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Founded by H. P. BLAVATSKY & H. S. OLCOTT

with which is incorporated LUCIFER, founded by H. P. BLAVATSKY

Edited by ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Theosophical Society was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1905. It is an absolutely unsectarian body of seekers after Truth, striving to serve humanity on spiritual lines, and therefore endeavouring to check materialism and revive religious tendency. Its three declared objects are:

FIRST.—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

SECOND.—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

THIRD.—To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is composed of students, belonging to any religion in the world or to none, who are united by their approval of the above objects, by their wish to remove religious antagonisms and to draw together men of good will, whatsoever their religious opinions, and by their desire to study religious truths and to share the results of their studies with others. Their bond of union is not the profession of a common belief, but a common search and aspiration for Truth. They hold that Truth should be sought by study, by reflection, by purity of life, by devotion to high ideals, and they regard Truth as a prize to be striven for, not as a dogma to be imposed by authority. They consider that belief should be the result of individual study or intuition, and not its antecedent, and should rest on knowledge, not on assertion. They extend tolerance to all, even to the intolerant, not as a privilege they bestow, but as a duty they perform, and they seek to remove ignorance, not to punish it. They see every religion as an expression of the Divine Wisdom, and prefer its study to its condemnation, and its practice to proselytism. Peace is their watchword, as Truth is their aim.

THEOSOPHY is the body of truths which forms the basis of all religions, and which cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of any. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and which demonstrates the justice and the love which guide its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place, as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway of a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the Science of the Spirit, teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition.

Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavour to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high, and to work perseveringly, is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

THE THEOSOPHIST

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Art, Literature and Occultism

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

TO so many, at present, Death comes as an enemy, striking down the youth in the opening of his manhood, the strong man in the prime of his strength. But to some he comes as the gentlest of friends, folding in loving arms a tired and pain-worn body, and giving his beloved sleep. Thus he came to Ursula M. Bright, and took her home, after long years of suffering helplessness, borne as heroically as her life had ever been lived. For Ursula M. Bright was one of the great fighters of her generation, a gallant soldier in all noble causes, and she fought against injustice everywhere, against oppression, and tyranny, against every enthroned wrong. Herself living in an ideal home, working ever hand-in-hand with a husband like-minded with herself, her gallant chivalrous soul fought to win for all women, as of right, the liberty and independence that she enjoyed by the grace of a husband as liberty-loving and justice-loving as herself; and wherever women suffered wrong, whether by legal unfairness or

by individual aggression, there was her voice heard in protest, there was her hand outstretched to save.

* * *

I met her first in the days of my own struggles against laws which gave to the married woman no right to her own children, and from that day onwards stretches an unbroken friendship, which grew closer and tenderer as the years rolled on, and never knew a jar or a misunderstanding. Her two outstanding characteristics were love of liberty and hatred of injustice, and with these a dominating sense of duty and an unbounded capacity for love of a peculiarly virile type. She was as perfect a wife and mother in the home, as she was a dauntless warrior outside, a standing proof that the woman of high capacity, most active in public life, does not cease to be the light and joy of the home.

* * *

Through all the long pain of the years of her dying, her interest in public work remained undimmed, and her keen sympathy went with the suffragette struggles, as with every other struggle of right against might. Joining the Theosophical Society in the last decade of the nineteenth century, she was one of its strongest supporters, never flinching under any attack, nor wanting in perfect loyalty. Never, under any stress, did her dauntless courage waver. To her generosity we owed the making of the Benares centre, and since Avenue Road was given up, my English home was with her. And now she has passed away, and the world is the poorer for her passing; but she works actively in the world to which for years her activity has been confined, serving the Master she has

so long served, to return to us soon for renewed service here, the reward of the unwearied service which was the very essence of her noble and useful life.

* * *

Mr. Fritz Kunz, as Principal of the Ānanda College, Colombo, has done really wonderful work during his short tenure of office. I put his work on record here, as an example to others, to show what one man can do in a brief space, by hard work and fine capacity. He reports in the Ānanda College Magazine :

On May 1st of that year I was able to report to the Colombo Buddhist Theosophical Society as follows:

Besides the new hall [a College Hall, built since January 28th, 1914, and just opened] and immense improvement in routine and discipline, there has been improvement in the grounds, coir matting laid, magazines made available, pictures purchased and framed ready for hanging at the proper time, complete overhauling of the time-tables and the installation of new texts, new drains planned and well begun, an almirah ordered for each class-room (twenty have been delivered so far), many expeditions made by boys to places of interest, a special and permanent Board of Control formed by the Colombo Buddhist Theosophical Society of men really interested in the College. Then there has been the renting and equipping of a fine house for boarding purposes, the funds being generously loaned for an indefinite period by Mr. Batuwantudave, and the institution brought to a really admirable state of efficiency by Mr. Menon, who has won my complete confidence in this respect and, what is more difficult, the confidence of the boys. I need only mention the revival of the Old Boys' Dinner after an obscuration of fourteen long years, and the successful sports. We began a Commercial Class and Clerical Course in January. French, thanks to the generous interest of Mr. A. W. P. Jayatilaka, has been in the curriculum for many months. A special drawing class, for which furniture is being made and casts purchased, is growing into a valued branch under another Honorary Master, Mr. C. D. Amaradasa. A painter, a tinner and a mason have been busy for some time overhauling the buildings, and they will be kept at work until the place is artistically acceptable. The work on the compound itself has passed the first stages, and I shall presently put in, under capable directions, numerous trees, hedges, ivies, and so on. The grounds have

been filled to the extent of two and three feet in some places; the old ditch behind the cricket pitch has been filled and levelled, and the pitch itself slightly improved, and a practice pitch made. A net has been purchased to protect the roofs from zealous batters. Through the offices of the M. O. H. the neighbouring compound has been cleaned up, and our environs are now clean and sanitary. A raised road, the first of a network of roads and paths, has been made. A ventilator has made the upstairs quarters more comfortable. A campaign for books for the library has been opened by the Remove Form. This has stimulated other boys, and other masters, and the library at last bids fair to grow.

There has been a constant improvement in the College staff. Mr. P. M. Menon, B.A. (Second Class) of Madras and Mr. A. P. De Zoysa, an experienced and certificated teacher, may be mentioned as specially qualified additions. I am pleased to be able to announce here that Mr. Hervey Gulick, E. M., an old friend of mine, will shortly leave America for Ceylon to take up the teaching of science at Ānanda College. Other changes and additions are contemplated.

Finally, the Director of Education has put the school under the block grant system, which we take duly as recognition from Government of our present standing, which we shall soon better still more; and the Colombo Buddhist Theosophical Society has agreed to raise Rs. 10,000 for those additional requirements which will make us shortly one of the two or three most complete schools in Ceylon we may say in conclusion that we have made of Ānanda College a disciplined, orderly, attractive, well-organised school, an institution that is definitely self-supporting as far as current affairs go, and so well based that it is what may be called a sound philanthropic investment for charitable men of means, and, finally, a school that may now be safely allowed to grow as means and space for growth are provided.

* * *

The value of this record, in itself remarkable, would be more fully estimated in the West, were the many difficulties with which Mr. Kunz has to struggle understood in their full strength. A few brave men have for years kept up an apparently hopeless fight against indifference and active opposition, in the endeavour to keep flying the flag raised by Colonel H. S. Olcott. It was almost in despair that I despatched Mr. Fritz

Kunz to Colombo fifteen months ago, as a last effort to pull things straight. He has done marvels, and the Colombo Buddhist College is becoming the pride of the Buddhist Theosophical Society, which has worked against heavy odds for very many years. All who love Colonel Olcott's memory—and how many such there are—will feel grateful to his young compatriot, for putting at the service of the Colonel's work the practical ability which characterises the able American.

* * *

Just as we go to press, we hear from Mr. Kunz that the Director of Education has placed the College in the list of "Efficient Schools," the highest classification under the Code; a condition is added that a Science Department shall be installed within two years, and this is arranged for. The money has been collected, and the Professor sails from America on April 9th. Mr. Kunz has set his heart on building a Hostel, and he writes :

My object now is to immediately build over the present buildings upstairs quarters as hostel. We have a few boarders in a rented house which is under my supervision, but this is too expensive, and not sufficiently large, and the tenure is uncertain. Of course the secret of all moral instruction in a school is a well-conducted boarding house, and when there is such an establishment here our integrity will be forever assured.

During these difficult times I think I cannot get more than from five to ten thousand rupees here, in addition to the sums guaranteed for Science. Do you think there are any lovers of the Colonel who would come forward to establish this, for the chief College in the chief town? I shall need about twenty thousand rupees (nearly £1,400) for the first section of rooms, complete and furnished, in addition to what I could raise here. I estimate the local aid at a very low figure, because I have learned that few of our Sinhalese brethren understand the serious need for solid character-building, and the importance of hostel quarters.

Will any of the friends of the Colonel, in America especially, help this young American in this admirable piece of work? Any money for the purpose may be sent to me, and I will forward it, or it may go direct to Fritz Kunz Esq., Principal, Ānanda College, Colombo, Ceylon.

The College at Galle has done admirably well under the care and unceasing devotion of Mr. Woodward, whose name is so well known to our readers. The third, at Kandy, with Mr. Bilimoria as Principal, is also making good progress.

* * *

As I am on matters educational, I may say that our Theosophical Educational Trust is growing to an extent which makes it a continual pressure on our available men and money. Had we large funds, we might increase to an unlimited degree, but I have to harden my heart and refuse the many schools which are offered to us. We have three things to struggle against in the way of opposition: first, the opposition of the narrow orthodox Hindūs, who leave Hindū schools to perish, but follow the dog-in-the-manger policy against us; they prefer the danger of boys and girls being perverted to Christianity to that of the broadening and vivifying influence of Theosophy on Hindūism, as shown in the Sanāṭana Dharma Text-books, and the C. H. C.; our stand against child-marriage and our advocacy of foreign travels turn against us all that is reactionary and mischievous in Hindūism. I always knew that this crusade against us would come, and since 1911 it has been in full vigour. It is, however, becoming discredited, and its force is spending itself. Secondly, the missionary opposition, which finds in

Theosophy the strongest obstacle in the way of its work of perversion ; they consider me, as they put it in the head-lines of every English newspaper a year or so ago : “ [Mrs. Besant] the greatest enemy of Christ in India ” ; that the statement is blasphemously false is a matter of indifference to them, for no weapon is too unclean for them to use, and it is true that I am, and have been for many years, the greatest obstacle in their work of perverting boys and girls, and ruining Hindū homes. The third obstacle is the jealousy of the Government of all educational work outside their own and the missionary, due to the great influence exercised over them by the missionaries, and partly to their general unwillingness to see education going on which they do not control. This is a question of the highest importance in the Madras Presidency, where the missionary influence is overwhelmingly strong ; in other Presidencies this influence is almost negligible ; it is occasionally an annoyance—not a danger. Thus in the U. P., schools under the Trust are treated with perfect fairness, and that is all we ask.

* * *

The Hindū University Bill—the University of which the C. H. C., to which so many foreign Theosophists so generously contributed, is the nucleus—has been introduced and read, *nem. con.*, in the Supreme Legislative Council. It is far more generous than we had ventured to expect, and marks, as the Hon. Sir Harcourt Butler said, the birth of a new era in Indian Education. Sir Harcourt himself has worked hard for it on the Government side, as have the Mahārājah of Darbhanga, the Hon. Dr. Sunderlal and the Hon. Paṇḍit

Madan Mohan Malaviya. The Government have appointed Dr. Sunderlal an additional Member of the Supreme Council, in order that he may be able to join in the discussions on the Bill—a very useful and gracious assistance to the promoters. The Bill will probably be passed in September, and it is hoped that the Viceroy will lay the foundation-stone of the University Buildings in October.

* * *

This last week I went to Madura, among other things to unveil a portrait and a memorial tablet to Mr. P. Narayana Aiyar, the man to whom, more than to any other, the progress of Theosophy in this leading city and its district is due. The beautiful building, with its good Hall and fine Library and spacious colonnades, was planned and carried out by him, and was opened in 1900; the large Girls' School, one of the best in Southern India was started by him, and is now under the care of the Trust. He edited a Tamil Theosophical journal and translated much of our literature into that vernacular. Fortunately he gathered round him a group of workers who are now effectively carrying on the work, and his eldest son gives promise of following in his father's footsteps.



TOWARDS RECONSTRUCTION

THE SOLIDARITY OF THE HUMAN RACE

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

Man, Oh, not men! A chain of linked thought,
Of love and might to be divided not,
Compelling the elements with adamant stress;
As the sun rules. . . .

The unquiet republic of the maze
Of planets, struggling fierce towards heaven's free
wilderness.

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
Whose nature is its own divine control,
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea.

P. B. SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound.*

THE divine necessity of Unity, the basic principle behind the truth of harmony, receives demonstration to-day in the sight of all men. The "sentiment"

of the solidarity of the human race unites dissimilar nations, while dividing those in whose veins runs kindred blood. The Old and the New are in the melting-pot of War, War with its sordidness, splendour and suffering. Thousands are falling: "In the sight of the unwise they seem to die." Awful the agony, unspeakable, in its dread loneliness, the lot of those who send forth their loved ones, knowing that death may intercept their return, dreaming that death ends all. Who shall measure the majesty of such grief? Assuredly not those who also mourn their dearest, yet not as those who have no hope.

Nevertheless, this is the dawn of a New Day, not alone to one nation or race, save the race of man, the family of humanity. The hour has struck for the revolt of man from all that is less than man, and more than "brute," for the unchained passions in man are more bestial than those of the brutes that perish. It was bound to come, this uprising of the desire elementals, the insurgent clan of Kâma-Manas, with mouths of insatiable greed, claws of hatred, eyes of murder: minions of selfishness, personifications of the separated selves. The lordship of Kâma-Manas, necessary in its day and generation as are all stepping-stones to higher things, is past, its day is over. Yet the passing of its empire is an epoch in itself, a time of transition, of blood and tears, and verily the passing thereof will shake all nations. The working of Kâma-Manas, in all its ramifications, has brought the world to the present crisis; that cannot be doubted by those who study history, ancient and modern. Commercial morality, competitive armaments, the game of "Open your mouth wider than your neighbour or he will

eat you," and all the "stock-in-trade" of the day and generation whose portals have begun to close—these things are not the fruitage of growth by giving, or of altruism, peace, and goodwill. The nations stood, bristling mastiffs, waiting to spring at each other's throats; the national *mêlée* resounds as we write. Yet the sacrificial principle is inwoven among the fibres of selfishness, the golden threads illuminating even here and now Time's dark and terrible tapestry. Belgium has laid her offering upon the world-pyre—Belgium, butchered to make a "frightful example" of the principle of "Potsdamnery," though the latter word has a universal application far more real than any local habitation thereof. Belgium herself does not stand guiltless at the bar, so far as antecedent records are concerned, and this may be said of all the Allies; yet this is not the moment for *tu quoque's*, national or individual. Above all, this is a time wherein to take our bearings, to see literally where we stand.

First, then, let us endeavour to clear our minds of cant. Smugness is incompatible with patriotism worthy of the name. Do not let us imagine that any locality has a monopoly in the secretion of any particular vice. Prussian *Kultur* is not confined within Berlin, Potsdam, or their adjacent suburbs. The old Norman adage, "they shall take who have the power, they shall keep who can," is too all-embracing in its application, for any country, civilised or uncivilised, to claim a monopoly. The commercial system of the nineteenth century was based upon its laws, framed within its limits. "He shall divide the spoil with the strong," has been ironically and literally part of the code of the Balance of Power, and a recognisable asset in the wealth of nations. The

weakest have gone to the wall, ever since the days when stone walls were celebrated as a convenient locality for the bashing of unwanted infants.¹ So has it been with races and nations. It remains to be seen whether "*Deutschland über alles*" is to be the mantram for the twentieth century, "*Deutschland*" standing for physical force.

There are two kingdoms only at war to-day, two struggling in a critical wrestling-bout. One has the advantage of precedent, weight, and established custom, "the kingdom of this world" represented by its word of power, "Competition". The other is but a stripling, with all a stripling's drawbacks and advantages, immature, unpractised, hardly sure of his ground; yet his cry rings out with all the valour and vigour of youth, "Co-operation". Which will win? Or is there to be a deadlock, reducing everything to the stalemate conclusion of "As you were"?

It is a bold prophecy to declare that the victory is already won, the ultimate issue certain. How many currents move and mingle in that last tidal wave that sweeps the shore? Yet that wave, and no other, turns the tide. All the currents are accessories. So it is with this War of Worlds, which is a clash of principles, not a party affair. For that we may be thankful: party "peace" and party "warfare" are miserable shibboleths, already outworn by the vigorous minds among all nations. The bones of "party" anatomy are already dead beyond any revival by shaking, they lie bleaching in the new valley of decision that no prophetic voice shall fire.

¹ *Psalm CXXVII*, v. 9.

In truth, it was high time for the old serpents to slough their skins ; already the new coats of mail appear as strength and persistence, the natural evolution of might and greed, when their appointed work is done. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new" : yet what more natural than that the ancient skin, having attained to a certain degree of self-consciousness, should object to the sloughing process, and proceed to make its objection known and felt. "What? Give up the good old process of growth by suction with tubers conducting to various larders of nourishment? Renounce the good old-established vampire habit? Relax the sacred law of the advance of strength at the expense of weakness? Renounce the hoary privilege of enforcing conformity to averages on every plane, by means of moral and social shillelaghs? The idea is a monstrous morbid growth!"

But, what if there are laws more ancient still, more cyclic in their action, with a deeper rhythm of being? Laws, of which Order and its corollary, the systole and diastole of Order, are inviolable, are the outward and visible signs of an inward and invisible necessity: a necessity which knows no laws, in the sense of being bound by them, but to whom all laws are means of growth for the various organisms characteristic of recurrent periods? Change is a precedent as inviolable as persistence and harmony. Ever the three fundamental rhythms ring out on the anvil of space, smitten by the hammer of time. Those who regulate the strokes of that hammer, pause not for the unready, haste not for the impatient; masters, they, of the cosmic Olympian Games. The Guṇas sport in the Ṭaṭṭvas for the joy of Brahmā, whose divine art of world-making, unmaking, re-making, is older even than the works of man! Man,

who is yet the heir of Eternity, "disquieteth himself in vain, his days are as a shadow, he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them". The days and nights of Brahmā are manvantaras and pralayas. Sleeping, waking? What matter they to the Gods, who change not, neither grow weary? Translation, vibration, rotation, the mystic writing on the wall of manifestation, man himself but made to serve the purpose of these magic scripts. Humiliating? Nay, august thought, awful in its majesty of protean possibilities.

