and see whether it does not give him the practical information he wants in order to turn Bergson's valuable philosophy into a guide for human life and conduct. Man's power over nature is growing out of all proportion to his personal evolution. He is developing power much more rapidly than consciousness. He is evolving the strength of his own mind far more than he feels and recognises his obligations to those around him in our social organism. We must try to evolve this side more rapidly unless our civilisation is to perish, as all former civilisations have perished, leaving man to build again from barbarism, and climb again to the point we have reached in our present civilisation. In this civilisation there is much that is really priceless for the future of humanity, and yet we see surging up around us forces that threaten to tear down, to destroy, to pulverise.

How, then, can we prevent these forces from overwhelming civilisation as they have overwhelmed civilisations as great as our own, over and over again, in the

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historical past? I see no way save that of trying to direct our knowledge to the evolution of human nature, the evolution of the individual. We have splendid theories of social organisation and no materials with which to build them; great architects' plans as to a perfect society, with remarkably imperfect people to build after the plans. But there are ways of swifter evolution of human nature and human character within our reach, placed there in order that society may meet this crisis better than ever it has done before. On the one side Philosophy is bringing a theory intellectually defensible, gaining a hearing in the world of thought; on the other side Theosophy brings to us practical methods of swifter evolution. Shall we not then awaken in ourselves and others the desire to study and to understand? May not this juxtaposition of a popular philosophy and of a very ancient and profoundly religious teaching stimulate us into further thinking and lead us to apply the philosophical theory to our personal evolution?

Annie Besant

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A SOUL'S PROGRESS

By Eva M. Martin, F. T. S.

God took a formless spark of Life Divine,
And made a soul; touched it, and prisoned it
Within a cage of dull and heavy flesh.
The soul grew dim with fear. It could not bear
The Splendour of His Face, could not endure
The Glory of His Touch. Shaking, it rushed
To hide within the warm, dark flesh—and found,
Once merged in it, that there was no escape.
"Poor shrinking thing," God said; "be not afraid.
This house shall be a haven, yea, a wall
To shield thy sensitive and starry frame.
The world that waits thee teems with sharpest pains
And keenest blisses—so impetuous
That they would shatter thy frail soul-substance
With silver swords of feeling, if they reached
It straight, undulled by passage through these nerves.
Therefore—and also that thou mayst find scope
For growth—I give thee body; and the quick
Vibrations that would cause thee agony
Shall fail to pierce its unresponsive wall,
And thou shalt dwell within it, safe and glad."
But the soul wept, torn by a great new fear.

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"I am alone! I am alone!" it cried.
"My senses all are dead. I cannot see
With these weak eyes the pure, ethereal tints
That made my world till now. I cannot hear
With these dull ears the perfect harmonies
That filled me with delight. Locked in this shell,
So dark, so terrible, how can I reach
To Thee or any other soul? . . . O God!
I could bear every pain if I were free!"
"Thou must bear pain, but canst not bear it free,"
God answered. "All thy fellow-souls are wrapp'd
In fleshly houses like to thine, that act
As shields between the violent world and them.
Each is alone, yet each can love thee still.
When thou hast learnt to pass beyond the flesh,
Even while locked within it, thou art free—
But this thou canst not learn, except through Love."

The soul passed down into the crowded earth,
Helpless and hopeless—a dumb prisoner.
It gazed at other souls through puzzled eyes,
And, after long bewilderment, at last
The joy of sight, the joy of lovely sound
The ravishments of scent and taste and touch,
It learnt to know, and revelled in their use.
It lived, and sinned; desired, and loved, and died;
Not once but many times; and at each death
Matter grew false, while Spirit grew more real:
But in each life earth-joys seemed miracles
Because it had forgotten Spirit ways.
Yet there were times when memory flashed back.
Ah, then the pent-in soul no comfort found
In any of the body's dear delights

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That else had held it sensuously enthralled.
"I am alone!" it cried. "I am alone!
I who could once plunge gloriously deep
Into the Fount of Being! I who could
Express all thought and joy and love without
The use of barricading words! I who
Could See and Hear and Know! I who could Sense
All radiant Truth by growing one with it—
I am alone, alone! There is no help.
The souls I love are prisoners. Words fail,
Looks fail, touch fails, to draw us close, to make
One known unto another's inner Self.
None can come near me. I can turn to none
For help or comfort. I beseech Thee, God,
Break down this body! Set me free again!"
But God kept silence, and the soul's flame quaked
With terror of the soundless Universe.
Held in the body's deadening embrace,
It could not hear the stars and planets sing,
Nor the earth chant her slow, majestic psalm:
It could not hear the sun and moon converse
In threads of music over boundless space:
It could not hear the sea call to the clouds,
Nor the wind speak to the still mountain-tops.
It could not feel the waves of Thought, of Love,
That swept around its walls, nor could it see
Their iridescent colours flowing by.
All seemed one deathly Silence, void and black,
In which it hung alone, dumb, deaf, and blind.
"O God," it whispered, piteous and low,
"Where art Thou? Hast Thou too fled far away?
If Thou art gone I crave for nought but death.
For Love's sake, speak! For Love's sake, come to me!"

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But God spoke not, nor came. Yet, suddenly,
At that great name of LOVE the soul awoke
Out of its livid dream of loneliness.
"When thou hast learnt to pass beyond the flesh,
Even while locked within it, thou art free—
But this thou canst not learn, except through Love."
Some angel brought the words back, down a stair
Of crumbling memory . . . "Have I not loved
Enough?" the soul thought sadly. "Have I not
Learnt all Love's wonder, power, and cruelty?
Love's passion and Love's calm? Love's hope and fear,
And glory and despair? Can I learn more?
Can I love more? . . . Love, teach me! Teach me, Love,
Until I AM LOVE learnt and known and lived!"

And slowly the blank darkness passed away,
Till e'en with body's eyes the soul could see
Beauty and Love triumphing everywhere—
Beauty and Love and Truth, the Three in One.
Armed with new knowledge, dimly it perceived
That sin and pain were passages to light—
Dark ways that led, through surfeit of desire,
From earthly things to heavenly. It saw
That in a strain of music, a bird's song,
A picture or a poem; in a kiss,
A touch, a glance from loving eyes; in all
Things that speak Harmony, a soul may find
Dim omens of the glories that await
Its further growth, when freedom from the flesh—
For ever, not for moments—shall fling wide
Infinite doors of wonder infinite.
"God knew," it cried, "when He placed living souls
In sheaths of flesh, that the worst grief to bear

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Would be the grief of mortal loneliness.
He knew the dumb, fierce struggle that would rage
Within each heart, the struggle to break through
These long-resisting barriers of speech
And touch and look. He knew the agony
Of wild despair at failure, and the Fear
Of Nothingness that would o'erwhelm each soul
Pent in its blinding, stifling body-sheath,
Shut off from God's Soul and the souls of men.
And, knowing this, He filled the world with cures
For loneliness to be found out through Love.
First, Nature, with her fellowship of trees;
The ocean's splendour, the embracing sky;
The wind's touch, and the peace of mountain-lakes;
The voice of rivers and the face of flowers.
All these are Love, are Truth. Then human things:
Kind faces; acts of perfect sympathy;
Warm, understanding hearts; soft touches, smiles,
Laughter, and little children's kisses; hands
That clasp and cling. These too are Love—are God
Speaking through Love. And more than these He gave.
When man's despair accumulated, vast
And ponderous upon the groaning earth,
He sent great Spirits, each in their own time,
Who, wrapp'd in veils of flesh, could yet show forth
The Truth of Spirit, and could lead men up
To soaring heights of sacrifice and peace.
What greater helps than these could He devise,
All to be found through Love? . . . Ah, Love's pure flame
Undimmed by any thought of self, shall lift
At length all souls to union with God!
I am no more alone! Through Love I am
One with the heart of Nature, as I am

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One with the soul of Man; and at the last
I shall be one with God, unveiled and free.
I have been sore deceived by sin and death,
Evil have thought and wrought—and learnt its fruits;
Until my need for Light o'erpowered all else
And drove me from the evil to the good.
My need less, my desire had been less, too.
Ah, now at last I learn, I long, I grow!
Through sin and suffering I grow towards God! . . . .
The day will come—again through thee, O Love!—
When I shall pass at will beyond the flesh
Though locked within it still, even as now
I pass from it in moments of pure joy:
And then, again through thee, will dawn the day
When I shall dare to meet all things that are
In heaven or earth, without the body's shield
Of slow, dense nerve and brain—to feel and know
At last the Only Truth! yea, I shall dare
To meet God unashaméd face to face,
To stand before Him in a ring of light,
While sounds and colours never dreamed before
Throb, flash, and burn amid the reeling worlds;
While old stars die and new ones flame to life
Around His Head; and universes swing
Beneath His Feet with unretarded speed,
And suns and moons sail past His piléd Throne.
And I shall hear a voice say from the Height:
'Thou hast learnt well Love's lesson. Thou shalt be
Alone no more, nor pent in bonds of flesh,
But one with Me for all Eternity.'
And on the Wings of Love I shall fly past
His shining Knees, between His star-white Hands,
To nest within His Heart for evermore."

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For countless æons the soul lived and learnt,
Passing through many fleshly births and deaths.
And at each birth the body grew more fine,
More sensitive to the surrounding world's
Highest vibrations, till the low ones—those
Of falsehood, cruelty, or avarice,
Of hate, of all self-seeking—lost their power
To penetrate so purified a shell.
And at each death the soul fled joyfully
Away from Matter, to the regions where
Dwells naught but Spirit, glorious and free.
Through the most exquisite and poignant waves
Of bliss and pain on earth, of bliss in heaven,
The soul passed shuddering, half-drowned at times
By the vast Feelings it experienced;
Until through Feeling and through Love it grew
From a faint spark that quivered at God's Touch,
First, to a flame of many-coloured joys,
Then to a fire, pure-white, immaculate.

Thus, grown too fair and light for house of flesh,
It left the last illusory, thin veil
Of Matter, and beyond the highest plane
Yet known, it soared 'mid shining Presences
To where God dwelt, made manifest in form
Of Life and Light, Alone yet All in All.
In wordless ecstasy of joy it stood,
And gazed and loved and worshipped. And God spoke:
"Soul, now make choice. To realise thy dream
Of sweet eternal unity with Me,
Or to strive on, an individual life,
To work and help, to yearn and agonise,
Attaining heights of purity and grace

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And beauty vast beyond expression ; there
To find at last, through Love, the One Supreme,
The LOGOS, Ultimate and Unmanifest,
WHO speaks through Me, of WHOM I am the Voice
And the Appearance only. Choose, O Soul!"

The Soul paused, hovering, amazed and dumb,
At the Feet of God. Other souls, flame-like, rose,
Passed and re-passed, fluttered, and prayed, and hung
Upon His Brow, His Lips, adoring Him.
Some sought His glowing Heart, there to enjoy
Infinite rest and close communion ;
Some floated rapturously out through Space,
Their radiant auras streaming in the Wind
That blew among the worlds. And the Soul clasped
God's Feet, and clung, and looked upon the host
Of wheeling planets, blue and green and gold,
The crowded myriads of stars, the chains
Of circling universes. Right and left
Plunged comets hissing fire ; wild nebulæ
Swirled in the fathomless and vibrant Gulf.
Star beyond star, sun beyond sun was there,
Universe looming beyond universe—
All hanging unsupported in the vast
And limitless abyss, and yet all linked
By one stupendous miracle—by Light !
Light flying wingless over dizzy space,
Uniting star to star and world to world,
Spanning the Void with LOVE made manifest ! . . . . .
The Soul, beholding these emblazoned swarms
Of Love-attracted, Light-united spheres,
Pulsated with the Cosmic Harmony
That chained them each to each and all to God.

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Was not here scope for further life and work,
For further growth—for love? From looking down
And out, the Soul looked up to where the Face
Of God Made Visible shone luminous. . . . .
And lo! around, above, beyond, what Cloud
Of Radiance more radiant than God?
What Breath of Truth and Beauty more sublime
Than any yet endured? GOD beyond God.
The WORD beyond the Word. . . . .
"I choose to strive
Further! I choose to suffer more! I choose
Through help of Love to reach yet greater heights.
I will forego the Everlasting Bliss,
And, veiled once more in matter, will return
To guide and help those countless myriads
Of souls who climb through darkness towards the light.
O Infinite God of Love, receive my vow!"

So chose the Soul; and was o'erwhelmed with flood
Of poignant and miraculous ecstasy,
While all the suns and moons in rhythmic chant
With stars and planets loud and louder sang:
"A Soul has chosen to renounce his Rest,
To suffer and become a Sacrifice.
He would not enter in the Heart of God,
But now God's Heart doth beat and burn in him.
He shall be Christ of a new world; and God
Of a yet uncreated universe.
Through Love he chose: through Love he shall attain."

Eva M. Martin

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THE ĀRYANISATION OF EGYPT

By R. B. D. B.

SOME interesting information which may bear upon the above is to be found in a book entitled *An Egyptian Oasis*, by R. Beadnall, Esq., an ex-official of the Survey Department of Egypt.

West of Thebes, at a distance of not less than 100 miles from the Nile, and separated therefrom by a waterless sandstone plateau over 700 feet high, lies the Oasis of Kharga. This is a cup-shaped depression, on approximately the same level as the Nile Valley at that latitude, and forming what may fairly be termed the easternmost projection of the Sahara Desert.

Several wells in this depression afford a constant but not over-abundant supply of water from the surface-water sandstone to a small and by no means industrious population. Mr. Beadnall left the Egyptian Government Service in order to take up the management of a Company whose object was to develop this Oasis by utilising the artesian water which is to be found in a lower bed of sandstone. This last is separated from the upper or surface-water bed by a band of impermeable grey shale which, in Northern Kharga, has a depth of about 75 metres (250 feet).

His work entailed residence in the Oasis and gave him an unrivalled opportunity for studying its geological

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formations and ancient systems of irrigation; in the course of this he was surprised to find indubitable evidence that the greater part of the floor of the depression had at one time been the site of an immense lake. Subsequent investigation led him to conclude that there were two lakes, the northern, about 50 miles long by from 5 to 10 miles wide, being separated by about 10 miles of comparatively speaking high ground from the southern lake, which was about 30 miles by 10 in extent. A comparison of levels will give some idea of the volume of water therein contained.

The general level of the floor of the Oasis is about 60 metres above the sea, but at some spots much lower altitudes have been reported, as, for example, 21 metres at Kasi Zayan; and one level of only 2·6 has been noted.

The highest level of the lake was 85 metres, and it seems to have stood for a long time at 70. We can infer therefore that when it was at its highest, its mean depth was 80 feet, with a maximum of over 200.

The following extracts from Mr. Beadnall's book will sum up most of the information it affords on this portion of his subject:

> It is, of course, obvious that the lake was, geologically speaking, of comparatively recent date . . . . . In a pit sunk for surface-water in the neighbourhood of headquarters some fragments of pottery were found at the base of the deposit. . . . . these were without question *in situ*, and proved that the lake was contemporaneous with man . . . . Further search . . . . led to the discovery of human settlements apparently on the margin of the lake. In these localities large quantities of broken pottery were found associated with the bones of domesticated animals, while the fresh-water gastropod (*Melania tuberculata*) was found to be abundant in some of the beds . . . . . the lake continued to exist well into the historic period . . . . There is good reason to believe that the depression was inhabited previous to the formation of the lake . . . . The evidence is the discovery of an earthenware pipe embedded *in situ* in the lake clays, at a height of 42·85 metres, of the type used by

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the ancients for lining their water channels . . . . . It is possible therefore that as a result of the industry of the ancient well-borers—following their initial discovery of these deep-seated sources—the long-confined waters welled up with irresistible force and gradually flooded the country . . . . . There is another explanation which it is advisable to keep in mind . . . The very existence of artesian water depends on the presence of porous strata overlaid by impermeable beds. If one or other of the porous beds, charged with water under pressure, should, through the action of denudation on the overlying beds, become exposed at the surface, the waters would escape through natural springs in very large quantities. This might indeed continue for a long period of time, until the bed was nearly depleted and the pressure reduced to nil.

