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THE THEOSOPHIST.

ON THE WATCH-TOWER.

THERE is an interesting feature in the present number of the Magazine: that the first two articles in Part I controvert two articles that have previously appeared. It is not often that readers will take the trouble to controvert views with which they disagree, and thus give to the public the immense advantage of having both sides of the question placed before them. In the Theosophical Society we have people of all shades of thought, and a theosophical magazine should ever be ready to print the views of opposing sides, where the views are ably and courteously expressed. Mrs. Charles' article raises a very important question of principle, apart from all details. I cordially agree that the Occultist must lay down 'counsels of perfection,' and that the Statesman must deal with things as they are; but the Statesman who is also an Occultist—a rare but most desirable combination—will, in his necessary adaptations of principles to conditions, keep in mind the end aimed at by all his legislation—the raising of the nation gradually to a higher level. Hence, he will not favor legislation such as the C. D. A., which intensifies and perpetuates the very evils which sap the nation's vitality and morality—the two are closely intertwined. The Occultist who is also a Statesman will have varying ideals to appeal to varying types, and, in addition to the ideal of the highest, ever up-raised, he will have a graduated series of ideals suited in each case to the class to which he appeals. He will not ask the married man of to-day to carry out the highest ideal, but will merely urge on him some increased temperance within marriage, some self-imposed restriction on unbridled indulgence, and will thus induce him to tread a path that leads *to* the ideal, not *away* from it. The real distinction between the far-seeing—the occult—Statesman and the hand-to-mouth Statesman, is that

the legislation of the first is ever directed to the gradual bringing-about of a higher level of humanity, while the second makes laws that meet one evil but sow the seeds of a dozen others. The modern medicine-man is hard at work, with his serum-poisons, in lowering the physical vitality of the nation, and in animalising the human being, and his toxins and serums should be resisted for the sake of the future. The 'old-fashioned' doctor, who regarded himself as the enemy of disease, and sought to build up his patient's body by clean and sanitary means, was indeed the follower of the noble art of healing; but the 'modern' doctor, with his syringe and his filthy decoctions drawn from diseased animal bodies, and his unreliable deductions from the abnormal conditions of tortured animals—he brings disease, not health, in his wake.

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The points raised by Miss Severs in her article are also of great importance, for the idea that we should run about forcing on people our own special nostrums, and insisting, even unto blows, that they should save their souls in the aggressor's way, has many adherents in the T. S. Moreover, now-a-days, a person not only claims the right to chastise his juniors and his equals, but also his elders and superiors—a quite modern development. The wiser among us show reverence to the souls of our juniors and equals in knowledge, being careful to remember that the Inner God is not to be roughly handled even by the most exalted; it is the prerogative of the less wise to dictate to and strike at their elders, and, with a curious and amusing arrogance, to assume the right of chastising them.

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The Church of England appears to have vigorously taken up the question of healing diseases by religious means, and no less than three organisations exist for this purpose. The oldest of these is the Guild of Health, founded in 1904, with the following objects:

1. For the cultivation through spiritual means of both personal and corporate health.

2. For the restoration to the Church of the Scriptural practice of Divine healing.

3. For the study of the influence of spiritual upon physical well-being.

The Rev. B. S. Lombard is the leader of the movement, and his views have been put into print; the essence of them is:

> The first cause of all sickness is the human sense of separateness from that Divine energy which we call God; our health is to live constantly turning to the very innermost deepest consciousness of our real selves or of God in us, for illumination from within, just as we turn to the sun for light, warmth and invigoration without.
>
> I earnestly desire to emphasise in the strongest way possible that the spiritual healing practised by the Church can never be anything but sacramental. It is a literal appropriation of the promise made by our Lord to His Church before His ascension. "These signs shall follow them that believe...they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." In simple faith of this promise I believe that it is God's will to use His servants as the channels of His strength.

In the first sentence a great truth is spoken; perfect bodily health is the manifestation of the divine life, radiating from within, when all the evils of the past have been exhausted. A Master is perfect in body as well as in soul, and no physical ill can touch him. Physical illness is, for the most part, the result of past transgressions, of evil thoughts, evil desires, and evil deeds, not yet wholly out-worn.

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I have been asked whether members of the Theosophical Society can (1) join the Quest Society, or can (2) join the International Mystic T. S. without leaving the National Society—Section—to which they already belong. (1) Members can join the Quest Society—if it will admit them—as freely as they can join the Royal Asiatic Society, or any other body outside the T. S. (2) We have a certain number of people who belong to more than one territorial division, either because they live in more than one country, or have not wished to break old ties on moving to a new country. Their position is not quite regular, but the cases are so rare that no interference has been made. But the International Mystic T. S. is being formed by people who object to remaining in their own National Society, because they suppose that they will be taken as agreeing with the majority unless they come out from the local organisation, and mark themselves as separate from it. Under these circumstances it is obvious that it would be a very illogical proceeding to form another organisation because they cannot remain in the first, and yet remain in it. Such a proceeding moreover, would not only be inconsistent, but it would be un-

constitutional, and therefore impracticable. The International Mystic T. S. is formed under Rule 31 of the T. S. Constitution. Rule 30, passed by the General Council in 1907, declares that: "Lodges and unattached Fellows residing within the territory of a National Society must belong to that National Society," and in 1908 the words were added " unless coming under Rule 31." Rule 31 gives permission to any Lodge or Fellow who " for any serious and weighty reason" is " desirous of leaving the National Society to which it, or he, belongs" to become attached to Adyar, " severing all connexion with the National Society," if the President, after consulting the General Secretary concerned, shall approve. It is clear, therefore, that a Fellow, or Lodge, must belong to the territorial organisation, unless he, or it, is allowed to leave it for cause shown, and in that case he, or it, must sever all connexion with it. No one comes under Rule 31 *unless he desires to leave* the National Society in the territory of which he resides, and the International Mystic T. S. is being formed under Rule 31, by virtue of which alone it can come into existence. A person, therefore, cannot join the International without leaving the National Society to which he has hitherto belonged, and his resignation must be certified to the Recording Secretary by his late General Secretary, *before* he can become a founding member of a Lodge in the I. M. T. S., to which a charter can be issued.

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Many of our readers will have heard of Dr. Coomārasvāmi, who is now working in India and Ceylon in the interest of Indian Art. He has written a valuable book thereon, which he has produced at the Kelmscott Press, set up by the late William Morris, and he is working here hand-in-hand with the Calcutta School of Artists, to which reference was lately made in our columns. Arrangements have been made with him to supply the *Theosophist* with a series of twelve reproductions of noble specimens of Indian Art, and these will, I feel sure, be very welcome to our readers. The first picture will be from a most exquisite statue of the Buḍḍha, and will, I hope, be ready for our June issue. Our readers might take this opportunity of introducing the *Theosophist* to such of their friends as may be likely to become subscribers.

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The Headquarters of the T. S. is beginning to become what it should be, the foster-mother of young theosophical activities, until they are able to run alone. The Propaganda Fund has thus helped various useful movements during the past year : it sent some help to publish some theosophical pamphlets in Polish ; some to strengthen the admirable Ars Regia in Milan ; some for the publication of pamphlets into Ṭamil ; it is supporting for a year two additional Inspectors in the Indian Section ; it has sent Mr. Fricke to South Africa and is supporting him while there ; it is sending out books to start a theosophical book-shop in Durban ; it has lent money to a Branch to finish its building. Much of this will come back, and will then be used again for similar purposes. Also the Headquarters has stepped in to save a very valuable property in Lahore from slipping out of the hands of the T. S., pending the re-organisation of the Lodge there; the property will be conveyed to it on the debt being paid off. As the Headquarters thus plays its right part in the T. S. it will become ever more loved by the members.

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The Central Hinḍū College, Benares, is so well-known to all Theosophists that they will be glad to hear that, in all things save money, it is doing very well. Mr. Arundale, who, during the last year, has been acting as Vice-Principal, has now been appointed Principal, *vice* Dr. Richardson, who is entirely incapacitated by illness from further work ; the good doctor has labored for the College ever since its foundation, and its success is largely due to his able and self-sacrificing work. We are indeed fortunate in finding so worthy a successor. We have also been happy enough to add to the College staff, which had lately grown weak, five young Indians, two of whom have returned from England after five and three years of study there, after having taken brilliant degrees in India. Three of these are voluntary workers, giving their lives to India, and the other two, while not able to give themselves, owing to obligations they cannot rightfully evade, are equally devoted to the ideals which the College exists to uphold. So Mr. Arundale starts with a strong and admirable staff, and we feel that the College is safe in his hands.

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The Chief Justice of Ceylon, Sir Joseph Hutchinson, made a most regrettable speech at the opening of the British and Foreign Bible Society's Depôt in Colombo. Ceylon is unfortunate just now in the antagonism to Buḍḍhism shown by its rulers—a serious departure from the neutrality on which the safety of the Empire in the East depends, and one that may have the most unhappy results. Not long ago a serious injustice was perpetrated, which yet remains unredressed and is bitterly resented, forcing on the Buḍḍhist community a Registrar who was a village headman, instead of a gentleman of high social position, named by the Buḍḍhist T. S.—a privilege they had enjoyed since 1888—and no longer allowing the Hall of the Buḍḍhist Theosophical Society to be used for marriages. And now the Chief Justice has the bad taste to tell the Buḍḍhist community that they "were handicapped by a religion which could not but be unintelligible to the great bulk of them, and which, so far as he had been able to discover, had not very much useful influence on their conduct." He then made the monstrous assertion that if Sinhalese youths "were taught the simple precepts of the Christian religion, instead of what certainly seemed to him to be the vague precepts of their own religion, the work of the church, the law and the police would be very materially lessened." And this in face of the well-known fact that the percentage of criminals amongst Buḍḍhists is startlingly smaller than among Christians, and in face of the fact that drunkenness has increased in Ceylon with the teaching of Christianity, and the cruel forcing of drink-shops by a Christian Government on a sober Buḍḍhist population. If Sir Joseph Hutchinson's law is as bad as his facts, heaven have mercy on those whose causes come before him.

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In case Sir Joseph Hutchinson has not seen any statistics as to percentages of criminals, here is one I have at hand, copied from a Bombay paper some years ago, giving an analysis of the prisoners in the gaols of the Bombay Presidency: "Per thousand of the free population the percentage of Christians was ·245; of Muhammaḍans ·185; Hinḍūs and Sikhs combined ·074; Buḍḍhists and Jains ·019." This does not seem to bear out the idea that Sinhalese youths would be moralised by changing their religion.

MYSTERIOUS TRIBES.[1]

THREE MONTHS IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS NEAR MADRAS.

BY

RĀḌHĀ BĀI (H. P. B.)

(Continued from p. 12.)

CHAPTER I.

How two Nimrods set out to hunt for Gods, and met instead with a Boa-constrictor, Brobdingnagians and Liliputians.

A green oak stands near the sea;
With the splendor of a golden chain,
A Tom-cat, wise through profound teachings,
Walks round it by day and night.
When going to the right he sings his songs,
When going to the left he weaves fairy tales.

PUSCHKIN.

Quite an unexpected discovery was accidentally made in September, 1818, near the Malabar Coast, at a distance of 350 miles from the Dravidian furnace called Madras. It was so marvellous and improbable that no one would believe it at first. Fabulous, confused and fantastic rumors spread, at the start amongst the common people only, but gradually finding their way to the upper classes. When at last they were voiced in the local papers and obtained official certainty, the general excitement reached its climax.

Using the expression of certain physiologists, we should say that a molecular disturbance took place in the brains of the English residents of Madras, slow-working and withered by heat and inactivity as these brains were. With the single exception of the lymphatic Mudaliyars, who combine in themselves the temperament of a frog and of a salamander, everyone got fidgety and raved of the cool and refreshing Eden which had been discovered by two bold hunters in the very midst of the Blue Mountains. According to these hunters, the place was an earthly paradise. There fragrant zephyrs and soft and cooling winds blew all the year round. The country was said to lie high above the eternal fogs of Coimbaṭur.[2] Majestic waterfalls rushed down its

[1] Translated from the German version published by Arthur Weber. Our German readers may obtain this book from the Jaeger'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, Leipzig. Ed.

[2] At a height of from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea, owing, probably, to the heat and the evaporation from the marshes, there spreads over the whole of the mountain ranges of Coimbatur a continual glaring blue fog, which is liable to become rain-clouds during the monsoon.

precipices, and from January to December it enjoyed an eternal European spring. Wild rose-trees and heliotropes measured by the fathom, and lilies many feet high, grew there, while buffaloes of antediluvian size grazed on its meadows; Gulliver's Brobdingnagians and Liliputians lived there.[1] Every valley and ravine of this Indian Switzerland was like a paradise cut off from the rest of the world. Roused by these wonderful tales, the livers and brains of the most venerable Fathers of the East India Company—however atrophied they were —began to stir and their mouths to water. At first no one knew precisely where these marvels had been discovered, or how, or by which road this health-resort, so alluring during the fiery heat of September, could be reached. Finally the Fathers decided that the fact of the discovery should be verified officially, as it was urgent, first of all, to get to know what had really been discovered. The hunters were summoned to the head-office of the Madras Presidency, and it was then ascertained that the following events had happened near Coimbaṭur.

But first a few words concerning Coimbaṭur. Coimbaṭur is the capital of the district of the same name, which lies at a distance of about three hundred miles from Madras, the capital of Southern India, and it is remarkable in many respects. Once it was the Eldorado of hunters, abounding as it did in tigers and elephants, as well as in smaller game, for, besides its other advantages, the district was famous for its marshes and forests. For reasons as yet unknown, the elephant leaves the jungles when he feels his death approaching and migrates to the marshes, where he buries himself in the thickest mud, quietly preparing for Nirvāṇa. Owing to this peculiar habit, the swamps of the Coimbaṭur District abounded in tusks, and it was easy in those days to find ivory.

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[1] The reader must not think the description of this flora exaggerated; it is unique. Probably nowhere else in the world do the shrubs attain such dimensions. Rose-trees of all kinds and colors grow to the size of the houses the roofs of which they cover. A kind of heliotrope measures twenty feet in height. But the most curious of all the flowers growing there is the white lily, with its narcotic scent. This flower practically attains the size of a decanter. It is found in the rifts of shattered rocks on shrubs 2-3 yards high. About a dozen flowers unfold at once. These lilies grow only at an altitude of seven thousand feet; they are not found anywhere lower down. The higher their altitude, the more beautiful their development. On the Dodabetta, about nine thousand feet high, they bloom during ten months of the year.

The District of Coimbaṭur forms practically a ravine, stretching about two hundred miles in length and twenty miles in width. Situated between the Districts of Malabar and Karnatik, Coimbaṭur cuts on the south into the Anemalai, or Elephant mountains, by a sharp angle, while on the north it ascends gradually to the heights of Mysore. Then it falls abruptly, pushed aside as it were by the western Ghāts (mountains) with their sleeping virgin forests, and disappears in the low jungles which are the abode of the forest tribes. This is the tropical and, in consequence of the evaporation of its marshes, the evergreen habitat of the elephant and the boa-constrictor; but the latter is rather dying out of late. Seen from Madras, this mountain chain looks like an equilateral triangle leaning against another bigger triangle, formed by the mountain table-land of the Deccan. This latter reaches with its most northern point the Vinḍhya Hills of the Bombay Presidency. while it touches in the west and east the Sachjadra Hills of the Madras Presidency. These two mountain chains—degraded to 'hills' by the English—are the junction between the eastern and western Ghāts of India. As the eastern Ghāts approach the western they gradually lose their volcanic character. Merging finally into the undulating and picturesque elevations of western Mysore, they definitely lose the name of mountains (locally ghāts) and are simply called hills (girīs).

Near the town of Coimbaṭur, in the Madras Presidency, the two angles of this apparent triangle rise in the form of two notes of exclamation. Like two mighty giants, placed by nature as guardians at the entrance of the ravine, these pointed mountains, capped by toothed rocks, stand on a base of green woods, while their summits are enveloped by eternal clouds and by blue fogs. These steep mountain peaks are the Nīlgiri and Mukkartebet, and are called in the local Anglo-Indian geography the Teneriffes of India. The first of the two, properly called the Ḍoddabetta, attains an altitude of 8,760 feet, the second one an altitude of 8,380 feet above the level of the sea. For long centuries the people thought these summits inaccessible for ordinary mortals. Especially was this the case from the Rangasvāmi onwards, as it had the weirdest look of them all when seen from the distance. In the local legends they have enjoyed for ages the same reputation. In fact, the whole

country was considered as sacred and enchanted ground, the boundary of which it was deadly sacrilege to pass, even unconsciously. Here was the home of the Gods and the highest Ḍevas, here were paradise (svarga) and hell (naraka), where lived the Asuras and the Pishāchas. Thus it happened that, protected by religious belief, the Nīlgiri and the Ḍoddabetta remained for many centuries entirely unknown to the rest of India. How then could it possibly come to pass that, in these far-away days of the most respectable East India Company, that is, during the twenties of the 19th century, any European should think of exploring the regions within these mountains and encompassed by them? Certainly, they did not believe in the reality of singing spirits, but they considered, like everybody else, that these heights were insurmountable; nor did they suspect the existence of lovely scenery behind them, still less that of any living being except snakes and wild animals. It happened but rarely that an English sportsman or a Eurasian hunter came by chance to the feet of one of the enchanted hills, and then vainly demanded that the Indian Shikāri (hunter) should accompany him some hundred feet higher up. The Indian guides energetically refused to do so, explaining to the 'Sāhabs' that further advance was impossible, and that there was neither wood nor game higher up; there being only precipices, rocks climbing upwards to the clouds, the haunts of the worst of devils. For no amount of money could a Shikāri or an Indian guide be induced to pass a certain boundary of this mountain range.

Now, what kind of people are these Shikāris? The present representative of this race is still the same as in the fabulous times of King Rāma. In India each profession is hereditary and gradually crystallises into a caste. What the father has been the son is to be. Whole generations crystallise and congeal, so to speak, in one and the same form. The outfit of a Shikāri consists of a hunting-knife, a powder-horn made of buffalo-skin, and a gun, which nine times out of ten won't go off; for the rest he is stark naked. He often looks old and decrepit, and almost the first impulse of a good-natured foreigner would be to offer him some chlorodyne, because of his hollow abdomen, drooped as if in pain. But this is not so. If he is skulking about slowly, or stoops in

walking, it is due to the habit of his life-long profession. The sport-loving Sāhab has only to show him a few rupees to make him jump up and begin the negotiation for the pursuit and slaying of some wild animal. As soon as this business has been settled in a manner satisfactory to himself, our Shikāri bends again into a hooklet and crawls away. He now covers his body and the soles of his feet with strong-smelling plants, so as not to betray himself to the wild animal or let it scent him. Then for several consecutive nights, if necessary, he squats down, hawk-like, amid the thick foliage of old trees, amongst vampires less blood-thirsty than himself. As bait for the tiger he ties an unfortunate kid, or a young buffalo-calf, to a tree in front of him, and calmly witnesses its death-struggle, not betraying his presence by the least sign. At the first sight of the tiger he stands showing his teeth, his mouth stretching from ear to ear, and listens, without moving a muscle, to the plaintive bleating or bellowing of the little creature. He inhales with rapture the smell of fresh blood, mixed with the sharp and specific odor, so well known to him, of the striped headman of the woods. Noiselessly putting aside the branches of his hiding-place, he casts a long and piercing glance on the devouring beast of prey. It rises with a yawn and licks itself. Then, when according to the habit of all striped ones, it throws a last glance on the remains of its victim before retiring, the Shikāri fires at it and is sure to kill it. "The gun of a Shikāri never misses when aimed at a tiger," is a saying amongst hunters which has become an axiom. The proceedings are somewhat different if the Sāhab himself wants to have the pleasure of shooting the other Baḍa Sāhab[1], the great Lord of the wood. In this case the Shikāri's first care is to find out the night-quarters of a tiger, and when this is done he alarms the next village before sunrise and sends the people to encircle the animal, while he himself runs about the whole day from group to group, heedless of the murderous rays of the sun, shouting, and giving his orders until at last—safely seated on the back of an elephant—the Sāhab No. 1 wounds the Sāhab No. 2, after which it is the Shikāri's task to fire with his antediluvian gun the deadly shot at the beast. Not

[1] This title is given by the Indians not only to every English official or hunter, but also to the tiger.

before this is done, and then only provided nothing else claims him, does the Shikāri retire under the first bush to take his sumptuous meal, consisting of a handful of mouldy rice and some drops of marshy water, which represents for him breakfast, dinner and supper all at once.

As aforesaid, in September, 1818, two land-surveyors, in the service of the East India Company, went hunting in the Coimbaṭur District accompanied by three of these dauntless Shikāris. They lost their way and arrived at the utmost limit, at that time, of all hunting-grounds—the ravine of Guslehuti near the waterfall of Kalakambe[1], which is now so famous. High above their heads, beyond the clouds, clearly standing out against the surrounding blue fog, shone the toothed peaks of the Nīlgiri and the Mukkartebet. At yonder spot began the *terra incognita*, the magic land,

> The mysterious rocky ranges
> Where abide the unknown Ḍevas
> And Blue Mountains loom afar,

as says an old song in the melodious dialect of the Malayalam.

And truly are they called 'Blue Mountains'! Look at them from whatever point and whatever distance you like, from below or above, from the valley or from some other mountain summit, even in dull and foggy weather—as long as they don't altogether disappear from sight—you will see them shining forth like precious sapphires glowing with an inner fire of their own. It is as if they were breathing softly, while they bathe in the iridescent glory of their woods, the golden-azured hues of which merge into dark blue when seen from the distance. A symphony of colors never to be forgotten!

The land-surveyors, who wanted to make a bid for fortune, ordered their Shikāris to lead them further. But, as was to be expected, these otherwise dauntless hunters curtly refused to obey It is stated in the report of the two Englishmen that these old, experienced and courageous men, who fearlessly faced tigers and elephants, simply ran away at the first suggestion of their going beyond the waterfall. Caught and brought back, all three of them threw themselves on the ground in front of the tossing river,

[1] This waterfall has a height of 660 feet. Today the road to Ootacamund passes near it.

and, according to the naive confession of one of the surveyors, named Kindersley, " they could not be brought to their feet again even by the combined efforts of our two strong whips." The unfortunate Shikāris did not rise until they had finished their prayers and invocations to the Ḍevas of these mountains and to other deities, imploring them not to punish and destroy them for this sacrilege. They shivered in every limb and wallowed in the mud as if in epileptic fits. " Never did anyone cross the waterfall of Kalakambe," they declared, "and no one who ventures into these abysses will ever return alive." So it happened that our Englishmen could not succeed, that day, in passing beyond the boundary of the cataract. Whether they liked it or not, they had to return to their last night's resting place in the village from which they had started in the morning. But they pledged their words to each other to force the Shikāris to go further next time. Having taken up their old quarters again they called the villagers together and took counsel with the elders. What they heard set their curiosity aflare.

Amongst the people, the most improbable rumors were floating about these enchanted mountains. Many of the smaller land-owners referred to the local planters and officials, who belonged to the mixed race of the Eurasians, as to persons who knew the truth with regard to this holy domain and were fully aware of the impossibility of reaching it. A long story was narrated of a certain indigo planter who possessed every virtue save belief in the Hinḍū Gods. " Although we had continually warned him," some distinguished Brāhmaṇa told our enquirers, " Mr. D. once crossed the boundary of the waterfall in pursuit of some game—and since that day he has never been seen again." A whole week passed before the local authorities heard of his probable fate, and this news was solely due to the old and 'holy' ape of the neigboring Pagoda. During the hours not spent in religious exercises, this venerable animal used to visit the plantations in the vicinity, where pious coolies fed the beloved guest. One morning he made his appearance with a boot on his head. The boot was proved to belong to the foot of the missing man ; but the owner of both boot and foot was lost for ever. " Most likely," people concluded, " the audacious planter was torn to pieces by the Pishāchas." The Company, it is true, suspected the Brāhmaṇa of the Pagoda, who had been for a long

time at variance with the missing man on account of some plot of land. "But," again said the natives, "whenever anything wrong happens, especially here in Southern India, the Sāhabs always suspect the holy men."

Despite the suspicion, the matter was not prosecuted. The unfortunate planter remained lost, wafted for ever into the realm of bodiless thought, a realm still less known to the officials and the learned than was the domain of the Blue Mountains. Down here he became a dream, in memory of which an old boot stands, unto this day, under a glass cover in the cupboard of the District Police Station.

It is further said that—let me see, what was it? Oh yes!—I remember. On this side of the 'rain-clouds' the mountains are uninhabitable (this applies of course only to simple mortals, visible to everyone); but on the other side of the 'infuriated waters', *i.e.*, of the cataract, on the heights of the holy summits of the Ḍoddabetta, Mukkartebet and Rangasvāmi, there lives a race which is not of this world; a race of soothsayers and demi-Gods. An eternal spring reigns in these altitudes, and neither rain nor drought, neither heat nor cold, is found there. The wizards of these tribes do not marry, nor do they die. They are not even born. Their babes fall ready-made from the sky. Never did a mortal yet succeed in living on those heights, nor will he ever do so, save perhaps after his death. Then only there is some chance of it; for as the Brāhmaṇas say—and who should know better than they?—out of consideration for the God Brahmā the Ḍevas of the Nīlgiri allotted Him part of the Blue Mountains to use as His paradise, the *entresol* of which was probably out of repair.

Once upon a time, the people went on, a Shikāri from their village drank his fill in the Collector's kitchen, and then went at night to scout for a tiger, in doing which he unawares passed into the forbidden land. The next morning he was found dead at the foot of the mountain.

Thus ran the oral tradition. And it is interesting to note that we find the same stories in the collection of local legends translated by missionaries from Ṭamil into English, and published in 1807; we recommend the book to our readers.

Excited by these narratives, and attracted by the obvious obstacles and difficulties of the enterprise, our two hunters once more resolved to show the Indians that the word 'impossible' does not exist for the 'higher' and ruling race.

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These unfortunate people had to face on one side the 'prestige' of the worldly rulers, and on the other their own superstitious fear of the rulers of the Underworld, and dread of their vengeance. Thus placed betwixt two fires they felt themselves on the horns of a terrible dilemma. After the Englishmen had gone, the villagers cherished the hope that they did not mean what they had said, and that their words were more or less mere threats. But lo! A week later they returned to Metupalyam, at the foot of the Nīlgiri, and reduced the people to wild despair by declaring that, within three days, that is as soon as a small military escort and some land-surveyors should join them, they would start with this column for the holy summits of the Blue Mountains. When this terrible news spread amongst the people, some of the peasantry vowed to sit Ḍharṇa, *i. e.*, to starve themselves to death at the door of the Sāhabs' house, if they would not show mercy and desist from their plan. The Munsiffs of the village did tear their garments, which required but little effort, and had the heads of their wives shaved, ordering them at the same time to scratch their faces until they bled (the wives only had to do that business), as a sign of general sorrow. The Brāhmaṇas read aloud curses and manṭrams, thereby consigning the English, with their impious ideas, to all the devils of hell. For three days nothing but groans and laments were heard at Metupalyam. But nothing availed. Where there is a will there is a way. Unable to get guides, the Englishmen decided to do without them, as soon as their venturesome little band was duly equipped. They started and lost their way. But they did not lose their presence of mind. Having caught two Malabar men, thin as laths, who had hidden themselves somewhere, they made them prisoners, and put the following alternative before them: "Either you act as our guides and get a splendid reward; or you refuse to do so, in which case we will constrain you all the same to guide us, only that then your reward will be the prison." The menace had its

effect. The ill-fated Malabar men bowed their heads, and, more dead than alive, they shewed the Sāhabs the way to the Kalakambe.

They tell of a strange incident which occurred on the way to the cataract. But however strange, it must be true, since the two land-surveyors vouch for it in their official report. Before the waterfall was reached, a tiger seized one of the Malabar men, despite his leanness, and made away with him into the bushes, ere the hunters even noticed his appearance. When they heard the yells of the unfortunate man it was too late. "Either we missed the tiger," they said in their report, "or else hit the victim. But whichever it may have been, both tiger and man disappeared from our sight as if the earth had swallowed them." Anyhow, the party went steadily on and crossed the ominous river, on the other side of which began the forbidden land. About a mile from the spot where they first set foot on the enchanted domain the second Malabar man suddenly fell dead to the ground—probably killed by fear. In connexion with this curious occurrence it is worth while to read the verbal report of an eye-witness. One of the land-surveyors, the aforementioned Kindersley, narrates the event in the *Madras Courier* of November 3rd, 1818 as follows: "Having satisfied themselves that the death of the second Malabar man was not simulated, our soldiers, especially the superstitious Irishmen, got rather alarmed. But Whish (the other land-surveyor) and myself realised at once that henceforth we could not desist from our enterprise without sullying our honor and reaping scorn and sarcasm from our comrades. Moreover it would have meant to debar England, perhaps for ever, from the Nīlgiri and its wonders, if wonders there were. We decided therefore to advance boldly without a guide. For the matter of that, the two Malabar men had known the way beyond the waterfall as little as ourselves or any other mortals."

(To be Continued.)

THE OCCULTIST AND PRACTICAL POLITICS.

IT is said that all trades leave their mark, and that an expert need not look beyond the hands of a working man to tell how he earns his living, so strongly does daily occupation make its impress upon palm or fingers. In the case of a professional man it would be face rather than hand that would tell the tale of habitual work, and the expert might have to go a little deeper still, and watch for tricks of manner and weigh general bearing before coming to a conclusion. And behind these physical and visible signs of difference, lie emotional and mental twists and traits, personal peculiarities arising largely, but not wholly, from the environment in which each labors. And at the very back of all lie the individual differences—along seven great lines—which are the well-spring of all subsequent divergence. Deeper still, almost out of touch, exists the great twofold division, symbolised by Uranus and Neptune, and here we must stop, for behind this there is non-manifestation only.

Now of the seven we are not writing at present, and it need only be borne in mind that all differ; and when from seven tones of color they have materialised into seven types of man, most of them clash. But such clashing—in the sense of perception and impatience of difference—is as nothing compared to the utter divergence of thought and aim which comes to the surface when the great

synthetic two appear in work-a-day habit, materialising in modern life as the Occultist and the Statesman. The definition of such divergence is a relatively easy task, just because of the magnitude of the distance which separates the two modes of thought and life. If for one you write East, the other can be immediately filled in as West; and the oft-quoted phrase that the West says "Time is money," while the East chants "Time is naught," can be applied to the creeds of Occultist and Statesman almost without alteration. True, the man of practical politics considers money as but one of the forms of energy he has to control; but most emphatically he works in Time and for the passing hour, whereas the Occultist—even here and now—builds in and for Eternity. One can see without further similes that these types are permanently antagonistic. They result in men completely out of touch with each other. working as they do in unallied worlds.

As one might expect, such difference of thought and aim leads to great difference in the sphere of action. The Occultist's precepts are for the guidance of man *as he should be*, and can be only carried out in their fulness by pilgrims on the way to the Ideal, The Statesman's laws have for their basis the fact of man *as he is*, and are for the better regulation of actual and current affairs. And when a great Saint or Teacher steps out of the Temple into the Market-place of human life and cries his precepts amidst the din that reigns there, he generally adds: "Those that have ears to hear, let them hear," as a warning that he has come but to teach the few who are ready for his teaching. The Saint's followers, however, go a step further—in that embarrassing way that disciples generally do—and, knowing the beauty and fundamental truth of these maxims, often use their individual and collective influence to insist upon these 'counsels of perfection' being carried out by the Statesman in practical politics. What results?

A good deal results! And it is by no means altogether good, as might seem to be inevitable.

As this may be disputed, it will be as well to consider some concrete cases in which the modern Occultist is trying to influence, or has succeeded in influencing, the man of the world, occupied in

his difficult task of legislating for the masses of the unevolved semi-civilised citizens of the West.

A most notable case is the question of the 'White Slave Traffic'[1] as it is somewhat incorrectly termed. This has recently been dealt with in an article by Dr. Appel (*Theosophist*, January 1909), and the Occultist's position on this matter has also been clearly defined by the President within the last few months. Summed up it reads as follows: "All intercourse between the sexes that is not prompted by a desire for offspring, is sinful and wrong." The Occultist therefore condemns in one breath a variety of pleasures which the world puts under different headings as damnable, necessary, lawful, and virtuous. Of these four, the 'necessary evil' is the second, the procreation of children the third, and neo-malthusianism the fourth. From theory to practice. This is one of those questions into which the Saint has entered with great vehemence, having forced the Government to repeal sanitary measures of wide-spread importance, in deference to his knowledge of what should obtain, were man the self-controlled being he ought to be. Still it remains that man is not! And the Purity Society might with greater truth be called the Society for the Propagation of Disease. Further, as this disease comes, seemingly, by pure luck, often avoiding the worst offenders and appearing in the occasional sinner or in innocent wives and children, its advent has not the moral effect for which its admirers hoped. In other precautionary measures, however, the Statesman and the Occultist join hands. Both see the value of home-training, of wise and efficient warning of coming temptation, of plenty of cold water, and plenty of work and outdoor amusement. But the man of the world and the medecine-man merely smile, when the student in Occultism suggests that these remedies are sufficiently potent to apply to mankind at large! "*Mon ami*," says the Statesman tolerantly, "but the majority have *not* the benefit of good home-training and all the rest! By all means appeal to those that have, remind them that '*noblesse oblige*.' Hold up your magnificent ideal. We are both working for the improvement of the race, you and I, but allow me to make provision for the majority that

[1] Technically and literally a 'slave' is a person forced to labor against his or her will. The profession of the 'unfortunates' is a voluntary one, unless one counts the sad compulsion of poverty.

may fail after a struggle." "Or for those who are not sufficiently evolved to struggle at all;" growls the medecine-man in the background, and then the latter asks the Saint casually how he proposes to administer doses of 'wise advice' to babes in long-clothes who have to be treated for lust at the hospitals. Perhaps the young Saint has not heard of these cases, and perhaps he then goes away thoughtfully; one hopes so.

To pass to an easier aspect of the same subject. The second step in self-control is neo-malthusianism. The man first of all learns that promiscuous intercourse is physically dangerous and ethically wrong. He next finds that the married life has also its laws and its limits. When his training in this branch is complete, he considers his wife's health, his own, and their joint income, and then decides upon the number of children they can reasonably bring up in health and comfort. The presence of this practice makes all the difference individually and nationally between misery and well-being, peace and aggression. It is the over-large family—half of which finds its way to jail, hospital, asylum, or churchyard—that is the curse of the slum and largely the cause of it.[1] It is the over-prolific German matron that will ultimately drive that nation into breaking its natural boundaries and into bringing red ruin upon some peaceable neighbor; but the Occultist condemns this practice [2] also. It is wrong to use the powers of sex for *any* purpose but the procreation of children; so self-respecting married life, as popularly carried out, is a state of sin!

