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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

GREETING to all friends in North and South, in East and West on this New Year's Day. There are many New Year's Days in India, and New Year's greetings therefore come many times in a single year. But at whatever time the day may fall, it awakens thoughts of kindliness and goodwill, which are precious all the year round. And so, to all far and near who are comrades, and to strangers in many lands, let the words ring out: "May you have a good and useful, and therefore happy, New Year."

***

For the fourth time Christmas has come round under the clouds of War. The family gatherings which mark it in Christian lands, the happy laughter of children, the merry glances of the young, the joyous rest of busy middle age, the calm retrospection of the aged, these ever mark the coming of Christmas Day.

It is the festival of the children, as nearest to the little Child whom Christendom worships at Yule Tide.

***

But sadly for these four Christmas Days, nay half ironical, must sound the greeting to the "Prince of Peace". For where is Peace in these harried countries? where hides she her soiled and broken wings? "Perchance she has fled for ever," whispers the voice of Despair; but Hope lifts up her serene face, with eyes that reflect the blue glory of the sky, and murmurs gently:

Endure, endure, be faithful to the end.

***

At Christmas, 1915, some were talking of Peace coming in the spring. But spring, and summer and autumn, and winter, have twice rolled round the cycle, and still the end of the War does not yet seem to be in sight. It would seem almost strange to open the papers, and not see "War" leaping at us in capitals from the page, and to find once again the world thrown open, so that men may wander as they list.

***

Will the Year now born, 1918, bring us Peace? God grant it. Yet only if the coming of Peace would mean true blessing to the world, and not a breathing space to recover for fiercer war. For if Might could triumph over Right, and the rod of oppression could remain unbroken, whether in East or West, then were Peace a deadlier curse than war.

***

What has the New Year hidden in his bosom for our India? Does he hold the sure and certain promise of the Freedom that we strive for? is it the rising of the Sun of Liberty that is painting the fair rose of dawn on our horizon? or is the glow only the reflection of the fierce fires of hatred which have burst out from our masters at the sight of the pride and the self-respect which remind them that India chafes against her servitude, and that the days of cringing obedience are gone, never to return.

***

For me I feel, as I have felt even since the war-drum sounded in August, 1914, that England's fate in the battle-field depends on her sincerity or her hypocrisy in India. She is being weighed in the balance, and I still believe that she will not be found wanting, and I will hope, until the hope be disproved, that she will be true to the great principles of Liberty, that she will unlock the fetters on Indian limbs, and not wait until India, in wrath, breaks them for herself.

***

It is the blindness of the "ruling race" which lies so heavy on the heart. "If thou wouldst see, even in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace." The empty phrases, the absurd pretensions, the cant about the "masses"—left in ignorance unlightened and poverty unsolaced by those who pretend to be their friends and guardians—all these things seem to indicate the stupidity against which the Gods fight in vain. Even the well-intentioned Englishman cannot

put himself into the skin of the Indian, cannot realise that the Indian is a man like himself, with hopes, and ambitions, and cravings, and pride, just like his own, and that he rebels in his heart against an alien rule, as he himself would do if Germans ruled in Westminster, and the army were officered by Germans. If he would call a little imagination to his help things would be better. At present he sees perversity in what in himself he would call self-respect.

***

And our beloved Theosophical Society, what of it in the coming year? In my Presidential Address I have tried to sketch in outline the mighty task which is set before it. It has to permeate the mental atmosphere with Theosophical ideas, so that in every department of life in the New Civilisation, these thoughts may inspire and guide. Education must be recast; penology reformed; labour must be raised from drudgery to creative joy; the submerged in every Nation must no longer remain the disinherited; society must no longer hold a differing standard in sex morality for men and women. We have studied to no purpose unless we can bring the fruits of our study for the feeding of humanity, and justify our teaching by our lives.

***

In our Theosophical Society discussions have taken place on the correctness or otherwise of the officials and leaders of the Society engaging themselves in political work. Instructed Theosophists look upon politics as a

branch of human activity in which those who like should be free to busy themselves. Political work to them is as sacred as religious work. This was brought out by the letter I wrote during my internment, refusing to differentiate between my manifold activities and writings. We have received a copy of an open letter from the National Missionary Council, of which the Metropolitan of India is the Chairman, addressed to all Christian Missionaries in India, and we are glad to see the following:

We would ask all Missionaries to consider afresh the great ideals for which, in the Providence of God, Governments exist and to let those principles dominate and control their own thinking in these times of controversy, and, when occasion requires, to make these principles clear to others. It is as much an ideal of good Government to provide to every one of its subjects the opportunity for the development of his personality, as it is to provide for the whole body politic the blessings of order, peace and justice.

The former of these is an ideal of good Government because the better the individual citizens are, the better is the whole State. As the messengers of Christ we teach the freedom of man's will and the responsibility towards God and man which attaches to that freedom. We teach that our Lord came that men might have life and have it more abundantly. We are well aware that nothing adds more to the richness of man's life and to the development of his personality than responsibility. Among the responsibilities which thus draw out the best of man's powers is responsibility to his Nation for its good Government. Accordingly one result of our work will be to make men fit for, as well as desirous of, taking their share in the burden of responsibility for their country's welfare. We ask our Missionary brethren to fix their eyes steadily on this implication of one of the most fundamental elements of our teaching.

It is the duty of Christians continually to keep before their minds these two great ideal purposes of Government, the encouragement of free developing life and the maintenance of equal justice; to labour to get them understood by all men; and to pray God to enable the Government of each country to realise them more and more.

National Week is very full of work for all of us. We have the first meeting of the National Board of Education on the 25th, but we shall need more than one sitting for our work, I think. The National Congress begins on the 26th, the Theosophical Society preceding it on the 25th. I reach Calcutta on the 24th, to be duly received. The All-India Congress Committee meets on the 25th, so the day will be well filled. The Congress works from the 26th to the 29th; the Muslim League on the 30th and 31st. Then there are the Industrial and Social Conferences, and the first Social Service Conference, over which Mr. Gandhi presides.

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Our Bombay friends arrive only on the 26th, as the Home Rule League deputations are received on the 24th, and they leave Bombay that night. Lokamanya Tilak, of course, comes with them. It was tiresome of the Governments concerned to fix their dates for the Congress time; they might well have taken a few days' rest at Christmas.

***

Mr. Montagu has made a very good impression on all who have been permitted to see him, but it is unfortunate that the Local Governments, in their bitter antagonism to Home Rule, have kept him rigidly apart from free and untrammelled intercourse with the leaders of Indian opinion. The Government of India have apparently had no share in this policy, but official etiquette prevents the overriding of the local authorities. There could not have been given a better proof of their

fear of his knowing Indians as they are, but the Secretary of State is a man of the world, shrewd and experienced, and I fancy he has seen through the veil, and has, in Madras, recognised the artificiality of the vamped-up agitation against his mission of peace.

***

The success of this mission is of vital importance to the Theosophical Society, for the position of our members is a very difficult one, and religious freedom is in serious danger in India. For the Musalmāns, like ourselves, are unable to separate religion from life, and to lock it up in a watertight compartment. They owe to their Khalif religious obedience, as the Roman Catholics owe it to the Pope. To interfere with this sacred relationship is to strike a blow at their religion. They are entirely loyal to their temporal Sovereign, and, as their great interned leader, Muhammad Ali, said, they would fight against the Turks if they invaded India, and Musalmāns are fighting against them gallantly in Asia. But their religious adherence to the Khalif, solemnly consecrated with religious ceremonies as the Head of their Faith, is a thing that none may touch. In defence of religious freedom, in their demand that the Government shall preserve religious neutrality, they stand shoulder to shoulder with the Theosophical Society. For without religious freedom life becomes intolerable; it is a matter of life and death to all to whom religion is their daily bread.

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We seem to be returning to the elder days when, in Scotland, the Covenant and the freedom of the land were so intertwined that he who fought for religious freedom was obliged to fight for civil freedom as well; when, in Ireland, Protestants held Derry for William of Orange and Roman Catholics battled for James II. The truth is that vital religion affects a man's every thought and action, and "civil and religious liberty" have ever been wedded in the struggles for freedom. We are only experiencing in India that which has happened in every country, when politics have become serious, involving great principles, and not a mere game between the Ins and the Outs.

***

I love the old Greek meaning of the word Politics, including all a man's relations to his environment, as I dealt with it in my Convention Lectures of 1904—thirteen years ago—*Theosophy in Relation to Human Life.* It is interesting to me, personally, to see how thoroughly in past years in India, I laid the foundations of my present work. Only a couple of days ago, my Brother Jinarājadāsa brought me the reports of a lecture on "National Universities," preserved by Colonel Olcott, in *The Bengalee* and *The Hindu*, with the half sheet on which the notes of the lecture were written! I am going to republish the lecture, since the foundation of a National University is hoped for in 1918.

THE FUTURE OF MYSTICISM

By EVELYN UNDERHILL

WHAT is to be the future of Mysticism? What part is it destined to play in the mental and spiritual life of mankind? These questions must often occur to those who watch with interest the present so-called "Mystical Revival"; but they cannot be answered until we have arrived at some conception of what we believe "Mysticism" to be, for this word—which had in the past a precise and well understood meaning—has unfortunately become one of the vaguest in the language. On one hand, a few people still understand it in the ancient and only accurate sense, as the science or art of the spiritual life. On the other, it is freely used to

describe all that belongs to the psychic and occult, "spiritualism," theosophy, and symbolism. To some, again, it is synonymous with the mood which finds a sacramental meaning in nature; by others it is loosely applied to all the works of the religious imagination. When, therefore, we discuss its future, we must first define the exact content which we give to the term; for the future of religious contemplation may conceivably be widely different from that of psychic research.

Mysticism, then, will here be identified, first, with that practical education of the spirit which was the art of the great mystics of the past, and which leads to that condition of perfect harmony with the Eternal World which they call the "Unitive Life"; and secondly, with a belief in, and realisation of, that spiritual world behind the world of the senses, which those mystics describe to us—a mystical reading of existence. In the one case, it is a matter of pure experience, in the other, of intuition and faith. Nothing here said will concern spiritualism, occultism, or any other "ism" which professes to reveal the secrets of the unseen, set up communication with the departed, or confer abnormal powers. These, interesting subjects of inquiry in themselves, are wholly unconnected with true mysticism.

The celebrated modernist, Tyrrell, said that the religion of the future would probably consist in mysticism and charity; but if these great words be given their full weight of meaning, this prophecy seems to set too high a standard for the spiritual powers of the average man. The religion of the spiritual genius always has consisted in mysticism and charity, because these are the highest expressions of the saint's love for God and for his fellow men; but

religion of so lofty and all-absorbing a type, only possible to those possessing nobility of character and clearness of sight, demands heroic disciplines and sacrifices of those who embrace it, the abandoning of many things which we think comfortable and pleasant, a real knight-errantry of the soul. We hope that the great dynasty of the mystical saints will never fail, but the lessons of history suggest that they are never likely to be numerous. Their virile spirituality is too difficult for the average man, and is unlikely in the future, as in the past, to form the dominant element of his religion. Such mystics are the fine flower of humanity, possessing as their birthright a special aptitude for God. Like other great artists and specialists, they have given years of patient effort to the education and full development of those powers, in obedience to that innate passion for the perfect which is the greatest of all human attributes. For this they have always given up their worldly prospects, often their families and friends. They have suffered much, and have been rewarded, first, by a great enrichment of consciousness, an initiation into the true meaning and beauty of the world, and finally by the achievement of that state of complete harmony with the Divine Order which they call "union with God". Plainly this career is not within the reach of the majority. They must be content with the tidings which these great wayfarers bring back to us; tidings which seem to waken vague memories, and often stir us to a passionate sense of incompleteness and unrest.

There is little we can say about the future which may await this vital mysticism of the great mystics. In its essentials, it has varied little since its first

appearance in history; though in its expression it has generally made use of the religious formulæ of its time. Nevertheless, the future of mysticism as a whole, the enlightenment it is destined to give to the mass of mankind, must depend on the appearance among us of such great seers, such first-hand explorers of the Infinite; as great periods in music, poetry or painting depend on the appearance of creative artists, who are able in their works and by the fire of their personal inspiration to stimulate the more languid perceptions of truth and beauty possessed by their fellow men. New life radiates from such personalities and infects the whole of the society in which they emerge; and thus a "mystical period," such as that which had so marked an effect on Germany and the Netherlands in the 14th century, or on France in the 17th, comes into existence. Such a mystical period requires two factors. First, the appearance of one or more great mystics, centres of spiritual vitality, revealing in their works and their example the loveliness and unfathomable reality of that supernal world in which they live; next, a condition of public opinion sympathetic to the mystics' revelation, a generally experienced need of some more durable object of desire, some more real satisfaction of the heart's craving than any that can be found amongst the changing circumstances of human life. Few will deny that the second factor, at any rate, exists amongst us at the present moment; that, emerging as a natural reaction from the materialism of the nineteenth century, it has been immensely quickened by the widespread desolation of the war, by the awful commentary which the events of the last three years have provided on our dreams of an

achieved Utopia, a perfect civilisation, an earthly realm of peace and goodwill. Men and women are now driven to look for a solution of life's problems somewhere beyond the flaming horizons; there to find alike the imperishable beauty of which their own deepest instincts speak to them, and the source of that strange fortitude, that exalted spirit of sacrifice, which has found supreme expression amongst the horrors and squalors of the battle-fields. The soil, then, is ready, if only a personality arise capable of scattering the seed.

The reality and depth of this craving for spiritual certitudes is shown by the avidity with which mystical literature is now seized and read, the quick following obtained by cults and movements which either are or appear to be mystical in type. Much of the literature, many of the movements, are trivial, and attract a devotion far beyond their deserts. Many offer their adherents a "nature mysticism" which is little better than a refined paganism and utterly lacks that bracing effect upon character which is inherent in a true mystical faith. Others teach an easy form of mental passivity, not unlike that of the old quietists, which gives to its practitioner a deceptive impression of spiritual peace. The classics of mystical literature have sufficiently exposed the errors of such short cuts into the Infinite. The true mystical life, far from being a short cut, has been well described as a "heroic supernaturalism". It is not easy. Its moments of rapturous certitude are paid for by hard struggles and sacrifices. It flourishes best in alliance with a lofty moral code, a strong sense of duty, a definite religious faith, capable of upholding the mystic during the many periods in which his vision fails him.

Its contemplations do not consist in a luxurious sinking down into the Infinite, but in a deliberate concentration of consciousness upon the spiritual world: the art of prayer raised to its highest denomination. The lessons of the past suggest to us that such a mysticism, frequently the aftermath of periods of misery and strife such as we now endure, is more likely to arise within than without the great historic Churches and Faiths. To these Churches and Faiths it has again and again brought its gift of fresh life, of renewed and intensified communion with the spiritual world; and through them has radiated that gift upon the world. It is in this direction that its future may most hopefully be looked for, since, divorced from all institutional expression, it tends to become bizarre, vague, or merely sentimental. Its recent revival in France, in the persons of the Catholic contemplatives, Thérèse de l'enfant Jesus and Lucie Christine, and of the poet Péguy and his school—the first purely traditional in type, the last giving new, vivid significance and interpretation to the ancient creedal forms—is an indication of the direction in which we may expect it to arise. True mysticism is the soul of religion; but, like the soul of man, it needs a body if it is to fulfil its mighty destiny. This destiny is not merely individual. It is social: the disclosure to other men of fresh realms of the spirit, the imparting of more abundant life to the race.

Evelyn Underhill

THEOSOPHY AND PSYCHOLOGICAL HEALING[1]

By Dr. Chella Hankin

(*Concluded from p. 266*)

IV

NOW in the light of these principles and of the Theosophic teachings let us review the various systems which I described at the beginning of this lecture.

We will review in turn:

A. Hypnotism, and what may be termed mesmerism.

B. Analytical psychology.

C. Christian Science and its allied cults.

A. First of all what is the Theosophic contribution to the theory of Hypnotism?

The scientific theories which attempt to explain hypnotic phenomena, appear to me to be either simply a stating of facts in scientific language, without any real explanation being given for those facts, or physiological hypotheses, which are hypotheses and nothing else. The theme relating to hypnotism can, I think, be placed under three heads:

[1] A lecture given at the London Headquarters, T.S., June 10th, 1917.

1. That it is analogous to states in waking life, such as ordinary absent-mindedness, and that there is really nothing to explain.

2. The psychical attempt at an explanation. That it is due to an alteration of attention, the normal course of ideas being inhibited.

3. The physiological, of which there are several.

Now if you attempt to explain the phenomena of consciousness through purely physiological explanations, it must be evident to most people, except the ardent materialist, that you cannot get very far. Consciousness is something more than the chemical and vital energies of nerve cells.

If you attempt a psychical explanation, you cannot, again, get very far. For, as Professor William James says of psychology, it consists of:

> A string of raw facts, a little classification and generalisation on the mere descriptive level. A strong prejudice that we *have* states of mind, and that our brain conditions them, but not a single law in the sense in which physics shows us laws, not a single proposition from which any consequence can causally be deduced.

But Theosophy gives us both facts and laws, when it tells us of the mechanism of consciousness. When a person is hypnotised, what happens is this: the operator forms, as it were, a magnetic bridge through will between the subject to be hypnotised and himself. This magnetic bridge can be either at the etheric, astral, or mental levels.

Mr. Leadbeater tells us that human magnetism, on the physical plane, consists of etheric matter, and so by analogy I think we might define the magnetism of any plane, as the finest type of matter of that plane.

The magnetic bridge formed, the operator ousts the subject's consciousness, and controls the body he has

linked on to himself. In that body he implants his own ideas and orders, and these pass down to the physical brain of the subject, and are duly carried out.

It is thus obvious that, except in very exceptional cases, the practice of hypnotism is exceedingly wrong. It weakens the subject's hold over his own vehicles, makes him negative, and lays him open to be more easily controlled by any external influence. It thus delays his evolution, and opens the door, possibly, to mental and nervous suffering and derangement.

Professional hypnotists have recognised the danger of laying the patient open to being more easily controlled by anyone wishing to control him. They attempt to combat this by implanting suggestions that this cannot happen. But suggestions wear off, while the harm done through being subjected to hypnotic control does not wear off so easily. For in hypnotic control you are interfering with the very roots of anyone's being. Therefore Theosophy would teach you to avoid hypnotism.

What may be termed mesmerism, however, appears to be a legitimate mode of treatment. Mesmerism I would define as the pouring into a patient of the nerve aura, or nerve fluid, or both, which I told you about just now, without in any way interfering with the patient's consciousness.

So you see that Mesmer's claim of having the power to pour a magnetic fluid into his patients was quite a true one. The action is purely local, and on etheric levels. By its employment congestions can be removed, and vitality poured in.

B. To deal now with psycho-analysis: Much of this teaching can be re-stated in Theosophic language, which, although it certainly renders the whole subject

infinitely more clear, and amplifies it, by no means contradicts the facts upon which the system is based.