So Īshvara works, showing to those who have eyes to see, brains to understand, hearts to rejoice with the joy of making, the secret known to Genius and to Genius alone, that of Eternal Unity disporting itself in forms of infinite variety. Ever the spiral returns, taking some new curve, some joyous augmentation of life, freer adaptation of form. Man, though with potentialities of expansion, is yet the chambered nautilus. In his consciousness of the need for expansion of the content of form, lies the secret of his highest rate of progression.

Still, as the spiral grew
He left the old-worn dwelling for the new ;
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his new-found home, and knew the old no more.¹

This brings us to the point, that it is *realisation* that is needed at this crucial moment, conscious realisation of this central truth, the solidarity of the human race. The unanimity of the foremost thinkers of our day, their insistence on it, has a persistence which can hardly escape the notice of the ordinary intelligent observer of signs and tokens. One of the most significant voices is that of Verhaeren, whose work

¹ O.W. Holmes, *The Chambered Nautilus*.

represents a period in itself, showing how life redundant becomes life inspired, how the gamut of Dionysos-Apollo can be swept by a poet in one life-time. Verhaeren began as a server of tables, a minister and partaker in that riot of rich young vitality which worships excess because in the heart of that excess he has perceived the longing for that "moreness," that identification of the one with the all, which leads to the knowledge that One is All. By excess, as well as by austerity, do men reach the One Consciousness, and the steps on that way have their own discipline, each stage, every fall, its teaching. Verhaeren in his splendid multiple genius, the fruitage of the work of his latest period, grasps this central truth and enunciates it perpetually.

Toute la vie, avec ses lois, avec ses formes,
— Multiples doigts nouveaux de quelque main
énorme—

S'entr'ouvre et se referme en un poing : l'unité.¹

The solidarity of the race, which is but another mode of expression of the same truth, finds a no less recurrent insistence :

Héros, savant, artiste, apôtre, aventurier,
Chacun troue à son tour le mur noir des mystères
Et, grâce à ces labeurs groupés et solitaires,
L'être nouveau se sent l'univers tout entier.²

This knowledge "works up" to its appointed end and aim, *i.e.*, the glimpse of the "Vision Splendid," the divine eternal Synthesis.

Il viendra l'instant, où tant d'efforts savants et
ingénus,
Tant de génie et de cerveaux tendus vers l'inconnu,
Quand-même, auront bâti sur des bases profondes
Et jaillissant au ciel, la synthèse du monde.³

¹ *La Conquete.*

² *Vers le Futur.*

³ *La Recherche.*

True, Verhaeren's way of realisation of Unity is along the road of realisation through the (so-called) powers of man *as man*; yet there is an innate religious feeling in his best work, underlying the titanic element. He has, at least, more than a suspicion that the stolen fire came from a shrine of occult fire, which proud man may have to acknowledge as God. Were it not so, he would not have sung :

Ceux qui vivent d'amour, vivent d'éternité.¹

Verhaeren thus repeats the history of mankind in himself, (which is one of the chief "uses" of great men). Man the thinker, proceeds to carry out, in whatever department his activity lies, the work of reconstruction, but the air of the unseen breathes upon his brow, the fire of genius burns in his Spirit, ere he can lay the solid foundations in patient earth, or rear the loftiest pinnacle of thought; then only is the building secure, and the great floods of the lower emotions will not come nigh, and sweep it into the limbo of oblivion whither goes all the "wastage" of life and art, that which has not within it the seed of immortality, creative power.

That is why the pioneer must come before the architect and builder. The need for reconstruction must be felt before the final obliteration of old landmarks takes place. The complex nature of the instruments through which the new forces are at work, is nowhere more apparent than in the varying effects of the War upon the different temperaments of the fighters. The following extracts from two letters from the front are illustrations thereof.

¹ *Les Heures d'après-midi.*

The first, from an Officer :

I cannot tell you how much I enjoy it all. There is something so noble and something so great about the whole show, which places it on a far higher plane than any other scene in which one has acted in this life.¹

The second extract, from a Private's letter, shows the reverse side of War, as it has appeared to some of the greater thinkers of our day, notably Tolstoy :

As a game it is beginning to get interesting—this fighting—but the horror of it and the continual sense of what Wells calls its “d—d foolishness,” I shall never get rid of.¹

There are presented the attitudes of “the happy warrior” and “the reluctant fighter,” respectively, both of which are equally necessary to-day. The insensate lust of fighting, and the cynical *cui bono* position, are travesties of these attitudes. Indeed, the men in the street, and the women at home, to-day, are mainly divided into the two classes of game-birds and grouzers (so that even democracy has its little paradoxes!); not that the grouzers are necessarily cowards, but they have not that “stomach for the fight” possessed by the game-birds. It is not without significance, however, that some of the former have, in this War only, gone through a quick-change process, emerging as game-birds and plucky ones. The eminent Anatole France is a typical example of this “reincarnation while you wait”. Here, as ever, the genius symbolises a type in itself; for genius sees in flashes, and the organism undergoes instantaneous modification to an altered environment.

If it were not for the surety of our belief in the victory of the ideals and principles which the allied

¹ Both extracts appeared in *The Weekly Dispatch*, December 6, 1914.

armies represent, we should remark, as extraordinary, the uprising of public opinion as to the immediate emergence of a new era of construction and adaptation. For the literature, the pulpit, the platform, and the daily Press, ring with one insistent note, *i.e.*, that we stand on the threshold of a new Day. "Watchers for the Dawn," "the Dawn of a new Day," are phrases scattered broadcast and so common that special quotation is needless; they can be found in any daily journal. A phrase from the pen of Algernon Blackwood (one of the ablest of the many writers who introduce what used to be called the "supernatural" element into their work) shows how the event of the day is regarded by one who is neither a "jingo" nor a peace-at-any-price fanatic—"1914 the date of the great War between material brigandage and spiritual ideals".¹ In this culmination of the nineteenth century, "an age" mainly "of 'carpentry and chemistry,' few things hold deeper significance than its apotheosis in the twentieth century war between the forces of brigandage and spiritual ideals".

The necessity for suffering as a process whereby knowledge is stored in the ego, in a manner at once unique and imperishable, is one of those fundamental necessities axiomatic in nature, the rhythmic insistence of which throughout all time is in the nature of a cosmic liturgy. M. Emile Van der Velde's speech contains an eloquent tribute to the cathartic property of suffering.

It is necessary to suffer to know; and we have suffered to the very soul. . . we are ready to suffer to the last drop of blood. . . we will never despair. And there will be a great future which will show a wonderful mental evolution of the people of Belgium. And as a Socialist, Anti-Nationalist, Pacifist, I consider that this war must be fought to a finish precisely because I am a Socialist, Anti-Nationalist, and Pacifist.²

¹ Article in *The Bookman*, January, 1915. "The Soul of Galahad," by A. B.

² *The Daily News*, December 12, 1914.

Sovereign and Socialist are here on common ground, for King Albert's famous phrase, "We may be vanquished, but we shall never be subjugated," breathes the same spirit of valour invincible.

Above all the din of battle, behind all the clamour of conflicting forces, is heard this epithalamium, the marriage between God and man, the evocation of the God in man, the invocation of the God beyond man. This is the "Super-Man" *motif*, the song of Strength Supernal wedded to Love Eternal. This union alone can produce the true Super-Man.

The spell of the mighty mantram has begun to work. Russia shows a marvellous object lesson. Russia, that huge mysterious nation, whose threatened revolution is undergoing transformation into evolution, "a revolution that comes quietly," as we watch. Her millions have risen with a unanimity unparalleled in the country's history, leading the way with one of the most sweeping reforms ever initiated by any Government, the suppression of the supply of vodka, and whose despatches from the front are models of what military reports should be, modest, simple, and concise. Boastfulness is twin brother to brutality. Brag is the dog of snobbery and cowardice. For man to-day is, as ever, a battle-ground; the ape and tiger are not dead yet, nor will they be slain till man realises himself as a "God, though in the germ". The laws governing matter seem to be blind laws, groping upward, with instinct as their only lawgiver. Spiritual law works downward, through matter. Intellectual law works from within, outward; material law from the circumference of the material, to the centre of the atom, and yet are they not three laws but one law. The two

must become one. When? When East and West meet, and meeting, mingle their forces and exchange their gifts. When the South follows the magnet of the North: then the Golden Age will return again, then the Lord of the Orient will come into His Own. Already the advent has begun, and War is one of its swiftest forerunners. Conflict has done in a short space what nothing else could have done, in the way of welding nations together. England, France, Belgium, Russia, Serbia, India, Japan—what a vision of Unity in diversity do these words conjure! See England and India united, brothers-in-arms on the same battle-field. France, too, said to be “decadent” because her outward forms of faith were cast into the crucible of transition! France will arise, chastened, purified, spiritualised; and Mercury, France’s planetary genius, will plume his golden wings for Apollonian flights. And we, in whose veins flow Norman and Saxon blood, shall we not lose some of that painful insularity which has too long stiffened our joints, and inclined our bodies at an angle of—superiority? We may begin, even not only to learn from our neighbours, but to know that we are learning! Russia has shown us how a nation can “make the pace” in reform, when the national stride is gigantic, to begin with! Belgium has taught us that courage is not commensurate with extent of dominions. Our colonies are living examples of magnanimity and the spirit of “rising to the occasion”. The new (which is the old) Catholicism appearing in France to-day is another instance of the uprising of the synthetic mind. Such poets as M. Claudel show us that the French mystic consciousness is no less intellectual than spiritual. The epoch of the dry bones of negation and scepticism is

over. Superstition dies with it. The age of Religion and Science, the natural union of the God and the Thinker, is at hand—Man the temple of that union. Man, neophyte of the new Day, each in his appointed office—torch-bearer, herald, prophet, poet, warrior, student, server, a thousand others: last, but not least, the free-lance, that “Maenad with the flying hair,” wild comets and meteors, found in every period, who best serve the whole by obeying their inner guidance, “a law unto themselves,” the only rule of governance.

The hope of the immediate future lies in this world-awaking to the principle of Federation, the practical shaping of the ideal of Solidarity. Not England, not Britain, not even the British Empire, but “the world my kingdom,” is the cry of some to-day. From watchers, warriors, devotees, servers, from among all ranks of the World-Society of Theosophists wells up this cry. Their sacred brotherhood is confined within no limits of any “Society,” though the nucleus thereof is hidden within the keeping of a few daring and devout spirits, many of whom are the moving minds in the Theosophical Society to-day. Long have these watchers kept vigil. Through the blackness of moonless midnights, through the silver spells of moonlight, through hours of deadness and ordeals of glamour, they have kept the flame alight, refusing to bow to the Baal of Materialism. Now, the Sun rises, and at his dawning splendour, even the Moon “pales her ineffectual fire”.

To-day, “the mustering squadron and the clattering clan”; to-morrow, a chorus of voices of all nations, hymning a new Ode to Apollo.

Germany will have her appointed place in that choric symphony, the Germany of Beethoven and Goethe, of

Schiller and Wagner, not the handful of Prussians whose only cry is the anthem of self-adulation. That note will be silent in the cosmic chorale, for the German Genius is not "connected with royalty" by ties of blood, or bonds of obligation. This War will free many prisoners and captives, whose captivity was spiritual rather than material. It is the day for freedom of aspiration. Man refuses to be bound to the earth. No longer shall warfare be confined to the trenches of materialistic thought-bondage. Air, fire, water, from these great forces he would learn, wringing many a secret at the price of his life. The same spirit is at work on all planes.

This is the Day to which we drink. "The Day of manifestation of the solidarity of the Human Race," and may our thirst never be quenched, till we greet the full flower of that Day.

Under every fold of heaven's canopy, in every race, shall men by real freedom grow up to equal strength; by strength to truest love, and by true love to beauty. Art is Beauty energised.¹

What if the next Art, the new Art, be the Art of civilisation? A world-process which will need the concerted effort of every creative worker, pioneer, priest, poet, architect, scientist, and server. Nothing less. Then, and then only, we may pass through the grave and gate of death, to a glorious resurrection. Then, the joy of each artist in his portion of work, will be so immense, so all-absorbing, that warfare will drop away for lack of incentive. In a world of makers, there will be no time for destruction. "Nation shall not rise against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Lily Nightingale

¹ Richard Wagner, *Art and Life*.

NATURE AND I

By VIOLET BEVAN

YESTERDAY I saw mountains and sea, stretching away on either side into far distance. Peak after peak, range after range, enveloped, lost in the greyness of the sky.

A great hush and stillness lay over everything, and an extraordinary waiting feeling possessed me—a curious expectancy. All land and sea lay waiting—waiting—in that vast mysterious greyness. What did they wait for? They knew no more than I, perhaps. Something coming—coming—strongly felt in that hushed holding of the breath.

The grey dream-world wore thin as I watched. Some mystery of Nature, I felt, would be revealed.

Would this grey world roll up as a curtain?

On the threshold of vast secrets—just a breaking through required.

Nature is to me no merely outward visible thing. It is just a huge hidden Personality, a vast subjective Being. You can look on her outward face and form, as I looked on these mountains, on this grey world of sea and sky. But I saw them wear thin—thin—as I watched.

Shadowy, intangible things they grew, ready to roll back and disclose the Real beneath. A huge moving

force at work beneath. That made the wonder of it. The hidden, inner mystery.

I *knew* for I had once encountered it. This outward thing of face and form lay there for all to see, but I felt that the landscape would shift and move. Shift and move. That a great hand would sweep over land, and sea, and mountain.

Nature to me is a thing, a moving, living, inward thing, of vast subjective Mind. That above all! I slept one night out in the open. I woke next morning at sunrise, then *I knew*.

Like eyes opened suddenly to spiritual things, so my eyes were opened, and I saw into Nature's real being. As in vision she took me to herself, my outward senses lying dead. Nature's curtain had rolled back, and I saw her, in her Innerness. I looked into a dream-world, I part of the dream. Nothing remained to me but a vast dream-consciousness, and an inner mind that absorbed. These worked in a bodiless state. I saw Nature stir from sleep, then slowly wake—wonder and glory in the awakening. The mists of early morning rose, till they formed a vast expanse of blue-grey vapour—a wide sea, stretched out before me. And above it stretched the sky, a great soft sheet of light, which slowly grew in glory and brightness. Wonderful sunrise of mist and light; the beauty of it could not be told; it floated straight to the inner senses, to the dream-consciousness. I lay in a land of transformation; a dream-land of vast subjective being, learning Nature's inner Self. Swept into her great subconscious Mind, my objective self lying dead. Aware of my body, yet apart from it, mind and spirit floating detached above it, through space. I

felt the pull of Nature strong upon me ; I felt her magic all around ; I became aware that the whole Earth lay whispering—whispering in subtle fashion—of the great mysteries *it knew*.

Magic played around me, in wonderful, indescribable fashion. Things rose from the ground to whisk away into thin air, before they could be seized upon. They eluded sight, but I felt the tug of each through my whole being. A something moving here, yet nothing to be seen. A something moving there, a something that eluded. Things of the unseen world playing all around.

I felt the curtain now swiftly descending on Nature's transformation scene. Nature has vast secrets. And at this truth I had never guessed. She had carried me deep into herself, giving me insight into her real being, stripping me of all outer personality, that I might the better see. Fields and hills had now regained their normal appearance ; I saw them—as I had always seen them—sharp, separated things, detached from me, as I was detached from them. For I stood again within the body, the "I" of me that had been loosed and freed into the whole. A fragment of the whole, I now knew myself to be. Cut off again. Shut in behind walls that formed a barrier. Walls from which escape could come but seldom. And so small, it made me feel, that return into bodily condition. I had been but a consciousness with mind floating in space ; I had been loosed into the the whole, "made free" in wonderful and indescribable fashion. "Death must surely be just this escaping from the body," I thought.

Now I understood this Oneness with Nature which I had so desired. Often I had looked on her beautiful

outward form, and had felt detached and shut off by the prison of my body.

One night I watched the pine trees from my window. I was lonely, and they gave me no sense of comfort. Two detached things—they and I. “Why cannot I go out to them,” I cried, “pass into, and be one with them? It is just as with people,” I thought, “a door is set between”.

I turned to my bed that night, lonely, as I had scarcely ever been lonely. And that, because my Spirit knew no escape. Like a trapped, caged thing I felt, so cut off from everything. I beat hard at the walls of my prison of body that night. I felt small, small. The walls encompassed me till I cried out in despair. If this feeling of smallness would only pass. This shut-in, isolated feeling!

I wanted to go out into the night and to lose this unhappy feeling of detachment. Nature and I—two things apart, yet Oneness I knew could be And now this Oneness had come. My spirit had found escape—and Union!

A peculiar freedom had come to me—I recognised this later with normal senses returned. The Spirit had re-entered the body, informing it of a wide freedom.

The breezes stirred and played in my hair, and it was pure joy to me. The loving hand of Nature caressed me, and my whole being responded. Nature recognised me. Recognised me. I was *her child*—her child for always now. Her breezes would stir in my hair, and I would smile and lift my face. Always I had been Nature’s child, but I had been cut off from her. I had yearned for her and longed to be one with her. *Now*

we were one. She had taken me to her Inner Self, and initiated me into her secrets. I experienced a new, wide strength and freedom. I had come into my own. I was sealed her's—deep down in me. Her breadth was mine. The warmth of her sun touched me, and again came the joy of possession. Soft airs came. They fell straight upon my upturned face and lips, with tender kisses. I was loved, I knew. The whole earth was alive, and only now I knew. Only now, she sent me her messages. Only now, she came to touch me, and claim me, and tell me, to waft her breezes to me. They recognised me, these things of hers. Recognised me as part of themselves. As belonging—just that! I had passed into Nature's real being.

