

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER half-yearly volume begins with this number, and **THE THEOSOPHIST** finds itself steadily rising in circulation, as issue succeeds issue. Thanks to the work of many friends, and, in England, to the generous help rendered by the National Society, our existence is becoming known to a larger and larger circle of the public; the General Secretary in America also works hard to spread our central magazine, and it was America that led the way in sending a sample copy to every new member enrolled there in the ranks of the Society. But I shall not be satisfied till we reach a steady circulation of 10,000 a month.

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One of the most striking signs of progress is the constant presence in the mental atmosphere of ideas which, a few years ago, were regarded as obsolete or even absurd. Of these ideas, that of Reincarnation is the most remarkable for general acceptance, and it will soon be difficult to realise that the nineteenth century, in the West, flouted it as the dream of a few poets and philosophers, a curious survival of ancient superstition. It appears now in the most unexpected places. Mr. Belasco—who has been

aided in his studies by the late Prof. James and Prof. Hyslop—is bringing out a drama, in which the leading actor, Mr. David Warfield, is to represent a reincarnated human being. It will be interesting to see how far the drama appeals to the cultured society of Boston. Equally significant in another way is the declaration of the Rev. R. T. Campbell: “I often feel that, as an individualised entity, I have lived before.” And Mr. Campbell further stated:

I am now coming to feel, that it is not at all improbable that Christ will come again, and that in that event He will reincarnate. I rather agree with those who think that His work next time will be to lay the foundations of the world-religion—the synthesis of all religions, which is certain to follow upon the establishment of a world-civilisation which is now approaching.

More and more strongly is this expectation formulating itself, and the need for a synthesis of religion is being ever more keenly felt. But will not the establishment of a world-religion, according to all historical precedent, in smaller cycles, precede, not follow, the establishment of a world-civilisation? The Hon. Mr. Justice Beaman speaking in Bombay, said:

However much earnest men may deplore the fact, it is indubitably a fact that the revealed religion of Christianity has already become inadequate, and seems likely to become more and more inadequate, to satisfy the cravings at once of intellectual truths and the demands of the moral faculty. The fundamental hypothesis of what is loosely called Theosophy goes nearer perhaps than any other to give a logical explanation of the facts of human experience, reconciling them with man's invincible demand that the government of the world should be just, as his innate sense of justice enables him to understand the world. In the great doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, rightly understood, we find provision made both for the innate spirituality of man, and for the operation, through all the happenings of human life, however: bizarre, outrageous, irrational, unmerited, these may appear, of an inflexible law of perfect justice. As the man has sown so shall he reap, not in another, but in the same world, where he will return to expiate his crimes, and reap the reward of his good deeds. According to that teaching we all pay our debts with nice exactness in the coin in which we incurred them. And running through it all is the assumption that in each man is the potentiality at least

of spiritual progress. There can be no doubt that if we accept this reading of the riddle, although it can be easily pushed to ultimates, where human reason necessarily fails, we shall have a solid basis upon which to build.

And the world is seeking such a basis, whereon Religion and Science may clasp hands. The narrow and the intolerant may, for a while, continue to rage and to defame, but the ultimate issue is sure, and we may await with patience the time when the WISDOM shall be justified.

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In the outer world also the nations are drawing nearer together. The peaceable reference to the Hague Tribunal of the question *re* Savarkar—that, a few years ago, might have involved two great nations in war—is a sign of the growing inclination to refer matters of dispute to a Court of Justice instead of to a field of battle. Again, Mr. Carnegie's endowment of 'Hero-funds' in America, Great Britain, France and Germany is another sign of growing international feeling. Mr. Carnegie has established these funds to provide for the families of men who lose their lives in trying to save others, or for their own maintenance if injured. He has endowed these four funds with \$8,500,000—a truly noble charity. He writes to the German Emperor:

Industrialism develops the heroes of peace. Scarcely a day passes without acts of heroism being revealed to one or other of the 'Hero-funds' already established. In cases of mine accidents the volunteers for rescue work who risk their lives by descending the pit invariably exceed the number required. Such are the heroes of civilisation.

I have long felt that such true heroes and those dependent upon them should be freed from pecuniary cares resulting from their heroism, and, as a fund for this purpose, one and one quarter million dollars in five per cent first mortgage bonds, yielding approximately two hundred and fifty thousand marks per annum, will be sent to the commission designated to administer this fund.

The Emperor has gratefully accepted the fund on behalf of the German nation.

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Another international work on which Mr. Carnegie has bestowed the huge sum of eleven million dollars is that for the establishment of a World Peace. The editorial in the *New York American*, published on December 25th, 1909, pleading for Universal Peace, written by Colonel Graves, seems to have infused new energy into the Peace Movement. Why should not representatives of the Parliaments of the nations of the world gather in the Hague, at the opening of the Peace Palace in 1913, with powers to lay the bases of a World Peace Federation, and so definitely start a practical scheme?

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When one reads of Mr. Carnegie's immense benefactions, one sometimes feels a wish that he would build a couple of libraries for us, one at Adyar, one at Benares. When, some years ago, he wrote a letter to the papers, offering to build a library for any public body which could ensure its upkeep, I wrote to him asking him to build one for the Central Hindū College. We have freehold land, we are endowed, we are a perpetual legal corporation, and we have a thousand students; moreover the library would be available for all responsible scholars outside the College. No notice was taken of my letter. Mr. Carnegie has built many libraries, but I doubt if many are more useful than this would be. So here at Adyar: we have freehold land, our library is kept up by an endowment, it is of great value and contains some unique manuscripts; thousands of visitors come to it yearly, and scholars use it; it is insufficiently housed, and we are at our wits' end to provide room for the books that flow in yearly. \$50,000 would build our two libraries, one in north India, and one in south—a modest sum from the American standpoint, where millions are lavishly poured out. Perhaps some day, some generous benefactor will give us the sum. £5,000 would build one such library, and how great would be its use.

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I have had several letters asking about the University Scheme, for which I have been quietly working during the last four years. It was sent up by the late Viceroy to Lord Morley, and is in the hands of the Government. I do not know what effect upon it the change of high officials may have. H. H. the Aga Khan is working for a Musalmān University, and the Hon. Paṇḍit Malaviya for a Hindū one; it may well be that these will be preferred to my scheme, in which all religions in India were treated equally, and the attempt was made to unite instead of to divide.

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A useful Committee has been formed in London for the aiding of distressed Indian Students. While every attempt should be made here to prevent impecunious students from going to England, it is necessary, if they are there, to try to help them. The following are the members of the Committee:

Sir James Wilson, K.C.S.I., Chairman.
Mrs. Herbert Whyte, Hon. Sec. (Friends of India).
Miss E. J. Beck, Hon. Treas. (Nat. Ind. Assoc.)

T. W. Arnold, Esq. (Ed. Adviser).	K G. Gupta, Esq. (Mem. Ind. Coun.)
F. L. Cheshire, Esq. (Asst. „)	Major Syed Hassan.
Digby Besant, Esq.	Kenneth E. Kirk, Esq.
Rev. S. D. Bhabha.	Sir Theodore Morison, K.C.I.E.
Samuel Digby, Esq.	Major Sinha.

Abbas Ali Baig, Esq., Member Indian Council, has also been invited to join. The Office of the Committee is at 21, Cromwell Road, S. W. It is not proposed to give scholarships or allowances, but only to aid students in immediate need, and to enable them to return to India, if that be the best course. Persons applied to for gifts or loans by Indian students are requested to refer all such applicants to the Committee. Wealthy Indians who desire to help Indians in need should send donations or subscriptions to Miss Beck at the above address. The Friends of India Society has removed to 21, Cromwell

Road, as it is thought desirable to centralise the various Societies which seek, in various ways, to extend a friendly hand to Indians in England.

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There is a curious statement in the *Daily Mail*, as to Mrs. Eddy's grave. It is stated that the coffin rests on 4 ft. of concrete, and that above it alternate layers of cement and steel sheeting, fastened to steel uprights set in the concrete foundation, fill up the grave. Surely Mrs. Eddy would not have approved of this method of dealing with her cast-off shell, she, who regarded matter as a mere illusion.

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It is pleasant to see that our good Brother, Purnendu Nārāyaṇa Sinha, of Bankipur, who has already received the Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal, has, with two other Indian gentlemen, received special thanks from the Director of the Bengal Agricultural Department for his useful work in connexion with the Behar Agricultural Association.

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H. H. the Mahārāja of Darbhanga gave an admirable presidential address at the Convention of Religions at Allahabad, where the T. S. was represented by Bro. Bhagavān Dās. It is pleasant to read the following from a Hindū who is orthodox of the orthodox :

I, therefore, welcome this great Convention assembled here to-day as a proof that the former one has done good work in kindling an interest in the comparative study of religions and in clearing the path for the realisation of the truth that all the religions of the world represent, each in its own way, on varying spiritual planes, the strivings of all human hearts to obtain a more and more intimate knowledge of the One God, who is over all and in us all—the Great Father of all mankind.

I desire to emphasise this truth at the outset, for it appears to me that the knowledge of God is the one master-quest of life; to know Him, His character, and His will concerning us, in order that by loving Him we may also obey Him and become more and more like Him, as daily we ap-

proach Him in reverent worship and lowly thought. This is the ultimate aim of all religions; and any religion that does not possess its adherent with the spirit and aim I have just referred to, is of little practical use in the ordering of a man's daily life.

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Alchemy is beginning to come to its own. Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc., F.C.S., has devoted a volume to *Alchemy: Ancient and Modern*, and shows, among other things, the similarity between the teachings of the alchemists and those of the latest science. Slowly, very slowly, but surely, the Occultists of the past are being justified.

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The attacks on liberty of conscience carried on against the Roman Catholic Church by the triumphant 'Free-Thinkers' of France have caused the French Protestants to rally to the support of the persecuted Catholics. A Protestant minister, M. Charles Verne, speaks of the injuries inflicted on Catholics as wrought by "men whose tyranny will bring about every kind of slavery," and declares that French Protestants would be unworthy of their great leaders if they did not raise their voices against every attack on liberty of conscience. We have had many proofs that 'Free-Thinkers' in power are as tyrannous as the clericals of the past. Charles Bradlaugh seems to have been the last of the great *Free-Thinkers*. He hated anti-religious tyranny as he did religious.

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The Government of Madras has followed in the steps of the Imperial Government, and has issued a circular of instruction in manners to its younger officials, and has laid its finger exactly on many of weak points in behavior which give offence, and which often are due to ignorance of Indian ways. I am glad to see that the use of the word 'native' is tabooed, and it is to be hoped that Indians themselves will also eschew its use; for though

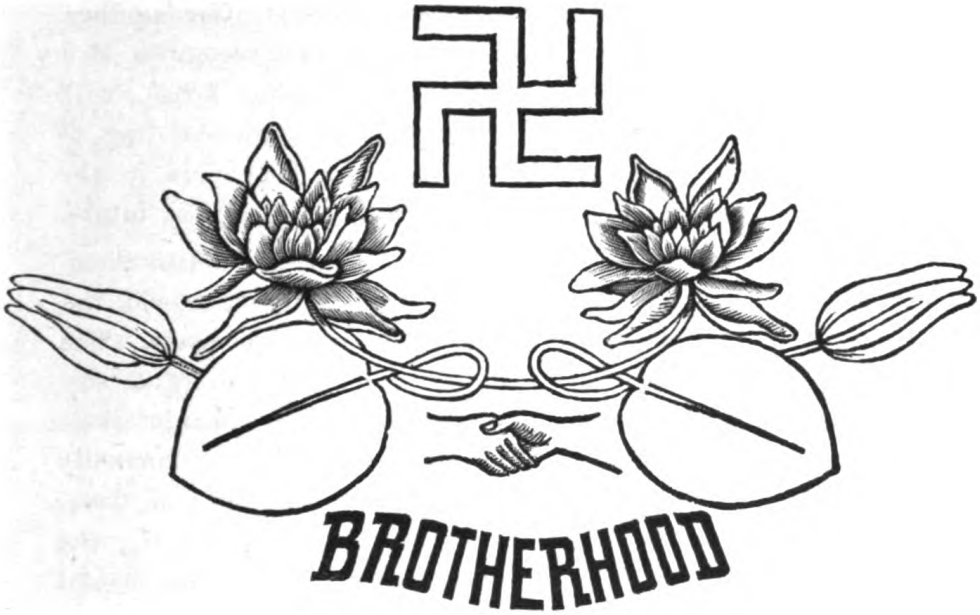
they resent it in the mouth of an Englishman they are as great sinners in this respect as those whom they blame.

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In the *Washington Post* of February 4, 1911, I read an account of "one of the most brilliant gatherings of women ever assembled in Washington," at which Miss Jenny V. Hughes delivered "a stirring address". Miss Hughes is a missionary in China, and 4000 people were before her.

Miss Hughes cited the case of a Buddhist nun, who had cut pieces of flesh from her hands and arms to burn before the altar in order that she might be cured of a disease. The woman had taken so much flesh off her hands and arms that there was hardly anything left but the bare bone. The missionary said these practices are of almost daily occurrence in remote parts of the empire. Miss Hughes said there was a desire on the part of the Chinese to be convinced of some faith which did not impose such hardships.

Apart from a natural curiosity as to the way in which the 'Buddhist nun' was saved from dying from loss of blood, after cutting through the main artery and vein of the arm—a manifest miracle—one is almost too astounded at this statement to comment on it. Anyone who knows anything of Buddhism knows that it is absolutely against the shedding of blood, and that no burning of flesh would be permitted before any "Buddhist altar." Presumably Miss Hughes was among some sect of devil-worshippers: she was certainly not among Buddhists. But what shall one say of the ignorance which allows such a cruel slander on the gentlest religion of the world to be spoken and to be believed—believed to the extent of Rs. 90,000 for "the missionary cause"? Can it be wondered at that missionaries are ill spoken of in the countries they malign? Let us, however, add that a new type of missionary is arising, which respects the older religions, and tries to influence rather than to supplant.



THE OPENING OF THE NEW CYCLE

*Public Lecture delivered by ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.,
at Adyar, December 26th, 1910*

[The lecture form has been retained, with some additional matter, as the paper will be issued separately as a lecture.]

FRIENDS: Those of you who are Theosophists, and many others who are familiar with Theosophical ideas, will know, without explanation, the meaning of the words: 'The Opening of the New Cycle'. The word 'cycle' is used among us to indicate a succession of events—the shadows in our lower world of events on higher planes—which follow each other in a definite order, which are the manifestations of principles, which grow out naturally the one from the other, and which are repeated in the

course of history on larger or smaller scales. Looking over the history of our globe, with an eye to principles rather than to details, we see one sequence after another, a succession, clear, precise, definite, and we recognise that these sequences recur on higher and higher levels, with larger and larger sweep, so that a clear understanding of one sequence enables us to trace its congeners in the past, and to forecast with fair accuracy those in the future.

We are gathered here to-day on our thirty-fifth Anniversary, an Anniversary which marks for the world the opening of an important stage in a recurring cycle. The recurring cycle is the shaping and evolution of a new human type, embodying as its dominant characteristic one of the seven stages of consciousness of our humanity—(1)-(3), Vitality, embodying itself in etheric and dense matter, the triple embryonic and birth stages; (4), the passionate rising to the emotional (kāmic); (5), the mental (mānasic); (6), the purely rational (buḍḍhic); (7), the spiritual (āṭmic). We call the embodiments of each of these stages a Root-Race, and reckon seven of them in the life of a globe.

A smaller set of cycles within each of these large ones is made up of sub-races, of which, again, there are seven within the Root-Race; and the beginning of a coming Root-Race is in the sub-race of its own number in the reigning Race. Thus the fifth Root-Race grew out of the fifth sub-race of the fourth Root-Race, and the sixth Root-Race will grow out of the sixth sub-race of the fifth Root-Race. In the primary stage of such a cycle, recurring for the sixth time, we are standing now; the small cycle of the sixth sub-race of the fifth Root-Race, the Āryan, is already in its early stages, and the sixth Root-Race is, in its earliest germ, conceived in the womb of Time.

The embryonic stage of the cycle of the sixth Root-Race began in 1875, when two old and faithful disciples

of the Masters of the WISDOM, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Henry Steele Olcott, joined their hands together for the founding of the Society which since has spread so far. The birth will be seven centuries hence, in the founding of the colony out of which the sixth Root-Race will grow. These two disciples began the organic shaping of the germ-cell, or nucleus, of the future Brotherhood Race, the work long foreseen, long prepared for, by Those who generate the causes of events, who guide the destinies of nations. In the fourteenth century A. D., the great Teacher Tsong-kha-pa commanded His disciples to endeavor to enlighten the world during the last quarter of each century, and to carry into the western world, century after century, the light of the Ancient Wisdom, the knowledge of the ancient truth. Messenger after messenger was sent and bore his message to the West, and it is interesting to study in European history this recurring period, and to note the movement: sometimes the light of religious knowledge as in the fifteenth century; the impulse to scientific knowledge, as in the sixteenth; to philosophic, as in the seventeenth; or as a wave of influence to bring about social and political amelioration for the poor, the miserable, as in the eighteenth; always the efforts tended to one end, to a single goal: the raising of the people, intellectually and spiritually, until the time should be ripe for the open proclamation to the world of the Brotherhood of Man.

In the nineteenth century it was thought that the time had come when there might be gathered together out of all nations, out of all peoples, out of all tongues, a nucleus through which to organise that longed-for universal Brotherhood, and give it concrete form. And so when the latest Messengers came they made that the heart of their teaching, they made that the essence of their message in all the lands of earth. In all the languages talked by our humanity, wherever humanity had grown into civilisation, the cry that the nucleus of the

Brotherhood was forming went forth and entered into the ears of men. Then came the stages of the growth of the Society, and the gradual increase of knowledge, and the spreading of the great ideas of the Ancient Wisdom through the newer civilisation of the West. And so it went on, year after year, more and more gathering round its banners, some coming for a time and then departing, but with all the ebbing and the flowing the numbers steadily increasing. And so things went on till the new century dawned, till many signs were visible of a changing public opinion, of the minds and the hearts of men opening up to new ideals, of the reappearance of mysticism and of spirituality where materialism had deemed itself triumphant. And still for a while progress went on quietly, calmly, steadily, permeating literature, changing the outlook of science, inspiring the religions of the world with new life, new energy, and an immortal hope. Only a couple of years ago, speaking on this platform, I was bidden say that the year 1910 would see the beginning of an upward movement on the crest of which the Society would go forward in the world. Some of our brethren, apt to be a little timid, thought that the statement was somewhat rash, thought that no great change could occur in time so brief; and yet 1910 had scarcely dawned ere the first great step in the opening sub-cycle was taken, when we knew beyond all doubt the nature of the road that was opening before us, and the verity of the word that a new smaller cycle of progress should begin.