Theosophy, as you see, much enlarges our conception of the region explored. In addition to desires and elemental promptings, we have the action of the spiritual consciousness coming down from above. Jung, with his realisation that from the region which he calls the unconscious come also promptings relating to the individual evolutionary striving for the future, appears to be more nearly approaching the Theosophic position than Freud, who can discover in this region only the desires associated with the elemental strivings of the astral and physical bodies. That is, Freud has only discovered a small part of that which resides in the Theosophic subconscious, and ignores the ego's promptings altogether. Jung also, when he states that in the subconscious are social instincts and promptings, is at one with Theosophy.

The disassociated complex, in Theosophic language, is a Reacting Thought-form. Moreover, it is a thought-form which, in some instances, has been taken possession of by an elemental, and so gains added power. By an elemental I mean a certain kind of denizen of the astral plane, which belongs to another type of evolution from ours.

The thought-form, because it is associated with thoughts and feelings unpleasant and difficult to cope with, is not allowed by the person affected to take its normal course through the cerebro-spinal system. It is resisted and refused admittance in the ordinary, normal way. The result is not the destruction of the thought-form, for it, with its stored-up energy, continues to react on the astral and mental bodies.

As the energy due to the workings of consciousness must find its expression through the outermost vehicle, the usual way through the cerebro-spinal system being blocked, the thought-form forces its way into the physical through the sympathetic system. But, being disassociated from the ordinary waking consciousness, it becomes an alien and destructive force.

The psycho-analyst's ingenious modes of exploring the subconscious, from the Theosophic standpoint, appear to be quite legitimate. However, it appears to me that a wider and more useful interpretation might result, if only the mechanism of consciousness was more fully understood. Especially in relation to the dream would this be so. Freud states that all dreams are associated with the sexual life, taking sex in the sense as it affects not only the physical but also the emotional and mental life. Starting with this assumption he interprets all dreams to fit in with this theory, showing in the interpretation much fantastic ingenuity. Jung, with distinctly wider view as to the subconscious, has in consequence a much broader interpretation of dreams.

Adherents of psycho-analysis are sometimes opposed to Theosophy on the ground that its teachings are at variance with the facts of psycho-analysis in relation to the interpretation of dreams. That is, its teachings are opposed to reality. They will say that dreams always "work out," using the principles laid down by psycho-analysis, and will add that psycho-analysis does not admit the possibility of astral experiences during sleep. This opposition is due to the fact that these people do not really understand the teaching of Theosophy on this point. They seize upon one Theosophic teaching, the possibility of functioning on the astral

during sleep, and ignore the rest of the teaching given.

Theosophy teaches us that in our interpretation of dreams we must take account of the degree of evolution attained by the dreamer.

We could classify dreams under three heads:

(*a*) Those dreamt by the quite undeveloped man, who is practically asleep on the astral.

(*b*) Those dreamt by the ordinary man whose consciousness is awake, but inward turned, for the most part, on the astral.

(*c*) Those dreamt by the more developed man who is able to function in full consciousness on the astral.

(*a*) In the first case the dreams are likely to be the result of the workings of the etheric and dense physical brains, or of some strong desire vibration of the astral; the vibrations causing the dream generally coming from without, and being of a nature which will cause a response in the undeveloped material of the man's bodies. In this case, to interpret dreams as examples of wish fulfilments of the desire nature, will be usually correct.

(*b*) In the second case we have the dreams of the ordinary person. The impacts here arousing the dreams are also generally from without, and often are the thought-forms relating perhaps to some problem which the waking consciousness is unable to grapple with. But as the consciousness is free from the limitations of the physical, a solution is much more easily reached, and this solution, symbolically presented to the waking consciousness, constitutes the symbolic dream. Such a dream, however, is generally mixed up with material produced by the workings of the dense physical and etheric brains.

(*c*) In the third case, although functioning on the astral in full consciousness, the person is not yet able to bring the remembrances through with any degree of clearness. In this case also, what is brought through is a confused remembrance, mixed up with a good deal of etheric and dense physical material. People belonging to this stage of development may also experience the symbolic dream, which is an attempt on the ego's part to guide its physical life in the right way.

So it is evident that Theosophy, instead of contradicting the findings of psycho-analysis, explains and classifies the same. But because this classification is not understood, the psycho-analyst's interpretation of dreams through symbolism is sometimes rather forced, and may be an ingenious product created by the investigator. For it is possible for the investigator to invent an imaginary dream, get the patient's associations with the factors composing the same, and interpret it in a manner which may be of considerable help to the patient.

A real dream of the patient's, although not really a symbolic one, might be subjected to the same process. And such a practice could not be condemned as useless, for through the associations called up by the same, valuable information as to the workings of the patient's consciousness may be obtained, and a useful lesson taught in symbol.

C. Coming to Christian Science, we realise that it has done an enormous amount of good in making thousands of people realise that "thoughts are things," and that the spiritual is greater than the material. But it is unfortunate that this realisation is brought about through the illogical denial of what exists.

Still, the good remains. Of course, in its ultimate essence, all *is* "Infinite Mind in infinite manifestation". But the same "Infinite Mind," for its own good purposes, has seen fit to so condition itself, that it has for us, at our present stage of evolution, the limitations of that which is called matter.

A less attractive side of Christian Science is shown when one considers that there is undoubtedly sometimes a certain amount of unconscious hypnotism in the healing. Also, as I told you just now, by using subtler forces to manipulate matter for some particular end from without, through the use of the forces brought down from higher planes, one may simply drive the evil back into the subtler bodies. My remarks also as to the possible danger of sowing the seeds of Black Magic apply here.

Both Christian Scientists and followers of New Thought use a good deal of auto-suggestion, which is altogether good. This means a strengthening of the will, and by the aid of that strengthened will, the person controls, arranges, and implants vibrations of a helpful and uplifting character into his own bodies.

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Now finally, as the result of all that I have been saying, I will try to formulate a helpful and legitimate system of psychological healing.

I propose to discuss this under two headings:

A. That which could be followed by medical workers along the lines of psycho-analysis.

B. That which can be adopted by anyone for himself, to preserve mental health or to restore it if lost.

A. Any who would aid humanity along these lines, must themselves know how to preserve harmony in their own bodies. Otherwise they will seek in vain to render others harmonious.

They must, moreover, have broad, catholic sympathies, and an understanding of human nature—not as it usually and conventionally presents itself, but in its fundamental, ultimate realities. They may discover in their researches into the human consciousness much that might disturb and upset the conventionally minded. But such work as this is not for the conventionally minded, but for the true lover of his fellow men. Such will regard any abnormal findings as just pathological phenomena, from which he is there to deliver his patients. Such may use abstraction and the association tests with excellent results, especially if he has the benefit of Theosophic knowledge to help him in his findings.

Of course he will have nothing to do with hypnotism, but on the other hand will do all he can to strengthen his patient's will and, if necessary, will prescribe certain practices for this purpose. He will build in any reacting thought-forms into the bodies from which they came, and will teach the patient how to grapple with them. And the method taught will be to help the patient to realise that the secret of sanity, health and efficiency, is transmutation and not suppression.

Instead of suppressing, and so driving into the subconscious, the fear, the failing, the difficulty, the patient must be taught to face these things, and transmute them. The fear will be transmuted to courage, the failing to its opposite virtue, the difficulty to strength; and the

energy which would otherwise be locked up in the subconscious, attached to undesirable complexes, will be the motor power used to effect the change.

When the realisation of these things becomes general, it will have a tremendous bearing on the education of children. No longer will the childish fears and difficulties be driven in, to work havoc perhaps in later life, but the child will be taught the great fact of transmutation.

The doctor will also train the patient in auto-suggestion, and whilst the patient is in a condition of artificial abstraction he will help him to arrange and understand his own consciousness. He will also, whilst the patient is in this condition, present suggestions for him to accept, but will never force them upon him.

For an important point to remember is that the patient must ultimately cure himself. The doctor is but there to help and advise; that is all. The cure, to be lasting and complete, must come from *within* and not from *without*.

A condition of artificial abstraction is helpful, because it stills and calms inharmonious and actively vibrating astral and mental bodies, and so makes it easier for the patient to work upon them.

B. And now to formulate a system which we can apply to ourselves, to restore or to keep us in mental health.

We have to keep in mind that we have to deal with two factors: (*a*) The power working through our bodies, *i.e.*, our will. (*b*) The bodies themselves.

So first: (*a*) Let us strengthen our wills. Let us more and more present a positive aspect to life, and not a

weak, negative one. Let us realise we are in our innermost nature part of the Divine Life; so Infinite power is ours. So let us rule our own vehicles, and our own destinies, and say in the words of Henley:

> It matters not how strait the gate,
> How charged with punishments the scroll:
> I am the master of my Fate!
> I am the Captain of my Soul.

(*b*) Then let us remember that *we are not our bodies*. We are not our physical bodies with their instincts and inertia. We are not our astral bodies with their emotional disharmonies or depressions. Neither are we our mental bodies with their worries and pride.

We are part of the Divine Life, so we must separate ourselves from any disharmony that may occur in our vehicles. And in doing this we cease to be swamped and involved by the same. We can sit apart, as it were, and comprehend and cope with that which disturbs us.

This realisation that we are not our bodies is for most of us a most difficult thing. For we have for so long made the mistake of confusing ourselves with the same. But having once realised it, it must awaken hope and courage, not only in the neurotic, but in all. The neurotic realises that he need no longer be driven hither and thither by his bodies, but that he can start to learn how to control them. And all will be helped to realise, not only how to keep their present mental health and efficiency, but how they may add to the same.

Then let us not be afraid of anything that we may find residing in our vehicles, or any undesirable conduct of which they may have been guilty. For by refusing to deal with such things with our waking

consciousness, we force them inward, and produce disassociated complexes or reacting thought-forms. Let us remember in this relation that the secret of a happy and successful life is transmutation, not suppression. So let us never be afraid of our vehicles; but, full of determination and balance and understanding, let us learn from all mistakes, and determine that we will rule our vehicles in the future.

Helpful affirmations, or peaceful and uplifting thoughts, will be found of much assistance, if rightly used. Let us first still our vehicles from all disturbing external vibrations, and then, with our fully awakened will, implant into them such affirmations or thoughts.

If any particular thing is troubling us, let these thoughts be its exact opposite, and so drive the inharmonies out. These thoughts we can either evolve for ourselves, or we can utilise any helpful ones given us by others, for example, such a thought on the Self as is found in Mrs. Besant's *Thought Power*.

I do not think I could do better than conclude my lecture with the same. The thought will help us to realise all that I have just been telling you: that we are not our bodies; that we are part of the Divine Life. Try and realise the same with me now.

The Self is peace; that Self am I. The Self is strength; that Self am I. I, in my innermost nature, am one with the Supreme Father. I, in that nature, am undying, unchanging, fearless, free, serene, strong. I am clothed in perishable vestures that feel the sting of pain, the gnawing of anxiety; I mistakenly regard these as myself.

Chella Hankin

FROM MESOPOTAMIA TO ADYAR

By MUIRSON BLAKE

THE Master has told us that we must come out of our world into Theirs; and one way of accomplishing this is to build up this world around us. Perhaps this fact gives us one method of defining the Adyar centre as the combined effort of a group of souls to build up the Master's world down here. Ideals for the world are first sent down to Adyar to be taken care of and protected while they grow up, and so we have here, in germ, the Dharma of Humanity, the world of the future as a promise.

The great ideal or perhaps the key-note of all the ideals which are being constantly served here is Brotherhood. We are all the time hearing about Brotherhood, most of the events of the day here turn on it, Orders are started, dedicated to it, and most of the buildings going up on the estate are for its service, and of course every lecture is simply full of it. At first it is a little wearisome to the newcomer, but later, through this constant reiteration, through the constant impinging of this particular vibration on one, one begins to realise that if this ideal of Brotherhood was understood, one could never become tired of hearing about it, any more than a man could become tired of the air around him that supports his life. Perhaps through this process one

begins to be ready to catch one little glimpse of that other world.

The ideal of Brotherhood, then, is here; and there are people here who have made the sacrifice of devoting their lives to serving it; and it is this service which is the life of Adyar. This work, as I see it, is a condition, a state, the beginning of another world in which things are sensed in quite a different manner to the one down here. This condition of service might be called Brotherhood-consciousness or Brotherhood-vision. The possession of this Brotherhood-vision makes the judgment of life a fairly simple affair. Everything that limits our Brotherhood-vision down here, everything of the nature of bars, all division—except for purposes of classification, all finality, everything that tends to exploit a lower class for the advantage of a higher one, all these are wrongs, and to this vision is not only wrong, but unreal, a superstition. There is but the one Life in all of us, "and therefore only what the One wills can ever be really pleasant for anyone"; every bar that divides us from anything or anybody in the universe is unreal, non-existent to this vision. We have had an example of this in the sex superstition. Through the devoted service of women all over the world, the sex bar has gradually been discovered to be unreal, a thing that never really existed.

Now another bar or superstition is being attacked, the bar that divides the world into East and West, that separates souls into classes and possibilities according to the colour of the bodies they momentarily wear. This thing in the light of the Adyar Brotherhood-vision is seen merely as a grey spectre, born of men's fear and ignorance; but as its blighting

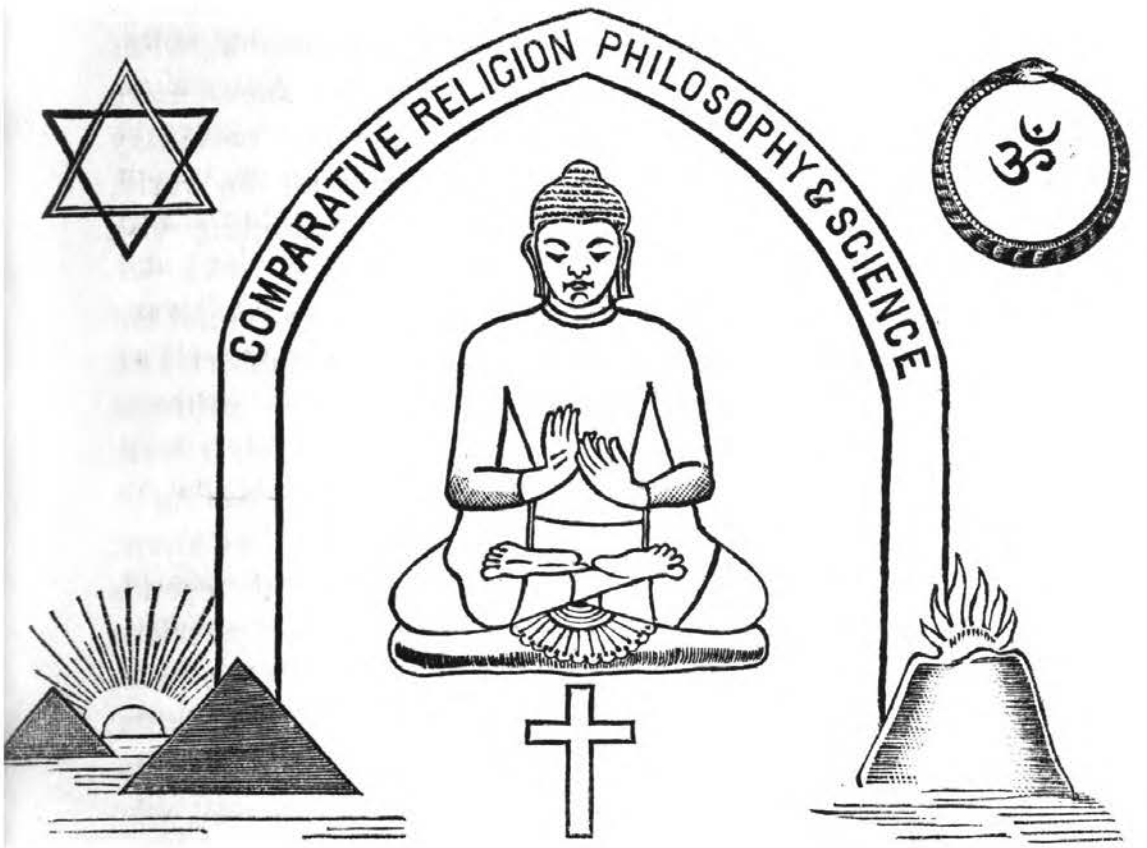
influence affects particularly the one land that must be free from that kind of thing if it is to play its important part in the world-reconstruction after the war, and as its contribution to this reconstruction is so essential, the overcoming of this spectre must go on, *at all costs*. Its demolition is marked "immediate"; but just as in military affairs the quicker any move has got to be completed the greater the price that must be paid for it, so must we be prepared to make the necessary sacrifice for this important bit of work to be done. It is all very well for us just to think that of course our Brotherhood-ideals must win through against all odds, but it is a poor sort of a philosophy that would permit of an indifference in the presence of a struggle as critical in its issues as, say, the Battle of the Marne. Our ideals are battling for life; and although we may be certain of eventual success, it is for us to be prepared to give our whole-hearted sympathy and support to any undertaking that is working for this realisation. That is our work towards coming into the Master's world.

The writer has come straight to Adyar after fifteen months' campaigning in Mesopotamia, after fifteen months of life in that condition which is the exact opposite of Brotherhood. Many people say that war will always be necessary because of human nature, because of the clash of opposing interests and desires, and of other like things, but these people have not yet obtained the Brotherhood-vision. Theoretically it appears quite likely that war will always be a necessity, but in our Brotherhood-vision of the world we see no war and no strife, and so we may be certain that these are not necessary concomitants of life, they are merely more superstitions which in time will pass away. Those

who think that war and strife will always be in the world, through the very nature of things, do not yet know of the might and power of the work of those who now wish to be called the Elder Brethren, they know nothing of Their function in the universe. Many of us too have yet to realise what a force service given to an ideal can be; it is this work that we can give, which will help to save the world from another war like this in the future, and eventually make war impossible; and so, as the writer sees it, it is our great duty, our "war-work" to support this Brotherhood-scheme as well as we possibly can under the direction of our leaders. There is only one way to stop war, and that is by Universal Brotherhood; and we must stand by that as firmly as we can.

In a few days now, I shall be on my way back to Mesopotamia. I came here very war-weary; but now, after nearly four weeks in this wonderful atmosphere, I seem to have been made new again, all over and all through me, and now, going back to all the old conditions, I feel a little like Noah must have felt when he saw the rainbow in the heavens and heard the promise. I feel I have seen a token of goodwill towards man; and it is a star whose light is beginning to spread over the heavens for those to see who may; and I feel there is the divine promise that another war like this will not come again to Humanity, in the ideal of Brotherhood which is coming into the world through labour and struggle at Adyar.