Granted that it is. Granted that the one use of the power, absolutely lawful, is for the bringing to birth; granted all that; yet, is it wise to insist at the present stage of progress upon such a utopian rule? Is this not one of those 'counsels of perfection' which it is hopeless, or even dangerous, to preach to the unprepared? Would it not be better to let the average man and woman toil up the ladder step by step, rather than hurl condemna-

[1] Of course we must also include the importation of foreign undesirables. It would be of no use to limit our own supply, so that human life should no longer be a drug in the market, if the thinned ranks are to be filled up with lives from foreign slums. Let each nation learn to keep or deal with its own submerged.

[2] The Political Economist condemns its *abuse*. A very different thing! It has been applied by the selfish or the self-indulgent with dangerous results nationally or individually. But this counts for nothing in the argument. All laws and customs are liable to perversion.

tion upon them from above because they are not at the top? The Occultist is not asked to teach these 'doctrines of compromise,' or to preach in the half-way houses along the road; but it would be of great use if he abstained from hindering those employed in this not very congenial task.

Vivisection, vaccination, vegetarianism, open another range of topics dependent upon the commandment: "Thou shalt not kill." The suffering of the animals at our hands is one of the very saddest features of life. Think of the horses and mules in war-time, of the slaughter-houses, of the laboratories. Ultimately, one hopes—and hopes passionately—that all these horrors will pass and be forgotten, except in so far as in future lives we are paying back with love and help our debt to these 'poor relations' whom in our days of blindness we so cruelly wronged. But in the meantime—war exists; do we disband our forces of defence, we must lay ourselves open to a nearer invasion. The Land of Flowers is an object-lesson for that well-meaning sect, the Peace-party, would they but see the parallel. Disease exists; and exists in such appalling quantity that we have to lay hold of any and every weapon to prevent ourselves from being overwhelmed. With the details of literature on the vivisection question the writer is unacquainted, but one fact seems unquestioned: Lister[1] "whose antiseptic treatment has reduced the death-rate in hospitals some twenty-five per cent., had to leave England because of the endless restrictions, and finish his studies in Paris," where by all accounts the restrictions are unnecessarily few: so at the present stage of progress it seems that in the desire to lessen general suffering we do not always choose the best way. The Occultist, however, has no feeling for shades of protection for the animals. The whole vivisection movement is wrong.

He goes even further than this. Vaccination is wrong—partly because of the introduction of foreign matter into our bodies, but largely because of the ailing calf. Would the Saint with equanimity see the devastating plagues of small-pox of the Middle Ages revived? We believe so; for the laws of Occultism are without shadow of turning; it is just that which makes them so

[1] Pasteur, Lister's forerunner or master, whose researches have saved thousands of *animal* as well as human lives, is instanced by a friend as being one of the strongest arguments in the hands of the intelligent or humane pro-vivisectionist. Of course no one approves of baked cats, boiled dogs, and those abnormal cases which the enthusiast gets hold of for propaganda work.

eternally perfect, and so very unsuitable for direct application to humanity in a low state of progress—from the ordinary person's point of view.[1]

Vegetarianism is a side-issue from this main topic. The eating of flesh pollutes the body and gives wide-spread suffering to the animals.[2] Allied to this is the use of furs, feathers, etc., for purposes of dress, and the use of leather for boots, books, coats, furniture and all the hundred odds and ends with which we are familiar. Tallow, bone, ivory, other animal products : they multiply as one thinks. Reform in this, as in all other topics touched on, must come very gradually if it is not to bring in its train a vast disorganisation of trade. Vegetarianism on a very large scale might even wreck existing land-tenure, for the quantities of cereals to be grown would be so enormous that it might involve the ownership of all arable lands by Government, and the government control of crops, so as to ensure sufficiently large harvests. One thing affects another. No alteration is without sequel, and all have multifarious side issues and related results unperceived at first sight. We could hardly answer in the affirmative if the Statesman rounded on us, and asked if we could feed the world, *as it is now*, were the killing of animals for food suddenly forbidden. "And if we must kill," then asks the man of the world, "why less under chloroform and with proper restrictions, for wide uses, than in full agonised consciousness for the clients of the nearest butcher? Mankind is a less gross feeder than he used to be, and by degrees perhaps . . . ." But the Occultist reiterates: "Kill not at all; injure no living thing!"

From concrete cases we return to the old statement; the Statesman and the Occultist are men of different worlds, and

[1] The point of view—of rather of doctrine—of the Occultist is : "Nothing can meet you which you have not deserved." Therefore, in the plague brought about by such absence of vaccination, only those would die who owed the debt of a life cut short to karma. The debt once paid would leave them freer to progress in the next life; and in the interval between the incarnations, there would be pointed out to victims the justice of their punishment. Its cause—violation of some law : avoiding such violation in future, they would escape its penalty. Taking in the three worlds, the position of the Occultist is vindicated ; but if the Statesman be allowed some sway, such lessons are learnt by easier stages ; and therefore I think the *greatest* Teachers will allow Mr. Worldly-Wiseman his half-day of power.

[2] A return to vegetarianism by those who are hereditarily adapted for it, is always good. And when in addition to a revival of old customs, it improves instead of upsetting economic conditions, then the effect is excellent. Efforts like those of the Surat Temperance League have all our good wishes, because there is no undue forcing of the situation. The time is ripe.

antagonistic types. Yet the paradox has been solved; for in the old days there was one person, both Priest and King; and in each of us to-day there reigns a double-sided consciousness, one side dealing with the phenomenal and one with the noumenal[1]. The question at issue is not so much: "Can the two types be brought into harmony?" as "Ought one to trespass upon the domain of the other?" *Should the modern Occultist interfere in the Statesman's business of managing commonplace daily life?*

Like all questions, this is one that must be thought out individually, and what other people have thought and said is a help towards a settlement and conclusion, but not the settlement itself. We will give three printed opinions, one Christian and two theosophical, and then terminate the essay.

Of the Founder of Christianity it is related that some officious outsiders sought to draw Him into the whirl and tide of current political life, and His reply was as follows: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." This points to approval of what we should call in our modern jargon the psychological division of labor.

The President-Founder of the Theosophical Society summed up his views as follows (pp. 69-71, Third Series *Old Diary Leaves*):

It may be well to say a few words about the attitude of the Society towards caste and other social abuses that swarm about us .... there is a necessary reformatory work to be carried on by specially fitted caste-reformers, individuals and societies. It is as much outside the field of our Society's corporate activity as diet, intemperance, widow re-marriage, chattel slavery, the social evil, vivisection, and fifty other outlets for philanthropic zeal. As a Society we abstain from meddling with them, though as individuals we are perfectly free to plunge into the thick of either of the fights they occasion. . . . . The Theosophical Society... is above all these limitations of the physical man, spotless, immortal, divine, unchangeable! That is why, as President, I never commit the Society to one side or the other of these questions.

Colonel Olcott apparently approves of the policy of interference, of "reformers, individuals, societies," provided such be not part of the corporate life of the T. S. Perhaps, like the man

[1] In this commonplace of existence may lie the solution of a reconciliation between the opposing types. The Higher Self or its Wisdom shall be applied to the Inner Life. The lower 'intelligent' self shall have the administering of daily affairs—influenced by its senior in cases of difficulty or doubt.

of the world that he was, he did not wish attention to be drawn from the main message to subsidiary and contentious questions, and above all would not lay the Society open to be called a "bag of freaks."

The existing President ignores this risk, and is bringing subsidiary interests into affiliation, so that she seems also to approve of the policy of interference. It is the question of the hour as to whether this approval is real or apparent, not only in her case, but in the case of all those who are joining these associations.

In plain words: are all these societies which the modern Occultist is favoring, being founded for the purposes of creation or destruction? Are they to act as centres, round which may gather those gentle souls 'born out of due time' whose real habitat is the nation yet to come? Are they to be pictures and foreshadowings of that ideal kingdom? Or are the centres to act as destroyers; hindering and hampering the machinery of government now running, the one that is suitable to this hapless age of Iron and Blood?

In the book on *Dharma* (p. 128) there is a description of the whole situation, and the final sentence contains advice which these various societies would do well to lay to heart, if they would really further the progress of the world they profess to be desirous of serving:

If we set before an unprepared soul an ideal so lofty that it does not move him, we check his evolution. . . When you tell a man a thing too high for him, that man knows you have been talking nonsense, for you have commanded him to perform that which he has no power to perform. . . .But wise were the Teachers of old. They gave the children sugar-plums, and later the higher lessons. We are so clever that we appeal to the lowest sinner by motives which can only stir the highest saint! . . .Instead of standing off on some high peak of spirituality, and preaching a doctrine of self-sacrifice which is utterly beyond his comprehension; in teaching the young soul, use his higher selfishness to destroy his lower . . . . I do not wish you to lower by one tiniest fraction your own ideal. You cannot aim too high. The fact that you can conceive it makes it yours, but does not make it that of your less developed brother . . . . Place your own ideal as high as you can set it, but do not impose your ideal upon your brother, the law of whose growth may be entirely different from your own.

M. CHARLES.

SEPARATENESS OR UNITY IN DAILY LIFE.

UNDER the heading of "Separateness and Unity in Daily Life," an article appeared in the February number of *The Theosophist*, with some of the conclusions of which I find myself unable to agree, and as the article advocates carrying those theoretical conclusions into practice, I think it may be useful to put another side of the question. For those conclusions, if *generally* practised, seem to me to threaten a possible danger in the effective carrying on of our theosophical propaganda, and particularly menace the harmony that should prevail amongst theosophical workers.

The subject of the article is very interesting and even fascinating, as, though a very large subject, it is here strictly specialised to a consideration of the possible effects of certain relations between man and man. The main criticism I wish to offer is that the author has made her conclusions too general. She has not guarded the editorial *we* at all; it seems to include (see p. 417, paragraph 3) all Theosophists, and the conclusions drawn and the treatment advocated to be applied to all, Theosophist and non-Theosophist alike. In that too wide generalisation lies the danger of the article. For to very few of us Theosophists, I fancy, do her conclusions apply, still less to the general public. For to act effectively in the manner the author suggests would mean that the total suppression of the personality had been accomplished, and very few can yet say sincerely: "We have learnt the difference between the false peace and the true," or as yet feel ourselves capable of so striking as to intend "that our hardest blows bring healing more than hurt". Most of us know to our cost that our blows, if we intentionally strike them, are meant to hurt, and that separateness with us springs from hatred and not from love.

The drift of the whole article is the praise of separateness and strife, as means to effect unity. Only the very highest, I venture to suggest, can use these dangerous weapons to this end effectively and with safety. To most of us separateness is the great heresy to be shunned, still an ever-present temptation, and, by most, blows are struck to wound rather than to heal. "Clashing with personalities not apologetically but fearlessly" is more often a trait of the unevolved than of the evolved, even in the Theosophical Society ; and I believe that

the evolved usually do their work for humanity in a different fashion. It has not hitherto been our custom to teach that present evil is justifiable, if future and suppositional good may result from it; and "clashing with personalities" and "pushing away fellow-creatures" are evils of no small magnitude. The encouragement to pursue these practices appears in the light of a danger to the Society. We have had a great deal of clashing and pushing away, as we all know. The evil therefrom is obvious and the beneficial results still appear doubtful, but it seems to me that this clashing and rejection have, in the Society as elsewhere, sprung from their ordinary root, hatred, expressed in action as separateness, and from inability to see truth as truth, from want of perception rather than from clearer perception than the ordinary; the effect is perhaps to promote harmony indirectly, by removing inharmonious elements to other spheres of action. Unity to me means a drawing together, and separateness means a going apart. I have no doubt that the Cosmic Powers can beneficially use hatred and separateness in their guiding of the Universe, but I do not think the ordinary Theosophist is on such a level of perception and activity as to do so safely and efficaciously. He is wiser if he follows the ordinary line of evolution for men, and endeavors to unite and not to separate, to love all and to strike blows at none.

The householder, the man of the world, has of course the ḍharma of educating to the best of his ability the souls committed to his charge, and so has the spiritual teacher. The householder, parent, and guardian naturally has "to command, to correct, sharply to separate and respectively deal with the good and evil in life," and so has the spiritual teacher to those who recognise and submit to his authority. But to no one else, I suggest, do those functions belong, certainly not to the ordinary Theosophist either in his intercourse with society at large or with his fellow-members. Rather would it be for him a kārmic crime and blunder to aim blows at, or push away, any he comes across outside those whom karma has committed to his charge, and with them I hope his methods are usually more gentle. We must always and in each case be perfectly certain that it is *our* business "to save the God in man—to help the divine Self to evolve," and that is a point that

has been rather overlooked in the Society, I think, and a good deal of clashing, with decidedly evil effects, has resulted. A course of conduct that could be safely undertaken only by the few has been attempted by the many. There are not so very many of us capable of "serving the Self supremely" *in others*, and the premature attempt has sometimes been disastrous. A good deal of the disharmony of the Society, as of the world, has been due to such mistaken activity. Many have marred more than they have helped. The Self in man above all resents irreverent and incapable handling. Let us be very certain of our own capabilities before we attempt to touch and influence the Divine in another.

And in the article under discussion it would appear as if the author thought that *all* souls could be benefited by being pushed away, or by clashing with personalities. As souls vary in their idiosyncrasies and, Theosophy tells us, stand at different stages of development, each would react differently to treatment, and each must require different handling for benefit to ensue. One method of treatment cannot be laid down as operating beneficially on all concerned. Personally I am inclined to question the main conclusion of the article, *i.e.*, that "strife and separateness are the servants of spiritual unity;" if it is ever so, it may be the exception that proves the rule; and I entirely disagree with the author when she states "that our hardest blows bring healing more than hurt." Again the exception may prove the rule, but the exception has not come my way and the rule has, and so the rule holds good for me so far as my present knowledge of life and human nature has gone. The author also appears to me to contradict herself, in writing that after doing "the painful thing that seems necessary to the outer (man)—*we* cannot operate upon them directly, but the law will." If words and deeds mean anything, "doing painful things to the outer man" constitutes direct action on a personality, for which karma certainly will demand a reckoning of us, either for good or evil.

And I think we shall limit our usefulness with others if we always adopt one attitude to them. It seems to me that we are more likely to influence our fellows if we are flexible in our dealings with

them, if we ask of them possibilities in proportion to their capacity to achieve. To ask "high things of all men, such becoming our settled attitude to humanity at large," means simply failure to achieve aught in most cases. "Ability is the limit of obligation," as Mr. Fullerton reminded H. P. B., and this is a useful rule to keep in mind in our dealings with others.

If the conclusions drawn by the author had been limited to the relations between teacher and pupil, the case would be different, though even then one might take exception. That is a side of their activity which I have carefully studied in the lives of Saints and spiritual teachers. And as a result of such readings, helped of course by theosophical teaching, one discovers, as one might expect, that the Saints and the Occultists—from these two classes come the spiritual teachers of mankind—differ in their methods of training their pupils. As the Saints have attained to their stage of spiritual evolution through the attraction of the Divine Love, ever leading them to its source, they naturally endeavor to assist their followers to tread the same path, and seek to arouse in them love to the Divine by showing them love, and allowing the pupils to love their teacher. They foster the love their pupils feel, and turn it to good account in their growth. Catherine of Siena trained her pupils in this manner, using, but not allowing her spiritual family to abuse, the force of love.

But the Occultist has evolved along a line different from that of the Mystic, and consequently he trains his pupils according to his own method. He has evolved more by hard work, by the successful overclimbing of difficulties, by the overcoming of obstacles and ordeals, than by the blissful consciousness of love given and received. He has studied and observed life, moulded events and men; knowledge and experience of life and men and of phenomena physical and superphysical alike are his. His attitude towards his pupil appears to be that of an authoritative teacher to whom the student must comport himself as pupil. So long as the latter obeys and trusts his teacher, the element of personal affection between them matters little. As a matter of fact, for so is human nature constituted, some degree of affection must generally be felt, but it is not essential to successful training along this line, while self-control is. The training of the pupil by the occult teacher often

appears to be made intentionally hard. It is one of the tests of the pupil. Strength is the characteristic of the Occultist *par excellence*, and if the pupil be a weakling, his master has no need of him. "Woe to the weak" is ever the cry in Occultism, in which sphere certainly the law of the survival of the fittest prevails. That is why all the records of Occultism are strewn with (perchance in some cases fabulous) accounts of ghastly nerve-shaking and moral-proving ordeals. The Occultist consciously, to effect his purpose, clashes with his pupils' personalities, and deals them hard blows—meant to test and not causelessly to wound. And he, in so doing (and he alone I believe) is always justified by results, for if the pupil flinches, he is not the man for the Occult Path; if he endures, the blows, the clashing, may mould the embryo of a new Savior for this world of ours, which needs Saviors so badly.

In our own Society we have some evidence as to the method followed by one Occultist with regard to her pupils. Mr. Sinnett has borne evidence to the trials Colonel Olcott endured in India at the hands of Madame Blavatsky, trials of temper, nerve, and endurance, in the early stages of his acquaintance with occult things, when he was acting a chelā's part to her. Mr. Leadbeater remarks in the February *Theosophist*, in his article on H. P. B: "The training through which she put her pupils was somewhat severe but remarkably effective; I can testify to certain radical changes which her drastic methods produced in me in a very short space of time—also to the fact that they have been permanent." Mrs. Besant in her *Autobiography* describes Madame Blavatsky's methods of teaching:

> Her pupils she treated very variously, adapting herself with nicest accuracy to their differing natures. . . With vanity, conceit, pretence of knowledge, she was merciless; if the pupil were a promising one, keen shafts of irony would pierce the sham; with some she would get very angry, lashing them out of their lethargy with fury and scorn. And in truth she made herself a mere instrument for the learning of her pupils, careless what they or any one else thought of her, providing that the resulting benefit to them was secured.

This method of treatment, common apparently to all Occultists, perhaps partly explains the general misconception of the world as to the character of the Occultist. The pupil who proved a weakling, sore at his failure, went into the world to revile and

slander his teacher, who, to benefit him, had always been careless as to what was thought of him; and so many have been mistaken in their thought, have shamefully misconceived the teacher's motives. One has not so much data, for obvious reasons, to go on in regard to the methods of Occultists as with saints, for the Occultist deals with things of which only the few know. But I suppose the largest and most successful Occult School of which we possess the tradition was that of Pythagoras at Crotona. His methods, as they have come down to us, were also remarkably drastic.

Pythagoras himself criticised the face, the gait, the manners, the talk, and especially the laughter of the aspirant, who was of set purpose put at his ease in order that he might be so examined unawares. He had to spent a night alone in a cavern reputed to be haunted, and should he shrink from the darkness and solitude at the outset, or flee from the place before morning dawn, he was disqualified.

There was another yet more severe test, with no previous warning; the novice was put in a bare, gloomy cell and a slate thrust into his hand, on which was written one of the Pythagorean problems, for example: "What signifies the triangle inscribed within a circle?" or "Why is the dodecahedron enclosed in a sphere the image of the universe?" To this he was told to write an answer. Bread and water were put beside him; he was left in complete solitude for twelve hours; then he was liberated among the assembled novices, who were under orders to chaff him mercilessly, hailing him as the new philosopher and gibing him as to the results of his mental achievement.[1]

It was in consequence of the enmity aroused in Cylon by this treatment and by his failure, that the School of Crotona perished. Very few souls are able to endure with equanimity ordeals dealing with the emotions; and the rejection of love, as shown by the pushing away of personalities, is one of the bitterest experiences any soul can pass through. Mercifully, natural law comes to the rescue and, as ever, safeguards the race. Few wish to evolve beyond the crowd, and "like attracts like" in all departments of nature; so those of the emotional nature seek the mystic path and follow the teacher who educates by love. The Occultist deals with pupils in whom the desire for knowledge is paramount, and who perhaps are of tougher fibre than the Mystic and do not pine for love as the sought-for consummation of their universe. But most of us in the Society are neither Saints nor Occultists, but very ordinary people standing on the general

[1] "Pythagoras and his School," Mrs. Cuthbertson in *The Theosophical Review* Vol. 36.

level of evolution, and so our hardest blows will bring not healing but hurt. Hence I differ from the flattering but dangerous inference of Miss Bartlett's article, that we are all capable of training our fellows in this drastic fashion of the Occultist, by pushing them away and by striking at them. I believe nearly all of us would adopt such action at our peril, and with the very gravest kārmic results. For most of us it would be better if we attended conscientiously to our own evolution, and let our neighbor see to his. He is probably much more competent to supervise the evolution of his inner God, than we are to do it for him.

I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and to do
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.

"The cry of battle" is for most of us not "the cry of progress" but of failure. The personality still fights in most of us, and not "the Warrior," the Individuality; we still fight for our own hand and often in consequence do not know our friends from our foes. We are more likely to promote unity in daily life by refraining from a too obvious interest and activity in our neighbor's evolution. So if we wish to help in unobtrusive fashion, let us practise charity, in S. Paul's sense of the word, not separateness; let us endeavor to attract rather than to push away. "Nor let us forget that the person who happens to be with us at any moment is the person given to us by the Master to serve at that moment. If by carelessness, by impatience, by indifference, we fail to help him, we have failed in our Master's work." Our inner attitude rather than our action should be intended to help, as patience and thought are potent influences. By sternness to the lower self and "allegiance to the Higher Self," by "becoming love incarnate to others," by attempting to attract rather than to repulse—such only are the means by which most of us can safely, without hurting ourselves or others, solve the problems of separateness and unity in daily life. One here and there, with clearer vision than most, may safely use love disguised as hate; but to the majority it is safer to show love as most men conceive of love. To most love means peace and unity, and fighting means hatred, and separateness displays disharmony, and it is not for us to confuse our weaker brothers, nor to use the weapons of our superiors. It

is for the Gods, and for those who have grown to the stature of the Gods, consciously to use evil, and the Gods have always tested those to whom they have given their divine weapons; our task is, so at least it seems to me, the simpler and safer one of trying to utilise the good, of trying perchance to be 'good' ourselves.

ELISABETH SEVERS.

FROM THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

IT was on a morning in August that I awoke with an intense feeling of happiness. I felt jubilant with the recollection of what would be usually termed a dream, but which to me was more of a reality than any experience in my waking consciousness. In this vision I had seen a field, a golden field of corn, radiant with the glory of a Life that was myself.

I was the Life in every pearl of wheat. I was the tension in the bending stalk, I was the breath of the breeze that played through the corn, and the warmth in the rays of the Sun that ripened it. I was the song sung by the leaves of the trees. I was the gladness in the farmer's heart and the song of joy of the bird's. All nature seemed to be teeming with an immense happiness which bore its burden in a harvest song.

This hymn was sung in unison: "For His mercies aye endure, ever faithful, ever sure." Close by I saw the farmer, fondling an ear of wheat in his hand, talking to his man. "This be a' right, mate!" That was all he said—just those few words; but I alone felt the deep sense of gratitude that welled up in his heart. What wonder, then, that I felt so happy on returning to this life?

Next day I went from Southampton to Eastleigh by train, and on the way passed the identical field that I had seen in my vision; the sheaves already stooped and ready for the carrying. It was the earliest fruits of the earth.

SYDNEY H. OLD.

HOW THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT BEGAN IN RUSSIA.

ON the 17th November, 1908, the Russian Theosophical Society was born, yet the work had begun long before this. Regular work in Branches had been going on for six years, and even before then there were some persons interested in Theosophy who tried to spread the teachings.

Twenty years ago Mr. Zorn, in Odessa, earnestly studied Theosophy. He left to his friends his theosophical library.

Then, some ten years ago, a Russian lady, Madame Maria Robinovitch, came from the Caucasus to London to hear Mrs. Besant. On her return to Veadikavkaz she tried to organise a group, which met for some time and then dispersed. In those times it was dangerous to meet collectively, especially in the provinces. So Madame Robinovitch abandoned collective work, but she continued her studies, and translated many articles and books, which have been of great service all these years; she also educated her children in the light of Theosophy. The family Robinovitch, with the old mother of Madame Robinovitch and the children, formed a beautiful spiritual centre, the influence of which was felt by all who came into their house. Maria Robinovitch has passed away, but there is no one who once met her, who does not remember the deep and sweet charm of her spiritual beauty. She died, as a saint, in an extasy of love and joy.

During the same period, Mademoiselle Nina de Gernet came to England. She entered the T. S., and became an enthusiastic pioneer. During several years she worked in different centres in Germany, France, Switzerland and Italy. To Russia she brought the good news and many books, which she carried at much risk and danger across the frontier, as such books were forbidden. With indefatigable energy, she travelled from town to town, wherever she had friends or acquaintances, and did her best to interest Russians in Theosophy. For most of us the first tidings came through her. So it was with me; for on going away again abroad, she left to me her box full of theosophical books, and this box was to become for me the dearest of all treasures. For a long time I did not look at it at all, but once I took out a book, and this book changed my life for ever. It was *In the Outer Court*. I had found my way; I had seen the light; I began to study hard.

Seven years ago I went for the first time to England, and on my return I longed to share the light and the joy I had found. And so we began to work. One after another, earnest workers appeared and we clasped hands together.

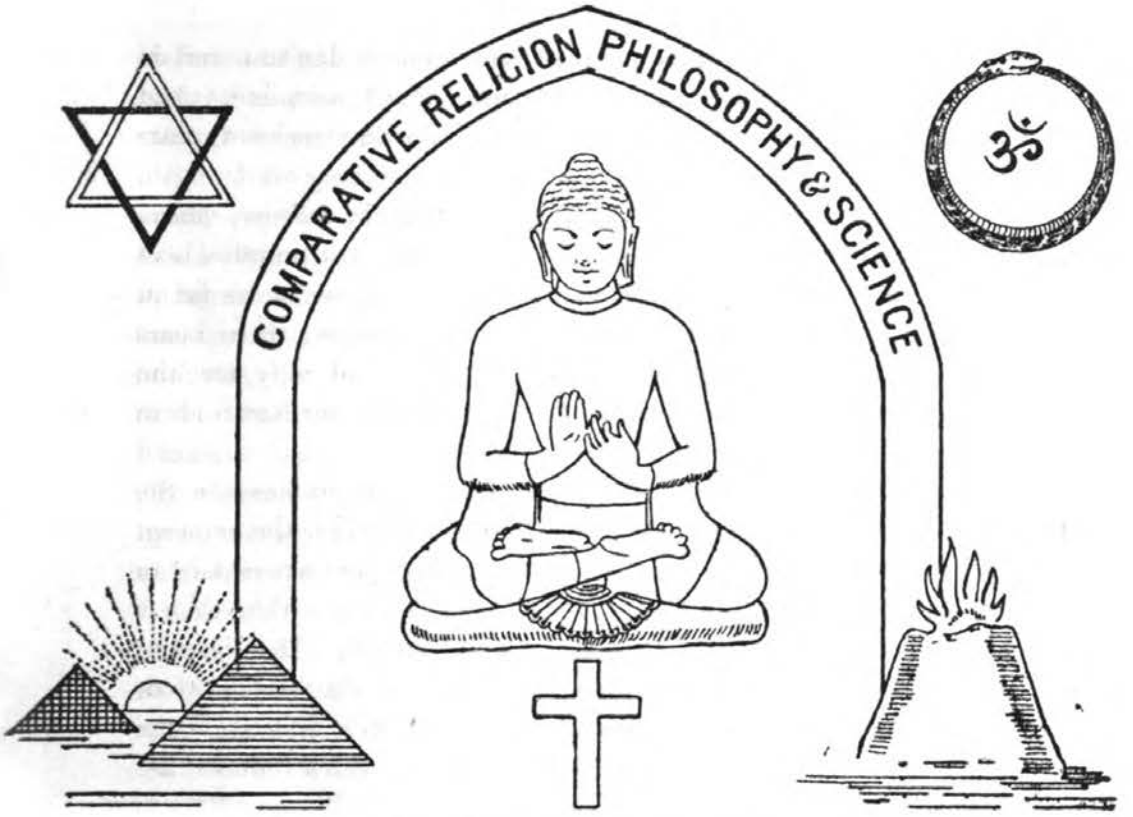
In Petersburg I met the friend of Miss M. Sivers, Maria Strauch, a distinguished artist and a charming personality. Like me, she had found light in Theosophy, and she longed to spread it. We formed with her the first Lodge in Petersburg, which bears her name, now that she has passed away. This Lodge became the first nucleus of theosophical work, for although we lectured in different saloons, yet we only succeeded in forming a second Branch in our third year. Then, very soon, came two more. So, presently, we had four Lodges, regularly working in Petersburg. Besides, we had a Christian group, which was interested in Theosophy.

Mademoiselle de Gernet continued to travel, and brought into touch with us persons from different towns. Thus I came to know Madame Helena Pissareff, the author and translator of many theosophical books and articles, the President of the Kaluga Lodge; Madame Nina Pehenetsky, who works with devotion in Moscow, where her books form a valuable little library; Mr. Pavel Batiouchkoff, the gifted author of many theosophical articles; Miss Ariadne Weltz and Madame Elisa Radzevitch, who have founded a Branch in Kief, and many others. The link between all the first Russian workers has been our dear pioneer, Mademoiselle Nina de Gernet.

Her books have formed the Library of the centre in Petersburg. We possess nearly everything which has been published during those years in French, German and English.

Since 1908 we have had our own periodical, and we have succeeded in organising our Section, the Russian T.S. So the horizon is cleared, and however great are still our many difficulties, we are entering a new period of activity, recognised by the Government and all linked together. We are full of faith and hope; we feel happy; but we shall never forget the difficult time which is behind us, when we were only a few who did not even know each other, and when the undaunted courage and patience of our pioneer opened the road and showed us the Light. Great is our debt of gratitude to her and great is our happiness to be able to-day to speak openly and to express a part of the love our hearts feel!

ALBA.



THE SCIENCE OF PEACE.[1]

I. Questions.

IN the religious, the intellectual, the political, the social worlds there is everywhere a condition of unrest. People are disturbed in mind and thought, challenging authorities, questioning the value of traditions, demanding solutions of problems. They are constantly finding some temporary and superficial answer, dwelling in it for awhile, and then being driven out of it in search of a more lasting and a deeper one. Thus unrest has come to be the prevalent condition of modern life. With this inevitably goes a tired scepticism, growing out of the unsatisfied longing to know, not out of the wish to disbelieve, the eternal verities. And this unwilling scepticism leads the brain to pessimism, and the heart to the useless query: "Is life worth living?"

[1] These articles are an exposition of one of the most valuable books issued under the inspiration of Theosophy, *The Science of Peace*, by Bhagavan Das. Those who seek a lasting intellectual foundation for their thinking will find much help from this valuable and original book.

Unrest in the worlds political and social is due to unrest in the worlds religious and intellectual. Until man is at rest intellectually and spiritually, anchored on the rock of clear thinking and spiritual vision, the whole of his being must remain in a condition of unrest. Philosophy, metaphysic, religion—these are not unpractical and unreal, but are the most practical and most real things in life. For there is no reality to be found save in the profoundest depths of consciousness; there alone is the Real, there alone is the Eternal, and only for him who knows the Eternal and abides therein, only for him is there Peace.

So long as man seeks to find answers to his problems in the external he must remain in the condition of unrest, for the external is ever-changing, ever-fleeting, and each solution passes to make way for another. But when Peace grows outwards from within, then it spreads through and permeates the whole nature. The Heart of Peace is the Heart of Silence, the Heart of the Hidden God. Only in the Voice of the Silence can be spoken effectively the Mystery Word of Power: "Peace, be still!" which reduces the external waves to calm.

Of the questions which arise from the inner depths of man's being, the most insurgent and persistent is the query: "Am I an immortal being? Shall I continue to be? The life around, does it begin and end with the beginnings and endings we see? Can certainty anywhere be found? Does the Spirit in man exist by its own inherent and inalienable immortality? Shall we reach peace and bliss at last?" Stamped on every one we find a sense of the preciousness of life, and this is so fully recognised that it has passed into a proverb: "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." Every creature, even the most timid, fiercely defends its life, and seeks the way of safety, all the first strivings of the mind being directed to the protection and maintenance of its life. Gradually these efforts become 'the instinct of self-preservation,' and this again, in man, becomes a deliberate and rationalised self-protection. The fear of death appears, and the shrinking from the idea of annihilation. Now and again at the present stage of evolution we come across a person who *wishes* that he could believe in annihilation; this abnormal and morbid feeling is but a passing phase

of mind, resulting from weariness and disgust with actual conditions, and is so rare as to be without weight when compared with the tremendous longing for immortality expressed in every religion and in almost every philosophy. A wish so rare—based on disgust with the actual conditions of life, and hopelessness of conditions more satisfying, not with life itself—is as a case of blindness among creatures who normally have vision, and is a disease, a disease due to a universal scepticism, found in highly developed organisms, not in low ones. But it is never found in the *highest* types of humanity. Putting these abnormal cases aside, the horror of annihilation is found to be deeply rooted in man, and we see everywhere a longing to increase and intensify the sense of life, a joy in the putting forth of its powers; the wish for annihilation is not an expression of weariness of life, but of the frustration of life's efforts, not of having had too much of life but of having had too little. Even in the lower forms of appetites, drunkenness and profligacy tempt because of the increased sense of life which accrues at one stage of their indulgence. To be more alive is man's constant craving—to realise that he lives.

When a brilliant and lofty mind, still held captive by the attractions of the world, feels the keen point of suffering piercing the heart, then first arises the question of the 'how?' and 'why?' of existence. Both happiness and suffering are necessary for the unfolding of the human Spirit: the hope of happiness and its enjoyment to allure to exertion, suffering to teach the impermanence of all that is not Spirit. It is mostly under the blows of pain that man turns inward to explore the recesses of his own being. When all that has made life fair has been quenched in darkness, when sorrow and despair enshroud the mind, then surges up the demand for an existence beyond the shocks of change, an existence cradled in unruffled peace. Hence is it said that wisdom is rooted in sorrow. Vairāgya, dispassion, is the very beginning of wisdom, and dispassion is brought about by the repeated breaking up of temporary phenomena; it is this which leads man to seek for the permanent, for the life in lieu of the forms. It is the shock of change and the sense of impermanence which lead a man to ask: "Am I, and are those I love, immortal? What is the nature of the life whence all lives come?"

Because times and places change, man seeks for the Eternal out of time and space. I say Eternal rather than immortal, for immortality is unending time, and we seek that which is beyond time, that which always IS. It is that which is not endless duration, but a state of Ever-Being, pure and changeless, the Eternal, which is the home for the Spirit in man.

The answers to these questions by religions are many and various, but they may all be classified under two main headings:

1. Where the answer rests on a final Unity.
2. Where the answer rests on a final Duality.

Under one or other of these heads all religions fall, though the ideas of unity and duality show many varieties, especially in the duality speculations of our own times.