Since that time a year has well-nigh rolled away, and from every side has come the cry of rapid growth and ever-increasing power; and we stand to-day, knowing that this opening cycle has verily opened, and that both in the spiritual and in the physical world the signs are abounding that the world has set its face to the treading of a new and upward path.

Let us first consider the spiritual world, of the events in which worldly things are but the pale reflexions. For though in the physical world men may dream that the happenings around them are the really important things, and that all else is vague, dreamlike and impalpable, yet in truth physical events are the shadows whereof the substance is elsewhere; all comes from the spiritual to the material, not from the material to the spiritual, and the great changes begin above not below; the human world only treads with faltering steps where the super-human world has led the way.

What then, in the spiritual world, is the great Event which bears in its bosom blessing to the world of men? It is the preparation for the coming hither of a mighty Teacher, for the appearance among us of the Supreme Teacher of Angels and Men, that august and glorious Personage who from age to age manifests for the teaching of the world, to strike anew the note of a fresh chord of spiritual life, to proclaim the ancient message in new form in the world of men. Every sub-race, when the time of its rulership is approaching, as well as every Root-Race out of which the smaller branches grow, calls for its helping and its illumining on the great Teacher of the world, whose word is life, whose example is light.

Look back to the great religions of the Āryan Race, the religions which brought help and strength to our forefathers, and ever at their heads shines the majestic figure of a Teacher, superhuman in His splendor, infinite in His compassion, speaking as none save He may speak, manifesting the very essence of Wisdom, Love and Truth. In ancient Hindūism He labored as Vyāsa, side by side with Vaivasvaṭa Manu, the Ruler, and as the Mahāguru, the Mahāmuni, He wrought in the building of the glorious Faith which was to be the Faith of India. Then He appeared in Iran, the Founder of the religion the fragments of which yet remaining testify to its erstwhile

splendor, the religion which ruled the mighty Empire of Persia in the days of its archaic glory, the religion which in modern days sent its remaining children hither to India, when time of tyranny arose, to keep alive the name of the ancient Faith, to revive it into fresh life in our modern days; as Zarathushtra He came, 29,000 years ago, Prophet of the Fire, of God symbolised as Flame. As Hermes, or in His Egyptian name as Thoth, He carried His message to the ancient Empire of Egypt, and sent the teaching into Arabia and along the borders of the Mediterranean sea; He spoke of God as Light, the Hidden Light, the Light which is Osiris both in heaven and in man, the Light which is God whether in loftiest heaven or in the human breast, the Light which is God in every heart of man. And later still, when the splendid civilisation of Greece was to be born, the civilisation that gave Art and Beauty to the modern world, then He came singing into Greece, the stringed viol in His hand, and chanted of God as the eternal Sound, speaking in music to His disciples. From Him went forth Beauty in all the harmonies of perfect Art, and shone resplendent on a dazzled world.

The Aryan Race had heard of God as Sun, as Fire, as Light, as Sound, and returning to the land wherein the Root-Race was finally established, He manifested once again as the Supreme Teacher. For the last time He came into a mortal body, He whom the world knows as Gautama, the Lord Buddha; He who as Prince became ascetic, the Man who counted all worldly things as dross when the cry of the world's sorrow touched His ear and smote upon His heart; He who went out into the forest, and wandered for six years, seeking for the Cause of Sorrow and the Ending of Sorrow by uttermost rigor of sharp torment in fast and penance; He who sat Him down beneath the sacred Tree, resolute to await there final illumination, until the Light within Him shone out and spread over all the worlds of Gods

and men ; He who arose a Buddha, an Enlightened One, the Bringer of help to the sorrowful world, the Turner of the Wheel of the Good Law.

He preached and went : into the hands of His august Successor, the Brother-Soul that had climbed the Path beside Him for ages upon ages, the Twain walking side by side and hand in hand—into His hands He committed the teaching of the world. You know Him in your Scriptures as the R̥shi Maitreya ; the Buddhists call Him the Bodhisattva, or the Buddha Maitreya ; He fills to-day the chair of the World-Teacher, and manifested Himself in that high office when another sub-race called on Him to send it on its appointed way. Two thousand years ago He came, in a land subject to foreign sway, little regarded among the nations ; He took the body trained for Him by a faithful disciple, kept for a while apart from men in an Essene monastery ; and then He appeared in the prepared body as He who is by the Christians called the Christ, and for three years of perfect life spread once more the Message of the Light. They slew Him “of whom the world was not worthy”—nay, they slew the body, they could not slay the Teacher ; as His fellow-countrymen marred the perfect body, so His disciples marred the perfect teaching, and sowed the tares of hate here and there amid the wheat of love ; yet the teaching spread, westward ever, westward to the young and sturdy civilisation of the fifth sub-race, subduing its stubborn mind, and dominating its predecessor in Europe, till Teuton and Latin made one Christendom, the sturdy trunk of Individualism, which is yet to bear the fair flower of self-sacrifice.

Each of these comings of the World-Teacher marked the beginning of a small cycle, the cycle of a sub-race ; each of these gave new impulse to the forward march of man ; each of these erected a new mile-stone on the path to human perfection ; and all these mile-stones lie behind us now.

The world, rolling along its ancient path, has traversed another two thousand years, and again the time is ripe for the re-appearance of the Teacher, for the budding of the sixth sub-race.

This is the movement to-day in the spiritual world, the preparation for His manifestation once again as of old; again the Occult Hierarchy is making ready the Way of the Lord. Again shall He come, as in the former time He came, and the stir of preparation in the invisible is moving hearts and minds in the visible material world. There is not a country in the West in which some heads are not being lifted up in glad expectation, in the hope that the Beloved of all nations again draweth nigh. Preacher after preacher in the Christian churches is saying that the world needs a new revelation, is crying out for a supreme religious Teacher, who shall gather into one fold the religions of the world.

I have noticed how some of the leaders of religious thought in England are making this idea familiar to the congregations to whom they appeal week by week. And it is not alone in England that the idea is spreading; in other western lands the cry is also heard. Faces in many lands are becoming expectant; hearts in many lands are becoming alert; and the expectancy is the shadow cast down here by the changes that are going on in the higher world; the wheels of the chariot that are beginning to move in the Himālayas are waking their echoes from east and west, from north and south. And when the expectancy of the world is rising, it means an answer to a promise from on high. And so we of the Theosophical Society look for the coming of a great spiritual Teacher, the same Teacher who has come into the world before, whose office never dies, whose seat is never vacant, the one Supreme Teacher of the worlds, whose voice is music and whose heart is love. For Him we look, for His coming we strive to prepare the public mind of man. And we

know that the first definite step was taken, as I told you, in the year which was proclaimed as the beginning of the forward movement, the year that now lies almost behind.

That step is of the highest importance for the new sub-cycle, for it marks its definite birth; it tells us that the long preparation is over, and that the days of realisation are even at the door. It is the beginning of the mighty changes that are coming on the world.

If you want to understand a little of the nature of the approaching changes, you may find them outlined in the teachings of the WISDOM, proclaimed to the world by the Society which is His servant, that comes as the Herald of His will. Unity, Peace, Brotherhood—that is, as of old, the proclamation, not now within a Brotherhood of Faith, but in a wider Brotherhood of Nations. There is sounded on all sides the message of the Unity of Religions, that all spring from a single root, and all are branches of the immortal tree, the DIVINE WISDOM. For the children of the World-Faiths to quarrel and to struggle is, in truth, to show themselves but children still, when they should be growing into manhood. In the teaching of the coming Prophet that note will sound out, clear and strong—all faiths are one, all World-Faiths lead to a single goal. As the reflexion of the Unity of Religions must come the Brotherhood of Nations. There is only one foundation on which the multiplicity of forms can be builded, and that is the unity of the life which is embodied in each. When we proclaim the immanence of God, the indwelling of God in every one and in everything, then we implicitly proclaim the interdependence of the cells which make up the organism which we call a world. The Immanence of God and the Solidarity of Man are two phrases that imply a single truth — a double-faced Truth, one face divine, one human, and the twain inseparable for ever.

Thus the teaching for the new cycle is the teaching of Unity, the teaching of friendliness, the teaching of love between those who hold now-opposing creeds; and

your work, if you would co-operate in bringing about the great peace which is coming, is to purify your hearts from all religious hatreds, all religious antagonisms, all sectarian rivalries, from all dislike of the faith and customs of another; only thus can we prepare the way of the Lord, and make straight His Path. Only when Hindū and Musalmān, Buddhist and Christian, Pārsi and Hebrew, Jaina and Sikh—members of the religions living side by side here on a single continent—only when they know the Unity and live it, will India be prepared to give welcome to the coming Teacher.

The sense of unity is growing, despite the antagonisms which we see around us, and which from time to time burst into flame between our Hindū and Musalmān brothers; there is a growing unity which will, ere long, be manifest. The leaders on both sides are trying to pacify not to stimulate, to calm and not to irritate. Good men all over the world are ashamed that in this twentieth century there should still be the shedding of blood in the name of religion, and the public sense of shame, the public expression of disapproval, are signs that far behind us lie the days when religious strife and persecution were subjects of rejoicing and congratulation. They have become subjects of sorrow and deprecation. And as this feeling spreads, as the coarser and the rougher people become influenced by the more thoughtful and more spiritual, we shall see the gradual beginning of a true religious unity, the era of religious hatred will close, and the cycle of Brotherhood will be seen. Then shall India with one voice proclaim the essential truths of the WISDOM, so peculiarly her own as the Mother-Race, and will make her household ready to receive the coming Prophet and Teacher.

Such is the preparation to be made here for the embodiment of the spiritual events which are approaching. Let us now turn to our material earth, and see if there are any signs therein of the opening of a new cycle.

(To be concluded)

INDIVIDUALISM AND BROTHERHOOD

IT seems obvious that in the consciousness of the American people are deeply implanted two doctrines which, viewed on the surface, are mutually contradictory. Perhaps we should call them not doctrines, but concepts which are serving as motives, concepts which are so interblended with the great aggregate of concepts we call character, that they color our view of life and regulate our actions. Ordinarily they are nameless, silent influences. Let us give them names and call upon them to speak. Let us designate them respectively Individualism and Brotherhood, and hale them before the bar of Reason. Are they irreconcilable?

Changing the figure, let us gravely enter our mental picture-galleries and scan the phenomena of life there portrayed. And then let the Self speak¹ and the Brother, and let the Father judge. For this is an important matter, and none but the parent-principle, that is, the highest and wisest in us, should decide it. And in our investigation let us call upon other knowledge than that current in the world, and let us seem to be pondering this question not like a cowed monk in a holy wilderness, but like a lover of truth glorying in the grandeur of the great world and its activities, and seeking patiently and hopefully to comprehend little by little their might and their meaning.

First, what is Individualism?

Here speaks the Self, with a candor as delightful as that of a buccaneer:

“Individualism,” says the Self, “is the principle of acting according to one’s own will, or to further one’s

¹ The Self here is the Individual, and not the Spirit.—Ed.

own ends. Isn't that right? What is an Individual but that which has a continued existence in all its changes? And how is one to remain an Individual if he is going constantly to give himself to this or that, be snuffed out (metaphorically speaking) by this and snuffed in by that? To be sure, something seems to remain each time, but it's rather pale, and never up to the point of pork-chops and beer. Why not be constantly getting something? That is a fundamental law of Nature, isn't it? Evolution, isn't it?—getting new qualities, new strength, new powers?

“Why, Individualism is all about us—woven into our lives. The more Individual we are, the greater our pleasures and the greater our pains. We can stand the pains, though, can we not, if we know that the pendulum is bound to swing into pleasures—such pleasures as will throw quite into the shade the sallow delights of the self-sacrificer?

“Individualism, they say, turns man against man; makes the world cold and unfeeling; renders it difficult to make a living; causes so much of our energy to be used up in the acquiring of the mere necessities of life, that little is left for higher pursuits. They say, too, that Individualism is mercenary, irreligious, uncharitable, crying ever: ‘I first, the Devil take the hindmost!’ But, honestly now, don't these complaints come, after all, from the failures—those who cannot compete in the struggle for existence, those who have a grievance against the order of things because their food does not drop cooked and ready into their mouths?

“Really, is not Individualism the very mainspring of progress? Where would be ambition and enterprise and desire to acquire and conserve, and consequently how would the development of Society proceed, were it not for this principle in us of acting for our own ends?”

So speaks the Self.

Now what is Brotherhood?

Let the Brother speak:

“Brotherhood,” says he, with a certain gentleness yet firmness, “is the principle of so acting that our actions shall benefit all—the principle of giving rather than that of getting, the principle of enlarging ourselves by the identification of our interests with those of all, the principle of urging on the evolution of humanity by devoting our energies in reasonable ways to the benefit of our fellow-beings. We do not give to get, but actually by giving we do get in one way or another—happiness, if nothing else. What more can one say? ‘As ye mete, so shall it be measured to you again.’ A law of Nature this; practice shows it, though we cannot explain it. The happiness and inner harmony that flow from adherence to it, indicate it to be a law. Why are we impelled so to act that our actions shall benefit others? Why, without deliberation or with it, does a man risk his life for another? Why these things if Brotherhood be not a fact in Nature, be not in strict accord with the great scheme of things?”

So speaks the Brother.

Now let the Father speak; let him from his wide survey of things present and past, his knowledge of fundamental laws, his utter impartiality—let him speak, let him decide:

“The question before us is a momentous one. To know the truth of the matter is to have acquired a safe guide through the bewildering conditions of life. This truth is one of the greatest vouchsafed to men. Let us begin at the beginning.

“Just as no two children of a family are of exactly the same age, so are no two individuals at exactly the same stage of evolution. Some individuals, some souls, are older, far older, than others—came into existence sooner in

this world, and have acquired more wisdom in their many incarnations. A soul comes into existence as the result of three streams of evolution. One stream provides the materials of which forms are to be built—that is, provides the molecular matter of the particular universe we are considering, our Solar System. Another stream provides the developing forms from mineral to human. The third stream provides the tenant of the human form, the lord of the human body. The human soul comes into existence at the point where these three converge, or rather where they merge into one another, and it accordingly has a birth in Time. From that moment in the long-past ages when the Divine Spark settled down within the animal-soul which by its long evolution had been prepared to receive it and in a measure to respond to it—from that moment we have been individuals manifesting here periodically in this lower world. We did not originate here, for we are Divine Sparks. The Source of our being is the Divine Flame—God, the Ruler of our Solar System. As souls, however, we have had a birth in Time, and we are here in this world to learn lessons as in a great school. We learn these lessons by being born again and again amid differing conditions and by reaping as we have sown, thus learning the laws of Nature and Spirit by suffering penalties for breaking them, or by gaining happiness through observing them. Consequently some souls are wiser than others, through having had more earth-lives and having acquired more experience.

“In the evolution of the human soul there are two great, distinct stages: one, the stage during which the soul grows by getting; the other, the stage in which the soul develops by giving. The stage of getting is one of separation from our fellows. During that enormous period of our evolution all actions are motived by self-interest. During that time, however, we are developing power, will, energy, even though it be selfish. We are building up so strong a centre of consciousness that it cannot be disorganised in the vast stretches

of altruistic existence that lie before us in the stage of giving. We are selfish in the beginning in order that we may be strong, definite channels for the divine Life later, for the more rapid evolution of those who are below us in the scale of being. The Individualism of to-day is the selfishness of the stage of getting. In some cases it is very necessary for the growth of the souls in which it is exhibited. In other cases it is no longer necessary, but persists because those souls do not as yet see any better way. In those cases where it is necessary, no heed will be paid to higher promptings from without. In the cases where it is not necessary, at least a dim consciousness that this selfishness is not right will arise, and self-examination will begin and proceed until the path of getting is abandoned and that of giving is entered upon.

“It has been said that in Atlantis a thousand centuries ago, there were placed in the great temples, shrines in which men of social standing set up their own images, wrought in gold and silver or carved in stone or wood, and actually worshipped them, the wealthier classes employing great numbers of priests to care for these shrines and make offerings to the statues as to Gods. The exaltation of Self could go no further. It was the period in human evolution when man was deepest sunk in matter. The Roman Emperors unconsciously imitated the Atlanteans in this. We were the Atlanteans, and great numbers of us were the Romans. The majority of us are still on the path of selfishness. Witness the mad passion for gain and the indifference to culture in the far greater number. Witness the over-riding ambition—the Cossack impetuosity—of personal interest. Witness the striking fact that even our religionists believe their religion the only true one, and consequently consider themselves superior to the rest of the world, whom they call heathen and try to convert; and this despite the fact that the true inner nature of their own doctrines is to be found in most cases in the very religions they are seeking to

supplant, and in some cases even better expressed in those religions. So selfish are the majority of us yet. There are, however, strong forces in the world seeking to counteract this selfishness."

"But," interposed the Self, "if, as you say, this struggle of Individual against Individual, this 'selfishness,' be for the very purpose of building up strong centres of consciousness, powerful 'brains,' why should one seek to counteract it, for surely one cannot be too powerful?"

"The stability of the great system to which we belong," replied the Father benignly, "depends upon restricting the development of selfish personal power, preventing the increase of soul-energy turned selfward, where it is no longer necessary for growth, where it is merely the result of following the example of those for whom it is still right. Selfishness is essentially a separative principle. You know that. You do not like to share with others without some return over and above what you give."

"But that's the way I grow," answered the Self somewhat impatiently.