It will be observed that Mr. Beadnall merely hazards the above suggestions as to the possible cause of the formation of these fresh-water lakes, but there are difficulties in the way of their acceptance.

The piercing of the impermeable clay would hardly be made by several bores simultaneously, nor would the hole that first tapped the artesian water be likely to be of large diameter, as the water welling up "with irresistible force" would quickly drive away all the well-sinkers in the neighbourhood, thus leaving the filling of the lake to be dependent on a single orifice. Moreover this would account for only one of the two lakes, and leaves out of consideration the fact that these bores, unless lined, are apt to silt up.

His second hypothesis is not altogether convincing. One would suppose that he would have mentioned the locality where the impermeable bed of clay had been pierced by the comparatively modern denudation, especially in view of the great difference in level of the floor of the Oasis, and that, had such a place been discovered, his Company would have made their deep-level bores thereat, instead of adopting the costly and in this case fruitless, expedient of placing their bores where hundreds of feet of rock and clay had to be

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penetrated before there was a chance of the deep-seated supply being tapped.

Mr. Beadnall also calls attention to the existence of a line of folding and faulting which, running North and South roughly, cuts the site of the northern lake longitudinally into two halves, and says that the earth movements to which it owes its origin have had similar disturbing effects on the underlying and hidden water-bearing strata.

It is here that Mr. Leadbeater's article affords matter for reflection, and the following is put forward as a third hypothesis to account for the existence of the lakes. When Poseidonis sank beneath the waves, a ripple passed over the surface of the globe, raising the bed of the shallow Sahara Sea and causing huge tidal waves in the Mediterranean. This earthquake would most certainly affect both the water-bearing and impermeable clay strata of the Oasis, splitting the latter, and allowing the penned-up waters to escape through fissures which would, in the course of years, close up again.

Reference to Map IV of Scott-Elliot's *Atlantis* shows that the coast line of the Sahara Sea was further west than Kharga, which would account for the "vast salt swamp" mentioned by Mr. Leadbeater. This third hypothesis fits in with the observations of Mr. Beadnall. The present floor of the Oasis would have been inhabited by man prior to the formation of the lake, while the latter, having come into being in 9,564 B. C. would have existed up to the commencement of the 'historic period' of Egypt.

It now remains to be seen whether there is any trace of the tidal wave mentioned by Mr. Leadbeater. The

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following observations made by the writer of these notes may throw light on this point as well. The level of Cairo is 20 (20 metres above sea level); six miles N. E. of Cairo is the new town of Heliopolis, at level 43, connected therewith by an electric railway. The latter passes through a cutting at Pont de Roubbel at an approximate level of 30 or rather more; about 3 metres below the top of the cutting is a bed of mud, resting on and overlaid by desert sand.

On the $\frac{1}{50000}$ Survey Map of Egypt the nearest level to the Pyramids (Mena House) is shown as 28 and that of a spire above the level of the base of the great Pyramid as 55. The mud above referred to could only have been brought to its present position by water, and a comparison of the above levels will bear out the accuracy of Mr. Leadbeater's description that "there remained only the Pyramids towering in lonely desolation".

Compare also the Arabian traditions quoted by Mr. Donelly on p. 331 of his *Atlantis*, which linked the Pyramids with the flood.

R. B. D. B.

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AN ORDINATION OF BUḌḌHIST MONKS

By F. L. WOODWARD, M. A., F. T. S.

AT the edge of the lake at Kandy, hidden away among the trees, there stands an ancient monastery, secluded and unknown to many of the visitors who throng the courts of the Temple of the Tooth on the other side. It is the Malwatte Vihāra (Flower Garden Retreat), the residence of the head of the Buḍḍhist Order in Ceylon, the Mahānāyaka Thero, or Lord High Abbot of the Siam Sect of monks. Here is performed the ceremony of admission to the ranks of the brethren of the yellow robe. An ordination may take place anywhere, provided that it is conferred by a chapter of ten elders, *thera's*, or monks of ten years' standing; but the seal of importance is added by the ceremony taking place at this Kandy head-vihara, and this is usually done on Wesak Day, the great Buḍḍhist festival, the full moon day of the month of May.

To be ordained a monk is a solemn step, and to be ordained upon this day of days, when the heart of every Buḍḍhist is fixed upon the Birth, the Illumination, the Preaching of the Good Law, and the Parinibbāna or final passing away of the Teacher of Gods and men, and here in this place, where for centuries the succession apostolic has been preserved, confers a spiritual touch and awakens associations that are in their way unique. Youths from distant villages have come up, attended by their relatives

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and friends, to receive the robes and take the vow of *pabbajjā*, renunciation of the worldly life. A boy may not do this till he is at least eight years of age. At the age of twenty he may receive full ordination (take priest's orders, as Christians would say) or the *upasampadā*. Till then he is called a *samanera* or novice. All alike, whether novices, or elders, are termed *bhikkhus*, begging monks, and form the Saṅgha or Order of the Buḍḍhist 'Church'. On this day, too, are present many *samanera's*, attended by their tutors, who have come up to Kandy from monasteries throughout the island.

It is the evening of Wesak Day, and all the place is lit with lamps which cast their stars upon the still surface of the lake, and white-robed forms move to and fro. The hollow booming of the big tom-toms reverberates among the huge overhanging trees. A flight of stone steps leads up from the road to the ordination-hall, now crowded with monks and laymen. A solemnity pervades the atmosphere which is not dissipated by the subdued chatter of the numbers squatting at the lower end. As we enter the hall, the first thing that strikes the eye is the great glass-enclosed Buḍḍha, before whose calmly-seated cross-legged form blink numberless little lights, amid the heaped-up offerings of many-coloured flowers, in front of which, facing outwards, is seated the aged High Abbot, the president of this gathering. Next to him, on either side, in order of seniority of ordination, are ranged the elder monks, and down the two sides of the hall are rows of juniors, in yellow robes of various hues, orange and ochre, russet and lemon, for the hue varies according to the process and times of dyeing. At the bottom stand the candidates, along with a gorgeously dressed figure in the Kandyan national dress, a

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ratemahatma, or chief, who is the head *dāyaka* or trustee of the temple, befrilled and padded out in white muslin and linen, his fingers decked with jewelled rings, an imposing figure of a man, in strong contrast to the meek and simply-clad close-shaven monks, an ivory-topped garden of sunflowers. The white-clad laymen squatting on the floor form an appropriate background to this scene.

In thought one is carried back two thousand and five hundred years, and pictures to oneself the first giving of the robes by the Master Himself. "Come, monk! (*ehi bhikkhu*)"—this, and nothing more, marked the admission of Yaso, the eager youth, to the perpetual brotherhood of the sons of the Buḍḍha. In aftertimes, when applicants were many, He gave permission for the robes to be conferred by a chapter of ten elders, with a view to a time when He should be no longer with them, and this ceremony has been performed unchanged, age after age, until the present day. One receives the impression that these yellow-robed shaven-headed monks, with their typical cast of features, are a rock of conservatism on which the waves of centuries of thought have beaten and been rebuffed, confused and ineffectual. Our western ways, our tongue and thoughts have passed here as the foot-prints of the seagull on the ocean's wave, as the gusts on a rocky promontory, "tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned".

A voice calls the gathering to order. Silence falls for a moment, soon broken by the rumble of the sonorous Pāli invocation, which has resounded down the centuries.

Namo Tassa Bhagavato Arahato Sammāsambuḍḍhassa.

Glory to Him the blessed Saint, the all-enlightened One.

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A youth in layman's garb comes forward. He is decked with jewels and fine clothes, lent him for the occasion by relatives and friends, the trappings of the worldly life which he has donned to enhance the effect of the sacrifice he is about to make, and which he will presently doff in exchange for the beggar's robes. He is led by a monk who has been his spiritual guide (*upajjho*) during his preparation, who has trained him in the Doctrine (dhammo) and the discipline.[1]

Standing before the president he bows low and says:

"Give me leave. Lord, in compassion confer on me the robes. (*Kneeling*) Lord, I beg the robes of thee." (*thrice.*)

He now presents to the abbot the bundle of yellow robes, which he is to don, saying thrice these words:

"Lord, in compassion take these yellow robes and confer them on me for the ending of all sorrow, for the winning of the Peace."

He holds out his folded palms, on which the old monk replaces the bundle with trembling hands and fastens the band round his neck, repeating the *mantram* forwards and backwards:

Kesā Lomā Nakhā Dantā Taco
Taco Dantā Nakhā Lomā Kesā

This formula sums up the transitory nature of the human form, compounded as it is of

Hair o' the head, hair o' the body, nails, teeth and skin;
Skin, teeth and nails, hair o' the body, hair o' the head.

Then rising he retires with his sponsor and another monk, who disrobe him of his finery of borrowed

[1] I have translated the ritual, with a little condensation, from the Pāli text of *Upasampadā-Kammavācā* (ordination chapter) as given by Dickson (Journ: R. A. S. 1873). His version will partly be found in Warren's *Buddhism in Translations.*

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plumes, and while the process goes on—for he wears a series of gaily coloured suits, one over the other—prompted by them he chants the stanzas as he assumes the mendicant's yellow robes.

Patisankhā yoniso cīvaram patisevāmi
Yāvad eva sītassa patighātāya unhassa patighātāya.
Damsamakasa vātātapa sirimsapasamphassānam patighātāya
Yāvad eva hirikopīna paticchādanatthaṁ.

Thoughtful and wise I don the robe
To guard me from the heat and cold,
From flies and gnats, from wind and sun,
From snake-bite, and to hide my shame.

From bare necessity, not for luxury, he puts on the robes, which, under the old dispensation, were made of rags picked from the dust-heap, (see the sermon at the end). Bhikkhus of the present day carry umbrellas, fans, wear silken robes sometimes, and sandals; some carry purses and otherwise conform to the changing times.

Now he returns, led by his sponsor, and, again standing before the president, bows and says to his tutor.

"Give me leave. Lord I bow before thee.
Have patience, lord, with my faults.
May the merits I have won be welcomed by my lord.
'Tis meet to give to me the merits that my lord has won.
'Tis well. 'Tis well, and gladly I receive them.
Give me leave. Out of compassion, Lord.
Give me the Three Refuges and the Precepts Ten.
(*Kneeling*) Lord, I beg the Refuges and Precepts."
(*thrice.*)

The precepts are given and repeated by the candidate in faltering tones, with occasional promptings from

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the tutor. (To the eight given in 'A Buḍḍhist Sabbath"[1] add these two.)

"From the use of high or wide couches or seats —I promise to abstain.

From taking gold or silver—I promise to abstain.

These ten precepts I undertake to keep. (*Rising and bowing to his sponsor*).

Give me leave. Lord, I salute thee and accept with thanks." (*As above.*)

Such is the ceremony of *pabbajjā*. If duly qualified for the full orders the candidate now retires a moment and returns to make an offering to the abbot and says:

"Give me leave. In compassion. Lord, give me thy aid (*nissāyam*). (*Kneeling*). Lord, I ask thy aid. (*thrice*) Be thou my spiritual guide." (*thrice.*)

The president. "'Tis well."

The candidate. "'Tis fitting. Lord, give me leave. I accept. (*thrice*) From henceforth the elder is my charge (*nissāyo*) and I am his." (*thrice*)

He rises, bows and retires alone to the end of the assembly, where his begging bowl is fastened on his back. The tutor now goes to him and leads him up to the president. Another monk stands up and the two address the *saṅgha* (gathering of monks).

The sponsors (*Acting for the assembly*). "Give us leave. (*Then to the novice*) Thy name is (*e. g.*) Nāga?"

C. "Give me leave. 'Tis so."

S. "Thy spiritual guide is Tissa the elder?"

C. "Give me leave. 'Tis so."

S. "*Namo Tassa Bhagavato Arahato Sammāsambuḍḍhassa.*" Glory to Him, the Blessed Saint, the all-enlightened One.

[1] *The Theosophist*, March, 1913.

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First a spiritual guide is to be obtained. This done, we must enquire about the bowl and robes, thus: "Is this thy bowl?"

C. "'Tis so, Lord."

S. "And this thy upper robe?"

C. "'Tis so, Lord."

S. "And this thy under robe?"

C. "'Tis so."

S. "Go and stand yonder." The candidate retires backwards and stands at the end of the hall. Now one of the sponsors addresses the assembly.

"Listen, reverend brotherhood. This Nāga desires ordination from the reverend Tissa. If it is seasonable to the brotherhood, I will instruct Nāga."

They bow to the Lord Abbot and go down to the candidate and cross-examine him thus:

S. "Hear now, Nāga. 'Tis time to tell the truth and speak of facts. In the midst of the brotherhood of monks, when asked 'is it true?' 'tis right to make reply ''Tis true,' or as the case may be. Do not hesitate. Be not distressed in mind. I will ask thee thus:

Hast thou diseases such as these: leprosy, boils, dry leprosy, or phthisis, or epilepsy?"

C. "Nay, Lord."

S. "Art thou a human being, a male, a freeman, debtless, no soldier of the king? Hast thou thy parents' consent? Art thou of full age, and are thy bowl and robes complete?"

C. "Yea, Lord."

S. "What is thy name?"

C. "Lord, my name is Nāga."

S. "What is thy preceptor's name?"

C. "Tissa, the elder, Lord."

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The examiners now return to the top end and bow to the Abbot. One of them says, addressing the Order: "Listen, O monks. Nāga desires ordination from the Venerable Tissa. He has been admonished by me. If it be seasonable to the brethren that he should approach, let him be told to approach." (to Nāga). "Come hither."

The candidate comes forward, and, between the two monks, bows and kneels, saying: "O, Lord, I ask the brotherhood (*saṅgha*) for full ordination. May the reverend order have compassion on me and lift me up!" (*This thrice.*) He rises and bows.

The elder to the Order: "Listen to me, O reverend order. This Nāga is desirous of ordination from the reverend Tissa." (The same as the above examination.) He turns to the monks and says:

"He is free from the hindrances. His bowl and robes are in order. He asks the ordination from the venerable Tissa."

He now thrice 'puts the motion' to the chapter of monks, saying: "If any approve of the candidate, let him be silent. If any object, let him speak."

If no objection be made, both bow to the Abbot and announce the decision. "Nāga is ordained under the venerable Tissa. The brotherhood approves. This is their decision (*esa ñatti*). Thus I take your decision."

The ordination is now over and the formula of examination is repeated with each candidate. If there be many, as on this occasion, the proceedings are very long, the patience of the audience is exhausted and the monks find it hard to fix their attention on the words, as they had been enjoined to do. A buzz of conversation arises from the lower end. Then, when all have been duly ordained, an elder rises and exhorts

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the new monks, who stand before him reverently, as follows, with the time-honoured admonitions.

The preacher. "Now should the shadow be measured.[1] The exact time must be declared. The portion of the day must be recorded. In conjunction these things are to be told. The four supports (nissāyā) of the monk and the four forbidden actions must be told. Food collected in a bowl is the monk's support. Thus fed must ye strive, as long as life shall last. These are the extra allowances:—food given to the Order as a whole, occasional food, invitation food, ticket food, fortnightly meals, full-moon feasts, and food of the day after the full moon.

The candidates. "Even so, Lord."

P. "Robes made of rags are the monk's support. Thus clad must ye strive, as long as life shall last. These are the extra allowances: Robes of linen, cotton, silk, wool, hemp, or made of all these five.

C. "Even so, Lord."

P. "A seat at the foot of a tree is the monk's support. Thus seated must ye strive, as long as life shall last. These are the extra allowances: A residence, a lean-to, an upstairs building, a walled house or a cave."

C. "Even so, Lord."

P. "Ammonia[2] as medicine is a monk's support. Thus physicked must ye strive as long as life shall last. These are the extra allowances:—butter, cream, oil, honey and sugar."

C. "Even so, Lord."

The Four Forbidden Actions.

[1] The exact time and date of ordination are to be recorded for future reference in case of dispute, for seniority in the Order depends solely on priority of ordination.

[2] *Pūtimuttaṁ*

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P. "The sexual act must not be practised by a fully-ordained monk, nor any act of bestial nature. The monk that follows this pursuit is no monk, no son of the Sākya clan. Just as a man whose head is severed from the trunk can live no longer, so is a monk who follows this pursuit a monk no longer, no son of the Sākya clan. Thus restrained must ye strive, as long as life shall last."