We posit Unity as 'God', and see in God the origin of all manifestation. Here come first the religions which regard God as Creator and the Universe as a creation in time and space. In that conception many for a time find rest. In exoteric Hebraism, Christianity, and Muhammaḍanism, the Deity is regarded as distinct from, separate from, His creation, as a workman is separated from the object he makes. These systems have esoteric depths, in which the Worker and the work are not so sharply separated as in the extra-kosmic God of the popular mind; but most modern thinkers, at least those born in the West, have rested for awhile in the answers that grow out of the idea of a Creator and a created, and have been content to feel that in the Wisdom and the Love ascribed to the World's Creator must lie the solution of the problems of death and misery and evil; for us they were insoluble, but would one day find their answer in Him.

Out of this view of creation as a single divine act, the results of which are endless, arise, presently, new questions which will not be stilled: " Why should creation ever have taken place, if God is without beginning, and creation an isolated act ? Why at some point in this beginningless stillness was there a sudden movement ? If God be self-sufficient in Eternity, what need for a creation, and above all for the creation of a world full of pain, evil, despair, misery of all kinds ? Why did He not remain in the Bliss which had sufficed during a beginningless Past ? " The questions tumble over each other, and never an answer possible. Shelley

puts the position in *Queen Mab* with piercing irony but flawless logic :

> From an eternity of idleness
> I, God, awoke ; in seven days' toil made earth
> From nothing ; rested, and created man.
> I placed him in a paradise, and there
> Planted the tree of evil, so that he
> Might eat and perish, and my soul procure
> Wherewith to sate its malice, and to turn,
> Even like a heartless conqueror of the earth,
> All misery to my fame.

The universe is created " for the Glory of God," says one. In view of sin and its everlasting damnation, Shelley's fierce scoff comes not amiss. Islām replies in sweeter tones: David asked God why He created the world. " I was a Hidden Treasure," came the answer, "and I willed to become manifest" —a reply in which breathes the desire of the divine heart for love. Another says: "To make the bliss of the Supreme the essence of the universe." True, but what of the pain ? These do not meet the more passionate questions : " Why pain ?" " Why ignorance ? " "Above all, why sin ?" "How can God, who is perfect, create, and evil be a factor in His universe ? If He cannot help it, He is not all-powerful; if He can and does not, He is not all-good."

John Stuart Mill frankly says, in his posthumous *Essays*, that the Creator cannot be at once all-powerful and all-good; He may be all-good, and have done the best He could with matter; He may be all-powerful, but then He is not what men call good. But such an answer leaves the mind unsatisfied; it does not answer the inequalities of faculty and capacity, of environment and heredity, and a hundred others which shock the sense of justice as much as unexplained evil shocks the sense of right.

The ' whither ?' of man also demands explanation : " Whither is man going ?" A single speck of a universe, unrelated to a past or a future, remains a purposeless perplexity. What is the object of its fruitage, its harvest, sown in innumerable tears, reaped in measureless agonies, wrung from the hard hands of nature by numberless generations, if all this is to rest in a second " eternity of idleness," useless, inconceivably futile ?

We posit Duality, the idea of two fundamental and ever-opposed existences, equally everlasting and boundless, from the interaction of which a universe arises. There are two ultimates, and a universe arises from their interplay; they are variously named: matter and energy, matter and life, form and spirit, negative and positive—ever a pair, and a pair of opposites. We find this expressed philosophically in the Sāṅkhya; in which Puruṣha, Spirit, and Prakṛti, matter, are the pair, and, by the propinquity of Puruṣha, Prakṛti evolves innumerable forms; the spirits are many, the matter one. In modern Zoroastrianism—in the ancient a Unity lies behind the Duality—there are two Spirits in the world ever warring against each other, the one good and constructive, the other evil, ever striving to mar and to destroy; man's life is a constant choosing between the two. On this theory a practical religion may be built up, but it leaves the intellect unsatisfied, it gives no final answer to its questionings. This conception of an ultimate Duality, through the Sāṅkhya, through Zoroastrianism, and through modern Science—based equally on a pair—sways myriads of strong intelligences to-day. It leaves man agnostic, for in the presence of an endless interplay the fundamental questions remain unanswered; bubbles are thrown up, burst, and others follow, in ceaseless succession. Life and consciousness become products of matter and force, the result of certain arrangements. So the questions: "Whence comes life?" "Whither goes it?" become meaningless; life is only a condition, and the "why?" and "how?" of conditions are explained by pointing to the arrangements lying before our eyes. Man's immortality, from the standpoint of scientific duality, vanishes, but not so from the religious and philosophic dualities; for in them the Spirit is posited as one of the pair, and that persists, as indestructible as the material of the bodies.

Finally, the seeking intelligence rejects Duality by an apparent necessity of its own nature, however satisfactorily it may explain the existence of evil and of sorrow by ascribing them to matter or to Ahriman. The human mind seems to demand imperiously a Unity, into which the Duality may merge, so once more it goes a-seeking. The final answer must include, justify, and explain, *all* the answers which have satisfied for a time the hearts

and consciences of men, as they have been given in the great religions and philosophies, and must show the relation of these answers to each other, their place in the completed whole. A truth re-appears over and over again in the history of human thought, but its presentation is partial and incomplete; all these incompletenesses must be summed up in the final statement, for humanity cannot afford to lose a single facet of the diamond of truth. So the final answer must be an all-embracing one, and in it we shall see the reason for the answers in the various religions, necessary answers, to enable man to pass from stage to stage of thought, and to grasp an ever-fuller explanation of the relation between matter and life.

"Is knowledge possible at all?" Not unless a Unity can be found at the root of all diversities. The gulf between Spirit and matter must be spanned if unity is to be reached, and that gulf was declared by Tyndall to be unbridgeable. If his declaration be true, if Spirit and matter cannot be united in a deeper unity, then knowledge is for ever impossible, for true knowledge must be a synthesis of the whole existence, it must rest on Unity not on Duality. We see vibrations of matter, shakings of the particles of nerves, waves of nerve-force travelling from the periphery to the centre; we feel sensations, pleasures, pains, passions, emotions. And the nexus? The relation between the feeler and the movements? Without that, knowledge remains imperfect. The link between the two sides of man's being must be included in the final answer; for man *is* a unity, though he knows himself externally as a duality. Both the factors of manifested existence, Spirit and matter, are found at a high level in man; man is Spirit and body, Life and form, Consciousness and the vehicles thereof. The bridge exists, hidden in the nature of man himself, a fact of observation, however difficult or even impossible it may be for western science to find it.

"The one is caused by the other," say some. "Matter is the product of mind, imagined by the mind, exists by the mind," says the Christian Scientist—and he touches a profound truth, though he distorts it. "Mind is produced by matter," says the scientific materialist, "and is merely the result of certain physical arrangements." He also touches a profound truth, though he grasps but a fragment. The final answer must include and

reconcile these. Neither of these shows the relation between the knower and the known.

Am I free or bound? Am I the master or the product of circumstances? I am conscious that my environment acts on me, and that I re-act to it; under this constant action and re-action I see that my character evolves. None now are found wholly to agree with Robert Owen, that man is the creature of circumstances, and that a favorable environment must produce good men and women. Man brings with him into the world a living nature which largely affects his circumstances. In fact, science declares quite plainly: "Nature is stronger than nurture" (Ludwig Büchner).

Continually, on self-analysis, we realise that we are bound; when we ask ourselves: "Why do I make this choice? Why do I take this course? Why do I exercise my will in this, rather than in that, direction?" we find behind the choice, controlling it, so much of physical heredity, so much of mental and moral determinants, that our whole life seems bound and fettered, that the Musalmān does not seem to be so far wrong when he declares that every child comes into the world with its destiny tied round its neck. The chief factor in destiny is character, and the child brings his character with him. The determinist has much to say in support of his contention that we are bound.

Nathless, there rises up from the deepest depths of consciousness, the consciousness of Freedom. Idle to say that this deep-seated consciousness is illusory, for therein we challenge the validity of the testimony of consciousness to its own nature, the one ultimate certainty, the Reality of the "I". We may err to any extent in the conclusions which consciousness deduces from facts, from its own experiences even. But its witness to itself is unimpeachable, and is the foundation of all else. "I am," in its Self-dependence, its Self-assertion of its own eternity, is the Self-assertion of its own Freedom. The dependent is bound; the independent is free. The final answer must explain and relate bondage and freedom.

Such, and many others, are the questions which press for solution, the questions with which we go forth, seeking their answers. We seek a final answer which will solve all, a master-key which will turn all locks. Only if we can find this, shall we find PEACE.

ANNIE BESANT.

[II. will be entitled "The Self, or the 'I'."]

STUDIES IN COMPARATIVE SCIENCE.

VIII.

THE researches of Dr. Beard into the mode of development of a vertebrate animal led him to conclude that vertebrate development takes place by means of an antithetic alternation of generations, in which an *asexual generation*, analogous to the fern plant with its asexually formed spores, is followed by a *sexual generation*, analogous to the fern-prothallus with its sexually-formed reproductive product. The asexual generation in animals has been termed by Dr. Beard the 'phorozoon' or larva, and the sexual generation in animals is termed the 'gametozoon' or embryo. The corresponding terms in the case of plants are the 'sporophyte' or asexual generation, and the 'gametophyte' or sexual generation. In the higher animals the asexual generation is generally a very poorly developed structure, and the sexual generation is far more complex and highly differentiated. With plants the reverse holds good, and the sexual generation is a more poorly developed structure than the asexual generation. In the fern the two generations develop successively and, generally, independently of one another: the fern-plant, or asexual generation, consists of leaves, stems, and roots; the tiny brown specks at the back of its leaves (or fronds) contain spores which are asexually formed. When a spore falls on the ground, it grows and develops into an insignificant, flat little structure called the fern-prothallus, which is independent of the fern-plant, and represents the sexual generation in the fern life-cycle, because upon its under surface two kinds of sexual elements are formed, one of which must be fertilised by the other, or be merged with it, before a reproductive product capable of developing into a new fern-plant, with leaves, stems and root, can be formed. Having produced the sexually-formed reproductive product, the prothallus has done its work, and shrivels up and dies. But in the ordinary flowering plant, *e.g.*, the rose, the two generations which develop successively are connected with one another, because the sexual generation arises upon the asexual generation. Thus, the rose-plant with its root, stem, and leaves represents the asexual generation in the life-cycle, and the rose-flower which grows on the rose-plant represents the sexual generation in the life-cycle. Here, too, as in the fern, the sexual

structure is the transient one, and having done its work of producing sexually-formed reproductive products, or 'seeds,' the rose-flower dies, but the rose-plant remains. Spore-mother-cells can be traced in the rose-plant as in the fern-plant; but in the rose-plant they do not form spores, and therefore the sexual generation is connected with the asexual generation and arises from it, while in the fern the two generations are generally quite separate. Dr. Beard points out that in mammals and in the human body, the chorion represents the asexual generation and the embryo represents the sexual generation. Here, too, no spores are formed, but cells which are analogous to the spore-mother-cells of plants can be traced. Among the Hydroid polyps, the asexual generation is represented, he tells us, by the Hydroid colony, and the sexual generation is represented by the Medusa. This view receives confirmation from a passage which occurs in the *Secret Doctrine* in which after stating that the Third Race becomes the Androgyne, or Hermaphrodite, Madame Blavatsky mentions the polyps which "produce their offspring from themselves like the buds and ramifications of a tree,"[1] and asks the pertinent question: "Why not the primitive *human* polyp?" She writes: "The very interesting polyp Stauridium passes alternately from gemmation into the sex method of reproduction. Curiously enough, though it grows merely as a polyp on a stalk, it produces gemmules, which ultimately develop into a sea-nettle or Medusa. The Medusa is utterly dissimilar to its parent-organism, the Stauridium, and reproduces itself differently, by sexual method, and from the resulting eggs Stauridia once more put in an appearance. This striking fact" she continues, "may assist many to understand that a form may be evolved—as in the *sexual* Lemurians from *hermaphrodite* parentage—quite unlike its immediate progenitors." If, then, the chorion in human and in mammalian development represents an asexual stage in the whole cycle of life, and if the embryo represents the sexual stage, it should be possible for western scientists to trace in the cycle of life a hermaphrodite stage as well as a sexual stage, in which the differentiation into male or female is complete. According to the occult records:[2] "It is in the third Race that the separation of

[1] *Secret Doctrine*. ii. 187.

[2] *Secret Doctrine*. ii. 140.

sexes" into male and female took place. "From being previously asexual, humanity became distinctly hermaphrodite or bi-sexual; and finally the man-bearing eggs began to give birth, gradually and almost imperceptibly in their evolutionary development, first to beings in which one sex predominated over the other, and finally to distinct men and women." Also, man's "evolution took place in this order: (1) sexless, as all the earlier forms are; (2) by a natural transition, he became a 'solitary hermaphrodite,' a bi-sexual being; and (3) finally separate and became what he is now .... Bi-sexual reproduction is an evolution, a specialised and perfected form on the scale of matter of the fissiparous act of reproduction."[1] This truth about an alternation of generations in animal development as well as in vegetable development, which has been re-discovered by western physical science, was known to the ancient world and was taught in the Mysteries; "the moth generates a worm, and the worm becomes a moth, as in the Mysteries the great secret was expressed—Taurus Draconem genuit, et Taurum Draco."[1]

Dr. Beard tells us that in the life-cycle of the skate (Raja batis), two nervous systems are successively developed—a transient nervous system belonging to the asexual generation of the skate and a permanent nervous system belonging to the sexual generation. The transient nervous apparatus of ganglion cells and nerve-fibres in the skate development functions, he tells us[2] for about three months from the start, out of the total of about seventeen, and then quite suddenly begins to fade away, and to undergo a slow but sure degeneration. "All my original work," he writes, "from 1888 down to to-day, is impregnated with facts concerning the two nervous systems, and the antithesis underlying them. The discovery of that antithesis has impelled and influenced all my work since that time." He points out that Pasteur's work also centred in the fundamental discovery of an antithesis, *i.e.*, Pasteur discovered the antithesis of the two kinds of tartrate crystals (the dextro- and the levo-tartaric acid crystals); and Dr. Beard discovered the antithesis of the two distinct and separate nervous systems in the life-cycle of a fish. He con-

[1] *Secret Doctrine*. ii. 141.
[2] See *Medical Record* (New York) for October 19th, 1907.

concludes that the antithesis discovered by Pasteur was in reality that also found by him (Dr. Beard), and that "the asymmetry of the naturally occurring organic compounds, like that of the tartrate crystals, was the same asymmetry as that of the two nervous systems." "The facts of both observers" he writes in the *Medical Record*, "were based in the fundamental verity of the asymmetry of the carbon atom, first stated by Van't Hoff and Le Bel."[1] As a matter of fact, as already pointed out in the December number of the *Theosophist*,[2] the cause of this asymmetry lies deeper than this, and is to be found in the fact discovered by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater that all physical matter is ultimately resolvable by successive disintegrations into two fundamental types of the 'ultimate physical atom'. This fact explains the asymmetry of the carbon 'atom' of western science, an 'atom' which needs to be resolved into its ultimate constituents if the 'ultimate physical atom' of eastern science is to be reached. It explains also the "asymmetry of the cycle of life" which Dr. Beard has discovered, and which he calls "the end of the thread". It is, however, not the real end of the thread, but only the end of the thread unravelled by the microscope. A further unravelling of the thread with the keener senses of the Occultist leads to the 'ultimate physical atom,' and that too is not the real end, but only the end so far as physical matter is concerned. Still further unravelling of the thread by the Occultist leads to the astral or inner form of the organism—that 'inner' form which shapes the 'outer' or physical form, and dominates it more powerfully and effectively as we ascend from the mineral to the human kingdom.

With regard to the dextro-and levo-compounds and forms, it has already been stated in the December *Theosophist*, p. 226, that nature can manufacture both types, but that in the present stage of the world's evolution she appears to manufacture them in succession —the one type is manufactured and subsequently, when the second type is being manufactured, the first type of compound is destroyed by being resolved or disintegrated into simpler compounds or elements which serve for building up the second type.

[1] See the October *Theosophist*, p. 35. 1908.
[2] P. 225. 1908.

Dr. Beard points out that one form of cancer is due to an 'irresponsible' asexual generation or growth occurring during the sexual generation period of the life-cycle; and that to operate for the 'cure' of a cancer is unnatural and is a mistake, because an asexual generation tends to grow the faster when it is cut. I heard the same opinion expressed in India by one of the Vaiḍik doctors whom I met, and it would be interesting to know whether the old Saṃskṛt books mention this. Dr. Beard also points out that zoologists and botanists agree that at the bottom of the scale animals and plants merge together. His own opinion is that the conditions in plants and in animals are not alike, and prove that there is no merging together of the two kingdoms; that such blending is impossible. The conditions in animals are such as to favor the ever greater and greater amplification of the sexual generation; in plants, however, "the asexual generation has undergone increased amplification without ever being able to attain to any very high degree of histological differentiation. The sexual generation of plants is at the best a miserable failure from the morphological point of view—the higher one ascends, the smaller it becomes, until, in the highest flowering plants, it has almost reached the vanishing point, without, however, being able to disappear entirely. In animals it is the phorozoon or asexual generation which makes the bravest show in the lower metazoa; but even here it is usually overshadowed in degree of morphological differentiation by the embryo, or sexual generation. In the higher forms it becomes reduced; but, like the rudimentary sexual generation of the higher plants, it cannot vanish, for it also has its assigned task in the reproductive round." These statements are explicable, if occult science is called in to help us. Cyclic evolution is the key to the whole—cyclic evolution of worlds, of minerals, of vegetables, of animals, of humanity. The evolution of the present humanity dates back much further than that of the present animals, and that of the present animals further than that of the present vegetables, and that of the present vegetables further than that of the present minerals—*i.e.*, of the humanity, animals, vegetables and minerals of the present or fourth Round. The history of the evolution of humanity during the fourth Round is locked up in the embryology of Man, and so too in the evolution

of the three preceding Rounds of the present Manvantara. Embryology is too young a science in the West to make it possible as yet to point to the traces left in the embryo, and to say to which stage of the manvantaric evolution each trace or residuum corresponds. But the traces are there ; and further research will make them clear, for nothing can vanish; or, adapting Dr. Beard's words: "The higher one ascends, the smaller the trace becomes, until, in the highest, it has almost reached the vanishing point, without, however, being able to disappear entirely". The present minerals, vegetables, and animals are in the stages through which the present humanity passed æons of years ago, hence the likenesses and correspondences presented in their embryological development. But such resemblances would not be seen, were not traces of all the past history left in the human embryo to tell the tale. Present humanity is far older than the present anthropoid apes, and does not descend from any anthropoids, but from a hermaphrodite human stock. There is no merging together of the human and animal kingdoms, for the one is long anterior to the other in time and space. The whole history of the past can be read from the ākāshic records by the Occultist, and traces of that past can be observed in the embryonic records by the embryologist. Dr. Beard has gone further in that direction than other embryologist, and has rightly interpreted a few of the facts observed by him; but very much more still remains to be done, and the occult teachings handed down by Madame Blavatsky in the *Secret Doctrine* suggest many lines along which research work might usefully go in Biology and in Embryology.

LOUISE C. APPEL, M.B., B.Sc., B.S. (LONDON).

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
And I smiled to think God's greatness
Flowed around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest.

THE MAORIS OF NEW ZEALAND.

THE Maoris of New Zealand are in many respects a very wonderful people. Before the arrival of Europeans they were practically in the stone age; they had no knowledge of any of the metals or jewels, and the only precious stone they used was greenstone, a very hard kind of jade. Yet now, about a century after, they have largely adapted themselves to the new civilisation, and it is common to find Maori students in our University towns holding their own against their white brothers and attaining the same levels. To understand how great is the change wrought in so short a time, let us try to picture what the life of the Maori was before any white man appeared on the scene. They were a stalwart warlike race, living in fortified pahs (villages), going to war with neighboring tribes on various pretexts, often, to our minds, very trivial. As a rule the quarrels were about land and women, but cases have been put on record in which the killing of a pet dog led to a severe struggle. This is perhaps easier to understand, if we recollect that in those early days the only two mammals, except whales and seals, found in or near New Zealand, were the Maori rat and the Maori dog. Both seem to have been introduced in the canoes which brought the immigrants to the new country. So the pet dog, besides being useful in hunting, was a valuable article of food. The natives cultivated only one vegetable, the sweet potato, which they called the kumara, and thus were largely dependent for food supplies on birds, which abounded in the forests, and on fish. Many of the birds belong to the so-called wingless variety. It is an open question whether the moa, a huge bird standing often ten feet high, was extinct before the arrival of the Maoris, but I think the balance of evidence shows that the Maoris not only knew the bird, but also helped to exterminate it, as remains of its calcined bones have been found in the débris of kitchen-middens. The kiwi, peculiar for the immense size of its egg in comparison with its body, is another wingless bird now becoming extinct. Dogs were used to run down these. The ground parrot also is wingless. The Maoris were fond of strongly flavored food, and often left the flesh of the shark until it was decidedly high before eating it. Later on they treated their maize in the same way, but in these pre-European days they had no cereals. They were also fond

of a very strong-flavored oily bird called the mutton-bird; they preserved these in large quantities in gourds, the oil in the bird helping to keep them till winter time. Perhaps it may have been the desire for the stimulation of animal food, or it may have been the wish further to degrade a fallen foe, but there is no doubt that the Maoris were cannibals. Of course the custom may have originated in the desire to increase the qualities of valor and fortitude by gaining those of the dead man, but the motive soon deteriorated into a desire for a big feast. When I visited Rotorua some twenty years ago, a very old man was pointed out to me, as one who had eaten man's flesh when he was a boy, I suppose fifty or sixty years before. All such practices however have long since disappeared.

In their dress, the Maoris were as artistic as they could be with the small variety of material at their disposal. They did not know linen, cotton, or silk, but used instead the leaves of the *phormium tenax*, called New Zealand flax. Taking the long leaves, which are not unlike blades of grass, several feet long, and very thick and strong, they steeped them in water, then beat them till they had cleaned the fibre, and made it more or less fine, then by hand they wove mats of various kinds, sometimes of pure flax, but very frequently ornamented with the feathers of birds arranged in beautiful patterns. They also dyed the flax and wove designs of different kinds. A mat over the shoulders, and a thick girdle of dried flax, was the usual dress. They seldom wore any sandals. The skins of the dogs, the only form of leather they had, were made into mats for the chiefs. For ornaments they wore pieces of greenstone hung from the lobe of the ear—or else earrings of shark's tooth, or a tuft of white feathers from the breast of the albatross. They stuck other feathers in their hair and round their necks; if they were of high birth, they wore suspended tikis, distorted figures of a man. When this tiki was made of greenstone it was highly prized, and naturally so, as greenstone is very hard to cut, and to make a good tiki, earring, or mere (an instrument of war) was a work lasting sometimes for years. For we are still talking of a time when they had no metal tools, and all cutting, boring and polishing had to be done with clumsy, though often ingenious, stone implements. With their

stone adzes also they cut down great trees, and hollowed out their canoes—a most laborios task. The tree being felled, it had to be split, and often fire was used to help them in the work of getting out the interior. Then boards were adzed to be lashed to the sides to increase the capacity, and all holes and seams had to be carefully caulked. In this way they made canoes which were capable of carrying a very great number of people, with sufficient provisions for several days and even weeks.

It was in vessels of this description that the immigrants sailed from Hawaiki. No one knows where Hawaiki was. But the Raratongans have the same legends of their origin, and from the evidence of language and customs it is probable that the Maoris, who belong to the Sawaiori Race, came originally from the Indian Archipelago and reached New Zealand by way of the Sandwich Islands and Raratonga. There is nothing improbable in this, as the Sawaioris were good navigators, who had studied the stars and watched the movements of the constellations. With their adzes also they built their houses (whares) and carved most wonderful figures and patterns on the posts, making the representations of their ancestors more realistic by inlaying the eyes with the interior of the mutton-shell, which is very iridescent. These whares were usually about fifteen feet by thirteen, and six high in the middle, sloping to four feet at the side. As the only openings were a small hole at one end for a window, and another at the other end for a door, we can well understand that the interior could not be called well ventilated, especially as large members of people often shared one sleeping place.

But I have wandered far from the personal ornaments of the people, and no account would be complete without the mention of tattooing. The priests were the operators, and no boy was considered a man till he had submitted to this painful process. The method was as follows: The patient lay down with his head on the priest's lap. A design was roughly traced out, and then the skin was perforated by hammering in a bone chisel, the cutting face of which had been sawn into small sharp teeth. Then wood-ashes were rubbed in. When the wound was healed a blue scar was formed. Very little could be done at a time, as the pain and consequent swelling were great. Men were tattooed all over the face; women on the lips only. When once

the face was finished, the tattoo marks were used to identify the man, and a copy of his face, either drawn or carved, was used in the same way as a signature might be. In the very early days, when whaling captains visited New Zealand, they used to try to get some-well tattooed heads, preserved in smoke, to take home to museums; but it having been rather more than suspected that some of these curiosities were manufactured to suit the demand, a promising branch of trade came to an untimely end.

Chiefs, on their death, were treated differently from slaves. The bodies of the latter were buried or thrown into the sea, but those of the former were placed on stages about nine feet high and left there for a year. Then a great feast was made, and the priests removed the bones to a secret place. The Maoris believed in a life after death, and, according to some, they had a theory not unlike reincarnation; this however seems uncertain; at any rate, it does not appear to have been universal among them. Dogs also had a future existence, as, in one legend, a dog which had been killed and eaten told its fate in sad 'ow ow' from its human tomb.

It is thought that they also believed that the soul left the body in sleep. Gods, men and living beings, animal and vegetable, were the offspring of Heaven and Earth—Rangi and Papa. These were joined in dense darkness, until the Gods decided to separate them, and to remain with Mother Earth. The separation was effected after terrible convulsions: "Yet their mutual love still continues; the soft warm sighs of her loving bosom still ever rise up to him, ascending from the woody mountains and valleys, and men call these mists; and the vast Heaven, as he mourns through the long nights his separation from his beloved, drops frequent tears upon her bosom, and men seeing them, term them dew-drops."[1] This primeval darkness and the subsequent struggles and combats among the Gods were memorised in the cryptic saying: "Darkness, darkness, light, light, the seeking, the searching, in chaos, in chaos." There were more statements of the same kind to be found in their prayers, which point to a belief handed down from earlier times, and it would be interesting to know what they meant to the priests who repeated them, and still more what the original meaning was.

Among the games with which the Maoris wiled away their

[1] *Polynesian Mythology*, by Sir George Grey.

leisure was a kind of cat's cradle. They were very expert in making figures with the rope which took the place of our piece of string. Two men play it and each holds the rope to the ground with his foot, and above with his left hand, while together they make the figures with their right hands. They have about thirty, and each has its special name, and while they play it they sing a very old song. Some time ago Mr. Andrew Lang suggested there might well be some hidden meaning in the various changes, and this is to some extent borne out by what I have been told; but I was unable to get either the words of the song, or the full names of the figures, before I left New Zealand, though I made many enquiries, and left some friends to carry on the investigation. There is no doubt the Maoris had a strong belief in sorcery. The profession of priest was hereditary, if the son proved himself fit to carry out the traditions, and was strong enough to stand the training. As a final test of his fitness he was sent with a slave to stand waist deep in water, and if he could kill the unfortunate victim by an incantation he became a full *tohunga*; you may be sure he put the whole force of his will into the words, as the penalty for failure was death to himself. The sorcerers claimed to be able to control the winds, the waves, the rain; they could kill by the aid of their genii even at a distance; they could poison food by incantation, and could protect a village, or part of it, by their magic spells.

A story is told of an old Maori being asked to become a Christian. He promptly asked what the new priests could do. Could they turn a dead leaf green again? "No." Well, then, they were not as powerful as his *tohungas*, and he would not listen to them. In far off New Zealand, as in India and Ceylon, the father handed on his incantations to his children, so that generation after generation had the same knowledge. Priests, and chiefs also, had the right of *tabu*, that is they could make a place or a thing sacred, and no common person was allowed to touch it. From meaning sacred, tabu came to mean the penalty that followed touching a sacred thing. Priests before certain ceremonies were so *tabued* that they were not allowed to feed themselves; boys were employed to put the food into their mouths. They believed in genii and fairies, who they said were very numerous, merry, cheerful, and always singing,

like the cricket. Their appearance is that of human beings nearly resembling Europeans, their hair and skin being very fair. They are very different from the Maoris, and do not resemble them at all. It was the fairies who gave the knot used in making fishing-nets. While they were helping Kahukura they were surprised by the dawn and fled, leaving their nets behind them.

The spirits of the dead went over the cliffs into the sea, and at the extreme north end of New Zealand is a precipice shown as the starting-place for the other world.

The Maori was and is a cheerful happy man, kind to his children, and so hospitable that frequently the tribes have impoverished themselves by the big feasts they give. Especially is this the case when a great chief dies. They then invite every one to the *tangi* or mourning, and for months following may have to live on very short commons. In war they were very brave as individuals, but there were nothing like our systematic attacks. A battle was a series of individual combats. At times they were chivalrous, at times treacherous. In their legends, the latter quality comes out more fully, but I was told that when they were fighting the British soldiers they got to know some of the 65th regiment well, and before they fired a volley they would call out: "hiketi fift lie down". They have no 's' in their language, so could not pronounce the word sixty. In fact they have only fourteen letters altogether. But to return to warfare: I was also told that when a great chief had received his first consignment of guns, he sent half of them to his rival, so that there might be more equality in the future fighting. I cannot vouch for the latter story, though I believe it quite possible.

The Maoris are a well built race with dark brown skin, straight black hair, thick lips, broad rather flat noses. They are about the same size as English people, but are apt to become very stout late in life. The men, as a rule, are handsomer than the women, though some of the latter are really beautiful when young.

From quite early days the women have had free speech in the general assemblies which were held to decide the important questions affecting the tribe. After marriage they were, as a rule, very faithful to their husbands, though they were not always strictly chaste before. In some places kinship was counted more through

the female line, though property was left through the male. This did not apply so much to land, as all land was held in common for the tribe, though the chief had the largest portion. The women dressed the flax, and wove it, made baskets, did all the domestic work, and when the tribe went to war accompanied the men, and looked after the commissariat. They also carried the burdens when travelling, and this may account for the practice of infanticide, which was very common. One woman said she had killed her children so as to be able to travel better. Yet, as I said before, they are very kind to the little ones now. One very seldom hears a Maori child crying.

Women also encouraged the men to fight by working up their emotions in the war dances, which were such a prominent feature in old Maori life. They had dances of all kinds, dances with poi balls and without, dances to represent the reception of guests, to show the paddling of a canoe, and so on, but the most fearful and wonderful of all was the war *haka*. This was danced by the men of the tribe, clad only in their girdles, but with bodies often streaked with yellow ochre to make themselves more hideous. The women kept time with song and beating of hands, while in regular rhythm the lines of warriors sprang at the imaginary foe, making the earth shake with the tramp of their bare feet, the thud of their springs done in perfect time. Forward they rush with protruding tongue to show hatred and defiance; down they crouch preparatory to a further attack. Words cannot describe the awful grimaces, the shouts and yells, which accompany this barbaric spectacle; no wonder that, at some of the dances given in honor of the visit of our Prince of Wales, some of the women visitors shrank back affrighted, as the thousands of warriors rushed up to the grand stand, frothing at the mouth and brandishing their weapons. But some of the dances are very graceful, and Maori songs are sweet and simple. There are many quarter tones in their music, and their love-songs and laments are beautiful. In the early days they had only three instruments: a flute capable of playing five notes, a trumpet which, though seven feet long, could only produce two, and the war drum. Their voices in singing are sweet and gentle. But they are capable of making fearsome yells when in real or mimic warfare.

This gives some idea of the life led by this remarkable race before the settlement of their country by the English about seventy years ago. Before that the intercourse with white people had been limited to the visits of whaling vessels, and a few missionaries. At the Treaty of Waitangi, the chiefs gave their allegiance to the British Empire, and though there was considerable trouble at one time, and soldiers had to be sent from England to protect the colonists, on the whole the relations between the races have been very amicable. The Maoris have their own representatives in Parliament, and take a keen and intelligent interest in legislation, theoretical and practical. In fact they are rather too fond of going to law, and their complicated land-system affords a grand field for disputes. Though not always persevering in labor, they have adapted themselves marvellously to the new conditions. We have Maoris as doctors and as lawyers, and the Young New Zealand party is largely composed of men who, having had a good education at college, are anxious to prevent the dying out of their race, of which they are justly proud. They send lecturers round to the different pahs to teach the best ways of nursing the sick, of caring for babies, and of making all sanitary arrangements as good as possible. It may well be that it is owing to their efforts that the Maori population showed a slight increase at the last census. When first the English came the tribes were decreasing in numbers very rapidly, owing to the incessant warfare. We put a stop to that, but unfortunately the Maoris took too kindly to our strong drinks (now it is a legal offence to sell alcohol to a Maori woman), and proved quite incapable of withstanding our simple illnesses, such as measles. Census after census showed a decrease, and it was freely prophesied that before long the Maori would be as extinct as the moa. Now the prospect is more hopeful, and I, for one, should be sorry if the race did not continue to help the Empire by its many sterling qualities. Every Maori is not an angel of light, far from it; but when we look back on what they were, when we see what they have achieved and are achieving, we have every right to hope for great things in the future for our fellow citizens of the Maori race.

KATE BROWNING, M. A.

THE SUN AS A CENTRE OF VITALITY.

THE whole solar system is truly the garment of the Logos, but the sun is His veritable epiphany, the nearest that we can come on the physical plane to a manifestation of Him, the lens through which His power shines forth upon us. Regarded purely from this plane the sun is a vast mass of glowing matter at almost inconceivably high temperatures, and in a condition of electrification so intense as to be altogether beyond our experience.

Astronomers, supposing his heat to be due merely to contraction, used to calculate how long he must have existed in the past, and how long it would be possible for him to maintain it in the future; and they found themselves unable to allow more than a few hundred thousand years either way, while the geologists on the other hand claim that on this earth alone we have evidence of processes extending over millions of years. The discovery of radium has upset the older theories, but even with its aid they have not yet risen to the simplicity of the real explanation of the difficulty.

One can imagine some intelligent microbe living in or upon a human body and arguing about its temperature in precisely the same way. He might say that it must of course be a gradually cooling body, and he might calculate with exactitude that in so many hours or minutes it must reach a temperature that would render continued existence impossible. If he lived long enough, however, he would find that the human body did *not* cool as according to his theories it should do, and no doubt this would seem to him very mysterious, unless and until he discovered that he was dealing not with a dying fire but with a living being, and that as long as the life remained the temperature would not sink. In exactly the same way if we realise that the sun is the physical manifestation of the Logos, we shall see that the mighty Life behind it will assuredly keep up its temperature as long as may be necessary for the full evolution of the system.