"To be sure," responded the Father; "and it is perfectly right for you if you see no other way. We might suggest, though, that the struggle with others might be elevated above such strife as that for mere material possessions. If you must still strive for dominance, what a fertile field is the higher plane of Knowledge! Your development can be carried out by strife with the problems of life, in ethics, philosophy, science. You can forget persons in your striving, and aim at excelling in intellectual quality. Intellectualise, then spiritualise your ambition, transforming it thus into aspiration. Struggle, strive, demand the Truth. And let us predict for you that when you have found any real truth, you will want to communicate it. This may be prompted by pride at first. Later you will find an intense pleasure in the mere giving, without thought of return even in the form of gratitude. Being now a

thinker and possessed of energy, you will pass rapidly higher and higher, and will in time begin to aim to be the 'help ahead' for those who do not think. This is certain, and, like everything else, it has a material basis; for, as thinking proceeds, it passes from the lower, or denser, mind-body, which is the instrument of the Soul for the lower, or concrete, mental processes, into the higher, or more ethereal, mind-body, which is the Soul's own form, where it becomes more and more abstract and universal and eventually, through inter-vibration, stirs into activity and merges with itself other high qualities of the Soul, becoming thus widely comprehensive, deeply penetrative, sympathetic and altruistic.

"Thinkers should endeavor to provide the higher *forms of thought* which shall be inherited by those who are breaking away from the mere personal strife of the earlier stages of evolution and are ready to begin the development of the higher individuality, that which *includes*—the Individuality of the Higher Self, whose distinguishing marks are penetrative intellectuality, surrender to the Divine Will, self-restraint, glad sacrifice for others, purity, absence of wrath, compassion for all that lives, vigor, forgiveness, fortitude, straight-forwardness, and absence of envy and pride—the Individuality which ever seeks to perfect itself in the highest knowledge and noblest culture, in order that it may become more and more fit to offer itself for more and more responsible work in the Divine Economy."

"There is one expression which you have just used," said the Brother at this juncture, "that seems to me laden with meaning, and that is 'the Individuality of the Higher Self'. Will you not tell us more explicitly of this?"

"Presently, my son," replied the Father gently. "Let us proceed gradually, for this is a matter of extreme importance. We said a few moments ago, that there are

in the world strong forces striving to counteract the spread of selfishness. The forces we refer to are not the distinctively and obviously moral forces working through religions and ethical teachings in general. The Great Ones in charge of the evolution of life on the earth, work in subtler and deeper ways than this. The very selfishness of men is utilised by Them to overcome that selfishness. The process is an exceedingly long one, for the aim of it all is not to coerce, but to lead to enlightenment. It is a process of elimination of qualities which form, as it were, a shell about the Individual, shutting him off from sympathy with his fellows. A painful process ordinarily, but one that is necessary. One is here reminded of a certain Chinese anecdote: A monkey brought after death before the King of Purgatory, begged to be reborn on Earth as a man. 'In that case,' said the King, 'all the hairs must be plucked out of your body,' and he ordered the attendant demons to pull them out forthwith. At the very first hair the monkey screeched out and said that he could not bear the pain. 'You brute!' roared the King, 'how are you to become a man if you cannot even part with a single hair?'

"The forces we mentioned are those which are working through any organisation in which, to accomplish some end, men join together voluntarily; for instance, beneficiary and pleasure organisations, churches, cults of all sorts, labor unions, trusts, even gangs of thieves. These associations all inculcate in their members a feeling of interdependence which is to ripen into brotherhood, based upon mutual sympathy and mutual endeavors. People do not thus associate themselves together from a feeling of brotherhood—generally far from it: it is for some personal gain, such as pleasure, companionship, self-cultivation, self-protection, money, power, etc.; but from these beginnings is bound to be fostered the innate feeling of brotherhood which impels even one low in the scale to risk his life for another.

“Now let us ask: Do those who work with others and for others for some gain for themselves, lose any of their Individuality? Does this great sense of interdependence destroy the sense of Individuality? And if I feel an intense sympathy with each of you, so that your want is my want, and your fulness my fulness, so that I share in your sorrows and your joys, am I any less an Individual? In either of these cases, that of selfishness or that of sympathy, is not the Individuality extended rather than restricted?—is it not a greater Individual, larger in every way, more comprehensive? If I have begun to feel in you, to truly sympathise with you, is it not obvious that I am really greater than when shut up within myself? And is it not plain that the wider my sympathy and the greater my knowledge, the greater will be my Individuality, which can thus grow without limit, even as knowledge and sympathy can increase without limit?

“Now this extension of Individuality, this growth of the Individual life after life, so that he includes within his scope of compassion, sympathy, love, more and more of his brother-men, and within his purview of knowledge more and more of the Universe, produces finally, my sons, *the Individuality of the Higher Self*; and the doctrine of this is the Individualism which includes rather than excludes, which postulates not selfishness but Brotherhood.

“This extension of Individuality—let us examine it. We have said that it can grow without limit. Let us consider a little reasoned form of this vast conception:

“First: We are greater than our knowledge, greater than anything we can know, no matter how comprehensive it is; for each thing that we know is but one of innumerable other things in our minds, and it is obvious that there is no limit to our capacity to know that which by the constitution of our minds we can know.

“Secondly: We are warranted in affirming that, by the constitution of our minds, we can know every physical fact in the Universe, if we can but be placed in front of the fact. The whole physical Universe is knowable by us. Moreover, even should we know the whole Universe in its physical aspect, it nevertheless would be but a portion of the contents of our minds; for even now, a considerable part of our knowledge is superphysical—philosophy, art, religion, psychological science. Hence we are greater potentially than the whole physical Universe and the higher, or superphysical, planes of it, the realms of abstract thought. We are essentially greater than anything knowable.

“Thirdly: Even in the case of omniscience, it is a One that knows, it is an Individuality that has become so comprehensive as to include all within itself.

“Hence we can safely affirm that there can be no limit to the growth of our Individuality, and that, as omniscience is a distinctive mark of Divinity, we are Gods in the making, are essentially divine.

“Men are far from equal, my sons,” pursued the Father; “from the very nature of the birth and evolution of the human soul equality cannot exist in mankind. Mankind is like the children of a family, none of which, as before mentioned, are of exactly the same age as the others; and as in a family the elder and more experienced and more competent should aid the younger and less experienced and less competent, so in the great human family should the elder brothers aid the younger, rather than use their greater faculties for outwitting them, defrauding them of their rights, enslaving them, setting them examples of rapacity and greed.

“The Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God are facts. And so essentially divine is man that there is a stage in his development when he, the Individual, becomes all, sees himself in all, yet loses not his identity; it is as if

his consciousness expands to take in all. This is the stage in the human development which in the East is called Nirvāṇa. For a long time we of the West were assured by our scholars that this great word meant absorption in God, with loss of Individuality. A greater scholarship and deeper knowledge proclaim that it connotes a certain stage in the development of the soul, the stage at which the personality is lost, but not the Individuality—the stage at which the Individuality expands to take in all. Individuality is never lost; personality, however, is. Individuality is the permanent Self; personality the manifestation of the Self in the physical world for the purpose of gaining experiences, and from them wisdom and growth. The Individuality is the ‘thread-soul’ on which are strung like beads the personalities of life after life. The Individuality is the immortal Actor, who takes a new part in each earth-life until he has run through the whole repertoire, passed through all classes of experience, learned human life from the beginning to the end.

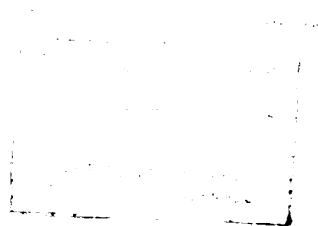
“Never do we pass into nothingness. On and on into the dizzying future shall we be Individuals, constantly growing in power and glory, passing in the course of time into the very effulgence of the Godhead, re-emerging then as Teachers of a new humanity, guardians of new worlds, and passing on and on upward unto heights of attainment beyond our conception wholly, but not beyond our belief, when we knew something definite of the rationale of the Universe and the beneficence at the Heart of it.

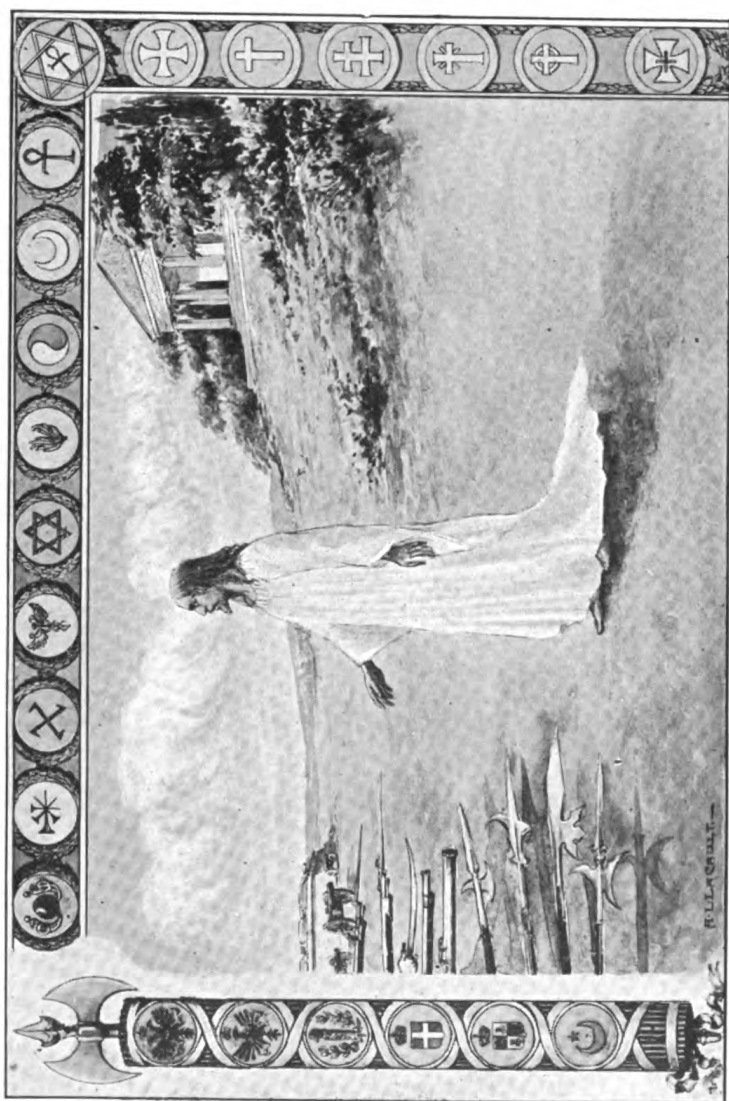
“Now, my sons,” continued the Father, with infinite kindness, “what we want is Individualism centered in our Higher Selves. Our Individualism when we were Atlanteans was founded in our lower selves and was separative in the highest degree. The Individualism rampant in the world to-day is essentially separative, with germinal tendencies toward better things. The Self does not recognise

the Brother. On the other hand, the Brother does not understand the Self, does not realise that the Self, being on the path of getting, is but acting according to his nature and hence rightly, no matter how inconvenient it may be to others. What we want is Individualism which is exalted Brotherhood, a state of consciousness in which each feels himself in all, all in himself. Speaking on the plane of every day, the reconciliation between Individualism and Brotherhood lies in the exaltation of Individualism, not in crushing it out; lies in including within it all Individuals, not in forcing all away from it. Through cultivation, of the helpfulness, good-will, charity, tolerance, decent common-sense which lie at the root of practical Brotherhood, let us strive to strengthen the tendency toward Transcendental Individualism, which we find in the Selves who are at the point of entering the path of giving. Our aim, my sons, should be to strive, ourselves, to become definite channels of the divine Life, to become ever worthier objects of love in order that God may the more fully lavish upon us His Love, and in order also that we may become more and more conscious of that Love and may share in the divine Bliss. God Himself—let us whisper it—*grows* through sacrifice, through the lavishment of His Love. All this struggle through incalculable ages is to make of us strong Individuals, that we may persist; that we may emulate Him in giving, that we may even aid Him, the magnificent Ruler of our Solar System, even aid Him to grow, by becoming constantly worthier objects of His Love.”

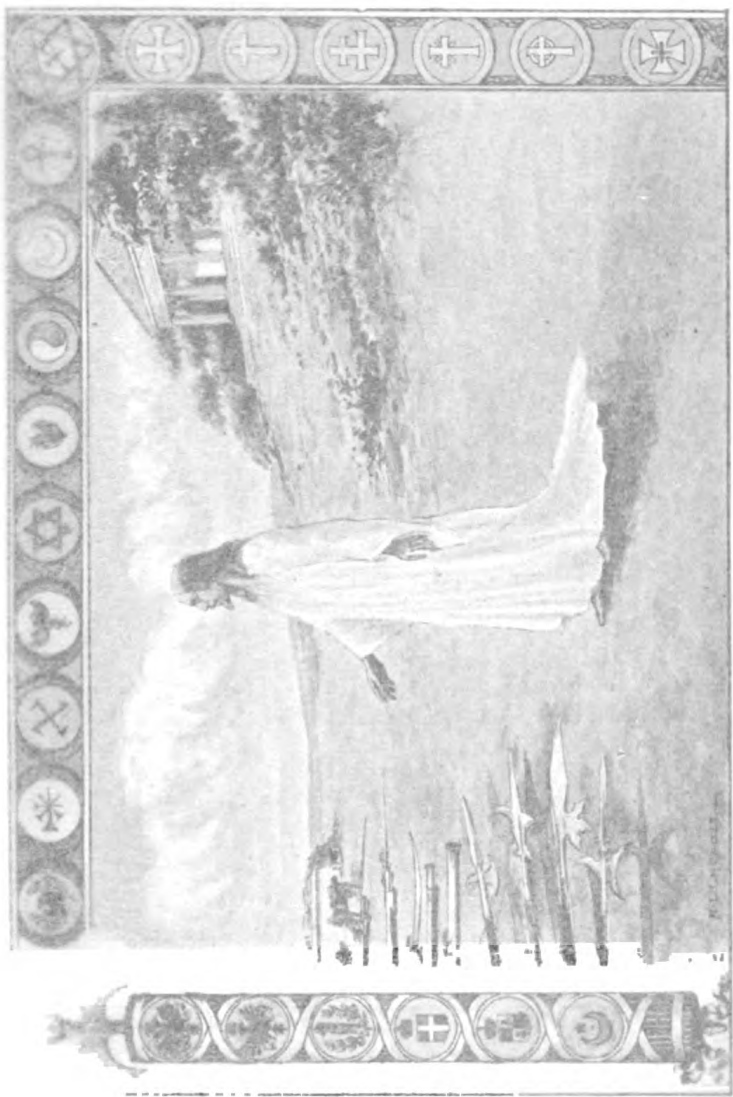
The Father ceased. The Self in a day or two sent a thought of compassion to one in distress. The Brother strove harder than ever to help each in his place, each according to his stage of development, and went through the world doing good yet leaving no trace behind, for he became presently ‘one who knows’.

DR. F. MILTON WILLIS





PEACE!



PEACE!

THE COMING FEDERATION OF NATIONS : CAN IT BE ATTAINED PEACEFULLY ?

IT has been prophesied that, within a few hundred years, the leading nations of the world will have combined in a mighty Federation, and this could come about in two very different ways. It may be that the good sense, or Reason, of the nations, if not cast from its throne by the inrush of some violent, disturbing emotion, will increasingly perceive the substantial advantages to the Many (albeit loss to the Few) resulting from mutual agreement. On the other hand, it may be that some slight friction may ignite the combustible material provided in the huge armaments of Europe, and that a terrible war must teach its hard lessons, ere the smaller nations, in self-defence, will join together against an over-aggressive Power, and by force of combination compel that Power to forego the advantages of superior strength, and comply with measures favorable to the Common Weal of the civilised world.

At first sight, there seems nothing to prevent the former peaceful consummation, for not only is such a Federation the ultimate goal of the efforts of the most enlightened of our age, but it is in accordance with the ideals held up for nineteen centuries by the religion which has been educating Europe; and moreover, to adduce lower but not ineffective grounds, the self-interest of the masses urges whatever tends to the avoidance of the expense of war. Brotherhood is the very keynote of the progressive movements of to-day. Esperanto aims at removing the curse of Babel; international exhibitions are meeting-grounds for the pleasure-seekers of all lands; Labor and other Congresses draw the workers together to

consult on their common interests ; the very school-children in our public schools are corresponding with their fellow-scholars in France and Germany, and thereby, let us hope, knocking off some insular angularities.

But we must not be led too far by these hopeful symptoms ! The corporate intelligence of a mass is not that of its constituent units, but lags considerably in the rear ; hence our rate of political progress is determined, not by the standard of the more advanced, nor even by that of the average unit of society, but rather by that of the nations *en masse* ; and for them the ethical and religious motives are too high, while the mercenary and utilitarian are too low. The peoples of to-day are still impelled by feeling rather than thought, and of all planes of consciousness that of feeling is least to be depended upon ; hence the well-known instability of popular governments. Still, in bodies of the most unstable equilibrium, some centre of inertia can be found, some normal condition to which it tends to return after unusual stress. This normal state of feeling can be gauged by its outer expression in national and social institutions, which are but crystallised habits of thought or feeling, or the forms which conserve yesterday's thoughts and feelings, till those of to-morrow shall generate force to emerge from them. Just as our physical bodies, framed by our past acts, condition and partly mould our present activities, so do national institutions condition and partly mould the national life, till the evolving consciousness becomes a disruptive energy, able to break through the form of its own past creation. It therefore remains to be seen whether this idea of international Federation is infolded, as an embryo in the egg, within our institutions of to-day, to be hatched out in due time, with the mere casting aside of an inanimate shell ; or whether it may be better compared to a young seedling, in danger of being choked by suckers and weeds, which are strong with an independent vitality of their own, drawn from the same source whence

the seedling derives its nourishment. If the former be true, then we may surely expect, in due course, a peaceful accomplishment of this political revolution, the next turn of the wheel; but if the latter, we shall hardly escape the consuming fire, to burn up tares and clear the ground for the wholesome seed.

The social order in which we live has been built up on Individualism, Separatism, Materialism, Conservatism, or whatever in human development we like to call that necessary stage in which the concrete reason must assert itself and build a strong egoistical centre—in which the mind must realise itself in and through its limitations of matter. It has been assigned to our sub-race of the Aryan root to carry this development to its highest point, and the student of history sees this self-centered individualism expressing itself in the life of nations as of man. He sees sturdy little States, after the Renaissance, asserting their national independence in despite of religion called universal; in England, even good Catholics being constrained by patriotism to support an excommunicated Queen against her more legitimate and Catholic rival. Unity and solidarity of national life was the Tudor ideal of government, and on this basis has been reared our world-wide Empire and free intercourse with other races.