Muirson Blake



GLADIUS DOMINI

A STUDY IN THE RELATIONS OF RELIGION AND THE SWORD

By Bernard Fielding

THE Christian Church is the unrelenting antagonist of strife, and the supreme advocate of peace. Yet ecclesiastical symbolism has always given a prominent place to the typical weapon of warfare; and sacred allegory seems only capable of doing itself justice when

it borrows the imagery of the battle-field! The apparent glaring inconsistency of this is not really disposed of by arguments from special cases—from the inevitability, or the essential justice, of this combat or that. For human history shows us something more than a mere reluctant association between Religion and necessary warfare. All down the ages, throughout all the world, it is a primitive bond, an elemental intermingling with which we are confronted.

However little we may like the fact, we cannot but confess the fact. We cannot treat the stubborn link between Religion and the sword, between the instinct of worship and the instinct of warfare, as though it were non-existent, or as though it were devoid of meaning.

Primitive tradition invested the sword, we know, with a supernatural dignity; and innumerable legends describe particular weapons as forged by a mysterious agency, and proving, by various significant incidents in their career, their occult origin and supernormal gifts.

All the heroes of old had their wondrous swords. We remember how Siegfried, the Dragon-Slayer, won from the Nibelungs a sword forged by Wayland, the Vulcan of the Scandinavians, and endowed with the power of giving victory. The sword of Ogier, the Dane, was a secret gift from the Fay Morgana, and filled even the great Charlemagne with mysterious awe. In the sword of Earl Archibald Douglas dwelt the supernatural power of warning its owner, by unsheathing itself of its own accord, of the approach of a secret foe. The mystic character of the sword Excalibur, and the part played by it and by other like weapons in the Arthurian Legends will be familiar to most of us; and examples of the kind could be multiplied indefinitely.

Now it is easy to smile at these stories of "magic swords"; but the reason for supposing the sword to be a channel for "magic" or supernatural power, the deep-rooted primitive belief in "the sword-soul," or indwelling genius of the weapon, can hardly be so lightly dismissed. For here is a landmark on the road of human progress—in the evolution of the religious instinct.

The idea of Divine *Power* is of earlier origin than the idea of Divine *Justice* which developed out of it; and the sword, as the emblem of power, became, for early religious thought, the natural emblem of God—mystically suggestive of His presence; a ready means, as it were, for His materialisation and showing forth.

"God," said the old Egyptian philosophers, "is *energy*, not *space*." And the energy of early civilisation was expressed by strife and combat; by the more or less organised attempt to place power in hands regarded as the right ones; and to wrest it from those regarded as the wrong.

A man's real *religion* (no matter by what name he dignifies his formal observances) is the thing about which he cares most, or can be most easily stirred to care. As the one point on which the dullest minds were then capable of feeling a little, and of being more *alive* than dead, war was "the primal path of life"; the first, so to speak, of those "great altar-stairs" that, sloping out of darkness, were eventually to reach God. And as primitive religion most easily and vividly "saw God" in the likeness of a radiant Warrior, with His sword drawn in His hand, so the Godhead permitted Itself to be thus seen, and thus worshipped.

For the discouraged chieftain by the fortified city, the despairing king on the plague-stricken threshing-floor,

we see Almighty Power submitting, as it were, to a deliberate *kenosis*, or limitation; appearing in a shape which, in Shakespeare's sense of the word, was most truly "questionable"—suffering itself to be interrogated, and reasoned with:

"*Noster es, an adversariorum?*"

"*Ego qui peccavi. . . . Vertatur, obsecro, Manus Tua in me!*"

In these frantic ejaculations to the sword of God—to the sword that *seemed* God!—we must hear, whether we will or no, the elemental note of prayer, and realise its probable true origin in those self-inflicted wounds, those ritual cuttings from which, scholars tell us, the Hebrew word for prayer may be derived. Obviously there is a close association between the belief in the sword of God and the practice of self-wounding! Obviously such practices were deprecations of the more ruthless work of the Divine weapon! They were the wordless prayers of fear; the only form which, at a certain stage of human development, *real* prayer can take! It is true that, for such men as Joshua and David, the elementary appeal to Divine Power is of the nature of retrogression. For David in particular, this crude envisaging of the Good Shepherd of Israel, who had led His people like a flock, seems a deplorable hark-back. But God is more patiently discerning than human critics; and when men kneel to Him on a lower altar-stair than is their intellectual right, their prayer may be of all the greater value in His eyes, by reason of its absolute sincerity.

So in the early days of Christianity, it was the idea of the sword of God—of the Sword-God—that supplied the sincere element in the old faiths.

Much of Pagan ceremonial was mere national or tribal formalism, easy to shake off, and (for "the plain man" who had never taken great interest in it) scarcely needing formal disproval. But the cult of the sword was terribly genuine. Among Greeks, Scythians, Goths, and heathen Irish, the sword had received divine honours; and the blood of victims slain in sacrifice had drenched the specially erected altars of piled timber, whereon, as Gibbon tells us, the weapon was placed upright, to receive homage like a holy image.

And the science of those days was at one with the instinctive reverence for any real emotion. The science of those days taught that certain results were bound to follow on this sincere sword-worship—that the spirits of the false gods were attracted, automatically and unavoidably, to the places where it was celebrated. The flattered demons took possession of the weapons that had been consecrated to them, and infused into them their own power.

Yet (and here the Church's greatest difficulty came in) these tales of terror did not dispose the half-Christianised warrior to put his sword aside. On the contrary, it made him the more anxious to retain and reverence one of the few objects which appealed to his imagination, and gave him a congenial, vivid impression of the nearness of the other world.

The Church, humanly speaking, could only employ one means of winning such a man, and as we know, she employed it. She baptised his sword along with him; told him of the more powerful Spirit that would, if invoked with faith, exorcise the immanent demon, and dwell in the sword in its stead; encouraged him to engrave on the weapon short, ejaculatory prayers or

sacred names; showed him, in its very shape, a reproduction of the Sign in which he should conquer; and, generally speaking, transferred his unquenchable interest in it to a higher plane.

In the well known ceremonies of knightly investiture, the sword, laid upon the altar and afterwards girded on the new knight, was uncompromisingly associated with the holiest things, and brought into contact with the highest ideals. It was assumed that the wearer would not ever again look upon his weapon without some recollection of the surroundings in which he had received it. Indeed, the laws of association and cell-memory being what they are, it was wellnigh impossible that he ever should!

The danger to which this sanctifying of war, this bold linking of the sword with the spiritual life of its owner, exposed Religion, is obvious enough. But, as an ill-fated genius of our own day puts it: "*All* great ideas are dangerous!" The Early and Mediæval Church made her only possible choice. She could not afford to disdain Truth until it had been purged of every particle of error; or to stand, along with the cultured, the ultra-righteous, and the thinker in advance of his age, apart from the ordinary carnal "lump" it was hers to leaven!

Yet even so, to the necessary danger of her great idea the Church did not add the unnecessary danger of narrowing it; of growing satisfied with its present dimensions, of failing to remind men of the true meaning of the bond between her and the sword.

"There is a soul of goodness in things evil!" It was the *soul*, not the *body*, of any existing, necessary evil that remained the real concern of the Church, however

glorious and outwardly attractive that "body" might happen to be, and as, in the case of war, it decidedly was!

A little knowledge of Ecclesiastical Heraldry will be of practical help to us here.

In the Arms of the City of London and of St. Albans the sword has a place of honour, not as the defender of righteousness, but as the maker of martyrs, as the unconscious minister for good to those whose courage it tested, and whose fame it made. And a still less ambiguous instance of this sinister honour is seen, in all its mediæval *naiveté,* in the dedication in the Cathedral of Canterbury (hard by the scene of the martyrdom) of that strange little "*Altare ad Punctum Ensis*"—"the altar of the sword's point"—whereon, in a wooden chest, was preserved, as if for veneration, a fragment of one of the murderer's swords; the chosen instrument, as it were, of the will of God for Saint Thomas; and as such to be reverenced, though hateful; honoured, though in itself vile.

Surely we have here an allegory of the true attitude of Christianity towards violence—towards the one sure means, for so many, of deepening their soul-life; of making, in the case of the martyred saints, the supreme sacrifice; in the case of remorseful sinners, some passionate act of contrition that proves the beginning of a new life.

The same thought lies, too, behind the reverence which Christian phraseology gives to the instruments of the Passion, to "the holy lance," "the holy crown of thorns".

How completely the strangeness of the term applied to the things that tortured Our Lord has been dulled by custom! How completely "the soul of goodness in

things evil" has here been grasped, and liberated from its "vile bodies".

As for the supreme Instrument of the Divine Tragedy, and the place it holds in Christian speech and thought, the point scarcely needs pressing! For what is the Holy Cross but the true *Gladius Domini*?—the weapon whereto, in the long run, all the weaker weapons of lesser war must yield; and whereof all the crude worship of power as Divine, the visions of the Joshuas and Davids, have darkly spoken and, so long as there is need of the parable, will continue to speak!

Constantine, we remember, had a particularly clear object-lesson in this matter. The Sign which he saw in the heavens was interpreted by primitive imagination as an unsheathed sword, a sign of the anger of the gods, the threatening weapon of coming chastisement. For the son of Saint Helena, it was another Thing, transfigured out of its old self, showing the reality through the veil of the lurid dream. . . .

"O Vera Crux! Spes Unica!"

God Incarnate is, in a very real sense, to be found in energy, not space. He comes—*non pacem mittere sed gladium*—not to bring the "peace" of a passive inaction, but the "sword" of intense emotions, eager enterprises, and, even it may be, passionate self-immolation.

We, in these evil days, congratulate ourselves sometimes on having learnt, in the shadow of the sword, certain bitter lessons. . . . But is it not clear that a world habituated to the Faith of the Cross, and to all that Faith involves, would have no lack of discipline, of keen stimulus to feeling, of broad all-satisfying paths of self-realisation—or self-abandonment? In such a world, the days of peace would be very

far from being days of lassitude, or dulled thought, or uninteresting routine.

We have been told lately that when these days return to us, we must seek for some "moral substitute" for the "great purge" of war, and apply it to our social and national life. That is a good rede! Yet we all know that the greatest of those "moral substitutes" is here with us already.

All that men have ever asked from the thrill and glory and effort of combat is to be found, a thousandfold, in the Holy War, and in that Weapon, sharper than itself—*penetrabilior omni gladio ancipiti*—of which the sword has been, from age to age, the dark unconscious shadow—destined to vanish in the growing Light, and to be no more remembered!

Bernard Fielding

THE KELTIC MYTH BEHIND KING LEAR

By ISABELLE M. PAGAN

(*Concluded from p. 280*)

IN the older play, Kent's prototype, whom we have identified with religious teaching, is successful in his persevering efforts to bring the old man to his senses; and perhaps, if the religious teaching of Shakespeare's day had been less complicated, one personage would have sufficed to represent it in his version too. Kent's outspoken and uncompromising ways are suggestive of the preaching and teaching part of it. Especially do his denunciations of Goneril's steward, Oswald, smack of pulpit oratory of the fearless and fiery type. The court parasite, *the time-server*, is a favourite text with religious reformers of all ages; and the prophet is always apt to get at loggerheads, not only with the priest but with the king. In later times, when liberty of conscience was secured, Kent's type resolved itself into the outspoken agnostic, the man of honest doubt. In our own day such men have brought scientific methods of investigation to bear upon knotty points of doctrine, and some have further developed into scientists of the most uncompromising and even materialistic kind—men loyal and true and just, and fierce in defence of liberty of Thought.[1] Kent's

[1] Thought, be it remembered, is our interpretation of Cordelia; hence Kent's fine defence of her.

kinsmen have often had to suffer for their efforts in the cause of truth; and Kent himself, deprived of place and power, serving his King—Humanity—without due recognition and with no thought of reward, even put in the stocks for so doing!—is as significant a figure as any in the play. But if he is the aggressive reformer, hurling forth defiance and making himself unpopular with the powers that be, which of the characters stands for the national religion of the time, as recognised by law?

Is it harsh to the Church of those days to identify it with poor old Gloucester? Since the lesson of *Lear* is all on a colossal scale, it might be fairer to say that he stands for the priestly tradition of *all* times—for those Temple teachings and beliefs which require re-statement and revivifying from time to time. Gloucester is old, and his judgment is failing. He has two sons, one of them the base-born Edmund, whom we have already identified with unscrupulous Ambition of a thoroughly selfish type. In all times and right down to the present day he is the arch-tempter of the official priesthood, which is always prone to listen to his insidious whispers. It is the younger son, Edgar, who —after many tribulations—succeeds in saving his blind old father from actual suicide[1]. This noble-hearted youth, stripping himself of all his fine clothing, and behaving in the eyes of men of the world as a madman, is distinctly suggestive of the mystic devotee of all

[1] At a recent performance given on symbolic lines, it was suggested on the programme that Edgar stood for true ritual as against the false; but there is surely not much ritual about Edgar! He might in fact be the extreme type of earnest puritan, for he strips off nearly all; which would leave Edmund to stand for the corrupt Roman Catholicism of the Reformation period; but the larger reading would be more characteristic of Shakespeare's great heart and tolerant mind, and Edgar's action is as much akin to that of St. Francis of Assisi as to that of the Quaker mystic.

ages; and his voluntary going out into the desert, in which he meets and helps to tend the poor old King, might be given a symbolic meaning too. *Reviled, he reviled not again.* There is no effort made to put himself right with the authorities. In these and in other ways, Edgar follows in the footsteps of the Christ.

The learned have smiled over the use of classical names for the deities in a Keltic drama, but Shakespeare's use of these titles is not so much classical as astrological, and the language of the stars has been used by the teachers of all the religions in every quarter of the globe. All through this drama religion seems to be indicated by references to astrology, and to beliefs in the planetary Powers; open speech on the subject of religion being prohibited in public places of England at this period. The name of God was not to be uttered in the theatre; but references to the Gods of the older religions were allowed. Several of Shakespeare's contemporaries, including Sir Philip Sidney who speaks of "the dusty minds of those who scorn astrology," had studied that ancient science, as had Dante, Chaucer and other great poets before them; and Shakespeare had evidently followed their example. What the Western world has yet to learn is that it is one of the many keys to the difficult subject of comparative religion. In ancient Christian hymns the star angels are sometimes addressed as such, the invocation being to the immanent deity recognised as pervading them. Astrological teaching of this higher type was as familiar to the Hebrew and the early Christian as it was to the Athenian and the early Scandinavian, or as it is to the Hinḍū of to-day. It is only the names of the Powers that vary. The Shepherds who watched

their flocks by night saw the heavens full of God's shining angels always. The special marvel on that night of nights was that they heard their song. Protestantism, in its desire to get away from aspects of Deity and back to the central Unity, has wellnigh swept the saints and the angels out of sight; but the orthodox Greek Church and the Church of Rome, and to some extent also the Anglican, has kept the old tradition alive, though without much comprehension on the part of the people. Shakespeare's references to the subject are frequent in nearly all the plays.

> There's not a shining orb that thou behold'st
> But in its motion like an angel sings
> Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubins.

says young Lorenzo in the flood-tide of his happiness; and the ministry of the angels and the operations of the Gods are one and the same thing. When King Lear swears the oath he dare not break:

> For, by the sacred radiance of the Sun
> The mysteries of Hecate and the night,
> By all the operation of the orbs
> Through whom we do exist and cease to be;

it sounds far away and foreign to our ears; but Apollo, the slayer of the Python, is St. Michael, the slayer of the dragon; and both are names for that form of energy immanent in the Sun, while Hecate was associated with one aspect of the Moon, and Gabriel with another. Consequently a Christian or a Hebrew—or a Mohammedan—might take the same oath "by St. Michael, St. Gabriel and all the holy angels," and feel, as Lear did, that he was binding his soul very solemnly indeed. Gloucester and Kent talk what might be termed devout astrology; and all the many invocations are addressed to the Powers or the Gods in the plural. Edmund, the arch-villain, who

has no religion in him, is the only one in the drama—and probably throughout the whole of Shakespeare's works—who sneers contemptuously at astrology. That is why I think we may take that subject as standing in our allegory for religious beliefs, and possibly for superstitions too. Such a reading adds peculiar interest to the utterances of Gloucester and his sons on the subject. The old earl—the Church—after being misled by Ambition—Edmund—into persecuting Devout Mysticism—Edgar—begins to waver, and would fain draw back from the further wrong of turning Lear himself out into the storm. With all his weaknesses Gloucester is after all on the side of the King—the real man. At the instigation of Goneril, however, Cornwall blinds him. Here we may read a hint of the blindness that is so often associated with cruelty and persecution, and the horrors of which unbridled action can be capable when the voice of Reason cannot make itself heard. Gloucester wails helplessly, but is powerless to resist, and gropes his way to Edgar, whom, even when found, he *still* fails to recognise.

The tragedy of Lear is built up in somewhat the same way as certain stately forms of musical composition. We have had the original theme laid down, and it is followed by what might be described as the *working out section*, in which nothing is included that might not have been predicted from the moment of the old King's decision to banish Cordelia. The first thing Action and Emotion rebel against is the claim of the Spirit to kingly authority over them. In their opinion his voice is no longer worth listening to. Lear's train of knights is troublesome, and must be reduced; and this, as might be guessed, is part of the original story in its oldest

form. The loss of personal dignity is always an early consequence of a lack of judgment. The bitterest part of the old man's sense of injury is that this curtailment of his rights and privileges is made by his own flesh and blood—by his daughters themselves. It is always our own feelings that hurt us most severely; our own evil deeds that we are tempted to curse, praying fervently that they may bring forth no fruit[1]—a vain prayer, for *whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.* The results of action always remain, and strongly affect our emotions, which in their turn influence our subsequent actions, or impede our power to act at all. Both the treacherous collaboration and the later strife between Goneril and Regan thus fit into the allegory without the slightest strain being put upon their words to one another.

The husbands also play their parts, Cornwall in his harshness, and Albany in the stern rebuke[2] he gives to Goneril for her treatment of the old king. He has often been staged as a weakling—a grievous mistake, for the voice of conscience speaks clear and loud, however we may try to stifle it. He is gentle and yet

[1] *Lear,*

> Hear, Nature, hear; dear goddess hear!
> Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend
> To make this creature fruitful. . . .
> And from her derogate body never spring
> A babe to honour her.
>
> Act I. Sc. 4.

The Goneril of the older chronicle *does* bear a son, who brings woe on the State, taking Cordelia prisoner.

[2] *Albany,*

> O Goneril!
> You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
> Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:
> That nature which contemns its origin
> Cannot be bordered certain in itself.
> . . . What have you done?
> Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed?
> A father and a gracious aged man. . . .
> If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
> Send quickly down to tame these wild offences
> (Yet) it will come.

strong, for though he fails to restrain Goneril in her course, he refuses to fight on her side. When all is over, it is left to him to carry on the government of the State, for whatever heart-rending events may happen, there always remains some duty to be done. To his misguided wife at her wildest and most uncontrollable, when the blood is coursing through her veins at the thought of civil war, and her infatuation for Ambition is at its height, Albany only seems weak and womanish; but his eyes are clear, and he knows her for what she is. It is difficult to decide what colours symbolise him best. A sense of duty would have made all well with both the erring sisters, therefore to a certain extent he is their natural complement. In dressing his part a clearer green than that of Regan, relieved by a purer red than that of Goneril, might carry the meaning. He has enough sympathy to restrain his actions; but until Cordelia's return he has no chance to show his real worth.