A similar explanation offers us a solution of some of the other problems of solar physics. For example, the phenomena called from their shape the 'willow-leaves' or 'rice-grains,' of which the photosphere of the sun is practically composed, have often puzzled exoteric students by the apparently irreconcilable characteristics which they present. From their position they can be nothing else than masses of glowing gas at an exceedingly high temperature and therefore of great tenuity; yet though they must be far lighter than any terrestrial cloud they never fail to maintain their peculiar shape, however wildly they may be tossed about in the very midst of storms of power so tremendous that they would instantly destroy the earth itself. When we realise that behind each of these strange objects there is a splendid Life—that each is as it were the physical body of a Deva—we comprehend that it is that Life which holds them together and gives them their wonderful stability. To apply to them the term physical body may perhaps mislead us, because for us the life in the physical seems of so much importance and occupies so prominent a position in the present stage of our evolution. Madame Blavatsky has told us that we cannot truly describe them as solar inhabitants, since the Solar Beings will hardly place themselves in telescopic focus, but that they are the reservoirs of solar vital energy, themselves partaking of the life which they pour forth.

Let us say rather that the 'willow-leaves' are manifestations upon the physical plane maintained by the solar Devas for a special purpose at the cost of a certain sacrifice or limitation of their activities on the higher levels which are their normal habitat. Remembering that it is through these 'willow-leaves' that the light, heat and vitality of the sun come to us, we may readily see that the object of this sacrifice is to bring down to the physical plane certain forces which would otherwise remain unmanifested, and that these great Devas are acting as channels, as reflectors, as specialisers of divine power—that they are in fact doing at cosmic levels and for a solar system what, if we are wise enough to use our privileges, we ourselves may do on a microscopical scale in our own little circle.

Another aspect of the sun as the central figure of his system may interest some students. In Oriental literature we frequently find our system compared to a lotus-flower. Probably most readers think of this merely as a flight of poesy, but it is in reality a much closer simile than is commonly suspected. We have often read of the Seven Planetary Logoi, who, though unquestionably great individual Entities, are at the same time aspects of the Solar Logos—chakrams or force-centres in Him. It is not easy for us to understand how these apparently contradictory statements can both be true, but such is nevertheless the fact.

Each of these great living Centres or subsidiary Logoi has a sort of orderly periodic change or motion of his own, corresponding perhaps on some infinitely higher level to the regular beating of the human heart, or to the inspiration and expiration of the breath. Some of these periodic changes are more rapid than others, so that a very complicated series of effects is produced; and it has been observed that the movements of the physical planets in their relation to one another furnish a clue to the operation of these great cosmic influences at any given moment. Each of these Centres has his special location or major focus (if one may use such a term) within the body of the sun, and also a minor focus, which is always exterior to the sun. The position of this minor focus is always marked by a physical planet. The exact relation can hardly be made clear in our three-dimensional phraseology;

but we may perhaps put it that each Centre has a field of influence practically co-extensive with the solar system, that if a section of this field could be taken it would be found to be elliptical, and that one of the foci of each ellipse would always be in the sun, and the other would be the special planet ruled by that subsidiary Logos.

It is probable that in the gradual condensation of the original glowing nebula from which the system was formed, the location of the planets was determined by the formation of vortices at these minor foci, they being auxiliary points of distribution of these influences—ganglia, as it were, in the solar system. It must be understood that I am referring here to the real planets which revolve round the sun, not to that curious astrological theory which considers the sun himself as a planet. All the physical planets are included within the portion of the system which is common to all the ovoids; so any one who tries mentally to construct the figure will see that these revolving ovoids must have their projecting segments, and he will therefore be prepared to understand the comparison of the system as a whole to a flower with many petals.

Another reason for this comparison of the system to a lotus is even more beautiful, but requires deeper thought. As we see them, the planets appear as separate globes; but there is in reality a connexion between them which is out of reach of our brain-consciousness. Those who have studied the subject of the Fourth Dimension are familiar with the idea of an extension in a direction at present invisible to us, but it may not have occurred to them that it is applicable to the solar system as a whole. One may obtain a suggestion of the facts by holding the hand palm upward, bent so as to form a kind of cup, but with the fingers separated, and then laying a sheet of paper upon the tips of the fingers.

A two-dimensional being living on the plane of that sheet of paper could not possibly be conscious of the hand as a whole; he could perceive only the tiny circles at the points of contact between the fingers and the paper. To him these circles would be entirely unconnected, but we, using the sight of a higher dimension, can see that each of them has a downward extension, and that in that way they are all parts of a hand. In exactly the same way a man

using the sight of the fourth dimension may observe that the planets, which are isolated in our three dimensions, are all the time joined in another way which we cannot yet see; and from the point of view of that higher sight these globes are but the points of petals which are part of one great flower. And the glowing heart of that flower throws up a central pistil which appears to us as the sun.

We all know the feeling of cheerfulness and well-being which sunlight brings to us, but only students of Occultism are fully aware of the reasons for that sensation. Just as the sun floods his system with light and heat, so does he perpetually pour out into it another force as yet unsuspected by modern science—a force to which has been given the name vitality. This is radiated on all levels, and manifests itself upon each of the planes, but we are specially concerned for the moment with its appearance upon the lowest, where it enters the physical atoms, immensely increases their activity, and makes them animated and glowing.

We must not confuse this force with electricity, though it in some ways resembles it. The Logos sends forth from Himself two great forms of energy; there may be hundreds more of which we know nothing; but at least there are two. Each of them has its appropriate manifestation at every level which our students have yet reached; but for the moment let us think of them as they show themselves on the physical plane. One of them exhibits itself as electricity, the other as vitality.

These two remain distinct, and neither of them can at this level be converted to the other. They have no connexion with any of the Three Great Outpourings; all of those are definite efforts made by the Logos; these seem rather to be results of His life—His qualities in manifestation without any visible effort. Electricity, while it is rushing through the atoms, deflects them and holds them in a certain way—this effect being in addition to and quite apart from the special rate of vibration which it also imparts to them; vitality charges the atoms, and temporarily remains within them, making them brilliant and active.

This vitality is absorbed by all living organisms, and a sufficient supply of it seems to be a necessity of their existence. In the case of men and the higher animals it is absorbed through

the chakram, or vortex in the etheric double, which corresponds with the spleen. Students of the occult are familiar with the fact that in each of the various bodies or vehicles of man there are chakrams, and that they are the centres at which force from above enters into those vehicles. Those belonging to the physical body are visible on the surface of the etheric part of that body as circular depressions or vortices, whence the name chakram or wheel; and they are often described by the name of the organ in the body to which they happen to be nearest.

When atoms charged with vitality are thus drawn into the etheric body of a man, they undergo certain changes which it will be well for us to follow. As they approach they are glowing with ordinary white light—that is to say, all their seven minor coils are in vivid activity; but immediately upon their entry into the chakram some of their luminosity disappears because it is broken up into its component parts, just as a sunbeam is by a prism. Most of that quality of energy which corresponds to the more rapid color-vibrations is at once absorbed into the finer parts of the etheric double, flashing through the vehicle practically instantaneously and giving to it its distinctive violet-grey hue, while that corresponding to the lower part of the spectrum is divided into separate streams and distributed to various centres in the body. Roughly speaking, the spectrum of this vitality seems to divide itself into five rather than into seven, the colors noticed being violet, blue, green, yellow and rose.

After these deprivations the types of vital energy still remaining in the atoms cause a rosy glow instead of the original white light, and in that condition they are swept into the nervous circulation—carried round the body in that stream of etheric matter which is constantly flowing along the nerves, just as the blood flows along the arteries. In their passage the physical cells absorb from them the rest of their vitality, and when they are finally cast out through the pores of the skin they are almost colorless, showing only a pale bluish tint.

The cells, apparently, can obtain what they need only when the preliminary process of absorption of the higher type of energy has already taken place, and if the machinery of the etheric body works slowly or inefficiently the physical cells lose their customary

nourishment. Sometimes the vortex does not absorb enough of the vitality; in others it fails to break it up properly into its component parts. In either case the cells go hungry, and often the readiest way to feed them is to supply them from without with the special kind of vitality which they need. A man in robust health usually absorbs and specialises much more of this vitality than is actually needed by his own body; and by an effort of his will he can gather together this superfluous energy and pour it into the body of his weaker fellow.

If this is not done the body often makes an effort to help itself. It has a certain blind instinctive consciousness of its own, corresponding on the physical plane to the desire-elemental of the astral body; and this consciousness seeks always to protect it from danger or to procure for it whatever may be necessary. This is entirely apart from the consciousness of the man himself, and it works equally well during the absence of the Ego from the physical body during sleep. All our instinctive movements are due to it, and it is through its activity that the working of the sympathetic system is carried on ceaselessly without any thought or knowledge on our part. While we are what we call awake this physical elemental is perpetually occupied in self-defence; he is in a condition of constant vigilance, and he keeps the nerves and muscles always tense. During the night he lets the nerves and muscles relax and devotes himself specially to the assimilation of vitality, and the recuperation of the physical body. He works at this most successfully during the early part of the night, because then there is plenty of vitality, whereas immediately before the dawn the vitality which has been left behind by the sunlight is almost completely exhausted. This is the reason for the feeling of limpness and deadness associated with the small hours of the morning; this also is the reason why sick men so frequently die at that particular time. The same idea is embodied in the old proverb that "An hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after it." The work of this physical elemental accounts for the strong recuperative influence of sleep, which is often observable even when it is a mere momentary nap.

This vitality is indeed the food of the etheric double, and is just as necessary to it as is sustenance to the grosser part of the

physical body. Hence when the body is unable for any reason to prepare vitality for the nourishment of its cells, this physical elemental endeavors to draw in for his own use vitality which has already been prepared in the bodies of others; and thus it happens that we often find ourselves weak and exhausted after sitting for awhile with a person who is depleted of vitality, because he has drawn away from us the rose-colored atoms before we were able to extract their energy. On the other hand a man in vigorous health draws into himself and breaks up so much more of this energy than his body actually needs that he radiates a torrent of rose-colored atoms, and so is constantly pouring strength upon his weaker fellows without losing anything himself.

The vegetable kingdom also absorbs this vitality, but seems in most cases to use only a small part of it. Many trees draw from it almost exactly the same constituents as does the higher part of man's etheric body, the result being that when they have used what they require, the atoms which they reject are precisely in the rose-colored state which is needed for the cells of man's physical body. This is specially the case with such trees as the pine and the eucalyptus; and consequently the very neighborhood of these trees gives health and strength to those who are suffering from lack of this vital principle.

Vitality, like light and heat, is pouring forth from the sun continually, but obstacles frequently arise to prevent the full supply from reaching the earth. In the wintry and melancholy climes miscalled the temperate it too often happens that for days together the sky is covered by a funereal pall of heavy cloud, and this affects vitality just as it does light—that is, it does not altogether hinder its passage, but sensibly diminishes its amount. Therefore in dull and dark weather vitality runs low, and over all living creatures there comes an instinctive yearning for sunlight.

When vitalised atoms are thus more sparsely scattered, the man in rude health increases his power of absorption, depletes a larger area, and so keeps his strength at the normal level; but invalids and men of small nerve-force who cannot do this often suffer severely, and find themselves growing weaker and more irritable without knowing why. For similar reasons vitality is at a

lower ebb in the winter than in the summer, for even if the short winter day be sunny, which is rare, we have still to face the long and dreary winter night, during which we must exist upon such vitality as the day has stored in our atmosphere. On the other hand the long summer day, when bright and cloudless, charges the atmosphere so thoroughly with vitality that its short night makes but little difference.

From the study of this question of vitality the Occultist cannot fail to recognise that, quite apart from temperature, sunlight is one of the most important factors in the attainment and preservation of perfect health—a factor for the absence of which nothing else can entirely compensate. Since this vitality is poured forth not only upon the physical plane but upon all others as well, it is evident that, when in other respects satisfactory conditions are present, emotion, intellect and spirituality will be at their best under clear skies and with the inestimable aid of the sunlight.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

I marvel not, O Sun that unto thee,
In adoration man should bow the knee,
And pour the prayer of mingled awe and love;
For like a God thou art, and on thy way
Of glory sheddest, with benignant ray,
Beauty, and life, and joyance from above.

—*Southey.*

Thou material God,
And representative of the Unknown,
Who chose thee for His shadow! Thou chief star!
Centre of many stars!—which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,
And those who dwell in them! for near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
E'en as our outward aspects—thou dost rise,
And shine and set in glory!

—*Byron.*

THE CADUCEUS IN AMERICA.

A Study in the Lesser Mysteries.

(*Continued from p. 77.*)

ANOTHER object used in the ceremonies in connexion with the calumet, and reminiscent of the classical Greek Mysteries, so far as is known of them, is an ear or cob of white corn or maize, which must be perfect and unbroken. This was attached to the end of a red stick from a plum-tree. A smaller stick was tied to the corn-cob, so that it protruded above, and to this a downy white feather was fixed. The top end of the cob was painted blue, as the dome of the sky, and the color was continued in four lines equidistant, down the sides of the corn. The corn was called Atira, Mother, and was explained as symbolic of the fruitfulness of the earth, while the four blue lines were said to be the "four paths along which the Powers descended to minister to man".

Quite possibly this ear of corn on its wand was analogous to the object known as the thyrsus in the Greek Mysteries. This wand or stick, it will be remembered, had at its head a pine-cone, representing that organ in the brain known as the pineal gland. "The thyrsus in which the sacred fire is hidden," says Mr. Mead, in *Orpheus*, "is in every man the Suṣhumnā Nādī of the Indian mystic."

Some evidence will appear later in the description of the ceremony in support of the above supposition. And the fact of the downy white eagle feather being attached above the cob in itself points in the same direction, for the feather is worn in a similar way on the head of an Initiate into these rites, *i.e.*, above the pineal gland, an organ which may be supposed to be in active use by one who is genuinely "struck with the thyrsus".

If this speculation is correct, it will be seen that the corn-cob on its stick had a close similarity of meaning with the calumet, both having reference to the spinal column and brain, and the various nerve ganglia and centres, the nādīs and chakras. Mr. Mead states: "Many writers assume that the narthex (fennel stalk) and the thyrsus, or wand, were two different things, but it seems more probable that the one was part of the other. . . . The narthex, or ferule, was a hollow rod, in which fire could be carried."

However that may be, we certainly see here two distinct objects, which, though so nearly related in meaning, both bear similarities to the objects in the Greek Mysteries.

With regard to the use of a cob of corn instead of a pine-cone, it may be suggested that though the cone bears much resemblance to the pineal gland, yet the corn-cob is by no means widely removed from likeness thereto, and in addition may be a more appropriate and comprehensive symbol. "Corn represents the supernatural power in the earth," it was explained with reference to the Pawnee ceremony. It contains the idea of fruitfulness, lacking in the pine-cone, and appears to have been a sacred symbol among the tribes of American Indians, and also the ancient Egyptians, the nation with perhaps the nearest blood tie to the former, of which we have records. There is some indication that the Indians preserved a record of corn having descended from heaven or from other worlds, agreeably with the statement made in *The Secret Doctrine* (ii. 390).

Still another article reminiscent of the Mysteries of Greece and Egypt and elsewhere is the skin of a wild cat, which is spread out to receive the calumet and other sacred articles, these being deposited thereon with great reverence when not in actual use.

The skin is, of course, dappled, and the nearest approach, no doubt, to the leopard, or fawn skin, with which the Mystae were vested, symbol also of "that starry or 'astral' vesture or envelope, which is the storehouse of all forces and substances in each man's universe".

The wild cat skin may well have been regarded originally as being of actual use in preserving the calumet and other objects of power from contamination, or leakage of their qualities, and for "assisting in the concentrating of the magnetic aura".

Regarding the actual method of use of the calumet, it is interesting that during a great part of the ceremony the two stems are carried about in the Lodge where it takes place, and constantly waved in a peculiar manner. This was in imitation, so it was explained, of the movements of the eagle circling around her young; but it may well be that the waving of these stems with their fans of eagle feathers may have some connexion with the ceremonial fanning in the Bacchic and other Mysteries. This act may have

been considered potent as a purification, and as domination of the elementals of air; potent not so much in itself, as by reason of its forming the symbol of what was intended, and a help to the concentration of the will to this end.

Mr. Mead, after mentioning the use in the Greek Mysteries of the *Mystica Vannus Iacchi*, and the symbolical purifications, continues: "It is curious to notice that in the earlier days of the Church, two fans or flabella were used at the celebration of the Eucharist, a custom which is still in vogue in the Greek and Armenian Churches. This flabellum is called by Cyril of Scythopolis the 'mystic fan'."

Other objects of less interest which were used, were two gourd rattles, two wooden bowls, a shell, the nest of an oriole. The principal articles, however, were the calumet and the ear of corn.

It will now be of interest to consider to some extent the many ceremonies and rituals with which the life of the American Indians abounded. The tendency among white people has generally been to regard such as merely the meaningless war-dances or amusements of a crowd of ignorant painted savages. The real facts, however, appear to be quite otherwise.

The ceremonies certainly partook of the nature of dances, accompanied generally by great noise and clamor; but while at first sight, possibly, bewildering to a spectator, yet there is no doubt that when he calmly investigated them, and endeavored to break down the division-wall which his Fifth Race modes of thought erected between himself and the Atlantean modes expressed in the ceremonies (in other words approached them sympathetically) he found the chaos resolved itself into an order of motion, accompanied by sounds and songs, which in their rhythm and vibrations were powerful for the particular end desired.

The sacred dance, the immense potency of ordered harmonious motion, though practically entirely unknown in the modern West, was known and practised extensively by the peoples of the earlier historical world.

The circling of masses of priests and worshippers around the great temples of the planetary angels on the plains of earliest Chaldea; the dances of the later Sabean star-worshippers; and the festivals of their unconscious legatees and followers, the

Muslim pilgrims, around the Ka'abah at Mecca, all (to instance these only) indicated the harmony of the spheres as displayed by the motions of their physical representatives in the sky.

The processions, perambulating, and circle-dancing in many an ancient temple and secluded abode of the Mysteries, manifested, in grace and harmony of motion, the harmony of the spheres in man—the microcosmic offspring of the Heavenly powers.

Lucian stated (*De Saltatione*): "No ancient initiation can be found where there is not dancing," though probably the Lesser Mysteries only are referred to. And a modern writer has said (*Symbolical Language of Ancient Art and Mythology*, by R. P. Knight): "Among the Greeks the Knossian dances were peculiarly sacred to Jupiter, as the Nyssian were to Bacchus, both of which were under the direction of Pan, who being the principle of universal order, partook of the nature of all the other Gods, they being personifications of particular modes of acting of the great all-ruling principle, and he of his general law of pre-establishing harmony."

All these ancient dances presumably were potent acts, setting up some of the mysterious occult forces, or directing their currents through the systems of those worshippers who could take and retain. And the heart and effect of the American Indian dances was probably of a kind no other than this, though the particular quality and degree might vary.

But it is interesting to refer shortly to what some writers have recorded as to these ceremonies.

George Catlin, in *Manners, Customs and Condition of the North American Indians*, 1876, speaks of the "buffalo dance, the boasting dance, the begging dance, the scalp dance, and a dozen other kinds of dances, all of which have their peculiar characters and meanings or objects. These exercises are exceedingly grotesque in their appearance, and to the eye of a traveller who knows not their meaning or importance, they are an uncouth and frightful display of starts and jumps and yelps and jarring gutturals, which are sometimes truly terrifying. But when one gives them a little attention, and has been lucky enough to be initiated into their mysterious meaning, they become a subject of the most intense and exciting interest."

In the *Handbook of American Indians*, published by the Bureau of American Ethnology, it is stated that the Sun-dance was most spectacular. "Among other things there was the ceremonial erection of the great Lodge, of which the centre pole was the most prominent feature; the erection of the altar; a characteristic dance lasting from one to four days." It would be of interest to know if the participants regarded the centre pole of the Lodge as referring, along *one* line of meaning only, to a statement of the geocentric, or of the heliocentric, constitution of the solar system. Occurring as it does in a *Sun*-dance, we may speculate with the more confidence that it may refer to the latter, in which case we at once see, possibly, one more connexion with the classical Mysteries, in which it has been said that this teaching had a place. It is further stated that it "seems primarily a rain ceremony, and its ritual generally recounts the origin or the *re-birth* of mankind".

If the facts are at all as surmised, namely that a Mystery cult with attendant Initiations existed among these Indian nations corresponding to the classical systems, or branches of the One System, it is not at all surprising to find, in addition to other likenesses, a mention of re-birth and of raising from the dead. For the fact is that mention of it is met with in the mythology and in the rituals, so far as these are known to us. In *Creation Myths of Primitive America*, by Jeremiah Curtain, it is stated: "Bringing to life is one of the most familiar performances in American mythology as well as in Keltic. In Yana it is done by kicking or turning over a corpse with the foot; by boiling in water, sometimes one hair, sometimes the heart; or by striking the corpse with a twig of the red rose-bush. In Keltic it is most frequently done by the stroke of a Druidic or magic switch, which resembles the Yana method with the rose-twig. The red rose has significance, no doubt." We should agree that it no doubt has, and add that this is an unlooked-for direction in which to find a form of the well-known Rosicrucian symbol. The red rose of re-birth blossoming from the cross of limitation and death is curiously hinted at in this myth of the power of the red rose-twig to raise the dead and perhaps cruciform body.

(To be continued.)

ARNOLD S. BANKS.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

SAID the Vagrant: "The Fiddler has had some very beautiful experiences, which would interest all of you. The delicate nervous organisation of a fine artist is an instrument on which vibrations from higher planes can readily play, and in this case we have a very beautiful fiddle—it would sound more dignified to say violin, or even lyre, Apollo's lyre—in the organism of our dear Fiddler. But let her speak for herself."

The Fiddler began reading:

"When I was a child I once dreamed that I was shot out into space, as it were, and found myself utterly alone in a terrible black void. I seemed to have a footing on something like the summit of a pillar, but I could see nothing anywhere, and the darkness pressed upon me like a terrible black pall. Straining every nerve to see, I peered in an upward direction into the void. It might have been up or down for all I could discern, for the blackness was everywhere the same. Presently a faint greyness appeared far above me, standing out clear in the surrounding blankness. As I fixed my gaze upon it, it seemed as if some clouds rolled back, revealing clearer mists within. Through their transparency, gliding backwards and forwards, were white radiant figures of unearthly beauty and light. As I yearned outwards to them, they too vanished like the grey mist, and a deep blue space broke the blackness of that awful void. There, leaning out, bending towards me, a divine Figure was revealed. That man seemed to embody living light and color, but I could not describe Him. Words are so hopelessly inadequate. Fixing my eyes with a tenderness that seemed to dissolve the very roots of my being, He beckoned to me thrice silently. Then that wonder was veiled again behind the gliding shining ones, and they again enveloped in cloud, and all was darkness once more, only with peace instead of terror. Then I awoke. That was long before I came into Theosophy—in *this* incarnation."

"Did you ever see that vision again?" asked a voice.

"Not quite like that. I do not know who he is, but some one, and some one great in holiness and power, seems to be near me at times in a way I cannot exactly describe. I call him 'The Warner'. I have seen him under every possible condition: suspended in mid-

air, emerging from walls and ceilings and floors, at night, in broad noon-day, in sickness, in health."

"But why that curious name?"

"Oh! because he nearly always appears when I am in some kind of danger, and the sight of that face always brings me to my stronger self with a rush. Sometimes I see the whole figure, sometimes only head and shoulders, sometimes, even, just that part of the face about the eyes. What eyes! grey-blue, lightsome depths. His expression is as that of a young man ages old. Often I have seen him in mid-air in big halls and theatres in America and elsewhere, and then it was always easier to touch my audiences through the power he gave."

The Scholar: "It must be a thought-form suggested by that vision."

"Perhaps. I thought so too, for years. But lately I have had cause to think otherwise. Two years ago my brother left Balliol, and came out to India. At that time 'The Warner' was my daily companion, if one may call such a strange elusive visitant by such a name. I began to see the face more clearly. Before I only used to see something resembling a dark outline against a flash of brilliant light. But now the coloring became fairly clear, and I was not a little surprised to see a fair skin—like that, say, of an Italian; hair with a touch of gold (or wholly golden, I cannot say which), and falling in long ringlets, when it was visible; a tall slender figure, exquisitely poised—the shoulders, slight but square and strong, and the long delicate hands especially struck me—garbed in a flowing greyish robe, seamless on the shoulders, with long loose sleeves and reaching nearly to the feet, underneath which there was the suggestion of a white linen garment. Sometimes the head was covered—more often than not—with a dull cloth that rolled back in a narrow coil low down over the brows, and hung loose on the shoulders, throwing into clearer relief the long sharp nose, delicate nostrils, the strong, tender, firm-held mouth, and the beard which scarce concealed the power of the chin beneath. I was puzzled. In my ignorance I had believed—never having visited India—that there were no Indians with fair skin, blue-grey eyes, and golden hair. In fact, I had for years daily and deliberately imaged my 'Warner'

as dark-skinned, dark-eyed, and black-haired. So it seems as if the thought-form explanation would not fit the facts, for when I began to see more clearly, the image I had built so long and so ardently was absolutely contradicted, even to the queer roll on the turban. I wrote off to my brother, asking him to tell me if there were by any chance persons answering to that description in India. "Yes," he answered, "Prince—, who is staying with us just now, tells me that yours is an exact description of a Kashmīri Brāhmaṇa."

"But the description does not fit the only Kashmīri Brāhmaṇa among the Masters," remarked the Vagrant. "It seems to me," she went on, turning to the Shepherd, "that it is a good description of the Master S. His hair is of pure gold, and He has that extraordinarily clear-cut face, ascetic-looking. He was the One who came so often during the last days of the President-Founder."

"Yes," assented the Shepherd, "it might very well be He. And the turban seems more like the Arab head-dress than the Indian turban."

"Like this?" said the Maraṭha, twisting a cloth round his forehead.

"Yes, just that," answered the Fiddler. "I have never seen one like it in India. Well, the visits continued till I came out here. Now I see Him sometimes, in the cocoa-nut grove at sunset, especially, but not as then. I have seen 'The Warner' in another way. I have an old, faded picture of another, which came into my hands years ago. I am very fond of that picture, but it bears no likeness to the One I see, except, as it were, a general similarity of type. One can imagine almost anything with a photograph and half-shut eyes, so I used not to be surprised to see my 'Warner' looking out at me, sometimes, from this picture. But one night, some two years ago, I found that it might not be all imagination, as I had believed. I was writing something—a defence of a friend against people who had said most bitter things; trying to write impersonally, above the turmoil of dispute, and my own hot feelings *would* come between me and the piece of work to be done.

At last, after laboring for days and getting no further, I sat down in my room one night before retiring to sleep, and took out the old picture and gazed at it with an intense half-despairing wish to

see things from the nobler viewpoint. Now, I was not trying to see my Warner in the picture. I was looking at it in full lamp-light with wide-open eyes, and I was far too engrossed in painful, vivid thoughts, to indulge in dreams and fancies. Suddenly the picture changed; the rather full cheeks became hollow, the forehead assumed the magnificent upper development of the well-known face, the beard thinned, the mouth, too, became cut in those exquisite fine lines, chiselled but tender—and the eyes began to lighten and flame, until my own, rivetted upon them, could bear their intensity no longer. They had become as miniature suns, and I could have gazed at the sun itself more easily than have kept my eyes upon them. I looked away, conscience-stricken. As usual, He had brought me to my better self—this time, by sternness. I sat thinking of the face—looking rather, at its impression on my mind. It was awful in power. The expression in those eyes was of oceans and worlds and living infinitudes of knowledge—ripe, immediate, and commanding. I turned again to the picture—the Warner had gone!"

"Very strange," remarked the Enquirer.

"But practical. I wrote that article," said the Fiddler.

"Have you seen other such figures?" asked the Lawyer with interest.

"Yes, there are others. Once at a sermon of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, at the City Temple, there was a great rushing air-like movement in the body of the hall, and then I saw, faintly outlined, One standing behind him on the left side. It happened at the beginning of his sermon. He preached magnificently. Once when our President was lecturing in London she was very tired. I had never heard her in such bad form. She struggled on for some ten minutes or so, and then quite suddenly, with that kind of 'swirl' in the atmosphere that accompanies these things, a great white light appeared behind her, on the left side, a little uplifted from the ground, and in the centre a figure, the outlines of which were most lovely and imposing, but more than that I cannot describe, as the brilliancy of the light made the form appear like a dark outline against it. The speaker stopped short, half hesitated, and leaned slightly back, as if listening for something"—

"Very unusual for our Lady," smiled the Shepherd.

"Yes, that is the interesting part of it. Then her voice completely changed; she took up the thread in a mood as certain, calm, and exalted, as the other had been tired, forced, and uninspiring, and—well, were you at that lecture?"

"No."

"Many said that it seemed as if Jesus Himself had spoken through her. The listeners were more than moved. They were carried right into the presence of the Master, and the whole wretched tangle of all that had happened since He was withdrawn from amongst us seemed like a forgotten nightmare. There were many weary, hardened men and women of the world who saw nothing, but who yet will never forget the power that spoke in their hearts that night. But—was He not there?"

"Very likely," said the Shepherd, as the Vagrant remained silent. "I remember a lecture—one of those on Esoteric Christianity, in which the Master Jesus came, and stood behind the lecturer, enveloping her with His aura. There was a curious incident connected with that; the Archivarius[1] was sitting near the lecturer, and she was conscious of the Presence but did not clearly see the Figure; however, she saw clearly, and described with perfect accuracy, the Greek pattern embroidered along the hem of His garment—a partial vision which seemed to me curious and unusual. Seeing that so clearly, why did she not see the rest?"

As, naturally, no one answered the question, the Fiddler resumed:

"There were several of these Shining Ones at another lecture in the large Queen's Hall. You can always tell when They come. The air is charged with force, and enthusiasm reigns. It is not what one *sees* in these visions that makes them so much more real than ordinary life. It is the peace and love and joy with which they suffuse the soul. They melt the 'stone in the heart'."

"Tell us what you feel on these occasions," urged the Youth.

The Vagrant smiled at him: "It is not so easy to say, and it is not always the same. Sometimes, I am conscious only of an enveloping Presence, that of my own Master—blessed be He—which raises my normal consciousness to an abnormal level, so that

[1] One of the group who talked in the old Twilight.

although it is wholly 'I' who am speaking, it is a bigger 'I' than my small daily affair. At other times, thoughts seem to be poured into me by Him, and I consciously use them, knowing they are not mine. Sometimes, when the Master K. H. utilises me, I find myself full of beautiful imagery, metaphors, curiously musical and rhythmical phrasings, whereas the influence of my own Master induces weighty, terse, impressive speech. Occasionally, but very rarely, I step out and He steps in, for a few sentences, but then the voice changes, so that the change of speaker is perceptible; on those occasions, I stand outside and admire! I remember that on the occasion referred to of the Presence of the Master Jesus, I was not quite at ease at first, as His influence was new to me, and I had to grope a little at first to catch His indications. But there!" concluded the Vagrant, laughing, "audiences have very little idea what queer things are going on upon the platform sometimes right before their eyes."

"As it has come to this, I may as well put in another strange thing of a similar nature I saw," said the Magian. "It was when the same speaker was lecturing on the "Pedigree of Man". Of course there was some great Presence, there is no doubt as to that; but the strangeness comes in here—the feeling was not so much that of peace and joy and uplifting that I have often felt, but an intellectual enlightenment that beggars description. The only theosophical book I had tackled was *The Secret Doctrine* and I enjoyed it often, but during the lectures it became so illuminating, things became so clear, so simple; but after a week it was different; then there were certain descriptions, like the formation of globe D—our earth—etc., etc., which were simply magnificent in their vividness. During such descriptions I noticed that the lecturer was gazing in a peculiar manner into empty space, but I felt sure she was observing something. I heard her say, some time ago, that during that course the Master presented before her astral pictures, looking at which she went on lecturing, and that without them the series would not have attained the great success it did."

HOW THE VISION WAS ANALYSED.

IN our theosophical literature we find an unprecedented mass of information acquired by the use of the clairvoyant faculty, and it is often presented in realistic and matter-of-fact language. To the expert seer the exercise of clairvoyant power has usually become a quite normal function, in no way more miraculous or out-of-the-way than the exercise of physical sight is to ordinary mankind. The result is that the seer confines himself as a rule to a description of the outcome of this exercise of his higher powers, saying nothing about himself or the circumstances of his research work. Indeed, such a description would be difficult for the seer to write, since he lacks the necessary perspective with regard to himself. Naturally, therefore, the information which he gives assumes more or less the form of revelation. We thankfully receive the result of his work, but we have no opportunity of watching its growth, its genesis, though this, if known, would strengthen our sense of the reality both of the proceeding itself and of its outcome, and would tend to make superphysical research work seem more natural and comprehensible than at present it often does to the majority, who have not the privilege of regular intercourse in every-day life with trained Occultists. Every contribution, however small, to the knowledge of this aspect of the subject is therefore not without importance; hence these notes.

Recently I had the opportunity of witnessing a clairvoyant investigation into the nature and value of a very unusual vision, the remarkable analysis of which has already been described in the pages of this journal. (See "A Vision and the Facts behind it," p. 47) Not only was the case itself very instructive, but an account of the investigation involves an interesting description of the use of a certain form of trained clairvoyance, showing it in action from a practical and (so to say) human point of view, which may be a useful addition to the theoretical explanations of the books.

Some time ago I had the pleasure of staying and working with Mr. Leadbeater in the lovely island of Sicily, and while there I was able to give him some assistance in the answering of a small part of the voluminous correspondence which flows in upon him incessantly from all parts of the world. One day he handed me for perusal a letter which had come in that morning from a stranger

in America. On account of its appalling length, and also because it was written with a pale violet pencil which made it trying to the eyes to decipher it, Mr. Leadbeater glanced only at the first few pages, and then handed it over to me to report upon its contents. I found that it contained a description of a long and complicated vision, or rather series of visions, about twenty closely-written pages in all, with a request for information upon their nature and value. Extracts from this letter are given in Mr. Leadbeater's article, so I need not repeat them. After I had read it, we discussed its contents, and agreed that, fantastic as it sounded, there must be behind it some basis of real experience; so I suggested to Mr. Leadbeater that during sleep he should visit the author in his astral body in order to investigate the matter. That is his usual way of dealing with the innumerable cases in which his help is asked for newly-dead people or people with some psychic trouble, so it was quite to my surprise that he took the matter up then and there, saying: "Let us see what we can find."