Revelations such as come to me make me pause. I stop my everyday life of a sudden, and try to know all that has passed within me. All that stirs there. A shut door stands between the brain and fuller knowledge. If I could only unlock that door of mine behind which all things have passed. I feel these things stir, stir, within me—I wait, but they refuse to be brought to birth.

They seem too much for me to hold at times. I feel inadequately made. This hidden knowledge of things touched and stored away within me is too great.

I look at myself. Ordinary to the outward eye and mind. Yet ordinary not at all, with this indescribable information stirring—seeking to make itself known.

I have passed out. I have come back. I am enclosed. I make my Presence known. I knock, and I seek to inform. Then indescribable things stir within her in

whom I have my Being. She is a creature of time and space, with language wholly inadequate to tell all that she knows—all that floats upward. In her repose she knows the things of other regions—other spheres of thought, ideas unproduceable. She questions—since she knew my flight, for she too was uplifted. Wider and wider, outward and upward, we soared together to those new regions of space, circling together to higher and higher worlds of thought.

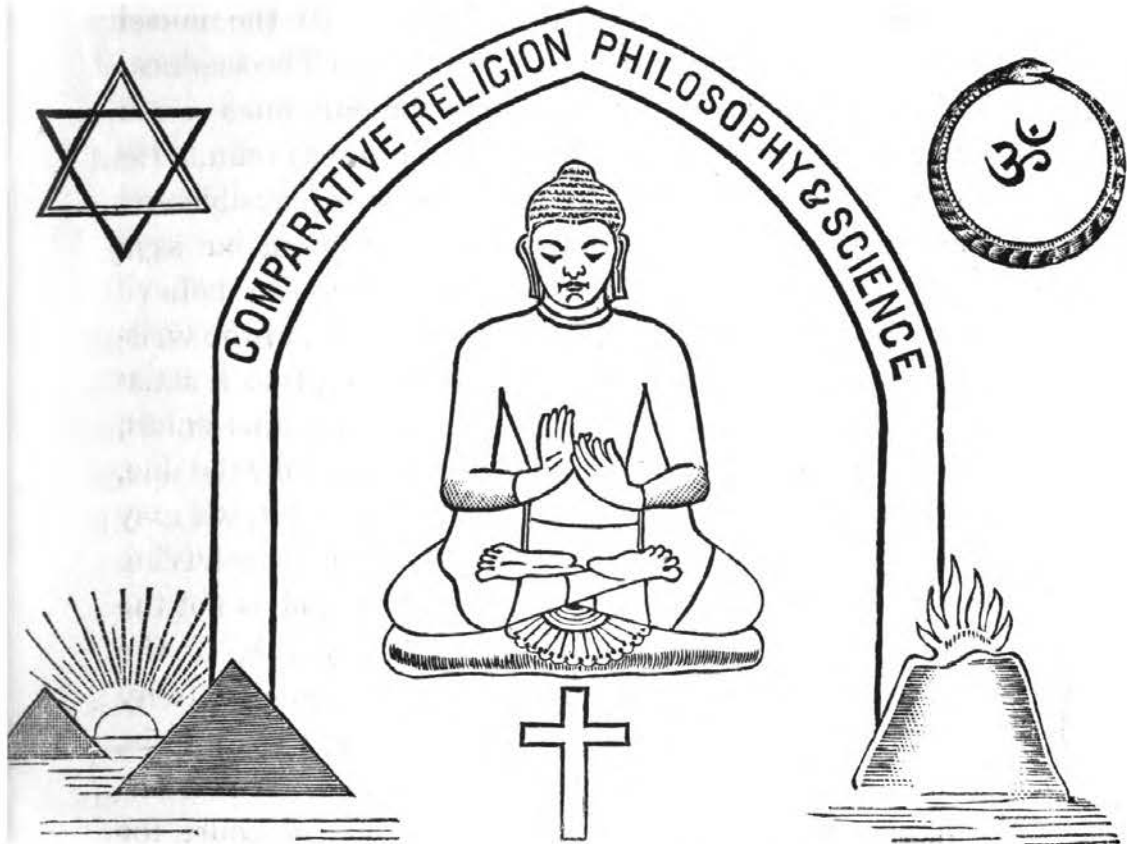
Then I knew and touched, but she, on her descent brought back little knowledge; only wonder filled her—locked away inside her, the things of all the other spheres we had traversed. She—the creature of time and space—had no language in which to tell of even her soaring flight, or her deep wonder of the mystery.

She stands still. For I *who know*, have place in her innermost being.

I stir, and indescribable ideas—things she has touched and known—float just behind her brain. No form, no language she knows in which to clothe this range of thought. For it belongs to other worlds of thought. Other worlds of thought speak their own language. Or perhaps language they have none. Limited words could never hope to give or capture the spirit of soaring flight. Spirit free and confineless, circling bird-like through the air. Touching, knowing, faintly grasping—things of other worlds,

How hope to capture, to give to finite mind, things of the Infinite Spirit?

Violet Bevan



MAETERLINCK ON PROBLEMS OF LIFE
AND DEATH

By HERBERT E. ARNOLD

MR. MAETERLINCK'S somewhat recent criticisms of the teachings of Theosophy, and of the views of modern Spiritualism, are well worth the attention of students of philosophical problems, for at times they are very acute and penetrating and on all points interesting, as the expression of the views of a modern

thinker, whose mind is accustomed to examine and weigh the most advanced views on the deepest questions which concern humanity at all times. At the outset of his remarks he admits that the neo-Theosophical and neo-Spiritualistic theories are the only ones worth discussing and that the first are as old as man. He considers the doctrine of rebirth the most plausible and the least repellent of ideas in this connection, but says that other evidences are wanted before he can believe in it, and that he has sought in vain for them in the writings of exponents, finding no argument but that it satisfies our innate sense of justice. Prenatal reminiscences, inborn genius, infant prodigies and so on, may be due, he thinks, to unknown laws of heredity. But, we may remark, heredity itself is only a method of transferring tendencies, according to modern science, and is not the cause of anything. Moreover, we may ask, if the idea of rebirth satisfies our sense of justice, why should we not adopt it as the best working hypothesis, in preference to its only rivals in the field, Traducianism and Creationism, which are both out of court for obvious reasons?

Mr. Maeterlinck speaks of the occult teachings in regard to "shells" and elementals as worth as much as the quasi-scientific theories of fluidic and supersensible bodies. In fact, he relates an incident which occurred to himself and some friends at Abbaye de Saint Wandrille, where he is in the habit of spending his holidays, which perfectly illustrates the occult teachings respecting the action of a "shell" and of elementals. The incident was as follows. His guests were trying some experiments in table-turning near the ancient cloisters, and a communication was

apparently received from a dead monk of the seventeenth century, who said he had been buried in the east gallery under a tombstone dated 1693. A short search revealed the stone and date, and our critic adds that short of "shells" and elementals, the fact communicated could only have come from himself as an unconscious suggestion, because his friends had never been there before and knew nothing about the place. It seems to us that Mr. Maeterlinck did well to put the "shell-elemental" theory in the first position, as his second idea of "unconscious suggestion" is extremely vague and unsatisfactory.

Continuing, he remarks that the ideas of Theosophy are tenable as ancient hypotheses, but inadmissible as dogmas. Exactly, for do we not read in the Preface to *The Secret Doctrine*, that no Theosophical book derives any strength from appealing to authority. The most important occult teaching, that we should purify and refine the vestures of the Soul in order to perceive transcendental truths, is dismissed by our critic in a very summary manner; but we think that if he continuously practised the method of Paṭāñjali, he would discover for himself its supreme importance. Very vague proofs, he says, are derived from phantasms and such things. Speaking for ourselves, we cannot imagine any spiritual truths which could be demonstrated by these illusory appearances. Although he thinks that clairvoyants are nearer to Divine Being, he complains that they bring us no evidential proofs. Evidently, our critic makes no distinction between spiritual and psychic clairvoyants, although every occult student knows of the gulf existing between them. Exponents of occult ideas, he says, should rediscover the secrets of old,

shreds of unknown sciences, archæological details, such as the temper of copper, and so on; and goes on to remark that not a particle of knowledge which may not be found in living brain or book has yet been brought to us through extraordinary channels. Mr. Maeterlinck seems unaware of the numerous hints, clues, and missing links of science, supplied in that mine of wealth, *The Secret Doctrine*.

Referring to the well-known Katie King appearance, he does not doubt her reality, but pleads that she said nothing about after-death states. It seems to us that this manifestation was much more like a sylph, or air-elemental, than a dead human being for various reasons, such as power in manipulating psychic substance, ethereal beauty, and difference being combined with sameness of appearances.

In the matter of form, Mr. Maeterlinck's articles in *The Fortnightly Review*, are not well arranged, for instead of dealing with the ideas of one school of thought entirely and then turning to the other, he often leaps from a spiritualistic point to occult teaching, and then immediately back again to the former. Our critic then takes a series of objections to the nature of spiritualistic communications, such as the pale, empty, bewildered, incoherent shades, with their dazed consciousness, which never go outside our sphere, and are so clever in finding things of earth, and so loath or unable to tell us of the mysteries of death, these belated reflections of life, as he calls them, leading a precarious idle existence and then fading out without giving us a single real revelation, their existence proving at best that only a spiritual silhouette of ourselves survives physical death. Of what use is death, he

asks, if life's trivialities continue? Surely minds not enthralled by life, and being rid of matter, should be superior to ourselves and not possess an obvious inferiority.

These remarks demonstrate the soundness of occult teaching respecting the nature of "shells," except on one point where Mr. Maeterlinck has gone astray. He speaks of the dead as being rid of matter and hence superior to ourselves on that account. But the dead are not rid of the matter of their passional natures, nor of the *forms* of their lower mental natures, therefore want of clarity of vision remains to men of undeveloped spirituality whether they be living or dead; for, as occultism has always taught, it is absolutely necessary to purify the vestures of the soul in order to perceive spiritual truths, and this must be done during life; those who have accomplished this, will not communicate at ordinary séances. He rightly says that ghosts are no proof positive of the existence of an independent Spirit, and lays down the principle that we should exhaust the mysteries of life before those of death, there being in his opinion a difference of degree alone between mediumistic manifestations, subliminal clairvoyance and telepathy, for even the well-known tests of cross correspondences are not free from suspicion of telepathy. Professor Hyslop says of the last-named, that it is only the label of a method of transferring thought, the *modus operandi* of which science does not yet understand. So that our critic here comes up against a blank wall, as he himself confesses, when saying that he cannot pretend to explain the nature of mediums, and dispenses with the matter by opining that their powers are incomprehensible.

We fancy that if Mr. Maeterlinck chose to pursue his researches still further into the recondite nature of man as taught by Occultism, he would in time gain much light on the points now so obscure to him. These phenomena are not simple but very complex ; thus subjective manifestations are mostly due to elementaries and sometimes to very pure human spirits, but never to elementals ; but objective manifestations are those of planetary spirits, spirit friends, nature spirits and elementaries ; while physical phenomena proper are one-third due to astral bodies, one-third to elementaries, and one-third to elementals. Sensitives or mediums unconsciously use psychic powers, their organisations serving as conductors for imponderable fluids, which proceed *through*, but not from, them.

Mr. Maeterlinck winds up his critical essay by dealing with reincarnation in a more direct way. He refers to the experiments of Colonel Rochas, the French savant, which bear on this subject, and which offer to his mind the only appreciable argument for rebirth which its advocates possess. We beg leave to join issue with him here, before proceeding to discuss these experiments in detail and what they can reasonably be said to demonstrate. For instance, Science knows of the fact of the conservation of energy, a truth which, being universal, has a mental as well as a physical application, and the only method conceivable by which the conservation of mental experiences could come about is through rebirth. As a modern writer says :

If none of the forces of nature are dissipated or lost, and if force can no more be extinguished than matter, and like matter passes from one form into another, we may conclude

that intellectual force is never dissipated or lost, but that the potential energies of mind and soul perpetually vibrate between man and nature.

Kuṇḍalinī Shakti, the power which moves in a serpentine, curved, or cyclic path, is the force which brings about that "continuous adjustment of *external relations to internal relations*" which is the basis of the transmigration of souls, or rebirth, in the doctrines of the eastern Sages. Referring to the Law of Cycles, Plato makes Socrates say that life proceeds from death, and death from life, and that if it was not so all things would come to an end. Certainly, the cyclic law of rebirth operates for both the acquirement and application of the experiences of the soul, and for the sake of these experiences the universe exists.

So much for some of the philosophical aspects of rebirth, and we may now turn to the recorded experiments of Colonel Rochas, which are not so well known as they might be. This gentleman's investigations into psychic or superphysical states of consciousness, by means of various hypnotic subjects, are not on ordinary lines at all and certainly furnish much material for the speculations of psychic researchers. To mention one case, a girl named Josephine of Voiron—this young woman, in the hypnotic sleep, goes back to a state before birth and describes the condition of an old ailing man, his state after death and before birth as Josephine, the reincarnating entity describing itself as encircling her mother before her birth, and afterwards gradually entering the infant body, which is for some time surrounded by a floating mist. Josephine also goes back to the state of an old woman who preceded the man. Thus we have given to us through the entranced mind of this young girl, successive pictures of the

birth, life and death, of a woman, and a man, the last appearance being that of a girl, three lives in all. These revelations have been proved to be inaccurate several times as regards names and places, by inquiries, but it is remarkable that the visions of the subjects are always the same and given in the same invariable order. As Mr. Maeterlinck says with perfect truth, these ignorant undeveloped subjects do not possess the fine dramatic talents necessary to personate these very different characters, nor have they ever heard of the doctrine of rebirth. Now what is the meaning of these revelations, and what do they demonstrate? Unconscious suggestion, which is much more powerful than voluntary suggestion, is not excluded, and, in fact, Colonel Rochas himself puts this idea forward as a possible solution of the difficulty. He says that certain powerful minds, desirous of spreading the idea of rebirth among the public, have chosen this method of doing it. As a variant of this theory, we can certainly say that the idea of rebirth has been powerfully set forth in the West by speech and pen during this last twenty-five years, a period said by Gustave Le Bon in his *Psychology of Peoples* to be necessary for a new idea to take root.

Mr. Maeterlinck continues : " Nevertheless outside suggestion some facts perhaps, call for another interpretation," and the theory he finally favours is that of " atavistic memory ". He asks :

Cannot a man, for instance, carry in the depths of his being the recollection of events connected with the childhood of an ancestor ? We carry in ourselves all the past.

Perhaps our critic was thinking then of the statement of Weismann :

If the memory cells of our ancestors were the collected photographed impressions of their experiences, and these

cells in the process of photographing were subjected to some subtle change in physical structure, then that these negatives of impressions should be handed on to posterity is not difficult to understand and accept.

This question of atavistic or "regressive memory", as it has been called, was dealt with in *The Nineteenth Century and After* of June, 1906, but the facts there adduced are simply excellent illustrations of the idea of rebirth, and not at all of prenatal memory. Readers may judge. A clergyman, the Rev. Forbes Phillips goes to Tivoli, knowing nothing about the place and not having seen any views of it, yet acts as a perfect guide to a party of friends, and describes the town as it was in olden days; suddenly the vision faded and his mind became a blank, although he says, just before he knew the town as well as his own parish. He was also perfectly familiar with the dark windings of the Catacombs in Rome, of which, of course, no pictures exist. The same gentleman, although new to the neighbourhood of Leatherhead, found there, without hesitation, an old Roman fortress and a road, feeling that he had long ago been riding on the latter in armour. Visiting the same place with another clergyman, the latter had a distinct recollection of holding a priestly office there in Roman times, and said of an overturned tower, that on it "there is a socket in which we used to plant a mast and archers were hauled up to pick off leaders" of enemies during sieges. A brief search discovered the socket as he anticipated. Colonel de Rochas, says that ancestral memory probably exists, but that it is insufficient to account for the phenomena in question, because it has been proved that these visions cannot relate

to ancestors of the subjects experimented with. A writer in *The Annals of Psychological Science* remarks:

It does not however appear that we ought in the present state of our knowledge to consider these dreams, or rather these changes of personality as evidences of previous lives, since we have proofs that the personalities *played* by the subjects have never existed, at least under the conditions indicated.

Mr. Maeterlinck's theory does not serve as a solution of the problem given, because these dramatic changes of personalities are well known in hypnotic experiments and are due to the mental sphere being occupied in succession by differing layers of the Astral Light. Thus the visions described are not reminiscences of the former lives of an individual at all, nor does it appear possible that ancestral memory should be preserved anywhere but in the aura of the germ plasm or eternal cell, which alone passes from generation to generation. If a psychometer reads off the past impressions made upon a cell of the human body, these are by no means the conserved experiences of an individual in successive lives. Sir Francis Galton, however, has brought forward a true case of ancestral memory, as follows. The wife of a gentleman discovered that while sleeping he had the habit of sometimes raising his arm and dropping it on his nose, often to the detriment of that organ: in time it was also found out that his son and grandson had exactly the same habit. Mr. Maeterlinck admits that reincarnation is inevitable, but says that it is not demonstrated that there is reincarnation of the whole identical individual. He seems to make no distinction between individuality and personality, whereas Occultism draws a profound distinction between the two, and teaches that the astral monad or personality, is never

reborn, except in cases of crime, accident, abortion, infants dying before a certain age, and incurable idiocy. What matters rebirth, he asks, if a man is unaware that he is still himself. He seems not to know that the permanent Ego is always aware of itself, no matter through how many bodies it may manifest. Even if rebirth is true, he argues, it does not settle the great question of our infinite destiny; what really matters is what will be eternally. We would like to remind Mr. Maeterlinck that questions of the infinite are futile to finite minds, and have no bearing on our practical life, and that it is precisely because of their supreme value in that connection, that the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation hold the field of thought. In Occult Philosophy we can trace the course of self-conscious life for millions of years in the past, and forecast the career of mankind for æons in the future. It is enough.