Meanwhile the warfare[1] in the State and the sharp contest between the sisters finds its counterpart in the tempest that rages in the heart of Lear himself, and is echoed in the howling of the wind that sweeps over the wild heath on which he wanders. Disappointment engendered by ill-considered action always leads to emotional turmoil of some kind, and usually to a nursing or cherishing of wrath and resentment. Therefore, when Lear quarrels with Goneril, he attempts to take refuge in the domain of Regan; but the *feelings* induced by such folly as his, are not of the type that give us gentle welcome. There can be no peace for the old king until he

[1] This may be preceded by the reading or performance of Act I, parts of scenes 3 and 4, Act IV. scene 3, and Act II. scene 3, from "Deny" to "speak with me".

seeks reconciliation with Cordelia, by getting his thoughts into harmony, and obeying the dictates of Reason. In the old play he does this, and all goes well. Shakespeare's Lear refuses to entertain such an idea for a moment, silencing his knights and the faithful fool if they dare to speak of their young lady in France, and going out into the storm with a fierce feeling of exultation in its violence, as those who give way to excessive anger may well be described as doing.

"*Where's the King?*" demands Kent at this juncture, and is answered by one of the royal train with a wonderful[1] description of the old man's wrath. He has gone out into the wind and the rain and the driving sleet, into the most awful storm ever depicted by any poet in the whole range of dramatic literature—a storm touching that in the book of *Job* as a background for anguish, but far more terrible; for Job, though despairing and torn by doubts, is not rebellious. Wind and rain—*air and water*—both in rapid motion, driven in every direction! Wild thoughts and wilder feelings intermingled; *thoughts*, for although Cordelia is absent, the fool, the *Intellect*, is there, growing rapidly weaker and weaker; and in the midst of it all, and despite the physical hardships endured, *pride* still persisting! Even in the torrent of his grief and rage, the old king has time to assure himself that he is *a man more sinned against than sinning*. We all do that on such occasions!

[1] Lear, we are told, is now

> Contending with the fretful elements.
> Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
> Or swell the world of waters 'bove the main,
> That things might change, or cease;
> Strives in his little world of men to outscorn
> The to-and-fro-contending wind and rain.

It is Edgar and Kent and old Gloucester who come to Lear's assistance when things are at their worst—the very three we have suggested as representing religion in its various aspects. Kent, the preacher of the period, tells him where shelter is to be found; Gloucester, the official church, gets him both food and fire; and in the hut to which he is conducted sits Gloucester's true-born son, the persecuted Edgar, wrapped in his blanket and singing of the wandering knight Roland and his last strange experiences on approaching the dark Tower. He is hailed by Lear as an Athenian, a Greek philosopher, the only one with whom true wisdom may yet be found. Philosophy as well as devout mysticism is apt to be viewed askance and persecuted by an arrogant or corrupt official priesthood; so perhaps we may consider Edgar as a compendium of persecuted tendencies, as we have considered his brother as a compendium of selfishness and worldly ambition of all sorts. Lear's eager interest in this philosopher is short-lived. He relapses into bitter words about his daughters; Goneril, the insensate, *a joint-stool!* and Regan, *the sly gray cat* that still escapes his justice; and even as he ceases to rave, the sorrowful question rings out again—from Gloucester this time —*Where is the king?* and is answered by those present that he sleeps and must not be troubled; so they carry him, unconscious, to a place of greater comfort. Religious institutions cannot *compel* us to the path of virtue, but they may do much to help, and it is Gloucester's doing that Lear is taken to Dover and meets with Cordelia at last. The army of France has landed and an effort is to be made to set the realm in order, but it is foredoomed to failure, because

engineered by others, not undertaken by the king himself.[1]

Reason returns with the beloved child of course. The old king's recognition of her worth, the gradual clearing of his mind from false conceptions, and his humble acknowledgment of the error of his ways, are all wonderfully touching. A marvellous scene that awakening—every word of it pure gold, from the wise old doctor's order for music,[2] to the exit[3] begging forgiveness of the daughter he has wronged—but the acknowledgment of his error comes too late. The strain has been too much for him, and Lear and his children are all doomed.

Even the manner and order of their passing suits our parable. Goneril poisons Regan and then takes her own life. Uncontrolled action generally results in the poisoning of the emotional life, through the calling forth of bitterness and unavailing regrets. We hate what we have done. Then when desire ceases, action must cease too. It dies inevitably, and therefore by its own hand, having worn out the physical frame as well as the power to feel. It is Edmund who takes Cordelia prisoner, and gives orders for her death; and the fact that she has actually been hanged always sends a thrill of horror through the audience when the scene is

[1] Act IV. 3 should be read or played here, and also Act IV. 7; also the closing scene might follow, if the company is equal to it, instead of the closing paragraphs of the article.

[2] Music is recognised as an important element in the treatment of insanity by mental specialists of the present day.

[3]
I am a very foolish fond old man
Four score and upwards, not an hour more or less,
And to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Then the break to pathetically simple prose;
I pray you, now, forget and forgive; I am old and foolish.
Act. IV. Sc. 7.

played. Yet what could be more fitting? Selfish and worldly ambition ever tries to strangle[1] the Thought that might arrest the carrying out of its schemes, preferring to follow where Desire and Passion lead.

The old King's entrance with the beloved body in his arms, and his last efforts to revive her, make the most poignant moments in the whole range of dramatic literature. Kent tries to explain to him who he is, and what has happened; Albany and Edgar agree that it is useless to present themselves now. Their kindly ministrations are all they can offer, and while Kent, also abandoning hope of recognition, occupies himself with the easing of the worn-out body in its struggles for breath, Edgar's thought is to arouse the king, bidding him *look up*; but he has already done so. Just as he gives up the last hope of hearing the gentle voice again, he sinks back into the arms of his faithful servant, and lifting his anguished eyes, *sees* Cordelia smiling at him from the gate of heaven! As most great interpreters of the part have understood, the dying cry is one of rapture, due, not to any vain illusion of this earthly plane, but to the opening of the inner vision, and the realisation of the life beyond. Kent has acknowledged that none who love the old king could wish for the prolongation of his earthly existence, and Albany accepts the utterance as just, adding a plea for sincerity in sorrow. It is a time to say exactly what they feel, not a time for conventional phrases. The lesson has been learned, and the learner has gone home.

The wise grieve neither for the living nor the dead.

[1] "Hang it all! I want to do it!" So a modern man of Edmund's type might phrase it!

Those who remain and whose duty it is to wrestle with the immediate results of the king's blunders on the physical plane, must deal with their problems in a spirit of sober truth and honesty. Kent will follow his master; for the preaching of the word will necessarily take a new form for the rising generation, and his day is over; but Edgar and Albany together will do what they can.

What was it that made the poet break with old tradition, and give the familiar fairy-tale so terribly tragic an end?—and is it so terribly tragic after all? The careful and loving scholarship [1] of recent years has taught us much about the environment and life experiences of William Shakespeare—the materials for study at his hand, the schools of thought with which he must, as court player and one of the royal household, have come into contact. Several have traced the gradual widening and opening up of the whole outlook on life of this poet-player, best understood through a careful analytical study of the order in which his dramas were composed. We may read from the early beginning, right on through the period of light-hearted comedy and the splendid pageantry of English historical drama, to the time of strain and stress when his soul cries to us *from the depths*; and then on to the tender serenity of the three [2] closing plays—written, as has been well said, somewhere *on the heights. King*

[1] See Prof. Dowden's *Shakspere; his Mind and Art*, the biographies by Sir Sidney Lee, Georg Brandes and others, and the extremely detailed and accurate research of Mrs. Charlotte Stopes in *Shakespeare's Environment* and *Shakespeare's Industry*.

[2] *Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*. Mr. John Masefield, in his excellent book of analytical summaries of the plays, makes the interesting suggestion that *Cymbeline* was actually begun as a tragedy, before the change of outlook took place. The first Act is set forth in his tragic manner; but the play ends serenely, in reconciliation and forgiveness. This valuable little book is simply called *Shakespeare*. (University Library.)

Lear takes its place among the seven heart-rending tragedies and the three mirthless comedies composed by Shakespeare in the first eight years of the seventeenth century; the tragedies of *Hamlet*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus* and *Timon of Athens*; and the so-called "bitter comedies" of *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Troilus and Cressida*. From the point of view of literary output alone, the achievement was tremendous. When we take into consideration the accompanying evolution of the powers, mental and emotional, of the man who achieved, we can only hold our breaths in awe. What agony of effort have we here, as the poet penned these tremendous studies in Karma, and sorrowfully realised that though results must ever spring from causes, they are often, apparently, out of all proportion to the causes we perceive? In all the plays of this dark period the dramatist seems to be demanding the light ever more and more insistently; and then, as so often happens after much soul-searching, it dawned on him at last, bringing peace and rest and inward joy. *Whence did it come?*

The problem remains unsolved, but only one solution is possible. There was some radical change in the outlook on life, and part of that change has been hinted at by Professor Bradley, who suggests that while engaged upon *Lear*:

> Shakespeare, to whom the idea of the transmigration[1] of souls was familiar, and had once been material for jest—twice, indeed, and a third time for serious utterance—seems to have been brooding on humanity in the light of it.

[1] See references to Pythagorean teaching—*As You Like It*. III. 2. *Twelfth Night*, IV. 2. *The Merchant of Venice*, IV. 1. Cf. also *Sonnet* 59. Shakespeare is known to have been on friendly terms with his fellow townsman, Richard Field, a London publisher, and the plays show acquaintance with all

If that theory is correct, it is easier to understand where he found sufficient strength to face the thought of such appalling suffering, and to make of it a thing of overwhelming beauty. Even if we merely look on Lear and his daughters as so many studies in human psychology, their story to a reincarnationist is much less terrible than to a man who thinks it possible that they should each be limited to one chance of earthly experience. What believer in reincarnation could wish the play to end otherwise? Is not the heaven world the best possible place for Lear, until such time as he may be ready to take up the earthly burden again with all the bright vitality of youth to help him to shoulder it? The Gods are immortal and cannot die; but, *The King is dead—Long live the King!* and the rhythm of life and death that we all obey rarely allows us even Lear's *fourscore years and upwards.* He has had enough, passing through the purifying fires of purgatory even while yet in the physical body, as so many of us do. There is therefore no lingering on the astral plane for him. Straight to the golden gate of Devachan he goes, to blest communion with Cordelia, his gentle guide to higher heavens yet.

> To everything there is a season
> And a time to every purpose under the heaven.
> A time to be born,
> And a time to die,
> A time to plant,
> And a time to pluck up that which is planted.

King Lear has often been likened to a mighty oak, torn up by the roots in some terrible tempest:

> As the tree falls, so must it lie

his most important publications. Readers will note with interest that one of the most interesting to Theosophists, *The Works of Giordano Bruno*, was also published by him but suppressed by the authorities. Shakespeare probably read the volume in proof before that!

has a solemn truth behind it; but although it may lie at rest for a while, the weary physical frame returning to the earth from which it arose, the consciousness in its finer sheaths will be indrawn to assimilate the fruits of experience gathered upon the physical plane, so that it may build them into permanent powers to use in a fairer and better future still to be.

Isabelle M. Pagan

BEHIND THE VEIL OF DEATH

THE PARADISE AND PURGATORY OF MANY CREEDS

By S. JACKSON COLEMAN

The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates on a life to come.

POPE.

ONE of the most remarkable features in all religions is that in spite of their great and vital differences as regards essentials, there are very many more points of similarity than first appearances would lead us to believe. Among the peoples of almost all climes and creeds, for instance, there is a yearning towards a better and nobler life—an existence to succeed our present sojourn on earth, with which contemporary joys and pleasures can bear no comparison. Opposed to the indescribable happiness of Paradisaic life many a creed supplies the dread alternative of the Inferno—an abode for those who are irretrievably lost. The continuous existence of the soul, too, seems to cover even a wider field and to underlie almost every dogmatic opinion as

IN this article an attempt is made to describe tersely the prevailing beliefs among the followers of many faiths. Not the real exposition of various sacred books revealing great truths, is the aim of the article; it only gives the popular beliefs of the masses. It does not deal with the ancient culture of the teachers but with the modern beliefs of ordinary folk.—ED.

regards an after-life. In this connection it may not be out of place to suggest that there is found among the articles of a vast number of creeds the old and beautiful comparison between the development of the soul and that of the butterfly. In the caterpillar lies hidden the chrysalis; and this again contains the butterfly with its folded wings and antennæ. This pale, imprisoned form goes through its successive labours, casting its skin, spinning for itself new bonds, until at length it breaks forth to freedom, and, renouncing for ever the slough and its coarse diet of leaves, sports henceforward amid the flowers and lives for the love of those around. These similitudes in many a religion speak of the desires of the soul. Many a time in its pupa state it would gladly be permitted to burst the chrysalis and fully expand its soft, tender wings which seem so bruised in its dungeon tenement. This is the consummation, indeed, for which it bears a thousand sufferings and undergoes its times of privation and pain. Yet it were surely a waste of energies, a harsh contradiction, if the butterfly, after all its painful casting off of skin, its narrow swathing-bands, the dark dungeon of an almost torpid pupa, should come forth as nothing, or merely in corruption, with its foul slough hanging around as a shroud. Without bearing, however, upon the well known views of the Western Church and the opinions more or less held by Protestants in respect to the bliss of Paradise and the terrors of Hell, there is much interest to be obtained in surveying the lore of peoples and creeds in regard to the existence of an after-life, which it is the present purpose in some small measure to fulfil.

The artist and the pencraftsman have tried for many an age in vain to paint a positive picture of the

celestial city, but the conceptions of creeds have proved even beyond the power of the master-mind. Guthrie, for instance, is purely negative in the images he conceives. The city, in his mind, was never built with hands, nor hoary with the years of time. It was a city, "whose inhabitants no census has numbered—a city, through whose streets rush no tides of business, nor nodding hearse creeps slowly with its burden to the tomb—a city, without griefs or sorrows, without births or burials, without marriages or mournings"; and Davy can only speak in metaphor of an orange grove in a sheltered glen, with the trees loaded with sweet, golden fruit and balmy, silver flowers. The abode, to which the framers of creeds have consigned the lost, perhaps lends itself more exquisitely to the artist's brush and the poet's pen. Dryden draws the vision of "eternal torments, baths of boiling sulphur, vicissitudes of fires and then of frosts," and Pollok pictures "a lake of burning fire, with tempest toss'd perpetually," through which the miserable walk, burning perpetually, yet unconsumed, for ever wasting, yet enduring still, dying perpetually, yet never dead. Milton images its chaos and eternal anarchy, and dwells on the confusion of its endless wars; while Congreve suggests more exquisitely:

> What do the damn'd endure but to despair;
> But knowing heaven, to know it lost for ever.

Among the old-time Romans the spirits of the dead were believed never to perish. They lived perpetually in a kind of shadowy life, haunting the tomb in which they were buried, and depending for their well-being entirely on the honour which they received from their descendants. It was the greatest

impiety to neglect the rights due to ancestors, since this was supposed to bring misery upon them in the unseen world. For this reason it was a serious crime and a grave misfortune for a man to die unmarried; not only was he doomed to lose all honours after death himself, but he also robbed the spirits of his forefathers of the honours which they ought to have continued to enjoy. To the ancient Greeks the Elysian Paradise was the golden land far away in the West, where the sun went down beyond the bounds of the earth, and, amid a "tearless eternity," grief and sorrow absented themselves and plagues and sickness could not touch them. The abodes of the blessed were golden islands, sailing on a sea of blue, and the imagery of the Homeric descriptions furnished, strangely enough, the very materials for the hymns which expressed the yearning of the mediæval Church for the golden streets and jewelled gates of the heavenly Jerusalem. Hermes is the guide for all souls, who, upon crossing the mysterious boundary, are conveyed without exception to the realm of Hades. This land was imaged as dark, dreary and repulsive, and it was considered better to be a slave on earth than a prince in that awful region. With the Egyptians of old the most sacred and precious rites had reference to embalming and entombing, or to the life after death. The Egyptian belief in a future state, curiously enough, was rather repulsive. At the entrance of the Future sat a wide-throated monster, over whose head was the inscription: "This is the Devourer of those who come with sins to the House of Justice." The soul had to kneel before the forty-two accessories of Osiris, the sovereign of the Empire of Death, with

appeals for mercy and pleas for intercession. Then came the final trial, in the hall of the Two Truths, the approving and the condemning. Here the soul was weighed in the scales by three divinities.

According to the Muhammadan belief the most exact justice will be meted out on the Last Day. All the actions of mankind will be weighed. For, according to the Koran, so soon as the soul is separated from the body by the angel of death—an office performed with gentleness as regards the good, and with violence in the case of the wicked—it enters into an intermediate state, there to await the last trump. The prophets, however, immediately pass into the abodes of bliss. When the last terrible ordeal of judgment is passed, those who are admitted to Paradise are gathered on the right hand and those who are destined to perdition on the left. Yet, even then, their trials are not fully undergone. All must pass over a bridge, with the infernal regions below, and described to be finer than a hair and sharper than the edge of a sword. On each side it is beset with briars and thorns, so that unless directed and supported by the Prophet of Islām it is impossible to pass along in safety. In the case of the wicked, who are deprived of all guidance and help, there is no other course open except to miss their footing and fall headlong into the yawning abyss beneath. The joys of Paradise are pictured as beyond the dreams of the imagination. All that can delight the heart or enchant the senses can there be found, and the first taste of approaching bliss is a refreshing draught from Muhammad's pond. There are exquisite jewels and precious stones, the Tree of Happiness yielding fruits of size and taste unknown to mortal

eye, streams flowing with water, some with milk, some with wine, and others with honey. All glories, however, will be eclipsed by the resplendent "houris" of Paradise. These lovely women, clad in magnificent garments and created of pure musk, will be the chief delight of the faithful, and their charms alone will be enhanced by the enjoyment of perpetual youth. Eternal damnation seems to be reserved for infidels alone. All others in time will be released from torment. Idolators and unbelievers are reckoned as having garments of fire fitted to their wretched bodies and boiling water poured over their heads. By this means it is considered their bowels will be dissolved and their skins destroyed, their bodies being beaten with maces of iron. So often as they attempt to get out of this place of torment, too, they will be dragged yet again and again into its miseries.