It should be stated that he had not done more than glance hurriedly over a small portion of the letter before handing it to me, and that first hurried glance had rather given him the impression that this was only another specimen of the fanciful and quite unimportant types of psychic experience of which he regularly receives very large numbers for explanation. So it was only after I had indicated the points of unusual interest in it that he was induced to go more fully into the matter. I mention this so that it may be clear that he had not built up in his mind beforehand any theory as to an explanation of its contents. Of course I am not trying here to prove the reality of clairvoyant powers either in general or in this particular case, but I prefer to omit as few details as possible in my description.

It was late in the afternoon. We were seated on a high terrace, overlooking the glorious prismatic Ionian Sea, which rolled more than two hundred yards beneath us. To our left on a small elevated peninsula stood the imposing ruins of a noble Greek theatre, a silent witness to the past splendor of this temporary residence of ours, where for twenty-eight centuries successive civilisations had held sway. To our right, in the distance, stretched the plain where the first Greek colonists in these parts

had landed and founded a great city, once far-famed, but which has now totally disappeared. Behind us a range of undulating hills hid the horizon. Silence and tranquillity pervaded this beautiful scene, and seemed to create an atmosphere in which the inner man might unfold his powers under the most favorable circumstances.

Seated in an easy chair, sometimes with his eyes shut, or covered with both hands, and sometimes open in the normal way, Mr. Leadbeater began to relate what he saw. "It is more interesting than I thought," he said; "really this is a good woman; it is not *she* who thought herself of such importance; that was only the guide." In this way, with occasional pauses, in longer or shorter sentences, in exclamations, and in answers to my questions, the whole story slowly unfolded itself step by step, just as it had happened—but along lines to me most unexpected.

Those who have read Mr. Mead's *Did Jesus live 100 B.C.?* will remember that in the Introduction to that interesting work the author describes in simple direct language how some of his clairvoyant friends furnished him with data from the records of the past. Such a plain, straightforward description is needed to give a true impression of the exceeding naturalness of the exercise of the higher powers for those who have mastered them—the entire absence of anything miraculous, even when the most startling results are being produced. The trained clairvoyant needs no stage properties; he does not wrap himself in gorgeous garments, or make magical signs and gestures, or murmur kabalistic words in mysterious moonlight. On the contrary, it seems to me that the more one is really master of these rare powers the more is he without any artificiality in their exercise. Though he would never make them a public exhibition for the unintelligent multitude, he will use them among trusted friends just as a professor of physics, when among students or in his own private circle, applies in the most matter-of-fact way forces of nature which seem strange and miraculous to the layman. We should never forget that Occultism is by no means an exhibition of sensational melodrama. Nor is it necessary to surround the investigator's head with a halo of glory, or to maintain towards him an attitude of awe and reverence which would prevent a calm and discriminating analysis of his methods.

It has often seemed to me that where there is amazement there is no understanding, and where there is no understanding, there no exercise of higher powers is shown by the Occultist.

In this case at any rate Mr. Leadbeater worked simply enough. Seated in his chair, he concentrated himself upon the picture that he examined, and related bit by bit what he saw as he followed up the various details of the subject. There was no necessity for him to leave the body, and during the whole of the time he did not lose his physical consciousness for a single moment. As he spoke I put questions to him, or directed his attention to this or that point, which he then examined and described. From time to time throughout the enquiry we discussed problems connected with the points observed, and so we kept up a constant conversation, just as one might with some one looking through a telescope and describing what he sees to a friend standing at his side.

After some time Mr. Leadbeater rose from his chair, walked to and fro on the terrace or stood still leaning against the balustrade, but all the time continued to gaze on the picture before him in America. I noticed that his physical eyes were by no means always turned in the same direction, but rested indifferently upon any part of the far-away horizon. These investigations lasted about an hour, and we gained from them a complete outline of the whole case.

At the moment I considered this as exhausting the whole problem before us, and completing our enquiry, so we dropped the subject for the time being. Next day, however, having in the meantime thought carefully over the notes which I had taken, and having re-read the letter, comparing the two minutely, I brought up the matter again in the afternoon, asking for some further details. Mr. Leadbeater seemed willing to respond, and a second hour was then spent in investigation under precisely the same conditions as the day before. So it will be seen that both series of answers to my questions were given at a moment's notice, without any preparation, and yet in an unbroken, unfaltering sequence.

As to the physical condition of our seer a few points may be noticed. Having during the last year witnessed so many cases of his exercise of that subtle power, I have come to recognise certain characteristic marks of it. Unless it is a matter of a very

few moments only, I notice that during such investigations his face grows more or less flushed, his eyes watery and bluish. He seems to become somewhat abstracted, though still fully conscious physically, able to speak, answer questions and observe his physical surroundings. After some time he becomes drowsy, seeking a comfortable position for the body, and with this comes a seemingly irresistible tendency to yawn. When this drowsiness reaches a certain point he either brings his researches to an abrupt end, or falls asleep. This termination may come in a quarter of an hour, half an hour, or sometimes it may be postponed for as long as an hour, but I never remember having seen him 'see' for more than that period without intermission. In one sense the seeing is always intermittent, for it is often interspersed with conversation, or interrupted by physical actions, such as walking about. Once I remember that he examined and described an early incarnation of the late Colonel Olcott (in which the latter was a Persian King) in the interval between two cups of tea!

I hope some time we may be able to measure pulse and temperature during these efforts, and see whether they show any appreciable difference from their condition in his normal state. Certain factors in the surrounding conditions appear to have considerable influence upon the ease or difficulty with which he exercises his powers, or in other words the amount of force which he has to spend in order to get the same result, thus determining whether he will be specially tired or not after the process. Among these factors I have noticed the purity of the atmosphere, the presence or absence of sunlight or of noise, and the temperature. Heat, purity of air, sunlight, absence of noise and smells—all these seem to make things much easier, though it would seem that none of them is indispensable. I observe that, as a rule, when for any reason he is physically tired he does not undertake researches.

I do not wish to speak here of the limits of his powers, which I think I can to a certain extent deduce from my observations, nor to attempt to describe the special forms of vision and occult power of which I sometimes caught glimpses. To avoid grave misunderstandings such a description would need to be very carefully worded, and the most subtle distinctions should be made. Besides, it would more or less partake of the nature of an

intrusion into a private life of which none but the man himself has the right to speak in public. Further, an Occultist is an evolving and growing entity, forever 'in the making,' and so he can do to-morrow what he cannot do to-day; he changes his methods *pari passu* with his ever-widening experience. Still, I hope that on this subject too we shall some day receive precious teachings, which will be veritable contributions to the science of living occult psychology.

One anecdote I may add without indiscretion, and it shows very clearly how natural all these things are. One day I interested Mr. Leadbeater in a theory about man's constitution, involving the conception of an ensouling of the permanent atoms. According to this theory, each permanent atom should have a soul consisting of matter of the next cosmic plane above the prākritic —what may be called the astral cosmic plane. Mr. Leadbeater tried to verify this theory, and put all his energy into the effort. The astral cosmic plane being, however, entirely beyond the reach of his powers, the result was that ten minutes of this strain were enough to give him first of all a violent headache for a few days, and secondly a feeling of fatigue and brain-fag which lasted for a whole month, during which he found that he had to abstain from any form of work along this line. Evidently therefore these faculties correspond in this way also to those of the physical body; it is quite possible to overstrain them, and if that is done they can be restored only by prolonged rest, just as would be the case with physical muscles.

JOHAN VAN MANEN.

Through the years of time and change
  Knowledge builds on bygone lore;
Men repeat or rearrange
  From the ages gone before—
Passing on, from out the past,
  Truth in newer forms recast.

THE MYSTIC CHORD.

IN connexion with the vision of which I gave an analysis on p. 47, questions have been asked by several as to the method by which a person at a distance of some thousands of miles can be instantly found by a trained clairvoyant. Apparently this remains somewhat of a mystery to many, so I will endeavor to give an explanation of the plan commonly adopted, though it is not easy to put it quite plainly. A clear expression of super-physical facts cannot be achieved in physical words, for the latter are always to some extent misleading even when they seem most illuminative.

Man's various forces and qualities, manifesting in his bodies as vibrations, send out for each vehicle what may be called a keynote. Take his astral body as an example. From the number of different vibrations which are habitual to that astral body there emerges a sort of average tone, which we may call the keynote of this man on the astral plane. It is obviously conceivable that there may be a considerable number of ordinary men whose astral keynote is practically the same, so that this alone would not suffice to distinguish them with certainty. But there is a similar average tone for each man's mental body, for his causal body, and even for the etheric part of his physical body; and there have never yet been found two persons whose keynotes were identical at all these levels, so as to make exactly the same chord when struck simultaneously. Therefore the chord of each man is unique, and furnishes a means by which he can always be distinguished from the rest of the world. Among millions of primitive savages there may possibly be cases where development is as yet so slight that the chords are scarcely clear enough for the differences between them to be observed, but with any of the higher races there is never the least difficulty, nor is there any risk of confusion.

Whether the man be sleeping or waking, living or dead, his chord remains the same, and he can always be found by it. How can this be so, it may be asked, when he is resting in the heaven-world, and has therefore no astral or etheric body to emit the characteristic sound? So long as the causal body itself remains, it has always attached to it its permanent atoms, one belonging to each of the planes, and therefore, wherever he goes, the man in his

causal body carries his chord with him, for the single atom is quite sufficient to give out the distinctive sound.

The trained seer, who is able to sense the chord, attunes his own vehicles for the moment exactly to it, and then by an effort of will sends forth its sound. Wherever in the three worlds that man who is sought may be, this evokes an instantaneous response from him. If he be living in the physical body, it is quite possible that in that lower vehicle he may be conscious only of a slight shock, and may not in the least know what has caused it. But his causal body lights up instantly—leaps up like a great flame, and this response is at once visible to the seer, so that by that one action the man is found, and a magnetic line of communication is established. The seer can use that line as a kind of telescope, or if he prefers he can send his consciousness flashing along it with the speed of light, and see from the other end of it, as it were.

The combination of sounds which will produce a man's chord is his true occult name; and it is in this sense that it has been said that when a man's true name is called he instantly replies, wherever he may be. Some vague tradition of this is probably at the back of the idea so widely spread among savage nations, that a man's real name is a part of him, and must be carefully concealed, because one who knows it has a certain power over him, and can work magic upon him. Thus also it is said that the man's true name is changed at each initiation, since each such ceremony is at once the official recognition and the fulfilment of a progress by which he has, as it were, raised himself to a higher key, putting an additional strain upon the strings of his instrument, and evoking from it far grander music, so that thenceforward his chord must be sounded differently. This name of the man must not be confused with the hidden name of the Augoeides, for that is the chord of the three principles of the Ego, produced by the vibrations of the ātmic, buḍḍhic and mental atoms, and the Monad behind them.

In order to avoid such confusion we must keep clearly in mind the distinction between two manifestations of the man at different levels. The correspondence between these two manifestations is so close that we may almost consider the lower as the repetition of the higher. The Ego is triple, consisting of ātmā,

buḍḍhi, manas, three constituents each existing on its own plane—the āṭmā on the nirvāṇic, the buḍḍhi on the buḍḍhic, and the manas on the highest level of the mental. This Ego inhabits a causal body, a vehicle built of the matter of the lowest of the three planes to which he belongs. He then puts himself further down into manifestation, and takes three lower vehicles, the mental, astral and physical bodies. His chord in this lower manifestation is that which we have been describing, and consists of his own note and those of the three lower vehicles.

Just as the Ego is triple, so is the Monad, and this also has its three constituents, each existing on its own plane; but in this case the three planes are the first, second and third of our system, and the nirvāṇic is the lowest of them instead of the highest. But on that nirvāṇic level it takes to itself a manifestation, and we call it the Monad in its āṭmic vehicle, or sometimes the triple āṭmā; and this is for it what the causal body is for the Ego. Just as the Ego takes on three lower bodies (mental, astral, physical), the first of which (the mental) is on the lower part of his own plane, and the lowest (the physical) two planes below, so the Monad takes on three lower manifestations (which we commonly call āṭmā, buḍḍhi, manas), the first of which is on the lower part of *its* plane, and the lowest two planes below that. It will thus be seen that the causal body is to the Monad what the physical body is to the Ego. If we think of the Ego as the soul of the physical body, we may consider the Monad as the soul of the Ego in turn. Thus the chord of the Augoeides (the glorified Ego in his causal body) consists of the note of the Monad, with those of its three manifestations, āṭmā, buḍḍhi, manas.

It must of course be understood that the chord cannot be accurately considered as sound in the sense in which we use that word on this plane. It has been suggested to me that an analogy which is in some respects better is that of the combination of lines in a spectrum. Each of the elements known to us is instantly recognisable by its spectrum, in whatever star it may appear, no matter how great the distance may be—so long as the lines are bright enough to be seen at all. But the chord of which we have been speaking is not actually either heard or seen; it is received by a complex perception which requires the practically simultaneous

activity of the consciousness in the causal body and in all the lower vehicles.

Even with regard to ordinary astral perception it is misleading (though practically unavoidable) to speak of 'hearing' and 'seeing'. These terms connote for us the idea of certain sense-organs which receive impressions of a well-defined type. To see implies the possession of an eye, to hear implies the existence of an ear. But no such sense-organs are to be found on the astral plane. It is true that the astral body is an exact counterpart of the physical, and that it consequently shows eyes and ears, nose and mouth, hands and feet, just as the latter does. But when functioning in the astral body we do not walk upon the astral counterparts of our physical feet, nor do we see and hear with the counterparts of our physical eyes and ears.

Each particle in an astral body is capable of receiving a certain set of vibrations—those belonging to its own level, and those only. If we divide all astral vibrations into seven sets, just like seven octaves in music, each octave will correspond to a subplane, and only a particle (in the astral body) which is built of matter belonging to that subplane can respond to the vibrations of that octave. So 'to be upon a certain subplane in the astral' is to have developed the sensitiveness of only those particles in one's astral body which belong to that subplane, so that one can perceive the matter and the inhabitants of that subplane only. To have perfect vision upon the astral plane means to have developed sensitiveness in *all* particles of the astral body, so that all the subplanes are simultaneously visible.

But even though a man has developed the particles of one subplane only, if those are *fully* developed he will have on that subplane a power of perception equivalent to all of our physical senses. If he perceives an object at all, he will in that one act of perception receive from it an impression which conveys all that we learn down here through those various channels which we call the senses; he will simultaneously see, hear and feel it. The instantaneous perception which belongs to higher planes is still further removed from the clumsy and partial action of the physical senses.

In order to see how the chord helps the clairvoyant to find any given person, it must also be understood that the vibrations which cause it are communicated by the man to any object which is for some time in close contact with him, and therefore permeated by his magnetism. A lock of his hair, an article of clothing which he has worn, a letter which he has written—any of these is sufficient to give the chord to one who knows how to perceive it. It can also be obtained very readily from a photograph, which seems more curious, since the photograph need not have been in direct contact with the person whom it represents. Even untrained clairvoyants, who have no scientific knowledge of the subject, instinctively recognise the necessity of bringing themselves *en rapport* with those whom they seek by means of some such objects.

In the case of the vision described last month the letter which led to the investigations was the link with the writer. It is not necessary for the seer to hold the letter in his hand while examining the case, or even to have it near him. Having once held the letter and sensed the chord, he is able to remember it and reproduce it, just as any one with a good memory might remember a face after seeing it once. Some such link as this is always necessary to find a person previously unknown. We had recently another case where a man had died somewhere in the Congo, but as no photograph of him was sent by the friend who wrote about him, it was necessary first to seek that friend (somewhere in Scandinavia, I think) and make a contact in a roundabout way through *him*.

There are, however, other methods of finding people at a distance. One which is very effective requires higher development than that just described. A man who is able to raise his consciousness to the atomic level of the buḍḍhic plane there finds himself absolutely in union with all his fellow-men—and therefore of course among the rest with the person whom he seeks. He draws his consciousness up into this unity along his own line, and he has only to put himself out again along the line of that other person in order to find him. There are always various ways of exercising clairvoyance, and each student employs that which comes most naturally to him. If he has not fully studied his subject, he often thinks his own method the only one possible, but wider knowledge soon disabuses him of that idea.

C. W. L.

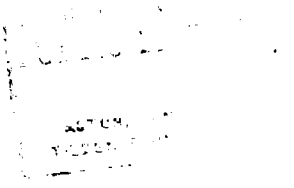
THE PLACE OF PEACE.

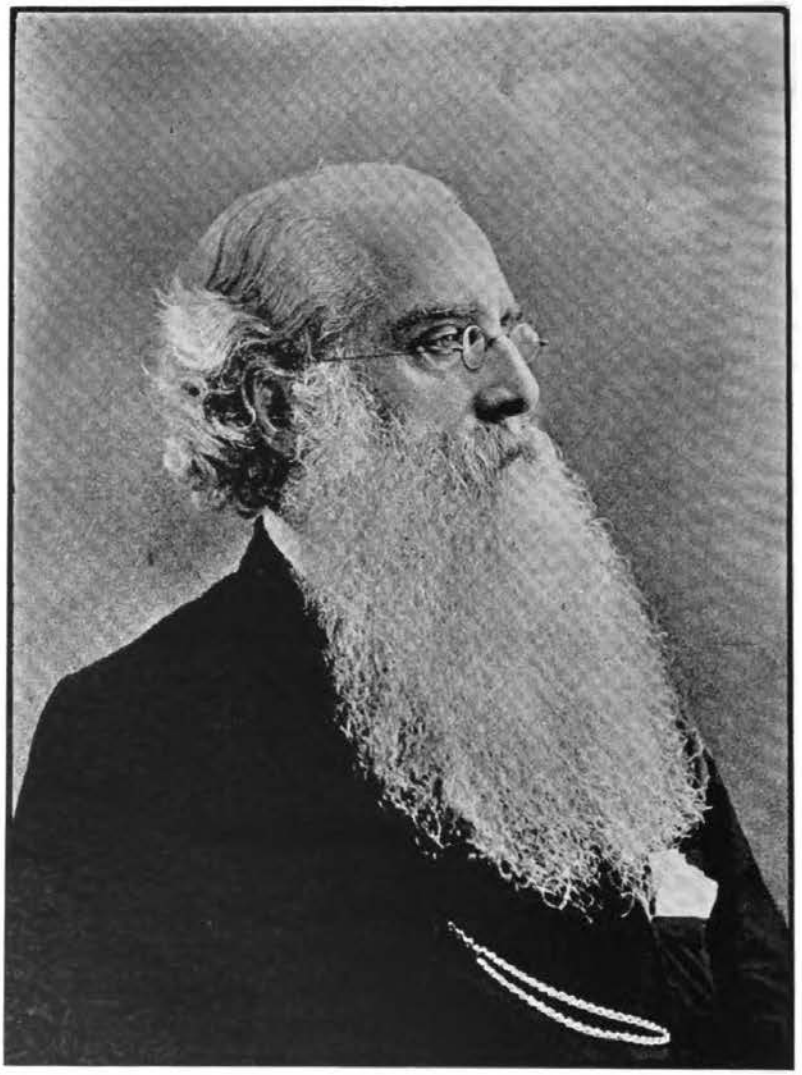
[Miss Maud MacCarthy has given us the following, which she found among the papers of her late brother, who passed away on the 5th March, 1909. Had he remained with us, it was his heart's wish to devote the fruits of a fine education and the zeal of a loyal nature to Theosophy he loved so well. Since he is gone from here, these early attempts may serve to link him closer to us, with whom he even now co-operates, though in another world.—ED.]

Turn inwards for strength and consolation: put all argument aside. Every link in a chain of reasoning adds one more item of the external world to burden and weigh down the soul; for the lower reasoning is necessarily founded on matters concrete, and no man may hope to plumb the depths of the material world. To reason under such circumstances is as if a man were to hope, by rolling a snow-ball over a wide snow-covered plain, to gather thus in one well-rounded and comprehensive mass every flake of snow from the ground, and disclose it in its true nature and nakedness; how soon would he discover that no unaided effort of his own could stir the rapidly increasing ball, yea, presently twenty men could not avail to move it an inch! Seek not to become involved in the multiplicities of reasoning; you will not thus lay bare the true nature of the soul. Trust rather to the naked instinct of the heart welling forth from some pure deep hidden spring; you will never fail to know these true waters; in them is no trace of bitterness, and the smallest draught will revive your fainting spirit. Seek for the spring and you will strike it, for it is deep in the bed-rock of every soul, it is indeed the mainspring at the root of all. And if, as you would fain delve for the spring in the depth of your nature when the outer would seems dark or cruel, the superincumbent soil and rock prove too obstinate to your digging, then seek the same spring as it wells forth elsewhere from some inspired spot, and immediately the confined water will trickle forth, or perhaps even burst out, flooding and cleansing all that it touches, and imparting a new light to things seen in its crystal stream. Of this I am certain: this day has proved the truth of this to me. Mentally harassed and depressed, in despair I opened my *Imitation of Christ* at random, and read chapter 23, Book III. Then at last I felt at peace with myself and the world.

"Be desirous, my son, to do the will of another rather than thine own. Choose always to have less rather than more. Seek always the lower place, and to be inferior to everyone. Wish always, and pray, that the will of God be done in thee. Behold, such a man entereth within the borders of peace and rest."

CHARLES W. MACCARTHY.





H. S. OLCOTT.

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES.

HENRY STEELE OLCOTT.

IN any account of prominent Theosophists the name of H. P. Blavatsky must inevitably stand first; but just as certainly the second name on the list must be that of Henry Steele Olcott. He shared with her the honor of founding the Society, and if through her came the teaching, the spreading of which was the object of its existence, it was his administrative ability which made that existence possible, his hand which steered the theosophical ship over many a stormy sea and through many a difficult passage. He had been prepared for his position not only by the special work of the earlier years of this life, but also by previous incarnations in different parts of the world in which he had held positions curiously parallel—always connected with the preaching of a great religion, yet never himself the preacher, but the administrative officer whose work made the teaching possible.

He was born—this time—at Orange, in the State of New Jersey, on August 2nd, 1832. He appears to have devoted himself at first to agriculture, not merely theoretically but very practically as well. I remember his showing me a ring which he told me had been broken on his finger while actually holding the plough. He appears to have worked upon the model farm of Scientific Agriculture at Newark, and with sufficient success to attract attention, since at the early age of twenty-three the Greek Government offered him the chair of Agriculture at the University of Athens—which, however, he did not accept. Indeed, he declined several good positions which were offered to him, even the directorship of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington. He did, however, accept a post as associate agricultural editor of the *New York Tribune*, and (though we can hardly suppose that to have been included in his agricultural duties) he represented that newspaper at the execution of the celebrated John Brown—thereby unquestionably risking his life for its sake.

The outbreak of the civil war turned his thoughts from the tilled field to the field of battle. He joined the northern army, and fought through the North Carolina campaign, but after that the Government withdrew him from active service, and set him the far more dangerous task of investigating frauds in some of the military departments. He spent some years in this work, in which

he was most successful. He received thanks and testimonials from very high officials for the thoroughness and honesty with which he carried through the very difficult business entrusted to him. He was appointed special commissioner first of the War, and then of the Navy, Department, and his services were as highly appreciated in the latter as in the former. When his work there was done, with the marvellous versatility of the American he made yet another complete change of profession, and became a very successful lawyer. At the same time he still continued to do occasional literary work, for it was when he was reporting the Eddy manifestations that he first met Madame Blavatsky, and thus inaugurated the final stage of his life for which all these others had been but preparatory.

His first Theosophical work seems to have been to help Madame Blavatsky in the writing of the great book *Isis Unveiled*—an experience during which he acquired an immense mass of varied information. The two companions worked together for three years in America, and a very wonderful time it was, as may be read in the first volume of *Old Diary Leaves*. Madame Blavatsky was at this time constantly performing some of the extraordinary phenomena which were afterwards so grossly misunderstood and misrepresented, and as the Colonel always took the keenest interest in such things he revelled in the unparalleled opportunity offered to him. During this time also he had the privilege of meeting again the Master whom he had known so well and served so faithfully in far-off lands and in other lives; and from this time onward his devotion to that Master never faltered or failed, but remained ever the strongest characteristic of a strong unselfish life.

In 1878 the Founders of the Society decided to move its Headquarters to India, where they were received with great enthusiasm. This move brought a great change into the Colonel's life. In America he had been chiefly engaged in desk work, and in learning and assimilating the wonderful new philosophy which altered so entirely his outlook on life. Now he had to teach as well as to learn, to come out before the public as a lecturer, as the director and organiser of a great Society which spread with remarkable rapidity. He devoted himself utterly to the welfare of that Society for the remaining twenty-nine years of his life, and they

were twenty-nine years of very hard work, of almost incessant travelling and lecturing in all parts of the civilised world. In the intervals which he allowed himself to spend at his home in beautiful Adyar he was no less incessant in his labors, constantly planning for the improvement of the Headquarters, pulling down, rebuilding, adding a room here and a new department there, reaching always towards the great ideal of a spiritual and educational centre which he had ever in his mind.

To him was due the formation of the Adyar Library, and the erection of the stately building in which it is housed; it was he who arranged the impressive opening ceremony of that library—a ceremony actually unique in the world's history up to that date, because of the willing co-operation of representatives of all the great religions—except one. Buḍḍhist Monks from Ceylon, Hiṇḍū Pujāris from one of the great southern temples, Zoroastrian Mobeds from Bombay, and Muhammaḍan Mullahs from the Deccan, all joined to bless the new venture, each performing the ceremony of consecration according to the rites of his own religion, but also each joining in the rites of the others, fully admitting them as standing on an equality with his own. The omission of the Christian religion on this occasion was no fault of the Colonel's, for he asked certain priests to attend as representatives, but received the discouraging answer that the other people were heathens, and that it would therefore be impossible to appear with them in public and take part in their ceremonies!

Another piece of work, the importance of which has never been properly appreciated by the majority of the Society, was the drawing together of the two great divisions of the Buḍḍhist Church. The Northern and Southern Churches had been separated for ages in doctrine as well as in practice, and it is due solely to the Colonel's exertions that they stand now upon a common platform, for he drew up a declaration of the fourteen essential points of the Buḍḍhist faith, and obtained to this the signatures of the leaders of both Churches. He also arranged that a certain number of the young men wishing to enter the Order of Monks in either of the Churches should be sent to study under the teachers of the other, in order to bring about fuller knowledge by each of the other, and greater mutual comprehension. Few people in

western lands have any idea of the importance of this result. If the Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury could be induced each to acknowledge the other as of the true faith and in every way his equal, and if they could agree upon a creed to which both would attach their signatures as containing everything essential in Christian doctrine, we should regard it as a historical event of the first order and of world-wide import; yet the number of people who would be affected by such a *rapprochement* would be only about half as great as the number of those brought into religious harmony by this one act of Colonel Olcott's.

He was always a great friend to education. To him was due the great Buḍḍhist educational movement in Ceylon, which has founded three colleges and over two hundred schools, at which some twenty-six thousand children are now being taught. Ever the champion of the poor, the despised and the oppressed, he also took up enthusiastically the question of the education of the neglected pariahs; and though this movement is as yet but in its infancy, it has already five schools working very effectively in Madras. When people in the West can be brought to understand what it is that is being done for the pariah, and how sore is the need of it, there can be little doubt that funds will flow in as they should for the endowment of these schools, in which, by the very nature of the case, the pupils can never pay for themselves.

Another very prominent characteristic in him was his strong sense of the duty of impartiality in his position as President of the Society. A man of intense and definite convictions on most points of public policy and social progress, he was yet meticulously careful never to pledge the Society to any of his own opinions—never even to express those opinions when speaking in its name.

Naturally many important and difficult questions came before him for decision, and I myself can bear testimony to the painstaking care which he devoted to their consideration, and the amount of thought which he lavished upon them before pronouncing judgment.

The Colonel's final illness was a long one, for his physical body was strong, and he sank but gradually into the peace of death. He endured most bravely and patiently much suffering and weariness, but through it all his one thought was always for

the welfare of the Society which he so loved. His last days were cheered by frequent astral visits from his old colleague H. P. Blavatsky, and on several occasions by the gracious presence of the Masters whom he had so faithfully served. And when, on February 17th, 1907, at last came the moment at which he was to lay down the burden of the flesh, the Great Ones came and stood around his bed; all who had at different periods of his life directed his studies—the Kingly Teacher under whose orders both he and Madame Blavatsky had specially worked, together with the gentle Brāhmaṇa to whose erudition *The Secret Doctrine* owes so much, and the Egyptian Master who had taken charge of the Colonel in earlier days—all these, with H. P. Blavatsky herself, were there to receive him and to welcome him as he returned victorious from the battle of his earthly life. Soon he will come again to carry on to greater heights the work which he has so well begun, and those who labored under him this time may well have the opportunity of serving with him then, if they but take to heart the lesson of his life—the lesson of unswerving loyalty and whole-souled devotion to the great cause which was always for him the one thing to which all else must yield, for which he stood ever ready to sacrifice ease and comfort and even life itself. Faithful unto death in this life as in that other lived so long ago, he stands before us as an exemplar of courage, loyalty and unselfishness. For the great Masters he lived, he lives and he will live; when once more he raises Their banner, may we have strength to follow him as he has followed Them!

C. W. L.

ROUND THE VILLAGE TREE.

THE STEALING OF PERSEPHONE.

A Legend of Greece.

ON the hills of Olympus was dispute. Zeus, the Father of Gods and men, sat listening on his throne; Eros lay weeping at his feet; Hera, the ox-eyed, sat gloomily in the background; Hermes stood by ready for flight, and listening eagerly to Pallas Athene, who vehemently urged on the assembled deities some decided course of action.

The circumstances were these: Demeter, the fruitful Earth-Goddess called by the Latins Ceres, or Bona Dea, the good Goddess—had just embraced the knees of the cloud-compeller, and had craved his mighty aid; and she stood now waiting the answer to her appeal, and vowed by her corn and her golden fruit that famine should visit earth, and the high Gods fail of their accustomed offerings, if succor were not given her in her distress. For as her fair daughter Persephone wandered with her maidens over the plain of Enna, gathering the fragrant blossoms of that garden of Sicily, an earthquake had rent the ground at her feet, and from the yawning gulf had uprisen Aides, the dark Ruler of the nether-world. He had leapt from his chariot, drawn by four black horses from whose nostrils darted fire, and, clasping the shrieking maiden in his arms, had carried her in a whirlwind across hill and dale till he reached the Cyanian fount, and drove his chariot into the terrified waters, till they fled before the hoofs of his trampling steeds, and opened a way for him to pass into the dark Kingdom which he ruled. Near this fount had Demeter found her daughter's veil, tear-sodden, and Arethusa the nymph revealed to her the theft committed by dark Aides, and the place of her sad child's abode; for Aides had wedded Persephone, sore weeping,

and she dwelt now in the dim Elysian fields, and bewailed the fair sunshine and the cool, soft airs of earth.

Thus had spoken Demeter, loud lamenting, and in vain had Zeus striven to win her favor for her enforced son-in-law, the mighty King of the Shades and of all the dead. Then had grey-eyed Pallas Athene pleaded the mother's cause, and in her wisdom she advised that if no food grown in the dim twilight of Aides' realms had passed the earthly lips of Persephone, she should be free to re-ascend to the upper world and dwell as before in her mother's home. And as she spoke Zeus bowed his mighty head, and Olympus shook and trembled at the awful sign of confirmation.

So Demeter fled earthwards in her dragon-chariot, and descended into the twilight and sought Aides in his gloomy halls. But lo! Persephone, as she walked through the Elysian fields, had seen a pomegranate, red and luscious, and, plucking, she had eaten thereof a seed ere she cast it from her in loathing, remembering the soil on which it grew. Therefore the mother returned weeping, and hid herself away from all men's eyes. Then famine spread her dark wings over the land, and the corn withered ere it was grown, and the fruit dropped unripened to the ground, for the mighty heart of the Earth-Goddess was crushed within her, and her face was turned away from the land she had made fertile with her smile.

At length Zeus called to him Hermes, the swift-footed messenger of the Gods, and he bade him haste to Demeter and bid her seek Aides once again, and pray him to set his fair wife free six months out of each rolling year, that so she might dwell in the light with her mother awhile, and then again brighten with her presence the gloomy shades below; and if Aides would listen to this prayer, then would Zeus, as dowry for blue-eyed Persephone, bestow on her lord the fair Sicilian Island where his eyes had first rested on the maid. So Hermes, wing-footed, hasted to Demeter, and bade her once again seek to bring her daughter home. And again Demeter sought the shades, and found Aides sitting lonely on his throne, with his three-headed hound beside him, mourning that Persephone would not be comforted. And when he saw the mother weeping, and the two fair women clasped in each other's arms, Aides sighed and bade his bride go earthward if she

would, and for six months she should dwell in the sunlight, and for six months should reign in her husband's halls; so should the earth be no longer sorrowful, and famine should be scourged back to her icy cave.

And so it was. And each spring Persephone comes back to the earth, and the flowers spring up to greet her, and the full ear and the golden fruit ripen under Demeter's smile as she dwells by her daughter's side. And when harvest is over, and Demeter has showered on mankind her blessed gifts, then Persephone quits the light of the sun and seeks her husband's realms, dwelling in peace therein while the wild winds of autumn storm, and the snow and rain come down; and winter over and gone, her voice from below wakes the violets and the snow-drops, her heralds, and when the cowslip bells are ringing, Persephone lifts her face to meet her mother's kiss.

A. B.

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF CEYLON.

VIJAYA'S LANDING.

In India the sun burns hotly all the year round and the moon shines so brightly that one might think the sun, before leaving, had turned back once more to give the moon a double quantity of light. There in India, the moon throws such a beautiful silvery sheen on the palm-leaves and makes the shadows of the wide-spreading tamarind-trees so black, that the shining little ḍevas and ḍevīs, after playing in the bright moonlight, can hide themselves quickly in the deep shadow, so that a son of the earth passes them by unawares.

In this land of mystery and solemn beauty, there lived long, long ago, perhaps 2,400 years ago, a King with the name of Sinhabāhū. The name of his Queen was Sahasivaṭī, and she was really his sister.

They had thirty-four children, of whom the eldest was named Vijaya and the second Sumiṭṭa.

Vijaya was a very strong, healthy boy. But I am sorry to say that he was also in his youth a very wilful and naughty boy, who gave a great deal of trouble to his parents.

As he was however very strong and also very clever, his father made him sub-King, while he was still very young; for the poor King needed a great deal of help in his country, which consisted to a great extent of jungle and swamps. These he wanted to turn into fertile and useful land, so that his faithful subjects should have a happier life.

Vijaya was very clever in supervising the workmen and showing them how to fell trees and remove their roots. He understood also how to turn swamps into tanks, which the monsoon-rains were to fill with water, so that the poor people could water their paddy-fields in the dry season. In this way they could have two paddy harvests each year, and they need not starve. These poor people were really very easily satisfied, for when they had their rice, boiled in water and some salt with it, and some roots or bread-fruits, then they were quite happy.