C. "Even so, Lord."

P. "Things not given to him a fully-ordained monk must not take with thievish intent, were it even a blade of grass. The monk that takes thus thievishly a little coin, or half a coin or anything worth as much or more than that, if it be not given, is no longer a monk, no longer a son of the Sākya clan. Just as a withered leaf, once severed from the stalk, hath no longer any part in greenness, even so the monk who takes dishonestly what is not given, is a monk no longer, no longer a son of the Sākya clan. Thus must ye refrain, as long as life shall last."

C. "Even so, Lord."

P. "No living thing, e'en were it but an ant, must be deprived of life, with intent to slay (*sancicca*), by a fully-ordained monk. Moreover, if a monk slay a being of human form, even by slaying a foetus in the womb, he is a monk no more, no more a member of the Sākya clan. Just as a rock once split in twain can never be rejoined, so is a monk who takes life, with intent to slay, a monk no more, no more a member of the Sākya clan. From this act ye must refrain as long as life shall last."

C. "Even so, Lord."

P. "No superhuman powers are to be claimed, not even to the extent of saying 'I delight to live in a lonely

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hut,' by a fully-ordained monk. If a monk deceitfully, for gain, falsely lay claim to superhuman qualities, be it the Trance,[1] the Ecstasy,[2] the Absorption,[3] the Path[4] or the Path's Fruit,[5]—he is a monk no more, no more a member of the Sākya clan. Just as a tall palmyra palm, whose top has been cut off, can never put forth shoots again, so a monk, who deceitfully, for gain, falsely lays claim to superhuman powers, is a monk no more, no more a member of the Sākya clan. These things ye must avoid as long as life shall last."

C. "Even so, Lord."

Our ceremony is now over and the night is far spent. The newly-robed bhikkhus go forth with eager hearts, hoping to tread the Path by living in the ancient way; and surely, sooner or later, they shall attain, for not for naught do Buḍḍhas take birth in this world of ignorance; and we, who in thought have been carried back to ages long ago, descend again to the world of *rikshas*, hotels, gas-lamps and railway trains.

F. L. Woodward

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[1] *Jhāna.* [2] *Vimokkho.* [3] *Samādhi.* [4] *Maggo.* [5] *Phalaṁ.*

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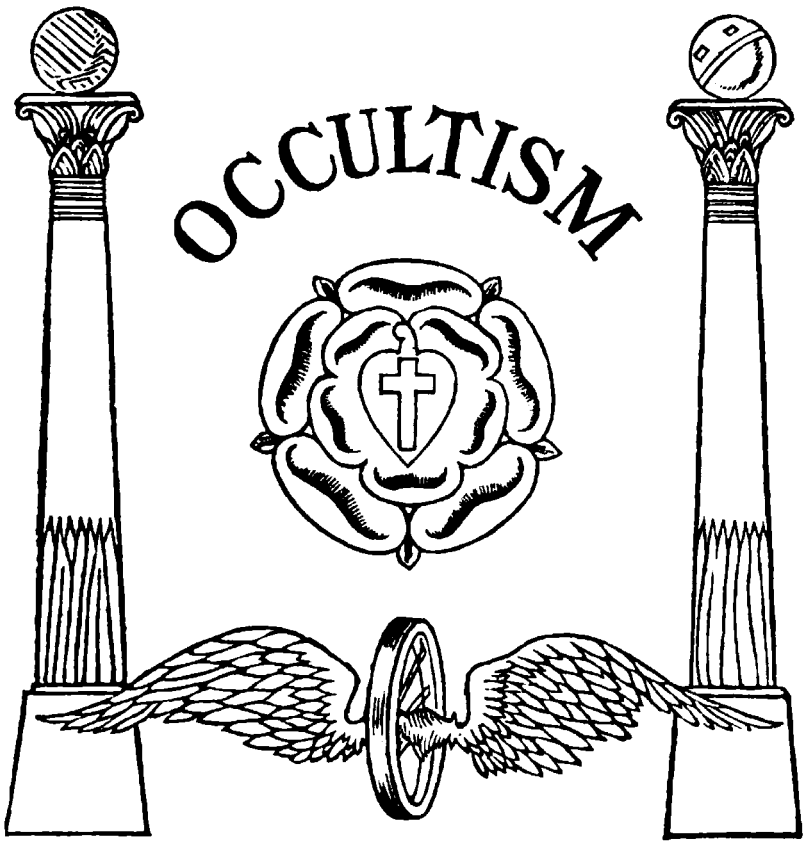

MY OCCULT EXPERIENCES

By JOHAN VAN MANEN, F. T. S.

WITH

Explanatory Notes by C. W. Leadbeater, F. T. S.

(*Concluded from p.* 409)

X. MUSICAL FORMS

OF visual impressions akin to Mr. Leadbeater's descriptions and pictures in the book on *Thought-Forms*, I have experienced none. Music sometimes *suggests* forms to me, but without accompanying vision.

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There is a phrase in the *Kreuzer Sonata*, for instance, which suggests a waterfall or a big wave breaking with a deep boom. Such suggested forms, however, I do not intend to describe. They seem to belong to the simpler and more exterior forms of mechanical association.

22. *A Cathedral and Angels.* In Amsterdam I once heard Bach's *Missa Solemnis* executed by Mengelberg's famous band. At a given stage I saw the walls of a magnificent Gothic cathedral slowly arise. The lines and disposition of these walls were in harmony with the strains of the music, and as the music proceeded so did the walls rise up. At last they were completed up to the roof. At this point a new *motif* or a new movement commenced, and the picture followed suit; the roof remained absent, but instead of further construction angels came from above, descended and flew upwards again. There was a system of graceful response and counter-response between these angelic visitors, bringing messages from on high and answering from below. It was a sort of chorus and anti-chorus. All this again was in complete harmony with the music. Then again the music changed and the vision disappeared. What puzzles me specially in this vision is the appearance of orthodox angels, *parfaitement en règle.* I don't believe in them in the Christian sense and form, and had no reason to think on ecclesiastical lines. I knew that the composition was a Mass; but I was merely following and enjoying the music as music.

In speaking about this matter with a friend recently, she told me that she had once had a similar experience. Hearing some music she suddenly saw a gigantic face, and though she hears very much music she had never had another such vision.

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These two experiences here related, are, I think, different in nature from what I call the suggestions arising from listening to music. With these one can trace the link, with the former that is not the case. So I have always associated a certain composition by Chopin with Morocco, most likely because whilst hearing the piece played for the first time, I was reading Hall Caine's *Scapegoat*, and because the melancholic and exotic nature of the music fitted in on that occasion with the mood produced by the book.

XI. Natural Beauty

One experience in connection with the beauty of natural scenery stands isolated. It is remarkable enough to relate, however.

23. *In the Vosges.* Some five years ago I made a motor trip in the Vosges with my friends Mr. A. Ostermann, Professor O. Penzig, and Mr. Leadbeater. We left Colmar, in Alsace, went to Gérardmer, in France, and returned to Colmar, crossing the beautiful pass named the Schlucht. We went home towards evening, and when we neared the Schlucht the sun was setting. Alsace with its quaint old towns and villages, itself a broad, flat and verdant valley in which the Rhine winds its silvery stream, flanked on both sides by the Vosges and the Black Forest, both equally beautiful—Alsace is altogether a delightful country. On this occasion the beauty of the Vosges struck me again greatly, and whilst the motor-car was spinning ahead I tried to drink in all the beauty of hillside and valley, of clouds and sun, of pine-forests and rocks. Suddenly a sharp curve of the road changed the position of the car and a new view

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lay spread out before our sight. At that very moment, a sensation of utter ecstasy, of utter beauty, struck me, so to say, full in the chest ; a sensation of such overwhelming happiness and at the same time such strangely deep and endless sadness, that I had to take a firm grip of myself not to cry out. As a matter of fact I felt tears well up in my eyes, and the slightest provocation would have made me weep. The emotion was purely an artistic one, and that accounts for the happiness, but I am ignorant why sadness should have been mingled with it.

This emotion, provoked by either artistic or other causes, I have never before or since felt in any like measure. I am not an emotional man in these matters, and I have seen, in three parts of the world, enough beautiful scenery to make me look in vain for an adequate reason for this particular experience. Furthermore I had motored some thousands of miles in and around Alsace without ever experiencing such a feeling. Therefore I simply note it down and add it to my record.

XII. Lecturing Experiences

I once had an interesting experience whilst lecturing at Rotterdam.

24. *A Sea of Light and Lightness.* One winter evening I lectured in a fairly big hall in Rotterdam. There was a biting frost, and I came away with a formidable cold. In the midst of the lecture, quite of a sudden, I felt the atmosphere change. A sense of lightness and buoyancy came over me which changed my feelings altogether. At the same time I was aware that I was surrounded by a brilliant (non-physical) light of

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rich golden colour. The change of atmosphere was so complete and total that it seemed as if the air before had been of mud and slush in comparison with the rarity, refinedness and purity of that which I was now breathing. Simultaneously I was conscious that, instead of being as it were wholly immersed in my subject, I was listening to myself with a corner of my consciousness. It seemed as if my voice had changed also. There was a curious metallic ring in it which was new to me and which pleased me very much. This lasted for some phrases, I think some minutes, five or ten at the utmost, if so much as that, and then the old conditions set in again. The contrast between the feeling of the atmosphere during and before the experience made a very vivid impression on me.

25. *Other Phenomena connected with Lecturing which are not of my own experiencing.* I have several times been told by friends in my audiences that they have seen luminous halos around my head or even figures behind me. In some cases a stately Hinḍū wearing a turban has been described. I mention this in order to make the catalogue complete, but as the information comes from others I am not responsible for it. I myself have never seen such forms, and the above Rotterdam experience is the only case in which I have experienced a 'light' phenomenon myself. It is amusing that in that case no one of my audience told me he had seen anything of the kind.

XIII. Apparition at a Distance

The following two incidents concern me, but they are not within my own personal knowledge. Still I think they ought to be mentioned for completeness' sake.

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They relate to my appearance, without my knowledge, to others—these others being in the waking state. I have two examples.

26. *Advice at a Distance.* Some years ago a young man, fairly psychic and, I think, also very weak-willed, came several times to me for advice and to talk Theosophy. He was at that time in all sorts of difficulties, financial, domestic and otherwise. He was a black-and-white artist. One day meeting me, he said: "I thank you very much for the advice you gave me yesterday." As I was not aware of having seen him on the day before, I asked him what he meant. He told me that he had stood in one of the streets, leaning against a wall in a state of despondency, and that I had appeared to him and had spoken some cheering words of advice. I had no reason whatever to doubt his good faith. The important point is that I must have been up and doing at the time he mentioned. If I had been asleep the explanation might have been easier.

27. *A Visit aboard a Steamer.* The second case of my being told that I appeared was aboard a steamer from Hull to Holland. A friend of mine, travelling on that ship, related to me that she had seen me (I think at about 7 A. M.) and she described my costume completely, a description which tallied with the clothes I was then habitually wearing. I do not know whether I was asleep at the moment of the apparition; I also am ignorant if I, or rather my simulacrum, said anything. I, at the time, was in England.

XIV. KĀRMIC PROBLEMS

I remember twice, at least, in my life having been in serious danger, from which I escaped unhurt. There

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is no need to invoke hidden intervention to explain the safe endings, but to make sure not to pass by even faint indications I note them down here.

28. *Trick Cycling.* When I was a boy of some twelve years I happened to read in a paper a story of how a cyclist rode down the steps of the Washington Capitol. I may about the same time have seen some trick cycling in a circus. I was then living at Haarlem, not far from the sea-side resort Zandvoort. With a friend of my own age I went one day to Zandvoort, where there is a big flight of stairs, divided into three series of steps, leading from the station below to the Gallery on the top of the dunes.

When returning to the station we came to the steps, and the sight of them was too big a temptation. I said I would cycle down them. My friend, who was wiser, protested, but I was obstinate. He ran down the first flight. I started on my adventurous ride, but immediately lost control over the machine and came down crashing, banging and bumping, rapidly gathering speed. Fortunately my friend caught hold of the cycle and I fell down without hurt, the machine being only slightly damaged. There is no doubt that he saved my life. But now I ask myself: "An incident of such importance for me, and my present incarnation, can it stand utterly unrelated to my personal karma?" How easily my friend might have missed the grip, how easily might he have become afraid or have lost his head! Was there something lying at the back of his action which made it fatally necessary that he *should* be there to be a kārmic agent? Of course, I do not forget God Chance, nor the purely rationalistic explanation; but are they enough? This incident is therefore not so much an occult experience as an

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experience giving rise to an occult problem! What is the nature of the determining factor which in a crisis leads to a solution in one definite direction with far-reaching and incalculable results, where any other solution would have led to equally far-reaching results of an entirely different character? This seems to me a very difficult problem indeed, only answerable with certainty by Occultists.

29. *In the Gorges d'Héric.* A similar but less obvious case occurred to me a few years ago in the south of France. Mr. Leadbeater and I were staying in the beautiful district of the southern Cevennes, in the department of Hérault. We used to take long walks, and one day we went to the Gorges d'Héric, descending through them into the plains. We lost our way, and darkness overtook us before we had passed out of the Gorge. We had no guide, no lamp, and no knowledge of the country. At a given moment I, leading the party, crossed —in the dark—the stream over a series of boulders, and so we transferred ourselves from the right to the left bank of the stream near the bottom of the Gorge. At that spot we found a path, and, gropingly following that, reached a point where we saw spots of light. Some shouting brought peasants with lanterns, and eventually we came home safe and sound. Now the peasants told us that had we followed the Gorge for only a quite small distance, we should have come to a sudden drop of some thirty metres, a well-known danger-spot in those parts, where quite frequently some one or more unfortunate tourists, in the same plight as ourselves, meet their end by falling over the edge. Now what I want to know is: what made me cross the stream at that particular spot in the pitch dark? I do not know it in the least.

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I could not see a track, and on the other side, though there was a path, we had to feel our way along it. May it be that I 'picked up the trail' as a dog does, or was it a case of inspiration?

As said before I record these two cases more as involving problems than as being occult experiences in the true sense of the word, for (faithful to H. P. B.'s injunction) we should be attentive to the smallest details.

XV. Unpleasant Experiences

Most of the visions related up to now are of a pleasant and elevating nature. I have also experienced some unpleasant sights which should not be omitted from this catalogue.

30. *An Unwelcome Visitor.* One evening when just about to step into my bed, in Amsterdam, I saw a sort of elemental creature of a most objectionable kind sitting on my pillow. It consisted of a soft round body from which, at what may be called the waist, some ten long necks extended, each one something like the neck of a swan. These necks wriggled and twisted and wound through each other as snakes do. The evil eyes in the heads leered and sneered in a wicked way. The colour of the thing was green, that particular slimy and filthy green associated with old stones which have lain in a gutter for a long time, or with the stomach of some frogs. The creature gave an impression of softness and decay, like a jelly-fish or cuttle-fish. Besides, it spread a horrible and filthy stench. Its height was something over a foot. It happened that I was absolutely tired out on that evening, and that I had but one thought, that of

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rest. I felt that the creature could not *do* anything to me, and I was in no mood to wait or to try some elaborate magic. So I jumped into my bed and laid my head on the pillow, thinking at the time: "There is no room for both of us here; either you go, or I." And at the moment I lay down the creature burst up, as it were, and disappeared. I have never seen it or its brothers since.

At the time I wondered much if a creature like this may have had any connection with the origin of the story of Medusa's head.

31. *Undesirable Cattle.* On a few other occasions I have seen creatures, seemingly of the same class. I remember in particular a herd of cattle-like beings, somehow a cross between calves and elephants. They had the trunks of elephants (only the ends resembled the snouts of pigs), and something of the build and size of calves. They were white in colour, with a suggestion of leprosy in the whiteness, and these bodies gave the impression of corruption. All over the bodies were festering circular sores, like red flowers on a white field, altogether nauseating. I am reminded in thinking of them of Mr. Leadbeater's description of the hosts of elementals which he saw tramp past him when he had his experience on the Adyar river island (*The Perfume of Egypt*, 'A Test of Courage'). In this case also the malignant gleam in the eyes of the creatures was the chief characteristic. The beasts spelled evil.