The Confucian custom of sacrificing to the dead involves a belief in the continued existence of the souls or spirits of men after their life on earth has come to a close, although certain sayings of Confucius have lent doubt in regard to this matter. He appears to have been personally strict, however, in the performance of such a rite. Nevertheless the entire silence of the religion of China with regard to the future of the bad is an unsatisfactory feature. The only evil issue of an evil course which it intimates—and that not very distinctly—is to be excluded from sharing in the sacrifices to the dead. There is no purgatory and no hell in the Confucian literature. The spirits of the blessed are believed to be in heaven and in the midst of the Divine presence. Of King Wan, whose career led to his son

becoming the first sovereign of the Chau dynasty, it was sung:

> The royal Wan now rests on high,
> In dignity above the sky;
> Chau as a State had long been known;
> Heaven's choice of it at last was shown.
> Its lords had gained a famous name;
> God kinged them when the season came.
> King Wan ruled well when earth he trod;
> Now moves his spirit near to God.

Among the Pārsīs, whose cult has often been denominated as Zoroastrianism, we have what seems an actual theological dualism: two spirits—one a God creating all that is good, and the other an evil Being creating all evil. This creed may be considered as a species of Polytheism, if not Pantheism, and contains four periods. During the first period the work of creation is associated with the upper regions, and Ormuzd is represented as being occupied in the creation of heaven and its inhabitants. After the fourth and last period Ormuzd, at the close of many victorious struggles with Ahriman, will reign triumphant. Towards its close men will abandon the eating of animal food; and will eventually cease even to eat fruits or drink milk. Water will be their only nourishment; yet though they have ceased to eat, they will not die. The Resurrection will then follow—first, of Kaiomars, then of Meshah and Meshaneh, the first parents of mankind; and afterwards of all other human kind. The righteous will be rewarded immediately with the enjoyment of perfect happiness; while the wicked, after undergoing three days' purgation on the molten metals of hell, will be thoroughly purified, and raised to a fitness for the enjoyment of that better life and renovated universe which are to succeed the present.

The Japanese call their ancient national religion *Kami no michi*, "The Way of the Gods," but it is known amongst the outside world by the Chinese form of Shintoism. Its very simplicity has rendered it so utterly unlike any other faith, that it can never prove hostile to any religion introduced into its own field, so long as no resistance is offered to the filial and loyal piety and the national virtues of the Land of the Rising Sun. It has no teaching, however, concerning a future state. There exists a hazy assumption of the immortality of the soul, arising out of a vague belief in the company of ancestors and heroes of the past. Shinto has no worship properly so called, no sacrifices, no idol worship, and no priestcraft. The intervention of a priest is not ordinarily required, for there are no merciless deities to propitiate, no terrors of hell to avert, and both sexes are capable of offering their petitions. Its claim as a religion, perhaps, rests indeed on no firmer a foundation than its deification of heroes, emperors and great men, and of sundry forces and objects in nature; on its inculcating reverence for ancestors and a recommendation for the emulation of their worthy deeds.

Among the Brahmins the souls of men, after death, instead of being translated into a world of spirits, become new tenants of other mortal forms of men or animals. On this doctrine of "the transmigration of souls" the rewards due to the good or evil actions of a previous life are made to depend; the higher or lower places assigned to the individual in his "new birth" being determined by his antecedent character. The good man, however humble, is raised in this way in his next birth to that station to which his virtues entitle

him—while the bad man, however high in rank, will be brought low to a proportionate degree. A degradation even lower is reserved for those stained by the greater vices. It will be their doom to pass into the bodies of animals possessing kindred habits to their own. In this manner the deceitful and cruel will assume the nature and forms of beasts characterised by their cunning and ferocity; and it is possible that they may have to pass through a number of the lower grades of animal existence before they can again attain the level of humanity. To the rewards and punishments employed in the elevation or degradation of the individual in his successive births, in many cases the joys of a heaven and the pains of a hell are superadded. These, however, are still of an exclusively corporeal nature; the former consisting of the most exquisite sensual pleasures, and the latter of the most fearful bodily torments.

Instead of a fixed heaven and hell, which no one is good enough or bad enough to enter, Buḍḍhism proclaims a heaven and hell of many mansions. Each person goes to his own place—to the place which he has prepared for himself.

> Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
> And what we have been makes us what we are.

He that is holy will be holy still, and he that is filthy will be filthy still. The good man will be reincarnated yet again into a better and higher life; a bad man perhaps will be even transmigrated into a hard-worked ass or an unclean cur. The result of his good actions, the fruit of his Karma, as the Buḍḍhists would call it, will survive when life is passed, and advances the happiness of some other beings who

have no conscious identity with their fountain of grace.

It is interesting to glean a few views from the Greenlanders, who think the soul continues to live after leaving the body and goes either to a place under the earth and sea or to the over-world in the sky. The former place seems to have had its origin in the Eskimos seeing the heaven and the mountains reflected in the water, and, having regard to this theory, it is useful to note that the under-world is regarded as the better abode of the two, and is pictured as a place where there is an abundance of lovely sunshine, excellent water, and plenty of animals and birds. The over-world, over which is arched the blue heaven, is imaged like the earth, but is of colder temperature, and the souls of the dead dwell in tents round a lake. These souls can be seen by night in the form of the northern lights, although the Aurora is believed on the east coast to be merely the souls of still-born or prematurely-born children, or of those who are killed after their birth. The Eskimos have no hell, but, although both of these former regions are more or less good, there are indications that the journey to these blissful regions is no easy matter. On the way, we are told, there is a high, sharp rock, down which the dead must slide on their backs. For this reason the rock is bloody. Five or even more days are occupied by each individual soul in sliding down this rock or mountain; and those luckless ones are especially to be pitied who have to perform the journey in wintry or stormy weather. It is probably on account of these facts that it is not uncustomary to lay a dog's head beside a child when it is buried. The

dog may scent about and guide the child to the land of spirits upon returning to life again. Perhaps it is interesting to allude in passing to the fact that many believe that the souls of all animals, even of the smallest fly, come to life again in the under-world.

S. Jackson Coleman

THE WINDOW

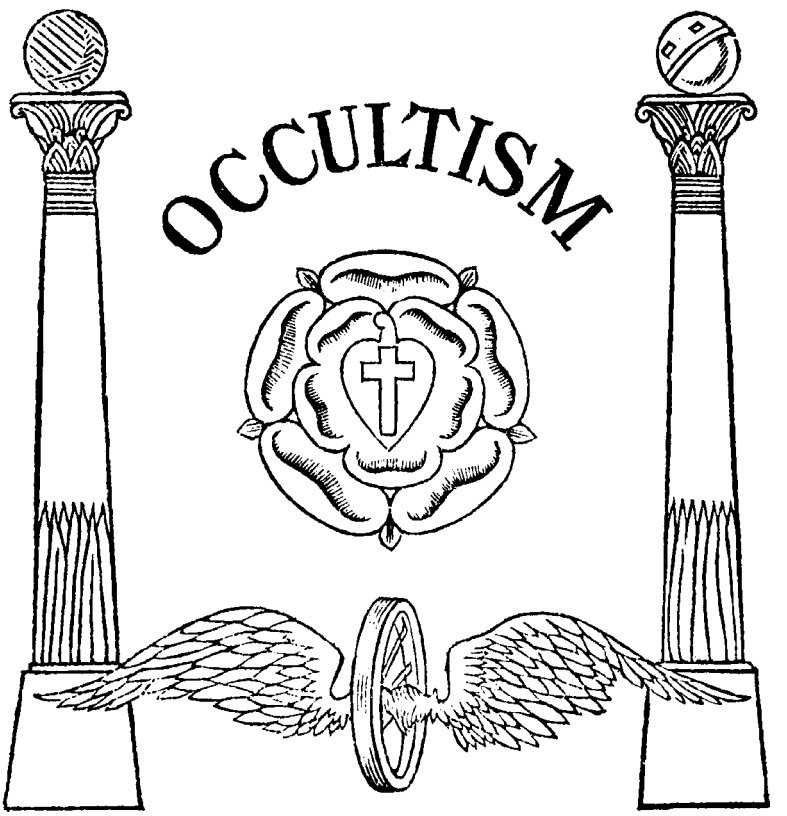
I CAME, as if in dream, to a great window-frame,
Built of white-glowing marble, veined with flame,
And looked out thence on a new world of green,
Marvellously serene.
Beneath the towering trees I saw bright forms
Whose eyes shone like clear water after storms
Reflecting the calm splendour of the sun.
I saw them speak together, saw them run
To meet those whom they loved.
I saw the long embrace
When hearts together moved
And face was pressed to face.

And then I looked out farther yet, to find,
Beyond this luminous world of waving trees,
A range of mountains—O, the sight made blind
My eyes for a long moment!—for on these
There sat enthroned, and reaching to the stars,
God—alone, intense,
In His Magnificence—
And between Him and me only great space—no bars.
No longer then was I content to gaze,
But fain would leap from that unmeasured height,
Prepared to run all day and all the night,
And all the day again, for many days
If at the end I might but kneel before
Him, unto whom my prayers and praise,
Sent forth so ardently, must seem so dim
When from far earth their waning pinions bore
My soul to Him.

But, as I moved, all shaken by desire,
My veins on fire,
Sudden and sweet I heard
The wild notes of a bird,
A thrush, that sang as though his heart would break
For joy, as though he longed to wake
All heaven's dreaming galaxies
Of starry spirits, calm and wise,
And call them down from distant skies.
I paused, and lo, a Voice said. . . . "Hush!
Hear the song of the thrush!
He has wings, he is free
To fly to Me.
He has no destiny,
As thou hast, to fulfil.
Do thou My Will,
And be still."

A dark weight seemed to fall and crush
My soul, to quench my inner flame—
(O happy, winged thrush!)
Yet once more, low and tranquil, came
That Voice. . . . "The thrush may fly to Me,
But grieve not! I myself seek thee.
Oft do I come thy spirit's cup to fill,
Sad, earth-bound as thou art,
And hold thee to My Heart,
When thou art still. . . when thou art still."
And God's Hand touched me then across the flame-white sill.

EVA MARTIN



BYE-WAYS OF EVOLUTION

A TALK WITH A CLASS

VII

By ANNIE BESANT

PEOPLE who had passed out of this life, who had gone on to Ḍevachan, are, as you know, drawn back again to earth-life by their own desires, by tṛṣhṇa, the thirst for sentient existence. It is worth while to remember—for the sake of general knowledge perhaps

—that tṛṣhṇa may be of different kinds and, as one of the Upaniṣhaṭs points out, a man is born in the world to which his desires lead him.

Now it is quite possible that during any special earth-life, a man's desires may lead him, not into Ḍevachan, but into some other world—a point that is not very often considered. Supposing that he wishes that growth of the whole nature, the working up of experience into faculty, which takes place in Ḍevachan, then he will naturally go thither. But suppose we take the case of one of the less developed yogīs, say in India. *There* is a man who has deliberately killed out the desires which belong to this particular world. He has realised that the world is transitory, that it is hardly worth while to take very much trouble to remain in it, and perhaps his life before he went into Yoga was one of unhappiness and disappointment. He might have reached that form of vairāgya—the "burning-ground vairāgya"—which does not lead to Liberation in the strict sense of the term, but only to a very partial liberation.

Supposing that that has happened and that the man has given all his years to meditation and killed out, for the time being only (but he does not know that), the desire for anything that this world can give him. He passes away. What is to bring him back, or whither will he be brought? He has extinguished for the time being the particular tṛṣhṇa which would bring him back to this world. Then there is nothing which should bring him back, because it is desire which guides him to any particular world.

There are many cases of this sort in which a man passes into a loka (a world) which is not permanent,

but in which he may remain practically for ages. And that is obtained by one of the forms of vairāgya. There are a number of those other worlds, connected very often with the worship of the particular Divine form connected with special kinds of meditation, and so on, and a man may pass into one of those and may remain there for a quite indefinite time. Ultimately he has to come back to a world, either this world if it is still going on, or a world similar to this, where he can take up his evolution at the point at which it was dropped. But it might be worth your while just to remember that possibility, because it has to do with cases which you might be asked to explain.

Supposing that you get a man who is of average goodness, who is not distinguished by any great self-sacrifice, any great desire for the service of others (things which are the marks of the real spiritual life, of the growth of spirituality, because they are the recognition—whether consciously or not on this plane—of the unity of life, and that recognition of the One is what we mean by the word "spirituality"); such a man has not reached a high spiritual level at all. He is quite an average person with no particular intellectual or moral qualities of a remarkable kind.

He is clearly not fit for "Liberation" as we know it; that is, he is not fit to enter upon the Path, let alone to reach the Fifth of the great Initiations, which gives what we call Mokṣha, or Liberation. What then is to become of him? There is nothing to bring him back here, because he has killed that out for the time. Where is he to go? What will happen to him? He obtains a form of Mokṣha; he does stay away from this world in a condition in which he is quite happy, but in

which he is of no particular use either to himself or to anybody else.

There are cases where a man has gone a considerable way along the Path, and where he may pass away to some form of Mokṣha which is lower than the complete thing; then he may be very useful there. He may have reached a stage of meditation in which his mental powers are of very great value; he may then be able to influence the world, not consciously, but by his meditation in some other world he may help in that great stream of mental and spiritual energy which is drawn upon by the Masters for Their work in the world. You all realise that there is such a reservoir of spiritual force; in the highest sense it is kept full of energy by Those whom we speak of as the Nirmāṇakāyas, very lofty Beings; it is They who, as it were, fill that reservoir for the use of the worlds. But others may contribute to it, though in a very much lesser fashion; and you might have a man who had made considerable progress, who wished to remain in the condition of meditation, and to make that his way of serving the world. And he can do it.

You ought to try gradually to realise the enormous power that you have over your own futures; that you are not drifting about on the sea of existence, but that you have begun to put your hand on the rudder of your own particular ship, and that you can very, very largely control your own future and your methods of working.

Suppose, then, that such a man, who has reached a considerable point of intellectual power through meditation, through concentration, is able to use that power in meditation, and suppose that that is the best expression of his service to the world. Then his wish

to be of service would take him off to a world in which he could work along that particular line. It would be a world about the level of the causal body, the higher regions of the mental plane. He could inhabit such a world, live there literally for ages, and be of use, because he would be pouring out this stream of concentrated thought for the helping of others, and so helping to supply this reservoir of spiritual power.

That is one possibility, and I think it would be a good thing if all of you could realise these very large and varied possibilities that lie before the human Spirit. We are so apt to limit our thought of evolution, and of rest from evolution, to what you may call the normal, average way, running round and round and round the three worlds, then entering on the Path, reaching the stage of Jīvanmukṭi, and then the seven great Paths that branch out from it. We do not always remember that in connection with each plane there are numerous lokas or places, which for the moment we may call worlds, in which there are very varied possibilities to meet the very varied developments of the individual.

While there is no particular need that you should go carefully and thoroughly into the subject, I think it is well that you should recognise this fact, for it may often happen, especially here in India, that you may be asked questions as to what happens to these people who have given up the world, who are leading these very ascetic lives, who have not reached any point of development which makes them really fit for the work of the Hierarchy, the higher work in the helping of the world, but who do contribute, some of them, their own share to the helping of the world.

Others of them below that level simply have an exceedingly blissful existence for ages, and then come back again to some world in the same stage as the one they had left. There are these very varied possibilities outside the ordinary run. Nature is so full of possibilities that she meets every individualised creature just according to his needs; so that that which is best for the individual, by the choice of the Monad (which is the dominating force always), she will meet by the provision in this boundless realm of hers of that which suits the choice of that particular Monad.

I just allude to this because I have been glancing over that phrase of the Upaniṣhaṭs that refers to these many worlds into which men go. And I would say to those of you who do not know the major Upaniṣhaṭs well, that a careful reading of them would add enormously to your knowledge. Most of you should now be able to read them with an intelligence, an insight, which are not generally brought to bear upon them, and in that way you might learn from them very much wider views of the world than for the most part are entertained.

Let us now turn to the subject of the "elementary". Remember that that word is specifically used for the human being who has dropped his physical body at death, and who is still in all the rest of the bodies, except the etheric, as the physical includes the etheric. He has dropped that, but he has all the rest of the bodies and he lives in the world which belongs to the lowest of them; that is, he is living on the astral plane. As long as he is living there he is technically called an "elementary" (not "elemental," which is on a different line). I may just

perhaps remind you, in passing, that when he has thrown off some of those concentric shells of astral matter in which his astral body is normally rearranged after death, and when he has drawn himself out of those and is in the finer levels of the astral, then that which he leaves behind is called the "shell".

You want to remember those little distinctions carefully, so that you may follow H. P. B. in her statements, because she frequently talks of "shells," and she means, by those, these cast-off remnants of the astral man which have life enough in them to keep together for a time, but which the man has left. He is no longer there. The great mark of the "shells" is that they continually repeat the same thing; if you are familiar with spiritualism you will easily recognise the "shell". The "shell" comes out in automatic writing or through materialisation, when it repeats the old things over and over again, such as: "I am very happy," "I am pleased to see you," "It is a very beautiful world," and so on; there is no information given, nothing that is worth anything. A very large part of such communications comes from the "shells".

Spiritualists, not understanding H. P. B.'s nomenclature, have believed that she meant that the word "shell" applied to everybody who is on the other side, and so a great deal of misconception has arisen and they have attacked her quite unnecessarily, asserting that she said that all the communications came from "shells". But that is not so: she used the word "shell" in a specific way—those still-vivified, automatic, denser parts of the astral body, which in the rearrangement after death have been shed by the man, who has gone on to the higher parts of the astral world,

and has left behind on the lower these remnants which are most available for the medium.

In a previous talk I explained to you the condition of the person who was the victim of an accident or who had committed suicide. Take a person who kills himself. He has antedated the hour for which his mortal bodies were made. Now mortal bodies, remember, include three: physical, astral, and mental. Those are made by karma for a particular length of life. That idea causes confusion sometimes. There is what I have called the "life-period"—a particular phrase to cover that idea; I have used it to mean the particular periods for which these three bodies are built.

Of course that applies most to the physical body. That is built for a particular number of years; it is meant to last so many years, and that is according to the karma which is chosen to exhaust itself in that particular body. If the man lives out the life for which his physical body has been built, then he will have worn out that "ripe" karma which he was meant to wear out in this particular body. That is, of course, the arrangement of the Lords of Karma, who select the ripe karma, and of the Devas who build according to the mould which they have been given; then the building elemental, being given the mould of that, builds according to it and shapes it for a particular life-period. That is the normal condition.

You know roughly, I think, how the karma is chosen—that which is sufficiently congruous to be worked out at a particular age of the world, in a particular country, a particular family, and a particular environment of people and circumstances. It is a very

complicated thing, if you think of it for a moment. You have made all sorts of karma with a special set of people; you are making it now with the people around you. As a matter of fact that will, for most of us, work out more easily than usual because of the peculiar conditions of the time; we shall be brought back here quickly, so that a large part of that working-out will come easily.