Now the state of affairs would have been quite pleasant if Vijaya had attended to his business faithfully. But he got very tired of it and commenced a great deal of nonsense. He gathered a crowd of youths round him who were just as wild as he was himself. They dressed up like wild men, frightened the women and children by pretending to want to rob them and carry them away, and did many other foolish and unlawful things.

The poor villagers came running to King Sinhabāhū, and complained bitterly about his disobedient and mischievous son, and asked him to forbid his cruel play. Three times the King pardoned his son, because he promised to behave better, but when he always fell back again into his former bad ways, Sinhabāhū got very angry. He had half the hair and the beard of Vijaya and his companions shaved off, and put them on board a ship, which was then sent adrift on the ocean, calling after them: "Vijaya, go and find yourself another country. I cannot govern in harmony with such an unruly son. Besides, I have other sons who will behave better than you do, and will help me more."

The wives and children of Vijaya's companions were also put on ships and they landed in different parts of India, where they were kindly welcomed, and where they remained and settled.

Vijaya and his seven hundred companions landed at the port of Suppāraka (Jambuḍvīpa), but they were driven away again by the

people there on account of their bad behavior, and for the second time they were adrift on the ocean.

This was really a very sad state of things. They were carried by the currents further and further away from the coast. Sea monsters surrounded them, very eager to swallow them up, and the wind was beginning to howl fearfully. They were afraid that they would never reach land again, and they began to repent of their unlawful deeds. *Now* they made up their minds to become better men, if they could only find some land. Many days and nights they drifted. Their provisions were at an end, and they were very hungry, very sad and very repentant.

At last one day, when the sun was just rising over the sea, it shone on something high that seemed to rest on the water. When they came a little nearer, they saw that it was a mountain. (It was really our dear Adam's Peak which they saw.) After a few more hours they saw in the far distance something green, and they discovered that high palm-trees were waving their slender branches at them as a welcome.

You can imagine how glad they were. Soon they were near enough to the land to be able, half-swimming and half-wading, holding their weapons over their heads, to reach the shore, where they sank on their knees, thanking the Gods for their deliverance from the great dangers of the sea and from starvation.

Vijaya put his hands on the earth as a sign that he took possession of the land, and when his palms looked copper-colored from the red soil, he called the land *Tambapanni* (red-earth).

Now they wandered to and fro on the beach, which looked very beautiful. Tall cocoa-nut palms were growing quite near the sea and white sea-lilies nodded at them kindly. Luckily they found some cocoa-nuts on the ground, which had been thrown down by monkeys. They refreshed themselves with them, and then they took counsel what they should do. They thought it best to go one by one into the jungle with their weapons, bows and arrows, and try to hunt for some game.

When they were looking around, they saw, sitting under a palm-tree, a reverend Monk, who was praying fervently. They were wondering where he came from, and well they might, as he was indeed a messenger of the Lord Buḍḍha Himself, who just

this very day had left His mortal body behind Him. In the assembly of the Ḍevas He spoke to Sakka, the King of the Ḍevas, thus: "To-day Vijaya, the son of Sinhabāhū, has landed with seven hundred followers in Laṅkā. I know that my religion will be established in Laṅkā, and therefore I ask you to protect them and Laṅkā."

Sakka assigned for the protection of Laṅkā the Ḍeva Uppalavanna, and he it was who, in the garb of a devotee, appeared to Vijaya and his followers.

They approached him reverently and the Monk spoke to them as follows: "Be greeted, Vijaya. I have been sent here by the Gods to protect you and your followers, if you will govern this beautiful Island wisely and justly. But as the Yakkhas and Nāgās, who are living here, might try to injure you, I will give you all a holy charm, so that they cannot harm you."

Saying this, he sprinkled water out of his jug on them and tied a thread round their left arms. While they were prostrating themselves before him, in order to thank him, he disappeared suddenly. They wondered what had become of him, but they could not find him anywhere.

Adventure at the Yakkha-Tank.

As agreed before, one of the followers of Vijaya went into the jungle, and after having walked on for a few minutes he saw a brown dog coming towards him, which sat down before him, wagged its tail, and looked at him with its clever eyes.

"Where there are dogs, there ought to be people also," thought the youth. He followed the dog, which was now running ahead of him.

"And the people must be kind also," he thought further, "for the dog is very friendly and not at all wild."

But first let me tell you how the dog came to be there. It is really a very strange story. On this Island, which is our dear Laṅkā, there lived at this time two strange kinds of beings, called Yakkhas and Nāgās. These beings had the power of making themselves invisible, and they could show themselves in any shape they chose. Kuvenī, a Yakkha Queen, who was always waiting for shipwrecks and used to devour the poor sailors if they managed to land in Laṅkā, had heard from her spies (whom she

always sent out) that a great many young men had been ship-wrecked and had swum to the shore. She was now very happy, and had sent one of her servants, in the shape of a dog, to the shore to entice the young men to her tank. That he succeeded in bringing the first young warrior with him we know already, and we must see now what happened further.

So we will return to our young man. He followed the dog to the tank where they stopped. The tank looked very inviting to the youth. He threw off his weapons and his clothes and jumped in, in order to take a cleansing and refreshing bath, after his long and dangerous voyage. He ate some of the Lotus-roots from the tank and drank from the cooling water. When he had refreshed himself, he looked for his weapons, the dog and his clothes; but to his astonishment both the weapons and the dog had disappeared.

Throwing his clothes over him, he was searching for his weapons, when Kuvenī, who had changed herself into a dreadful monster, jumped at him and wanted to devour him. As he had no weapons, the poor youth would have been in a dreadful plight, had not the charm, which the messenger of the Lord Buḍḍha had tied on his arm, saved him. He raised his left arm up against her, and she recoiled. The charm was stronger than her power. He was saved.

However, she had him thrown into a dark prison, and she sent out the dog again to entice another young man to the Lotus-tank, hoping that she would be luckier with him.

The dog succeeded in bringing to the tank, all the followers of Vijaya who had gone, one by one, into the forest; but she could not harm any one of them, on account of the charm. All of them were thrown into the same dark cave, and they were hoping that their brave Prince Vijaya would surely free them soon.

Vijaya himself was still sitting under the same palm-tree under which the devotee, the messenger of the Lord Buḍḍha, had given them the charm, and he waited for his companions to come back.

Just before sunset, when none had returned, he grew anxious, took up his five weapons of war, put his arrows into his gilded belt, and plunged into the jungle, where he found the same brown dog, which guided him to the same tank in which his followers

had bathed. He himself, however, did not jump into the water although it seemed very inviting, for he noticed that the traces of many feet were leading *into* the tank, but none *away* from it.

He was looking around keenly, when he saw sitting under a tamarind-tree a Nun, who was spinning a thread very diligently, modestly looking down upon her work. It was again Kuvenī, who thought that she had to use different tricks to capture the Prince. Vijaya was not beguiled by her, but jumped at her furiously and shouted: "It is thou, wretch, who hast carried away my friends. Die!" Half frightened to death, Kuvenī begged for her life, and swore by her Yakkha oath, that she would release all his followers and serve him for ever if he would spare her life.

At last Vijaya became pacified. Kuvenī freed all the captured men from the dark cave in which they had been confined, and she herself served Vijaya with dressed rice and other eatables which she had secured from wrecked vessels. The Yakkhas themselves did not know how to grow paddy. Her servants had to wait on Vijaya's friends, and so they spent the first night in Laṅkā festively, being very grateful that the Gods had allowed them to find such a nice country after their dangerous voyage.

At last they lay down round a fire made of dried cocoa-nut leaves, for they would not go into the Yakkha huts, which were offered to them, for fear of treachery.

KUVENĪ.

Kuvenī in the meantime had found out Vijaya's power, and thought that it would be wiser to be submissive. She calculated that if she were to make herself look beautiful, then he might marry her and make her his Queen, and then she could give him her kingdom quite willingly, being herself a Queen. She knew very well that if she did not do so he would take her kingdom by force, and then she would lose everything.

So, when morning came, she came towards him as a beautiful young maiden, adorned with all her jewels and dressed in a beautiful red asoriya, which was gracefully draped round her slender figure.

Vijaya, who was just waking from his sleep, at first believed her to be a Ḍevī, so beautiful she looked when she was standing

before him. He liked the appearance of the Yakkha Queen very much, and he accepted her and her kingdom willingly.

Vijaya and his companions set at once to work to make themselves at home. They cut down trees, built better houses, cleared the forest partly, planted paddy, made new tanks for irrigation and lived quite contentedly with their work and in their new home.

One night Vijaya heard music in the distance. He enquired from Kuvenī about the cause of it. She answered: "In the neighboring country, a Yakkha Princess is just being given in marriage to a Yakkha Prince. There will be a seven days' festival, and if you wish it I will give that part of the country also into your hands. Even if you should not see the Yakkhas, I will go amongst them during their wedding-festival, and I will give you a sign by a Yakkha call. Then you and your companions can kill them with your swords very easily."

Vijaya was quite delighted with this proposal, and the following night he did what Kuvenī advised. He killed most of the Yakkhas and the others fled. Thus he became ruler over the whole of Laṅkā.

Vijaya might have been quite happy with his Yakkha Queen if he had not sometimes thought with regret that she was not really a human being, and only kept herself young and beautiful by her magic arts. She had borne him also two children, a boy and a girl, but these children did not look much like other children, with their rough hair and their dark brown skin; they were so very, very ugly!

Also his subjects urged him continually to be crowned King of the Island. He really deserved to be King, for he had already done very much for the Island, and large tracts were already under paddy cultivation. He had a palace made of trees and boards and laid out with beautiful mats, curtains and various cloths; but every time when his subjects pressed him on the subject of being crowned, he answered that it was not possible, because he had not a Queen-Consort of equal rank with himself.

The Coronation of Vijaya.

The ministers of Vijaya, who always received the answer that he could not consent to be crowned, sent secretly a deputation to

the King of Maḍura, in South India, who was a relative of Vijaya, asking him to send his daughter to be Queen of Laṅkā. King Pāṇḍava of Maḍura, after consulting his ministers, resolved to send his daughter Vijayī as bride of Vijaya. Seven hundred noblemen of Maḍura also consented to send their daughters with the Princess, and a beautiful ship was fitted out for them. With their servants and numerous and precious presents they started for Laṅkā.

When Vijaya was informed of the landing of this Princess, he explained to Kuvenī that she could not reign together with the *real* Queen. He offered to provide for Kuvenī in any part of his country, and to retain the two children. But Kuvenī, breaking out into loud lamentations at losing him, for whom she had betrayed the Yakkhas, took her two children and wandered into the forest. She came to the gates of a Yakkha town called Laṅkāpura, and asked for admission. But she was recognised, and, fearing that she would betray them again, one of the Yakkhas killed her.

The two children, however, escaped into the jungle and were never seen again. But it is said that the Veddahs, of whom there are about four thousand still living in Laṅkā, are their descendants.

The Princess Vijayī and her seven hundred virgin followers were received with great joy in Laṅkā. A grand wedding was celebrated, at which not only did Vijaya marry Vijayī, but also the seven hundred followers of Vijaya married the seven hundred virgins sent from Maḍura with the Princess.

With great pomp the coronation festival of Vijaya and Vijayī was celebrated, and for thirty-eight years Vijaya reigned over Laṅkā. He had given up all his bad ways. His subjects loved and honored him, and his country was in a flourishing condition, when he passed away about the year 120 from the Nirvāṇa of our Lord Buḍḍha.[1]

This is the story of the first King of Laṅkā, who landed near Puṭṭalam and took possession of the Island. He called his capital Ṭammannanuvara, which was situated a few miles from Puṭṭalam.

(To be continued.)

M. Musæus Higgins.

[1] 543 B.C.

ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.[1]

Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Budapest.

PERHAPS some of our members who are visiting beautiful Budapest in May would like to hear something of one of its most distinguished citizens, once the poor lame Jew boy, who amidst inconceivable difficulties attained a European celebrity by his own most extraordinary ability.

"Thou canst not and darest not be an ordinary man. The spirit of thy learned father is in thee," said his poor and uneducated, but capable and noble-hearted mother, to her little ten-year-old son.

One of the most touching features in this *Story* is the constant remembrance Vambéry retains of this devoted struggling mother, who had to keep the family in the absence of practical ability in the learned father. She was a woman of curious contrasts of character. Brave, resolute, far-seeing, she was also very superstitious. If a thunderstorm came in the night, she would get up, light her candle, open her bible at the story of the creation and appeal to the Creator: "Behold! O God, Thou hast created the world, destroy not Thine own handiwork." Her son inherited her wonderful memory, and to aid the family exchequer he became a tutor at the age of ten years. He was thoroughly acquainted with the Pentateuch, reading, writing and arithmetic at this early age, and at thirteen he had "learned by heart and translated whole volumes of Hebrew," and had read many German books.

His first situation was with a tailoress, to whose son he taught Hebrew in return for initiation into the mysteries of sewing. This not proving renumerative, he determined to leave home that he might at least relieve his mother of his keep. He was offered a situation in a village, two hours from home, by a Jewish innkeeper, but he looked so young and small even for his age, that the man shook his head and said it would not do. Another Jew, however, who knew the boy, said: "Never mind the outside—the lad is crammed full of learning; if your son has a spark of intelligence in him, he will get on well with him." So he remained there for six months, very much ill-used, with all

[1] *The Story of my Struggles* published by Fisher Unwin, London.

sorts of menial duties to perform in addition to his tutor's work. He brushed the clothes and blacked the boots of the family and was generally the boy-of-all-work. At the end of six months he returned home with his earnings of eight florins (16*s.*) in his pocket!

At the age of thirteen, Vambéry went to school at S. Georghen. "My sojourn in S. Georghen gave me the first proof of how much youth can bear. Hunger, cold, mockery and insult (on account of his Jewish birth), I experienced them all in turn." So far as the instruction he received went, there was no difficulty for him. In return for the crusts of bread given by his school-fellows, he helped them with their lessons.

He left the school in less than two years with his certificate containing the classification "eminent".

He studied in Vienna and Presburg, and by the time he was fifteen he knew four languages—Hungarian, German, Slav, Hebrew, besides using with ease the Latin tongue for general conversation. This remarkable facility for the acquisition of languages and his retentive memory were the foundations of his future renown, and a means of getting the wretched pittance which kept him in life during his early manhood. His unfailing cheerfulness and his power of song and dramatic recitation were also valuable aids. With these he often paid for the poor beds he occupied and the scanty meals he was able to obtain. He gave lessons to cooks and housemaids and wrote their *billets doux* for them, and in return for these favors he received a good meal. Gradually his fame spread to the lady of the house. His voice having penetrated to the drawing-room, he was called up and made to sing love-songs. His voice, his curly hair and general gaiety made him attractive, and his knowledge of languages obtained pupils for him at the rate of two florins a month, which worked out at about one penny the hour. Later on his salary was somewhat increased and he found that by teaching three hours a day he could manage to live pretty comfortably in Presburg, and devote eight hours a day to his school. Then came in 1848 the War of Independence, the savage persecution of the little Jewish colony, and the execution of the Hungarian patriots. The schools were all closed, commerce was suspended, and Vambéry fled from the

horrors around him. He was then eighteen and accepted a tutorship with a country family, the first of several similar engagements. During his leisure hours he studied English, French and Turkish, besides Italian.

Being weary of teaching and having saved 120 florins, he was seized with a wild longing for a journey to the East, and determined to start at once for Constantinople. By the kind help of Baron Eötvös, who had become interested in him and proved a life-long friend, he was assisted to reach Constantinople. His life there is a real romance. Arriving almost penniless, having in fact to obtain food on board the vessel by his recitations, he gradually rose to high position and influence. An intimate in many first-class Turkish houses as tutor, he became a perfect adept in the Turkish language, habits and customs. He was sought after in the diplomatic circles at Pera, and was constantly invited to public dinners and soirées.

In Turkey a man is estimated according to his knowledge and acquirements, and no one troubled himself about the low origin or the poverty of the man who could make himself so generally useful and agreeable. Here everything seems to have been made easy for him. He was allowed to attend the lectures of celebrated exegetists, grammarians and lawyers, and by the knowledge thus obtained he rose higher and higher in the estimation of the Turks, and as he says: "Thus I gained possession of the talisman which has been my guide in all my subsequent journeyings and wanderings." He adopted the name of Reshid Effendi, and was everywhere taken for a Turk.

His account, however, of the mode of life in Constantinople, the separation of the sexes and the absence of any high ideals, leaves one without surprise that he determined to renounce ease and comfort and sally forth again in quest of that "true satisfaction" which he writes "lies in the consciousness of having rendered if only the smallest service to mankind".

Possessed, as Vambéry was, with an insatiable thirst for adventure, he decided to return to Pest, and try to obtain some assistance for a journey to the far East. He had always had a very strong interest in the mysterious origin of the Magyar nation and language. Realising that the similarity between the latter

and the Turkish tongue increases as we journey farther into the interior of Asia, he hoped to be able to prove an identity of origin with the dwellers in that land of romantic charm and warlike legend.

The Hungarian Academy of Sciences, in acknowledgment of his literary work, had made him a corresponding member of the Institution, so when after four years, absence he returned to Pest, they granted him 1000 florins (£100) for his enterprise, and he set off at once for the Persian capital, Teheran.

If this story were not written in a style of such remarkable sincerity and frankness, the record of the adventures, the endurance, the sufferings and the resource of the narrator would be deemed incredible. Calling at Stambul on his way, his Turkish friends did their utmost to persuade him to relinquish his perilous enterprise, but without avail. They did what they could for him, however; Ali Pasha gave him an official commendation, and several other distinguished officials of the Porte gave letters of introduction to the Turkish ambassador at Teheran. He travelled as 'Reshid Effendi,' and was to all appearance a Turkish gentleman.

We have been accustomed to consider that the professors of the Christian religion are the most violent and intolerant of the small details of form and creed which separate them, but the account given in this book shows an even worse state of things among the followers of Muhammad.

The money he had received hardly sufficed for the journey to Teheran. He joined a small trading caravan, in which amidst loathsome surroundings he had, after a hard day's ride, to cook his poor meal of rice with rancid butter and sleep on the cold floor. Added to this he, a man despising all dogmatic religion, had to bear the fury of religious hatred in his character of a Turkish Effendi from the Persian Shiite Mussulmāns. He found it necessary at last for his personal safety to adopt the Persian dress and the Shiite incognito.

Greatly disillusioned of his romantic dreams, he nevertheless pursued his journeying and went to Bokhāra right through the Turkoman Steppes, in the character of a roving Dervish, night and day in dread of discovery, which meant death and torture. The marked character of the man who voluntarily subjected himself to

such a life when he might have been easy, comfortable and respected in Constantinople, is strikingly shown. Now and again in the various cities on his route he got a little rest and intellectual society, but for the most part poverty, privation, fatigue and danger were his lot.

This is his description, however, of the physical result of this wild life in the open air: "I could brave wind and rain, heat and cold, without the slightest risk; I slept in the saddle as on the softest bed; I rode on any kind of saddle-beast over hill and dale; nay, I took special pleasure in horsemanship—a thing which, considering my lame leg, is now incomprehensible to me. I swung myself into the saddle of a horse in full gallop; I mounted high loaded mules and camels as if I had been brought up with rope-dancers; and I felt safe in company with the roughest specimens of humanity, as if I had lived all my life with vagrants and robbers."

Professor Vambéry has a very warm appreciation for England and Englishmen. Most of our countrymen will have heard of, if they do not actually remember, the enthusiasm with which the great traveller and accomplished scholar was greeted when he came to London. He was the lion of the fashionable drawing-rooms and great country-houses, and was courted by our foremost politicians, scientists and social leaders. He wrote in our papers and magazines, and knew all the foremost men of the day. He looks upon England as the only country where the Jew can feel really at home, for even in the land of his birth he is deeply hurt by the consciousness that a Jew is not looked upon as a Hungarian.

The Story of my Struggles gives one indeed much food for thought. The 'struggle' is truly unending. It is not wonderful that this accomplished man, but persecuted Jew, should come to the conclusion that the religions men profess are rather a hindrance than a help to the human brotherhood which his soul longs to realise.

Now, in the evening of his days, he is refreshed by none of the splendors of the life after death which are dreamed of and actually realised by many touched by the light of Theosophy. Yet he is cheerful and brave. An indefatigable worker, he writes: "If there

be anything which makes the approaching evening of one's life empty and unpleasant it is the grief henceforth no longer to be fit for work .... henceforth it is the past only which offers me the cup of precious sweet delight. I see myself as the schoolboy of Duna Szerdahely, hurrying along towards the Jewish school, leaning on my crutch, and warming my half-numbed fingers on frosty winter mornings with the hot potatoes which I carried in my pocket for breakfast. Again I see myself laden with distinctions at the royal table in the palace of Windsor, or Yildiz; dining from massive gold plates and honored by the highest representatives of Western and Eastern Society. Seated all alone, in my lonely room I see myself once more in the turmoil of life and, gazing in the richly-colored kaleidoscope, I am now intoxicated with bliss, then again trembling with fear. In the smallest details I enjoy those blissful moments of delivery from terrible distress, the threatening danger of life-long slavery, or a martyr's awful death. At the end of my life I am fully satisfied with the result of my struggles."

There is pathos indeed in the thought that a man who has developed the immense power of will shown in this life, the wonderful endurance, the persistent patience and ability to carry out his designs, the love and belief in *work*, should be left to grieve under the delusion that work for him is at an end.

Not so does the Eternal Father waste the faculties that have been so laboriously and painfully, if also joyfully, acquired, by his children.

Courage, brethren! the end is not yet.

URSULA M. BRIGHT.

[Prof. Vambéry is now living at Budapest, and some of our Fellows attending the International Congress which is to be held there, on May 30th and 31st, June 1st and 2nd, may be glad to take the opportunity of paying homage to this great Hebrew scholar. How glad a thing would it be for him if the Sun of Theosophy should rise upon him, and lighten his eventide. ED.]

"IT will not burn, Master!" said the boy.

The night was very still. Outside, all Nature lay in trance, held by the deadly grip of an iron frost; inside, the only sound was the purring hiss of the leaping flame, as it licked and spurted round the great black pot which the boy was stirring.

"It will not burn, Master," he said again, and turned a thin, white face, crowned with an aureole of golden hair, towards the shadows at the far end of the long room.

No answer came to him in spoken words, but out of the blue dimness stole the wail of organ notes, touched softly one after another like the plaint of a human voice, and the boy turned back to his crucible with a sigh, for he knew that it was vain to seek for advice or help while that low cry came stealing like the echo of a soul in pain.

"'Pain and the rapture thereof—joy and its pain!' What does he mean when he says those words over and over as we two sit alone here by the fire?"

The boy grew weary of the effort (made many times before) to solve the riddle, and, flinging himself on the old settle at the chimney corner, gave himself up to dreams, begotten in his sensitive soul by those low, heart-searching tones. Outside, the black frost held, and not a twig stirred in the tense stillness of the midnight hour. Inside, the leaping flames painted walls and ceiling with images of weird and elfin forms, while the boy slumbered with face upturned and angel-like; and the organ notes crept, a dim host on tiptoe, to the place where he lay.

The hours went on, and the fire died down, but still the unseen player in the shadows woke the echoes with his unearthly music; now changing his theme to strange intervals and cadences that spoke of things non-human and alien to the quick pulses of the living and the happy; then again returning to it and building upon it variations in the minor key, but always with the same effect of a voice discarnate, unearthly, and aloof from human passion and desire; a voice crying inarticulately from beyond the boundaries of time and sense upon some unknown destiny, whose secrets lay hid in futurity. At length with the chord of the minor ninth the sound came abruptly to an end, and in the shadows a figure moved

and grew into distinctness in the circle of light from the dying embers. It bent over the sleeping boy and threw a rug over him, piled fresh logs upon the hearth, and in the light of their kindling stood revealed as a man of middle age, tall, strong and muscular, with clean-shaven, ascetic face, features that spoke of power and dominant will, and eyes keen and direct in their glance, though lit at the present moment with the inner light by which the seer and visionary steers his course. Drawing a low seat to the fire, he held his hands to the reviving blaze and spoke aloud, though in low and dreamy tones:

"Pain and the rapture thereof—joy and its pain! Whence come they? And into what common chord, fundamental and essential in the life of humanity, may they be resolved? If I knew that one secret—if in any alembic I might but transmute either or both into That which is neither *and* both! Then indeed were I the true Alchemist, the Master of life and destiny; and before my knowledge and the spoken word of my Power even the heavens would roll up as a scroll, and the warp and woof on which the Eternal is spun from the thread of human character would shrivel and hang in space like a scrap of charred tinder!"

He paused and hung brooding over the flame, the rapt look of the dreamer deepening in his sombre eyes, one strong hand resting on the shoulder of the boy who lay stretched by his side, the other propping his square chin as he leaned forward, elbow on knee.

The boy stirred and flung his arm across his face to ward off the light from the blazing logs; the shadows crept and crowded dense and silent in the distant parts of the room; and about the organ pipes, high up in the darkness of the vaulted ceiling, a faint radiance, moon-like and elusive, played like the flicker of summer lightning. Again the man spoke aloud in the same low tones, his fingers straying among the boy's curls as he followed the winding mazes of his thought:

"*Where* is the secret? How is it that I cannot find it? I who have sought it for these forty years, paying for the privilege of the search my youth and its joys, my manhood and its desires, my sleep, my waking hours, my very food itself! What is it, that I may not find it, who have sought it with a desire and an ambition a thousandfold more intense than the desire which brings to other

men success along the lines of earthly power or wealth? I, who have brought to the search the power of a trained scientific brain, the insight of an ascetic, the knowledge of a student of the philosophies and metaphysics of bygone ages, the determination of every fibre of my being! What and where is it—that peace which passes understanding—that white light in which the many colors we know as life may be blent and unified into the radiance of eternity? It eludes me ever—it has all-being and yet no-being—and between the poles of pain and joy I find the many-hued mass of human thought and desire—nor may find anything beyond these two."

He paused again; then went on, his gaze quitting the fire to rest upon the sleeper at his side.

"This boy—this mere child of eleven years of so-called life—is not he the greatest failure of all my experiments? Taken by me at the age of six months and brought up by me in this room, with no knowledge that in the whole of space there exists another human being or another inch of solid earth! No windows let in the light of day; no voices but the voice of the organ break the silence; no food, save bread, fruit and milk, has ever passed his lips, and those put before him with no suggestion that they are not as indigenous to these four walls as are the couch and table at which he sits! Pain and joy! Desire and the fruit thereof! It was in my mind to see the flowering of a human soul wherein these had no place, and only this night he came to me and stood at my knee, his eyes full of the dumb pain of some hurt or trapped creature: 'Master,' he said, 'what is joy?' I bade him say the word again stringing it on to others, such as oxygen, nitrogen mercury, potassium. 'Joy, my son, is a chemical element, like these others whose nature I have explained to you, yet more potent and subtle in its action than they are. But, tell me, wherefore you ask me this question?' To which he answered, after some thought: 'These other elements, Master, are things you make use of in your experiments; but I have never used them yet, because I am so small and weak. And yet I think—I think, Master, that joy would not hurt me as they might. I think that even I, though I am little, could experiment with joy, if you would give me some.' And so I learned that innate and intimate in his

very nature was that capacity for and desire towards joy which I had so carefully striven to keep from him; and that, sooner or later, if I should continue to exclude it, I must inevitably admit its twin and opposite—pain!"

Sighing deeply, the man rose and began to pace the room to and fro before the hearth, his thoughts engraving themselves in deep lines upon his brow, his lips set and stern with the intensity of his inner communing. Suddenly, as if a hand had been laid upon his shoulder, his attention was arrested, and by a strong compulsion he felt his gaze drawn once more towards the sleeping boy. At the same moment, the latter moved restlessly, opened his eyes with a wide, unseeing stare in their fixed pupils, stretched every limb with slow, graceful movements that seemed to the watcher full of some vague yet poignant memory for himself, and then, drawing himself into a reclining posture on the settle, began to speak, after a gesture or two suggestive of arranging long or flowing drapery about the feet and lower limbs.

"Claudian!" At the word, spoken in a full, soft voice, with a subtle vibration of tenderness thrilling the low tone, the listener started and a strong shiver ran along his spine and made his flesh turn cold with strong emotion. "Claudian! *I* am here, and *I* will answer the question which so perplexes thy soul, for to me it is given to-night to point out to thee the road by which may be attained that goal which thy soul so ardently seeks. Hold thou thy peace and hearken awhile, for I know not how long I may hold this frail yet responsive body which I have borrowed from our child while he sleeps. I say 'our child,' Claudian, for this little waif to whom thy Fate guided thee, making use to do so of thy love of experiment and scientific research, is but the same soul to whom we, thou and I, my beloved, did give a physical body long years ago, when as forsworn priest and priestess we lived and loved in far-off Greece in the olden time. Dost thou remember my name, Claudian? Does it stir sleeping memories when thy lips shape it to-day? Eudora! ah, how thou once didst love that one little word! I see thee start and tremble now! Yes, thou *didst* love it once, and yet dost remember how, flattered and beguiled into falseness by the whim of an Empress, thou didst leave me to starve and die of a broken heart in the prison where she flung me?

"We have lived more than one life since then, my Claudian; and in each it has been made possible for thee to redeem that past of desertion and faithlessness, but in each thou hast chosen rather to seek for thyself freedom from the life of the senses, which thou hast truly outgrown so far as the urgings of desire thereto for self-gratification. But, my Claudian, thou art not yet free from the chains forged in those bygone years; thou mayst not yet find escape from the pair of opposites between whose two poles the web of human character is spun. The ascetic life which has trained and developed thine iron will; the life of study and research which has given thee the keen brain and intellectual power which all men own and respect—these have but given thee the tools with which to work, and, till thou shalt use them *as* tools, but one more burden to carry. Thou hast sought to escape from the bondage of joy and pain by eluding them altogether; learn then that not until thou canst endure equally and with unshaken will the touch of both upon thy soul, shall the Way open to thee wherein thou shalt be free to find that white light towards which thy quest is directed. Seek joy and thou shalt find pain, and the long weary road of sorrow and unslaked desire; seek pain and thou shalt find joy, and that joy shall lead thee to the very Portal itself!

"I said that thou wast not yet free to enter into that Portal —and, my Claudian, it is I who hold thee back! Not by my will, for that is now pure of self where thou art concerned, but by the Great Law that is working in all our actions and thoughts, and which none may evade. Not until thou hast made atonement to me for that life's bitter pain, when in my grief and loss I railed upon the High Gods and Destiny and died cursing all but thee—but *thee*, my beloved!—not until thou hast given up all that life holds for thee in order to compensate for that desertion, may the debt be cancelled and thy soul be free to pass the gateway to that further Path.

"Because I have known this, out of the poor and wretched body which is mine in this life (chosen by me in order to give *thy* soul the chance to pay all—to pay royally and in one final act) I have craved the boon of this one chance to make it known to thee also. And now my hour is almost done; already I am losing control of this, the only link between my true conscious-

ness and thine. Listen, *and remember*, for on that memory and on thine own intuitions hangs all the future and thy further progress. Thou shalt find me in the world of men and women and, *when* and *wheresoever* I may be, take my life and shield and protect it with thine own, though it bring thee the scorn and derision, even the hatred and contempt, of men. Listen, I say—and remember! The woman who is in this life the Eudora of the past will be known to thee by these words; she will say to thee: 'It will not burn, Master! The offering is not complete.' They are symbolical of the offering of thine own life, which truly thou desirest to make, yet knowest not that thou withholdest still that which alone may make the sacrificial fires burn upward like incense to the World's Lord. Farewell, my beloved; I came but to give thee freedom; yet of a truth thou must first bow thy neck to the yoke, for such is the Law which alters for none!"

The words faltered and grew fainter, then ceased, and with a short, quick, breath the boy's slight form fell back against the wooden rail of the settle. The slender body was cold and the lips blue, and for some time his guardian feared that life would never again reanimate the fragile form. Not until he had gathered it to his own breast and poured over it the force of his own strong magnetic aura did the rigid limbs relax and grow warm, and healthful sleep once more succeeded to that deathlike trance.

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Dr. Maximilian Le Sage looked up from the Review, the pages of which he had been idly turning over in the smoking-room of his club.

"Yes, I am always interested in these cases of multiple personality," he said, thoughtfully, refusing with a gesture the cigar profferred by his friend, Sebastien Dessaux, the eminent French psychologist. "You say she is in England?" he added, after a moment's pause.

Dessaux nodded: "Till to-morrow, yes; then I intend taking her with me to my *clinique* at Versailles. I want to watch her carefully. If there is anything in this theory—now so much in the air that it can almost be called by a more definite name—of the persistence of the individual through a series of physical existences, I think we shall arrive at something that may be called proof of it along the

line of research into these cases of so-called multiple personality. I do not hold that they are of the nature of obsession in the majority of instances, and especially in cases like that of this woman of whom I speak. I should like your opinion on her, Le Sage. Why not come with me now and see her? She is at the hospital to which she was taken after the accident. As I told you, she is a woman from the pavement, a mere fleck of the offscouring of humanity. She was knocked down by a motor car, Rollinson sent for me when the dual personality manifested itself; she thinks she is a Priestess or Vestal, or some such thing, I should say, and that she has broken her vows, or is being tempted to do so. But come, *mon ami*, and see for yourself."

A silent man always, Le Sage only bent his head, and rising, signified his readiness to accompany his friend. A short drive brought them to the hospital, and with a nod to the porter at the entrance Dessaux passed in and led the way along the long stone corridors, past ward after ward, till they came to a room at the end of one of the passages. The door into this latter was closed, but the upper half was of glass, made secure on the outer side by a sliding panel of wood. Dr. Dessaux drew aside this panel and Le Sage looked into a small room with only two beds, a small table and a chair in it. Before the table stood a woman clad in a long loose gown of some coarse grey material. Her face was turned from the door, and Le Sage could only see the mass of dark hair touched here and there with grey, which hung down below her waist. She was apparently going through some ceremony or ritual, for she bowed from time to time before the table and made gestures as if watching or tending something which lay upon it. Occasionally she raised her left hand and went through the motion of one who scattered grain or powder into a receptacle in front of her. At the same time, she chanted some words in a low musical voice.

"Let us enter," said Dessaux, withdrawing the bolt as he spoke. "I want you to speak to her at once—quite naturally, as if you knew her. I believe she is known as Vesta; call her by name, but do not touch her."

Le Sage entered the room and standing a pace behind the figure at the table spoke her name in a quiet, but distinct voice:

"Vesta, what are you doing?"

The woman did not turn to him, but answered in a dreamy, musical voice: "I do not know Vesta; I am Eudora, and I have failed to guard the sacred flame. It will not burn, Master! The offering is not complete—for into it I should have cast my heart and its earthly love, the love which is thine, my Master, and my beloved."