XVI. SUNDRIES

With the above cases I have practically exhausted my personal experience of things psychic or occult. It only remains to gather together and enumerate a few

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items which fall within the scope of this article without being readily susceptible of special illustration.

32. *Thought-Action on Dreamers.* There are two cases known to me in which I, awake, exercised thought-influence on different other persons who were then asleep. The interesting point to me was to hear the reports of their dreams, and to note the dream symbolism, which had completely transformed the formal side of the transaction, but had kept it absolutely intact from a symbolical point of view.

The two cases were slightly dissimilar in nature. In the first, I was in a highly excited and turbulent state of mind of an undesirable nature. A very good and intimate friend of mine slept in the room next to me. He was asleep when I was still lying awake. Next morning he told me that he had had a vivid dream about me being in a burning house, and that he had rushed up to help me and to extricate or rescue me from the danger. I recognised at once the 'fire of passion' in the burning house, and could not but feel grateful for my friend's astral loyalty.

In the second case I was deliberately thinking of another person with regard to a certain course of action. Next day that friend told me that he had dreamt that I had come to him, and my appearance and conduct as he described it tallied *mutatis mutandis* with my thoughts of the previous night. Only I, knowing the details, knew also what his description meant; whereas he, not having any data to go on, could not see further than his mere recollection, symbolising but not explaining the affair.

33. *Dream Interpretation.* I have noticed that I am very often able when a dream is told to me, to give on

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the spur of the moment and quite spontaneously an interpretation of it to the dreamer, with which he is satisfied. Again, this is merely a note in passing, which is given only for what it is worth. I have never studied dream-books, or dream interpretation, and am not specially interested in the subject, except so far as it forms a branch of general psychology.

34. *Running Water.* Running water, I notice, has always a strange fascination for me. Whether it be a waterfall, rapids in a river, a swiftly rushing stream, waves by the sea, merely rain or even water running from a tap, the motion and sound always please me. I like sitting near a stream or staring at the sea. The sound nearly always suggests voices to me, in a language I do not understand, but *might* understand if I just could get a little bit more *inside* it.

An American author describes something similar in a recent story. An invalid is lying in a hospital, wearily awaiting convalescence:

> She listened. Rushing down the valley in the large grounds, there was a stream—a liquid, unending, deep chord of many broken notes! . . . . The sweet hollow silver of the booming water divided, changed into voices that called, talked, laughed. There were long, low sentences; there were single questioning words; there were murmuring names spoken, and tender half-sounds, all unhurried, all contented and sure and adequate. She did not catch definite words, only intonations, the rise and fall; but the steady strength of the voices seemed to lift her weakness and bear it out on a calm flood. The stream was her friend; the voices of the stream were unreal voices, yet peace-giving.

I thought that this feeling might have something to do with the water elementals, but recently whilst motoring in a particularly noiseless motor-car I experienced the same feeling in hearing the smooth swish of its revolving machinery.

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35. *An Anecdote.* To finish this lengthy article I relate an insignificant little anecdote about a dream I had the other night. It is amusing.

I dreamed I was in London, where I moved through parts I know well in my waking consciousness. Suddenly and without any transition I was in Paris, which I know equally well, physically, continuing my wanderings which I had begun in England. The curious thing is that the action was unbroken and did not change, whereas the scene was cut clean in two halves. It was like a conversation begun in English and continued in French without change of subject, listener or speaker.

And herewith my catalogue is complete.

Johan van Manen

Explanatory Notes

The special picture seen in the twenty-second experience may well have been of this nature. Our author wonders that he should have seen angels in the curious and anatomically incorrect form usually adopted by Christian painters; but he is perhaps overlooking the fact that what he saw was not his own thought-form, but probably that of the composer. There is still another possibility—that it may have been the thought-form of some devout auditor, who had heard the composition frequently, and associated it with such a vision as is described; but it is on the whole more probable that we owe so large and so well ordered a form to the marvellous genius of the great musician.

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The gigantic face seen by a friend is a phenomenon that we can hardly pretend to diagnose without a good deal more information than is given to us. If the music was devotional in character, it may perhaps have been someone's idea of a Divine Face. Or again it may have been a real apparition of one of the great musical angels, or possibly a personification of some of the great powers of nature.

The twenty-third experience comes evidently from a definitely exterior source. As our author points out, he has seen many beautiful landscapes in various countries, yet they have never produced upon him at all the same kind of impression. Indeed, I believe he had passed over that very spot at other times without unusual agitation. Clearly, therefore, the emotion was not his own, but was impressed upon him from outside. The most probable explanation is that someone of acute perception and intense artistic feeling had recently been admiring the view from that particular spot—had perhaps even been painting it; and that our author happened just at that moment to be sufficiently in sympathy with the mental attitude of that artist to absorb and to reproduce fully all that he felt. Another possibility is that for the moment our author came into union with the angel or great nature-spirit ensouling that particular part of the country. This hypothesis, however, is less likely than the other, since he describes a strong feeling of sadness as part of his experience—an emotion which is little likely to have been part of what may be called the sensations of Nature itself. Either of these temporary unifications of consciousness with another entity is possible to any sensitive person; but he must have within himself the sympathy to understand and the power to respond.

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The twenty-fourth experience implies not so much a change of atmosphere as a change of consciousness in the lecturer. It is evident that he at least partially left his body, so that he was able to watch himself from without. The part of himself which was temporarily freed from physical limitation was able to see the mental conditions surrounding him; and the rich golden colour which seems to have been so prominent a feature is exactly what might have been expected as an expression of the mental activity which was being put forth by the lecturer. The description of the difference between that and the physical atmosphere is most graphic; it constitutes precisely one of the little touches which manifest so clearly the author's accuracy, and appeal so strongly to those who have passed through a similar experience. It seems evident that he must have carried with him in his externalisation a certain amount of his etheric double, since he was still able to hear his own physical voice, although with an alteration which suggests the inclusion of higher notes than those perceptible to physical ears, and probably also a compensating exclusion of some of the latter.

This being a subjective experience, dependent upon a partial projection of the speaker's consciousness, there is no reason why any member of the audience should have noticed it. In the cases described in paragraph 25, there is no change of consciousness in the speaker, but a temporary accession of sensitiveness in certain members of his audience. The halo seen round the head of a lecturer has often been described. It is one of the easiest non-physical phenomena to see. The mental activity of the lecturer projects this strong yellow light, all of it focussed in the upper part of the

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aura, and therefore surrounding the physical head, so that it readily becomes visible to vision even slightly raised above the normal, especially if it happens to be projected against a dark background. The presence of an Oriental stranger on the platform is also by no means unusual, and it would be rash to assume, as our students so often do, that the visitor is necessarily a great Adept. Even after years of reading on the subject, it seems to be difficult for our students to grasp the utter naturalness of the astral life, and to understand that those who have left their physical bodies (either temporarily or permanently) may be just as much interested in a lecture as if they still retained the coarser vehicle. Astral visitors may attend any lecture anywhere, and they constantly do so; but probably the percentage of such visitors is higher at Theosophical lectures than at others, because those who study our subjects are a little more likely than others to know something of their capabilities along these lines. Naturally our subjects have a special interest for Orientals, and Indian members of our Society, whether living or dead, are likely to watch with comparatively keen interest the endeavours to spread their ideas in western lands. It often occurs also that they good-naturedly endeavour to assist the lecturer by suggesting to him additional ideas or illustrations; and if any member of the audience happens for the moment to develop sufficient sensitiveness to catch sight of such a visitor, a legend immediately grows up like that which our author describes.

The appearances described in paragraphs 26 and 27 are examples of a very interesting class about which our information is as yet defective. In the second case it seems probable that the author was asleep, and so we

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have merely an ordinary astral visit; but in the former of the two cases he distinctly says that he was awake and going about his work in one place, though at the very same time he appeared in another and gave some useful advice. Several possible explanations of this phenomenon may be offered. It may be a case in which some invisible helper, seeing a poor man sadly in need of counsel and comfort, resolved to give it to him, but took for this purpose the form of a friend who was well known to him, in order to make the advice more natural and acceptable. Another possibility is that our author as an ego was watching with interest a person whom he had already tried to help, and—seeing him urgently in need of further assistance at a time when his own physical body was otherwise employed—materialised a thought-form of himself through which he could convey the ideas which he wished to give. Either of these hypotheses would satisfactorily explain the appearance described by our author; but there are other cases on record in which neither of these suggestions seems appropriate. The double of the late Mr. W. T. Stead, for example, can hardly be supposed to come under either of these heads. It seems rather to be a case of an intensely strong thought-form made of him by another person, and then occupied and energised—whether by his own ego or by someone else we have not sufficient evidence to show. In rare circumstances personation on the physical plane by a materialised astral entity becomes possible. There is, however, no reason to suspect anything of that sort in the case described, for we have no evidence to show that anyone but the young man to whom our author spoke was conscious of his presence at that time and

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place, so that the phenomenon may have been simply subjective.

Experiences 28 and 29 are not, strictly speaking, occult at all, but we may certainly take them to represent items in the working out of the destiny of the persons concerned. It clearly was not intended by the Powers directing his evolution that our author should perish at the age of twelve in a cycle accident. And since that was not intended, it became necessary to circumvent him in his little effort at self-destruction. The easiest way to do this was through the hands of his companion, who seems to have arrested him precisely at the only point of his descent where such interference would have been possible. I do not know that we are bound to infer anything more than courage and promptitude on the part of that friend; but if more be necessary, the presence of some invisible helper to steady the friend's hand, and show him exactly what to do and when to do it, would surely be sufficient to account for what happened. And in this case, when I speak of an invisible helper, I do not at all necessarily mean to imply a member of the band of Theosophical students who devote themselves especially to such work. Any dead person of promptitude and resource who happened to be on the spot may have shown the boy-friend how to do what was necessary, and strengthened him in the action. The very fact that he ran ahead to the only place where he could check the headlong descent seems to show that a certain amount of prevision was exercised —most likely not by the boy. Another possibility is that the author's ego awoke to the danger of the situation. He was unable to control his juvenile personality, which had apparently taken the bit between its teeth, and

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was in a condition of excited determination. The ego may have found it easier to control for a moment the other boy (who was apparently not excited) than his own lower manifestation; and we have the yet further possibility that the ego of the friend saw here an opportunity of a good piece of work. Or indeed he may have undertaken it at the urgent request of the other's ego; for this is something which one sees not infrequently in ordinary life. A personality may for some reason take up obstinately some line of action of which the ego behind does not at all approve; and when that happens it is sometimes actually easier for that ego to induce a friend or friends to remonstrate and advise, than to act directly upon the fragment of himself which by its stubbornness has shut itself away for the moment from higher influences.

We should say Theosophically that " it was not in his karma " that our author should come to an untimely end in that particular way; and therefore, since he insisted on making so wild an experiment, he put somebody to the trouble of interfering with its natural result. I know that many similar cases are allowed to pass without interference, and consequently end fatally. In them we are bound to assume that there is something in the stored-up karma of the person concerned which can discharge itself in that particular way, and consequently there is no interference with his free-will. Evidently our author was needed for other work later, and consequently in his case the interference took place. Readers may think that this is very much like the old Christian idea of a Providence which watched over every moment of our lives. It is precisely the reality which lay behind that idea—the difference being that we do not recognise any principle of arbitrary selection,

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but hold that such interference can take place only under the working of natural law.

In case 29 we have no proof as to whether the guiding force was that of the ego or some friend, or whether it may have been, as our author himself suggests, the action of some sort of survival of animal instinct. From what we were afterwards told by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, it would appear that there had been cases in which no such interference took place. Once more, we can only say that he was not destined to die at that time and in that particular way.

The unpleasant entities described in paragraphs 30 and 31 are specimens of low and undesirable forms of life which prey almost exclusively on the emanations produced by a particular type of emotion. Their appearance must, I fear, indicate the presence somewhere in the neighbourhood of a person in the habit of yielding himself to unrestrained sensuality. At least, that is almost certainly the origin of the peculiarly objectionable creature described in 30, and the form of the story suggests that it had been intentionally sent by someone. Those mentioned in 31 may have been of the same nature, but may also have been attracted by abnormal manifestations of aggravated envy and jealousy. The author may be congratulated on his courage in so entirely ignoring the horrible beast which he describes. Assuredly most of us would have spent some time and trouble in driving it away or dissipating it, instead of calmly lying down to sleep, secure in the conviction that it could do no harm.

In the first case mentioned in paragraph 32, the author's astral body was in a turbulent condition—

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which means not only brilliant colour and energetic vibration, but also great temporary expansion and vehement pulsations extending over a considerable area. The friend sleeping in the next room could not but be within the sphere of influence of these alarums and excursions, and when his attention was attracted by them, his innate spirit of helpfulness immediately asserted itself, and he pluckily rushed in to try to re-adjust matters.

In the second case, the writer gives us scarcely sufficient detail to enable us usefully to comment upon it further than to remark that during sleep people are specially susceptible to thought-influence, and that each ego has usually his own system of symbolism into which he would be likely to translate whatever was impressed upon him.

In 33 we see the manifestation of a useful and valuable faculty—evidence of an ego which is quick to read the symbolism of other egos, and has the power of impressing the results of his knowledge upon his own physical brain. As to paragraph 34, I incline to our author's suggestion that it does indicate that he is in special sympathy with the element of water—with what have sometimes been called water-elementals, or perhaps rather nature-spirits; and I would suggest that the sound of machinery which he describes as having produced upon him a similar effect, produced that effect precisely because it *was* similar, and so gave subconsciously a suggestion of the sound of water. Such a sound consists of a set of vibrations which evidently exercise a special soothing influence upon the writer, and obviously similar vibrations would produce a similar result, even independently of the mental suggestion conveyed by them.

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The concluding anecdote gives us a characteristic example of the instantaneous changes which are possible when one functions in the mental body. It might happen equally well in the astral, but not quite without at least a momentary sense of transition. The strong probability is, therefore, that our author was at the moment of this experience using the mental vehicle; but that also implies that he may not really have been either in London or Paris at all. He may simply have been moving among his own mental reproductions of parts of these two cities.

It is one of the peculiarities of this set of stories that the hero of them appears to be more at home in the mental world than the emotional—that so many of his glimpses of higher consciousness show him to be using the causal or mental vehicle rather than that astral body in which most of us have to be content to begin our superphysical voyagings. But students who may be disposed to look enviously upon such capacity may console themselves by the thought that each line of development has its special perils, and that ready use of the mental body brings with it a dangerous facility in criticism which, if indulged to excess, may hold a man back from those still higher realms which are the kingdom of the humble and the especial inheritance of those that be pure in heart.

As a concluding note I can only repeat what I have suggested in the beginning, that the man who has had this singularly complete series of experiences ought to have had more—and even yet should have many more —since they clearly show a degree and type of sensitiveness which is very well worth cultivating, with a view to practical results. We must all thank our author

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for having thus so fully and so carefully unbosomed himself. He may assuredly take unto himself such reward as is involved in the knowledge that what he has written will be useful to many, and will help them to understand and to co-ordinate similar happenings in their own lives. Few students have such a wealth of varied experiences; fewer still have the faculty of stating them so clearly and so impersonally; so we may end, as we began, with thanks and congratulations, and (let me add) with high hopes for the future of the author.

C. W. Leadbeater

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INVISIBLE HELPERS AND OUR SOUL-CULTURE

By A THEOSOPHIST

IV

VERY early one morning last spring when the sunshine was streaming in upon me through the open windows above my bed, I was awakened out of sleep by a chorus of busy birds settling their domestic differences outside on my window-sill. When I sat up to watch them, they seemed to resent the interference and flew away, leaving me to continue my rest. I must quickly have fallen into a doze, dreaming that I was seated in my own room deeply engrossed in meditation. In this dream-consciousness I seemed to hear the visitors' entrance-bell ring. Regretting the interruption, I reluctantly rose and oddly enough went upstairs to receive my visitor instead of downstairs as would have normally been the case.

The room I entered at the top of the house was quite strange to me. It was large and lofty, with dormer windows and a vaulted roof. My husband met me on the threshold of the room, and in presenting our visitor to me pronounced the name of one of our Theosophical Worthies whom I had never met but with whose writings I was very familiar.