But take an ordinary person not being born in a transitional period such as we are born in now, but one of the longer periods of evolution that come between these periods of transition. He makes for himself a network of karma with certain individuals; but each of these individuals has his own karma: one of them may be staying for a long time in Ḍevachan, another a short time; one has to be born in one country, another in a different one. You can see how varied these conditions are.

It is the work of the Lipika to choose out of all these interwoven webs of karma so much as can be lived out in a particular body; to choose the country which will be suitable. This is one of the important things, but one of lesser importance because the individual can be moved to another country if necessary. It is important because a person has a karma in the special country in which he is born. But you may say that his physical body is the one thing that matters in so far as his country is concerned; his body is made suitable for the work he is to do, but it may not affect the individual's personal karma so much. He can still move about from one country to another, because he is what we call a free agent, even though this free agent is moved about so very much by the Ḍevas.

One of you born on the other side of the world may come over here to India, so that you may contact a number of people whose karma has brought them to India for a time; you may also go elsewhere to meet other people, and so you can meet a great many people with whom you have to work out karma. You can see how if a person travels a great deal in different countries, he will be able to exhaust a great deal of karma, because he comes across the people whom he met in previous lives and with whom he has made karma. So he can pay his karma with them, and in that way exhaust it.

But there will be a large number of the people with whom he has made kārmic ties that he cannot meet in a particular life. All those are held over; he has to meet them at some other future time. Those that he will meet in this life-period are the important ones in his karma. He ought to be able to work out the kārmic ties which are put down for him in his chart; it is, as it were, said to him: "These are the people you ought to meet; these are the countries you ought to go to; these are the ties you ought to exhaust, and your body is given to you for that purpose."

But suppose a man kills his physical body; he has cut himself off from the working out of those ties, and a mass of ripe karma that he ought to have exhausted remains there, so to speak, in a state of suspension. What should he do? He is at a terrible disadvantage. He has made it difficult by committing suicide; he has refused to work out the karma; he has escaped his karma by cutting off his body which is necessary for working it out. Suppose he has injured a man very much in a past life and that

injury is to return to him by (to take a common case) some very great financial loss which ruins him. That might very well happen. If the man is a knower of karma he will take it quietly and say: "Very well, I have made this karma and I will get rid of it; let me exhaust it, so that I shall not have to meet it again."

But suppose he is an ignorant man who knows nothing about it, and who sees ruin all about him and has not the courage to face it; he says: "I'll get out of it by killing myself." Of course he cannot kill *himself*; he can kill only his *body*. But the disadvantage is that he cannot work out that karma properly. He is thrown on to the astral plane, surrounded by the circumstances which led him to kill himself. And there lies the suffering for him: those circumstances keep on repeating themselves.

If he has any claims on any person who is more highly developed, or if he has any claims on a Ḍeva, as many people may have for services rendered in the past, then there is a possibility that opens out to him. That more developed person, or Ḍeva, may come to him on the astral plane and may explain to him the conditions of things; he has earned the right to that help. If then strength enough can be awakened in him to face this, he may, anyhow under circumstances of greatly increased difficulty, work out a very large part of that karma.

I doubt if he can work out the whole of his karma; he can, however, work out a very large part of it. You may say: How? Suppose he says to himself: "Well, there's the man who has injured me most; who has driven me to suicide. I will remain near him and help him in every possible way I can." That would be one

way of getting rid of a good deal of it. He works for that man's welfare in every possible way that he can work for it on the astral plane, and he can do a good deal. He wards off dangers, he brings about fortunate conditions, and so on. That would be an exceptionally favourable case, where the man owes a kārmic debt to another which he can repay in this way. He will thus help this man until he has exhausted, as far as practicable, the bad karma which led to this catastrophe in his own life. This instance will serve to show the kind of way in which it can be done.

But there is a special difficulty to meet with. There is the desire for physical existence, this tṛṣhṇa which is still in him and which brought him back to rebirth. That is still a thirst which on the astral plane has become, not an enjoyment as it may be here by being satisfied, but a craving which he cannot satisfy and which therefore becomes a torment. What is he to do as regards that? What he will do, if he is ignorant, is to try to satisfy it; and that is where the danger of the medium comes in.

The medium helps to awaken and develop this thirst, because the medium gives the possibility of gratifying the thirst in an illegitimate way, that is, a way which is contrary to the law. The result is that the man makes worse karma, and keeps on making it. The medium gives him the opportunity of talking with people here, coming into touch with them and gratifying himself in very many different ways. And there lies the great responsibility of the medium; he or she becomes a channel for these communications, and all the elementaries who have either committed suicide or who have died a violent death, and who are full of this

tṛṣhṇa, or thirst for sentient physical existence, will crowd around that medium.

Of course there are cases where people have a considerable amount of knowledge, or where they are connected with people on the other side who have knowledge, where all this undesirable crowd will be kept away from the medium. You may have noticed in some of Mr. Stead's statements that he spoke of the guardians who acted in connection with his séances. That is quite true; there are those who act as guardians in special cases where the medium is of pure life, where the motives are good, and where, though there may be an ignorance of *post-mortem* conditions, there is no undesirable wish on the part of the medium, and therefore that medium has a certain claim to protection. Then there will be a certain number of these more developed people on the astral plane who will protect that particular medium. And you will notice in the case of Mr. Stead, who was helped very much, that he would not take strange people into his spiritualistic circle; he sometimes tried to get answers for strangers, but he would not allow them to come into his circle.

Mr. Stead had a certain number of carefully chosen people for his circle, who lived very carefully and who were good, religious people, willing to subject themselves to certain restrictions for the sake of doing this particular work; and those were the people who made his circle. The result was that he did come into touch with people on the astral plane of the more desirable kind, a large number of people who wanted to get into touch with their friends; and so he helped many people. Without saying whether it was altogether wholesome

or not, one can at least say that it was done under good conditions, and it was nearer the old way of communication in the days when the Ḍevas were very closely connected with human beings by all the various rituals that were used in the older religions, in order that that touch might be maintained in the best possible way. That time is returning; hence the prevalence of Spiritualism.

In fact, Ceremonial aims at that. If you take the ceremonies, the old ceremonies, of Hinḍūism—not the modern ones—of Zoroastrianism, of Christianity, and of the old, dead religions, the Egyptian, the Greek and Roman and others, you will notice that in all of them there were what we call "Mysteries". The outer ceremonies on the physical plane put people into a certain touch with the Mysteries, which were carried on by the more advanced people of the religion, so that they formed a kind of second circle all around, who reaped, through their ceremonial, benefits from the Mysteries which were being carried on by people with more knowledge.

You get this put very definitely in the writings of Origen, the great Christian teacher. He points out that the Church, the ordinary assembly of Christian people, cannot exist healthily without the presence of Gnostics, or Knowers. The Gnostics, or Knowers, were those who were participants in what were called the "Mysteries of Jesus". You get a fair statement of those Mysteries in the Fathers of the early Church. It is stated that there were private teachings given by Jesus to His own disciples and apostles, that they were handed down by word of mouth and so preserved in the Church; and Origen of course laid enormous stress on these.

You ought all to read those writings; there is one phrase of his which is very interesting, that the "Church has medicine for the sick"; "they that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," was one of the sayings of the Christ. Sickness means sin; those who were sinful needed the Church. But you could not make a Church only out of those who were sick; the Church had medicine for them, that was not to be denied; but you could not have a Church only for the sick. He puts it quite plainly and straight. In addition to this you must have the Knowers; they are the pillars and the foundation of the Church.

It is the disappearance of those Knowers from the various great religions which has led to the comparative —not the entire—lessening of the influence of ceremonies. The ceremonies still have great value, because they are made for that particular purpose; but they have lost the added power that comes through knowledge. Some of you may remember that Shrī Shaṅkarāchārya lays great stress on that, when he deals with a manṭram. The manṭram sets up certain vibrations which depend upon the words; any Brāhmaṇa who pronounces those Saṁskṛṭ words with their proper pronunciation and the proper sound of the manṭram accomplishes some result, he says. But if the man has knowledge, the result is very much increased.

Every ceremony, rightly performed, has a value; it draws around it a number of Ḍevas. A ceremony wrongly performed, and also without knowledge, has no value at all. It is just as though you had a mosaic and had the pieces all loose and thrown down in a heap, instead of in their intended orderly arrangement; it would not have much value as a mosaic. Similarly,

some ceremonies which are now performed at a certain religious shrine are useless, because the priests are ignorant. I heard them reciting manṭrams there, and reciting them in bad Saṁskṛṭ. It was absolutely useless; the only value of the ceremony was that given by the worshippers themselves, the good though ignorant people, who loved the one who had passed on, and were sending him waves of love. But so far as the ceremony went, it conveyed absolutely nothing, because the priests had neither knowledge nor accuracy.

Yet the character of the man who performs a ceremony does not matter so much. You might have a Brāhmaṇa of an exceedingly bad moral character, but if he were a good Saṁskṛṭ scholar and pronounced all his manṭrams correctly, and if he performed the gestures accurately, and did the whole of the ceremony rightly, then that ceremony would have its effect on the astral plane, in kāma-loka. The fact that he was a man of bad morals would not influence that.

That shocks some people very much, because they are ignorant; but let us apply it outside religion, where prejudice and bias always come in. Supposing that a chemist were performing a chemical experiment, which was to produce a certain compound. If he put his substances together badly, he will not get his compound; he will get some sort of thing which may be either dangerous or useless, but he will not get his compound, because he has not followed out the law of chemical combination. You say that is quite right; naturally he does not get it. But suppose he is a man of very bad character, that he beats his wife, cheats his tradespeople, and so on. That will not make any difference in the production of the compound, if he

obeys the laws of chemical combination. Those laws will not change because he is a bad man morally. Physical laws are not influenced by that consideration; if they were, we should never know where we were. How curious it would be if a chemical explosive, say, would go off properly for the good man, but would not explode for the bad man!

If you would apply that thought to morality, when you deal with Occult Science, you would be more reasonable in your demands than some of you are. I have known a good Roman Catholic feel shocked because he was told, quite properly, that a bad priest does not injure the Sacrament. It would not be according to the realm of law if he did. His badness will cause bad magnetism, which he spreads through the church, but it does not alter anything that comes within his duty as a priest, if he performs it rightly, for exactly the same reason that the chemical compound comes out properly although the man who makes it may have murdered his mother the night before!

That is what you want to realise with regard to the study of Nature's laws. Obedience to the laws of Nature in one department does work out, no matter what the individual's relation may be to other laws of Nature. Suppose a man is a drunkard; then his eyesight may be bad and his fingers will not be trustworthy, and physical results will be brought about which will interfere with his experiments. But that is not caused by his moral vice, but by the fact that his physical body is affected by it, so that he cannot properly obey the physical laws which are necessary to produce the desired result.

It is vital for the understanding of Occultism that you should think clearly and accurately; otherwise you

become very much confused. That is why Occultism is so dangerous to some; nearly everybody is a loose thinker, as you will perhaps remember if you contrast your present mental powers with what they were before you became trained Theosophists. Everyone who allows his mind to remain uncontrolled is barred from becoming a true Occultist, and any knowledge of Occultism is likely to be dangerous and mischievous to him because he misunderstands, and his devotion is apt to lead him all wrong. The way you see that working out is where a supposed occult authority comes into conflict with a moral law. A false authority wishes to be followed, because he claims to be an authority. But every "white" Occultist says: "Follow your conscience wherever it leads you; don't go against your conscience on the ground of what you think is occult obedience; that is not occult obedience." Hence any command against your conscience is a command to be disobeyed, no matter who gives it. And that is the only safety in Occultism; you must follow your conscience, and you must follow your judgment. Improve them as much as you can. But follow them.

Annie Besant

RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

THE LIVES OF AMAL

(*Continued from page 330*)

VIII

ETRURIA, 8,300 B. C.

AMAL and Calyx were born this time both in the male sex, and Calyx was the brother-in-law of Amal, his elder by a few years. The country at this time was much colder than even North Italy is now, and the lakes froze in winter. Amal married Fabius, while Calyx married Melpo. There is nothing unusual recorded in this life, except that the bond between Amal and Calyx expressed itself in a new channel, Calyx being the friend and good counsellor of his younger companion, the attachment between them being a very strong one.

IX

ASSYRIA

It is evident from the previous life that the bond of love between two souls does not necessarily require that the two should be of opposite sexes when born on

earth, nor that, even should they be of opposite sexes, they must necessarily be husband and wife. In Life V the relation between Calyx and Amal was that of father and daughter, and in Life VI that of mother and son. The change of sex is not controlled primarily by the karma to be worked out with regard to another ego, since it seems to be requisite for evolution that souls should have a certain number of births in one sex and then another series in the opposite sex, and thus back and forth, according to a general law that each ego has usually not more than seven and not less than three births in one sex successively, before changing to the other.

In this life Calyx was a man, and had for his niece Amal. He was a priest in one of the temples, and while Amal was still a little girl, her parents died and she was brought to the temple and practically adopted by Calyx as his child. For several years he taught and trained her, while the little girl delighted to sit at his feet and learn. The interest in occult things reasserted itself in both; and, when Amal grew older, Calyx mesmerised her and sent her out in her astral body, with the help of some drug, probably the *haoma* juice, which he gave her to drink.

After some years training in the temple to be a temple maiden, Amal fell in love with a young man and wanted to leave the temple and marry. Calyx was deeply disappointed that she should give up her temple life, but his affection for her was too deep to stand in the way of her dreams of happiness. Amal therefore left the temple and married.

These are the major episodes of this life, from the point of view of the ego's progress.

X

North India

In this life once again Calyx and Amal appear as husband and wife. Their circumstances were quite humble, and he kept a small village store, and they were very happy in their simple way. The two often discussed religion, but had little opportunity of gaining any real occult knowledge.

One weakness in the character of Amal began now to show itself, and this was a keen desire to be rich and great. Again and again, during the course of her life, there grew within her an inner dissatisfaction with the simple and happy circumstances of her life, and a longing to play a more dramatic part in life. Calyx, however, who was stronger in character, did not share with her these longings. A strong, persistent desire brings with it its kārmic result, as we shall see in a subsequent life, though when the soul gains what it wishes, it does not find quite the happiness it dreamed it would.

XI

Egypt, 4,000 B. C.

Amal was born in Egypt as the daughter of a high priest. She was a beautiful girl, and, while a girl, was dedicated by her father to a religious life. This was not done against her wishes, as she had as one part of her nature a strongly religious disposition. As years passed, however, the religious calling no longer attracted her, and the karma of the desires of a previous life began to work itself out, and she found the opportunities for the worldly rôle which she had longed for.

She became a lady in attendance on the wife of the Pharoah of the time. She was quite conscious of her own beauty, and of the admiration which she excited on every side. The simple, noble girl of religious dreams was replaced by a proud and haughty woman. Calyx in this life was a man, and there was love at first sight between him and Amal. But he was the steadier and more spiritual, and whereas he loved her with every pulse of his heart, and she too loved him in a way, yet she loved greatness more. So when a more eligible person, a great Lord of Egypt, wooed her, she bade farewell to Calyx and married for wealth and rank and position. Her husband was a sensual and evil man who only loved her for her beauty. Needless to say after a brief period he grew weary of her.

Amal was filled with deep resentment, and a great passion for vengeance grew in her; so at last she purchased some poison privately from Aries, who was a physician at the time, and tried to poison her husband with it, but she failed. Her husband discovered this attempt to poison him, and made ready to wreak his vengeance upon her. At this crisis the discarded lover, Calyx, appeared on the scene, and killed the husband, to deliver Amal from his power and vengeance. After this deed Calyx fled and was an exile from Egypt.

XII

Asia, 2,000 B. C.

In this life Amal and Cyr were two sisters, the daughters of a rich merchant. When Calyx appeared on the scene, he was as usual Amal's lover, and she fully reciprocated his love. But her father would not permit

her to marry him, and so the lovers had to meet in secret. The younger sister, Cyr, was an ally of the two lovers, and usually accompanied Amal to the meeting place. On one of these expeditions, the women were overtaken by a violent storm, and the mules which they were riding bolted into a wood where many trees were being uprooted by the gale. One of these trees struck Amal in its fall and killed her; she was then about nineteen. Many years after this, Amal's father lost his money, and Calyx married Cyr, the sister of his former sweetheart.

(To be concluded)

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

By LIEUT.-COLONEL W. BEALE

ONE cannot ignore an important movement like that of Christian Science, and yet one seldom finds any allusion to it in our Theosophical publications.

After over a quarter of a century's acquaintance with T.S. literature I am confronted with the teachings of Christian Science, and it has become to me both highly interesting, and also very necessary, to pause and take stock of the position.

In the first place it is worthy of note that in both these great movements a woman was the founder and teacher; both associations had their origin in America; and both came upon mankind in the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

Next we observe that while the one rests immovably upon a spiritual interpretation of the Bible and Christianity, the other has encouraged a comparative study of all religious systems, with special stress laid on Hiṇḍū philosophy and metaphysics. *Ex oriente lux*, which is of course also true of Christianity.

Now, as a fundamental maxim which stands incontrovertibly firm amidst clashing creeds, both systems teach that there is Unity amidst diversity and that that Unity is the Truth, or God.

In Christian Science "Mind," with a big M, is the Divine Principle in man, in contradistinction to "mortal mind," which is synonymous with error. In Theosophical phraseology we should call Mind *Buḍḍhi-manas*, and mortal mind is of course our *kāma-manas*. So far there is complete agreement and understanding, and so we read on breathlessly through the textbook *Science and Health* in the hope of "catching on" to the wonderful idea which animates the whole of the exposition, merely the possibility *here and now* of overcoming in ourselves the physical and mental shortcomings which we have hitherto been led to believe were the result of natural laws.

Of course we know quite well that the Hinḍū scriptures constantly dwell upon the illusory nature of all "matter," but in this respect I find that Mrs. Baker Eddy goes even further, and repeatedly and emphatically declares that men and women are capable of so altering their outlook as to more or less rapidly and effectually cast out sin and sickness, which afflictions are declared to be entirely due to the wrong thoughts of mortal mind entangled with matter, and which are purely illusory. She asserts that flesh, bones, nerves and arteries are so much unintelligent matter, and that the illusion of sensation is seated in mortal mind alone. (There is nothing new in this of course so far, but—) Destroy this wrong thinking, and in its place let your mind (or the reflection of God) come in, and all evils and discomforts will vanish like a bad dream. Why will they vanish and disappear? Because God, which is Truth, Intelligence and Love, cannot be the author of any evil thing. Thus, in reflecting that eternal Principle in our consciousness, we, as was proved by

Jesus, are able equally to disperse the clouds of our mortal misconceptions as to such unrealities as sin, sickness and death.

And here I quote a passage from *Science and Health* which expresses the whole argument in a nutshell:

> The theory that Spirit is distinct from matter but must pass through it, or into it, to be individualised, would reduce God to dependency on matter, and establish a basis for Pantheism. Spirit, God, has created all in and of Himself. *Spirit never created matter.* There is nothing in Spirit out of which matter could be made, for, as the Bible declares, without the Logos, the Æon or Word of God, "was not anything made that was made". Spirit is the only substance, the invisible and indivisible, infinite God.