Turning with a swift movement she faced the two men, and Le Sage saw the pale haggard face of a woman of some forty years of age—not beautiful, though redeemed from actual lack of beauty by the delicate contour of the mouth and jaw, and the sad yet sweet expression of the dark grey eyes. As the latter met his own he was conscious of a strange thrill, whether of attraction or antagonism he could not tell. With a gesture he silenced Dessaux who was about to intervene, and moving nearer to the woman, still keeping his eyes on hers, he spoke again:

"If you are Eudora, who am I?"

The answer came unhesitatingly: "Thou art Claudian, the forsworn priest of this temple and my lover. Oh, I have sought thee long, my beloved, and it has been a weary quest, but now that I have found thee, thou wilt not leave me again? Say that I shall never lose thee, my Claudian; but that, purified and cleansed from the passion of earth, we may again serve in the Holy Shrine as of old. Master—as of old in the days of my pure service I used to call thee—say that it shall be so!"

"Eudora!" came the stern answer, "you say that you are purified and cleansed; how comes it that in this life—as Vesta—you have been among those whose lives are lived in sin?"

The prostitute let her sad yet soft glance rest with a look that was almost pitying in its tenderness upon the face of the man.

"Master, and must I teach thee?" she answered softly. "In that life, as Eudora, my soul yearned for and took the unlawful and forbidden joys of sense and the flesh! In this life, as Vesta, my body has paid the price, but my soul has gained its freedom. I chose the life of one of those whom the world names outcast, even while it thrusts them deeper into the mire—partly that I might the more quickly pay the price and taste the joys of peace and purity; but most that thou also mightest pay thy debt, my Master—by the greatness of thy

self-abnegation in stooping to the outcast from the heights of wisdom and strength to which thou hast attained. Claudian, canst thou rise by stooping, and in rising lift me, even *me*, to those further heights to which thy spirit would fain attain ?"

For all answer Maximilian Le Sage stepped forward and, taking one hand of the woman of the pavement, raised it reverently to his lips.

"Be it as you have said, Eudora!" he answered. "In this life you and I will be once again servers before the Shrine of the Sacred Mysteries; and together keep alight the Flame of Wisdom and Love in the hearts of men! For you are cleansed and washed with the baptism of fire, and once again your soul is virgin in the Temple of the Most High."

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An hour later those two entered the silent room where the shadows played around the firelit hearth, and the faint radiance as of some divine Presence brooded where the organ pipes lost themselves in the blue dimness overhead. The fair boy bent as was his wont over the black jars and crucibles that hissed and bubbled in the flames. He did not turn as they drew near, but spoke in clear, joyous tones :

"See, Master, it burns, it burns at last—the gold clears itself and the dross has sunk below and burns into nothing! And O Master, I know *now* the meaning of those words you say so many, many times : 'Pain and the rapture thereof; Joy and its pain!' For see, the baser metals shape themselves into a figure, and the name of that figure I know to be the Cross. And as they take that form upon the shining surface of the molten gold, they turn into gold themselves, and more and more take their place till there will be none of the base metal left; and I think, Master, that I have had a dream in which I learned to know that the name of the Maker of the shape called the Cross is 'The Divine Alchemist'."

E. M. G.

REVIEWS.

THE CHRIST OF THE CROSS.[1]

This is the book which caused a sensation in the Presbyterian Church in New Zealand, last year. The author was arraigned before the Synod, and the verdict practically was: "Not guilty, but don't do it again." The writer attacks the 'expiatory theory' that Christ died to satisfy the wrath of God, and substitutes instead another which he calls the 'propitiatory theory'. By this he tries to show that the coming of God into human form was necessary to transmit to man the perfect hatred of sin, the perfect love of righteousness, and the perfect faith which he assumes that God requires before He can pardon the sins of man. This is an attempt of a devout and thoughtful minister to 'justify the ways of God to man,' without taking into consideration the laws of re-incarnation and karma, which seems to us a fatal omission. But as the book is avowedly written only for those Christians who believe that they owe their spiritual life and the forgiveness of their sins to the sacrifice of the Christ of the Cross, we can recognise that this work represents a distinct advance in Presbyterian theology. To us who are accustomed to dwell so much on the divinity of man, it comes almost as a shock to find how little stress is laid on the divine origin or goal of man. The 'sonship' of man is, of course, inherent in the 'fatherhood' of God, but too often the fact of the necessary identity of essence is lost sight of in controversial works. Mr. Gibson Smith has shaken himself free from some of the fetters of theological dogmatism and has helped others to think on broader lines, and we can wish him God-speed in his future thinking.

K. B.

TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY (1904-1905).[2]

This magnificent volume—as magnificent as its predecessors—counts full 500 quarto pages, and contains over 50 plates and more than 100 figures. Its contents are, first of all, the annual report of the Chief, telling of the splendid work done during the last year and the splendid work mapped out for years to come. We note amongst other things that the work for the Handbook of American Indian Languages was vigorously pushed on, and that the preparatory labors for the Handbook of American Indians, mapped out on a lavish scale, had been nearly finished. In fact, the report says: "With the exception of a few articles that had not been quite finished by those to whom the subjects were assigned, the manuscript of the body of the Handbook, recorded in more than 40,000 cards, together with about 800 illustra-

[1] By Rev. J. Gibson Smith, published by Gordon and Gotch Ltd., Wellington and London.

[2] Washington Government Printing Office, 1908.

tions, was submitted to the Secretary for transmittal to the Public Printer on July 1, 1905, for publication in two octavo volumes as Bulletin 30 of the Bureau. These cards do not include about 37,000 cross-references to the tribal synonyms, nor the bibliography. . . . they will be put in type to appear at the close of the work."

The archæological map of the United States was also continued and now marks 1008 archæological sites.

After this short report (23 pages), the bulk of the volume is taken up by the usual 'accompanying papers,' here two in number. Frank Russell writes about the Pima Indians, and John R. Swanton about the Social Condition, Beliefs, and Linguistic Relationship of the Tlingit Indians. The usual thoroughness and method characterise these papers, which are profusely illustrated. Numerous texts and translations of songs and speeches are given, whilst the games, religion, myths, deities, cosmology, shamanism, witchcraft and history of these tribes are treated of at length, and are subjects of special interest to Theosophists.

J. v. M.

OCCULT AND PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.[1]

This little book contains the record of some very curious psychical experiences narrated in a straightforward way. Had the book been intended for scientific psychical researchers we should have looked for greater fulness of detail and corroborative evidence. Taken as it is, it should rouse curiosity and encourage further investigation. Many of the events are of the kind with which we are familiar from writers on the superphysical, but the two which will most interest the student are those in which the writer, while functioning in full physical consciousness, visits his friends abroad and in one case gives magnetic healing. We must appreciate Mr. Hack's courage in writing this book, and facing that ridicule of the ignorant which will probably be his lot for daring to express his belief in the unknown laws of superphysical nature.

K. B.

THE HUMAN SOUL.[2]

Students of practical religion have reason to be grateful to the author of this little treatise, which answers in so clear, concise, and attractive a manner, those ever-recurring questions of the thoughtful:

Which am I, Soul or Spirit ? If the former, am I immortal ? If the latter and therefore perfect, why this clashing of two natures, this constant inner warfare between the higher and the lower ? And where the necessity for earth-life with its constant change and attendant misery ?

The author answers these questions from four standpoints. (1) Indian, (2) Christian, (3) Buddhist and (4) in a synthesis of these —" Conclusions".

[1] By Wilton Hack, The Oriental Publishing Co., Madras.

[2] By Wilton Hack, The Oriental Publishing Co., Madras.

He shows clearly that all these religions are founded on the same fundamental idea—that of Absolute Deity, only a portion of which is manifest, or embodied. In " Conclusions " he takes something from all and gives an excellent explanation of the drama of life, soul-experience and evolution as we see it around us and feel it within us, continuity of life and consciousness, and logical sowing and reaping life after life until the Christos within shines triumphant through His vehicles of matter, consciously immortal, omnipresent, omniscient—the Perfected Man, " one with the Father".

C.

LA PAROLA DI BUḌḌHA.[1]

An excellent translation into Italian verse of part of the eighth book of Sir Edwin Arnold's immortal *Light of Asia*. The translator, Sforza Ruspoli, gives first an interesting introduction, in which she points out the necessity for the West of understanding the Orient, especially the Buḍḍhist Orient, possible alone by understanding its ideals. In no better form has this eastern idealism been summarised than in that part of Arnold's book which is here presented in translation. A terse summary of the life of the Buḍḍha, in the light of the first seven books of Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, is also given, as well as a short glossary of the Samskṛṭ terms in the translated text. Altogether a sympathetic, useful and very pleasant production.

J. v. M.

ARROWS.[2]

This work is intended as a birthday and autograph album. It is an abundant treasury of noble thoughts, of rare mental gems carefully culled from the choicest writings of the world's poets, saints, sages, and seers. It contains 97 printed pages, each having a blank page opposite for recording names, dates of birth, or thoughts of the writers thereon. The index of subjects (66 in number) facilitates the finding of the topics of discourse. The book is handsomely bound.

W. A. E.

PSYCHOLOGY, NORMAL AND ABNORMAL.[3]

This is a little American text-book on psychology, written from the intuitive standpoint as contrasted with the experimental one. Its author says of it himself : " Brain cells and the cortex of the cerebrum are very well as far as they go, but memory and imagination are beyond and above them and demand a solution in principle as well as in matter." Hence he says in another *passus* : " It is a text-book for students in colleges and a volume for their professors also." This is as it may be ; but it is certain that there is matter of interest in this little volume for any one who busies himself with psychology. Its heterodoxy will help to blow fresh air into the study cell, if it does no more.

J. v. M.

[1] Fratelli Bocca, Turin.

[2] The Priory Press; Hampstead, London.

[3] By Warren E. Lloyd., M. L., Ph. D., assisted by Annie Elisabeth Cheney. Baumgardt Publishing Co., Los Angelos, Cal..

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The Occult Review—(April)[1]

Mr. A. S. Furnel provides interesting reading on "Goethe as an Occultist". Goethe as an Occultist is too often overlooked and the article goes to show, through the help of various anecdotes, that the great man believed in clairvoyance, telepathy, subtler worlds, will-power, etc., etc. Not only pre-existence of soul but its growth through re-incarnation also Goethe believed in. "I am as sure," he wrote to his friend Falk, "as of my presence here now, that I have been here a thousand times before, and I hope to return a thousand times more." Moreover Goethe seems inclined to attribute his love of Roman things to a former life of his under Hadrian, and supposes that his friend Boisserée was incarnated in the fifteenth century somewhere on the lower Rhine. The reproduction of various bits of his recorded conversation and quotations from his prose works (the writer of the article purposely refrains from making use of his dramas and poems lest they be considered as mere flights of imagination) go to prove the belief of Goethe in the superphysical and the occult.

Other Contents: "Notes of the Month"; "Occult Happenings," by Dr. Franz Hartmann; "The Mythos and the Man"; "Magnetism, Hypnotism"; "Correspondence," etc.

The Metaphysical Magazine—(February)[2]

Prof. Edgar Lucien Larkin writing on "Directivity, Activity, Immanency" points out that the present world-movement along the psychic and mental way will raise psychology into the ranks of the standard sciences, as the "thought pendulum is now moving on the mental arc much faster than it did on the material, and with ever increasing acceleration." He who denies these facts is simply ignorant of current world events, "falling fast, and falling faster". In the latest and most advanced researches of modern science, as for example in the nature of the electron, the writer sees the return to ancient thoughts and ideas and, speaking of mind immanent in matter, he says: "This word immanency equals Cosmic Mind, Cosmic Consciousness. This is where the Aryan Hindū philosophers began sixty centuries ago." It is certainly an article that indicates the signs of the times.

Other Contents: "Responsibility in Suicide," by Wm. Hinshaw M.D.; "The King's Touch;" "An Indian Legend"; "The Indestructibility of Matter"; "Death, the Joy of the World"; Poems, Departments of Psychic Phenomena and Metaphysics, Notes, etc.

Review of Reviews—(March)[3]

While, as usual, containing much interesting and useful matter, the number contains but little demanding special notice. "Healers and Healing" dealing with Christian Scientists, Mr. W. H. Edwards, a magnetic healer, and Mr. J. M. Hickson of the Society of Emmanuel, is concluded.

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[1] William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, London, E. C.

[2] The Metaphysical Publishing Co., 500, Fifth Avenue, New York

[3] Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W. C.

Mr. Stead reviews his own new book, *Reminiscences and Correspondence of Madame Olga Novikoff* and writes on "How our Helpers helped and may now help."

Other Contents: "The Progress of the World"; "Current History in Caricature"; "Interviews on the Topics of the Month"; "John Bull at the Penitent Form"; "Leading Articles in the Review"; "The Reviews Reviewed"; "The Dramatic Revival in Great Britain," by Estelle W. Stead; "The Review's Bookshop," etc.

THE NEW AGE—(March) [1]

"The Strength and Beauty of Masonry," by M. A. Cassidy, contains thoughts which every Mason should ponder over. He wants to attach paramount importance to Masonic symbolism. One may memorise and often repeat the Masonic ritual without becoming a good Mason, but as there is no magic in mere words it is necessary that the spirit that quickens should be sought. The writer is convinced that Masonry, through its symbolism, is moral and spiritual progression. Every Mason must try to edify or build. The material with which he must work is the spiritual mind and the tools he must use are the Masonic symbols. "Laying the foundations deep with all the shining virtues exemplified in our work, each of us, with the help of our Supreme Ruler, must build both for time and eternity."

Other Contents: "The Parade Avenue of the Nation"; "The Flame of Freedom"; "Ipolito in Grand Opera"; "The Emmanuel Movement"; "The Rise of Ibsen and his Plays"; "Celebrating the Centenary of Ed. Fitzgerald"; "Recollections of my Life, Military, Municipal and Masonic," by R. F. Goulde; "Making Mason at Sight—President-elect Taft made a Mason at Sight"; Masonic Activities, etc., etc.

MODERN REVIEW—(April). [2]

Prof. D. J. Fleming of the Forman Christian College, Lahore, writes on "Education through Social Helpfulness," mentioning many ways in which students in India have devoted their time to altruistic and self-sacrificing work. Especially noteworthy seems to be the work of the boys at the C. M. S. High School, Srinagar, where nearly every boy in the school takes upon himself some task of this kind. The writer is quite correct when he says that those who wish others to work should not simply say "do this," "do that," but rather "come on, follow me." (The article should be read by all those who have joined the Sons of India Order.)

In "Race development—dangers ahead," Mr. N. H. Setalvad gives a timely warning as to the moral and physical perils incident upon industrialism and suggests that Indians, who are interested in the development of the industries of their country, should bear this important question in mind: he quotes the following wise words from Dr. Rodolph Broda as to the education of the future:

"In place of the educational method derived from the mediæval 'Schoolmen' with its learning by rote and its destruction of free

[1] Official Organ of the Supreme Council of the 33rd degree A. and A. Scottish Rite, S. J., U. S. A., 1, Madison Avenue, New York.

[2] 215-3-1 Cornwallis Street, Calcutta.

individuality, the complete development of all natural talents, the encouragement of independent thinking and sympathy with Nature and Nature's wonderful forces, must become the aim of education. The development of the sound body will have to go hand-in-hand with the development of the sound mind, each supplementing the other."

Other Contents: "How Jai Singh defeated Shivaji."; "The Modern Thought of God," by Rev. J. T. Sunderland; "Raj Narain Bose," by Mr. Jadunath Sarkar; "The Fatal Garland," by Shrimati Svarna Kumari Devi.

INDIAN REVIEW—(March)[1]

Rev. B. Edwin Greaves writes a very sensible essay on "A United India" in which he reviews the difficulties of the task and suggests the kind of practical idealism necessary for this stupendous work. Though United India may be a 'far-off divine event' let us remember that it is divine and that its far-offness is to a large extent human and rests with men. "Our first duty is to lay hold of and apply in our own immediate spheres those principles which make for unity..... Let our nationality be what it may, and our religion what it may, let us strive to think the most generous thoughts of one another, and to cultivate cordial relations with those who are our nearest neighbors."

Other Contents: "The India Councils Bill"; "Why I attended the Madras Congress"; "The Fourth Industrial Conference"; "Provincial Governments," by Govinda Dās; "Mrs. Besant's Mission in India," by An Indian Nationalist; "Missionary Misrepresentation," by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, D. Sc.; "Animals and Exploration"; "Lajjavati, a tale"; "We are only One (a Poem)"; Current Events, etc.

ACADEMICAL MAGAZINES.

Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, January, 1909.

This number opens with a paper by Dr. J. F. Fleet on "The Day on which Buddha died" an abstract of which was read before the Congress at Copenhagen. "Tradition says that Buddha died on the full-moon day of the month Vaiçākha, which usually answers, for the times with which we are concerned, to part of March and part of April." But this is suspicious, because this very day of the year is also assigned to the following events: the birth of Buddha, the attainment of Buddhahood, the temptation by Māra, and the birth of Rāhula, the son of Buddha. "The full-moon day of Vaiçākha, as one of the days given by tradition for the death of Buddha, does not answer the requirements of the case with reference to statements in the Dīpavamsa about certain historical events in the careers of Açoka, Devānampiya-Tissa, and Mahendra. The day Kārttika Çukla 8 [in October], given for that occurrence by the tradition of a sufficiently ancient Buddhist sect, that of the Sarvāstivādins, does answer those requirements. It is at least not opposed to what we can gather from the Mahāparinibbāna-Sutta

[1] G. A. Natesan & Co., Esplanade, Madras.

and from the [Chinese] story about the 'dotted record.' And there is nothing about it tending to lead us to regard it, like the full-moon day of Vaiçākha, as an invented or conventional day." As to the *year* of Buḍḍha's death, Dr. Fleet still holds that it was B. C. 483, the so-called Buḍḍhavarṣa being, in his opinion not the result of a continuous maintenance of an original reckoning from the death of Buḍḍha, but the artificial result of a miscalculation done in Ceylon towards the end of the twelfth century A. D.

Mr. Vincent A. Smith contributes an interesting paper on "The Gurjaras of Rājpuṭāna and Kanauj" which originally were in all probability an Asiatic horde of nomads who forced their way into India along with or soon after the White Huns in either the fifth or the sixth century, and subsequently became a great power, as is shown by numerous inscriptions supplying a complete genealogy and unbroken succession list of fourteen kings of a Gurjara-Praṭihāra dynasty, whose capital at first was Bhilmāl in Rājpuṭāna and then Kanauj on the Ganges, and who were at the height of their glory during the reigns of Mihira Bhoja and his son Mahenḍrapāla between 840 and 910 A. D.

There is further a long and important article by Dr. R. Hoernle on "Some Problems in ancient Indian History," *viz.*, the identity of Yaçoḍharman and Vikramāḍitya, and some corollaries. The Hunic invasion of India had a no less disastrous effect than that of Europe. As Mr. Kennedy says: "it changed the face of north-western India". Under such circumstances it is a question of great interest whether the credit of having defeated the Indian Attila, the cruel king Mihirakula, belongs to Narasimhagupta (Bālāḍitya) or to Yaçoḍharman. The former theory originally (1889) put forward by Dr. Hoernle is now adopted in Mr. Vincent Smith's *Early History of India*, against which Dr. Hoernle shows with much plausibility that the hero must have been Yaçoḍharman, who was originally only the chief of a tribe (the Jaṭṭa or Jāṭ) settled in Mārwāra, or western Rājpuṭāna. Yaçoḍharman himself tells us in one of his inscriptions that he defeated Mihirakula and extended the boundaries of his empire over countries which neither the Guptas nor the Hūnas had ever possessed (the eastern provinces of Bīhar and Bengal, and Kashmīr). His empire commenced about 525 A. D. and probably lasted many years. He must have had several other names such as Vikramāḍitya and Çīlāḍitya, and he is the man, according to Dr. Hoernle, whose great achievement survives in the Indian tradition of 'Rāja Bikram of Ujain,' and in the change of the Mālava era into the Vikrama era. Dr. Hoernle further states that the description of Raghu's *digvijaya* in Kāliḍāsa's *Raghuvamça* follows and names exactly the landmarks given by Yaçoḍharman of his own *digvijaya* in his well-known Mandasor inscription. For this and other reasons Dr. Hoernle thinks that Kāliḍāsa's time may be set down as about 490-550 A. D., and that the famous grammarian Chandragomin must also be placed about 470-530 A. D.

From the "Miscellaneous Communications," and "Notices of Books" the following items are worth mentioning. The date of the Bṛhatkaṭhā is, according to Mr. B. Keith, the second or third century A. D. (as already assumed by Silvain Lévi), and that of the Muḍrārākṣasa

either the seventh or the ninth century A. D. Of Marco Polo's *Travels* three new editions have appeared recently. Don M. de Z. Wickremasinghe has discovered traces of a Buḍḍhist era in Ceylon, by which the death of Buḍḍha was dated in 483 B. C. In his book, *The Languages of the Northern Himālayas* (London, 1908), the Rev. T. Grahame Bailey gives *inter alia* sketches of three dialects of Kāṣmīrī, "that most fascinating and most difficult of all Indian languages," as Dr. Grierson says. *Bel, the Christ of Ancient Times* by Hugo Radau (Chicago and London, 1908) seems to be a very interesting work. It endeavors to show that Amar-ud, Merodach, or Bel, is the great God of the Babylonians, he who restored the dead to life, the redeemer of the fallen Gods, the savior of the universe; and further that resurrection was an essential doctrine of the Babylonian religion. *Mysterium und Mimus im Ṛgveda*, by Leopold von Schroeder is criticised at length, though not very favorably. So far as we know, in Germany too it is considered rather a failure. "Professor v. Schroeder seeks to prove that in the mysterious Samvāda hymns of the Ṛgveda we have the text of ancient mysteries and mimes, relics of a drama which died out later, and which is not historically connected with the later drama, though it sprang from the same root."

Other contents: A Southern Kurdish Folksong in Kermanshaki Dialect, by E. B. Soane; the Pāhlavi Text of Yasna LXXI (Sp. LXX), 38-97, for the first time critically treated, by Professor Lawrence Mills (translation and notes; the text to follow later on); Tenses and Moods in the Kaṭhaka Samhitā, by A. Berriedale Keith.

The Indian Antiquary, December 1908.

"The Date of Buḍḍha," by V. Gopala Aiyer, is an ingenious attempt to solve afresh this often ventilated problem. The author finds 325 B. C. for the beginning of the Maurya Era, and 269 B. C. for the coronation of Açoka, and concludes from this, with the help of the Ceylonese Chronicles, that the Nirvāṇa of the Buḍḍha took place in 487 B. C. which date is corroborated by the Chinese 'Dotted Record' (see above), if the latter be correct. The error of the 'Buḍḍhavarṣa' of the Southern Buḍḍhists in placing the Nirvāṇa in the year 543 B. C. is explained by "an erroneous belief entertained by early Buḍḍhists that the Maurya Era began with Açoka, the Constantine of the followers of Gauṭama." The paper was given as a lecture before the South Indian Association, Madras, on the 1st March 1908, and it forms the 3rd chapter of the author's *Chronology of Ancient India*, 2nd volume.

Other contents: Ancient History of the Nellore District (continued); Pallava Expansion of the Tamil Country, by V. Venkayya; the Religion of the Iranian Peoples (continued; the Duties of the Faithful) by the late C. P. Tiele (translated by G. K. Nariman); Contributions to Panjabi Lexicography, Series I, Industrial Technicalities, by H. A. Rose; 'Reply' by Vincent A. Smith (to Sten Konow's unjust criticism of his '*Early History of India*').

Journal of the Pāli Text Society, 1908.

This number is especially valuable for two Indexes: one to Trenckner's numerous and important Notes on the Milinda and Majjhima-Nikāya, by Professor Dines Anderson; and the other, by Miss Mabel

Hunt, to the Paṭisambhidāmagga. Professor R. Otto Franke of Koenigsberg furnishes a long article on "The Buddhist Councils at Rājagaha and Vesālī" intended to show that "the Pāli Canon offers...no support, however modest, to the theory of the Councils." "Our one original source of knowledge respecting them is Cullavagga XI., XII. But these chronicles are elaborated out of Digha XVI and other canonical passages. Hence the two Councils have for us only a literary existence." As to the Chinese and Tibetan chronicles, they are but secondary versions of Cullavagga and prove as such only the secondary origin of the non-Sinhalese schools. Already many years ago Professor Oldenberg had declared the First Council to be fictitious. But his arguments were declined by most scholars. The data now brought forward by Professor Franke are much stronger and indeed seem to succeed in withdrawing almost every historical ground for the whole question of Councils. Yet there is the tradition about the Councils and it is difficult to suppose that they are purely invented. The problem will have to be discussed again and with less animosity than is shown by Professor Franke. There is further an article by Dr. Mabel Bode, on "Early Pāli Grammarians in Burma" and a few very appreciable "Addenda to Similes in the Nikāyas," by Mrs. Rhys Davids. We may add that the Text issued by the Society in 1908 is a magnificent critical edition of the Mahāvaṃsa by Professor Geiger.

DR. F. OTTO SCHRĀDER.

MAGAZINES.

INDIAN.

Adyar Bulletin, Adyar, April, 1909. Headquarters' Notes chronicle the energetic activities of our President in India prior to leaving for Europe. Mr. Leadbeater has an extremely important contribution on "Animal Obsession," revealing a quite hidden and unknown range of possibilities in nature. "Creed and Conduct" by B. P. Wadia affords pleasant reading. His definition of Creed is "Creed is the inherent belief, or rather aggregate of beliefs, with which a person is born into the world, of which he may be conscious or unconscious, but by which, with or without knowledge, his life is guided." Dr. English begins a useful little essay on "The Human Body". A few shorter miscellaneous paragraphs follow; the "Students in Council" department brings a number of excellent answers to questions signed A. B. and C. W. L., and lastly a new department is begun, which under the title of "Theosophy the World Over" gives the latest news of our movement in a great number of short paragraphs, equally divided over the several countries.

Theosophy in India, Benares, March, 1909. M. J. publishes notes of a lecture by Mrs. Besant on "Inspiration" in which we find amongst other things some interesting autobiographical notes by our President analysing her own lecturing. Two quotations are: "Never read an inspired book with your mind half asleep," and "Words are not in the higher mind, there you have just a picture, the words are in the lower brain." An interesting article by Nasarvanji M. Desai on "Immortality in Zoroastrianism," consists mainly of quotations from the Pārsī

scriptures and from the S.D.. Sohrab H. Santook presents friend Koilon again, endeavoring, by the help of quotations to prove that the idea of illusion has been a familiar conception of the mystics of all ages. Notes, questions and answers, reviews of the magazines, etc., complete the number.

Central Hindū College Magazine, Benares, March, 1909. "In the Crow's Nest" we find the usual collection of interesting notes. Details are given there about the movement to procure for India a chartered University. A petition to H. M. the King has been drafted, two Indian princes have approved the idea as well as H. E. the Governor-General. Mrs. Besant is to approach Lord Morley once more about the matter, when in England. "The historical sense of Hinḍūism —a dialogue," by B., is continued. A report is given of the Deccan Education Society at Poona, which was established in 1884; the useful educational work this Society has since achieved is shown and a sketch of the Society's organisation given. There follow a biography of Paṇḍiṭ Ānanḍa Chārlu, Rai Bahāḍur; a short description of the "Pink Terraces" of New Zealand; a striking poem called "Hariḍās and Ṭānsen" which reveals wit and fine feeling; the first instalment of an article on Kāliḍasa as a dramatist; "Is the *Bhagavaḍgīṭa* only a scripture of Yoga?" by Md. Hafiz Syed, who gives the obvious answer: "No." The prize in the competition for the best definition of "Loyalty" in thirty words has been awarded to the following: "Strict devotion to the maintenance of law, faithfulness to a lawful Government, or to the Sovereign, or to a lover, or to a friend, is what is called Loyalty." Six other definitions are quoted, two amongst which are from Mrs. Besant. In all ninety-eight replies were received.

Sons of India, Benares, March, 1909. We find a record of the recent progress of the movement together with a most respectable list of the Protectors, Guardians and Members of the Supreme Council up to date. "Hints for young Sons of India" by X. Y. Z. are continued, in which are the picturesque phrase: "The World-Spirit does not for ever tolerate shams," and the equally true one: "The Englishman who despises Asiatics may have been an Asiatic himself. The Asiatic who hates Englishmen may have been an Englishman himself (in a former incarnation). Does it not seem that perhaps we may be all making rather fools of ourselves?" Mrs. Besant's Adyar lecture on the "Sons of India" is concluded.

The Message of Theosophy, Rangoon, March, 1909. This, our Burmese sister, ends her fourth year of existence. The present number opens with a pleasant philosophico-ethical musing on "The pearl of great price," by W. E. Ayton Wilkinson. Quite apart from its readableness its special interest lies in the fact that it is dated from Thanatpin in Pegu. This indication alone speaks volumes for the world-wide extension of our movement. One statement, though, is a bit surprising. It runs; "Had not the ancestors of Englishmen been all murderers, Englishmen would be all murderers to the present day." This is the doctrine of evolution with a vengeance and the underlying truth might be stated in improved form. B. J. Entee writes on "Modern Education". A Ceylon lecture by Mrs. Besant on the "Pañcha Sila" is reprinted and P. Ramanathan contributes a paper on "Saturn". Notes and news complete the number.

Words of Wisdom, Akola, February, 1909. This is a four-page periodical pamphlet in which two members of the Theosophical Society reprint a series of ethical and spiritual maxims. The paper is distributed free.

Theosofisch Maandblad voor Nederlandsch-Indië (Dutch), Surabaya, February, 1909. First, a translation from the *Adyar Bulletin* (Resolve or Will ? by Seeker); then an instalment of "Something about a terrestrial movement round a third axis" by W. G. L., very technical but interesting. Mr. Van Hinloopen Labberton's "Batavian Letter" treats this time of the "Boedi-oetama" of which he gave some details in a letter to the previous number of the *Theosophist*. "The King's Councillor" is the first part of a story, the deeper meaning of which is of special interest to Theosophists with regard to the problem which has been so much before them during the two previous years. We are anxious to see the sequel of this clever tale. P. W. Van den Broek, one of our veterans in Java, appeals on behalf of the study of Esperanto by Theosophists. News, notes, etc., together with a suggested set of rules for the Dutch East Indian Sub-section, which is to be formed very soon, complete the number.

Pewarta Théosophie (Javanese and Malay), Buitenzorg, February, 1909. "Notes"; "On the Theosophical Society"; a portion of the Kawi version of the Rāmāyana; and other contents (which unhappily we cannot decipher). Would the editor kindly join a translated list of titles to the copy he sends us ?

De Gulden Keten (Dutch), Djombang, January-February, 1909. The number contains a translation of Mr. Leadbeater's "Faithful unto death"; further short stories, mottoes and poems, translated and original; an exposition of the aims of the Companions of the Round Table; and a poem in Malay, with a view to Lotus classes of Malay children.

Further Asiatic Periodicals: *The Brahmavādin*, February *The Vedic Magazine* Vol. II., No. 10; *The Siddhanta Deepika*, January; *The Mysore and South Indian Review*, February; *Prabuddha Bharata*, February and March; *The Madras Christian College Magazine*, February; *The Mahā-Bodhi*, Colombo, February, 1909.

European.

The Vāhan, London, March, 1909. The number contains several small contributions giving news, notes, official matter, book-reviews, correspondence, etc. Two members write briefly on the purpose of a national Headquarters. No special literary matter is included this month, but Miss Hardcastle discusses the curious sermon preached by Archdeacon Wilberforce on the subject of reincarnation; she ends her note with the remarks: "Perhaps we are wanting in reverence for the conception of the Higher Ego. In truth the Higher Ego was never in Paris, or Egypt, or China. One of the *vehicles* was Chinese, was female, was poor, was sick, was illiterate, and so on. The Higher Ego was never female or male, neither white nor black, neither a good bicyclist nor an invalid!"

The Lotus Journal, London, March, 1909. First comes "From Far and Near" giving the news of the Lotus Circle movement. From Adelaide the report is full and favorable. Then comes the first half of Mrs. Besant's Brighton lecture on "Can a man of the world lead a spiritual

Life ?" A good dream story by E. C. Matravers is entitled "The very same crocodile"; a little essay on "Devotion," by E. Severs is concluded. "The Round Table" Section gives its directions for the month. A dog story (prize-essay) and a few Golden Chain pages (for the quite young ones) complete the number. The photograph of a number of London Lotus Children forms a supplement to this issue.

Revue Théosophique Française, (French), Paris, February 1909. This number opens with an article, translated from Dr. Steiner, on "The prejudices of the scientific spirit". "Looking Backward" is an anonymous contribution dealing with the conditions in the Society some twenty-five years ago and quoting at length the Master's famous letter to Mr. Sinnett, beginning "this gentleman also has done me the great honor to address me . . . ." Louis Peltier contributes a very graphic story entitled "Capital Punishment". It relates how a stern Judge, after having sentenced a wretched criminal to death, has a vision. In that vision he sees his former life in which *he* was a criminal and in which *he* was hanged. Then he sees his whole astral life, first wicked, sordid and debased, productive of infinite harm; then gradually improved and purified until complete conversion to virtue. This astral life lasted three centuries. As a result the judge throws up his profession and devotes the remainder of his life to work for the abolition of the death-penalty. We do no want to criticise the details of this story where the general conception is excellent, and may point out that in John King we have a sort of prototype in real astral life of the hero of the present story. Commandant Courmes writes his monthly echoes about the movement, mainly in France, with his usual 'verve' and freshness. Sundry smaller matters complete the number. Special mention deserves the monthly supplement of sixteen pages of *The Secret Doctrine* in French. The present number brings the final pages of the fifth French Volume, being the first half of the English 3rd Volume. Another 20 numbers will complete the whole translation.

Bulletin Théosophique, (French), Paris, March, 1909. This number contains only official matter and news with the exception of a translation of Miss Bartlett's article on the Reason of our Existence. The translator appends some very pertinent and interesting remarks, the perusal of which we strongly recommend.

Théosophie (French), Antwerp, March, 1909 contains three tiny little articles: Contemplation; Will and its Development (to be continued); and the well-known parable of the Blind Men and the Elephant. The authors are given as W. K. M. Kohlen, F. J. Van Halle and Shrī Rāmakṛshṇa (though we would claim that the parable occurs already in the Buḍḍhist canon!). The forthcoming appearance of a Belgian *Theosophical Review* is announced.

Theosophia (Dutch), Amsterdam, March, 1909. The translations in the present number are from Colonel Olcott *(Old Diary Leaves)*; Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater *(Occult Chemistry)*; Annie Besant once more (*Introduction to Yoga.*) A. E. Thierens concludes his "Formation of Character and Education," an important paper. Miss M. C. Denier van der Gon treats of that exceedingly interesting subject "Bābism and Behaism" to be concluded in the next number.