On meeting a stranger, it has been my habit for years past to search the countenance for evidences of

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spiritual unfoldment; not for criticism, but to discover a comrade. On the present occasion, when greeting this newcomer, I noted the marked evidences of very great self-discipline and high-minded purpose depicted in the expression of the mouth and lips; also that the forehead and eyes both revealed deep spirituality, whilst the countenance as a whole conveyed to me a profound impression of innate refinement and nobility of character.

In my dream, however, I most clearly understood that the corporeal presentment of the man I was greeting had no actual resemblance to his real physical body. On the contrary, it was just a form shadowed forth to my consciousness by means of some materials stored up in my brain-cells, and used as a symbol to portray the special points and inner characteristics it was one purpose of this dream to impress upon my attention.

Together we moved forward to the fire-place, which was built of small oblong rose-coloured tiles, set with white cement. The fire was blazing most brilliantly, but had a mysterious centre which seemed to be *one glowing incandescent light*, quite unlike anything I had ever seen before. Looking at my companion who was now seated beside me, I saw that his boots, very large heavy ones saturated with water, were placed in front of the glowing fire; also that his feet, clothed in fine white woollen socks, were set upon the hearth, the soles placed close up to, and directly in front of, the glowing incandescent centre of the blazing fire.

In my dream it was distinctly conveyed to my mind that the boots saturated with water symbolised the astral vehicle, replete with astral knowledge and experience. The feet, and the colour and quality of the socks, I understood, were symbolic of the understanding

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and its condition. All of these I saw were exposed to the transmuting forces of the Divine Fire by my companion's strong will and firm purpose.

Reverently and humbly I turned to gaze once more into the midst of the mysterious glowing light. A feeling of intense awe overcame me, for I could perceive no limits to its unfathomable depths, and yet I seemed to be looking right through this light straight into the *Forever* . . . . into the very Heart of all Life and Being. Absolutely still, yet absolutely living, this transcendent centre of essential light began to affect me as if it were some supreme magnet. I began to long intensely to throw myself right into its very midst, but could not compass it, because whilst I had stood gazing into this ineffable light all power of movement had lift my limbs. The cry of the Psalmist, "All my bones are poured out like water," rose up in my heart. Shaken with the awful intensity of my longing, exclaiming passionately, "O my God, these things are too great for me," I awakened from my dream, but by no means from the consciousness of that overwhelming desire to throw myself into that mystic centre of living light. Nor indeed did this overwhelming desire diminish as the day advanced. In fact, during several succeeding days it deepened so much in intensity as to become all-absorbing, even to the point of interfering with the proper execution of my daily duties. At last so vivid did this ever-present consciousness of that mystic light become, and so overmastering was the passion in my heart to yield to its compelling magnetism, that I realised that a condition of mind had arisen which required prompt attention, if I were to maintain my true mental balance.

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Knowing that my position was analogous to that of an infant crying passionately for an object unsuited to its development, and that the vision of that ineffable light would never have been given to me if it were incapable of being translated into an inspiration for the perfecting of my present earthly life, I set myself to meditate deeply upon the matter, and commenced by facing the vision and looking once again right into the very Heart of it with courage and restraint. Continuing to hold the dream-picture of that unfathomable light steadily in my imagination, it gradually assumed the definite outline of a sun. Restraining the passionate desire to plunge right into its very midst with all the power of my mind, I faced the luminous body steadily for a short time until I saw a globe approaching it from one side. This globe, which was an image of the earth, passed in front of the sun after the manner of an eclipse, and remained a dark body in the centre of the sun for some moments. Continuing to watch, I saw that the luminous brightness of the sun began to burn through the earth until it too became as bright and luminous as the sun itself, one with it, and yet always remaining the earth, with the earth's own characteristics. Then illuminated and ever-glowing, it passed away from the face of the sun and disappeared from my consciousness. This image of the earth was followed by a series of emblematic objects representing the qualities and kingdoms of the earth. First, the mineral kingdom was represented by a great mound of rough broken stone; this, following the exact path of the earth-globe, passed also in front of the sun as a dark body; then, becoming luminous and one with the sun, moved onwards and passed out of my consciousness.

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Earth and rocks, trees, plants, and animals—all were successively represented and all passed through exactly the same programme. When the turn came for the human race to appear, the first representatives were such terrible apparitions of vice and degradation that I could hardly bear to look upon them, but they too passed in front of the sun and left its face glorified, and yet themselves. Grade after grade of humanity came forward in one long continuous stream of men and women, each representing a mode of humanity more spiritual, noble and refined than its predecessor.

At this point I was obliged to interrupt my meditation, but I had none the less learnt therefrom all that was requisite for my needs, great as they had seemed to be. I knew that wherever I was, or whatever I was looking upon, whether upon the beauties of nature or the hideous works of sordid men—whether my service led me into converse with those who were wise or with those who are fast in the bonds of ignorance and vice—I knew that in one and all I had but to look in order to realise the unfathomable all-pervading centre of Divine Light working within as a burning, transmuting force. I knew that everything that I could touch, whether with my soul or my body, afforded me, through the portal of love and compassionate service, an immediate entrance into the ineffable depths of that "Sacrificial Fire which fills the earth, the heavens, and all the regions that are stretched between"—"in which we live and move and have our being," and which eternally Is.

A Theosophist

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IN THE WOOD

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

Author of *Ghostly Phenomena*, *Werewolves*, *etc.*

I

IT was a cold night. Rain had been falling steadily, not only for hours but days—the ground was saturated. As I walked along the country lane, the slush splashed over my boots and trousers. To my left was a huge stone wall, behind which I could see the nodding heads of firs, and through them the wind was rushing, making a curious whistling sound—now loud, now soft, roaring and gently murmuring. The sound fascinated me. I fancied it might be the angry voice of a man and the plaintive pleading of a woman, and then a weird chorus of unearthly beings, of grotesque things that stalked along the Cornish moors, and crept from behind huge boulders.

Nothing but the wind was to be heard. I stood and listened to it. I could have listened for hours, for I felt in harmony with my surroundings—lonely. The moon showed itself at intervals from behind the scudding clouds and lighted up the open landscape to my left. A gaunt hill covered with rocks, some piled up pyramidically, others strewn here and there; a few trees with naked arms tossing about and looking distressfully slim

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beside the more stalwart boulders; a sloping field or two, a couple of level ones, crossed by a tiny path, and the lane where I stood. The scenery was desolate—not actually wild, but sad and forlorn, and the spinney by my side lent an additional weird aspect to the place which was pleasing to me.

Suddenly I heard a sound—a familiar sound enough at other times, but at this hour and in this place everything seemed different. A woman was coming along the road—a woman in a dark cloak with a basket under her arm, and the wind was blowing her skirts about her legs.

I looked at the trees. One singularly gaunt and fantastic one appalled me. It had long, gnarled arms, and two of them ended in bunches of twigs like hands—yes, they were exactly like hands—huge, murderous looking hands, with bony fingers. The moonlight played over and around me—I was bathed in it—I had no business to be on the earth—my proper place was in the moon—I no longer thought it—I knew it. The woman was close at hand. She stopped at a little wicket gate leading into the lane skirting the north wall of the spinney. I felt angry; what right had she to be there, interrupting my musings with the moon? The tree with the human hands appeared to agree with me. I saw anger in the movements of its branches—anger which soon blazed into fury as they gave a mighty bend towards her as if longing to rend her in pieces.

I followed the woman, and the wind howled louder and louder through those rustling leaves.

How long I scrambled on I do not know. As soon as the moonlight left me, I fell into a kind of slumber—a delicious trance—broken by nothing save the murmurings of the leaves and the sighing and groaning

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of the winds—sweeter music I never heard. Then came a terrible change—the charm of my thoughts was broken, I awoke from my reverie.

A terrific roar broke on my ears and a perfect hurricane of rain swept through the woods. I crept cold and shivering beneath the shelter of the trees. To my surprise a hand fell on my shoulder; it was a man, and like myself he shivered.

"Who are you?" he whispered in a strangely hoarse voice. "Who are you? Why are you here?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," I replied, shaking off his grasp.

"Well—tell me, for God's sake, man!" He was frightened, trembling with fright. Could it be the storm, or was it—was it those trees? I told him then and there why I had trespassed—I was fascinated—the wind, and the trees had led me thither.

"So am I," he whispered, "I am fascinated! It is a long word but it describes my sentiments. What did the wind sound like?"

I told him. He was a poor, common man, and had no poetical ideas—the wildly romantic had never interested him—he was but an ignorant labouring man.

"Sounded like sighing, groaning and so on?" he asked, shifting uneasily from one foot to another. He was cold, horribly cold. "Was that all?"

"Yes, of course! Why ask?" I replied. Then I laughed. This stupid, sturdy son of toil had been scared; to him the sounds had been those of his Cornish bogies—things he had dreaded in his infancy. I told him so. He didn't like to hear me make fun of him; he didn't like my laugh, and he persisted: "Was that all you heard?"

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Then I grew impatient and asked him to explain what he meant.

"Well," he said, "I thought I heard a scream—a cry! Just as if someone had jumped out on someone else and taken them unawares! Maybe it was the wind —only the wind! but it had an eerie sound."

The man was nervous. The storm had frightened away whatever wits he may have possessed.

"Come, let us be going," I said, moving away in the direction of the wall. I wanted to find a new exit, I was tired of paths.

The man kept close to me. I could hear his teeth chatter. Accidentally I felt his hand brush against mine; his flesh was icy cold. He gave a cry as if a snake had bitten him. Then the truth flashed through me—the man was mad; his terror, his strange manner of showing it, and now this sudden shrinking from me, revealed it all—he was mad; the moon and trees had done their work.

"I'm not going that way," he said. "Come along with me; I want to see which of the trees it was that cried!" His voice was changed, he seemed suddenly to have grown stranger. There was no insanity in his tone now, but I knew the cunning of the mad, and fearing to anger him, I acquiesced. What an idea! One of the trees had cried; did he mean the wind? He grew sullen when I jeered at him. He led me to a little hollow in the ground, and I noticed the prints of several feet in the wet mud; then I saw something which sent the cold blood to my heart—a woman bathed in blood lay before me. Somehow she was familiar to me. I looked again—then again. Yes! there was the dark shawl, the basket, broken it was true, with the contents

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scattered, but it was the same basket; it was the woman I had seen coming down the road.

"My God! Whatever is this?" the man by my side spoke. He swayed backwards and forwards on his feet, his face white and awful in the moonlight—he was sick with terror. "Oh, God! it is horrible! horrible!" Then with a sudden earnestness and a crafty look in his eyes he bent over her. "Who is it?" he cried. "Who is the poor wretch?" I saw him peer into her face, but he didn't touch her—he dreaded the blood. Then he started back, his eyes filled with such savageness as I had never seen in any man's before; he looked a devil—he was a devil. "It's my wife!" he shrieked. "My wife!" His voice fell and turned into what sounded like a sob. "It's Mary! She was coming back to St. Ives. It was her cry! There—see it—confound you! You have it on your arm—your coat—it is all over you!" He raised his hand to strike me; the moonlight fell on it—a great coarse hand, and I noticed with a thrill of horror a red splash on it—it was blood! The man was a murderer! He had killed her, and with all the cunning of the madman was trying to throw the guilt on me.

I sprang at him with a cry of despair. He kicked, bit, and tried to tear my arms from his neck; but somehow I seemed to have ten times my usual strength. And all the while we struggled, a sea of faces waved to and fro, peering down at us from the gaunt trees above.

He gave in at length; and I held him no longer with the iron grip, and help came in the shape of a policeman.

The man seemed to grasp the situation easily. There had been a murder, the man whom I had secured

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was known to him. He was a labouring man, of unsteady habits; he had been drinking, had met and quarrelled with his wife. The rest was to be seen in the ghastly heap before us.

The wretch had no defence, he seemed dazed, and eyed the bloodstains on his face and clothes in a stupid kind of way.

I slipped five shillings into the policeman's hand when we parted. He thanked me and pocketed the money; he knew his position and mine too—I was a gentleman and a very plucky one at that. So I thought as I walked back to my rooms, yet I lay awake and shuddered as visions of the nodding heads of trees rose before me; and from without, across the silent rows of houses, lanes and fields, there rose and fell again the wailing of a woman—of a woman in distress.

II

The murder in the spinney was an event in St. Ives; the people were unused to such tragedies, and it afforded them conversation for many weeks. The evidence against the husband was conclusive, he had been caught red-handed, he was an habitual drunkard, and he paid the penalty for his crime in the usual manner. I left St. Ives; I had seen enough of Cornwall, and thirsted for life in London once more; yet often at night, the sighing of the wind in the trees sounded in my ears and bade me visit them once more. One day as I was sitting by my fire with a pile of magazines by my side, taking life easily, for I had nothing to do but kill time, my old friend Frank Wedmore looked me up. We had been at Clifton together in the far-off eighties and he

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was the only friend of the old set of whom I had lost sight.

He had not altered much, in spite of a moustache and a fair sprinking of white hairs. I should have known him had I met him anywhere. He was wearing a Chesterfield coat, very spruce and smart, and his face was red with healthy exercise.

"How are you, old chap?" he exclaimed, shaking hands in the hearty fashion of true friendship. I winced, for he had strong hands.

"Oh, fit enough," I said, "but a bit bored. But you—well, you look just the same, and fresh as a daisy." I gave him the easy chair.

"Oh, I'm first rate—plenty of work. I'm a journalist, you know. Plenty of grind, but I'm taking a bit of holiday. You look pale. Your eyes are bad?"

I told him they got strained if I read much.

"I daresay you will think me mad," he went on, "but I'm going to ask you rather a curious question. I remember you used to be fond of ghosts and all sorts of queer things."

I nodded. We had had many such discussions in my study at school.

"Well, I am a member of the Psychical Research Society."

I smiled doubtfully. "Well, you can't say they have discovered much. The name is high-sounding, but nothing beyond."

"Never mind. Some day, perhaps, we shall show the public that at present it is only in the early stages of investigation."

Wedmore lit a cigarette, puffed away in silence for a few seconds, and then went on:

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"I am undertaking a little work for the Society now."

"Where?"

"In Cornwall. Ever been there?"

I nodded. Wedmore was very much at his ease.

"Been to St. Ives?"

I knew by instinct he would mention the place. He thought I looked ill, and told me I had been overdoing it.

"It is merely a case of 'flu'," I assured him. "I had it six weeks ago, and still feel the effects." The woman in the hollow was before me; I saw again her shabby shawl and the blood round her throat.

"There was a murder down there, a short time ago."

"I heard of it," I remarked, casually. "It was a wife-murder, I believe."

"Yes! just a common wife-murder, and the fellow was caught and hanged."

"Then why the ghost?"

"Well, that is the odd part of it," Wedmore said slowly, leaning back in his chair, his long legs stretched out. "I have heard from two St. Ives artists—I beg their pardon, golfers—that screams have been heard in the spinney about twelve o'clock at night. Not the time for practical jokers, and the Cornish are too superstitious to try their pranks in unsavoury spots. And from what I heard, the spot is singularly uncanny."

"They haven't seen—anything?" I asked.

"No, only heard the cries, and these are so terribly realistic and appalling that no one cares to pass the place at night; indeed, it is utterly banned. I mentioned the case to old Potters—you may have heard of him,

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he is the author of *When the Veil is Cleared Away*—and he pressed me to go down and investigate. I agreed—then I thought I would look you up. Do you recollect your pet aversion in the way of ghosts?"

I nodded. "Yes, and I still have the aversion. I think locality exercises a strange influence over some minds. The peaceful meadow scenery holds no lurking horrors in its bosom, but in the lonesome moorlands, full of curiously moulded boulders, grotesque weakness must affect one there; creatures seem to come, odd and ill-defined as their surroundings. As a child I had a peculiar horror of those tall, odd-shaped boulders, with seeming faces—featureless, it is true, but sometimes strangely resembling humans and animals. I believe the spinney may be haunted by something of this nature—terrible as the trees!"

"You know the spinney?"

"I do. And I know the trees."

Again in my ears the wind rushed, as it had on the night in question.