That many hundreds of people have actually cast out all their afflictions, both bodily and mental, by simply, so to speak, shifting the level of their consciousness, as we should say, seems to admit of no doubt. Then, if this is true and possible, why does Theosophy lead us into the ways of entanglement in matter, and postulate myriads of lives for our unfolding, while apparently the problem is comparatively simple?

In the one case it appears to me that we have a teacher who founds her teaching on the statements of the Master, and who literally believes that real faith can indeed remove mountains and work miracles greater than Jesus himself wrought; while on the other hand you have trained exponents of Theosophy magnifying the difficulties of the Path and giving us a pleasing little glimpse in *Man: How, Whence and Whither* of our pilgrimage through the most appalling conditions of life during a past of countless quadrillions of years, with a promise of "more to come".

Here is where Theosophy and Christian Science are at variance. My mind is unfortunately so open that

I can at one time see the truth in one, while at another I cleave to the other. But for goodness sake, which is the true representation of the case? Is there no one who can give a clear, definite answer? Remember it is not as if Mrs. Baker Eddy knew nothing of and ignored Theosophy, Occultism, hypnotism, etc. She several times alludes to these and treats them as so much floundering of mortal mind in matter. What I ask is: Is it obligatory for every son of man to work for untold centuries through the complex operations of matter, or is it indeed possible, as Mrs. Eddy avers, to attain by a much simpler and quicker way to that peace which passeth all understanding?

A clear and concise answer to this need not take up more than a couple of pages of THE THEOSOPHIST, and would be welcomed, perhaps, by others besides myself. Can anyone give it?

W. Beale

THE PRINCESS' DESTINY

By JEAN R. BINDLEY

I. THE DEPARTURE

THERE once lived a king and queen who had an only child, a daughter. It was said that strange signs had heralded her birth; lights and visions were seen by common men. The day after, the king, going out hunting, had tossed a purse of gold to a beggar who crouched at the palace gate and asked for alms. The man drew himself up to a great height, and called, in a voice like a raven's croak: "Blessed is the babe that lies within these walls. She shall know true from false, she shall fulfil a great destiny."

The king and queen pondered much on their child's future, and surrounded her with every happiness possible. She grew up fearless, kind, and generous; the swiftest runner among her companions, the best horsewoman in the land. Sometimes a strange tumult shook her soul as she knelt in the chapel by her mother's side, followed always by a feeling that it was of paramount importance to recall something—what? Just as the confused and trembling mists in her mind settled and seemed about to change into a rainbowed thing of beauty, the whole quivered and vanished, and she was left grasping emptiness.

When she reached the age of fourteen, her beauty was such that suitors for her hand began to come forward, but the king caused it to be known that he would not allow his daughter to marry for four years yet. On the eve of her fifteenth birthday she was awakened at dead of night by a strange light. She lay for a moment, gazing dreamily, her two loose plaits of black hair streaming over the white silk coverlet, her eyes grey and misty like a lake before dawn. They quivered, sparkled, and changed to sapphire blue as the light seemed to take shape and form. She raised herself, and a youth clad in shining armour stepped to her bedside. The air seemed to vibrate to music of unearthly beauty, odours of unknown and delicate fragrance surged round her. He dropped on one knee.

"I bring you greeting from my master," he said. "Know, fairest and most honoured of women, that he has chosen you to be his bride, and sends this token by me." The youth held out a thin gold chain, from which hung a single jewel, like no jewel ever seen by mortal eyes. It was milky white, yet radiantly dazzling, and tongues of coloured fire seemed to shoot from it. The messenger clasped it round the princess' throat, and a moment's agony pierced her whole body, followed by a new life pulsing through her.

"Who is your master?" she asked.

"A Man of Sorrows," answered the youth, and vanished. But the jewel was there, and she lay awake till morning. None of her waiting-women seemed to notice the jewel as they dressed her, and she found it was invisible and intangible to all but herself.

When the princess was eighteen, suitors began to flock to the court. The first was her cousin, the young

king whose country adjoined her father's, who had been her playfellow as a child, and her good comrade ever since. But she said "no" to him, and so she said to the numberless others who came.

The fame of the princess travelled to such distant lands that the greatest emperor of the East came to woo her. When she heard of his purpose, a faint stir rose in her heart, and from her window she watched the great procession and retinue appear. The king had ridden out to meet his guest, and when they entered the great hall where the princess, in cloth of silver, sat beside the queen, the emperor bowed low before her. His alive face did not displease her, and the stir at her heart increased; but what did it bode, she asked, fingering her jewel? Ten camels, laden with gifts, knelt outside, and dusky servants undid the fastenings of the packs, and laid the riches before the princess. There were shimmering silks, rich carpets, ropes of pearls, bags of precious stones; rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds were poured like water at her feet; there were carvings of ivory, cages of peacocks who spread their tails and screamed, and outside a milk-white Arab mare, with trappings of wrought gold, arched her neck and pawed the ground. The king and queen had no doubt that their daughter was about to fulfil her destiny.

Later the princess went to her rooms to rest, and prepare for the great feast of the night. Next day, she knew, the emperor would ask her hand in marriage, and opposing tides of feelings clashed within her as she thought of it. Her women were about to take off her rich dress, when a noise of angry voices struck on her ear.

"Who dares brawl in the palace, and so near my royal apartments?" said the princess. "Go, one of you, and see what is afoot." A girl went, and returned with the news that a beggar had somehow entered the palace along with the emperor's train, and had been discovered near the royal apartments, saying he must speak with the princess. The men-at-arms were forcing him out.

"Stay," said the princess, "perhaps he seeks justice for some wrong. Bid him be brought before me, and do you all retire till I summon you, lest he be confused by so many."

So when the beggar was hastily brought to the royal presence by two stalwart men-at-arms, he saw no one but the princess at the far end of the room, very stately, her long lashes drooping over her eyes. She saw a thin, pale man in dusty garments, his head bowed.

"You wish to speak to me?" she said.

"Yes," answered the beggar, and at the word, music of an unearthly sweetness seemed to thrill through the room, odours of unknown and delicate fragrance surged round the princess.

"Get to your stations outside," said she to the men-at-arms.

When they were gone: "What is your claim?" she asked.

"I claim the right to speak with you by the jewel you wear round your neck."

"You know?" breathed the princess.

"I know," and he raised his head and looked at her.

She rose, aflame with ecstasy, but he lifted his hand, and she stood, trembling.

"First count the cost. My bride may not dwell in king's houses, clothed in silken raiment. If you follow me you shall know hunger, thirst, suffering. The earth shall be your bed at night, failure and disappointment your bedfellows. You shall shiver with cold, and be parched with heat. You shall see your highest hopes dashed, your brightest visions dragged into the mire. By day and night we shall be wanderers on the earth, and to what end? That we may help, perhaps, a few outcasts like ourselves."

The princess listened in rapture unknown when the treasures of the East were poured at her feet.

"I am yours," she said.

* * * * *

No one saw two beggars slip from the gate at dead of night and take the road to the desert. The palace stood out clear against the moonlit sky, but the princess never once looked back.

II. The Return

A year and a day had passed since the princess Chiare left her father's court to wander on the earth with the beggar who had wooed her away with promises of hardship and disappointment. They had travelled in many lands since then, and his words had been amply fulfilled. The princess had suffered from cold and heat, hunger and exhaustion; she had been met by curses from sick folk she had tried to help, and gibes and insults from women whose burden she had sought to lighten. Yet she had borne all joyfully,

sustained by the pure flame of love and devotion to her husband, happy if he smiled, dizzily blissful at a word of approval, for there were no demonstrations of love between them, and in all their life together he had never done more than touch her hand. Yet she had missed nothing, had never known such happiness — until a few weeks ago.

Then the physical strain of the life, so different to that in which she had been nurtured, had begun to tell on her. Strong though she was, she found herself shivering and aching, deadly tired, unable to cope with her duties, one day rising on the top of another like a weary climb that had no ending. Yet she had said nothing, but had done the best she could, until the flame of love that supported her flickered low and died, and she plunged into an abyss of misery, for since love, she believed, was dead, what was left her?

They had come in their wanderings to a place about twenty miles from her father's kingdom, which the princess had visited once or twice. Rain poured heavily down, and, as she waited wearily at the roadside for Aglaio, her husband, who had gone to seek shelter for the night, a wild tide of rebellion rose in her heart. Wave after wave of home-sickness and self-pity swept over her. To think that her home was so near, that home where she had been loved almost to idolatry, where her slightest wish had been law. She thought of the luxury that had surrounded her, and an intolerable longing to lay her tired limbs between the silken sheets possessed her; she thought with passionate yearning of her fair heritage, and wondered how she could have left it, to wander a vagabond on the earth with a man who had never told her he loved her, and

whom she now knew she did not love. Life with him stretched before her as one long vista of exhaustion and wretchedness; and she resolved to free herself that night from her husband.

He returned presently, saying he had found shelter, guided her stumbling steps to a cave a little way up the hill where he had kindled a fire, and spread food before her. Chiare sank down on the white sand that covered the floor, and let her husband take off her sopping cloak, and bathe and dry her hands and feet. Her eyes were too dim with tears to see the tender, yearning look on his face, her ears too dull to hear the new note in his voice—the almost triumphant ring that overlay the anxious concern with which he spoke.

"Poor child, you are ill and over-weary. Eat and rest first, and then I have much to tell you."

But the princess was oblivious to everything except her great desire to return home, and when she had eaten a little she said abruptly: "Aglaio, I must go home." Her husband said nothing, and with her eyes fixed on the fire she went on, hardly able to find her words, repeating the same thing over and over, in short, broken sentences, like a child.

"I cannot stand this life. It isn't fair. It's too hard on me." Aglaio moved hastily. "Yes," she went on, "I know you told me what it would be, and I thought I could stand it. But I can't. I want to go home. I want to sleep in a bed again, with sheets. I want baths, and nice clothes. I want to be with people again who are fond of me, not who work me like a slave, and don't care whether I am ill or well. I want to go home."

The princess revived a little as she went on, and cast a glance at her husband to see if her shafts were finding their mark. She was unprepared for the burning light in his eyes, unlike anything she had ever seen, and he moved close to her, as his torrent of words broke forth:

"Chiare, my own, you don't understand; how should you? This has been our year of probation, to test us, to see what metal we were made of. I was going to tell you to-night. Do you suppose I haven't felt every pang you have suffered; shared every disappointment; been proud beyond words of the way my princess has met and vanquished sorrow and distress? Do you suppose I haven't longed to take you in my arms," and he drew her to him, "and soothe away your weariness? But it is all over now, dear heart. The past year has won us the right to happiness undreamed of," and he held her close, and whispered in her ear.

The princess turned scarlet, then deadly white. She wrenched herself from his arms, stood above him, and spoke—cold anger running through her voice: "How dare you? My love for you is dead—utterly dead. Understand that. To-morrow I leave you for ever."

The fire gave a last flicker and went out. Darkness and silence filled the cave.

When Chiare woke in the morning, she was alone. She was just about to set forth in the direction of her father's kingdom when she saw Aglaio striding up the hill, followed by four men carrying a litter. "You are unfit to walk," he said. "These men will carry you." The princess was going to protest, but instead, she lay down on the litter. The bearers raised her, and they

walked on and on all day, with a brief halt at noon, until they came to the borders of her father's kingdom. Here four other bearers were found for the litter.

"I leave you here," said Aglaio. "Good-bye." But Chiare closed her eyes, and took no notice.

Her parents received her as one returned from the dead. Loving hands stripped off her torn clothes, placed her in a perfumed, healing bath, brought her delicate food and drink, and laid her worn-out body on the soft bed she had so often longed for. Lost to everything save the need of rest, she lay for weeks, incapable of thought, lapped in the luxury of pure physical ease. The queen wept bitterly every night over her daughter's plight, but the king looked stern when he saw her tears. But Chiare's healthy young blood soon began to assert itself, and she came back to life and interest by leaps and bounds.

First she rose from bed and sat at the window, then she walked in the palace gardens, then she called for a horse, and rode abroad. Her favourite mare had died during her absence, but she found another that suited her. One desire possessed her—to forget the whole of the past year; and she thought she could have done so, had it not been for the jewel she still wore round her neck. It hung pale and lustreless, but all her efforts were powerless to unfasten the chain, and she was forced to wear the reminder of her folly, as she bitterly called it, continually.

For a time she was happy, rejoicing in her old life, but soon, being changed herself, she found change on every hand. She had thought to take up her life here as if she had never left it, but that was impossible. Under her parents' love, ran deep sadness; when she

rode out, people pointed and stared instead of bowing before her; her very maids were less respectful than formerly. When there were festivities at court, Chiare, instead of being the centre of all gaiety, would sit in solitude, looked at askance by the neighbouring royalties and their followers. This galled her, and she spent most of her time in her own rooms, but her old pursuits there had lost their charm. "Aglaio has spoilt my life," she would say to herself, bitterly, seeing nothing before her but a waste of monotonous years. She had bodily comfort now, but her soul suffered.

One day the king sought her in her rooms.

"My daughter, what of this vile fellow who led you away, and used you so cruelly? Is there any likelihood of his ever daring to molest you here?"

"How dare you speak so of my husband?" flamed the princess. "Know that he is greater than the greatest emperor on earth, and only chose to assume the beggar's garb for purposes of his own. As for his coming to me here, would that I could think he would do so. But I left him of my own will, and he will never come to me again."

The king looked at her sadly, shook his head, and told his wife afterwards that their daughter's brain was assuredly turned by her year of misery.

Chiare remained plunged in deepest sadness, battling with a love she had thought dead, but which her father's words had brought to life again. Day by day it grew despite her struggles, till her whole nature was fused in one passionate desire of love and longing for her lord. At last she said to herself: "To-morrow I will put on my old garments and go forth again as a beggar to seek him. Perhaps, if I do his work wherever I go, I

may trace him, or he may hear me, and so I might find him." The jewel round her neck sparkled into brilliant colours, and she took heart again.

But early on the morrow one of the queen's women came to say that Her Majesty was very ill. Chiare ran to her room, and for the next two years she was prisoner there. None was so skilful as she to soothe her mother and ease the anguish that racked her from head to foot. Even the court physicians asked where Chiare had gained her skill, but she was silent, remembering how Aglaio had taught her. When the queen died, the king, dazed by his loss, seemed to turn into an old man. His brain gave way, and the power passed into the princess' hands by the will of the people, for the love and skill she had shown her mother had softened every heart towards her. For five years she ruled the kingdom wisely with the aid of the king's councillors, and tended her father assiduously. Then, when he went to join his queen, the people would have crowned her with great rejoicings. But she would have none of it, and insisted that the kingdom should pass to her cousin, who ruled the adjacent territory.

Very early on the morning after the coronation the princess left the palace by a side gate. Dawn was just breaking as she crossed the boundary of the kingdom and set foot on the desert. Suddenly she saw Aglaio coming towards her, and her limbs failed her, and she felt sick with fright. But he held out his arms, and one look from him was enough to draw her to their shelter. When at last she could speak she could only murmur: "I am yours," as she had done years before, knowing that henceforth nothing could part them. A little later: "How did you come to meet me?" she asked.

"Ever since we parted I have lived on the outskirts of the kingdom, so that I could hear news of you and sometimes mingle with the crowd and see you when you rode out."

"So you have been quite near, waiting for me all the time?" said the princess wonderingly.

"All the time," said Aglaio.

Jean R. Bindley

CORRESPONDENCE

A POINT OF VIEW

Mr. Jinarājadāsa, in his interesting article in your September number, says:

> . . . within the Society it is legitimate for the supporters of either view to expound their ideas; we are by now accustomed to frank and free discussion without imputing unworthy motives to those who differ from us.

This is as it should be, and it is all the more regrettable that so many ardent supporters of Home Rule for India should assume, as a matter of course, that all who differ from them on this subject are necessarily either selfish, materialistic or unsympathetic. Has it never occurred to them that there may be another side to the question, and that some of those who are most anxious to help the people of India to govern themselves, and to raise their social and spiritual standard, have, after mature consideration, come to the conclusion that immediate Home Rule is not the best means to that end?

To take Mrs. Besant's own simile, in the large Family of India there are children of all ages. Some have already reached maturity. A larger number are at the school-going age, but by far the largest number of all are still in the Nursery. What the Home Rulers propose is, in fact, to dismiss the Nursemaids, who have had charge of the children hitherto, and to put the School-children in charge of the Nursery. Well! I have seen a good deal of the Little Ones and my sympathies are entirely with them. I have known some of the Monitors, who were allowed to help in the Nursery, to tease the children, pinch them and take away their toys for little or no reason, and I cannot believe that they ought to be put in sole charge of the nursery until they have had a longer and more careful training as Monitors. The Nursemaids may not be perfect, they make many mistakes, but at any rate they do protect the Babies from being bullied by the older children, though at the same time they are anxious to help the older children to a greater sense of responsibility and consideration towards their younger brothers and sisters.

This, I have reason to believe, is the deliberate opinion of a very large number of Theosophists who know India, and for this reason I shall be much obliged by your printing this letter.

ELLEN BROWNE

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

My Reminiscences, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co., London. Price 7s. 6d.)

Many hundreds of readers who have of late years come to look upon Sir Rabindranath as a source of inspiration through the translations of so many of his works which have appeared in quick succession, as also from the lectures he has delivered while travelling in the West, will welcome this more intimate glimpse into the poet's heart and mind.

For that is what is offered us here. *My Reminiscences* is not an attempt to produce a formal autobiography. It gives us a series of "memory pictures" and does not pretend to be a faithful record of facts, complete and accurate. These memory pictures are painted by an unseen artist, who "is not there with his brush simply to make a faithful copy of all that is happening".

> He takes in and leaves out according to his taste. He makes many a big thing small and a small thing big. He has no compunction in putting into the background that which was to the fore, or bringing to the front that which was behind. In short he is painting pictures, and not writing history.

A few of these treasures from his picture-chamber, then, the poet presents to the world in this volume. He begins with some of his earliest recollections, when the great, mysterious world—"something undreamt-of lurking everywhere"—lay all untried before him, and takes the reader with him on his voyage of discovery into the regions of "the without," through his schooldays and his first excursions into the great world, his visit to England, and on until he was fairly launched on his literary career, the whole revealing "a connected history of his inner life, together with that of the varying literary forms in which his growing self found successive

expression, up to the point at which both his soul and poetry attained maturity".