The spirit of Individualism has, in very sooth, borne noble fruit, especially in its assertion of human dignity and personal liberty. It has made the idea of slavery intolerable to any enlightened people, and noble Constitutions preserve individual freedom.

Such is indeed the spirit of our Constitution, but is it so administered, and have we in truth the substance, or only the shadow of freedom? A glance at the economic conditions of the modern world shows us at least one noxious weed choking the life out of the wholesome plant of individual freedom. A man is valued to-day by what he has contrived to grab for himself, by his personal

property, and laws are framed and administered for the protection of the rights of property. Selfishness has grown, as was to be expected, side by side with self-realisation, and the more advanced have used their greater intellectual power to make themselves hard task-masters over their weaker fellow-men. To some of us it seems as if the condition of our poorer classes to-day is a worse slavery than any of the ancient world. How is it that the safeguards alike of Constitution and Religion have failed?

To refer once more to history: it seems that a deadly error crept into human thought at the Renaissance, and has borne a plentiful crop of ills. Since that great era, liberty has been our cherished blossom; aye, and the seeds of fraternity have been germinating, for freed and self-conscious men soon learn to extend the hand of fellowship. But a third fatal word has been uttered with those two, namely, Equality. An enemy has sown tares among the wheat, and the harvest is ruined. Since religion had long been teaching that men's souls came direct and newly-made from their Creator, it only needed the final overthrow of the feudal system and class authority to completely destroy the mutual responsibility of man to man. No man can be responsible for his equal, with whom he cannot interfere without impertinence, so it became: "Every man for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost."

It may seem that we have wandered from our subject of the Federation of Nations, but some digression has been necessary to show that whereas the blossom of this age, Liberty, really contains within itself the seed of the achievement of the future, Fraternity or Federation, our present social conditions make it extremely difficult for the fruit to ripen.

International Federation must then be preceded by social revolutions in many countries, for only the free can federate, and the masses are not free. In England the





PEACE AND GOODWILL TO ALL MANKIND!



revolution may be accomplished peacefully, for we have a talent for illogical compromises, as witness a democratic Monarchy, and an independent, national Catholic Church! The safety of a compromise lies in its elasticity; it can, by its very nature, never become rigid, so is capable of organic growth. Holland is somewhat like England in this respect, but in other countries there is likely to be violence ere the Giant Grantorto is slain, and the people freed from the thralldom of Capital. The forces that the Capitalists can muster are mighty, but there can be no doubt of the issue; for they will be struggling against the evolutionary impulse, and of such struggle history teaches us the futility. Once more God is looking on His earth, and seeing that the wickedness of man is great, and once more the cleansing floods of His wrath will be loosed. When the time is ripe, the Man will appear, who can focus in himself the revolutionary forces in our midst, and no longer will the multitude be as sheep that have no Shepherd. When a new social Order has been established, not entirely peacefully, then will the Federation of Nations be swift to come about, for Brotherhood will no longer be considered outside the pale of practical politics. "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

HELEN VEALE

A FEW OF THE LESSONS TO BE LEARNT AT ADYAR

EVERY privilege brings with it a duty. One of the most highly-prized, one of the dearest privileges that a Theosophist can have, is that of coming to live awhile at Adyar, and those to whose lot it falls must see to it that they hand on to their comrades as much as possible of the benefit which they themselves receive by doing so. Indeed, were it not for this duty one could not desire the privilege; those whose karma allows them to come here rejoice, because it is a great opportunity for fitting themselves to serve better, either immediately or in some future time. Were it not so, were the joy and the benefit to be for it alone, what generous soul would not prefer to stand aside, and yield, if so it might, the privilege that its past has won for it to someone else, seeing that *all* cannot have it?

In the fifteen months that I have been here, some things have been growing very clear to me, they have been impressing themselves very deeply on my mind. So much instruction is given to us, there are so many things to be learnt, that for some time it would be difficult to say which of the ideas that come to one are going to assume the most prominence. But now this mass has fallen into order, and I see a few of the ideas as the central ones, round which the others group themselves. I therefore think it may be useful if I try to express these leading ideas. I am quite aware that other students here may arrange the same lessons which we are all learning in a different order of importance, and I think it would be very instructive if several of them would tell us what seems most essential to them among the things they have learnt. There would be a uniformity underlying the diversity; for I am not talking now of ideas that may spring up in the

mind in the course of study, or while one is thinking or meditating; but of principles given to us from outside: explained to us first of all by our Teachers, and *experienced* by living at Adyar.

To live at Adyar connotes a vague beauty and wonder, I suppose, in the minds of many—an inevitable vagueness, which accurate accounts of personal experiences there may, however, do something to dispel. I think also (though I speak under correction) that very often it is not sufficiently realised that life at Adyar must be one of *strenuous effort*. It is difficult to live at Adyar. If one is wise at all, one adds one's own willing effort to that imposed on one by circumstances; but even if one should not do so, one could not escape from the strong pressure that is brought to bear on all. The tremendously powerful vibrations in this sacred place are all the time acting on one's various bodies; some are more sensitive to the action, some are less so, but all are well-advised, if only for the sake of their own comfort, who get rid as quickly as possible of everything in themselves that does not harmonise with these vibrations, for they are too strong to be resisted. One needs to be constantly on the watch; for it is easy under this strain to slip into irritability or depression; also because old faults one thought one had conquered have a habit of reappearing, and weak points are probed. One is not engaged in celebrating a love-feast! We do not meet—like the primitive Christians at their *Agapæ*—to commemorate any event and to exchange any outward sign of brotherhood; we meet with our faces turned to the future, and though the love and the peace here are not to be told of in words, and mutual good-will is free to find expression, our bond of union is a common endeavor; we are here to learn and to grow, and meanwhile and always, *to work*.

The first thing I would lay stress on among those which here one learns to understand is—

our Theosophical nucleus proceed from the Great Brotherhood, and spread outwards from it into the world. Theosophists, then, have not got to try and believe that the great natural fact of human brotherhood has yet been realised, or is immediately realisable, on this plane; but to study how it may be reached, what qualities have to be developed before a brotherly civilisation is possible. We cannot get this knowledge from the Fifth Race, for it does not belong to it; we have to search for a conception of what the Sixth Race virtues and characteristics will be.

We are all one, truly—on the buddhic plane. That is the plane of unity. On the physical plane we are different, and always shall be. What down here we have to do is to try and see the one divine life which we all have in common—to see the Self behind the forms. We do not want to do away with the differences between our *personalities*. Many have attempted to believe that people can be non-separated down here, on this plane, but it is a vain attempt. It is only on the buddhic plane that no sense of separateness is found, and in order that this absence of separateness should be a fact to us, we have to rise to that plane. Till we have developed ourselves sufficiently to be able to do this, we must take the glorious truth, like so much else, thankfully from the hands of our Teachers, but must not pretend that we ourselves have realised it. In order to “kill out all sense of separateness” we have to try to raise our consciousness to higher planes, where separateness does not exist; down here it *does* exist, and it is no use pretending it does not. Even at the level of the *ego* it exists; our causal bodies are separate bodies. We are told that it is at the First Initiation that a man first gets a touch of buddhic consciousness; and it is only when he has taken the First Initiation that he is really a ‘Brother’. The title ‘Brother’ technically belongs only to the Initiates. We may loosely speak of ourselves all as brothers, and there is a truth behind

the words, as there was behind the words of S. Francis when he spoke of "Brother Sun" and "Brother Ass". (The latter term included both the beast of burden and his own animal, his body.) We are a stage or two nearer to realise Brotherhood than are the animals, but we have not reached it yet. We are brothers in the making, we are not yet brothers in fact. Brotherhood to us is an *ideal*; let us press forward to it, not drag it down to our level; let us strive to reach the spirit of it, not warp it by trying to apply it literally under impossible conditions; remembering that in this also "the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life".

(2) *Loyalty*. Out of a true conception of Brotherhood springs naturally an impassioned loyalty to the Elders who are able and ready to help us. Realising how far beyond our grasp our ideal shines, we eagerly follow those who can lead us towards it. Realising that the heritage they have entered upon waits also for us and that they desire we should share it with them, we come to them to learn how we may fit ourselves to claim our birthright, what it is that we must do. We should all win to it at the long last, in the slow course of evolution; but if we would reach it sooner, we need the aid they voluntarily give. If we would strike out for ourselves along a quicker road, we cannot do without their guidance. Moreover, if we are really searching for the Self in all, we cannot but be attracted to those in whom the Self is so much more manifest than in the rest. Our need of them and our love for them draw us to them; and when we really begin to follow their instructions, when we put to the proof what they tell us, then little by little an unshakable trust grows up in our hearts, and that deepens into devoted loyalty. We see how before they came to us we were blinded and helpless, and jogged along the ordinary ways of the world unconscious that we might do differently; sensible perhaps of a craving in our hearts that we could not satisfy, and so did our best to smother. Then they revealed another world to us, and offered to lead us to-

wards it, if we on our part would make the exertion of walking along a steep, rough road. And if we have accepted their offer, our wisdom is to follow them to the uttermost, unafraid. Even supposing they were to make a mistake? that may be a risk; but that without them we could not progress at all is a certainty. A man who wants to scale the Alps neither resigns himself to sitting down at the foot of them, nor attempts the ascent without guides, because of the possibility that the guides themselves may blunder. I for my part echo the words recently spoken of our Leaders by Mr. Arundale, in the course of his most valuable Convention Lectures: "I would rather go wrong with them, than go wrong by myself in my ignorance." But soon these fears, if ever we entertained them at all, begin to look at once mean and ludicrous; it dawns upon us that it is they who suffer for our blunders; that they are assuming risk and responsibility and endless trouble for our sakes, while the prize of the endeavor is ours. We have all to gain; they, nothing. The Theosophical Society is a living, growing organisation; if we would take part in its development, we must move with it, and we cannot do that unless we follow its Leaders. Those who, having appropriated the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation and one or two elementary ideas, do not want to go any further and learn any more, belong properly to the outside world which soon will do as much. Those who think they drank so deeply of the waters of knowledge from the hand of Mme. Blavatsky that they can dispense with her successors, that they are grown wise and great enough to have the right of despising and rejecting these, may nominally belong to the Society but cannot really form part of it.

(3) *The absolute necessity of getting rid of the personality.* All the difficulty we have in recognising greatness, in welcoming superiority, in subordinating ourselves, comes from the personality. All that hinders us and all that makes us discontented and unhappy, comes equally

from the personality. If we would see the Self in others, we must first find it in ourselves; and in order to find it, we must disentangle ourselves, draw ourselves apart from our lower bodies. Perhaps we should be more ready to make this effort, if we realised that the personality causes us perpetual pain and discomfort. No wrong thought or feeling is pleasure-giving; anger, jealousy, suspicion are most uncomfortable guests, self-love, vanity, ambition bring us mortification and disappointment. Only it is a trouble to resist these things when they come; and what makes our difficulty greater is that we identify ourselves with them. Gradually, as we make the effort we know we should make, our sight grows a little clearer; we begin to recognise the slavery we are in, and the sense of it grows and grows until we could pray to be delivered from some fault that vexes us and with which we do not feel ourselves able successfully to cope, at the cost of whatever suffering may be necessary. So gradually we begin to understand what I have heard our President say, that on the Path the suffering which purifies is the most welcome of friends.

Personalities are not proper objects of admiration. We do well to gladly acknowledge all the good and beautiful qualities we see in anyone, knowing that in so far as it shows out those, the personality is shadowing forth the real man; we do well to be tolerant of his bad qualities, gently putting them aside, for they are only encumbrances from which he will some time free himself and meanwhile they are no business of ours. But the personality as a whole is not an admirable thing; if it is weak, it is uninteresting, and if it is strong, it is dangerous. Even with our dearest friends, though some tenderness of ours may cling round the bodies they are using, as it even may round any material object which they have in constant use, we should always try to reach the real man shrouded in each, and love that. A strong *individuality* we naturally admire; and when it is also a purified

one, it has felt the "grasp of the awakened spiritual will," it is being used by the latter, and so we may fitly honor and study it, and will profit much by doing so. A strong individuality implies a considerably-developed ego; the personality is only an individualised animal. Of course one might speak of the 'personality' of an Adept even, but then clearly one would be using the same word in a totally different sense; there it would designate the manifestation of Himself in the matter of the lower planes, the perfect expression in that matter of the Perfection behind.

We must not try to cement the bonds of Brotherhood at the level of our animal selves. A herd of cattle lives amicably and peaceably on the physical plane. Any ordinarily united family does as much on the astral and lower mental levels. We are comrades in a high emprise, or we are nothing to one another. Those in the Society who are struggling onward together are knit by a friendship that will endure till the Great Portal is passed, and they are Brothers indeed.

We must not expect the great people among us to cater for the approval of our personalities. Since they care for us, they want what we really want, that we should break them and be free. Over and over again we make the mistake of taking our stand on too low ground, of being satisfied with a small perfection. A Lodge-meeting will degenerate into a pleasant gathering of friends; the aspiration for unity sink into a kindly 'family' feeling for the people round one. Welcome anything that breaks up these forms and forces us to start again at a higher level! At Adyar one is fortunate in this as in so much else. Anyone who comes here hoping (even unconsciously) for a pleasurable time for his personality will not get it. When he forgets all about it, or refuses to care, he removes the barrier, and the great joy which is here floods every layer of his being.

We have each to train and purify our lower bodies for our own use, killing out the personal will and substituting the true will. From this follows (a) that we shall have plenty of occupation for our energies, and (b) that we have no right whatever to interfere with anybody else. Every personality is the concern of the ego behind it. We talk so much of other people being our brothers, and are so unwilling to allow them their most elementary rights! Real love for our fellows is the crown of long and patient exercise of so many other virtues with respect to them! If we judge them, carp at them, ignore them at the moment when they need us; if we are not always forbearing and just and kind; if we are not always polite, standing ever-ready to help but recognising that they have as much right to liberty of action as ourselves, how can we say we love them? The perfect love of those who have realised unity is at present beyond us who are but students; and we do not want to cultivate high-flown sentiment that masquerades as such; what we *do* need to cultivate is that sober love-attitude that always sees *first* the good in everyone and everything.

“Kill out all sense of separateness,” it is written in *Light on the Path*, “yet stand alone and isolated, because nothing that is embodied, nothing that is conscious of separation, nothing that is out of the Eternal can aid you;” and if not you, then not your fellows either. We are all isolated. This isolation cannot be broken through; and we cannot even bridge over the gulf from below. We may not realise it when life goes brightly and smoothly, but pain shows us our true isolation. What can we do to relieve the pain of another? and when it is our turn to suffer, though we be in a crowd of friends not one of them can break in upon our solitude and bring relief. There is no bodily affliction which so cuts a man off from his fellows as deafness; and to realise how dependent we are for communion with them on the ear, may help us a little to understand how much is meant by the words: “Before the ear can hear,

it must have lost its sensitiveness." The silence and solitude are not a matter for regret; when we begin to live the inner life, we begin to desire their deep and fruitful peace. A Master has said: "Those of you who would know yourselves in the spirit of truth, learn to live alone even amidst the great crowds which may sometimes surround you. Seek communion and intercourse only with the God within your own soul."

All that we can do when we think another person is not acting wisely, be it an important matter or a trivial one, is quietly and in the most friendly spirit to put the case to him, and then leave him alone to follow whatever course he thinks is best. Too often we are not content with doing that. The hankering for more primitive and forcible methods is not yet quite extinct in us. One savage will kill another for disagreeing with him; semi-civilised man will try to bully and browbeat. We may only put ourselves at the service of others. Why are we so impatient with one another? We know how hard it is to change anything in our own characters, but expect other people to be able to do so all at once, and even think our blame and interference ought to effect such changes in them. Not our real selves, of course; it is always the personality that cannot let well alone, the fretting, petty creature whose span of life is so brief that it is always in a hurry.

Theosophical work would be so much simplified if we all minded our own business. But if on the one hand we are lazy and mind nothing, or weak and shirk responsibility and initiative; or if on the other hand we have the kind of energy that wants to push people about and set them to rights and force them to do their work in our way—we become dead weights that the Society has to pull along. If a good worker sees that something might be done, and cannot get it done without creating a disturbance, he had better let it go. The negative loss of a wasted opportunity is less injurious than the positive one caused

by friction and bad feeling. If two workers cannot manage to get on harmoniously together, they had better work separately; that shows weakness in themselves; but by continually grating on one another they spoil the atmosphere for everyone round them; and of the two it is better they should lose the personal benefit that trying to work with an incongruous partner would bring them, than that the whole work should be hampered. Short of such an extreme case, we had better make up our minds not to pick and choose who we will work with and what kind of work we will do. Most of us are more or less prone to want to make things easy and pleasant for ourselves. In this again we who are at Adyar have an advantage. We are a small number of people, representing about a dozen nationalities and an even greater diversity perhaps of habits, tastes, types, idiosyncrasies; and the space is too limited for us to get away from one another if we wanted to, while the whole of our surroundings and the prevailing atmosphere help us to get rid quickly of our whims and prejudices and to cultivate harmony and good feeling; for outer distractions are excluded and we are all strung up to do our best.

In view of the great need there is of harmonious co-operation, and of learning to *dovetail*, so to say, our personalities with those of others, it might be well if we all decided to practise these qualities at least in our relations with the Officers of the Society. The whole Society is one Kingdom, and it goes without saying that to the Sovereign reverence is due; and every National Society is like a State therein, its General Secretary being the Governor of it. He, with his Executive Committee to help him, has the sole duty of directing and controlling its affairs. He should be supported and assisted in every way; while all that any member has a right to do, in case of disagreement with any of his decisions, is to make courteous suggestions and proposals; advice should only be given to him when he

solicits it. The same holds good with the Presidents of Lodges. No member has the right to take the undignified course of trying forcibly to interfere, or to go about making complaints and uttering censures to third parties.