"Will you come with me?"

Wedmore eyed me eagerly. The same old affection he had once entertained for me was ripening in his eyes; indeed, it had always remained there. Should I go? An irresistible impulse seized me, a morbid craving to look once more at the blood-stained hollow, to hear again the wind. I looked out of the window, the sky was cold and grey. There were rows and rows of chimneys everywhere, a sea of chimneys, an ocean of dull, uninviting smoke. I began to hate London and to long for the countless miles of blue sea, and the fresh air of the woods. I assented, when better judgment would have led me to refuse.

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"Yes; I will go. As for the ghost, it may be there, but it is not as you think; it is not the apparition of a man; it may be in part like a man, but it is one of those cursed nightmares I have always had; I shall see it, hear it shriek, and if I drop dead from fright you, old man, will be to blame."

Wedmore was an enthusiast; psychical adventure always allured him, and he would run the risk of my weak heart, and have me with him.

A thousand times I prepared to go back on my word, a thousand tumultuous emotions of some impending disaster rushed through me. I felt on the border of an abyss, dark and hopeless; I was pushed on by invisible and unfriendly hands; I knew I must fall, knew that the black depths in front would engulf me eternally. I took the plunge. We talked over Clifton days, and arranged our train to the West. Wedmore looked very boyish I thought as he arose to go, and stood smiling his good-bye in the doorway.

He was all kindness, I liked him more than ever. I felt my heart go out to him, and yet, somehow, as we stood looking at one another, a grey shadow swept around him, and an icy pang shot through my heart.

III

It was night once more, and the moonlight poured in floods from over the summit of the knoll where the uncanny boulders lay. Every obstacle stood silhouetted against the dark background. A house with its white walls stood grim and silent; the paths running in various directions up and alongside the hill were made doubly clear in the whiteness of the beams that fell on them.

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There were no swift clouds, nothing to hide the brilliance of the stars, and it was nearly midnight. The air was cold—colder than is usual in St. Ives. The lights of many boats twinkled on the bay, and Godrevy stood out boldly away to the right, looking not more than a mile or so away. There were lights to be seen in St. Ives itself. The town was absolutely still and dark; not a voice, not a sound, not even the baying of a dog.

It was very ghostly, and I shivered.

Wedmore stood by my side. I glanced apprehensively at him. Why did he stand in the moonlight? What business had he there? I laughed, but I fear there was but little mirth in the sound.

"I wish you would stop that infernal noise!" he said. "I am pretty nervous as it is."

"All right," I whispered. "I won't do it again." But I did, and he edged sharply away from me. I looked over his head; there was the gaunt tree with the great hands—I fancied the branches were once again fingers; I told him so.

"For God's sake, man, keep quiet," he replied. "You are enough to upset anyone's nerves." He pulled out his watch for the hundredth time. "It's close on the hour."

I again looked at the trees and listened. Suddenly, although there had been absolute silence before, I heard a faint breathing sound, a very gentle murmur. It came from over the distant knoll. Very soft and low, but gradually louder and louder, and then as it rushed past us into the spinney beyond, I saw once more the great trees rock beneath it; and again came those voices, those of the woman and the man.

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Wedmore looked ill, very ill I thought. I touched him on the arm. "You are frightened," I said. "You, a member of the Research Society, you afraid!"

"Something is going to happen!" he gasped. "I feel it, I know it—we shall see the murder—we shall know the secret of death! What is that?"

Away in the distance the tapping of shoes came through the still night air. Tap—tap—tap—down the path from the knoll. I clutched Wedmore by the arm. "You think you will see the murder, do you? And the murderer?"

Wedmore didn't answer, his breath came in gasps; he looked about him like a man at bay.

"And the murderer! Ha! It comes from there! See, it is looking at us from those trees. It is all arms and legs, it has no human face. It will drop to the earth, and then we shall see what happens!"

Tap—tap—tap. The steps grew louder—nearer and nearer they came. The greater shadows from the trees stole down one by one to meet them.

I looked again at Wedmore, he was fearfully expectant; so was I.

A woman came tripping along the path; I knew her in an instant—there was the shabby shawl, the basket on her arm—it was the same. She approached the wicket. I looked at Wedmore, he was spell-bound with fear; I touched his arm. I dragged him with me.

"Come!" I whispered, "we shall see which of us is right. You think the ghostly murderer will resemble us—resemble men. It won't. Come!" I dragged him forward. Had it not been for me he would have fled, but I was firm. We passed through the gate; we followed the figure as it silently glided on. We turned

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to the left. The place grew very dark as the trees met overhead.

I heard the trickling of water and knew we were close to the ditch.

I gazed intently at the trees: when would the horror drop from them? A sickly terror laid hold of me. I turned to fly.

To my surprise Wedmore stopped me; he was all excitement. "Wait!" he hissed, "wait! it is you who are afraid. Hark! It is twelve o'clock!"

And as he spoke, the clock of the parish church slowly tolled midnight.

Then the end came.

An awful scream rang out, so piercing and so full of terror that I felt the blood in my heart stand still. But no figure dropped from the trees. Not from the trees, but from behind the woman, a form darted forward, and seized her round the neck; it tore at her throat with its hands, it dragged and hurried her into the moonlight, and then, oh! damning horror, I saw its face—it was my own.

* * * * * * * *

The world in general laughed at the strange tale of Francis Wedmore.

The madman he had led at midnight, gibbering into St. Ives, did not convince the sceptical readers of the London dailies with his corroboration. But the St. Ives people knew and understood. It is on account of this that the spinney so soon lost its ghosts, though the wind whistles as dismally there as ever.

Elliott O'Donnell

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THE SPHINX

By ANNIE BESANT

THE picture of the supposed interior of the Sphinx, which we present to our readers by the courtesy of the *Times of India* and the *Sphere* is one which does credit to the imagination of its artist. The statements about it first appeared in an American 'Sunday Edition,' but were apparently well substantiated.

I have, however, received a letter from a member who spent the winter in Egypt, and who read the accounts which appeared in the London press. He and his friends could find "no signs of excavations at the Sphinx, though Professor Reisner was excavating about a mile away, on the other side of the Pyramids." Still they thought there must be some truth underlying the precise statements made, until shortly before they left Cairo. Then they found the following decisive contradiction in an Egyptian newspaper:

> The American press lately announced that Professor Reisner, the Harvard Egyptologist, had communicated to the authorities of the Harvard Semitic Museum and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts the results of his investigations of the Sphinx. Elaborate details of a number of remarkable discoveries were published and apparently emanated from the Harvard and Boston Museums. But it appears all these stories were the fictions of American journalists, for Professor Reisner, writing to us from Kerma in the Sudan, states that the story of the excavations at the Sphinx is absurd and from beginning to end is a fabrication, the origin of which he is not able to ascertain at such a distance. He adds: *I have never excavated at or in the Sphinx.* I have never intended, nor do I now intend, to do so.

This is certainly decisive, and places the story among the many hoaxes perpetrated on a confiding public.

Annie Besant

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QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Instinct and Experience, by C. Lloyd Morgan, D. Sc., LL. D., F. R. S. (Methuen and Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s.)

Dr. Morgan begins by stating that he approaches his subject from the standpoint of biology; he disregards the mode of origin of the world and its final end and purpose, holding that these belong to metaphysics and not to science. While, on the surface, this attitude may appear to be rational and impartial, it is fairly obvious that if the world be an expression of a cosmic life, any investigation into its problems that ignores that life must be but partial and may be misleading. Nature's processes are not stored in water-tight compartments, but are guided by an all-pervasive life. A painter who refused to recognise the body under the folds of the garments that clothed it would give us but a lifeless picture.

Instinct is regarded by Dr. Morgan as a complex biological response to a group of stimuli, originating prior to experience but, later, modified thereby. Heredity builds the organism which responds, and here experience comes into play, by affecting and gradually modifying the organs, for experience embodies a meaning, and this meaning gives it a guiding value. Dr. Morgan analyses the processes which go on in the higher and lower brain-centres, and illustrates his theory by tracing the behaviour of a young moorhen swimming and diving for the first time. The description of the machinery is subtle and instructive, but one seeks in vain for the power by which it moves. For those who wish only to understand the machine, the process described is enough. Consciousness is the property of the cortical centres of the brain, and experience is correlated to this; hence instinctive motions become perfected by acquired experience and by the play of intelligence thereon. "Conscious guidance is specially correlated with cortical conditions."

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Instinct belongs to the sub-cortical. Hence Dr. Morgan separates innate mental tendencies—belonging to the cortex —from instincts belonging to the sub-cortical centres.

Naturally, our author disagrees with Bergson, whose view of instinct as related to life, the internal, while intellect is concerned with matter, the external, is to him a bringing of metaphysics into science. But to many it is this very connection which gives value to Bergson's ideas, because he sees life as acting on a mechanism. Students will do well to study Dr. Morgan, as the keen dry light of science can never be aught but useful in the search for truth.

A. B.

The Lost Language of Symbolism. An inquiry into the origin of certain letters, words, names, fairy-tales, folklore and mythologies, by Harold Bayley. Two vols. (Williams and Norgate, London. Price 25s. net.)

Our review of this book must be a short and a sad one. It is a complete and irredeemable failure. We sincerely condole with the author in having run across a publisher with such an indiscriminating reader that he could pass this work. Its acceptance and publication is a cruel injustice inflicted on the writer. For many reasons this is a pity. The material execution of the work, for one, is excellent. Would that the labour and care expended on it had been devoted to contents more worthy of them! Another reason is that we recognise the author's zeal and enthusiasm, his guilelessness and industry. Had these qualities been given scope after sufficient preliminary training in methods and facts, something useful might have been the result. As it now stands the book is worthless, and if—one sincerely hopes that it may not be so—the book sells at all, it will only serve as a bulky prop for mischievous superstitions with regard to language, history, mythology and mysticism generally.

The author believes he has discovered a new basis for the rendering of the etymological elements of language in general. He does not seem to be aware of the existence of phonetic laws or etymological canons anyhow. He has quite anew started out to discover a science of etymology of his own, with the result that the etymological labours of the last century seem to have remained unknown to him. As

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a result he has produced a work on the level of those of Court de Gebelin and Fabre d'Olivet, only more fantastic than these. He discovers a root *ak* in Herakles, which is like discovering a root *eg*, in bridegroom. He solves the otherwise unknown etymology of dog, by referring it to dogma and to the Venetian Doge. This *is* a find! And, lastly, the word pigeon is not derived from *pipio*, as Skeat would have it, and does, consequently, not mean a 'chirper' but is to be resolved into *pi ja on* and means 'Father of the Everlasting One'.

In short, if the writer had read, studied, and digested the ten simple canons of etymology, covering only some twenty lines of print, as prefixed to Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, then this alone would have prevented him writing at least nine-tenths of his work, and it would have also prevented its publication, precisely one century too late.

The book, besides its text, contains the neat and clear reproductions of over one thousand and four hundred water-marks of various paper makers. They are interesting but seem to have very little connection with the text. The text itself does not seem to sustain any single fixed thesis, but rather a never-ending stream of disjointed observations, very loosely knit together, and with some vague mystical tendencies together with the linguistic obsession permanently in the background. The merit of the book is solely one of intention; the execution is altogether a dismal failure.

J. v. M.

Science and the Infinite, or Through a Window in the Blank Wall, by Sidney T. Klein. (William Rider & Son., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The idea running through this attractive little book is the old but ever new quest for the Reality underlying appearances. The eight 'views' are brief but bright essays on philosophic puzzles such as space and time, tinged with a type of Mysticism characteristic of much New Thought literature, and replete with scientific illustrations well adapted to impress the popular imagination. It is by introspection rather than by intellect that the author urges his readers to follow his endeavours to pierce the veil; and he certainly makes a most praiseworthy attempt to describe his own method, which strikes us as peculiar, but

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which seems to have at least proved the inadequacy of words to express the higher flights of consciousness. The chapter on 'Mysticism and Symbolism' contains a neat theory (to one who is not a Mason) ascribing the origin of the Gothic arch to a symbolical interpretation of the equilateral triangle in Euclid I, i, and later on in the book we are taken for some exciting tours through the solar system to the limits of astronomical discovery; but we must confess that these mysteries seem as remote as ever, though, unlike ourselves, the author seems to expect that death will make all clear. Inconclusive as they may appear, such books as this make people think—which is a good deal.

W. D. S. B.

Great Issues, by Robert F. Horton. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The tone of the book is undoubtedly Christian, but that broader Christianity born of later days, and less confined by doctrine and dogma than the strictly orthodox would approve. Not yet has the writer quite reached the point of admitting the brotherhood of all religions, for he says: "But if it may appear too latitudinarian to say that the religion of all good men is the same, there can be no hesitation in admitting that the religion of all genuine Christians is the same, to whatever age or Church they belong." But this may be said in order to safeguard himself from a wrong interpretation of a former phrase: "Christianity is not so sharply marked off from the religions of the world as dogma and exclusiveness lead us to think." He bases his faith on Christianity on its 'fruits'—"The best fruit which is hitherto found in humanity." It is the application of the Christian spirit to the Great Issues of life which forms the theme of this interesting volume. The essays are written quite simply, and are easy to read and to understand, but the author has rather an irritating habit of introducing quotations in quantity throughout, and he puts in little stories here and there. Possibly these devices may give the book a popular touch, but one feels one would rather have a more uninterrupted exposition of the author's own opinions than the somewhat chequered effect he has produced.

T. L. C.

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The Light of India, by Harold Begbie. (Hodder and Stoughton, New York, Toronto, London. Price 1s. net.)

This is one of the books which ought never to have been written, or, if written, never published, for it can but stir up hatred and encourage bitterness. Hinḍūism is called "an idolatrous superstition surviving from the dark night of paganism"; a "British-looking gentleman in a more or less European suit of clothes" is a Hinḍū who "believes that the world is flat; his god is a mixture of Bacchus, Don Juan and Dick Turpin"; and so on. "I found myself saying very often as I walked in the wide and magnificent streets of Indian cities: 'All these people believe that the world is flat.'" Why, "these people" knew that the earth was a ball rolling in space when all Christendom believed it was a disk with a vaulted firmament over it, "so fast that it cannot be moved"! Hinḍūism, Mr. Begbie tells us on another page, is a mental disease—quoting, he says, Sir Monier Williams. "Terror is the spirit of Hinḍūism." "All the unrest in India which is treacherous, unscrupulous and bloody-handed comes from the Brāhmaṇas." "Hinḍūism is the absurdest superstition imaginable." It "contains absolutely nothing which can be of the very smallest service to the evolution of humanity." It is not worth while to spend more time over Mr. Harold Begbie. The excuse for him is that he obtained his information from a Salvationist, and Salvationists go merely among the lowest types. It is as though a Hinḍū described Christianity from the views of costermongers in the New Cut.

A. B.

The Diamond Sūṭra, (Chin-Kang-Ching) or Prajña-Paramiṭā. Translated from the Chinese, with an Introduction and Notes, by William Gemmell. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This latest translation of The Diamond Sūṭra, a title given, so says the text, by the Lord Buḍḍha himself, is evidence of the increasing attention which Buḍḍhist philosophy is attracting in the West, and forms a fresh link between the Teacher of the Law and those who are ready to turn from the excitement of western civilisation to the path that leads to Nirvāṇa.

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To attempt to describe the scripture itself would be presumption. It is with reason admitted to be one of the most paradoxical of Buḍḍhist scriptures, and is apt at first reading to leave a curious sense of emptiness. But the student who is accustomed to the eastern method of teaching knows that 'hard sayings' and negative statements are deliberately intended to throw him back on his intuition, and so he does not expect to find spiritual truths formulated in cut and dried definitions. Through all the picturesque repetitions which form the setting of such discourses there runs a positive message which seems to be complementary to the well-known negative aspect—that truth cannot be perceived until the mind is free from passion. "What immutable Law shall sustain the mind of that disciple, and bring into subjection every inordinate desire?" In answer to the natural question, comes the Buḍḍha's opening pronouncement: "By this wisdom shall enlightened disciples be enabled to bring into subjection every inordinate desire!" And the message goes straight to the root of all thought and subsequent action. "Not assuming the permanency or the reality of earthly phenomena, but in the conscious blessedness of a mind at perfect rest."