Mrs. Windust describes a visit to "A Modern Saint," that being Antoine le Guérisseur, preacher, saint, healer and miner, living near Liège. Book reviews and notes complete the number. In the latter there is a plaintive wail about the change of the word 'Section' into those of 'National Society'. The Dutch Section is registered by law under that name, and so the reviewer says: 'Now we are here in Holland the Dutch Section (of what?) and in Adyar the Theosophical Society in Holland.'

De Theosofische Beweging (Dutch), Amsterdam, March, 1909. Official matter, news and correspondence. In the latter department we find an interesting letter by Mr. Thierens on the question of "Big or small Lodges?" which deserves to be submitted to a wider public than that of the Dutch Magazine alone.

Sophia (Spanish), Madrid, February 1909. The first article is a translation of a Buḍḍhist story written by our French sister Aimée Blech; then comes a poem (in Catalonian and in Castilian) on the Messina earthquake, by J. Plana y Dorca, ending with the lines so truly Spanish as well as Theosophical: "No ploris, germana, que tota la terra hispana serà pêr tu generosa!" Plutarch's "Isis and Osiris" in translation is continued; Julio Garrido writes briefly on "The Theosophical conception of Will." The final conclusion is: "He who knows penetrates and rules, and therefore he *can*." The learned Dr. Viriato Diaz-Perez writes intelligently on Ruskin. Jose Granés writes about Karma under the title of the "Hour of Justice." Bulwer Lytton's *The House and the Brain*" is continued in its Spanish garb. Notes and news complete the number, amongst which we find a touching appreciation of and farewell to *The Theosophical Review*.

Teosofisk Tidskrift (Swedish and Danish), Stockholm, February, 1909. The number is this time one of translations. Miss Bartlett's "Our *raison d'être*"; Svāmi Abheḍānanḍa's "Philosophy of Good and Evil" and Annie Besant's "The future of the Theosophical Society" are given. News and notices form the original part.

Bollettino della Sezione Italiana (Italian), Genoa, February, 1909. We have again an exceedingly good number before us. T. F. writes about the German mystic Carl von Eckartshausen, who lived in the eighteenth century. Mr. Mead's "What is Theosophy to me?" is translated. The recent earthquake in Sicily has given rise to an interesting article on "Great catastrophes and Theosophy." In this the following three problems are principally dealt with. First, how can the laws of personal and collective Karma adapt themselves to such a terrible and same fate of thousands of different persons at the same time. Have we to suppose that all these persons had individually deserved to suffer thus. And what is the national karma is such a case? Second, if clairvoyance is a fact, and includes seeing in the future, could not then these unhappy people have been warned beforehand. And again, could not clairvoyant research indicate the seismically dangerous spots on the earth's surface and recommend safer ones for habitation? Third, if death is merely a liberation from the gross physical limitations, and is practically a 'spiritual promotion,' why deplore such catastrophes, and why try to prevent them? Further articles are on "The Order of Service"; on ubiquitous "Esperanto" (pushed on

by enthusiastic Mr. Warrington); on "The unknown biopsychical forces and the scientific hypotheses concerning spiritualism" (Teresa Ferraris); a little discussion on the orthodox versions and spellings of the Samskṛt (and other) words in *The Voice of the Silence*. [*Narjol* is a mistake; the right orthography is phonetically *naljor*, in exact transliteration *rnal hbyor*, which is the Tibetan translation of the Samskṛt word *Yoga*, but is also used as an abbreviation for *naljorpa* which means *Yogin* and *Yogāchārya*.] Several lesser contributions, amongst which is a reprint of an early letter from H. P. B., complete the number.

Isis (German), Leipzig, January, 1909. Mrs. Besant fills the biggest part of this number by two articles, one on "The Guardians of Humanity," the other on "The place of politics in the life of a nation"; both in translation, of course. Baptist Wiedenmann gives an exposition of theosophical teachings about the ancient history of humanity and the laws of its evolution. Frau Lübke contributes some notes and news from Adyar.

Mitteilungen, (German), Cologne, December, 1908. The whole of the number is filled with official and other news, amongst which is particularly an extensive report of proceedings of the seventh annual convention of the German Section, and a summary of Dr. Steiner's far-spreading activities.

Tietäjä (Finnish), Helsingfors, March, 1909. "From the Editor"; "On the Kalavala," (trs. from H. P. B.); "H. P. B. and the Masters of Wisdom" (trs. from Annie Besant); H. P. Blavatsky (trs. from C. W. Leadbeater); "What Theosophy teaches," III., Man, by Aate; "In the search for health" (Uraniel); Children's Department (Editor); Reviews and Notices. We should like to be less laconic in our notice, but what can we do when all we can really understand in this review is its page numbers?

Westnik Teosofii (Russian), S. Petersburg, February, 1909. Translations are given of Mrs. Besant's *Yoga*, of a chapter of the *Ancient Wisdom* and of the "Æther of Space". An original article is the musical phantasy by Mme. Unkoffsky, entitled "The colors". Alba (Mme. Kamensky) writes on the history of the theosophical movement in Finland, and reviews the magazines and other publications.

Other European Journals received: *Journal du Magnétisme*, Paris, February; *Modern Medicine*, London, March; *Light*, London, March numbers; *Richmond Hill Church Magazine*, March; *The Humanitarian*, London, March; *The Animals Friend*, London, March; *The Health Record*, London, February; *The Herald of the Cross*, London, February.

American Magazines.

The Theosophic Messenger, Chicago, February, 1909. This Magazine is steadily growing in interest. It offers together with a few more substantial articles, an extraordinary variety of notes and news, theosophical and non-theosophical, but always equally readable. Over the familiar initials W. V. H., we find three contributions; "Love as viewed by Theosophy"; "On being alone," and "Common sense about mental healing". Mr. Jinarājadāsa continues his "Art as a factor in the soul's evolution". Letters from Adyar (Wadia) and from Benares

(S. E. P.) bind East to West. Mr. Leadbeater answers again an immense number of questions. Notes on all sorts of subjects, current literature included, take a survey of the entire geographical as well as mental worlds. "The new Theology" is a useful summary. Book reviews and a children's department complete the big number.

The American Theosophist, Albany, N. Y., February, 1909. F. Milton Willis writes "Some remarks upon the Christian Master"; Hilda Hodgson Smith on "The larger consciousness"; Donald Lowrie on "Service". Then follow a list of instances of psychic manifestations in daily affairs, and "Hints to young students of Occultism" (XI), the latter full of sound ethical and practical advice. "The Principles of Theosophy," "The Influence of the Press," "The Justice of Karma" are other articles, which together with usual news, notes, etc., complete the number.

Revista Teosofica (Spanish), Havana, January, 1909, concludes the legend about the origin of maize, translates an answer by Mr. Leadbeater about the heaven-world and gives an original article on "Faith and Devotion".

Luz Astral (Spanish), Casablanca, Chili, numbers for January, 1909, gives the usual varied collection of theosophical notes or translations, alongside with the official decrees and announcements of the Municipality of Casablanca. This little bi-weekly journal, more of the nature of a newspaper than anything else, is certainly the most striking production amongst the theosophical magazines, combining—quite evenly balanced—the features of a Municipal Gazette with those of a theosophical propaganda paper. May it prosper.

Alma (Portuguese), Porto Alegre, January, 1909, has short articles on "The Secret Doctrine" (not the book, but the system); "The Law of Causality"; "Mediumship"; "Mental emancipation"; and a translation from Mrs. Besant. Notes and News.

Further American Journals: *Boletin official del Gran Oriente del Uruguay*, Montevideo, February; *Notes and Queries*, Manchester N. H., February; *The Truth Seeker*, New York, numbers for February; *The Nautilus*, Holyoke, Mass., March; *The Phrenological Journal*, New York, March; *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, February.

Australian Magazines.

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, March, 1909. General contents are "The Outlook," "Questions and Answers"; "Branch news"; "Reviews;" "Magazines" etc. Mr. Leadbeater's appreciation of Madame Blavatsky has, in its round through the Magazines, come to this number. "The unmarked Mile-stones," and "Love the Revealer" contain sound ethical thoughts. "National Politics," to be continued, is an article of originality and merit.

Theosophy in New Zealand, Auckland, February, 1909. There is a full report of the thirteenth annual convention of the New Zealand Section. "Studies in Astrology," by Gamma, are continued; Miss Browning writes with freshness on "Un-utilised power" in our ranks, and preaches a lesson that might be heard everywhere in our Society. "No

work is menial if it is done for the good of humanity" is a quotation from it. Another runs: "I have often had a quiet laugh to myself over the way we talk about Missionaries, and then the way we talk about the work of Theosophy." Lastly: "We are too apt to keep our Theosophy for private consumption." "For the Children," "Activities," and "Notes," complete the number.

Other Australian Journals: *Progressive Thought*, Sydney, March; *The Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, March.

African Magazine.

The South African Bulletin, Pretoria, February, 1909, opens with the usual sections and then gives short articles on "Beginning," "Manas and the mental bodies," and "The call of Brotherhood".

J. v. M.

The Theosophic Art Circle is to be congratulated on its January Transaction[1]. *Orpheus* surpasses previous numbers in artistic merit, and justifies the appeal made to theosophic Lodges to assist the Art Circle in its effort to spread through our Society a deeper appreciation of the value of art-activity as seen from a theosophic point of view. Unfortunately the arts do not find much sympathy with the majority of Theosophists; yet it will not be possible for artists to aid in shedding the light of the Ancient Wisdom on the world, until beauty is really, and not only theoretically, recognised as part of that Wisdom. People forget that Art dies without sympathy. They are apt to forget also that the love which is God is loveliness—realising which Jean Delville writes truly in *Orpheus*:

"None that brought to birth no beauty shall win grace."

The poem, "La Prière d'un Mage," breathes the awed fervor which in a great workman burns up all sense of the importance of his own creations. Anatolius, in a contribution on "Imagination," paints many Theosophists in heavy sordid colors—not undeserved, alas! from the poet's viewpoint. The frontispiece, "L' Homme-Dieu," from Jean Delville's huge canvas, represents humanity caught in the whirl-clouds of space and time, straining blindly towards the vast radiant Christ, who, sun-like, sheds His light over the scene of death and misery. Mr. Clifford Bax discusses Spirituality in the second "Theosophic Dialogue" with the dignity of aspiring thought and consecrated art. Space forbids comment on Miss C. Spurgeon's suggestive "Note on the Evolution of New Senses as seen in Literature," and other articles. *Orpheus* has an 'atmosphere'.

M. M. C.

We have received a Canarese pamphlet from Mysore on "Sons of India"; the second Annual Report of the Depressed classes Mission Society of India (Bombay) which indicates the performance of some noble, useful work; and a pamphlet entitled "Godward Ho!"

[1] *Orpheus*. To be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Herbert Sidley, Esq., "Strathleven," Oakleigh Park London, N., Four Shillings and Sixpence *per annum* post free.

Dr. STEIN'S FINDS OF MANUSCRIPTS.

From the Times Weekly Edition we extract the following data concerning Dr. A. M. Stein's important finds of Manuscripts in Central Asia. They are contained in a report of a lecture delivered by him before the Royal Geographical Society in the beginning of March, in which he gave an account of his great Central-Asian expedition during the years 1906-1908. We confine ourselves solely to extracts relating to literary discoveries.

"By September 9th Dr. Stein had returned to Khotan .... Then he set out for the desert adjoining the Oasis north-eastward .... Scarcely had they begun systematic clearing when pieces of paper manuscript began to crop out in numbers. They were able to recover here, in spite of the almost complete disappearance of the superstructure, a large number of manuscript leaves in Samskṛt, Chinese and the "unknown" language of Khotan, besides many wooden tablets inscribed in the same language, and some in Tibetan. Most of them probably contained Buḍḍhist texts, like some excellently preserved large rolls, which on one side presented the Chinese version of a well-known Buḍḍhist work, with what evidently was its translation into the "unknown" language on the other. The clue thus offered for the decipherment of the latter might yet prove of great value .... In the desert northward [of Niya] Kharoshthi documents in wood cropped out in numbers. It added to his gratification to see that a number of the rectangular and wedge-shaped letter tablets still retained intact their original string fastenings, and a few even their clay seal impressions. How cheering it was to discover on them representations of Heracles and Eros left by the impact of classical intaglios! Among sweepings of all sorts were more than a dozen small tablets inscribed with Chinese characters of exquisite penmanship, apparently forwarding notes of various consignments ..... Chinese records the excavation of almost every ruin yielded in plenty ..... An important archæological task caused Dr. Stein to return to .... the Sacred Buḍḍhist grottoes, known as the "Caves of the thousand Buḍḍhas," to the south-east of Tun-huang.

Dr. Stein described how he discovered in one of the temples, jealously guarded by a Taoist priest, a solid mass of manuscripts measuring close on 500 cubic feet. The bulk of them went back to the time when Indian writing and some knowledge of Samskṛt still prevailed in Central-Asian Buḍḍhism. Twenty-four cases of manuscripts from this strange place of hiding and five more filled with paintings and similiar art relics from the same place have now safely been deposited in London.... Returning to Khotan, he despatched his heavy convoy of antiques, making up 50 camel loads, safely to the foot of the Kara-Korum passes to await him. ..... The mere unpacking and first arrangement of the archæological objects, numbering many thousands, will, with the available assistance, probably not be completed before July."

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS.

Great Britain.

By April 1st, our British Society's Headquarters will have been moved to 106, New Bond Street, where a good suite has been taken in a fine new building. The rooms are bright and airy and well above the roar of the street, and we hope they will become a happy centre of work for Theosophy. Some of us still look forward to the time when our Headquarters in London shall be more in line with the pattern at Adyar—some quiet house with a garden, near the busy haunts of men, certainly, but beyond the sound of their footsteps. In the meantime our new home should be very convenient and it will be in full working order before the President sets foot in London.

The Referendum Vote on the question of Mr. Leadbeater's return shows a majority of six in favor; we would like to have done better, but it must be borne in mind that about 800 members did not vote, and it is legitimate to assume that these do not actually oppose and will, in a short time, settle down to work and join by degrees in the increasing activities of the new cycle of peaceful activity upon which we are entering. We have yet to learn how many will actually leave us.

The Blavatsky Lodge has suffered more than any other London Lodge from the recent conflict, but we are glad to report that those who remain in it are making gallant preparations to carry on the work with their reduced numbers, and one cannot doubt that their efforts to preserve and to revivify the Mother Lodge of the Section will be blessed.

By the time this letter appears in print we shall be thinking of little else here but the coming of the President, which is looked-for about the 7th May. Already plans and preparations are being eagerly discussed in the different places where the stimulus and pleasure of her presence are anticipated.

We are coming to an end of what has been a fairly hard winter's work, and many of the workers are thinking with appreciation of the short Easter recess, which comes early in April, in which they hope to get renewed strength to start a vigorous compaign through the summer months.

The Executive Committee has in accordance with Rule IX. co-opted six members, in place of those who resigned from the Committee. These members are: Mr. Allan (Glasgow), Mr. Banks and Mrs. Betts (London), Miss K. Douglas Fox (Bath), Mr. Laycock (Yorkshire), Major Rorke (Devonshire). There are thus four fewer London members on the central governing body than before, and it is hoped that by thus calling into council many more representatives from the Provinces than has ever been done before in the Theosophical Society in Great Britain, the Executive may become more truly representative of the whole National Society, and form a link between the various centres of activity scattered over the country. If we can get to know more of each other and of the work being done in different districts, misunderstandings and conflicts are surely less likely to arise amongst us, and an Executive Committee in close touch with the Federations and Lodges working in the provinces, should do much to weld us into an organised vehicle for the spread of Theosophy in the British Isles.

England—North and South—and Scotland, are now represented on the Executive, whilst the countries allied to us have honorary representatives; and we hope that ere long our sister Isle, Ireland, may feel strong enough to send also a Representive.

A member of the Edinburgh Lodge sends us word of the work that has been done there during the winter. Our Scotch brethren have suffered rather heavily of late through losing some of their oldest, and most hardworking, as well as wealthiest members; but they are carrying the work on bravely, and the record of what they have done, and hope to do, is a good one.

A speciality of their work seems to be the uniting with 'outside' activites; *e.g.* at some meetings of a Roman Catholic Mission, held in Edinburgh, two Theosophists (Protestant) took the chair, and in return two of the mission priests gave lectures and were entertained at tea in the Lodge rooms, and seemed to appreciate the fine premises and good library of 2000 volumes as well as the tolerant and friendly spirit of their hosts. Our correspondent tells us also of addresses given by two or three Scottish clergymen to the Lodge. Just now a visit from Mrs. Windust (Holland) is expected; she is to take classes and meetings, and her energy and ability will no doubt give a great impetus to the work.

On the English side of the river Tyne our brothers of the Northern Federation have been busy this month with their propaganda tour in and around Newcastle. A vigorous effort has been made, by consecutive weekly lectures and enquirers' meetings, in four different towns, to arouse interest in Theosophy; the attitude of the Press has been friendly, and promising results are looked for in a large district, where, up till now, Theosophy has only been represented by one small Branch.

There is quite a theosophical revival round Manchester. Drawing room meetings are the order of the day; Didsbury had one, with 36 people; Eccles with 40; Hale with 30. These are very good for opening up the way.

In connexion with the *Order of Service League* two meetings, open to the public, have been held in London since our last letter. On Sunday, March 7th, Miss Appal M.D., B.S., B.Sc., addressed on audience of some hundred persons, members and non-members of the T. S., on *Occult Science and Psychic Phenomena*, the lecture being given in connexion with the newly formed *League for the study of Eastern and Occult Science. The London League for the Abolition of Vivisection, Vaccination and Inoculation* was addressed by Miss Lind-af-Hageby on "The Psychology of Vivisection". The audience on this occasion consisted chiefly of persons who are not members of the T.S., but who seemed interested to hear how Theosophists regard the question of our relation to the animal world.

M. Camille Flammarion, the famous French astronomer, announces an important discovery, *viz.*, that there is a diurnal rise and fall of the earth's surface of about eight inches, dwarfing the movements of the greatest earthquakes. This movement is not tidal, he says, but is probably connected with the sun's influence. Had he turned to *The Secret Doctrine*, published in 1888, he would have read as follows: "The

universe (our world in this case) breathes, just as man and every living creature, plant and even mineral does upon the earth; *and as our globe itself breathes every twenty-four hours*" (p. 591, Vol. i. new edition, italics mine).

The subject of spiritual healing is receiving a good deal of attention in this country just now. In the March number of the *Contemporary Review*, Dr. A.T. Schofield discusses the alliances being formed "between the Clergy and Medical men under various names and auspices, with a view to treating more successfully that increasing number of cases that is characterised by severe nervous or slight mental disorder or distress." Perhaps the most significant fact about the new movement is the growing recognition implied that—as the writer says—"the physician has to face in his consulting-room men and women, tripartite beings, whose physiological and psychological interdependence and unity are so complete, that no part can suffer without the others being affected; beings indeed, so complicated, that it is well-nigh impossible to say where a disorder of the spirit ends and where one of the body begins." Dr. Schofield complains that "the training given in our medical schools is physical rather than human, as if we had to do with material mechanism instead of the complex mystery of a human being".

If this enlightened way of regarding their patients could be shared in by the majority of the writer's confrères, how much more rapidly and safely medical science might advance than by following its present materialistic and dangerous lines 'of experimental research' and inoculation!

It is interesting to find in two numbers of a Church of England Magazine reports of a sermon which deals very sympathetically with "non-Christian Religions". After pointing out that the four great non-Christian religions of the world have as adherents just over one-half of the world's population, the Preacher goes on to say: "We Christians are for the most part ignorant of the teaching of these religions. We are dimly aware that they exist, but of their simple theology and beautiful ethics, we have but a very slight knowledge, being content to sum them up as heathen or false religions. From that attitude we are being forced by a series of influences.

* * * * * *

"A study of the non-Christian religions brings before us religion rather than church, and as we find certain elements common to every religion our attention is centred upon these fundamentals of religion and it is released from the strain of dwelling upon external forms, modes of expression. The man who is penniless does not want discussions upon bimetalism or theories of banking. The world is athirst for God, and cannot be satisfied with discussions upon forms of creeds, symbols of worship, and methods of Church government.

If we study the non-Christian religions, we find that the religious sense is implanted in man.

* * * * * *

I shall, therefore, on the high authority of the Master and of His most enthusiastic and effective apostle and of His most spiritually-

minded evangelist, assume that we are agreed upon this point, that all religion is a revelation given by God to man, that while it assumes variant forms it is the age-long struggle of mankind to express his sense of dependence upon a power at the back of the Universe, which he feels must be there, which, however, while it always invites his love yet always eludes his grasp."

A movement in the direction of brotherhood, set on foot last November amongst what may be called the ruling classes of England, seems to be making great progress. It is called the *Personal Service Association*, and the members offer their service as workers to any of the existing societies for helping humanity. At present about 550 helpers are at work, in forty districts in London, under the guidance of sixty trained and expert district heads; and the experience of the writer has revealed so large a demand on the part of many Societies for helpers, that it has been decided to place the work, begun as an experiment, on a permanent basis, and greatly to enlarge its scope.

When we find a movement of this kind initiated by the wife of the Prime Minister, and carried on by some of the best known men and women of the day, of all shades of political and religious belief, many of them people of high station, we cannot but feel that the 6th sub-race, with its special characteristic of brotherhood, is already casting its shadow before! Several of our members are taking part in the great struggle now going on in England for the political independence of women, and are showing that no question of personal comfort shall be allowed to stand in the way of their efforts to obtain justice for themselves and their oppressed sisters. Mrs. Despard, a veteran fighter in that cause, has again been sent to prison, but it appears that even the steel corselet of officialdom covers a human heart, for after a few days an order was received for her release on the grounds of ill-health, although she assured all enquirers that she was perfectly well and a medical examination failed to falsify her assertions! Younger fighters in the cause are still paying the penalty in prison for their attempt to peaceably carry to their representtives in Parliament the Resolutions with which they had been entrusted by many hundreds of citizens.

H. W.

France.

Various new leagues are being formed for propaganda through literature. A small committee for this purpose already existed in Paris, but this had dwindled to a single member who supplied theosophical books to country libraries and to various military clubs. Reorganisation is needed and will shortly be carried out. Books will be delivered to town and country libraries, including the most suitable for purposes of study and for the spreading of theosophical thought. Besides the Paris league another will be formed with the same object at Toulon, in order to make our literature more extensively known in the south of France. At Angers one of our colleagues will start a library with a reading room adjoining. He is now asking, through the medium of the *Bulletin Théosophique*, our members in France to help in starting this library by sending him any good books they can spare: novels, geographical and scientific works, etc., and it is hoped that this will give an opportunity for an increasing circulation of theosophical literature.

A.

Russia.

A new Lodge, that of S. Sophia, in Kief, was opened on Feb. 7th (old style) by the General Secretary. The opening meeting began at 2 P. M. and closed at 8—six hours at a stretch! Mme. Alexandra Ounkovsky lectured on the 6th on Colored Sounds, and created so much interest that the lecture was repeated on the 12th. On the 7th the General Secretary lectured on the importance of the Theosophical Movement, and on the 10th on the main teachings of Theosophy, and the Laws of the Higher Life. Melle. Nina de Gernet was also present, and is remaining in Kief to work for the Lodge.

The members have not yet quite settled down into their new organisation; while the T. S. in Russia has not taken any vote on the Leadbeater affair, one member has protested against him both in the French and English Sections, thus making her voice count twice.

The General Secretary will visit Warsaw on her way to Budapest.

A.

Italy.

A wonderful change is gradually coming in the thought and mental state of Italy; during the last ten years this change has been slowly but steadily creeping in. And now it is very apparent and very striking; most particularly is it so to those who are working in the literary field of the Ars Regia in Milan, and who are thus able to see the difference there now is in the demand for and interest in theosophical literature, from what there was even a short time ago. During the last few months this demand has been growing with great rapidity, in spite of the steady attacks of the Jesuit Review, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and in spite of the difficulties through which the Theosophical Society has been passing.

One book, in particular, has 'caught on' to the public taste and need, and that is *Life and Matter* by Sir Oliver Lodge; it was translated into Italian by Professor Gabba, and an introduction was written by the well-known and popular writer Prof. Graf of Turin. In the last six months the sale has been very rapid, and the demands have come in from "all sorts and conditions of men," and from the most out-of-the-way places in Italy and her Islands. The book has been well reviewed by many newspapers in various parts, and the demands have come from Monsignors and Parish Priests, from Frates and Civilians, very literally from "all sorts and conditions of men". The importance of this may be gauged from a theosophical stand-point, when it is remembered that each book contains six pages of catalogued summaries of theosophical literature, and thus the knowledge of theosophical literature and where it can be acquired is being very widely diffused by the Ars Regia.

Signor Sulli Rao has now established commercial relations with all the principal book-shops and publishing houses in Italy and its dependencies. But the Ars Regia activity is not limited to Italy alone; demands for Italian theosophical books have come from Pittsburg and San Francisco in America, from Zara (Dalmatia), and other parts of Austria, from Bulgaria and France.

La Perseveranza, a leading daily paper in Milan, has quite lately given more than two columns of favorable reviews to *Life and Matter*, *The Great Law* by C. Williamson, and to the *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten* by G.R.S. Mead. Moreover the editor has written a friendly letter to say that he is quite willing to review any other books that are sent to him, and Signor Sulli Rao has now sent the translation of the *New Psychology* by Mrs. Besant, and that of *Dem Ewigen* by Dr. Hübbe Schleiden translated by Prof. Penzig. Unfavorable reviews are also naturally, appearing, but that does not matter; the important fact is that there is no longer a conspiracy of silence; free discussion of theosophical literature in the newspapers and reviews is now coming, and it marks a great step forwards.

Another step in advance is being made in another direction; the head of the Ars Regia, Dr. Sulli Rao, has been invited to give a public lecture at a new Political Club for social culture; this he did, giving an admirable lecture entitled: "The Genesis and Evolution of Political Consciousness," taking a purely theosophical basis, without using the terms; a most favorable review of the lecture was given by the *Lombardia* of March 24, in the following terms: "The Genesis and Evolution of political consciousness was the title of an important lecture given last evening at the Popular Club for Social Culture by Dr. G. Sulli Rao, to a large audience. It was a discourse, not a reading, and was most successful, both because the orator excelled in his animated style, and also because he gave in a superb manner a quantity of economic and social doctrines, showing a competence in many vital problems of indisputable importance. The orator justly considered the political consciousness as an indication of the social evolution, and he placed in a clear and just light the causes which produced it, and the effects following as a result. He dwelt at some length on an analysis of the complex elements which form the essence of the constitution of man." Dr. Sulli Rao has been invited to repeat the same lecture on more extended and detailed lines as his audience was so deeply interested. This is the first step towards giving definitely theosophical lectures, which he will do later on.

The whole thought of Italy is changing in a very remarkable way; articles are constantly appearing in newspapers and reviews on occult and spiritual matters that ten years ago would not have been published. The first years of theosophical work, from 1899 to 1905, were devoted to the formation throughout Italy of an organisation, a form, by which theosophical ideas could be spread; a difficult period was passed through at that date (1905), resulting in the transference of the management of the Sectional affairs from Rome to Genoa; the change has been of benefit, for the careful, capable and methodic habits of the Genoa members are felt to give a solidity and accuracy to the management of the Section: they live the Theosophy they teach.

The Rome Group have another force; they are admirable propagandists of Theosophy; their review, *Ultra*, is very well carried on, and various members of the Group have a real gift for propaganda.

The Ars Regia work of Dr. Sulli Rao is very especially dedicated to the spreading of theosophical thought in the widest sense; reaching out in a way that the others cannot do, having relations with the farthest

parts of Italy, not doing so much in the building of forms, as in the wide-spread diffusion of theosophical ideas by means of literature; this current of thought will eventually result in strengthening the Italian Section, for Italians come slowly into any organised body, having inherited a prejudice against such, not easily surmounted.

It must be remembered that Italy, in general, is at the mental stage of the materialism which dominated England, France and Germany 50 years ago. Materialism and scepticism are still the condition of the vast majority of the Italians who have thrown off the dogmatism of the Roman Church , but who have not yet found any real basis for spiritual and religious belief; it is to this large majority that Theosophy will eventually bring its message of hope; for having in it a scientific and philosophical basis for a continued existence in spiritual condition, it alone can help those who cannot any longer continue to hold to a dogmatic creed, one that demands only a blind faith in its adherents, and offers no rational basis for the belief.

The need is felt, and this explains why the book of Sir Oliver Lodge has appealed to such a large public, and why it is having a rapid sale. It fills a want in Italian thought, namely the exact demonstration of the relation of life to matter. Until this basis is laid—which is clearly given in Theosophy—no great or rapid progress of the Theosophical Society in Italy can take place. Progress certainly is being made, but more slowly than in those countries where the materialism of 50 years ago has been dominated by all the various studies of recent years in psychic investigations.

The 'Modernist' movement in Italy is doing much towards gaining a wider spiritual basis within the Roman Church. A recent writer against this movement attributes it all to Theosophy. An interesting statement if true; undoubtedly the force of Theosophy has acted indirectly on many great thinkers.

Another interesting point to notice is that a priest, the leader of the Democratic Christian Movement, Don Romolo Murri, has been elected as member for his town in the Italian Parliament at the recent General Elections. This is most unfavorably regarded by the Vatican, who have excommunicated him.

On all sides, both within the Roman Church, where this broadening tendency is ever growing stronger, and without, where spiritual subjects are being ever more freely discussed on every side, may be seen a new condition rapidly coming, and with this new phase Theosophy will—by means of the widely spreading literature—take an important place in the mental and spiritual life of Italy.

I. C. O.

Indian Section—Benares.

Last month we had the pleasure of welcoming amongst us Mr. Jehangir Sorabji, our new General Secretary, who, with his wife, has taken up his residence in the European Quarters. He has already thrown himself into his work with great earnestness, making plans and suggestions for improvements in various directions, and, what is of still greater importance, striving in all ways to promote the increase of

that peace and harmony which should characterise every theosophical centre. We have also during the past month said good-bye to one of the oldest and foremost workers at Headquarters, Mr. Raghavendra Rao, who up to the beginning of October last filled the post of Assistant Secretary, and since then that of Assistant Treasurer, but who has now resigned his position and returned to his home in Bombay.

The President arrived in Benares early on the morning of March 6th. During her stay she addressed the Branch on Sunday evenings upon the Signs of the Closing and of the Opening Age, a subject upon which she has recently spoken at several of the places she has visited. Her arrival as usual was marked by a decided increase in the attendance at all the meetings held in the Section-hall. Benares now possesses two Lodges of the T. S., one having been recently formed by Prof. Unwalla amongst the students of the Central Hindū College.

Amongst our visitors this month is Dr. V. Coomarasvāmi, from England, who has made a deep study of Indian Art. On the evening of March 9th, he gave a lecture upon the subject in the school-hall of the C. H. C. confining his attention to the arts of sculpture and fresco-painting. He traced the rise of the art from its inception about the 3rd century B. C., at the time when the Buddhist religion was gaining predominance, the two developing together, art being used mainly for religious decoration. It reached its highest attainments from the 4th to the 8th or 9th centuries A. D., when the religion of the Buddhist and that of the Brāhmaṇas also reached their greatest development. The lecturer then spoke of the period of gradual degeneration after the 12th century down to the present day, referring to its revival by the Bengal School of Painters. He concluded with some remarks upon the characteristics and aims of Indian Art, which he showed to be essentially idealistic, having regard, not to the external form, but rather to the life and thought expressed therein, saying that the Indian Artist did not produce copies of what he saw, but gave expression to the conceptions of his own mind, and urging upon his hearers the importance of keeping this ideal always before them in their study. The lecture, which was listened to with great interest, was illustrated by a fine collection of lantern slides, including specimens of the Art of Ceylon and Java, as well as of India itself. He also gave a lecture on "The Message of the East to the West" in connexion with the same subject. Both lectures were fairly well attended, and listened to with interest. The Boarders' Union held their Anniversary, when prizes were given to successful competitors in the departments of literature and physical training; before the meeting some of the members of the Union gave a very good display of dumb-bell and other athletic exercises, showing very plainly that physical development is in no way sacrificed to intellectual training; the proceedings were, as usual, terminated by an address by the President, who dwelt upon the advantages of the Union, its methods of work and the progress made during the year. The President's visit came to an end on the night of April 6th, after a month full of busy activity, terminating with social farewell functions in connexion with the various departments of work in Benares. On the Sunday previous to her departure Mrs. Besant gave her "Farewell Words" to the Branches in Benares, before leaving for Europe and America; she

traced the history of the Society from its origin to the present, showing its influence specially in India, dwelling on the work lying before it in the future, and the privilege of being allowed to take part in that work.

M. J.

CEYLON.

Mr. Hill, the indefatigable Secretary of the Hope Lodge, is winning golden opinions by his active plans for pushing on Theosophy in Ceylon. He is a great believer in advertisement, and the name of the Hope Lodge is prominently figuring in bold type in the local press and tourists Guide Book to Colombo. There has been opened an Inquirers' Class for Wednesday afternoons. And the evening of the first Sunday of every month is devoted to Public Meetings, while the other Sunday afternoons of the month are exclusively devoted to Lodge Meetings for members and associates only. The first Public Meeting in March was well attended, chiefly by young men of the Royal College, when Mr. Hill read a most excellent paper on the "Evolution of Man". All our meetings are held at the Musæus School, which has now become the centre of Theosophy in Ceylon, I am glad to say.

During last month there passed through Colombo Madam Godefroy and Mr. Huidekoper. The former was *en route* to Adyar, while the latter was from Adyar to Europe. They both broke their journey at Colombo and spent a few days with the local members.

Mrs. Higgins gave her second lecture on "Glimpses into Ceylon History" before the Young Men's Buddhist Association. The lecture was illustrated with lantern slides. The energetic Secretary of the Buddhist Theosophical Society, Mr. Robert de Zoysa, in conjunction with his Committee, is working hard to open, at the latter end of this month, the Agri-Horticultural Show and Fancy Fair in aid of the funds of the educational work of the Society, which is urgently in need of help. This was practically the pet work of the late Col. Olcott and it is a living monument to his memory. An occasional visit from our old and trusted friends, like Mr. Leadbeater, to tour round the Buddhist centres will be most appreciated.

Mr. D. B. Jayatilaka has resigned from the Office of General Manager and his place is filled up by Dr. W. A. de Silva, a gentleman who occupied that office at one time with much acceptance and credit to the Society.

Her friends will be glad to hear that Miss Renda is now attached to the Staff of the Musæus School, having returned from Europe early in the year.

H.