The capacity for non-interference is essential, if we are to be useful parts of a whole. Nor need any one imagine that by limiting himself strictly to his own sphere he will not have full scope for his activities and the opportunity for progress; it is much harder to go on doing one's own part of the work steadfastly and faithfully than to pursue an erratic course, doing whatever at the moment seems good in one's eyes. The task of the Fifth Race has been to develop individualism, and if we examine its conceptions of Brotherhood we shall find they are as individualistic as anything else about it. We should now feel sufficiently certain that we can keep our own centre and stand on our own feet not to need to be always thinking of ourselves, and to be ready for the next step forward, that of realising ourselves as parts of a greater whole. Members of the Society are not a mere collection of units; they are integral parts of the Society. It is not the work or the progress of the units that matters; what matters is that by the perfection of its parts the Society should become an ever more efficient instrument. The Society is one body, and from each cell in it a contribution of work is due, because it shares in the great life of the body.

Among themselves, all members should be constantly on the watch to catch sight of any special aptitudes, any unusual qualities, and to make room for them, stepping back themselves into an obscurer place if that is necessary. And this for a very special reason; we have to train ourselves to recognise nobility, superiority, at sight. In Masonic Lodges, for example, every Degree has outward distinguishing marks, and no mistake, no presumption, is possible. With us this is not so; we have to rely on our intuition, we have to develop that, in order to recognise our proper

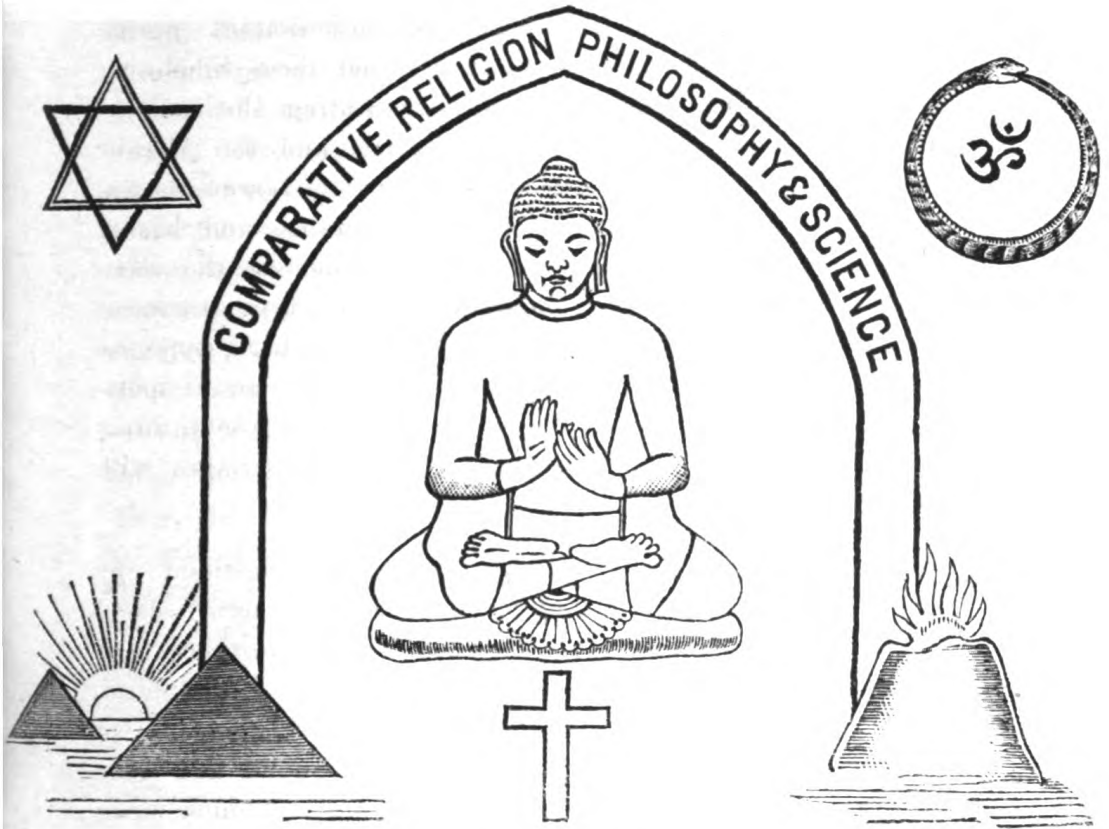
Leaders. No one will come and say to us: "So-and-so is your superior; work in with him and under him." It is obvious that such outer directions will not be given, and the reason is obvious too. People whose eyes are not opened to see to some extent for themselves are not fitted to take part in a spiritual work. Ours is a spiritual Society; it is also a great sifting-ground, where those people who can be of use in the near and in the distant future are sorted, and those who cannot are rejected. To keep this attitude also means to escape a great danger. It means that we shall not commit the error (already committed in the Society) of being jealous of the later-comers, when we see them step forward into leading places. In preparation for the great days that are coming, we may well expect to see an influx of young members who are old egos, and it will be a fatal slip for us if we allow ourselves to be grudging or hostile in our attitude towards them.

Adyar has also a lesson for our warning and guidance in the changing conditions of the Society, into which more and more life is flowing.

We are all accustomed to living in a mental and moral atmosphere that is made up of many confused and changing currents, into which good and bad and paltry thoughts and feelings are for ever pouring, a disturbed and agitated atmosphere composed of a whole host of small influences, where no one rate of vibration is strong enough to impose harmony, reducing discordant vibrations to silence. Into such an atmosphere it does not, so to speak, seem to matter very much if we pour a little more jangling force. We make the confusion a little worse confounded, instead of helping to clear and cleanse the moral air we breathe, and our action will react on us in due course; but we are not very sensible at the time of what we are doing. Compare that state of things with Adyar. The strong, still, purity of this atmosphere is not to

be lightly ruffled. A passionate, discordant force would rush out into it only to be stopped dead, and to return on the sender; he would then, I suppose, be in a better or a worse plight here than elsewhere according to the way he acted; either he would bring himself quickly into unison, or, if he did not, he would suffer immediately the terrible reaction of his own obstinate wrong activity. In this latter case he would probably further aggravate matters for himself because of the feeling of helplessness he would have, seeing that nothing maddens an already-excited person so much as to find his rage is futile. As the increasing force thrown into the Society from higher planes gradually creates a condition of high tension, and the whole body begins to vibrate strongly at one rate, every cell in it—every member—will be faced with the alternative of falling in with that rate or of being flung off from the body. The condition of the Society will approximate to that of Adyar. So let us take heed in time. If we strive to make our lives pulsate with the life in the Society, we shall receive greater and greater help; we shall be tuned up to an ever-higher pitch, and that far more rapidly than we, by any effort of our own, could accomplish for ourselves. We shall not be able to alter the outer conditions; whenever we feel a jar, we must find out what it is in ourselves that is jarring and alter that. And it will be invaluable practice for us; for we know that in the spiritual life every change that must be made is change in oneself, every obstacle that has to be removed is an obstacle in oneself.

MARGHERITA RUSPOLI



THE RELIGION OF BURMA ¹

I

THE ORIGINS OF BUDDHISM

THE national, and in former times the State-supported, religion of Burma is Buddhism of an exceptionally pure type. This religion was accepted, at the time of the last census (1901), by 9,184,121 persons, amounting to 88.6 per cent. of the total population, inclusive of a large

¹ Reproduced, by permission of the Author, with his additions, from *Twentieth Century Impressions of Burma*; Lloyd's Greater Britain Publishing Co., London, 1910. Ed.

proportion of alien races, as well as the savage or semi-civilised tribes (Chins, Kachins, Karens, etc.) inhabiting the remoter parts of the country. Buddhism of the national type may, in fact, claim the adhesion of practically the whole of the two chief civilised races inhabiting the country—the true Burmese, constituting the bulk of the civilised population of Upper Burma, and the Mon or Talaing race, for the most part resident in Lower Burma. It is further predominant in the Shan States, and has of late years made considerable progress amongst the semi-civilised Karens; whilst Buddhism of the type prevalent in China (which differs widely from the local type, as will shortly appear) is followed by the large and important Chinese community, including both immigrants direct from China and the offspring of their marriages with Burmese wives.

The religion of Burma is commonly classified by Occidental scholars as belonging to the 'Southern' school of Buddhism. In fact, however, the terms 'Northern' and 'Southern,' as applied to the different types of Buddhism, are misleading; both historically—since all schools of Buddhist thought alike took their rise in India, and even in China and Japan have undergone later but minor modifications—and also as a matter of fact. For whilst, in speaking of the so-called 'Southern' school—predominant in Burma, Ceylon, and Siam—we have to deal with a single and definite body of doctrine and ethics, we find no such unanimity in the 'Northern' Buddhist countries—China, Japan, Tibet, Corea, and a large area in Northern and Eastern Asia in general. There is, in fact, no one 'Northern' Buddhism, but a great number of widely differing sects—bodies agreeing only in the absolute fundamentals of Buddhist doctrine, and in claiming The Buddha as the Founder of their respective creeds.

Another classification which has been put forward by western scholars in the attempt to define between the

Buddhist schools now prevalent is that of the Vehicles—Northern Buddhism being defined as Mahāyāna or the Greater Vehicle, and Southern Buddhism as Hinayāna or the Lesser Vehicle. These terms are, indeed, of Buddhist (and, as might be deduced, of Northern) origin, but, whatever distinction may have been originally involved in these terms, it certainly is not the same difference as that now prevalent as between the Southern and the Northern schools, so far as we can tell by comparing the works of Ashvaghosha with the Pāli and its commentaries; or judging from the accounts the Chinese pilgrims to India have bequeathed to us, concerning the doctrines and the distribution of followers of either sect.

The native, and the correct designation of the pure form of Buddhism now prevalent in Burma, Ceylon, and Siam is *Theravāda*—‘The Tradition of the Elders’—or, as we might justly render it, the Traditional, Original, or Orthodox School. It unfortunately happened that European scholarship, during that past most remarkable century characterised by so general a widening of the mental horizon, came first into contact, not with the pure and simple Buddhism of the Theravāda School, but with the diverse teachings and Scriptures of the various Northern sectaries, and the earlier work of Occidental scholars in the field of Buddhism was directed for the most part to the study and translation of the multitudinous Scriptures—in Samskr̥t, Chinese, Tibetan, and so forth—of the various sections of the Northern Church. The effect was much the same as if a body of non-Christian scholars, setting out to investigate the nature and origins of Christianity, had first encountered, not the genuine sources of that religion, the Canonical Scriptures of the New Testament, but the later, garbled, and miracle-teeming writings of mediæval monks. Buddhism came thus to be first presented to the western mind as an Oriental mysticism of the most extravagant type; its Founder no historical personage, but an imaginary divinity evolved from solar

myths; and so tenacious is the human mind of first impressions, that when, later on, the Pāli Scriptures of the Theravāda School, with their Commentaries, came to the knowledge of western scholars, there were not wanting many who still maintained the earlier and inaccurate views; supporting these, in face of the new additions to our knowledge of Buddhism, by the astounding supposition that the Pāli literature was the production of Buddhaghosha and other Buddhist divines who lived some thousand years after the date ascribed to the Founder of the Religion.

Happily, however, further evidence was brought to light by the discovery in India of the celebrated Inscriptions of Ashoka—inscriptions written in a character that no Singhalese monk of the tenth century of the Buddhist Era could have read, even had he been aware of their existence; and the contents of these Edicts, written in a language practically the same as that Pāli used in the Scriptures of Theravāda Buddhism, demonstrated beyond all doubt the authenticity of the Pāli Canon, its Commentaries, and the Singhalese Chronicles. Later archæological discoveries in India brought further startling confirmations, even as to the very names of Buddhist missionary monks whom the Chronicles and Commentaries stated had gone forth from the third Great Council of the Faith, together with details as to the actual districts in which their missionary labors had been pursued; and the great mass of evidence from these discoveries, and from other non-Buddhist sources, as well as the strong internal evidence of the unique Pāli literature itself, enable us now to assert as beyond all reasonable doubting that in the Theravāda Buddhism now prevalent in Burma we have, practically unchanged after twenty-five centuries, the pure and original Religion propounded by The Buddha; and that in the Pāli Pitakas—the Canonical Scriptures of that Faith—we have the veritable Teaching of The Master, preserved in the language He spoke, and for the most part couched in the actual words He employed in the course of His religious mission.

In order that the reader may understand the intense devotion of such a people as the Burmese—a people young in racial development, eager, active, impatient of all restraint—to this Buddhist Religion, whose key-note is self-restraint and ‘Selflessness’¹ in life; and that the significance to modern civilisation of the preservation, amongst a Mongolian people, of this greatest product of Āryan thought may be rendered clear, it will be necessary that we should first consider the circumstances and the environment in which it took its rise. Wherever, in actual fact, the original home and cradle of the great Āryan race was situate, we can have but little doubt that, at some very remote period in its history, that race divided into two great streams of emigration, each, probably, consisting of many a successive tidal wave. Of these two streams, one spread north and westwards, populating Europe; the other south and perhaps eastwards into Persia and the modern Afghanistan, ultimately penetrating the great barrier-wall of the Himālayas, and passing through the valleys of Kashmir into India proper, taking up its final resting-place in the vast and fertile Gangetic plain. As it progressed in its conquest of India, everywhere displacing more or less completely the indigenous inhabitants by dint of its superior civilisation and its higher mental growth, the Indian branch of that race found itself in an environment very different from that of the north-and-westward-tending stream. Brought earlier to maturity under the warm Indian skies; finding, in that genial and productive climate, opportunities for leisure and reflexion such as were denied in the severer conditions of life in the temperate

¹ Throughout this article, as now here reproduced, the author has employed, as customary with him, capital initial letters to denote and emphasise English words employed, as here is ‘Selflessness’ (anatta), as equivalents of Buddhist technical terms in the Pāli. Since it is customary, in Theosophical publications, to employ the word Self with initial capital to denote the Vedāntic Higher Self, Paramātman, the author, in preparing this article for reproduction in *The Theosophist*, has added this note of explanation to avoid confusing the reader. ‘Self,’ and its derivatives, are not here employed in the usual Theosophical sense of Paramātman—an idea notably absent from Theravāda Buddhist Teaching in the Vedāntic sense, except only where definitely so designated—but simply as English equivalents of the Pāli technical Buddhist term Atta, and its derivatives.

zone, the Indian Āryans had reached, even before the era of The Buddha, to a state of intellectual progress such as even now their northward-wending kinsfolk of the European stream are but approaching. The climatic conditions of the Gangetic valley, indeed, all tended to the promotion of such mental, rather than material, growth; and so it was that the Indian Āryans, falling indeed far short of the material prosperity of Greek and Roman civilisation, yet indefinitely transcended these in philosophy, in religion, in comprehension of those deeper lessons of life which can only be approached when civilisation has attained to a more or less complete emancipation from the primary necessities of life. Food, warmth, and clothing all came easier or were less needed in India than in Europe; whilst that leisure which is the first essential of deep and earnest thinking was the privilege even of the poorest. Thus came about the high degree of mental progress mentioned; and whilst, even to the instructed western reader, acquainted for the most part only with the smaller realm of Latin, Hellenic, and Hebraic culture, the statement may appear doubtful or impossible, yet in the very Pāli literature we are considering we find the amplest demonstration that such high mental progress was a fact. In the Pāli Pitakas are lists, for instance, of the divers schools of thought and systems of philosophy which were extant in India in The Buddha's time; lists the most significant and interesting to the European reader, who finds amongst them the equivalent of every latest development of modern thought—the very replica of all our most 'advanced' philosophies—from the crudest of materialisms to the most transcendental, purely idealistic views of life.

And the chief difference between the civilisations of Eastern and Western Āryans, due to their differing environment, reached of necessity into every department of human polity; the same typical divergence manifesting in every realm of life. For the Western, of hard necessity, *material* progress, material science, material develop-

ment, came first and foremost; and it was only when the application of science came, during the past century, to add immensely to the material welfare of the West, that even the worldly sciences found manifold adherents and speedy progress; theretofore the man who gave his life to science was either a wizard and anathema, or an idle dreamer in the popular estimation—the great man of the West was he who *owned the most*, who exercised the most authority over the goods and persons of his fellowmen. In Āryan India all was different—*spiritual* progress, spiritual science—these held the foremost place, even in popular estimation; the chief concern of life was with the things that lay beyond it; and the truly great man in the popular imagination was not he who held the most in this world, but he who *knew the most* of that. The Western Āryan, faced with aught new in life, asked: “Will it pay?”—or what had like meaning—“What *use* is it in this material world?” The Eastern, under similar condition, asked only: “Is it *true*?”

And if the clear and lucid Āryan mind—perhaps the greatest, and without a doubt the most active and most earnest mental instrument humanity has yet evolved upon our earth—if that keen engine of research has lately, in the western world, made strides so marvellous in the conquest of the world material, it had not done less in India in The Buddha's days in conquest of the wider realm of spiritual knowledge, of the Kingdom of the Truth, the Empire of the deeper things of life. Our western world has only within the last decade produced its first attempt to study and to classify those deeper realms of life to which the mind, in special states of exaltation, can gain access;¹ in India, not the mere three earlier stages of spiritual experience dealt with in Professor James' work

¹ The reference is to *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, by Prof. William James; Longmans Green & Co., London, New York, and Bombay, 1907. The Author, however, was unfortunately admittedly unacquainted with the Buddhist aspect of his subject; and, consequently his work for the most part is concerned with Christian religious experience, and its classification, alone.

were known, but *eight* had been so thoroughly investigated, had so far become the common knowledge of all who studied these matters, that their nature is dismissed with a mere stereotyped collection of phrases most tantalising to the modern student, as promising a knowledge of their details which he does not possess; and to these Eight Realms of Thought—each in succession transcending the last one, as the clear lucid realm of waking life transcends in vivid sequent consciousness the world of dreams—The Buddha added yet another: that “State Beyond all Life,” which now we call Nirvāṇa.