To our thinking, our critic's comments upon the highest aspects of Occult Philosophy are inaccurate and deficient in penetration. He says, "your Divine principle is not at all infinite or definite". We can reply that Occultism teaches that the Unmanifest Logos, or God, is not Infinite but Universal, its seven rays vibrating in every atom; infinity is ascribed to Parabrahm or Deity alone, which is not God but No-thing and Darkness. He continues, "if I am part of Himself, He is purifying Himself in me," and why has this not been accomplished in Eternity, and if not now, it never will be, achieved. We can here remind Mr. Maeterlinck of the Hegelian principle, that each thought involves its opposite; hence both purity and impurity are comparative terms, and have no ultimate meaning. Again he argues: "I also have

necessarily had innumerable opportunities of incarnating myself, because my principle of Life is likewise eternal, already infinite chances to reach the goal, no better in future." Mr. Maeterlinck is here assuming something which Occultism denies. We have none of us existed in Eternity as self-conscious beings, and are now only a mode of the Infinite Existence and have to become the Whole, or attain Union with the Logos, or rather with some aspect of IT. Some years ago, a Sage wrote :

The particles of which I am formed, have always existed ; yet I do not know in what form they existed before. Probably they have passed through billions of transformations. Why do I not know these ? Because I did not supply the force that would have prevented the disintegration of my individuality every consciousness, which has been once fully developed, must disintegrate if not preserved by the purity of its successive Egos till the Nirvāṇa state is attained.

If it be true, Mr. Maeterlinck concludes, that our consciousness after death is subsequently purified, exalted, and extended, gradually and indefinitely, until, reaching other spheres, it ceases to reincarnate, and loses all contact with us, it accounts for the fact that we have only minor revelations given to us.

We do not quarrel with this remark, and only hope our critic will continue his quest into the sublime truths of esoteric philosophy.

Herbert E. Arnold

KITAB-UL-HAQ—DISCOURSE ON TRUTH

IN THE NAME OF GOD THE COMPASSIONATE AND MERCIFUL

(From the Arabic of the Great Master,

Mohyoddin Ibn Arabi)

By MAZHARULLA HAIDARI

PRAISE belongs to Divine Nature. Divine Nature is one and whole when viewed in all its aspects. To it are common the twin attributes, similitude and negation. By way of similitude it manifests as things existent. By way of negation it is eternal, pure and spotless. This pervading Nature and its illumination Masters perceive, since it illuminates their minds, and there exists no veil that is not crystal-clear for them. Mysteries cease to be sealed things. Secrets are no longer secrets. Temporal things are left behind for the realisation of Divine Nature. When a thing, or a state, brought about by earthly circumstances opposes them, the Masters overcome it by the strength of Unity, and when a thing, or a state, in the world yields them pleasure, they forsake it strengthened by Being.

Divine Nature is holy. It begets not and is not begotten. Nor is there anything like unto it. In this wise Masters and seekers of Truth know and actualise it, unmindful and heedless of the relations amidst which they “live and move and have their being”.

During *Fana* Masters attain it, during *Baqa* they adore it, and when they become helpless they actualise it; in this state they are lost in blank bewilderment and amazement till the day on which they are to meet it.

Peace to him who is blessed with prophecy through purity, and who is regarded as one whose place is nigh to God. Peace likewise to his kith and kin of wisdom. Thenceforward it is not possible to find in the universe an instance of Divine Nature as agent, since it exists *per se* and does not admit of partnership, but instances of attributes are not wanting. The things existent, be they high or low, exhibit the manifestation of divine attributes, distributed among them according to their individual fitness. Of these some are common to all such as existence, life inner and outer, knowledge, speech and the like.

But an attribute, as attribute, is independent of praise or censure. Good and bad are relative and result from the relations of things existent to attributes. Had this been otherwise and attributes in themselves been qualified with good or bad in an absolute sense, virtue and vice, good and bad, noble and ignoble, would have ceased to have the signification which their "authority" decrees to them. Examples may be cited to illustrate what is said. Avarice of riches is viewed with disapprobation, but avarice of faith is marked with approbation; fear of the world is bad, but fear of God is good; to covet wealth is base, but to covet knowledge is noble; to be jealous of others is a vice, but to be jealous of doing good is a virtue.

Similarly in the following, God said to one in hell: "Taste, for verily thou art the mighty, the honourable!" It is revealed: "God set a stamp upon the heart of every

tyrant swollen with pride!” Concerning our Prophet (to whom be Peace) God said: “Hard for him to bear is it that ye commit iniquity”; and added: “He is anxious over you, the believers, pitiful and compassionate.” The Prophet spake to Abu Dojana, when he marched in a haughty defiant attitude against the infidels at Siffeen: “This, thy conduct of pride, would have been hateful to God and to His Prophet elsewhere save in this place.” When one addresses another by way of admonition, with expressions like “Do not be a niggard,” or “Do not be a coward,” and so forth, he implies that he to whom the speech is addressed should divest himself of the attribute referred to and replace it with another that will not be looked upon with less favour. In other words, it means that he should, “natured” as he is, bring about in himself a change and a fresh temperament. This is beyond the power and scope of humanity, for man born of Adam is very akin to evil and prone to do what is forbidden. Thus when evil touches him he is very impatient, when good touches him he is very niggardly. Thus it is idle to expect of a man to achieve a thing that goes against his composition and nature.

Universal evolution and the Last Day are opposite and contradictory. There is not aught that is common to them. The Last Day will not gather up the universe. The universe is an elemental synthesis, while the Last Day is an elemental analysis. The wicked thus cease from their wickedness, and there is no virtue. The good thus cease from their goodness, and there is no evil. The realm of relations is left behind. The domain of good and evil is past. Such is the strange award of the Last Day in virtue of its peculiar and inherent nature.

Matters other than relational are inseparable from their essentials, and these essentials do not cease or become extinct by the preponderance, or otherwise, of attributes in existing things. To manifest by means of an external attribute, or attributes, form is necessary. *Nafs*, by its build and form presents attributes, and by its nature realises the life to come.

Shara identifies attributes with form. The things existent take on form, but do not look on themselves as one in nature with God. That is due to ethics. It is said that men of ethics are companions of God. One void of ethics fails to sense the Divine Presence and floats, aided by thought, in the ocean of intellect. Tossed about and bewildered by its waves, he has no port to reach, no haven to find, since he is in pursuit of a thing of which he is utterly unaware. Better are men of *Fikr* who seek God and neither locate Him nor qualify Him with eternity, and who say with regret that their lives have been spent in endeavours to know Him, resulting in their littleness and helplessness. But best of all is the man of Truth who, indifferent to *Fikr* and its darkness, enters straight in by the gate and not by the backdoor. In this stage knowledge is to be acquired by the contemplation alone of such things as Divine Nature, the Last Day and so on. These the Masters and Abdals¹ realise since they are aware of the truth of man manifested through form.

God is never, in fact, the source and origin of things existent, but He is ordinarily said to be so, which is incorrect. He should, no doubt and with all reason, be attributed only with such attributes as belong to Him.

¹ Seventy in number are stationed in various parts of the world to look after its renovation and help in perfecting human progress.

Some Masters deny attribution and still assert *Asma-ul-Husna*, the good attributes therefore contradicting each other. Even the attribute of eternity, they say, is inapplicable to Him.

No comparison exists between God as *Vajib*, or Cause, and a thing existent as *Mumkin*, or Possibility. God is first while thing is not. The one is independent of need and the other needy. To one "authority" is inapplicable, while to the other it is all in all. Things are the outcome of divine knowledge wherein they were in their individual *Ayans*, or forms, prior to external existence. The nexus of God with things is by way of knowledge and that of things with God is by way of existence. God's precedence is thus, evidently, ascribable to existence.

Things existent never come forth from no-being, for no-being is nothing, nor do they proceed from God, for that would imply that they pass from one existence to another and possess nature of their own from *Azal*, which is absurd.

For a detailed account of these things attention may be drawn to *Fadaval, Part I*, but it suffices here to state that since things clamoured in their *Ayanic* (formal) state for manifestation, it became incumbent on God to address them with *Kun* (Be), for the pronouncement of *Kun* necessarily indicates the presence of forms. *Kun*, it must be borne in mind, is never pronounced to evolve a single thing by a particular willing. It is a universal command for the totality of *Ayans* to be as they are in divine knowledge. And divine knowledge is but form and formation. First comes God's intention, then His power and then His command. All these are one, but by

way of "authority" are divers and different. Existence is evidence of His power; particularisation of things, of His intention; and "authorities" in virtue of which things function, of His knowledge. But no proof can be advanced that is other than *Kun* to prove *Kun*, for it is a knowing peculiar to God alone who in His mercy unveils it to Masters, and these hear and behold *Kun* and its effect. Unveiling (*Kashf*) thus consists in disclosing the operation of *Kun* and in establishing the fact that God can never be known by intellect, since it seeks to fix "authority" on God, rejecting *Kun*.

Abraham said:

Lord, show me how Thou wilt revive the dead.

God said:

Then take four birds and take them close to thyself, then put a part of them on every mountain, then call them, and they will come to thee in haste, and know that God is mighty and wise.

Herein it is clear that existence was not possible without command; and the calling of the birds was not based on the intention, or otherwise, of Abraham. He was merely bidden to call them. The calling of Abraham was thus the calling of God. Abraham was then a mere translator of *Kun*. Possibilities thus need divine pronouncement. No sooner do they hear *Kun*, or its modification, than they hasten to comply and manifest in forms in agreement with their *Ayans* that are non-existent, for existence is necessary for their form and not for their essence. Possibilities in their need for existence are related to eternal existence and *Kun* must be proclaimed by him who is eternal and everlasting. No one who is not everlasting is empowered

to say *Kun* or its kindred modifications, for the existence of eternity has a special illumination of its own. For detailed information on the subject, attention may be drawn to *Mavaqay-un-nujoom*, *Kitab-ul-Hu*, *Kitab-ul-Falala*, *Kitab-ul-Ahdiyati* and *Fahvaniyat*. Here it suffices to say that *Kun* is the very God when the *Ayan* to whom *Kun* is spoken is of the elect, and *Kun* therefore operates as if proceeding from God. The *Ayan* of the chosen is the *Chadar*, the sheet to cover *Kun* or *Kun* is covered by the sheet. Such an *Ayan* will exhibit *Kun* in all its effects when about to make or create. For this God said, concerning Jesus:

The Messiah Jesus, the son of Mary, is but the apostle of God and His word, which cast into Mary a spirit from Him.

If Jesus is God's Spirit, it strengthened him. If he is His Word, he manifested by it. Jesus would therefore bring forth the dead, heal the lepers and the blind from birth by command, or what came near it in meaning, by blowing. God said to Jesus:

When thou didst create of clay, as it were, the likeness of a bird and didst blow thereon, it became a bird by My power.

"My power" is *Kun*, for power is the very self of *Kun*. For ever this *Kun* manifests perennially in worlds visible and invisible, and God said: "Holy words ascend to God." In this verse "words" is plural and includes, from what has been said, both Soul and holy words. The Soul ascends and is purified and so are holy words pure, for they denote inner ascension. The physical body, the abode of the Soul, has nowhere to ascend, and the ascension is for the *Ayanic* Soul. If it trends towards higher regions, the ascension is relative, and if towards Him, the Absolute, it is positive, bereft

of relations. Union is thus not possible without *Kun* for the elect. In this state communion takes place between God and the Masters. A Master may function in this world by *Kun* if its pronouncement is necessary.

In the *Table Talk* it is said that an angel presents a sealed letter to a Master when he leaves this world and is at the threshold of Paradise. On opening the cover he reads thus :

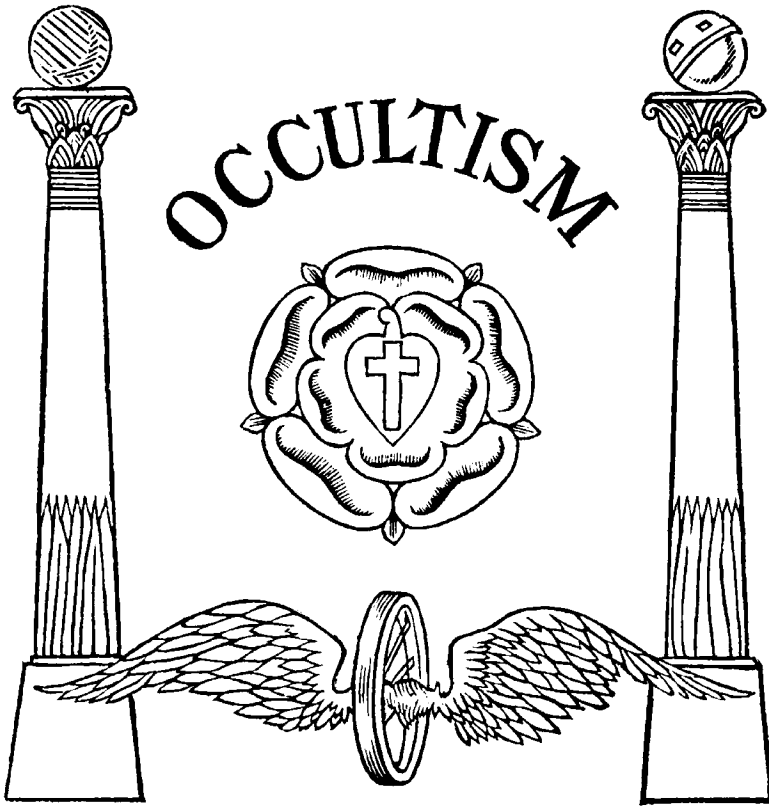
From Him who is everlasting and never dies.
To him who is everlasting and never dies.
Whatever matter I decree, I say *Kun* and it is.
To-day I have appointed thee to say *Kun* and it will be.

Whatever he wishes henceforth in Paradise, he has nothing to do but say *Kun*, and it is.

Bayazid Bustami, it is said, once inadvertently passed his hands over his calf and killed an ant in the act. On discovering what he had done he blew over the dead ant and it revived forthwith by God's command and began moving. This is owing to *Kun* and the state of *Fahvaniyat*, or Fellowship with God, which he had attained. This much on this subject here suffices.

Once more, Praise belongs to God who alone is worthy of it. Peace to the Prince of Prophets, Muhammad, and to his kith and kin.

Mazharulla Haidari



MAGIC IN STATECRAFT AND WARFARE

By V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

THE attribution of the mutilation of the bust of King Albert of Belgium to the belief of the German soldiery in magic will naturally remind the student of Indian history of a similar belief in India from very ancient times. The history of Indian magic is a very extensive subject and means necessarily a study of the enormous literature on Tāntricisim, Shaktism, and other allied creeds. It requires, moreover, a study of the philosophy of the mantras and their t̄antric and ceremonial

counterparts, not to speak of the talents and virtues, the behaviour and deportment, of a crowd of minor and malevolent deities. Such a task is, of course, impossible in these columns; but the narration of a few occasions and instances when magic played a part in the political and military history of the land may not be unwelcome to students of Indian history.

The powers claimed for magic are indeed immense. Among the Tamil peoples no less than twenty out of the sixty-four arts and sciences are connected with magic. It is said that a successful votary of magic can fascinate or summon a person by enchantment, exorcise devils, excite hatred between friends, and infuse charms against poison. He can obtain information respecting anything concealed in the palm of the hand or elsewhere, he can detect thieves, and enter into the atmosphere and become invisible. He can walk on air and water, leave his own body and enter another lifeless body or substance, perform miracles, restrain the action of fire. He can unhinge the mind, fascinate the eyes and mouth and, above all, he can nullify the power of the sword or of any other weapon. All these arts, in fact, formed the eight traditional *Siddhis* which the *Siddhas* have always had in view—the *Vashyam* (willing over to any purpose), *Mohanam* (causing the infatuation of lust), *Ākarṣhaṇam* (inducing violence), *Māraṇam* (causing the death of any one), *Ṣṭambhanam* (overcoming the laws of nature), *Viḍveṣhanam* (causing change of form), *Bhedanam* (causing division) and *Uchchātanam* (exorcising, etc.). Every one of these objects has its own deity to be invoked, its own method of worship, and its own mantras, spells, ceremonies and diagrams. The manner of obtaining the power of

invisibility, for example, is different from that of obtaining the power of making fire lose its virtue, and this is the case with all the others. But of all these the power to nullify the power of the sword or of any other weapon is peculiar in one respect. The other powers benefit individuals. They make or mar their greatness and cause their rise or ruin. But this power is wanted by the statesman and the soldier, the civilian and the military man, the former, perhaps, to overthrow a rival, the latter to overthrow an inimical commander.

As regards the modes of securing an adversary's death, that is to say, the spells to be uttered and the ceremonies to be performed, they are endless. The *Aṭharva-Veda*, the earliest treatise on the subject and the most sacred repository, as well as inspirer, of the Black Art, contains numerous forms of imprecation for the destruction of enemies. The Aṭharva priest was simply a magic-monger and his most important function was to show his disciples the most efficient means of removing enemies. "Destroy, O sacred grass, my foes!" says one manṭra, "exterminate my enemies, annihilate all those who hate me, O precious gem!" (*As. Res.* viii, p. 471). The *Aiṭareya Brāhmaṇa* says that a king should wash the feet of his Purohiṭa, saying :

I wash, O Gods! the first and second foot for protecting my empire, and obtaining safety for it. May the waters which served for washing the feet of the Purohiṭa destroy my enemy.

Many were the spells and rites to be used, and "foes, enemies, and rivals perish around him who is conversant with these rites". "Whenever lightning perishes, pronounce this prayer, *May my enemy perish* When rain ceases When the

moon is dark When the sun sets When fire is extinguished, pronounce," etc.¹ When the spell was pronounced, the man must not sit down in case his enemy might be standing; he must not lie down if he thought his enemy was sitting; he must not sleep, if he believed his enemy to be awake. "In this way he subdues his enemy, even if he wear a helmet of stone." The *Mahābhārata* mentions a method of disposing of an enemy called *Chhāyopasevana*, or shadow-cult, by which an image of the enemy was made and pins were stuck into it so as to cause his death. Any deity could be appealed to in regard to destructive and vindictive purposes. Shiva, Vīrabhadra, Kālī, Nārāyaṇa, Saturn, Gāyaṭrī, Sūrya, Garuda, the five-faced Hanūmān, besides a crowd of demons and devils, could be won over. The field of choice of the deity is thus unlimited and left to the votary's inclination. But the different deities have to be propitiated by different ceremonials, some refined and others rude. An example of the latter type, described in the *Sabarachintāmaṇi*, a code of destructive magic, says that the Karnatik mode of causing a foe's death consists of the utterance of the following spell in a cemetery :

Om ! Hoom ! Glowm ! Ghost, who delightest in human flesh and blood, and eatest the honeyed cake ! Destroyer of thousands ! Devourer of numberless living creatures, devour each a man; devour him, drink his blood ! Eat, eat his flesh ! Ha ! Hoom ! Phat !