Even the teaching here given, difficult as it must necessarily be, seeing that it was "delivered specifically" for those who have "entered the stream," is spoken of as being nothing more than a raft to bear them to "the other shore". Those who wrangle over creeds would do well to ponder over the sublime sweep of the following stanza.

The Lord Buḍḍha addressed Subhuṭi, saying:

What think you? Has the Lord Buḍḍha really attained to supreme spiritual wisdom? Or has he a system of doctrine which can be specifically formulated?

Subhuṭi replied, saying:

As I understand the meaning of the Lord Buḍḍha's discourse, he has no system of doctrine which can be specifically formulated; nor can the Lord Buḍḍha express, in explicit terms, a form of knowledge which can be described as supreme spiritual wisdom. And why? Because, what the Lord Buḍḍha adumbrated in terms of the Law, is transcendental and inexpressible. Being a purely spiritual concept, it is neither consonant with Law, nor synonymous with anything apart from the Law. Thus is exemplified the manner by which wise disciples and holy Buḍḍhas, regarding intuition as the Law of their minds, severally attained to different planes of spiritual wisdom.

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The practical charity which is so plainly insisted on in the more popular teachings is here almost taken for granted as the natural outcome of spiritual enlightenment. The following stanza gives a glimpse of the stupendous gap in development between such an one and ourselves:

> Subhuți, regarding the third Paramiță (endurance), it is not in reality a Paramiță, it is merely termed a Paramiță. And why? Because, in a previous life, when the Prince of Kalinga (Kaliradja) severed the flesh from my limbs and body, at that time I was oblivious to such arbitrary ideas of phenomena as an entity, a being, a living being, or a personality. And why? Because, upon that occasion, when my limbs and body were rent asunder, had I not been oblivious to such arbitrary ideas as an entity, a being, a living being, or a personality, there would have orginated within my mind feelings of anger and resentment.

We leave the merits of the translation as such to the judgment of Oriental scholars, but may add that the choice of words produces an effect that scholarship alone might have missed—the subtle touch of comprehension that catches the magic of the teacher. This faculty is further evident in the selection of parallel passages from Max Muller's translation of the *Vagrakkhedika*, Beal's *Kin-Kong-King*, Arnold's *Light of Asia*, Cockburn Thomson's *Bhagavaḍ-Gīțā*, and others; and nowhere more strikingly than in the brief references to the New Testament. In fact one wonders how any intelligent person can remain blind to the one fundamental process which all the various systems of religious philosophy are framed to portray. Other extracts from Eitel, Edkins, and others give valuable sidelights of information. A full and instructive introduction is contributed by the translator, and it will interest Theosophists to know that he speaks of 'The Diamond Sūțrā' as representing the Mahāyana school of Buḍḍhist thought founded by Nagarjuna. Certainly this is a book for the few who have the will to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

W. D. S. B.

A Brief History of Modern Philosophy, by Dr. Harold Hoffding, translated by Charles Finley Sanders. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price 6s. 6d. net.)

No better estimate of this work as a whole can be given in a few words than that of the translator in his preface. He says: "The book is clear, compact and comprehensive. The various schools are analysed and criticised and the thread of continuous development is constantly kept in view..... The

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student is constantly aware that a familiar spirit is safely guiding him through the bewildering maze of philosophic problems and tentative solutions." The author begins his history at the Renaissance and continues it up to the present day, discussing at the end Bradley, Eucken, Bergson and other contemporary writers. To say that a book on this subject written by a man of Professor Hoffding's reputation among scholars is highly to be recommended, would be superfluous; but it may not be out of place to remark that even the general reader will find it pleasant reading, comprehensible, and invaluable as a book of reference in case he wishes to see a balanced and reliable epitome of the work of any western philosopher of note since the days of the Revival of Learning.

A. de L.

The Present and the Future Christ, by the Rev. F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock, M. A., D. D. (S. P. C. K., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

The author in his preface describes his little book as "practically a spiritual commentary upon the Fourth Gospel, intended more for devotional reading than for deep study". It is in this attitude we must approach it. The study is based on the seven "I ams" of Jesus, to be found in S. John's Gospel. These sayings, Dr. Hitchcock contends, stand above all criticism, for they are "too sublime and divine to be invented even by a Mystic like S. John," and they are utterances in which "the Lord Jesus seems to speak *in propria persona*". On each of these sayings of Jesus the author dwells, giving the result of much careful thought, and showing how those words spoken nearly two thousand years ago are still living and inspiring, even pointing to their continued influence, until Christ shall again come to Earth in the fulness of time. The inspiration of the present is the hope of the future. This series of meditations on the present and future Christ will doubtless be very helpful to its readers, and will appeal especially to the devotional type. It should be studied in connection with the Fourth Gospel, as practically all its teaching is drawn from that source, and its aim is to share with others some of the inspiration which the author himself has drawn thence.

T. L. C.

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The Laws which govern the Course and Destinies of Religions. [No Author given.] (The Year Book Press, London. Price 7s. 6d.)

This is a curious and somewhat mysterious book. Not only is it published anonymously, but the laconic Prefatory Note states: "These Lectures were prepared but not delivered, with the exception of one, and that in a very summary way."

The author adds that he issues them nevertheless in the hope that they may draw more attention to a particular aspect of a great subject which hitherto has not received the attention to which it is entitled.

This latter phrase sums up, indeed, the real value of the book, of which the title is the most important part. That title is fine and suggestive; the text itself is well-meaning but fairly mediocre, neither distinguished by depth of thought, or learning, or philosophical insight, nor by gracefulness of style, nor by subtlety of understanding. We do not mean to say that the book is wholly useless, but it is certainly not a great book, which it would have been if its subject-matter had fully come up to its title. There are elementary divisions and analyses of the mechanism of religions (rather in the meaning of church organisations than of spiritual movements), which are useful as starting points but do not carry us very far. Yet the claim is rightly made that the subject dealt with is one apart from so-called comparative religion as well as from church history.

As a first attempt at what may be called the study of the physiology of religion (in its physical embodiments) the work may be welcomed. It also may incite further thought and research on the subject, but it is a mere A. B. C. and not by any means a complete grammar of the science announced in the title. The English in which it is embodied is far from elegant and in places is not even correct.

J. v. M.

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The True Religion, by Henry Phipps Denison, B.A. (Elliot Stock, London. Price 5s net.)

To the Theosophical student we fear the book must prove a disappointment since the author appears to have taken for granted that the entire history of the 'True Religion' is contained in the records of Judaism and Christianity. He begins his historical sketches therefore in the garden of Eden and concludes them with the recent Catholic Revival, it not having occurred to him evidently to seek for any evidences of the 'True Religion' outside these limitations of time and space. And what according to Mr. Denison is the 'True Religion'? "The Catholic Faith, the Apostolic Ministry, Bishops, Priests and Deacons, the old Catholic worship, Reverence for sacraments, quiet perseverance in old paths, order." Unfortunately it is possible for all this external paraphernalia to be in full swing among a people who nevertheless remain sunken in ignorance, filth, degradation and cruelty, so that we do not feel very satisfied with this attempt at definition on the part of Mr. Denison, preferring indeed for its practical simplicity that conception of spirituality and compassion outlined by the first Christian Bishop: "Pure religion . . . . is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Every great religious movement has sooner or later fallen into the hands of the Philistines of formalism and ritualism but Mr. Denison laments that Modern Catholicism has not only the 'Philistines behind,' it has the 'Syrians before'. By the Syrians he designates the undenominationalists, among whom we suppose he would class Theosophists. We agree that they are 'before,' but not in order that they may attack as he implies. They are before because they are pioneers and have to blaze the trail. They are before because they have realised with Lowell that

> "New occasions teach new duties,
> Time makes ancient good uncouth;
> They must upward still and onward
> Who would keep abreast with Truth."

In a word, they are 'before' because they have perceived, what has not yet dawned upon Mr. Denison, that a stationary religion can never satisfy an evolving humanity.

K. F. S.

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The Individual and Society, by James Mark Baldwin, D. Sc., LL.D. (Rebman Ltd., London. Price 6s. 6d. net.)

This is a very interesting and sensible book in which preference is given to neither of those conflicting forces, the individual and society, but an honest attempt is made to reason out the manner and nature of their interaction and mode of working. For this interpretation the author conceives of Society as "a mode of organisation *sui generis*; its matter is psychological; its rules of organisation are those which characterise the personal development of minds in relation to one another: it can be understood only by the knowledge, direct or indirect, of the motives and movements of minds capable of certain modes of intercourse". The book treats from the point of view of resorting to sociological interpretation for the results of social psychology. From the interaction of society and the individual Mr. Baldwin deduces that "the effective group shows a character of tempered individualism, that is, a tendency to competition, rivalry, self assertion, for personal advancement tempered by the requirements of group life as a whole". It is decidedly novel to find business treated as a philosophy but it is very well worked out in a stimulating chapter in which the nature of business, its method and morality are all considered with the satisfactory result that—"If there is one maxim of business morality which I think the considerations of a more philisophical sort justify, it is 'love excellence,' excellent goods, excellent men, excellent business and social relationships." The summing up of the whole thesis is: "There is but one human interest when all is said and this is both individual and social at once." Written "under very exact and exacting limitations of space," a great deal of matter and of argument has been compressed into a small compass with the result that, clear though the style is, a fuller treatment of certain points, a development of the argument, might to the untrained psychologist or sociologist seem occasionally desirable. It thus provides a good mental discipline to those who will take the trouble to think over what they read and to work out the conclusions in more detail for themselves.

E. S.

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The Universe of Ether and Spirit, by W. G. Hooper, F. R. A. S., F. S. S. (T. P. S., London. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

In an introduction to this book Mr. Macbeth Bain recommends it "to any truth-loving soul," after naively confessing that he has not read it; we happen to have read it, but can recommend it all the same. It is a simple but happy blend of scientific speculation, liberal Christianity, and personal experience, relieved by a sprinkling of modern philosophy. As far as precise information goes, the student of Theosophy will probably find this exposition somewhat elementary, but we gather from numerous references that the author's previous work *Aether and Gravitation* expounded some original theories concerning the constitution and function of the ether of space, for he here assumes much as already proved. His purpose in this later work seems to be more religious than scientific, and so the word ether is evidently used as little more than a mental bridge from which to view the whole universe as a manifestation of spirit. Granting that the hypothesis of a substance interpenetrating all known forms of matter is scientific, it is perfectly logical to regard such a substance as "the garment of spirit," which is the poetical expression the writer adopts; but, though the present tendency of scientific opinion with regard to the ether renders it a most illuminating symbol of the Divine Immanence, the word ether cannot well be extended into the domain of the superphysical without losing in scientific status.

However, the chief value of the book lies in its virile sincerity as a testimony to the reality of the higher life and an appeal to all who seek to test its laws for themselves; and as such it is likely to prove of great benefit to Christian readers whose devotion is practical and tempered with common sense. The collection of quotations is a useful feature, though the arrangement slightly errs on the side of redundancy, possibly owing to the conventional form of theology on which it is moulded. But to catch the delightful enthusiasm of the author, one has to read the book.

W. D. S. B.

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An Introduction to the Study of Adolescent Education, by Cyril Bruyn Andrews. (Rebman Ltd., London. Price 5s. net.)

This book deals fearlessly with the problem of education, and contains a great many thoughts that will give the reader to think furiously. The writer is not afraid to state his views nor does he hesitate to strike hard at one of our most cherished national institutions, the Public School.

State schools have, in his opinion, two advantages:

(1) They are day schools, so the young scholar has the benefit of a certain amount of regular home training.

(2) They are the subject of political controversy which is growing ever more and more keen, so the education received will tend to be on the most approved methods, and will not be conducted on rigid or fixed lines.

> Education is not a science which admits of unalterable dogmas or sweeping generalisations. The living truth of one generation becomes sterile in the next. The environment of the adult alters; the surroundings during adolescence should change in sympathy. The finest education of to-day will to-morrow unfit the adolescent for his future life; and if we allow any rule to guide us in the science of education, it should be a theory of constant change and sympathetic variation.

The state school may be said to attempt to adapt its curriculum to the present needs, and is suitable as a rule for the dreary routine which is still the lot of many of our working classes; but the boarding school is conservative, and does not march with the times. The author says:

> But among the directing and wealthier classes the case is different: to these we look for initiative, ability, originality, imagination and wide sympathies, and the expensive and prolonged education they receive does little to develop these qualities. The large preparatory and public schools in England have few points in common with the free and potent life which will be the future of most of the boys, and unless we believe that a training under one set of conditions adapts boys to a life which is to be led under totally different circumstances, we shall find much to blame and little to praise in the life of most of our large boarding schools.

The author is in favour of co-education. In the present day, when men and women work side by side in every walk of life, he feels that if in adolescence they were to work together, it would be an excellent preparation for later life.

The restrictions of the existing boarding schools—the rules which cramp, the compulsory games, the discipline which

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turns out boys of one type, stultifying their individuality at a time of life when they naturally and instinctively seek for self-expression—are, in the author's opinion, inimical to the adolescent and are causes for the immorality which prevails so largely within their walls. It is no use shutting our eyes to *facts*. "Few seem to realise that when we turn from immorality in disgust we are doing our best to further its continuance." We should consider the matter calmly and temperately. Mr. Andrews thinks that the restrictions of boarding school life, often accompanied by a system of *espionage*, are an incentive to the boy thus hedged in, to seek an outlet for self-expression in an undesirable way. The dreadful results of immorality which are pictured to him in order to deter him, cease to have much effect when he sees older boys, given to the same practices, among the athletic heroes of the school.

It is not possible here to enter into the questions of reform with which Mr. Andrews deals, but they all tend to give to the boy a freer environment, and one calculated to let him grow up *himself* rather than 'cut to pattern'.

This is a book which all parents should read. It would scarcely be too much to say that it is *the duty* of every parent to read it. The public schools are too much a part of English life to be abandoned, but reforms within them might well be effected, and there should be a certain constant 'fluidity' in the course of education, to suit the changing times. In theory one feels quite convinced by Mr. Andrew's arguments, but when one sees what an amount of good a public school does for some boys, one cannot help thinking that after all there is something in such training.

The most valuable portion of the book is where the author grapples fearlessly with the problem of immorality in schools, and to that point too much attention cannot be paid, and the more the question is *openly* threshed out, and thoroughly discussed among parents, the better it will be, for surely some ways and means (and our author indicates a few) will be found to direct the same force turned now on secret vice, into noble and healthy channels.

T. L. C.

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Astrology: How to Make and Read your Own Horoscope, by Sepharial. (William Rider & Son, London. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)[1]

The fact that two editions of this little handbook have already been called for and exhausted, points to the conclusion that the West is really waking up to the practical value of the science of astrology. In the East of course the drawing up of the horoscope is almost as much a matter of course as the naming of the new-born child. The time seems to have gone by when western astronomy could afford to float the claims of her elder sister to a little careful investigation, if only on account of her antiquity, since so long ago as the year 2154 B. C., we find her held in high esteem at the Court of the Chinese Emperors. Surely a science that Aristotle incorporated in his philosophy, Bacon and Newton found worthy of their attention, and Tycho Brahe and Kepler applied to the problems of life—in the case of the latter, particularly, with brilliant success in his 'marvellous forecast of the rise and fall of Wallenstein,' as our author informs us—such a science is not beneath the notice of the man in the street. As Sepharial very sensibly puts it:

> . . . These are stressful times, and we have to be economical in our efforts. We have strength enough to carry us through, but neither strength enough to thresh the wind nor time enough to fish in puddles. What then does astrology offer to the patient worker? First and foremost it will enable him to gain an insight into individual motive and character which no other science can possibly afford. It will enable him to know himself, his own strength and weakness, and so fit him to deal harmoniously with others . . . . he will know whom to cultivate and whom to avoid . . . he will choose his path in life with the confidence that it is for him the path of least resistence and therefore of greatest progress . . . he will see the end from the beginning . . . he will find causes for inexplicable things . . . Rightly employed astrology cannot fail to improve the man who makes of it a serious study fitting him to be of greater use to others and of higher service to the race at large.