In the course of the narrative we are introduced to several members of the Tagore family, notably the poet's father, the eldest brother, and Jyotirendra, his fourth brother. This last friend and comrade was one of the boy's chief helpers in his literary and emotional training, whose companionship made it possible for him to shake off his shrinking sensitiveness and give free expression to his enthusiasms. The debt he owed to the other, the author of *The Dream Journey*, is suggested by the following description:

> My eldest brother would go on alternately writing and reading out what he had written, his boisterous mirth at his own conceits making the veranda tremble. . . . Eaves-dropping at doors and peeping round corners, we used to get our full share of this feast of poetry, so plentiful was it, with so much to spare. . . . Did we quite understand *The Dream Journey*? But then did we need absolutely to understand in order to enjoy it? We might not have got at the wealth in the ocean depths—what could we have done with it if we had?—but we revelled in the delights of the waves on the shore; and how gaily, at their buffetings, did our life-blood course through every vein and artery.

Some delightful passages picture for us the eleven year old "Rabi," with his head newly shaven after the thread ceremony and his heart overflowing with joy at his unexpected good fortune, travelling to the Himalayas with his stately father. Some of the principles of education which guide the work at Shantiniketan are evidently to be traced back to those which in early years were applied to his son by Maharshi Devendranath.

Apart from its literary and general human interest, this volume of reminiscences has another value to Theosophists, especially to those belonging to the West. For it gives them in a form which cannot but appeal to them from every point of view—to the translator, whose name has been withheld, the reader owes a deep debt of gratitude for the beauty of his work—an account of an Indian's life by an Indian. The T. S., which works for brotherhood without distinction of race, must welcome any book which makes it easier for the different peoples to understand each other, and most certainly the present volume is to be numbered among these.

A. DE L.

The Nature of Mysticism, by C. Jinarājadāsa, M.A. (Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d.)

The series of articles which recently appeared in THE THEOSOPHIST under this title is now available in book form, constituting a valuable introduction to the study of mysticism in the broadest sense of the word. Those who have read the articles as they came out, will need no reminder of the sympathetic skill with which Mr. Jinarājadāsa has handled his subject. His analysis of the main types of mystical experience, which includes a chapter on Theosophical mysticism, is both systematic and practical; but above all he catches the spirit of each of these variations on the one eternal theme and voices it in ideally simple language.

W. D. S. B.

The 29th, 30th and 31st Annual Reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, 1907—1910. (Government Printing Office, Washington. Published 1915 and 1916).

The long and steadily growing series of valuable publications that comes from the various American Government Bureaux puts the present, and still more the future, generations under a heavy debt. No country is more alive than America to the immediate importance of recording the facts about the fast vanishing remnants of Atlantean and traces of Lemurian races (though the American Government would not use those terms), and the scholarly and patient work of this particular Bureau of Ethnology is a standing reproach to other nations who have at hand great resources for research of a like kind, but who leave the work to the badly financed and therefore fragmentary labour of individuals. In this matter the British in India have not been utterly neglectful; but the enormous extent of the field here in India makes such work as the Government has seen fit to finance almost insignificant. And it is still less encouraging to see that British officials send their researches to the Americans for notice and publication as official documents, as the volumes before us show to be the fact.

But to the Theosophist the work of this Bureau of American Ethnology has the special value that it enables him, if he desires, to gain precise information upon two specific points: the nature of the undeveloped mind as physical consciousness, and its relation to the hidden worlds; and the nature and extent and history of the Atlantean tradition. The huge undertaking of Frazer, which has the name of *The Golden Bough,* and all the labours of Lang and Spencer and Gillen and others, laid the foundations of the science of folk-lore upon indisputable fact. The generation that is now leaving us failed utterly to interpret these in their true psychological value, and it is left for a rising generation, headed, one notes, by an American, Mr. W. Y. Evans Wentz, to see that underlying all the fantastic, and the inharmoniously and unreasonably juxtaposed, beliefs of the savage and the peasant are residual facts which come from the supernormal world. Animism, the belief that a part of man and the essential part of Nature are one and the same in essence, is no longer looked upon as a merely idle and foolish superstition, but is seen to have a basis in truth. So that, in the hands of this new generation of folk-lorists and psychologists the Theosophist may confidently place the primitive belief, assured that it will no longer be scouted, but will be carefully studied as a contribution to knowledge.

The volumes before us are contributions of this kind. Each consists of a brief report of the working of the Bureau for a year, and long papers upon various subjects such as the Bureau deals with normally, for example, the ethnobotany of the Zuni Indians. All, in their respective fields, are of interest, but one of the papers in particular provides material that students of the occult best appreciate. This is "An Inquiry into the Animism and Folk-Lore of the Guiana Indians," by Walter Roth, a British Commissioner.

Mr. Roth relates the stories current among the Indians. One notes with interest the usual *detritus* of the chief elements in Atlantean and Lemurian life and history, such as, for example, tales of animal wives attached to human husbands, transformation into animals by magic, and other illustrations of the true belief of the Indians that the line

between man and beast is not, for them and especially for their remote ancestors, hard and fast. But in addition to such familiar factors in the folk-belief we have this interesting bit of Occultism:

> It was these same Islanders, however, who held strong beliefs in a connection between spirits and an individual's heart- and pulse-beats: "they talked of the latter as the Spirit of the Hand; they spoke of the Spirit—something near the heart—as Gonanni, or Lanichi. This one at the heart was the principal one, which after death went to the sky in company with its Icheiri, or Chemin, to live there with other Familiar Spirits, and change into a young and new body. They do not regard the spirit as being so immaterial as it is invisible.

Scientific accuracy of definition could scarcely go further.

On the other hand the weakness of the reasoning of the savage mind (as distinct from the shrewdness and closeness of the savage observation of fact) is seen in this naive assurance, given to Ponce de Leon by the Arawak Indians:

> Far to the north there existed a land abounding in gold and all manner of delights; but above all, possessing a river of such wonderful virtue that whoever bathed in it would be restored to youth. They added, that in times past, before the arrival of the Spaniards, a large party of the natives of Cuba had departed northward in search of this happy land and this River of Life, and, having never returned, it was concluded that they were flourishing in renovated youth, detained by the pleasure of that enchanting country.

The observation of the normally unseen, however, is something in which the child of nature always excels. Thus Mr. Roth finds that the spirits of the forest are clearly seen by the Indian, and commonly distinguished from the shades of the departed human inhabitants, although both human and animal souls are found among this company of the dead. He finds that in certain situations, in certain scenes—rock, or waterfall, or other circumstances determining the atmosphere of some spot—disembodied creatures of certain kinds find their abode, "on a principle somewhat analogous to that of choosing a picture to suit a frame," as Mr. Roth puts it, not realising that the fact is that the picture (the nature-spirit) chose the frame (waterfall, etc.) and that the Indians merely observe it there. Again the author discovered that "in dreaming, the Indians say that the spirit is paying a visit to the world to come, or has gone for a walk, etc." Indeed, the native observation is little at fault, and always interesting, about the creatures of the finer worlds:

> Bush Spirits may be zoomorphic—able to change into animals. . . . They can be recognised by Sound or by Smell. They are very shrewd; can

bring the dead to life, and render themselves invisible; may occasionally do kindnesses to people, but generally prefer mischief, though this may be due to the Indians' own fault; they cause all the mishaps and accidents of daily life . . . they are excellent hunters. They are fond of women, human flesh, and children at the breast and of tobacco; . . . shrink from exposure of all descriptions, as to daylight, or in connection with name or origin; they cannot endure being mimicked or chaffed. It is best to leave these Bush Spirits strictly to themselves, as they only bring harm in the long run; if circumstances force one into their company, measures can be taken to rid the house and neighbourhood of them.

The volumes before us are full of interesting records of this kind, and carefully collated maps and other valuable material for the precise study of the primitive life and belief. Much of this belief is absurd, but all of it and all of the life has its interest, and much of it has amusement for the reader who looks upon the North American Indian with sympathy and not with easy scorn.

Mr. Roth sets down one episode in the life of the Arawaks which is worth quoting, as it shows in an interesting way how the Indian sets up his standards just as we set up ours. Except in the case of love matches—too rare in all classes of society—the "civilised" society establishes a social canon for marriage which ultimately resolves itself into the measure of wealth, whether dowry or *dot*, of the girl, against the position and ability of the lad. The Indian ability is skill and a good body, hence

when the youth went to his future father-in-law and asked for the girl, the old man would consult his wife and daughter, as a rule, and if everything were satisfactory would say "yes," but would not give him actual possession of her until he had performed certain deeds, the first and foremost of which was to shoot into a certain woodpecker's nest. He would accordingly ask the suitor whether he were ready or whether he wished to wait for a few days. The latter would of course say he was quite ready, so impetuous is youth, and would give a minute description of the situation of the particular tree, usually one quite close to the water-side, into which he proposed shooting the arrow. The girl's father, however, would invariably plead some excuse to put him off, say to the next day, and in the meantime would get ready a big corial [a boat] —big enough to carry 10 or 12 men—and engage his crew. When next morning the young man turned up again, the old man had everything ready, and would get them all into the boat, he himself steering. The girl herself had to sit on the left of her would-be husband in the bows. When within a comparatively short distance of the tree wherein the woodpecker's nest lay concealed, the old man would call upon the crew to pull with all their strength—and the young man to draw his bow.

F. K.

Jupiter: the Preserver, by Alan Leo. ("Modern Astrology" Office, and L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 1s. 6d.)

This great little book contains the substance of a course of public lectures delivered by Alan Leo before the Astrological Society at the end of 1916. It is the latest of three similar books, the first being now well known as *Mars: the War Lord*, and the second as *Saturn: the Reaper*. A sad interest attaches to its appearance, in that it is Mr. Leo's last work of a lifetime, and one cannot help wishing that the remaining planets could have been dealt with by the same author in the same masterly fashion. For, though the style is simple enough for beginners to follow without much difficulty, an enormous range of enquiry is covered, including some of the most abstruse Theosophical teachings.

The influence of the planet Jupiter, or rather the "Spirit before the Throne" who uses the planet as a physical body, is described as fully as is perhaps possible within the limits of a book of this size, especially when the many-sided functions of Jupiter are taken into account. In fact it is this very feature of harmony, or synthesis, in contrast to the more pronounced characteristics of Mars and Saturn, that makes it so difficult to define the special scope of "the great benefic". For instance, he is said to be closely related to the physical plane, the most solid and earthy of all the planes of nature, and yet the signs he rules, Sagittarius and Pisces, are fiery and watery and both mutable; he is essentially the lord of form, and yet the subtle aura is his primary sphere of influence. These and many other mysteries are disentangled with the aid of tables of correspondences and numerous suggestive hints. Mr. Leo's conception of Jupiter may be fairly summed up in the statements that he presides over the "elements," and carries form to its highest point, as in music, art, ceremonial, and all ordered communal life. At the same time we are constantly reminded that there are no hard-and-fast divisions anywhere in nature, that each of the "Rays" includes all the others as "sub-rays"; so it is not surprising to find also much valuable information about the other planets and astrology in general. Apart from the purely astrological value of this book as the result of original and intuitive research, Theosophists

will find much light thrown on various occult teachings, especially those of *The Secret Doctrine*. The book concludes with a note by the Acting Editor of *Modern Astrology*, the magazine which has done so much to spread a truer understanding of this ancient science; this note gives us a personal glimpse into the aims and achievements Alan Leo has bequeathed to those who are now carrying on his important work.

W. D. S. B.

Your Destiny and the Stars, by Agnes Croysdale and George Wilde. (W. Walsham & Co., London.)

The important feature of this book is the introduction of many new minor planetary aspects, good as well as evil, which the authors have devised, and their application in explaining many a good and evil fortune in the lives of famous people, whose horoscopes are given at the end of the book. This attempt to work out the details of various minor aspects and their significance is the first of its kind, and it is premature to say definitely how far the conclusions arrived at by the authors are due to those aspects alone, and not to any factor other than those with which modern Western Astrology is familiar.

However, it is a very fruitful study for the student to collect data which might help him in reading the character of the native. On the whole, the book gives general information which is useful to an ordinary reader in grasping the first principles of the science of Astrology. Chapter XXXIII gives a key to the astrological clock in a diagrammatical form, which shows the order in which the planetary ruler rules during each hour of the day during the whole week. This diagram is useful in roughly ascertaining what particular planet rules the particular hour of the day, so as to find out auspicious and inauspicious moments for certain worldly affairs.

J. R. A.

The Rose Immortal, by A. Bothwell Gosse. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 1s.)

The symbolism of the rose is herein dealt with in its universally mystic sense—a symbol of life's attainments on the Path to perfection and final union with the Most High—the quest for God. The author's description of the flower's four significant colours—the red rose of sorrow, the white rose of joy, the golden rose of union and the black rose of silence, depict that rare gift of perception and interpretation, as well as a faculty for expressing large content in small space, which recommends this little book to popular interest.

G. G.

Book Notices

We have received the following:

Boston Lectures on the New Psychology and *Beckoning Hands from the Near Beyond*, by J. C. F. Grumbine. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price, each, 2s. 6d.)

The first of these books contains ten lectures dealing with such matters as telepathy, clairvoyance, suggestion, spirit communion and the like, all of which, under the name of supernormalism, the author regards as of great importance for the future development of the race. The second is concerned chiefly with spiritualistic phenomena and the possibility of intercourse between the living and those who have passed into the invisible world. Readers of New Thought and kindred subjects are well acquainted with the writings of Mr. Grumbine. These lectures are written in his usual style.

Do Thoughts Perish? by "Recorder". (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

We have here another collection of letters from "the other side". Great stress is laid on the happiness that awaits a man after death if he has ended his life worthily, and on the great importance of the spreading abroad of a knowledge of the facts concerning the life beyond the grave. The letters purport to be communications from

various persons, and were given to "the Recorder" through automatic writing. An Appendix describes something of the conditions under which they were written down and the effects of her work upon the writer.

Cheerfulness as a Life of Power, by Orison Swett Marden. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 1s.)

"What is needed is a habit of cheerfulness, to enjoy every day as we go along," says Mr. Marden, "not to fret and stew all the week and then expect to make up for it on Sunday or on some holiday." On this theme he plays variations, interspersing his own remarks with many quotations from well known persons.

Constructive Thought: How to Obtain what you Desire, by Benjamin Johnson. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This cheerful work may be summed up in a phrase which, though not elegant, is well suited to the style and general tone of the whole: it tells the reader to "buck up". "What you desire," in the author's conception, covers a great variety of things. One feels that a too enthusiastic practice of what the writer advises may not always work out to his pupil's spiritual advantage.

The Indian Philosophical Review (Oxford University Press, Bombay), for October, contains an able article by Arthur Avalon, entitled "Shakṭi and Māyā". The writer believes that the Ṭāṇṭric conception of Shakṭi, or power, is more likely to appeal to the popular mind, especially in the West, than the more learned, and possibly more accurate, Veḍāṇṭic conception of Māyā, or illusion. Certainly the idea of conscious self-limitation is more inspiring than that of unconscious error, but probably there is plenty of room for both in the universe. Prof. R. D. Ranade continues his series of articles on "Psychology in the Upaniṣhaṭs," and contends that Theosophists are mistaken in interpreting the references to "koshas," or sheaths, too literally.

A. DE L.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

THE VOICE OF LIFE

This is the title of the Inaugural Address delivered by Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose at the opening of his new Institute for Scientific Research at Calcutta, an address in which he dedicates to the Indian Nation this culminating achievement of a life of unselfish effort. It is published in *The Modern Review* (Calcutta) for December, and is illustrated by photographs of the handsome building and beautiful gardens of the Bose Institute, and of Glen Eden, the Research Station of Sir Jagadis at Darjeeling. The name of Prof. Bose must be familiar to all Theosophists in connection with his unique discoveries of response to stimuli in minerals, for they are almost invariably quoted by Theosophical lecturers as striking evidence of the continuity of life throughout all the kingdoms of nature.

In its opening words: "I dedicate to-day this Institute —not merely a Laboratory but a Temple," the address at once reveals the idealism that has inspired Prof. Bose to persevere in his original line of scientific research in the face of formidable obstacles. The lofty conception of science he holds before the world is summed up in the following confession of splendid faith:

> The personal, yet general, truth and faith whose establishment this Institute commemorates is this: that when one dedicates himself wholly for a great object, the closed doors shall open, and the seemingly impossible will become possible for him.

After a reference to his first triumph over the difficulties surrounding him as an Indian in India, be recalls the ban of official excommunication with which his bold and synthetic methods were first greeted:

> In the pursuit of my investigations I was unconsciously led into the border region of physics and physiology and was amazed to find the boundary lines vanishing and points of contact emerge between the realms of the Living and Non-living. Inorganic matter was found anything but inert; it also was a-thrill under the action of multitudinous forces that played on it. A universal reaction seemed to br ng together metal, plant and animal under a common law. They all exhib.ted essentially the same phenomena of fatigue and depression, together with possibilities of recovery and of exaltation, yet also that of permanent irresponsiveness which is associated with death. I was filled with awe at this stupendous generalisation; and it was with great

hope that I announced my results before the Royal Society—results demonstrated by experiments. But the physiologists present advised me, after my address, to confine myself to physical investigations in which my success had been assured, rather than encroach on their preserve. I had thus unwittingly strayed into the domain of a new and unfamiliar caste system and so offended its etiquette. An unconscious theological bias was also present, which confounds ignorance with faith.

His tardy recognition by the scientific world in 1914 not only drew attention to the discoveries themselves but also to "the importance of the Indian contribution to the advancement of the world's science". This note of ideal nationalism is sounded throughout the whole address, and the speaker proceeds to expound the ideal for which India stands and through the practice of which she has gained the power to regenerate the world. After a timely warning against neglect of efficiency in public affairs, he defines this ideal as that "of giving, of enriching, in fine, of self-renunciation in response to the highest call of humanity". We read that the results of research work carried on at the Institute will be published in its Transactions for the use of all.

The discoveries made will thus become public property. No patents will ever be taken. The spirit of our national culture demands that we should for ever be free from the desecration of utilising knowledge for personal gain.

Some delightful examples are then given of plant psychology, as revealed by the marvellously delicate instruments employed. For instance:

A plant carefully protected under glass from outside shocks, looks sleek and flourishing; but its higher nervous function is then found to be atrophied. But when a succession of blows is rained on this effete and bloated specimen, the shocks themselves create nervous channels and arouse anew the deteriorated nature. And is it not shocks of adversity, and not cotton-wool protection, that evolve true manhood?

The address concludes with an appeal to the memory of India's great Buddhist king, Asoka, and explains why the *Amlaki* has been incorporated into the cornices of the Institute building.

Not in matter, but in thought, not in possessions or even in attainments but in ideals, are to be found the seed of immortality. Not through material acquisition but in generous diffusion of ideas and ideals can the true empire of humanity be established. Thus to Asoka, to whom belonged this vast empire, bounded by the inviolate seas, after he had tried to ransom the world by giving away to the utmost, there came a time when he had nothing more to give, except one-half of an *Amlaki* fruit. This was his last possession, and his anguished cry was that since he had nothing more to give, let the half of the *Amlaki* be accepted as his final gift.

W. D. S. B