This "supreme spell," it is said, should be repeated in a cemetery, the sacrificer standing naked on a shroud and facing the south. The spell should be commenced with the waning of the moon and recited for a fortnight. The Queen of Demons will, it is said, then wait on the

¹ See Mrs. Manning's *Ant. and Med. Ind.*, I, p. 105.

grim sorcerer and assure her obedience to his mandate. He should then frame the name of his adversary into a spell and utter it a hundred times, when he will be rewarded with the object of his desires.

By way of contrast to this may be noticed the Tibetan custom, which was recently explained at a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal by Dr. Satischandra Vidya-bhushana, on the authority of a Tibetan scroll of the fifteenth or sixteenth century brought to light by Justice Woodroffe. The scroll depicted the process of subduing an enemy by charm. At the top of it, we are informed, there is the representation of *Shrīdevī*, the most terrible deity of Tibet, riding on a horse. The enemy to be vanquished is pictured in an inverted position at the bottom, with iron chains tied round his hands and feet, and blood marks in various parts of his body. There are, we are further informed, coloured pictures of numerous articles of worship. The priest occupies a place just below the Goddess, and takes more than a month to offer the articles, one by one, to the Goddess in prescribed forms. It is said that when the magical rites near their completion the enemy collapses. He finds himself enchained, bloodshot and dead. The employment of snakes, of pumpkins and other materials, as the instruments of destruction by the power of magic is very common in Indian history. The *saroyaga* consisted of suspending a cobra by the tail from the roof of an apartment and the proper incense being burned on a fire immediately below.

The readers of Kalhana's *Rajaṭaraṅgiṇī* will be familiar with the custom of politicians and men of action of removing their rivals by magic. The noble and virtuous King Chandrapīda, for example, whose

renown as an ideal administrator of justice had endeared him to the just and terrified the vicious, was removed from the throne by the unscrupulous ambition of his younger brother Tarapida. The latter, we are informed, engaged a Brāhman magician for the accomplishment of his nefarious purpose. The Brahman had been previously concerned in a case of murder and been convicted, but not sufficiently punished on account of his caste; and the king's undue forbearance now reaped the penalty of death. "From this time onward," says Kalhana, "princes lusting for the throne in this kingdom (Kashmir) began to use witchcraft and other evil practices against their elder relatives" (*Rajataranṅinī*, I, p. 130). In A.D. 814, for instance, Cippatajayapida, also known by the name of Bṛhaspaṭi, the son of King Laliṭapīda by the daughter of a spirit-distiller, was slain by the sorcery of his maternal uncles (*Ibid.*, p. 182). King Gopalavarman, again, was dispatched by the magic of a greedy treasurer of his realm in consequence of his insistence on the inspection of the treasury-chests. Nearly half a century later, King Yashaskara (939-48), a man of a firm temperament and strict orthodoxy, who incurred the displeasure of his Foreign Minister, Viranāṭha, by chastising the vice of a hypocritical sannyāsi relation of his, was removed in the space of seven days by witchcraft. The notorious and sensuous Queen Didda, again, got rid of her grandsons and wards, Nandiguṭṭa (A.D. 973), and Tribhuvana (A.D. 975), in a similiar fashion. In 1028, King Hariraja became a similar victim at the hands of his licentious mother.

Passing on to later times, we find that Muhammad Ali, the Nawab of the Karnatic, employed spells and

incantations for the death of Haidar Ali, and when that event took place in 1782, it was actually believed to be the effect of these exceptional measures. The same ruler is said to have brought about the death of Lord Pigot by performing a *japam* at Tīrukkalkundram, the celebrated Pakṣhiṭīrṭha, near Chingleput, at a cost of five thousand pounds sterling, through one, Achena Pandit. Umdut-ul-umra, the eldest son of Muhammad Ali, is said to have effected the death of his ambitious younger brothers, by the magical practices of a Haji for a payment of a lakh of rupees. The money, however, was not paid and caused much scandal later on. In Malabar the application of similar witchcraft has always been believed in.¹

One of the most interesting instances of a belligerent's resort to the aid of magic for success in arms against his adversary is seen in the war which Chokkanatha Naik of Madura (1660-82) fought with Vijaya Raghava, the last Naik King of Tanjore (1614-70), in the middle of the seventeenth century. A Telugu manuscript chronicle, the *Record of the Affairs of the Carnā-taka Governors*, describes the incident in detail. It says that, alarmed at the continuous defeat of the Tanjore army and the incessant advance of the Madura men, Vijaya Raghava supplemented the martial valour of his forces with the magic skill of his Guru, Soma Chandra-swāmi. The latter uttered a series of incantations and was about to turn the tide of war when Chokkanatha came to hear of it and retaliated. His Guru, Balapriya, was more than a match for Soma Chandra and by his counter-incantations not only made the Tanjorean

¹ See Wilks' *Mysore*, I, 445-6.

devices harmless, but even caused such a change in the mind of the Tanjore soldiery as to make them desert their standard at the nick of time and join the Trichinopolitans. The chronicle describes the particular manner in which this change was effected. Lakhs and lakhs of pumpkins, it is said, were made the subject of incantations and cast into the floods of the Kāveri so that those who drank of the waters impregnated with them, were sure to turn traitors and join the Madura ranks. It was in the midst of this war of magic that the two armies joined battle, and the Tanjoreans, defeated and hard-pressed, had to retreat into their own fort.

A similar example of the resort to magic in assistance of the sword is afforded by the conduct of Tippu Sulṭān. Alarmed at the growing success of the English in the Third Mysore War, Tippu forgot his past persecution of the Hindūs and shamelessly induced their ṭāntric endeavours on his behalf. He organised, as Wilks says, a *jaṣam* to be performed by a number of Brāhmaṇas, for four periods of twelve days each. Scores of orthodox men who were, throughout this period, to abstain from salt, from condiments and similar aids to digestion, and to live solely on simple rice and milk, stationed themselves up to their chests in water, and gave loud and incessant utterances to certain manṭras, beating the water all the while with their hands. A similar ceremony was performed on occasions of drought with a view to bringing down rain; but a call on the powers of heaven to bestow the blessing of martial victory was equally common; and the story is that those retreats of Cornwallis, the only disasters in an otherwise uniformly successful war, were due to the efficacy of these manṭras. The manṭras, however, failed to save

Shrirangapatam from its ultimate fate of surrender to General Harris, but this was ascribed by the Brāhmaṇas, not to the inefficiency of the mantras themselves, but to some mistakes in the mysteries performed, to the fact, among other things, that some of the men engaged in the ceremony had tasted salt.

I shall close this article with the notice of a remarkable rising in the northern Sirkars,¹ which took place quite recently—in fact, in 1900—in consequence of a misguided belief in the efficacy of magic. A hillman of Vizagapatam, probably a lunatic, who called himself an avaṭār of one of the Pāṇḍava brothers, mustered a crowd of five thousand credulous and superstitious rustics, and rose against the Government. The weapon he used for the delusion of so many people was magic. He told them that the female bamboos they would cut in the hills on the New Moon day of *Vaishākha* would, by means of his own power, transform themselves into weapons of war and emit shots and shells, while the guns of the Government would lose their virtue and discharge sand and water alone. The magician's triumph was a shortlived one. All he succeeded in doing was to murder two policemen; and owing to the prompt action of the Government, he was soon in safe custody, while his followers were scattered.

V. Rangachari

¹ See Thurston's *Ethnographical Notes of S. India*, p. 301.

TWO WEST COAST MAGICIANS

By U. B. NAIR

MAGIC, black and white, has always had an irresistible attraction for frail uneducated folk, such as the wild non-Āryan jungle tribes of Southern India. The Hindū Purāṇas tell us that five thousand years of the degenerate Kali age have now rolled by, and Kali, or the Spirit of Evil, has now attained its zenith. But centuries ago, when its malign influence was not so visibly felt as it is now, the arts of magic and necromancy were not only looked upon as practicable, but were assiduously cultivated. When Kerala was under the sway of the Chola viceroys or Perumals, magic, as astrology, was recognized as one of the chief sciences, and afforded honourable and lucrative occupation to its votaries; but "the tune of the time" has since changed. The Hindū or Muhammadan magician of to-day may be a charlatan and a swindler who uses his wits to make a living, and who flourishes like a green bay tree by the water-side, merely because he knows that the ignorance and childish imagination of his clients are his best weapons. But his prototypes of old were fellows of a different order. This is best shown by the careers—herein described—of two of the most remarkable professors of the cult: one a classical, the other, a modern exemplar, men of opposite aims and dispositions; one a

Brāhmaṇa and a ruthless exterminator, who warred against his enemies, the other, a Muslim and a benevolent exorcist, who exercised his influence over evil spirits to relieve the pains of suffering humanity.

Of the many manṭravādīs, or magicians, who flourished at that epoch, Surya Kalati Bhattathiri was the most distinguished. Like Merlin of old, the Mage at Arthur's Court, he was the most famous man of the time, and a past-master in Gramarye. As a forceful personality who carried on a war of extermination against the powers of the unseen world, he is celebrated throughout the length and breadth of Kerala. He sits enthroned in the midst of his court like a king. His claim to be considered *facile princeps* of Malayāli manṭravādīs, contemporaneous or other, is not disputed, but rests upon scores of performances which might be cited as instances of magical skill at its highest and best, performances beside which those of Michael Scott or Merlin are mere trifles. It is not exactly related of him :

That when, in Salamanca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave
The bells would ring in Notre-Dame ;

or that he could put forth "the charm of woven paces and of waving hands," but for all that, in his day, he was known to fame as a potent and courageous practitioner of the art, having no match or rival, and now shines firmly set among the fixed stars of the manṭravādī's heaven.

Surya Kalati was born in the village of Kumarnallore, in Kottayam, North Travancore. He came of a good and ancient Nambūḍri family, the scions of which are, to this day, venerated for their meek piety and

saintliness. The present head of the *illom*, or family, is an honoured guest at the Court of Travancore, his presence there being indispensable on certain state occasions. There is a weird and popular tradition which records the tragic end of Bhattathiri, father—a circumstance which tended, as it were, to preordain the career of his posthumous son. For it was surely not overweening ambition that stirred the imagination of Bhattathiri, the son, and which, in the crimson flush of the earliest summer of life, urged him on to the study of the Black Art.

One night (so runs the story) the Bhattathiri and a friend of his happened to pass along the *Yakshee Paramba* in Trichur. It was in those days a dreary piece of open waste-land, strangely contrasting with the quaint picturesqueness of the surrounding country-side, its grim sullenness only partially relieved, here and there, by rows of tall, dark *karimpanas*, or palms, silhouetted against the sky like a colonnade of granite pillars, each carved stem set in its leafy crown and base, and its green-gray fronds swaying in the gentle zephyr. To this day, people avoid this place at night, it being, according to popular superstition, the favourite resort of yakshees and their lovers, the gandharvas, the celestial nymphs and centaurs of Hindū mythology. The former are a sort of dryads or fairies. They roam about at nights in the guise of impossible young women, whose witching beauty is overpowering to frail mortal eyes. They are tall, *champakā* coloured, with flashing eyes, glistening teeth, and an opulent mass of dark raven tresses that hang down to the ground. They rarely venture abroad after dawn. All day long, they hide in grassy glade or wattled

woodland, assuming eerie enchanted forms. At night, they lurk in trees or pathways and attract travellers. But to falter or turn behind, or answer their call, spells death. The *gandharvas*—Southey's "glendoveers"—are a species of demons or demigods. They are the musicians of heaven, and like the *R̥shis* or Sages, are gifted with the power of pronouncing imprecations on mortals.

But to return to our story. The night is far advanced when the Bhattathiri and his friend approach the solitary and cheerless expanse, beloved of fairy folk, described above, and bethink them of seeking shelter for the night of the first passer-by. Suddenly, they find two damsels coming towards them, mystical paragons of beauty, who accost them, explain that they are returning after the *pooram*, or annual festival, then going on at a neighbouring temple, and with exceeding grace and naïveté, press them to pass the night under their roof. The travellers gratefully accept the proffered invitation, and accompany the fair strangers homeward. Like children at the heels of the mad piper they follow them and tread the primrose path of dalliance, allured by their sinister grace and sly voluptuous enticements. Presently they arrive in a magnificent house, are hospitably received and lodged in exquisitely furnished separate chambers. Then the tragedy begins. The travellers, careless and unsuspecting have all but closed their eyelids in sleep, when the harrowing truth is borne in upon them! The fair women are *yakshees*, and they have resumed their demoniacal forms! The grim irony of the situation makes their flesh creep. One of the *yakshees*—her unearthly figure "unhidden by any earthly disguise"—now approaches the Bhattathiri, and rapidly makes a meal

of him. Like the student who dances with the goddess in *Rosa Alchemica*, he experiences the chill sensation of the fairy "drinking up his soul" (and life-blood) "as an ox drinks up a wayside pool". But the other yakshee can do no harm to the Bhattathiri's companion for he holds in his hand a *grantha*, or palm-leaf book, sacred to Bhagavaṭī, viz., the *Devī Mahāṭmya*, or narrative of the exploits of Devī or Bhagavaṭī. This blessed preservative he religiously clings to and frantically clutches, as, through the slow-moving hours of the night, he hears a hideous din—the rattling and crunching of human bones. But imagine his feelings at day-break on finding himself resting on the topmost frond of a palm-tree, and—cruellest cut of all—the bones of his friend lying scattered underneath another palm-tree yonder.

Soon after, the Bhattathiri's widow gave birth to a son, the subject of this sketch. When the latter was eleven years of age, she related to him the strange story of his father's death. This so inflamed the young hopeful that he vowed eternal revenge on the whole host of yakshees and gandharvas; and like a sensible boy, he set about preparing for his life-task. As a Brahmachārin he prosecuted the study of the Vedas with diligence, and by the time he came to man's estate was an adept in Shāstraic lore and all manner of learning. Then he betook himself to a lonely forest and did incessant *tapas* (penance) there for a period of seven years. We may well conceive of a study of revenge overtaking and overriding his beautiful and unambitious soul—he who might otherwise have pursued the even tenor of his way, avoiding those wastes over which magicians wander lost, and die damned—now driving him like a

goad to wrest a moral victory from an almost impossible situation but, in the hour of victory, hurling him in the drag of a current which sweeps him on to the brink of eternal ruin. Moved by the rigour of the austerities practised by young Kalati, and pleased with his assiduity and devotion, Sūrya, the Sun-God, appeared one day before him in human form and handed him a *grantha*, or magic-book, which is to this day the greatest work extant on magic. The marked favour of the Sun-God explains the prefix "Sūrya" to the magician's name. Thus dawned "the hour for which the years did sigh".

To master the contents of the *grantha* was the work of a few days. Sūrya Bhattathiri put it to such very good use that he soon acquired the just reputation of being the greatest expert *manṭravādī*, or dealer in magic, of the time. Princes now courted his favour and none dared offend him. The next phase was the commencement of a mighty *homa*, or burnt sacrifice, with the avowed object of destroying the magician's sworn enemies, all manner of living things—frogs, lizards, scorpions and myriads of ants—being thrown into the holocaust. The fierceness and severity of the magical rite and the power of the incantations produced the desired effect. Yakshee after yakshee was compelled to pass before him into the fire, and last, but not least, the yakshee who had devoured his father. She begs hard for mercy, offering to serve him faithfully. But he would have none of her and makes her enter the sacrificial fire, and she is consumed. Then her *gandharva* lover, mortified at the loss of his beloved, turns up, most inconveniently, and curses the Brāhmaṇa magician to suffer death on the forty-first following

day. The tables are turned, the biter bit. The magician in his turn sues for mercy and the gandharva, more merciful than the Brāhmaṇa had been to the yakshee, extends it to him. On one condition, however, that on the forty-first day he would worship at the Alangat Tiruvalore temple, in expiation. Naturally, he goes to fulfil the condition and, preparatory to worshipping, descends into the temple tank to bathe. All at once he is seized with delirium and raves like a maniac, biting the wooden beams of the bathing shed. He dies, after enduring frightful agonies. The mark of his teeth are to be seen to this day! The tragic end of the magician's career serves to show how inexorable the influence of Fate is.

To cast out devils; to discover the cause of sickness and cure it; to avert the influence of the evil eye; to obtain, in short, benefits that are harmless, are the aims of white magic. Both forms of the art are based on the presumptuous claims of their professors to exercise their influence over supernatural forces. The agents through whom these ends—death and disaster or benefits to others—are accomplished, are evil spirits. They are pressed into service and made to execute the magician's behests by worship and propitiation, or by his employing occult force. In the case of human beings, hypnotism and suggestion brought to bear on their impressionable and superstitious minds may be the means employed to achieve the ends desired. But this explanation, surely, cannot apply to spirit forms.

Whatever the secret, Thodupushai Mandaipurath Usaka Ravathan wrought the ends he desired. He was a famous magician who died about forty-five years ago. He was a native of Travancore. While a young

man, he had a quarrel with his father who turned him out of hearth and home. So the young prodigal found himself one morning in the midst of a solitary wilderness, where he could get nothing to eat and had to starve all day. Thus exhausted, he fell asleep under a tree and, awaking at dusk, found himself in the presence of a venerable old man with a long grey beard. The young man went close up to the R̥ṣhi (for such was the old man) and found him absorbed in religious contemplation. The R̥ṣhi at last opened his eyes, and chanting his mantras, asked him what he wanted. The youth related his sad story and concluded with a prayer. He begged that he might be granted some boon which would enable him to earn a livelihood. The R̥ṣhi thereupon handed the youth a *grantha*, or book of cadjan leaves, and advised him to study it. He studied it to such good purpose that he became one of the most learned and famous mantravādīs (mantram-men) of his time.

Several authenticated stories of this magician's wonderful doings may be mentioned. He used to go about at nights in a palanquin with demons for bearers, whose eerie chant could be heard, but whose bodily presence was beyond the reach of mortal eye. Here are two genuine stories of his magical skill and power.