We do not however ask our readers to accept the word even of an authority like Sepharial that astrology is a fascinating and fruitful study; let them experiment for themselves and thus "let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind," and not in that of another. This little book is a capital one for a beginner.

K. F. S.

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[1] Obtainable at THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

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The Secret of Life, by Henry Proctor, F. R. S. L. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price Rs. 2 or 2s. 6d. net.)

The type of book of which the present volume is a good example is one which is very common in these days of 'Higher Thought,' and one which to many people has proved very useful. Those to whom it will especially appeal are such persons as are groping after new and more spiritual interpretations of life than the one given by orthodox Christianity. A great many very large subjects are superficially touched upon —the author relying on the industry of his reader in looking up the scriptural references with which his text is copiously besprinkled. We cannot regard conversion to Mr. Proctor's views as an end in itself—but merely as a means; we can only hope that its readers may be lured, some by the defects of the author's conception, some by its merits, to a study of a deeper and more scientific presentation of spiritual truth.

A. de L.

There Is No Death, by the Venerable Basil Wilberforce, D. D. (Elliot Stock, London. Price Re. 1-4 or 1s. 6d. net.)

The problem of Death is one that has perplexed humanity for many ages. The separation from those we love causes most of us a grief which is surely unreasonable for those who believe in an after-life. But human nature is inconsistent, and we are apt to give way to such grief. Archdeacon Wilberforce is not one of this number, however. He feels that our dead are not really separated from us, and that we can get into touch with them, in a spiritual sense; but we have to rise to a certain level. It is by our own spiritual development that we may rise to communion with those who have left the physical plane. The author fears, and rightly so, the possibility of deception if one employs a medium to communicate with the dead, for entities on the astral plane are apt to impersonate those whom we know. Although in this book there is no indication of the teaching of reincarnation, yet the thoughts are almost entirely Theosophical. The breadth of view of Dr. Wilberforce is well known, and we unhesitatingly recommend this book, coming from the pen of a dignitary of the Church of England, to all Christians—especially the clergy.

T. L. C.

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The Scientific Basis of Religion, by Rev. J. O. Bevan, M.A., (George Allen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a simple but admirably worded reply to cheap attacks on religion in general and Christianity in particular, such as are still heard in London parks. Probably 'the man in the street' is by this time rather tired of the anti-religious humorist, whether he appear in print or on the platform; so much has public attention been diverted from forms of belief to lines of action. But undoubtedly many an earnest young man is at times shaken and chilled at finding himself drifting between the Scylla of mediæval theology and the Charybdis of blank negation; and for such this book cannot fail to clear the mental atmosphere by its healthy common-sense, and restore some measure of confidence in the exponents of Christianity by reason of the tolerant and candid attitude of the author, who, though a clergyman, is evidently in sympathy with scientific thought. A wide field of speculation is traversed by means of miniature essays, which mostly go straight to the point in terse and homely language, and, though the scientific element is scarcely as conspicuous as the title leads one to expect, the author is content to appeal to reason without recourse to scriptural or traditional authority. At the same time one is not surprised to find the religious outlook somewhat limited by a perfectly natural and dignified allegiance to the Bible. We imagine that this crisp little production will re-assure many unsettled minds in search of a more satisfying basis of belief.

W. D. S. B.

The Moral and Religious Challenge of our Times, by Henry Churchill King. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

This book has quite an exceptional interest for the Theosophist when studied in the light of recent events in the Society to which he belongs; for Mr. C. H. King, its author, President of Oberlin College, has one guiding principle, one touchstone whereby all things are tested—economics, science, religion, morality, philosophy; and that touchstone, that principle is *Reverence for Personality*.

It is for him the Ariadne thread which will safely guide the thoughtful man through the maze of conflicting ideals and complex relations of modern life; on it Christianity is based;

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in it morality is rooted; and through it alone will the sovereign nation of the future be established.

The problems with which we are faced are individual, racial, national, and *international.* Owing to external changes that have taken place and are taking place among the nations, the range of the problems is extended; and owing to internal changes in the world of thought, their vital significance is enhanced; in other words these problems are being transferred to the humanistic plane.

They involve questions of distribution of wealth, the right place of amusement, the dangers of "the lower attainment," the passion for material comfort, "the insane rush of our times," "the sense of the complexity of life and of conflicting ideals," "the lack of the sense of Law in the moral and spiritual world," "race prejudices and antagonisms". These represent the challenge of external conditions, and the qualities required to cope with them, as described by Mr. King, read like paraphrases of portions of the *Gīṭā,* with a local application. One chapter is devoted to the elements of encouragement in this modern 'Kurukṣhetra,' its call to great achievements, and its promise of splendid development. He concludes by saying:

> One cannot review even the external conditions of the new modern world without a quickening of the pulse and a stirring of moral determination. . . . Its dangers and problems are threatening; but its resources also are immense, and the elements of encouragement deeply significant. . . . Intelligent and unselfish co-operation for the highest ends is now possible to men, as never before in the history of the race.

"The moral and religious challenge of the new inner world of thought" is no less striking; the developments in scientific and historical research, in psychology, sociology and comparative religion have introduced many new factors, calling for a re-adjustment of our mental outlook and probing the heart of our religious and moral convictions.

Mr. King is a theist and a Christian of what has been called the 'athletic type'. He says: "For myself, I cannot doubt, either, that the world's experience bears unmistakably toward the Christian religion. Under the double pressure of the scientific spirit and of the social consciousness of our modern civilisation, it is becoming more and more difficult to keep belief in any other religion. The Orient is certain to feel this more, the deeper its knowledge of the modern world of thought

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becomes." At the same time he does not undervalue other religions, for in another passage he says:

> The progress of comparative religion makes certain, also, that more and more religious education will make use of the contribution of *the entire religious consciousness of the race*, especially of oriental thought, and that religious faith everywhere will share in increasing degree in the best insights of all.

One extremely interesting section of the book treats of "The Lessons of the Historical Trend of Western Civilisation". In it the outstanding features of the ancient and modern periods are contrasted and the moral-religious significance of each is outdrawn and emphasised; the religious, economic and social blunders that have arisen out of a misinterpretation of the underlying principles of western civilisation are impartially discussed; and the relation of these principles and characteristics to moral-religious convictions is shown to be fundamental.

In another section the author applies his guiding principle —reverence for personality—to the problems of the American nation in particular, and upholds the ideals towards which that nation should strive, embodied in what he calls 'the new Puritanism'. Such lofty ideals might well find world-wide application. "The new Puritanism calls the nation, therefore, at once, to a deeper spirituality, to a sounder and broader view of man, and to a vigilant and victorious moral life."

The last chapter gives the arguments in favour of the adoption of this principle in all international relations and concludes with these words: "But whether or not it is to be given to America, or to the English-speaking peoples as a whole, or to the still broader Teutonic races, or to some other people or group of peoples, to lead in the world's civilisation of the future; we may not doubt that reverence for personality will continue the guiding principle of all human progress, and that we are advancing towards the goal of a civilisation in which that principle shall be completely regnant."

Mr. King's book is one of those which can be marked 'in constant circulation' in any Theosophical library; for it holds the interest of the reader from beginning to end, and provides much material for thought.

A. E. A.

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Conduct and Its Disorders: Biologically Considered, by Charles Arthur Mercier, M.D., (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London.)

Biological Aspects of Human Problems, by Christian A. Herter. (The Macmillian Co., New York. Price 6s. 6d. net.)

Biological Fact and the Structure of Society, by W. Bateson, M.A., F. R. S. (The Clarendon Press, Oxford. Price 1s. net.)

These three books follow lines so nearly parallel that they afford an instructive instance of the advantage to be derived from studying a subject through the medium of independent minds of similar bent.

The aim of the first book is to classify and relate the most general forms of human activity from the point of view of biology, and it must be admitted that such an undertaking appears at first sight almost unwieldy in the magnitude of its scope. But the skill of the author in confining his attention to plain statements of common observation has avoided the confusion which would have inevitably followed any digression into the province of psychology or religion.

The attitude is judicially scientific without being technical, for the author's fund of experience in the treatment of insanity enables him to speak with authority on the much-disputed boundary which distinguishes normal from abnormal conduct.

The welfare of the race, irrespective of the individual, is regarded as nature's ultimate aim, and is therefore taken as the starting-point of all normal motives for conduct, whether instinctive or reasoned, and as the standard by which all conduct is judged. On this foundation, with which probably everyone will agree as far as it goes, is built a logical structure of considerable ingenuity and interest, which may be taken as a straightforward summary of man's average development compared with that of the higher animals; in fact some of the author's deductions from the habits of animals form not the least attractive feature of the book, especially his convincing testimony to the marked development of reason.

From the biological standpoint assumed by the author, life consists in the pursuit of ends; the sense of capability is pleasure, and any limitation of capability is pain.

It cannot be said that the book contributes any distinct acquisition to common knowledge, but it is certainly useful to

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have the prevailing scattered notions on the subject clearly recorded and neatly pigeon-holed; while the tedium of much that is obvious is continually relieved by touches of sound common sense and dry humour. One of the cleverest bits that we remember follows up Helmholtz in defining the biological aspect of beauty as a sensation affording the maximum of stimulation with the minimum of fatigue; and, when we read in confirmation of the relative nature of beauty that the less developed require more drastic stimulation than the more highly developed, we are even reminded of Theosophical literature. The book is eminently healthy reading and by no means the purely medical reference volume that its somewhat forbidding title might imply.

The second book appears to be more ambitious in its object, which is argumentative rather than analytical. It is an undisguised advocacy of the mechanistic view of life applied to human relation; and, as such, is bold, honest, and cleverly worked out. The late author's general plea for a clearer understanding of the laws of our complex bodily mechanism is obvious common-sense, and no sane person will grudge the science of biology all the success it deserves as a means to perfect health; but if the biology of the future is to be cramped by premature conclusions such as the 'scientific fatalism' of this book, it is scarcely to be welcomed as a guide to conduct. Fortunately, however, biologists are mostly concerned with the eliciting of facts, and are content to leave the philosophical interpretation of such facts to individual opinion; so that, while we grant the author the same right to his opinions as anyone else, we refuse to regard biology as limited by them to the extent which he seems to suggest.

The book opens with a technical justification for regarding the physical body as a mechanism, and proceeds to apply the same arguments to the problem of consciousness and the will, in the attempt to reduce consciousness to a refined form of nervous discharge, and the will to an illusion which produces the sensation of freedom as a stimulus to action, just as hunger provides the stimulus necessary for nutrition. Apparently the author assumes that man can provide either suitable or unsuitable conditions for unlocking the possibilities of protoplasm (else, where is the purpose of his recommendations?), so that he is saddled at the start with at least two gods

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—protoplasm and science. The former is considered as manifesting primarily in the two instincts of self-preservation and reproduction, which form the subjects of the second and third parts of the book. The fourth part deals with the higher human faculties, such as the literary and artistic, and attempts to show how they are all derived from the two elementary instincts already mentioned, which sounds rather like deriving the sun from a London fog. But occasionally the author forgets his dismal gospel and discusses social and artistic topics on their own merits, betraying a cultured idealism which suggests some higher origin than a happy combination of "protoplasmic reactions". The book may quite well provide intelligent exercise for students who are not afraid to investigate all sides of a question.

The third is the Herbert Spencer lecture delivered in February 1912. It is full of broad suggestions for the application of biological research to sociology. The lecturer commences by remarking on the advances that have been made quite recently in the study of heredity, notably by Mendel and Galton, and draws attention to the possibilities of physical and mental development that a deeper and more widespread knowledge of natural law would open out. We are glad to find that he recognises the extreme danger of public interference, in the absence of more definite data on the complex factors and issues involved, and we agree with him that even the segregation of the unfit has reached a limit in America—where, it is said, the doubtful precedent of sterilisation is being introduced. The germinal idea which is thrown out as a clue to social progress lies in the appreciation of the fact that society is an organism, though as yet only imperfectly organised; and, though the socialistic policy of limiting abnormal accumulation of property is approved, the unnatural levelling tendency of democracy is exposed with shrewd insight. The more humane treatment of criminals on medical lines, and the need for keeping the population within the bounds set by natural means of sustenance are questions which the lecturer has deftly touched on in the course of a contribution which represents the true spirit of scientific enquiry. The lecture worthily fulfils its purpose as an incentive to future effort in this particular direction. W. D. S. B.

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NOTES AND NOTICES

The Adyar Bulletin, June, is a very interesting number. Mrs. Besant concludes her paper on 'Giordano Bruno,' and Mr. Leadbeater contributes an article on 'Time'. This is particularly striking as it contains an entirely new theory regarding time, showing that there exists another kind of time from that with which we are familiar. Mrs. Gagarin outlines Ideals of Theosophical Service, and her paper contains a very practical summary of the Ideals at which all Theosophists should aim. 'Blind Eyes,' a poem by Miss Eva Martin, is delightful, and is written by a sure hand and with that delicacy of touch which distinguishes the true artist. 'The Mark of the Mystic' by W. D. S. Brown is an illuminating little paper; and a charming poem 'Yet a little while' by Mrs. Foulkes is included. Of the permanent features; 'Students in Council' has been crowded out this month, but Hector contributes an extremely interesting 'From Twilight to Dawn,' and 'When Friends Meet' contains a discussion—perhaps at too great length—on evolution in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. A number full of good things.

May I be allowed to call attention to the fact that when reviewing *The Rise and Fall of Nations*, by W. J. Balfour-Murphy, for the January number of THE THEOSOPHIST, the reviewer seems to have overlooked the very points in the book which make it of signal interest to Theosophists; more especially as it is written by a non-Theosophist? I. In his philosophical survey of a considerable portion of European history, the author puts forward logical arguments to prove the inherent divinity in man, refuting the materialistic doctrine that man is a body, and—perhaps—possesses a soul; maintaining, rather, that "man is a soul, to which the body serves as a temporary habitation"; and upholding the teaching that "humanity reaches her highest plane when she teaches man to know himself". II. The book, as a whole, is a scientific, historical analysis of the paralysing effect that rigidity of dogma has upon all spiritual growth. (Most of us will be able to recall some of Mrs. Besant's many remarks upon this subject!) III. It con-

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tains an impassioned plea for patriotism founded upon the brotherhood of man—a brotherhood within nations, according to the author, in view of the present state of society. IV. The reference to the death of Hypatia, with its resultant suppression of all teaching as to reincarnation; the death of Hypatia being cited as one of the three events marking the overthrow of intellectual freedom, which was followed by many centuries of intellectual torpor.

Y. B.

Les Dieux Chez Nous, by George Pioch (Librairie Ollendorf, Paris), is a collection of short, and not interesting, sketches of characters to whom the writer gives the names of the old-world Deities. It appears to be a chance medley of unconsidered trifles. *Meditations*, by Hermann Rudolph (T. P. S., London, Price 3s.) is "a Theosophical book of devotion including directions for meditation" which a certain type of people might find useful. *Facts and Fancies* or *Hallucinations*, by B. H. Piercy (Fowler), is not devoid of fancies and hallucinations. *Modern Miracles*, by J. Wallace-Clarke (Fowler), is a contribution to "health-culture" by "the application of Faith and Will-Power". *God a Present Help*, by H. Emilie Cady, (Fowler 1s. 6d) is a revised and enlarged edition of New Thought ethics and doctrines. The same author's *Lessons in Truth* (Fowler 1s. 6d), is a course of twelve lessons in practical Christianity. *Religion of Love* (T. P. H., Adyar, Madras, India), contains the hundred admirable aphorisms of Shāṇḍilya with Samskṛṭ text and English translation, which are very useful for people treading the Path of Devotion. They are supplementary to the *Nāraḍa Bhakṭi Sūṭras*. *Nyria*, by Mrs. Campbell Praed (Messrs Rider and Sons, 2s.), is issued in a very handy form with a coloured frontispiece. It is a reincarnation story of special interest to Theosophists, and readers of this Magazine will remember Colonel Olcott's notice of the book when it was originally published. We have received *Saṅgīṭ Sār*, compiled by H. H. Maharaja Sawai Pratap Sinha Deo of Jaipur and now published in seven parts (Rs. 15) by the Poona Gāyan Samāj, who are to be congratulated on the issue of this excellent piece of work.

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