The reason for the intense devotion of the Burmese to their religion, on the one hand, and on the other the significance and value of that religion in itself, will now be clear to the reader. That devotion, as well as that significance and value, arise from the circumstance that in the religion of Burma, preserved albeit in the minds of a Mongolian race, till recently secluded by the natural barriers of sea and hill, we have the final and the greatest product of Āryan religious thought, the ultimate outcome of centuries of religious training and experience; the result achieved by generations immemorial of Āryan thinkers under circumstances as favorable for success in this direction as the conditions of western life have been favorable to the development of modern science. The parallel, indeed, between the two extends much further than mere similarity of conditions—extends to the very fundamental principles of the two great bodies of knowledge. In both, the whole grand edifice of thought rests upon the discovery of the Principle of Causation; in both, the natural concept of the immature mind—the thought arising from the earlier reign of Animism, that all phenomena are the outcome of the activity of some living, if spiritual, being or beings—is set aside, and we enter the ordered kingdom of the Reign of Law; and we may truly say that what Newton did for modern science in his

stupendous discovery of the Law of Gravitation, that, twenty-five centuries ago, The Buddha accomplished for the science of the deeper things of life—the science, rather, of Life itself—in His discovery and enunciation of the universal Law of Karma. A religion without a God, denying the animistic conception of a subtle and immortal spirit tenanted the body of man, which yet can give, not faith, but reasoned hope for future progress and ultimate supreme attainment; empty of prayer, yet giving to its followers the solace prayer so surely brings; void of all dogma, yet offering to the fullest extent the sense of surety which dogma brings to those who can accept it; a religion founded on observation and attainment, whose results are always open to any who may duly carry out the requisite preliminaries; asking of its followers not Faith, but Understanding—such is the astonishing spectacle afforded the student by the religion of Burma—a spectacle not, perhaps, without its keen significance for that other western stream of Aryan life, now, by dint of mental growth, come well-nigh to the parting of the ways with all its earlier beliefs.

The religion of Burma thus appeals to its adherents in each of the great departments of human mental activity; in the domain of the intellect by the clarity and reasoned logic of its doctrines; and in the realm of the emotional life by the heart-moving story of the Founder's search after Truth, His compassion for all that suffers, and His Attainment; and, not less even than these high influences, by the exalted altruism of its deeper Teachings. If you were to ask of a Burman the reason for his passionate devotion to his creed, the reply that he would give would be "because it is so beautiful and true;" and this reply gives us the key-note of the whole Teaching of the Buddhist Sacred Books. For, in these, in the ancient language which The Master spoke, and which has come to hold in Burma much the same position that Latin held in Europe in the Middle Ages, we find

no word equivalent to our 'Buddhism' at all. The native word is DHAMMA, (Skt. Dharma), meaning, in this connexion, both 'Truth' and 'Law,' and the common phrase used in the Pāli to cover the entire body of the religion, may be translated 'This Truth and Discipline'—a phrase which at least more nearly approximates to the nature of the religion than does our modern 'Buddhism'. *Whatever* is true—the truth concerning the deeper things of life—that, for the 'Buddhist,' is part of his religion; and in fact, whilst indeed He gave a new and a special significance to many a technical term then prevalent amongst His fellow-countrymen, The Buddha handed on, in His 'Truth and Discipline,' many a thought and many a detail of spiritual practice and attainment which had been won by Indian Saints and Sages long before the era of His work and Life.

From the synopsis already given of the general character of Buddhism, the reader will well understand that in this religion there is nothing to correspond to the definite creeds and sacraments familiar to western minds. But there *is* a formula which—always understanding that in itself there lies no special saving power—has come to be regarded as marking the formal entry of a person into the number of the lay-disciples of The Buddha, the recitation of which thus, in a sense, may be regarded as the equivalent of the Christian baptism, or to the public enunciation of one of the various Christian creeds. This formula is known in Pāli as the *Ṭi-sarana* or Three-fold Refuge-formula; it runs: "Buddhaṅ saranaṅ gacchāmi, Dhammaṅ saranaṅ gacchāmi, Saṅghaṅ saranaṅ gacchāmi"—"I go to the Buddha as my Refuge (or, as my Guide), I go to the Truth as my Refuge, I go to the Order as my Refuge"—the whole formulary being thrice recited. This recitation marks the beginning of every religious function in Burma, from the offering of a few flowers by a child at the local sanctuary to the public acceptance at the hands of a Chapter of the Order

of the higher degree of Ordination into the Monastic Brotherhood on the part of an adult novice. Having now given, in these introductory pages, a general idea of the nature, significance, and origin of the religion, we may most conveniently classify its details under the three headings of the Members of that *Ṭi-raṭaṇa*, that Threefold Precious Treasure wherein the *Buddhist* seeks, as we have seen, his Refuge and his Guide in life—the Treasure of the Enlightened One, the Exalted Lord, The *Buddha*; the Treasure of the Most Excellent Law, the Truth or *Dhamma*; the Treasure of the Holy Brotherhood, the Community of the *Saṅgha*; or, as one might briefly sum up the Holy Three—THE TEACHER, THE TEACHING, and THE TAUGHT.

II

THE BUDDHA

The word *BUDDHA*, from the Indo-Āryan root-word *Buddh*, to be awake, aware, and hence to know, signifies the Awakened, or the Illuminated, or Enlightened, One; it is thus not a name, but a title; the designation of an office or state of attainment. Correctly speaking, it is to the office, rather than to the holder of it, that reference is made in the above-cited Formula of the threefold Refuge; but, in just the same way as a British subject, speaking at the present time, might use the term 'The King,' meaning George V., so the *Buddhist*, in common usage, speaks of 'The *Buddha*' as meaning the particular Indian Sage who founded the present 'Buddhist Religion'. *Buddhist* eschatology informs us that alike in this world as in others (for *Buddhism* teaches the existence of innumerable inhabited worlds besides our own), there arises, from time to time, a man who, by dint of long search after Truth, sought for the sake of the salvation of suffering beings, attains by His own effort to Supreme Enlightenment, to *Sammāsambodhi* or Very *Buddhahood*; and, having

so attained, He announces to all mankind 'The Way,' by following which they likewise may attain to this same Goal of Perfected Wisdom and Compassion. Those who, following the 'Truth and Discipline' set forth by a Very Buddha, reach in this life to the same ultimate Goal of Perfected Being are termed, not Buddha, but Arahans (meaning the Exalted or Honored Ones); whilst yet a third class, who win again by their own effort, protracted through many lives, to the Goal of Perfection, finding the Way for themselves, instead of following the Way taught by a Very Buddha—are termed Pacceka-Buddha (Skt. Pratyeka-Buddha, meaning, Enlightened by self-effort); but differ from a Very Buddha in that—not having sought the Truth for sake of others, but only for their own Deliverance—they lack the special 'Iddhi of the Dhamma'—the Power of the Truth which enables a Very Buddha so to frame words as may best move the hearts of His fellow-beings as to bring them also to seek out the 'Way of Peace'. Buddhism teaches—in a specially modified sense we shall presently consider—the Doctrine of Transmigration—teaches, that is, that every living being both has lived before this present birth, and will continue in existence thereafter; and, in accordance with its root-conception of Causation, it makes the state of each birth causally dependent on the acts of those which preceded it. The qualifications, therefore, for the subsequent attainment of the status of a Very Buddha are, first, an immense and all-dominating *compassion* for the suffering involved in life, and the desire to find some Truth so great that by its application beings may find eternal relief from the Suffering of repeated transmigration; secondly, *the practice*, with this end in view, of certain *Ten High Virtues*¹ (Dasa Pāramitā, in Pāli) perfecting Himself in these through the devotion and self-sacrifice of

¹ The ten are: Dana, Charity; Sila, Morality; Nekkhamma, Renunciation; Pañña, Wisdom; Viriya, Strenuousness; Khaṇṭi, Patience; Sacca, Truthfulness; Adhiṭṭhāna, Resolution; Metta, Loving-kindness; and Upekkhā, Resignation, or aloofness from the world's desires.

many following lives; whilst, thirdly, the self-destined Buddha, thus suffused with Pity past all measuring, aspiring to attainment of the Supreme Enlightenment for that Suffering's relief, must solemnly devote Himself to this stupendous task in presence of a Very Buddha; and must thereafter practise the Ten High Virtues through manifold successive lives, until the necessary 'Tower of the Truth' is won.

One who possesses these qualifications and has so definitely decided that, instead of seeking out the Truth for himself, so reaching Nirvāṇa and passing 'Beyond' all life, He will continue suffering re-birth after re-birth, in order that He may become a Very Buddha, is termed a Bodhisatta, or Buddha-To-Be, from the era of His self-devotion to this task until His attainment of Very Buddhahood.¹ He who now, for this our world, is known as The Buddha, thus perfected Himself in the Ten High Virtues for five hundred and fifty successive lives, in any one of which He might—so high already was the nature and degree of His spiritual Attainment in even the first of them—have won to Arahanship, have attained Nirvāṇa, and so secured His own immediate and everlasting Peace, had He not thus devoted Himself, at the expense of His own spiritual progress and attainment, to life after life of self-renunciation, of arduous practice of the High Perfections, so that He might in the end throw wide the Way of Peace to all.²

¹ Until the actual moment of that Supreme Attainment. Hence it follows—as should here be explained so as to avoid confusing the student unfamiliar with Buddhist terminology—that the term Bodhisatta, Buddha-To-Be, is applied to Him Who was to become the Buddha Gotama—Very Buddha of this present Buddha-Era or Dispensation (Sāsana)—not only in *previous* lives but in His *last* life—as Siddhattha Gotama—down to the time of the Supreme Enlightenment.

² All these details as to the previous existence of the Buddha, His renunciation, as Bodhisatta, of his own immediate spiritual welfare for sake of others, and so forth, are, it may appear, of the nature of dogmas—of *ex-cathedra* statements of facts beyond the possibility of demonstration. This, however, is not the case; they are, first, facts ascertained by the insight of The Buddha, and placed on record by His disciples; they are in fact, accepted 'on faith' by His present followers, though it is a reasoned belief rather than mere blind faith—reasoned, that is, from the

Passing from these traditional details as to the previous lives of the Bodhisattā to the historical facts concerning His last existence, we find that He, who was presently to receive the adoration of more followers than any other of the great Teachers of humanity, was born in Northern India in the earlier half of the sixth century before Christ, son of Suddhodana, the King or Chief of an aristocratic and proud Āryan clan known as the Sākya, 'the Capable Ones'. The space allotted us for this article, and the wide extent of the ground that must yet be covered if we are to give even a mere outline of what the Religion of Burma teaches and implies, makes it impossible that we should give more than the barest outline of the story of this Life which has changed the history of Asia, and may yet change the destinies of all the world. Those who seek further acquaintance with that story—and much indeed of the wonderful hold of Buddhism on its followers' minds is due directly to its inspiring and heart-moving circumstance, so that clear insight to the Burmese character can scarce be had without the knowledge—may find it in *The Light of Asia* of Sir Edwin Arnold; in *The Soul of a People*; Bigaudet's *Life and Teaching of Gautāma the Buddha*; and in several other current works. Here we must confine ourselves to the briefest possible outline.

Born the son of King Suddhodana and of Māyādevi his Queen, the birth-name of Siddhattha, 'The All-Prospering,' was given to the illustrious subject of this sketch. Marked out from His very nativity as of world-changing destiny—for the Brāhmaṇas of His father's court had announced that either He would become a *Cakkavattin*, a world-ruling Emperor, or else, renouncing earthly conquest, home and

circumstance that wherever we can test the truth of a statement of The Buddha (as in the case of the two first of the Four Noble Truths) we find His statements absolutely true. But the point is, first, that belief in these details is not necessary to the Buddhist; a man might be truly a Buddhist in our sense without accepting them at all; and, secondly, the chief point to which our attention is directed in connexion with them is the nature of the ideal they portray. That ideal—Selflessness, renunciation of self-interest for others' sake—is Buddhism, and is essential.

kingdom, He would attain to the Supreme Enlightenment, to Universal Empire in the far more glorious Kingdom of the Truth—the young Prince, commonly known in after-life by His clan-name of Goṭama, was from His cradle surrounded with all the pomp and luxury and circumstance that an Oriental Court of those days could bestow. The worldly heart of His royal father, moved by that selfsame spirit of contempt for the realities of life which makes a changing of their native-born religion, at dictate of “high interests of State,” possible even for modern royalties, desired for his Son no spiritual empire, but only the worldly kingship won at the cost of the suffering of thousands; and dreamed of the Prince as adding kingdom unto kingdom, till all the earth should own his sway. Remembering the prophecy of one, greatest among the Sages who had prophesied the Prince’s future glory, that of the two paths of life but one—the path of spiritual achievement—lay *truly* open for the Prince to tread; remembering, also, how that Sage had told him further that his Son would be inspired to leave the world when He should learn how sickness, suffering, and death were common heritage of all that live, the King ordained that the young Prince should be brought up in a palace from which all sight and mention of these evils should be banished; thinking thus to hide from Him all motive to compassion, until He should have entered past all doubting into the course of earthly conquest and of human rule.

So, shielded from all knowledge of the wide world’s suffering, surrounded but by young and lovely playfellows, all eager to secure that never a careless word let fall should whisper in His heart of misery without those guarded palace-walls; girt by a never-ending stream of pleasure and instruction in the sports and duties of His royal caste, the little Prince grew up from youth to manhood, nor ever dreamed of pain, sickness and sorrow, of old age or drear decay or death. Yet even so begirt by all that fair conspiracy of silence and of worldly love

those round Him noted signs that filled the King's too worldly heart with fear. Often, he learned, the Prince would fall, despite all effort of His young companions, into deep reverie and silent hours of thought; and when, grown presently to manhood's age, he loved and wedded the daughter of a neighboring monarch, the Princess Yasodharā, Suddhodana rejoiced, thinking that here, in earthly love, a fetter stronger than all his palace-guards could forge was found. Wedded at nineteen, for ten long years no offspring came to Him, and the king greatly grieved thereat, lacking this second chain of worldly love wherewith to bind his Son.

But vain at last were all the King's precautions, as vain at last are all the plans and schemes of worldly policy and compromise—seeing that all things change, that Death is Lord and guerdon of all life. What the present might not tell Him, all His selfless past lay ready to reveal; and the story tells us, with all the pomp and circumstance of Oriental imagery, how Truth at last came homeward to the Prince's heart. Even there amidst that guarded palace-garden, in the sunlight scented with the fairest flowers of life, the Love that would not be denied, the Truth that would not be concealed, practised and sought through all those previous lives of self-renunciation for the world, told Him how all that lives is subject to Sorrow: to Despair, to Sickness, to Old Age and Death. For Him the Veil that hides from us the memory of the by-gone life and garnered wisdom was for a moment lifted; for Him a Vision, seen by no other eyes, appeared; a Voice that none else might hear spoke from the immemorial past; and, even as He rode there in His chariot with His chief comrade, the Truth—the bitter truth about the world—came home.

Men in that day in India had realised how no one can follow in the path of worldly compromise, and at the same time win the inner hidden King-

dom of Spiritual Truth and Life. So it had become the custom, when a man had heard the call of the religious life, that he should leave *all*—home and friends and every circumstance of worldly welfare—and, clad in the orange robe of the religious, wander about the earth, even as he was wandering through the deeper reaches of the mind's wide kingdom, begging his daily food from the charity of the poorest of his fellow-men. Sickness, Old Age, and Death, each in His vision had appeared, personified before the Prince's wondering, pitying gaze; and last of all there stood before Him the simulacrum of one of these ascetic Wanderers; whereat the bygone sleeping Memory had stirred within His heart, and He had seen and understood what it behoved Him then to do. Could Truth live in a palace, or the anodyne for all this mass of Suffering be found amidst that acme of the worldly life He then was living? Nay, surely; and then and there the Prince resolved that even that night He would go forth, a homeless Wanderer, to seek the Way of Liberation for the healing of the Sorrow of the world.

And then—just when the King's last hope had really crumbled into dust—then, as He returned, silent and thoughtful from that last chariot-drive, they brought Him the news Suddhodana so long had looked for—news that there was born to Him a child, a son. Hanging upon His words, the attendants, little-comprehending, heard Him murmur: "*This is, indeed, another Fetter I must break,*"—and so, thereafter, they named His son as Rahula, *The Fetter*; and later, when he had become one of his exalted Father's followers, he bore that name, even in the Brotherhood itself.

That night, when all lay sleeping, the Prince, summoning His faithful charioteer, rode forth from home and kingdom, from wife and child, from luxury and love; and, at the boundary of his father's little kingdom, cast aside His royal dress and passed away, clad in the Wanderer's Yellow

Robe, never again to see the faces He had loved until Supreme Enlightenment had widened for His heart the boundaries of Love's Empire, till they included the infinitude of every being that has life. He, bred upon the lap of luxury, henceforth was to live on such poor food as charity might offer; brought up in a palace, henceforth the earth must be His couch; no longer Prince, He dwelt among earth's humblest—but earth's holiest; for He had done what was *truly* great, He had set aside the path of compromise with worldly wisdom and the estimation of His royal kinsfolk; had cast aside that shadow of possession which worldly men deem real, for the Heart's Light within, the true kingdom of spiritual possession.

And yet, so far, it was but for a dream, a hope, that He had made this Great Renunciation.¹ In His heart there lay no store of inner knowledge such as might seem to offer recompense for all He cast aside; it was but a hope that shone before Him, and not unseldom, we may be sure, a hope that seemed well-nigh despairing. Surely somewhere, somehow, a sovereign remedy for all life's pain must hide?

For six long years He sought it—that hope so near us all, and yet so hard to find. Men then believed that Wisdom might be won only by starving, torturing the body; they thought, like the ascetics of all climes and ages, that Insight might be gained only by treating as an enemy the body of this life. As has been said, the religions of India in that time had won to depths of spiritual Attainment far beyond aught that the West-Āryan yet has learned; they knew the way, by intense inward contemplation, to wake up from this our waking state as a man wakes out of dreams; to enter realm after realm of spiritual Attainment,

¹ For it is to this event of 'The Going-forth from Home'—His *Pabbajja*—that the Buddhist world in general gives the title of 'The Great Renunciation'. But more truly, perhaps, may that term be applied to some still greater episode of the *interior*, the *spiritual* Life of the Exalted Lord—perhaps to His decision, after the Supreme Attainment, to declare the Liberating Truth for the Healing of All Life instead of entering the Peace at once—or, perhaps, to some event even beyond our possibilities of thinking.

depth after depth of being's mystery; so that whilst the earthly body lay entranced, the mind wandered free through heights and depths of ecstasy, of being so intense our thought can never compass it, just as in dreams we cannot grasp the clearer vivid consciousness of waking life. What the wise then knew, quickly the erstwhile Prince now gathered, passing from Sage to Sage, learning their methods, and practising alike their modes of inward ecstasy and their austerities, until at last there lived no Sage, no Holy One amongst them all, who had won further into Being's depths than He; or any Wanderer so famed, even there in India, where asceticism long had reached to the very ultimate of human endurance, for the awful rigor of His penances, the strictness of His vigils and His fasts.