A Nair lady had several children, all of whom died in their infancy. Having heard of his great fame, she sought the magician's aid, inviting him down to her place. The Ravathan asked for a mud-pot, a fowl, some rice and pepper; and was at once furnished with these things. The fowl, rice and pepper he put into the mud-pot, closed it, and had it buried under the cot on which the woman slept. A portion of this rice and pepper was given to the lady and she was ordered to eat

some of it every morning. She, in due course, gave birth to a daughter who is now living!

Nair women, in their teens, as a rule, wear a *thakitu* or charm, as a protection against evil spirits. The Ravuthan was requested to prepare one for a Nair lady, the mother of a friend of mine who is a well-known member of the Madura Bar. Placing a small sheet of copper and an ordinary iron style in a wooden box, he closed it. He held in his hands two tender coco-nuts, which he kept throwing up and down, catching each, as often as it fell, in either hand. Presently a voice was heard inside the box like the winding of a clock. When the voice was heard a second time, the magician said: "Jal dhee" (Be quick). After a few minutes, a sound was heard as of the style falling. He now opened the box and found the copper sheet inscribed with magical figures and characters, as though done by a manṭravāḍī. The magician then handed over the *thakitu* to the lady who wears it round her neck to this day. The magician then asked the husband of the lady what he would like to have inside each of the young coco-nuts he held in his hands. "Honey in one and boiled milk in the other," said the gentleman, and accordingly the coco-nuts, on being broken open, were found, to his astonishment, to contain boiled milk and honey as desired. As a further test, a quantity of milk, on being leavened with buttermilk, was found to yield excellent curds the next morning.

Usaka Ravuthan was a successful worker in the art and amassed an immense fortune. His family even now owns elephants. His daughter's son, now living, is a bit of a magician himself. His principal vocation

is to make dumb people speak. This he does by means of a wand, once owned by his famous grandfather.

Mr. Bourdillon, late Conservator of Forests, Travancore, will be able to substantiate the above particulars and possibly adduce more detailed information and local colouring which, to the sceptical in such matters, must prove convincing. His predecessor, Mr. C. W. Vernede, knew the magician personally, as did Mr. C. P. Raman Pillai, late Assistant Conservator. These two gentlemen came to know the Ravuthan, as his family originally pursued the profession of timber merchants. I am indebted to a friend for the above information. My friend, being a son of the Assistant Conservator aforesaid, is in a position to vouch for the truth and accuracy of the incidents herein recorded. The Assistant Conservator was then in charge of the Malayatur Forest Range, and the Ravuthan magician, when turned adrift by his father, sought refuge in one of the hills constituting the Range, where he met the R̥shi.

The story of Surya Kalati Bhattathiri points to an obvious moral—namely, that only evil would result from the study and practice of the Black Art. Such old-world tales possess the great charm that in them we discover for ourselves an inner meaning and import of life. We irresistibly feel that the Bhattathiri's life spelt failure, that his wonderful powers, though they converged to one focus so as to impress us with his personality, did not somehow work smoothly together. As in Merlin's case, we see in his the strange story repeated :

Death in all life and lying in all love,
The meanest having power upon the highest,
And the high purpose broken by the worm.

But with this difference, that whereas the former comes to lie in the hollow oak "lost to life and use, and name and fame," the latter is not forgotten; for his voice, though hushed in the silence of the funeral pyre, yet speaketh with most miraculous organ.

U. B. Nair

THE UNDERCURRENT

By D. M. CODD

THE sea is a great drama! You must not look at it through the veil of continual thoughts, but let it hold you on its bosom in its own single thought. What thought is that? It is Drama! It is the thought of a great War, the conflict of elements and bodies, the dazzling structure of Life built upon remorseless destruction. Life is War; it is but a flint-spark, the offspring of a mighty friction. The signs of Life are light, heat, energy, and these are the products of opposing forces; when the forces cease, they cease also. What is there, then, but illusion, a spark from the flint and then darkness, a constant appearing and vanishing? When the conflict ceases, will Life not cease—that ephemeral gossamer structure, the dream of a million million days?

From the conflict of good and evil springs up Man. From matter flows a heavy sluggish river; from a clear lake, his spirit, flows another, swift, blue and

limpid; the two unite, and Man flows to the great sea. There are three scenes for Man in the great Drama, each the scene of a war. The first is for dominion, the war of strength; the second is for possessions, the war of knowledge; the third is the war of love. For matter has the quality of strength, whilst the spirit is love; and from the conflict of matter and spirit arises knowledge. Knowledge and Man are co-equals, and the end of Man's existence as Man is *to know*. There are two quotations, one from an eastern, and one from a western, Scripture, significant in this regard. Says *The Lord's Song*: "As Immemorial Man I think of Thee"; says the Holy One of the West: "And this is life eternal, that they should *know Thee* the only true God."

This then is the great drama enacted ceaselessly by the sea. Whenever you sit before it and listen with your heart, it will tell you the whole story. It will tell you of those great tides, the ebb and flow of which will bring a world into being while another dies; it will tell you how a wave is born and how, when it has thundered and blustered and spent itself in pride and exultation, it will go to sleep; and yet when each has broken, others come in proud succession, while little waves will creep along the shore, whispering a tenderer ditty. Thus, one after another, arise empires, dynasties and the great races; thus do religions and philosophies succeed each other, and thus the schools of art and music. Froth and foam—are we but that? Is Life but the spray thrown up in the light of the moon? Ask of the sea if it is but froth and foam and swirling eddies, for it knows the great secret.

The sea will answer thus: In my bosom stirs a mother's sorrow for her lost child; in my heart flutters

the first tremulous fear of parting lovers ; I hold the agony of a thousand battle-fields, the toil of a million cities ; I reflect a sky of blue and gold, and a heaven of thunders ; with pure kisses and the prayers of little children I bind around your shores. Yes, these are froth and foam, and waves that sleep and die—but whence ? and why ? Life is not random. One thing endures, one thing is true, immutable and perfect—it is the Plan. The Plan was formed in the undercurrent ere yet the worlds were born. The smiles of angels, the tears of mothers, the toil of man, the rise and fall of nations—all are true as they subserve the Plan. If song gives rapture, then rapture is in the Plan ; love dwells in kisses and love is part of the Plan ; sorrow and strife give strength, and the universe is established in strength. Nor the moment's worship of a rose, nor the merest vow breathed by love, nor the slightest effort towards attainment, but forward God's purpose. There is no future and no past, but only the great Present for ever and ever, and the Ever-Present One, the Former of the Plan, dwells in the undercurrent. Past and future, matter and spirit, and all forces that oppose each other, are illusions ; only Man, only Life, only Eternity, are in the undercurrent, and the conflict of illusions is to make manifest the eternal Truth.

D. M. Codd

A GOSPEL THAT IS NEW BUT NOT DISAPPOINTING¹

By ERNEST UDNY

The Gospel of the Holy Twelve is stated on the title-page to be "translated from the original Aramaic" and "issued by the Order of At-One-Ment". It bears no date, but must have been written after 1895. It contains, for a Gospel, most unexpected teachings—abstinence from flesh-eating and alcohol, kindness to animals, reincarnation and Karma, continence, and prayers for the dead, as will be shown by quotations.

The "Explanatory Preface" says that the book was :

..... communicated to the Editors, in numerous fragments at different times, by Emanuel Swedenborg, Anna Kingsford, Edward Maitland, and a priest of a former century giving his name as Placidus, of the Franciscan Order, afterwards a Carmelite. By them it was translated from the original, and given to the Editors in the flesh, to be supplemented in the proper places, where indicated, from the Four Gospels (the Authorised Version), revised where necessary by the same "four persons". To this explanation the Editors cannot add, nor from it take away. By the Divine Spirit was the Gospel communicated to the four above-mentioned, and by them translated, and given to the writers; not in seance rooms (where too often resort the idle, the frivolous, and the curious, attracting spirits similar to themselves, rather than the good) but in "dreams and visions of the night,"² and by direct guidance, has God instructed them (the Editors) by chosen instruments; and now they give it to the world, that some may be wiser unto salvation, while those who reject it remain in their blindness till they *will* to see.

Though not necessarily accepting the statement—"by direct guidance has God instructed them,"—one may be prepared to admit the truth of the words immediately following,—"by chosen instruments". The acceptance, or otherwise, of the latter statement will for many depend on their own conclusions

¹ To be obtained only from the compiler's widow—Mrs. Ouseley, S. Aubyn's Villa, S. Aubyn's Road, Portslade-on-Sea, Brighton. 5s. 4d. postage included.

² In dreams and visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, then doth the All-Wise open their ears, and send to them instruction. *Book of Job*.

as to the value of the matter communicated. To give specimens of that, so that every one may judge for himself, is the object of the present article.

To those who may be impressed with the value of the matter, it is suggested that the Christ may, with a knowledge of the Dark Ages that were impending, have deliberately withdrawn this Gospel, as being too spiritual for acceptance during such a period, and may now have restored it because the work of the Theosophical Society, and the growing illumination of men's minds, have rendered the understanding of it once more possible. But, be that as it may, the account given by the Editors of the long disappearance of the document may also be perfectly correct. With this Gospel in one's hands, it is not difficult to see how the orthodox documents have suffered in course of time from the hands of corrupters, whose habits and practices probably did not conform to the teachings.

This Gospel, says the Preface, "is one of the most ancient and complete of the early Christian fragments, preserved in one of the monasteries of the Buddhist monks in Tibet, where it was hidden by some of the Essene community from the hands of the corrupters; and it is now for the first time translated from the Aramaic".

There is one very interesting teaching which runs all through the book, namely, the Father-Motherhood of God. This will be the more welcome at the present time when the lost notion of the importance of the feminine half of humanity is being extensively revived.

And one of them [that is of the disciples] said, Master, it is written of old, The Alohim made man in their own image, male and female created They them. How sayest thou then that God is One? And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, in God there is neither male nor female; and yet both are one, and God is the Two in One. He is She and She is He. The Alohim—our God—is Perfect, Infinite, and One. As in the man, the Father is manifest, and the Mother is hidden; so in the woman the Mother is manifest, and the Father hidden. Therefore shall the name of the Father and the Mother be equally hallowed, for they are the great powers of God, and the one is not without the other in the One God Adore ye God, above you, beneath you, on the right hand, on the left hand, before you, behind you, within you, around you. Verily there is but one God, who is All in All, and in whom all things do consist, the fount of all Life and all Substance, without beginning and without end. The things which are seen and pass away, are the manifestations of the unseen which are eternal, that from the visible things of nature ye may reach to the invisible things of the Godhead; and by that which is natural, attain to that which is spiritual. Verily the Alohim created man in the divine image, male and female, and all nature is in the image of God;

therefore is God both male and female, not divided, but the Two in One, Un divided and Eternal, by whom and in whom are all things, visible and invisible. From the Eternal they flow, to the Eternal they return. The spirit to Spirit, soul to Soul, mind to Mind, sense to Sense, life to Life, form to Form, dust to Dust. In the beginning God willed and there came forth the beloved Son, the Divine Love, and the beloved Daughter, the holy Wisdom, equally proceeding from the One Eternal Fount; and of these are the generations of the Spirits of God, the Sons and Daughters of the Eternal. And These descend to earth, and dwell with men and teach them the ways of God, to love the laws of the Eternal and obey them, that in them they may find salvation. Many nations have seen Their day. Under divers names have They been revealed to them, and they have rejoiced in Their light; and even now They come again unto you, but Israel receiveth Them not. Verily I say unto you, my twelve whom I have chosen, that which hath been taught by them of old time is true—though corrupted by the foolish imaginations of men.—lxiv, p. 105.

It is evident that the Christ clearly foresaw the corruption which His teachings would undergo, for He says to His disciples:

There shall arise after you men of perverse minds who shall, through ignorance or through craft, suppress many things which I have spoken unto you and lay to me things which I never taught, sowing tares among the good wheat which I have given you to sow in the world.—xliv, p. 70.

And He may even have been referring to the reissue in the distant future of the very Gospel which we are now considering; for He goes on to say in the next verse:

Then shall the truth of God endure the contradiction of sinners, for thus hath it been, and thus it will be. But the time cometh when the things which they have hidden shall be revealed and made known, and the truth shall make free those which were bound.

If this passage had escaped the hands of the corrupters, we should never have had the strange notion of the "literal inspiration" of the scriptures as we have them. He further says:

Believe ye not that any man is wholly without error, for even among the prophets, and those who have been initiated into the Christhood, the word of error has been found. But there are a multitude of errors which are covered by love.—lxix, p. 114.

The Founder of the Buddhist religion gave a somewhat similar warning, namely, that a statement was not to be accepted as necessarily true, simply because it was made by any person or found in any book.

Instances will now be given of the special teachings in this book on: 1. Flesh-eating. 2. Alcohol. 3. Kindness to animals. 4. Reincarnation. 5. The Law of Karma. 6. Continence. 7. Prayers for the dead.

1. As to flesh-eating.

It came to pass one day, as Jesus had finished his discourse, in a place near Tiberias where there are seven wells, a certain young man brought live rabbits and pigeons, that he might have to eat with his disciples. And

Jesus looked on the young man with love and said to him, Thou hast a good heart and God shall give thee light, but knowest thou not that God in the beginning gave to man the fruits of the earth for food, and did not make him lower than the ape, or the ox, or the horse, or the sheep, that he should kill and eat the flesh and blood of his fellow-creatures. Ye believe that Moses indeed commanded such creatures to be slain and offered in sacrifice and eaten, and so do ye in the Temple, but behold a greater than Moses is here, and he cometh to put away the bloody sacrifices of the law, and the feasts on them, and to restore to you the pure oblation and unbloody sacrifice as in the beginning, even the grains and fruits of the earth. Of that which ye offer unto God in purity shall ye eat, but of that kind which ye offer not in purity shall ye not eat, for the hour cometh when your sacrifices and feasts of blood shall cease, and ye shall worship God with a holy worship and a pure oblation. Let these creatures therefore go free, that they may rejoice in God and bring no guilt to man. And the young man set them free, and Jesus brake their cages and their bonds. But lo, they feared lest they should again be taken captive, and they went not away from him; but he dismissed them, and they obeyed his word, and departed in gladness.—xxviii, p. 45.

It is noticeable that in the miracle of “the loaves and fishes,” the food given to the multitude was really loaves and clusters of grapes (xxix, p. 47).

2. As to alcohol. In ordaining a ceremony of “Presentation”, not exactly of Baptism, which is mentioned separately, our Lord is as emphatic against the taking of strong drink as He is against hunting or hurting the innocent creatures “which God hath given into the hands of man to protect”.

Let the infant of eight days be presented unto the Father-Mother who is in heaven, with prayer and thanksgiving, and let a name be given to it by its parents, and let the presbyter sprinkle pure water upon it, according to that which is written in the Prophets, and let its parents see to it that it is brought up in the ways of righteousness, neither eating flesh, nor drinking strong drink, nor hurting the creatures which God hath given into the hands of man to protect. Again one said unto him, Master, how wilt thou when they grow up? And Jesus said, After seven years, or when they begin to know the evil from the good, and learn to choose the good, let them come unto me and receive the blessing at the hands of the presbyter or the angel [? messenger] of the Church, with prayer and thanksgiving, and let them be admonished to keep from flesh-eating and strong drink, and from hunting the innocent creatures of God; for shall they be lower than the horse or the sheep, to whom these things are against nature? And again he [the same questioner] said, If there come to us any that eat flesh and drink strong drink, shall we receive them? And Jesus said unto him, Let such abide in the outer court till they cleanse themselves from these grosser evils; for till they perceive, and repent of these, they are not fit to receive the higher mysteries.—xci, p. 153.

3. Kindness to animals. In one of the so-called Apocryphal Gospels, which differ from the ordinary ones but seem in no way superior to them, there is a story, if I remember right, of Jesus having fashioned sparrows of clay, and then, by a miracle, caused them to fly. That story is probably an unintelligent version of the following, which shows His love for the birds.

And on a certain day the child Jesus came to a place where a snare had been set for birds, and there were some boys there. And Jesus said to them, Who hath set this snare for the innocent creatures of God? Behold in a snare shall they in like manner be caught. And he beheld twelve sparrows as it were dead. And he moved his hands over them, and said to them, Go, fly away, and while ye live remember me. And they arose and flew away, making a noise. And the Jews, seeing this, were astonished and told it unto the priests.—vi, p. 11.

The whole story, and especially the exhortation to the sparrows, "while ye live remember me," is strongly reminiscent of the story of S. Francis of Assisi's preaching to the birds, and shows that in this matter he was but following his Lord.

On another occasion, Jesus not only rebukes cruelty to an animal, but also paralyzes the arm of one of the perpetrators who is defiant:

As Jesus passed through a certain village, he saw a crowd of idlers of the baser sort, and they were tormenting a cat which they had found, and shamefully treating it. And Jesus commanded them to desist, and began to reason with them, but they would have none of his words, and reviled him. Then he made a whip of knotted cords and drove them away, saying, This earth which my Father-Mother made for joy and gladness, ye have made into the lowest hell with your deeds of violence and cruelty. And they fled before his face. But one more vile than the rest returned and defied him. And Jesus put forth his hand, and the young man's arm withered, and great fear came upon all; and one said, He is a sorcerer. And next day the mother of the young man came unto Jesus, praying that he would restore the withered arm. And Jesus spake unto him of the law of love, and the unity of all life in the one family of God. And he also said, As ye do in this life to your fellow-creatures, so shall it be done to you in the life to come. And the young man believed and confessed his sins, and Jesus stretched forth his hand, and his withered arm became whole even as the other. And the people glorified God who had given such power unto man.—xxiv, p. 37.

Once He protects a fierce creature:

And on a certain day, as he was passing by a mountain-side nigh unto the desert, there met him a lion, and many men were pursuing him with stones and javelins to slay him. But Jesus rebuked them, saying, Why hunt ye these creatures of God, which are more noble than you? By the cruelties of many generations they were made the enemies of man, who should have been his friends. If the power of God is shown in them, so also is shown His long-suffering and compassion. Cease ye to persecute this creature who desireth not to harm you. See ye not how he fleeth from you, and is terrified by your violence? And the lion came and lay at the feet of Jesus and showed love to Him, and the people were astonished and said, Lo, this man loveth all creatures and hath power to command even these beasts from the desert, and they obey him.—xi, p. 13.

What the Christ's attitude would have been on the modern question of vivisection is unmistakably shown in the following:

And some of his disciples came and told him of a certain Egyptian, a son of Belial, who taught that it was lawful to torment animals, if their sufferings brought any profit to man. And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you,

they who partake of benefits which are gotten by wronging one of God's creatures, cannot be righteous; nor can they touch holy things, nor teach the mysteries of the Kingdom, whose hands are stained with blood, or whose mouths are defiled with flesh. God giveth the grains and the fruits of the earth for food; and for righteous men truly there is no other lawful sustenance for the body. The robber who breaketh into the house made by man is guilty, but they who break into the house made by God, even the least of these, are the greater sinners. Wherefore I say unto all who desire to be my disciples, Keep your hands from bloodshed and let no flesh meat enter your mouths, for God is just and bountiful, who ordaineth that man shall live by the fruits and seeds of the earth alone. But if any animal suffer greatly, and if its life be a misery unto it, or if it be dangerous to you, release it from its life quickly, and with as little pain as you can. Send it forth in love and mercy, but torment it not, and God the Father-Mother will show mercy unto you, as ye have shown mercy unto those given into your hands. And whatsoever ye do unto the least of these my children, ye do it unto me. For I am in them and they are in me. Yea, I am in all creatures and all creatures are in me. In all their joys I rejoice, in all their afflictions I am afflicted. Wherefore I say unto you, Be ye kind one to another, and to all the creatures of God.—xxviii, p. 60.

Our Lord's view of the killing of animals for amusement—miscalled sport—is well shown in the following anecdote :

And as Jesus was going with some of his disciples, he met with a certain man who trained dogs to hunt other creatures. And he said to the man, why doest thou thus? And the man said, By this I live, and what profit is there to any man in these creatures? These creatures are weak, but the dogs they are strong. And Jesus said, Thou lackest wisdom and love. Lo, every creature which God hath made hath its end and purpose, and who can say what good is there in it? or what profit to thyself or mankind? And for thy living, behold the fields yielding their increase, and the fruit-bearing trees and the herbs; what needest thou more than these which honest work of thy hands will not give thee? Woe to the strong, who misuse their strength. Woe to the crafty, who hurt the creatures of God. Woe to the hunters, for they shall be hunted. And the man marvelled, and left off training the dogs to hunt, and taught them to save life rather than destroy. And he learned of the doctrines of Jesus and became his disciple.—xiv, p. 24.

4. As to reincarnation. In the following passage, the expression, "the dead who die in me," evidently does not refer to the death of the body, for he goes on to describe them as having "overcome evil" and been "made pillars in the temple of my God". Also the expressions, "they that have done evil" and "they that have done good," evidently do not refer merely to people who have led what are generally considered good or bad lives, but signify mystically people who have not yet been "made perfect in my image and likeness" (that is, have not yet at-oned their wills with that of the Supreme, and become consciously united with Him) and people who have already reached that lofty stage of evolution. The passage runs :

I am the resurrection and the life, I am the Good, the Beautiful, the True; if a man believe in me he shall not die, but live eternally. As in Adam all die, so in the Christ shall all be made alive. Blessed are the dead

who die in me, and are made perfect in my image and likeness, for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them. They have overcome evil, and are made pillars in the temple of my God, and they go out no more, for they rest in the Eternal.—lxix, p. 113.

The whole passage is mystical; the words, "go out and in" apparently refer to going out of the rest of the heaven-world into incarnation in the physical body, and returning to the higher world; while "they go out no more" means that they "rest in the Eternal," *i.e.*, have attained salvation, or liberation from the round of births and deaths. They may, and often do, still take many births into the physical body for service, but that fact in no way interferes with their perfect enjoyment of "the Great Peace". They "rest in the Eternal"; the unutterable splendours of the nirvānic plane are directly cognized by them without even leaving the physical body, and no event that can possibly happen can in any way disturb their dignified serenity.

Our Lord continues :

For them that have done evil there is no rest, but they go out and in and suffer correction for ages, till they are made perfect. But for them that have done good and attained unto perfection, there is endless rest, and they go into life everlasting. They rest in the Eternal. Over them the repeated death and birth have no power, for them the wheel of the Eternal revolves no more, for they have attained unto the Centre, where is eternal rest, and the Centre of all things is God.

Here is another beautiful passage on reincarnation :

Verily I say unto you, there is no death to those that believe in the life to come. Death, as ye deemed it, is the door to life, and the grave is the gate to resurrection, for those who believe and obey. Mourn ye not, nor weep for them that have left you, but rather rejoice for their entrance into life. As all creatures come forth from the unseen into this world, so they return to the unseen, and so will they come again till they be purified. Let the bodies of them that depart be committed to the elements; and the Father-Mother, who reneweth all things, shall give the angels charge over them; and let the presbyter pray that their bodies may rest in peace, and their souls awake to a joyful resurrection. There is a resurrection from the body, and there is a resurrection in the body. There is a raising out of the life of the flesh. Let prayer be made for those who are gone before, and for those who are alive, and for those who are yet to come, for all are one family in God. In God they live and move and have their being. The body that ye lay in the grave, or that is consumed by fire, is not the body that shall be, but they who come shall receive other bodies, yet their own; and as they have sown in one life, so shall they reap in another. Blessed are they who suffer wrong in this life, for they shall have greater joy in the life to come. Blessed are they who have worked righteousness in this life, for they shall receive the crown of life.—xciv, p. 158.

5. As to the Law of Karma, or Doing, which is the other half of the teaching of reincarnation, and means that all which

befalls us of joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain, is simply the result of our own doing, in the same or a previous birth. This teaching is clearly given :

And another spake saying, Master, if one have committed sin, can a man remit or retain his sin? And Jesus said, God forgiveth all sin to those who repent; but as ye sow, so also must ye reap. Neither God nor man can remit the sins of those who repent not nor forsake their sins, nor yet retain the sins of those who forsake them. But if one, being in the Spirit, seeth clearly that any repent and forsake their sins, such may truly say unto the penitent, Thy sins are forgiven thee for all sin is remitted by repentance and amendment, and they are loosed from it who forsake it, and bound to it who continue it. Nevertheless the fruits of the sin must continue for a season, for as we sow so must we also reap, for God is not mocked, and they who sow to the flesh shall reap corruption, they who sow to the spirit shall reap life everlasting. Wherefore if any forsake their sins and confess them, let the presbyter say unto such in this wise, May God forgive thy sins, and bring thee to everlasting life. All sin against God is forgiven by God, and sin against man by man.—xciii, p. 156.

In this passage it is interesting to observe the insistence on the fact that as we sow so must we also reap, and also that the result of God's forgiveness is not in the least to let us off the results of our evil deeds, but to bring us to everlasting life, after we have endured those results.

6. As to continence. Our Lord says :

Marriage should be between one man and one woman, who by perfect love and perfect sympathy are united, and that while love and life do last, howbeit in perfect freedom. But let them see to it that they have perfect health, and that they truly love each other in all purity, and not for worldly advantage only, and then let them plight their troth one to another before witnesses. . . . Then, holding their hands together, let him [the angel or presbyter] say to them in this wise, Be ye two in one; blessed be the holy union; you whom God doth join together let no man put asunder, so long as life and love do last.—xcii, p. 154.

There is here, it will be noticed, no absolute bar, as in the received version, to divorce. It was necessary to give this passage in order to make the rest intelligible, but it is the following sentences which contain the reference to continence :

And if they bear children, let them do so with discretion and prudence, according to their ability to maintain them. Nevertheless, to those who would be perfect, and to whom it is given, I say, Let them be as the angels of God in heaven, who neither marry nor are given in marriage, nor have children, nor care for the morrow, but are free from bonds, even as I am, and keep and store up the power of God within, for their ministry and for works of healing, even as I have done. But the many cannot receive this saying, only they to whom it is given.

On this subject of continence, there is another interesting passage, consisting of the addition of a fourth to the familiar three temptations :

Then the devil placeth before him a woman, of exceeding beauty and comeliness, and of a subtle wit and a ready understanding withal, and said

unto him, Take her as thou wilt, for her desire is unto thee, and thou shalt have love and happiness and comfort all thy life, and see thy children's children; yea, is it not written, It is not good for man that he should be alone? And Jesu-Maria said, Get thee behind me, for it is written, Be not led away by the beauty of woman, yea, all flesh is as grass and the flower of the field; the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth away; but the word of the Eternal endureth for ever. My work is to teach and to heal the children of men, and he that is born of God keepeth his seed within him.—ix, p. 17.

7. As to prayers for the dead. These are enjoined by the Master when prescribing how the "Holy Oblation" is to be offered. It is necessary to give the whole passage:

And another asked him saying, Master, in what manner shall we offer the holy oblation? And Jesus answered saying, The oblation which God loveth in secret is a pure heart. But for a memorial of worship offer ye unleavened bread, mingled wine, oil and incense. When ye come together in one place to offer the holy oblation, the lamps being lighted, let him who presideth, even the angel of the church or the presbyter, having clean hands and a pure heart, take from the things offered, unleavened bread, and mingled wine, with incense. And let him give thanks over them and bless them, calling upon the Father-Mother in heaven to send their Holy Spirit that it may come upon them, and make them to be the Body and Blood, even the substance and life of the Eternal, which is ever being broken and shed for all. And let him lift it up toward heaven and pray for all, even for those who are gone before, for those who are yet alive, and for those who are yet to come. As I have taught you, so pray ye, etc.—xcii, p. 155.

Here we have an instruction to pray, not only for those who have passed out of the body, but also for those who are on their way into it, presumably children yet unborn.

Among others, Chapter XC, page 151, entitled "What is Truth?" seems particularly new and beautiful. The following is a brief extract from it:

As ye keep the holy law of love, which I have given unto you, so shall the truth be revealed more and more unto you. . . . Whoso keepeth the holy law which I have given, the same shall save their souls, however differently they may see the truths which I have given. . . . Many shall say unto me, Lord, Lord, we have been zealous for thy Truth. But I shall say unto them, Nay, but that others may see as ye see, and none other truth beside. Faith without charity is dead. Love is the fulfilling of the Law. How shall faith in what they receive profit them that hold it in unrighteousness? They who have love have all things, and without love there is nothing worth. Let each hold what they see to be the truth in love, knowing that where love is not truth is a dead letter and profiteth nothing. . . . For Truth is the Might of God, and shall prevail in the end over all errors. But the holy law which I have given is plain for all, and just and good. Let all observe it for the salvation of their souls.

In the chapter entitled "Jesus rebukes Peter for his haste," a difficulty which exists in the received version is cleared away; for we have here the true story of the cursing of the fig-tree, namely, that it was Peter who cursed the tree, and that Christ pointed out to him that it was not yet the time for

figs, and took occasion from his rashness in this matter to foretell :

Verily, Peter, I say unto thee, one of my twelve will deny me thrice in his fear and anger with curses, and swear that he knows me not, and the rest will forsake me for a season.—lxx, p. 115.

Our Lord spares St. Peter by not saying who it will be.

There must be large numbers of Christians of all denominations in the Christian Churches throughout the world, who are sufficiently broad-minded to be drawn to Theosophic truths, but who would find it much easier to accept them from a new and uncorrupted Gospel having so much in common with those already familiar to them.

A short but interesting life of the Rev. G. J. Ouseley, reprinted as a leaflet from *Men of the Day*, states that he was the founder of the "Order of At-one-ment," by which this book was issued. Born in 1835, he was ordained as an Anglican in 1861, was received as a priest of the Catholic Apostolic Church in 1870, and finally joined the Roman Catholic Church as a layman in 1894. He was one of the early members of the Theosophical Society and of the E. S. The Order of At-one-ment was founded "with the object of spreading the higher teaching as given by Edward Maitland and Dr. Anna Kingsford, with whom he remained in all his important work until, before their decease, they had issued their *opus magnum*—*The Perfect Way and Finding of Christ*". It was quite natural, therefore, that they should continue to communicate with him, if they were able, after death.

The world has moved since the World-Teacher came two thousand years ago, and it may be that at His coming again—now expected by so many—He will tell us many things which were not said then ; but of this much we may be reasonably sure, that He will not fail to repeat teachings such as these, which have disappeared from the Gospels, and are as much needed now as then. And, if we wish to "make His Paths smooth" by familiarising men's minds, as far as possible, with the teachings He will give, we cannot do better than try to secure for this book the publicity it well deserves.

Ernest Udny

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR
NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Many of your readers must have read with considerable regret the letter printed under the forgoing title in the issue of THE THEOSOPHIST for March. It is melancholy in the sense that it conveys an impression of the utter failure which the writer has met in attempting to adjust his ideas of what a President of the T. S. should do to what he sees done. There would be no need to recall the note and content of this communication, except that it creates a wrong impression about the Editorial and Presidential policy, and does so in language that is far from temperate.

In the "Watch-Tower" notes in the September number the Editor says: "I shall in future confine THE THEOSOPHIST and the *Bulletin* to the three defined Objects of the T. S., including, in these, articles on general political and social topics, which come under 'Brotherhood,' and are not essentially national—I mean subjects on which nationality will not influence the point of view taken. There is a World-Politic and a World-Sociology."

Mr. Prentice seems to hold that this assurance has been forgotten in the November number. It is quite possible for our President-Editor to forget, I presume, for she is, after all, an extremely busy and overworked person. But the November notes in question seem to me to have been written with this specific fragment of policy in mind, for a very high note indeed is struck—and, incidentally, a most extraordinary example of the writer's eloquence is recorded. We should not forget that the *whole* world is with the cause of the Allies; the Dual Alliance is obviously to be excepted, and even here peace may reveal in Austria and Germany much dissent from this War policy. On this account the November notes are in accord with an international sympathy and the Editor's declared policy.

Mr. Prentice demands "that Theosophy should be kept above the dust of conflict, to be ready to do its great work of rebuilding when the present hideousness of life is swept away". Suppose that we, as members of the Society, stood aside; and suppose that Germany over-ran Europe. Then what would there be to rebuild with? With Europe in the hands of the German army the work of the Theosophical Society would have little opportunity to be "splendid". One gathers that Mr. Prentice is loyally doing his share toward helping Britain in this War; but he would have Theosophy, his theory of life, kept out of it. We have to crush Germany, he says in effect, but we will think of something else and talk of other things. It is far more difficult to see reason in this than in the certainly genuine and whole-hearted attitude of the Editor whom he criticises.

War, as Mr. Prentice rightly says, is after all a great instrument in the hands of the Guardians of Humanity; some of us, I would add, are happy to have speaking freely and plainly to us, in this awful darkness before the Dawn, one whom we hold to be somewhat in touch, however nearly or distantly, with these Guardians, some one who can warn us that They perceive that the struggle will be close and wearing; and who can yet assure us that the Day will bring not sultry oppression, but a cleared and free atmosphere.

Surely it is the feeling of a generous number of the members of the Society that the publication in THE THEOSOPHIST of a letter in language such as Mr. Prentice uses gives needless offence. Surely to call down upon the venerable head of a woman who has given her life in good works for humanity the imaginary retribution that Karma will visit upon her; to call her a betrayer; to seek to class her with a power-drunk and irresponsible monarch—surely this is infinitely further from the Spirit of Theosophy than the lofty eloquence which he has read so strangely and withal so little understood. One is moved to hope that future "rebukes" will continue to be tactful, even at the cost of twenty-eight precious pages of our war-attenuated official organ.

Colombo, Ceylon

FRITZ KUNZ

REVIEWS

Myths of the Hindūs and Buddhists, by The Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble), and Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. (George G. Harrap & Co., London. Price 15s. net.)

It is a stout volume of 400 pages. It was begun by the Sister Nivedita but completed by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy owing to her death. Two-thirds of the whole volume we therefore owe to the latter writer. It contains the stories of the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata* in brief, of Kṛṣṇa and Buddha besides a number taken from the Purāṇas. The latter include, amongst others, stories of Siva, Sāvitrī, Dhruva, Mānasa Devī, Nachikētas, Nala and Damayanṭī, and a number of small notes on interesting topics.

Sister Nivedita is known chiefly by her book, *The Web of Indian Life*. Pupils of Indian schools know her best by her *Cradle Tales of Hindūism*. Mr. A. K. Coomaraswamy is known for his keen appreciation of Indian Art. It is clearly seen how much he admires art for, in the volume before us, we find thirty-two illustrations in colour furnished by Indian artists under the supervision of Mr. Abanindro Nath Tagore, C.I.E. If the stories were written for no other purpose than to explain the illustrations, they would have served a very useful end; but, if the object were to educate the young in the ancient traditions of the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata*, readers who are familiar with Mrs. Besant's story of Rāmachandra and of the Great War, find therein a better treatment showing a fuller grasp of Hindū ideals. If the writers had, therefore, given more time to other writings and Purāṇas, the reading public would have derived greater benefit. The volume, however, is written in a pure and simple style, though the prohibitive cost places it beyond the reach of the vast majority of Indians, and makes it possible only for libraries

to purchase it. Especially its coloured illustrations are admirable; while not one of them yields to the rest in art, we may instance notably those of Buddha the Mendicant, Mānasa Devī, Garuda and Kālī.

The volume opens with a short statement of the peculiarities of Indian civilisation and the two great epics of India. In India is preserved the continuity of civilisation. Any break in the history of the civilisation of a country leaves a gap that cannot be filled up; but here the history of thought can be traced, with ample materials available even in legends and traditions. Other nations, in their own days of glory and power, produced immortal epics like Homer's. While those epics have ceased to exercise any influence on the daily life of the Greeks, the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata* mould the life and thought of India down to the present time. They show how on primitive thoughts of earlier ages have been grafted the advancing ones of gigantic intellects. In the stories of Garuda and Hanūmān, for example, the sympathy of man with bird and beast is preserved; but, at the same time, they become significant by their associations with Divinity. It is because of the continued influence of Valmiki that it has been said that no one can be called a good Indian citizen who has not read his *Rāmāyaṇa*. The same remark applies with no less force to the *Mahābhārata*—a cyclopædia of information in all directions of human activity and a store-house of ancient tradition.