To the very Heights of Being, He attained—to that Supreme, that Ultimate of conscious Being, known in India as the Brahman or the Paramāṭman; the Uttermost of Selfhood, the Light of Life whereto all this Universe is as it were but a shadow; this living, breathing, manifold Existence but the wavering darkness of Its multi-scient Light. To that Supremest Cosmic Consciousness He won, and yet turned back to earth in what approached despair. For—as indeed all others who thus had reached that Higher Self of all the Universe, had also seen, in the light of the wide-reaching Understanding that that Attainment of itself involves—He saw that even here was no *Finality*—no Endless Peace such as He had sought for Liberation of All Life. There too, howsoever exalted, howsoever subtle and supreme that Ultimate of Life might be—there too reigned Selfhood; and there, thence, Desire; even as one of India's ancient Sages sang: "*In the beginning Desire arose in That, which was the Germ, the Origin of Mind.*" Subtle and high as It might be, It still lay under that fell bondage of Desire; and, as the R̥shis taught that Brahman, desiring, had emanated all this Universe in Its creative thought; and when at last, after the 'Age of Brahmā,' all living things had once

again, through paths of suffering life innumerable, won back to that Supreme of Being, even then, after the vast period of rest in the 'Night of Brahman,' once more the undestroyed Desire must spring; once more a new, another torture-teeming Universe come forth—and so on to eternity.

But it was just from this same awful Cycle of Unending Life inalienably involved in Pain, that He, now grown so wise, sought refuge and a Way of Liberation—a *final* Peace, a Goal secure, not destined to be lost again, was the one remedy for all this pain-filled self-respecting Life. Finding that in these spiritual Attainments of the R̥shis, and in the dread austerities they practised, lay not that sure Peace He hoped to win, He turned away alike from system and from practices; and then it was that the little body of disciples, five in number, who had so far followed Him—hoping to win guerdon of their service when He should gain the Ultimate Enlightenment—deserted Him in that hour of disappointment and despair. He, who had so starved His body as never another Saint in India, once more took food sufficient for proper nourishment of His frame; and so these Five—daring, as ever the little-minded dare, to judge their Master's conduct—left Him, thinking that now He never would attain.

But ever the darkest hour precedes the dawn, and so it was with the Bodhisat̥ta. We may well see how, at that self-righteous judgment and desertion, His thoughts must have well-nigh a moment wavered; must have turned back to all that so real-seeming life that He had cast away—for *this*. Then, when His disciples left Him in petty scorn, because He not only perceived that the ascetic practice of six long torturing years was all an error, a mistake—that no Way of Liberation ever could open up that way—but also had the moral courage then and there to leave a practice He had seen was useless; then, weakened by long fast and vigil, wearied as even the greatest must

weary of the littleness of life, the futility of all our utmost striving; then, we may well conceive how even that compassionate Heart must once again have turned to the thought of all the worldly welfare He had left behind. Father and wife and child, old faces and beloved companions of His youth; the throne that waited still and prayed for Him; the visible reality of kingship He had left behind; how then these things must all have called to Him, deserted, discredited, abandoned, because even in defeat He would not for a moment follow on a path that once He saw could not attain the Goal He sought! Not for Himself, but for helping of mankind, the suffering, pain-filled world, had He abandoned all these things: and yet, at fancied rumor of a temporary defeat, those who to Him represented the world for which He had so arduously striven, left Him discredited, alone! The Books relate, once more in Oriental trope and imagery, how this last terrible temptation came to Him; how Māra the Tempter of Men's Hearts, the Spirit of Worldliness that lives in each of us, marshalled his hosts for conflict—the last great battle for the mastery between the good and evil of that incomparable mind. There in the solitary jungle came the conflict, as, seated beneath the Tree thereafter sacred to His memory, He passed in review the painful struggle of those six so arduous years. Had he not tried it *all*, proved every path by personal effort, won to the very highest State of Being of which the ancient Saints had sung? He was profoundly acquainted with states of being so high and wonderful that men might spend whole lives in seeking them, and yet could not attain; the ancient Saints said this was all; that beyond That Brahman was no further progress—It, the Ultimate of Life—and yet, even in That was still a bondage, even that Heart of Being still was subject to the Law of Change—subject, since still there reigned in It Desire. Desire! From height to depth of Life Desire was King; and the root of this Desire lay hidden and protected in the very citadel of Self

of Life! And if from it, from that all-dominant Desire, even in the Ultimate of Life, the Self Supreme—a Selfhood widened till its boundaries embraced even the whole of Life—was no escape, how should there be found ever a Deliverance out of Suffering; seeing that Sorrow's Cause lies in Desire, in Self-desire alone? What use, indeed, to give up all the goods of life, to cast aside the world in search of Liberation for All Life, if so one but exchanged the lower bondage for the higher; the gross desires of worldly life, the petty kingdom of the lower selfhood, for that all-immanent and all-including Selfhood of the Brahman—if so one but exchanged the suffering of years for that of æons; if even Brahman still was Selfhood, subject still to that grim Law whereby pain follows every thought for Self?

So, to the Boḍhisatṭa seated solitary beneath the Tree Buddhists now term the Boḍhi-tree, or Tree of Wisdom, came home the Great Temptation—the conflict with Māra the wicked and his host, the powers of evil dramatised to vivid Selfhood in His mind; the final struggle in that great mind-empire for the mastery betwixt the powers of evil and of good. And in the end (as always in the end) the nobler triumphed; the evil perished never to rise within that heart again. Even as He had seated Himself beneath the Tree of Wisdom, the Boḍhisatṭa made the Great Resolve: *“Never will I arise from this place, though this My frame shall perish of starvation—not though the blood within these veins shall cease to flow, till I have won Enlightenment supreme;”* and when at last the final dire temptation—the image of the weeping wife calling Him back to pleasure and to love—was vanquished and had fled, then, open before that searching mental Vision sprang the sealed doorways of a new, another Pathway—a Path, the very name of which had died out of the memory of the earth's holiest; the Path which leads to Liberation from *all* thralldom; the way of Selflessness which reaches to Life's Further Shore. Through the long sequent line of many a

by-gone and forgotten life He looked back to that time wherein, meeting Dīpaṅkara, the Very Buddha of an age well-nigh unthinkably remote, He, then named Sumeḍha, an ascetic Wanderer already come near to the fulfilment of all holiness, had turned back from the Path Dīpaṅkara, the Blessed One, had opened to His followers; and then, before that Holy, that Exalted One, had taken the Great Resolve Himself to become a Very Buddha for salvation of the worlds. And through it all He now, in light of the new great Dawn that was upon Him, traced the clear causal line of this high Path of Peace. Not through the well-known way of Indian Saint and Sage, mounting from Height to Height of Being, yet ever bound by chains of subtler-growing Selfhood, stretched this high Path, so new and yet so old; not through the successive Planes of Consciousness, but through the Way of Selflessness that Path extended; outcome of acts innumerable of Self-renunciation, its motive power Compassion—pity for suffering life grown great and strong, till it embraced all things that live. As one might understand whose mind had opened to perception of a fourth spatial dimension, the way to which lay equally from high or low, from up or down, in three-dimensional space, so now He saw how this new Path led equally from highest as from lowest realms of conscious life. Wherever in the All of conscious Life there reigns no thought of Self, *there* lies that Path of Peace; so hard to win, and yet so nigh for all. Looking deeper yet in that profoundest Meditation, He saw behind the causal sequences of all those lives the power that moved them all—the twelve-linked Cycle of Causation, Nescience, Ignorance, Not-Understanding, giving birth through an inevitable sequence to conscious Life, to Change, to Death, and so to Life once more; and here again His growing Insight showed Him how Self the enemy lay at the root of all this Cycle of self-repeating change; how, when the thought and hope of Self had died, with it, too, died the power of Life's Law—the power which brings to birth and death.

And so, finishing the Path, He came to where Its End is, in a State Beyond all Life, wherein the triple fires of Nescience—Craving, and Hatred, and the Delusion of the Self—no more can burn; to That which is the Goal and Hope of Life, the State of Peace that reigns where Self is dead. Fruition of all Life, and yet Beyond and Other than all Life, it grows but from the ashes of the Self outburnt; as from the seed's decay and utter dissolution, from the mire and darkness of the earth, springs forth the flower to sunlight and the wide-extending air. Freed from all mental bondages, Conqueror of Self, Master of the Hidden Mysteries of Pain and Birth and Death: a Very Buddha, Utterly-Enlightened, with the great Knowledge in his Heart whereby whoso should follow it should likewise win Nirvāṇa's Peace: so He attained His Aim, His Hope, His Goal: so won the Healing Truth that solves the fever of this Life enselved: saw yet Beyond All Life, a New, Another, and a Final Light.

So, with the dawning sun that saw the end of that great night's Temptation and Attainment; so, with the vaster, cosmic Dawn of Utter Wisdom in His Heart, once more the Way of Peace stood open to the world. Millions unnumbered since that day have followed in the Way He showed; and even now, when half five thousand years have well-nigh sped, millions still seek it, still turn to It as Hope and Light of Life and Goal. Over this land of Burma, where these words are written, It still reigns supreme; the Message of It written over all the land in Shrine and Monastery and Temple; written still deeper in the hearts and lives of women and of men. Forty long years after that supreme Illumination, the Master lived and taught His growing band of followers, passing at last Himself from Life for ever, into the Silence, the Utter Peace whereunto He had shown the Way.

All that long ministry of Love and Wisdom we must needs pass over; and if it shall appear that too

much space has even now been given to these earlier, striving, searching years than to the longer period when their fruits were garnering, the answer is that in these earlier years the secret of the Master's power over Burmese hearts lies hid. Become a Very Buddha, won to Full Enlightenment, freed from the Chains of Selfhood, Master and Teacher of the Gods and men, His personality submerged in His all-dominating Office, men's hearts refuse to think of Him—so Holy and so High. But when, like all of us, He knew not; when, for pity of the pain of all that lives, He gave up all that men hold dear to follow what the worldly deem a shadow; when He made mistakes, as in those six long years of vain self-torture; and, learning their vanity, was forsaken by His disciples in that He could no longer follow what He saw to be untrue: then, there, the hearts of men can echo in response to Him, then the thought of Him can thrill our lives to greater nobleness; stirring our life's depths until we long—yet ah! how vainly long—to grow a little nearer to His likeness; to live a little nearer to the life He lived!

Only one thing more can here be told of that great Life: a fact which cannot be omitted here, for without its deep significance the whole incomparable history of Buddhism could not be understood. It is the fact that, when He passed away, His near disciples, looking back on all those years of constant teaching and example, could say of Him: "*So passed away the Great, the Loving Teacher, Who never spake an angry or a cruel word.*" Only that, and yet what blessing for humanity has not been hidden in that brief pregnant summary of a Life—greatest of any life amongst the myriads of the sons of men! A Teacher of Religion, the Founder of a great Religion, Who lived amongst His fellows, these holding views and following creeds the most diverse; Who lived and taught for forty years the new Truth He had found, the Truth He burned to help His fellow-men wherewith; and yet, Who never spoke an angry or a cruel word! Think, you

that read, what potency of truth lies hidden in that little sentence. Forty years' ministry of teaching, and never an angry word—no word of blame or harsh denunciation of the worldly of His time; no threatenings of hell for those who would not follow in the way He taught! It is because His followers could truly say that of His Life, that, in such contrast to all other of the world's great Faiths, Buddhists this day can boast that on their Creed's behalf has never one drop of blood been shed, never a persecution waged, never a 'Holy War' been prosecuted; although to-day five hundred million human beings have taken refuge in His Name, His Truth. To the Buddhist, that fact, did it stand alone, were proof beyond traversing of His Religion's truth. For men who *know*, no longer fight or angrily denounce each other; where Wisdom is, is perfect tolerance. The things for which men war are false by that same proof—where hatred and denunciation reign, there Truth is not. Think of the bitter wordy warfare of the logomachic pseudo-science of the Middle Ages in Europe; of the interminable controversies which waged between the different bodies of scholastics then; contrast this with the relative peace of modern science—at least where fundamental matters are concerned—and at once this attitude is obvious. Over acknowledged *facts*—such as the Law of Gravitation now-a-days appears—no vainest or most foolish man ever has lifted hand in wrath against his fellows; it is the *fancies* that men fight for; in defence of vain and false imaginations that they hate, oppose, and fight.

After even this so brief account of that first of the 'Three Jewels' or Refuges, THE BUDDHA, the nature of the Second Member of the Buddhist Triad will in part already be made clear. In His last Message to the world, the Master said to His disciples: "Do not think, after I am gone—'Our Teacher is no longer with us.' The Truth that I have taught you, that shall be your Teacher;" and so it has been to this day. The Master's Life and

The Master's Teaching, these are but parts reciprocal of one great Truth; that Life was the Truth in terms of human action; that Truth is but the Way whereby we seek to follow Him. Therefore it is that in this article so much space has been given to the story of the Buddha; with that His Teaching at once grows clear and luminous without it much must needs be little understood.

BHIKKHU ĀNANDA METTEYA

(To be concluded)

XMAS 1910

We wait for Thy Coming O Lord!
 According to Thy word,
 Whether by night or in the day,
 May it be soon, we pray.

The beasts of the field await Thee,
 The creatures of the sea—
 The little brothers of the air
 Implore Thy tender care.

And every eager heart that longs
 To right earth's bitter wrongs
 Burns with desire Thy Voice to hear
 And know that Thou art near.

But Thou know'st best the day and hour
 To manifest Thy Power,
 We humbly stand with sword in hand,
 And wait for Thy Command.

U. M. B.

CONCRETE INSTANCES OF REINCARNATION

The doctrine of reincarnation, forming one of the strongest planks in the scheme of Hindū religion, has now been so carefully and elaborately discussed, in and out of the press, that little remains to be said on the subject from a theoretical point of view. The cumulative effects of this discussion and the repeated lectures on the subject—especially the lectures and works of Mrs. Annie Besant—have been to bring home to many a sceptic and unbelieving mind its importance and significance, as a principle without which no causation or evolution theory can be complete. To discourse any more on the subject with any force of reasoning is simply to repeat, though in an altered garb, the very arguments which have hundreds of times been employed with such marvellous effect by Mrs. Annie Besant and other Theosophist writers and speakers; but to add concrete instances establishing the doctrine and verifying its existence is indeed a contribution towards the consideration of the question from a standpoint which always appeals to the people, and brings conviction home to their minds. From this view-point the subject has a wide scope for consideration, and really stands in need of further light.

I give below a few instances, thoroughly sifted and verified on the spot. By reason of their genuineness and authenticity they leave little room for doubt.

On receiving information that a gentleman at Dholpur (between Agra and Gwalior) had a daughter who remembered her past life, I made close and searching inquiries into the matter and the result is this:

The girl is a niece of one Mukta Prasad, Nazar of the Iglas-Khas office, Dholpur. She is now ten years and

ten months old, having been born on the 2nd of Dhou-badi, Sambat 1956. When she was about six years old she used to talk of her previous birth and her former relatives. Luckily the scene of her previous life lay in a small village, Bhamṭipura, near the Dholpur Tehsil courts, and not far from the house where she now lives. She was accordingly taken to that village, and, directly she reached the place where she lived in her previous life, she recognised every thing and every person, and began to call the latter by their proper names. In her former birth she had had two sons, Rāmachand and Samalia, Minas by caste, and one daughter Harko. She recognised them all and told of their connexions. She also said that she had left hoarded up in a wall of the house some cash and valuables, which are alleged to have been discovered by the two sons, though they now deny it for reasons of their own. All the particulars of her former life given by the girl have been carefully verified, and the persons concerned have been seen. The girl retains a faint memory of most of these things even now, but with growing years the veil of māyā (forgetfulness) is slowly falling upon her memory. Between the date of her death in the previous life and that of her new birth, there is an interval of some five years, which accounts for her soul's migrations on the astral plane.

Another case of similar nature, discovered and verified, is that one Harnarayn—a Brāhmaṇa who lived at Chowdhripura, in Dholpur—died, and was born as Durga Pershad, a carpenter, in Sambat 1940, and now lives at Damipura, Dholpur, not far from the place of his former birth. He is now about twenty-six years old, and when he was about five or six years old he came back to his former house and recognised all the persons and things there; and at his instance some cash and a hoe were discovered hidden in his stable beneath a stone used as a support for tying the hind-legs of his horse. While a mere boy he had a very vivid recollection of his past

life; and never ate anything touched by any person of his family other than his mother, on the plea that he was a Brāhmaṇa, and could not accept any eatables from the hands of Shūdras. His death in the past life is found to have occurred in Sambat 1938, so there is an interval of about 2 years between the death and the new birth that occurred in Sambat 1940. What has been said in reference to this case is well known at Dholpur, and the people of both places—the place where the man now lives and that where he lived in his previous life—are fully acquainted with the circumstances. The correctness of all that has been related has been tested by reference to the persons concerned.

Another case that has come to my notice refers to a village called Beelpura, District Torghar (Gwalior State). Here a Brāhmaṇa was killed in a family feud by a bullet from a gun. It was a foul murder. This man was born in the same village as a Thakur named Gulab Singh (?). While a boy he told all about his previous life, and related the circumstances under which he was murdered. A feeling of revenge led him to lodge a complaint in the criminal Court of the district against his murderers, and there were regular proceedings in the case, but the offence having been committed against the person in his previous life, for which the Court had no positive proof of the gross material nature which tells in a law court, the case was shelved. The record of the case is said to be still existing in the Pergana Court concerned.

Another instance, indicative of the transmigration of the soul, reported by a late Deputy Inspector of Police at Dholpur, is that of his elder brother's wife, who died some years ago. Soon after her death a girl resembling the deceased wife in all outward appearance was born to that brother's son. While a child, she told all about her former life, recognised all persons and things associated with that life, and always felt abashed in the presence of the

reporter's elder brother, who was her husband in her previous life. She still retained a taste for most of the eatables she had been fond of before, and she exhibited a special liking for tobacco, which had been a favorite with her before. The girl is now seven years old and lives at Agra. In this case no long interval between her death and new birth is said to exist. This interval varies with different individuals, in direct proportion to the gravity and depth of their inherent tendencies and desires.