While the stories are admirably told, we cannot help remarking that, even in a condensed treatment, it is possible to bring out the essence. In the *Rāmāyaṇa* story of Kākāsura, or the Crow-Asura, it is not difficult to bring out the central lesson that Rāma, owing to Siṭā's grace, saved the Asura's life by making him blind in one eye to show that Rāma took Vibhīshana from the camp of the enemy under his protection. The importance of the devotee's self-surrender, as in the case of Vibhīshana, might have been very well shown, so as to bring out the full force of the oft quoted shloka in which Rāma says :

If any being surrendering unto me, states once that he seeks me, it is my Vraṭa, my deliberate act of will, to hold out protection to all.

Even in the case of the *Mahābhārata*, it is not clearly shown how the plans of the God are worked out in the

Great War and how the wholesale slaughter of the warrior-caste opened India to foreign invasion, and through apparent evil, to the advantages of research by foreign scholars and led to the diffusion of Indian thought among the enlightened nations of the West.

The various moral truths impressed on us in the course of reading the subject-matter of the two epics need not be treated of here for the simple reason that the volume itself pre-supposes the knowledge thereof by every educated man.

Readers in the East and the West are familiar with the life of Buddha as told in Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, *The Light of Asia*. In forty pages of the volume before us is given the same story, but in them there is nothing like the imaginative sympathy that we feel in reading the poem. While the main points in the Buddha's life that can be gathered from traditions and from Jātakas, or the history of previous births, have found their proper place, the most touching part of it that refers to Buddha's reception by his father in Kapilavaṣṭu has received but a passing notice. Buddha shuns the pathway beautifully adorned and receives coolly that which his father weeps over when regretting a prince's mendicancy, but patiently waits to teach The Law. The way in which the father's grief, as well as that of the Buddha's wife, is overcome may be better depicted than it has been in this volume.

The Life of Shri Kṛṣṇa is briefly given from the *Bhāgavata-Purāna* and other works. It is apparent in different parts of the volume that the writer is capable of giving the inner meanings of the stories; yet, when Shri Kṛṣṇa's passing away from the earthly scene is said to have been caused by a hunter fancying him to be a deer and aiming his arrow at him, the connection between the stories of Rāma and Kṛṣṇa is not shown in such a manner as to show the working of the Law of Karma. In the Rāma Avatār, he unjustly kills Vāli the brother of Sugriva. In the Kṛṣṇa Avatār, he consents to abide by the Law and receives the death-stroke at the hands of the hunter. The great glory of Hindū sacred writings is the exposition of the same undercurrent of thought and feeling, though it appears in many forms. The *Rāmāyana*, the *Mahābhārata* and the *Bhāgavata* are the most splendid instances. The Law of Karma finds its place in all of them

and the working of it is exemplified in the most admirable manner in Kṛṣṇa's death. A matter of such importance deserves far greater recognition than is accorded it in this work.

The opening paragraph of this review mentioned other stories contained therein. Amongst them are some in which the inner philosophical significance is noticeable. Three may be specially referred to and we may more appropriately quote the writer.

(1) The dance itself [of Siva] represents the activity of Siva as the source of all movement within the universe, and especially his five acts, creation, preservation, destruction, embodiment and release; its purpose is to release the souls of men from illusion.

(2) The story of Gaja Indra or the Prince-Elephant calling aloud on Adimulam, or the Source, for help when the crocodile tries to put an end to its life is well known. Viṣṇu comes out to save.

The elephant of the story stands for the typical human soul of our age excited by desires; given over too much to sensual pleasure, the demon would have carried him away he knew not where. There was no salvation for him until he called on Viṣṇu, who speedily saves all those who call upon him with devotion.

(3) Mānasa Devi, the Goddess of Snakes is the daughter of Siva by a mortal. Pārvaṭy, Siva's wife, sends her to the earth. Then the former wants to make herself worshipped. But Chānd Sarāda, is bent upon worshipping Siva alone. In spite of many difficulties to which the Devi subjects him, he does not consent to worship her but yields at the end.

The legend... reflects the conflict between the religion of Siva and that of feminine local deities in Bengal... She is a phase of the mother-divinity who for so many worshippers is nearer and dearer than the far-off and impersonal Siva...

The volume closes with "A Summary of Indian Theology" in the last ten pages. It is intended to show how the various stories exemplify its principles. Any earnest reader will do well to go through the work and see for himself how far the summary is useful. The performance is, on the whole, creditable and worthy of the good name already acquired by the writers.

S. R. C.

A Theory of Civilisation, by Sholto O. G. Douglas. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 5s. net.)

The title page clearly defines the contents of the book, which is divided into two parts. In the first part Mr. Douglas

gives his theory of civilisation and the arguments supporting it drawn from those civilisations, dating from Ancient Greece, of which we have the more reliable historical data. The second part discusses the religious doctrines of Ancient Egypt, Mexico and Peru, of Buddhism, Islâm and Confucianism ; in connection with this theory and the reason why, in some cases, the support they give to it is apparently weak.

As a theory the author's view is interesting though not distinctly novel ; but whether it may be taken as anything more than another illustration of the psychological limitations of speculative science will depend upon the outlook of the reader, for the point of view is, in the author's own words, "the materialistic evolutionary view" and the theory is based upon biological science.

The theory is briefly this. With the dawn of intelligence in animal-man fear of the Unseen awakens. The conduct of the individual is influenced thereby. Herein lies the primitive *psychic illusion* which is the origin of all later civilising impulsion. The influence of the thoughts arising out of this psychic illusion affects conduct in a direction which may be either that which we have later come to regard as superior or it may be affected to the contrary. According to our author, the spirit of evolution (whatever that may mean to the materialist) selects the particular variation of psychic illusion which furthers the evolution of the community and which will lead to the highest possible intellectuality.

While this illusion dominates the community, the intellectual power of the people grows and the civilisation prospers, but when that intellectual power outgrows belief in the psychic illusion or religion, then the civilisation decays. The people return to the more savage state though not to the same level from which they started. A new psychic illusion must arise ; and in order that it may be accepted, intellectual power must decline ; but it does not fade out altogether ; it remains as a potential seed in the brains of the people until, with the growth of a new illusion, it springs into renewed life and the speed of evolution is quickened because a path of less resistance has been worn by the preceding civilisation.

Altruistic irrationality is born of illusion, not of reason, and faith, not intellectual culture, is the inspiration of grandly

irrational actions. Hence Mr. Douglas argues that while intellectual vigour is the aim of evolution, faith is the motive power.

Certain lesser theories are advanced as serving to illustrate the main one. Amongst them is this: polytheistic religions foster the arts in the nations inspired by them, monotheistic religions, the sciences.

There are some interesting points raised in connection with the psychic illusion of Christianity and the question is asked: Are we on the downward slope of disillusion and, if so, whence can we expect the new illusion which will inaugurate the birth of the new civilisation? These points the reader must discover for himself and we believe he will find the book quite as instructive in what it leaves unsaid as in what it contains.

A. E. A.

The Restored New Testament, the Hellenic Fragments, freed from the Pseudo-Jewish Interpolations, harmonised and done into English Verse and Prose, with introductory Analyses and Commentaries, giving an interpretation according to Ancient Philosophy and Psychology and a new literal translation of the Synoptic Gospels, with Introduction and Commentaries, by James Morgan Pryse. (John M. Pryse, New York, and John M. Watkins, London.)

From the lengthy title of this book, it will be seen that the author has attempted a very ambitious task. This becomes even more obvious when one finds that his rendering of the words differs almost entirely from the accepted translations of both the Authorised and the Revised Versions. Also, he has exercised "the art of selection" in a manner which will not commend itself to the orthodox, for he presents only those portions of the *New Testament* which he holds to be genuine, and these he interprets along the line of ancient philosophy and psychology. The writer's argument is that the *New Testament* is an allegory—a sublime allegory which has suffered much at the hands of forgers and unscrupulous priests.

The theory upon which this attempted restoration is based is that all those portions of the *New Testament* which may be regarded as genuine are, with the exception of a few fragments of the *Epistles*, prose plagiaries from ancient Greek sacred poems, the allegorical dramas forming part of the ritual in the mysteries. . . .

The Jewish setting of the Gospels, and "all the passages by which the Iesus-mythos is connected with the *Old Testament*," are forgeries. The *Apocalypse* is a Greek Mystery poem, the *Epistles* are nearly all spurious, and the *Acts* entirely so. Thus prefacing his work, Mr. Pryse goes on to say that he regards the passages which he accepts from the *New Testament* from an esoteric point of view. He supplements the rather vague esoteric teaching in the *New Testament* from the *Upanishads*, borrowing much from the religious teaching of the East.

His work will, therefore, not be altogether new to Theosophists, but to the average westerner some of his ideas will be distinctly startling. He treats the Gospel narratives *entirely* as allegory, and the twelve Apostles are symbols of the Zodiac. The origin of the Synoptic Gospels, he gives thus :

The three gospels are treated as if they were but three variants of the same text. The original source from which they were drawn is considered to have been an allegorical drama which formed part of the ritual of the Greek Mysteries. As an allegory, this drama was expressed in the zodiacal language, and hence has an astronomical rendering throughout: its hero is the Sun-God, in this astronomical interpretation, which is only superficial; but in a spiritual sense he is a neophyte, undergoing the trials of initiation, and so personifies the Sun-God. Judging by portions of the text, the original drama was a superb poem; but the compilers of the Synoptic Gospels had only incomplete prose notes of it, presumably made from memory, and these notes they could have obtained only by dishonourable means.

Whether this last statement has any historical evidence to support it, we do not know, but to regard the *Acts* as spurious, which this writer does, is going against the evidence carefully collected by Professor Sir William Mitchell Ramsay, who is, perhaps, the greatest living authority on the *Acts* and who has carefully gone over the ground traversed by S. Paul on his journeys.

The *Apocalypse*, is, according to the writer, "a coherent whole, symmetrical, and having every detail fitted into its appropriate place with studied care".

Frankly, the translation of this restored *New Testament*, does not make the appeal which the simplicity of the Authorised Version makes. The *Magnificat* (which here is ascribed to Elisabeth) may, in the original Greek, "be devoid of literary merit," and, according to Mr. Pryse neither Mary nor Elisabeth "could gain poetic lustre from it". His translation, however,

must share in poetic form some of the demerits he ascribes to the original.

My Soul keeps extolling the Master,
 And my Spirit has exulted in God, my Saviour.
 For he has looked upon the humiliation of his slave girl
 For behold, from now on all generations will felicitate me.

As has been said before, the writer treats his whole subject as purely allegorical; he does not appear to believe in an historical Jesus. What is important to him is the unfolding of the allegory, and he has done this, as he understands it, with great patience. The book requires careful study, in order to grasp the author's scheme in all its detail, and, we fear, many people will not give it the attention it deserves. It contains much that is interesting, but many of the statements are arguable; also the author has a tendency to dogmatise in what appears to be a quite unjustifiable manner, as for instance in the uncomplimentary remarks he makes on the writers of the Synoptic Gospels.

A word of praise must be given to the general get-up of this volume which contains over 800 pages, beautifully printed. There are two coloured plates as well as many illustrations drawn after classical models, and thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the book.

T. L. C.

Sexual Ethics, A Study of Borderland Questions, by Robert Michels. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., London. 1914. Price 6s.)

This is a very readable and interesting work in which a delicate subject is deftly handled. Not quite suitable for indiscriminate spreading amongst the public, it yet contains much thoroughly deserving of the attention of the mature reader. The sincerity and objectivity of treatment frees the book from the unpleasant spiciness and unwholesome suggestiveness which might easily show in a work treating a similar subject, and yet the book is frank and outspoken to a degree. We do not agree with the author in all his theses, but cannot help admitting that his views merit a hearing as the results of sincere thought arrived at by a serious and well-informed mind. In some places we judge his generalisations as being too sweeping and his observations superficial, but on the whole the book

represents a solid piece of work. In a few places the writer seems to give undue prominence to an Italian nationalism in his statements, but not so flagrantly as to impair the real value of the whole. In short, it is an instructive and thoughtful contribution to sexual science.

J. v. M.

Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty, by Professor Inayat Khan. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY, London. 1914.)

A dainty little book, nicely executed and embellished with an attractive coloured frontispiece, but of decidedly mediocre contents. The Sufism here represented is of the water-and-milk variety, very sweet, very diluted, very effeminate. An incongruously long and most naively puerile introduction (12 pages of the total of 56) tells us the life of the remarkable Sufi professor whose career extends already over thirty-five years of earthly life. It relates to us that he told to the Nizam of Hyderabad (who was moved to tears by his music) that "worldly success cannot be a proper price for it," whereupon the Nizam showed that he fully understood that saying by presenting him "with a purse full of gold coins". The author of this introduction seems to have a quite romantic knowledge of modern India and speaks, amongst other wonderful things, of the "papyrus" manuscripts of the good professor's grandfather. The high water-mark of Inayat Khan's "divine knowledge" and spirituality is found in solemn expressions like :

You may be a believer or an unbeliever in the Supreme Being, but He cares not.

This initiated Sūfi also quotes Hegel! Another gem is :

Sound being the highest force of manifestation, it is mysterious within itself. Whoever has the knowledge of sound indeed knows the universe. My music is my thought and my thought is my feeling. The deeper I sink into the ocean of feeling, the more beautiful pearls I bring forth in the form of notes.

The author's notions of man and woman are Americanised and western-veneered Oriental. In fact the unregenerated polygamist-at-heart peeps out through a thin veil of political concessions to western ethics. The daintily executed book—of which the calligraphy on the frontispiece would, unhappily, not pass muster amongst Orientals—brings together more

amiable and wishy-washy platitudes than even the most greedy lover of such stuff could demand for its price. We doubt not, therefore, that it will have a deservedly wide sale and we wish it all success. We think it really fills a much felt want—of many.

J. v. M.

Vampires and Vampirism, by Dudley Wright. (William Rider & Son, London. 1914. Price 2s. 6d.)

A pleasantly chatty little book about a very unpleasant subject. The brief work (176 pages) is put together without much depth and without much science or method. Kant, the philosopher, would not be able to make much of its data because he held that precise name, date and place should always be given to make any information worthy of being considered at all, and "at one time . . . near Kodom, in Bavaria" or "a shoemaker of Breslau, in 1591" would perhaps not answer his requirements. As it is, the booklet is an entertaining collection of varied vampire-gossip, loosely grouped under main headings. Some matter is included which seems in reality foreign to the subject, but we do not find grave fault with that. A little bit of collateral creepiness can do no harm in a collection like the present one. Two more serious objections are the following. The bibliography gives neither details as to the date (and place) of publication of the books cited, nor references to the pages which contain the matter pertinent to the subject in hand. An entry like "Bartholin's *De Causa Contemptus Mortis*" [sic] is almost useless. Secondly, the translation of foreign names is really too primitive. Not to mention the monstrosity "Sclavonic" which presumably stands for Slav, we find our good friend, the vampire, designated as wukodalak, vurkulaka or vrykolaka in Russia and the Balkans. But then later on in the work he turns up in the guise of vrukulaka, vroucolaca, bucolac, vukodlak, wukodlak. Other foreign terms are likewise not reduced to systematic forms; geographical, racial and linguistic names appear accordingly in a very jumbled form. Though the little book has amused us as much as, for instance, a good melodramatic film in a cinematograph, full of thrills and horrors, we do not think

that it will convert any serious reader to a belief in the existence of vampires or incite many people to study the subject scientifically. Its evidence is too evidently hearsay and secondhand information.

J. v. M.

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

Bismarck, by Professor F. M. Powicke.

In a very small compass one is given an illuminative sketch of the profound influence of this remarkable man upon the history of modern Germany. It is not so much a biography as a study of the scope of political thought in the making of history. One sees the curious persistence of the feudal ideal in this nation and in this man combined with the continuous up-growth of German liberalism; and, between the two, Bismarck—allied to the first by his heredity, yet forced to concede to the demands of the latter in order to realise his ideal of German nationhood. So that, while he moulds the politics of his time to some extent, yet his own hereditary views are modified very considerably by the necessity of reconciling the demands of autocratic Prussia and liberal Germany under one Imperial rule.

No existing form of Government in other countries will meet the needs of the German nation, which seems to have lagged behind the other European peoples in some respects, and a curious situation has arisen the solution of which has yet to come. This little book is very well worth reading.

A. E. A.

The Gold of Dawn, by Richard Whitwell. (Price 1s. 6d. net.)

The Brood of Light, by C. R. Crowther. (A. C. Fifield, London. Price 1s. net.)

Small volumes such as these, of a dainty and tasteful binding, give one a pleasure in their mere handling and immediately make one run through one's list of friends in search

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

of a birthday or an occasion demanding a dainty gift. One does not look for a weighty message so much as a mood, and the atmosphere of a tender inspiration belongs to *The Gold of Dawn*. The message is that of other mystics, but it is sincerely written, and here and there a beautiful passage like the following stands out, bearing the stamp of individual expression :

Who knows but what the beautiful thought passing from out the heart gathers to itself a garment correspondingly beautiful, becoming a flower on Nature's bosom, breathing out into the Universe the fragrance of perpetual praise.

The author of *The Brood of Light* shows a certain aptitude for verse-making, which seems ill applied in expounding philosophical propositions which might prove more interesting in prose. Poetry it is *not*, though written in verse, and lines like the following are unpardonable :

Yet the same graces in alternate line
Descend though in diminishing degree ;
The Power that makes a woman's face divine
Makes man less hideous than the chimpanzee : etc.

Mr. Crowther is evidently more of a metaphysician, than a poet, and his attempt to be both is not very successful.

D. C.

The Meaning of Christianity, by Frederick A. M. Spencer, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.) This is a second and revised edition of a work, whose title bears the record of its scope. The author has a mystical view of Christianity, and examines all its chief doctrines carefully, but not in such a way as to satisfy the ultra-orthodox. *Ad Astrum*, by Elisabeth Severs. (T. P. S., London. Price 3d.) is a series of short devotional papers on the coming of a World-Teacher. It is very Christian in tone, and some of the thoughts are beautiful and beautifully expressed, but throughout the writing is very unequal.