A report received from a friend at Agra states that a Bania, who lived at Heengkimandi, Agra, died some years ago. He was born in a village in the Agra district. When a child he spoke of his previous life, and alluded to most of the associations of that time. People from Agra went to see the child in the village, and found that he gave an accurate account of most of the persons and things of his previous life.

Lately I have received information, for what it is worth, that on a tree near or about the Jhenjhak station on the E. I. Ry. there is a Brāhm-Rākṣhasa, who is well-versed in the Shāstras and speaks several languages. He talks of his late birth and is frequently seen by people. Enquiries are being made into the truth of this story and if any further particulars are available, they will be made known.

It may be said, by the way, that instances such as are related in this article can be multiplied to any extent, if one takes the trouble to go about and enquire in villages; for every big village has an instance or life to contribute. Indians, as a rule, are not fond of advertising their information, and it is owing to this lack of inclination that such instances, even when discovered and verified, do not appear in print.

SYAM SUNDAR LAL, C. I. E.

Dewan, Gwalior State.

ASTROLOGY IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

THE Sun is the centre of the system in which we live, and move, and have our being. To the mind of the astrologer it is the *focus* of all the life and light that is constantly streaming into the solar universe, of which our globe receives its apportioned share. To the Theosophist it is the source of Prāṇa, or the life-breath, on every plane. The ebb and flow of this glorious life the astrologer can trace through the slow processes of nature, in the mineral world, in the luxurious growth of vegetable life, and its more active expression in the animal kingdom, until, arriving at our human state, he sees its culmination in a self-conscious expression so complex and bewildering, that it is small wonder he loses sight of the unity of life, for a time, in its manifold distinctions.

Within this vast solar system there are moving, at various rates of motion, a number of planets, each receiving as much as can be absorbed of this life, to send it forth again changed through contact with their own particular vibrations, or specialised life. By these motions, and the peculiar arrangement of the matter of which they are composed, each planet creates its own sphere of influence, and they in their turn affect, through the surrounding ethers of space, everything existing upon our globe, contracting, expanding, and changing the ordinary states of matter to such an extent that varying streams of solar life are constantly vibrating in a kaleidoscope of endless complexities.

To the astrological mind, each planet has its own primary rule over the various kingdoms of nature; they have also a sub-influence under their primary lords. They govern the rounds, races and sub-races of this globe,

and the nations of the world; also the religions that come forth from them, and also affect, more or less our human principles.

Directly and indirectly, these planets have a powerful influence upon our earth through the 'wireless,' or etheric, stations plainly figured in unmistakable language along the pathway of the ecliptic, the earth's limiting sphere, through which she receives the Prāṇa, or life-breath, of the Sun.

Through this living band of the Zodiac, more ancient than anything man has ever known, the earth, revolving once upon her axis in twenty-four hours, causes a rosy circle of light at dawn and sunset to fall upon a cross, the mystery of which has passed down through the ages by way of glyph and symbol, in which the crucifixions of Spirit and matter have been told to all who are willing to lose the lower life that the higher Self may find it.

They are simple facts in nature, the four quarters of the day, and the four seasons of the year, and yet they are full of correspondences and object lessons, as real as they appear to be fanciful. The earth revolving in her own small ring, also in the larger one round the Sun, forming loops or spirals, reminds us of the cycles or moods of our own lower and higher nature, and has a fuller correspondence in the changes these produce through their relation to the planets. Moreover, those two important circles change the light or life rays streaming out of the Sun, produce modifications in them, and cause these rays to be subject to the planetary spheres governing larger and wider circles.

Astrology names these rays, designating the minor cycles *houses* and *signs* of the Zodiac, each house and sign being the station, or *focus*, of the planetary rays through which they are reflected, or refracted, according to their sympathy or antipathy to them. The quality, however, of the zodiacal rays is quite distinct from that of the 'Planetary

Rays'. Separate, they represent *kāma* and *manas* respectively; mixed, or mingled together, they correspond to *kāma-manas*.

The earth in her diurnal motion, or minor cycle, is considerably affected by the serpentine course of the Moon, this luminary travelling through the zodiacal circle in a moonéth, or month, of twenty-eight days, during which time she throws her shuttle of destiny through the loom of the Zodiac, forming patterns that are ceaselessly changing, and ever bringing forth a variety of shapes as plastic and yielding as nature requires for her wondrous work of form-building.

In her major cycle the Earth, as well as the Moon, is influenced by Saturn, whose motion is equivalent in years to the Moon's cycle in days; and that which the Moon fabricates with her silver webbing, Saturn consolidates and gives permanence to by resistance.

There is also another motion of the earth caused by the Moon's monthly circuit, known as the monthly movement of the earth round the centre of gravity of the Earth and Moon combined. It has an equivalent in the period of Venus, giving grace and elegance to the lunar shapes, and beauty (with symmetrical curves) to the Saturnine stability.

The *annual* motion of the earth, during which the Sun *appears* to pass through each of the zodiacal signs in twelve months, is governed by the Sun in its minor cycle, and has its correspondence in the period of Jupiter, which is exactly twelve *years*. In its major cycle it is governed by Uranus, which has a period of eighty-four years, or seven years to each division of the solar cycle.

In Theosophic teachings these planets correspond to the golden web of *Prāṇa* at one pole, and the *Ākāsha* at the other, and the various '*Auric*' circles in the human principles. This agreement between Astrology and

Theosophy runs throughout the whole of the cycles where human life is concerned, and reveals the working of karma in a manner that is most instructive and illuminative to students of human nature, especially when it is remembered that each major cycle is a spiral of the circle below.

Each cycle, large or small, is governed by one of the planets, the smaller cycles referring in time to hours, days, months, and years; the major cycles to much larger periods concerning rounds, races, nations, etc., the whole being too vast a subject to deal with apart from mathematical computations. We must therefore be content to deal with a comparatively minor cycle of diurnal influences, or planetary hours, and it may be as well at the same time to make a slight digression in explaining their value to occult students. Each hour, directly after sunrise (especially equated in high latitudes), is governed by one of the planets as follows:

Sunday	☉	Sun
Monday	☾	Moon
Tuesday	♂	Mars
Wednesday	☿	Mercury
Thursday	♃	Jupiter
Friday	♀	Venus
Saturday	♄	Saturn

For purposes of meditation, when one is not accustomed to the practice, or for harmonising the lower mind with the higher, an experiment may be made with these planetary hours by those who know the value of conserved energy, and desire to follow the lines of least resistance. In the first hour after sunrise on Monday, concentration should be practised by those who find the lower mind hard to still, for this hour is governed by the forces concerned with lower mind building.

Those who are troubled by the kāmīc elementals should think or meditate on 'Purity, Love, and Truth,' in the first hour of Tuesday. Those seeking the 'bridge'

between the higher and lower manas should take the first hour of Saturday, and for abstract thinking the first hour of Friday.

Those who would meditate upon a healthy aura, or body, will do well to try the first hour of Thursday; those who wish to send good thoughts to those they love may try the first hour of Wednesday; those who would cultivate a strong will the first hour of Sunday.

To those who are fond of visualising in colors the following suggestions may be useful.

Monday—Violet changing into heliotrope or pale lilac.

Tuesday—Red to bright-scarlet fading into rose pink.

Wednesday—Yellow changing to the palest lemon cream touched with bright gold.

Thursday—Golden strands and the brightest flashes of the Sun's rays.

Friday—Blue fading into its brightest and palest hues.

Saturday—Green changing to the brightest shades of pale green and finally into pale lemon.

Sunday—A blending of colors commencing from deep violet and changing into the colors of the solar spectrum, each held and clearly defined in the mind until any color can be produced at will.

After this digression we must pass to a deeper and closer study of our cycles and the ever-changing life and light that is passing through them. "As above so below" is the echo that may be heard throughout the whole of the astrological creed.

The astrologer proclaims man to be a miniature universe, a seed from a divine root, and he seeks to understand the unfolding of the potentialities within the millions of seeds scattered throughout the world. Each seed he contemplates is a cell within the divine life of

the solar system, the Sun being the glowing vesture of a Mighty Intelligence, or the outward glory of its Ruler. This solar system, in its turn, is but a mighty cell within the life of a vaster sphere, and so on into infinitude, the whole bathing in the Light of the ONE Almighty God.

Astrologically speaking, our Earth is thought of as a large cell, or a great egg, floating in space with certain peculiar revolutions, as we have seen; its motion is marked by geometrical lines into many distinct divisions, revealing its limitations in solid, aqueous, fiery, and etheric states of matter; and therefore is separated into various *planes*, where it *receives*, along its line of correspondence with other interior planes, certain vibrations charging the ethers surrounding it with peculiar characteristics. In this respect the earth is divided into four primary zones and four subsidiary zones on either side of the equator, and traces its 'aura' or sphere of attractive influence *externally* on one side to the planet Mars and internally (toward the Sun) to the planet Mercury.

Between the earth and the sphere of Mars the Moon has a collective or generative influence, a kind of spontaneous combustion, which is directly connected with the Zodiac in its simple or natural stimulus to motion, sensation, and instinct. All the rudimentary impulses of lunar influence are controlled, expanded, or limited by the various signs of the Zodiac, each acting as a focus for the external forces that are constantly playing upon the lower forms for life's expression.

The Zodiac is the zone of the stars traversed by the Sun in the course of a year of twelve months or 365 days. The word is derived from the Greek *zodiakos*, signifying 'animal' and this derivation is due to the fact that most of the figures traced on this belt of stars represent animals. It is divided into twelve parts that are called the twelve signs of the Zodiac, also named by ancient astrologers 'The houses of the Sun'.

No.	Sign	Symbol	Nature	Quality	Ruler
1	Aries	♈ Ram	Cardinal	Fire	♂
2	Taurus	♉ Bull	Fixed	Earth	♀
3	Gemini	♊ Twins	Mutable	Air	♋
4	Cancer	♋ Crab	Cardinal	Water	♌
5	Leo	♌ Lion	Fixed	Fire	♍
6	Virgo	♍ Virgin	Mutable	Earth	♎
7	Libra	♎ Balance	Cardinal	Air	♏
8	Scorpio	♏ Scorpion	Fixed	Water	♐
9	Sagittarius	♑ Archer	Mutable	Fire	♒
10	Capricorn	♑ Goat	Cardinal	Earth	♓
11	Aquarius	♒ Man	Fixed	Air	♓
12	Pisces	♓ Fishes	Mutable	Water	♑

This circle of the Zodiac reveals the nature of all things brought to birth within its indubitable and intricate sphere of influence. No form can take shape or birth without receiving its impressive stamp or indelible mark—an important factor where human birth is concerned.

At the moment of the prenatal epoch—the astrological term for a time that is approximate to physical conception—the conceived form has photographed upon it certain characteristics which it has absorbed from this zodiacal circle. “In the twinkling of an eye,” or less than a moment of time, and that which has been done is beyond recall. Two elements have come together and a birth of something must result. An opportunity is offered for a *latent* force to be energised, and the simple act is the apparent cause for a great result. It may not be the actual beginning, however, although it does coincide with

a mark in the great wheel of effects arising out of previous causes, but through it an ego has made a physical link with a form that is to be produced at a certain stage in its evolution on the physical plane. That moment of the prenatal epoch is indisputably linked, by the moon's position at the time, with the identical position (or its opposite, according to certain determining causes, such as the moon's rising or setting, etc.), some nine months later with that same degree of the Zodiac that is rising upon the eastern horizon, or setting as the case may be. This is not a statement only, but a scientific fact, provable by all who care to test it, and when generally recognised will have an important bearing upon parentage in the future.

Time and space will not allow further explanations of the interesting bye-paths into which a study of the prenatal epoch leads the astrological student; suffice it to say that the nine months between conception and birth is sufficient for the qualities and characteristics of the sign required to bring a form into being, having the right number of senses and mental attributes to express itself in the present round and race. Of the three signs necessary to complete the twelve more can be said later.

The moment of birth has been decided by the moon's place or epoch; the child is born, and breathes his first breath in the physical world at a moment which decides the conditions under which he has to grow and develop physically, mentally and morally.

There are 360 degrees in the zodiacal circle, each equivalent to four minutes in time in the circle of 24 hours. *One* of these degrees *must* rise at the moment of birth. To obtain a clear picture of these 360 points of the circle, imagine each one as a distinctly bright and glowing colored light.

A child is born and for the space of four minutes *one* of these lights has flashed forth its colors with a

lustre more or less bright, consequent on its harmony, or disagreement, with other lights shining forth at the same time, such as the planets and the luminaries. The child's life will shine accordingly. If at that moment the Sun is setting in opposition to that degree, and the Moon forms a square aspect from the fourth house with the planet Saturn in the midheaven in square also, that light will be so dimmed that it may appear to fade out immediately. The child then born will not live, or should these afflictions be slightly removed, sufficiently to allow the form to survive, the life will be fought out against endless difficulties. On the other hand it may be that this same degree is uninterrupted by any afflictions, and its splendor is magnified by a trine aspect of Jupiter from the ninth house and a conjunction with Venus in the ascendant; then the glory and honor of such a life shall be perfect, for all the stars shall sing forth the praise of such an one thus born.

This light, flashing forth from the ascending degree of birth, is not the 'Star' under which a man is born in the true sense of the word, which has a far deeper and more profound meaning for the esoteric astrologer. It is merely the light which illumines the brain of the human form then brought into existence, and denotes the heredity, tendencies, etc.; in other words it is the *reflecting* light of that which colored the etheric conditions prevailing at the moment of epoch, moulded to express the *prārabḍha* karma, etc., the Moon at epoch representing the etheric mould that was then formed, which in reality was the nucleus of the permanent physical atom. The ray from the ascendant, therefore, is but a temporary personal ray for the current life, and according to its lustre, or degree of merit, so will the life be long or short, fortunate or unfortunate, happy or miserable, sordid or great.

Each sign, or degree of a sign of the Zodiac, has its lord or ruler, which is exalted or modified by the

sub-influences coming from the other planets, and this lord also shines with a light that is bright or hazy. This ruler of the ascendant, however, is not always the true ruling planet of the nativity.

It is this complication with regard to the actual ruling planet that produces false horoscopes, and incorrect judgments by the many pretenders to the title of astrologer.

The true ruling planet is that which has *supremacy* at the time of birth, either by position, exaltation or power of influence.

A child may be born under Aries, and Uranus rising upon the ascendant. Mars although *nominally* ruler would in this case have to yield its power to the rising planet, especially if Mars was not angular. This would be rightly interpreted by a student of esoteric astrology as Desire (Mars) giving way to Will (Uranus). If Mars happened to be angular at the same time, *then* there would be a strong fight during the whole of the life between Desire and Will.

If astrology is to be useful for occult progress, it is essential that the rulership of horoscopes be understood, and it is for this reason that cheap and careless readings of horoscopes should be avoided, for they are of no value for this purpose. A properly judged horoscope is a serious business requiring much skill and patience, to say nothing of sufficient time in which to study its complexities.

There are two distinct methods of judging a nativity. The one in general use by exoteric astrologers is to take the ruling planet as the symbol of the native, and all the other planets as representative of the karma, or fate, for the current life. The other method is to take the ruling planet as the representative of the stage one has reached in evolution, and all the other planets as representatives of the various human principles. A blending of the two methods may now be explained for the benefit of occult students.

Each degree of the Zodiac has its own peculiar property, but it is subject to the sign, or group, to which it belongs. These signs are divided into seven different orders having specific qualities, although interblending and running through the whole. Astrologically these qualities are fire, earth, air, water, cardinal, fixed, and mutable. They may be tabulated Theosophically as follows :

Agni, Pṛthivi, Vāyu, Varuṇa, Rajas, Tamas, and Saṭṭva.

Each has a lord, or ruler, and is connected with the seven principles and the seven Hierarchies.

From a Theosophical standpoint each sign of the Zodiac contains the elements of the three guṇas, Rajas Tamas, and Saṭṭva. It may be a rājasic sign rising at birth; the first ten degrees of this sign will be wholly rājasic, the next ten degrees will be rājasic-tāmasic, and the last decanate of ten degrees will be rājasic-sāṭṭvic. Each sign has its underlying quality with its subdivisions. The lord or ruler has also its subdivisions in the same way, also (all the other planets.

When the majority of the planets are in *one* sign at birth, or sign of the same guṇa, then that guṇa will be greatly accentuated, and a strong character in that particular guṇa will be the result; for instance many planets in the tāmasic signs will make a man very resolute, determined, of a steady plodding and stable character. In an undeveloped ego, it would denote inertia, sloth and indifference, and also much ignorance. In rājasic signs the man would be very active, ambitious, restless and aspiring. In the undeveloped ego it would denote impulse, rashness, and much foolishness. In the sāṭṭvic signs more than ordinary judgment is required to gauge the development of the ego. As a general rule it denotes indecision, duality and lack of firmness. Its influence upon the physical plane is not very pronounced. The astrologer's term for the sāṭṭvic signs is mutable, for they denote too much

flexibility and not sufficient stability. When the planets are scattered throughout the horoscope and the signs of the Zodiac, a versatile character is shown, and it denotes less concentration, though the ability to play many parts.

Many planets rising at birth give much fertility of resource and adaptability. If setting, fate or destiny plays a very active part and karma is worked off more rapidly; therefore, circumstance accounts for a great deal, and the nature is more affected by and through others than he knows. The result of the triplicities of signs may also be traced Theosophically in connexion with the various planes. Those born with many planets stirring the earthy signs into activity have their consciousness very much on the physical plane, they are practical, and fond of objective and external experiences.

In the watery signs, the sensational, feeling and emotional tendencies, are easily manifest. They open up the psychic nature and give much sensitiveness. In the fiery signs the mentality is most active, thought and reason have sway, and the intellectual faculties are the most energised. In the airy signs the intuitive and artistic faculties are the more pronounced.

The airy triplicity of signs is identical with the Theosophic idea of the *kāraṇa sharīra* or causal body, and the mānasic consciousness, through the planet Venus.

The mental body and the fiery signs agree, the lower mānasic consciousness being related to the Moon and Saturn. The astral body and the watery signs harmonise, and the kāmic consciousness with the planet Mars, while the prāṇic consciousness may be said to be solar, and the etheric, lunar.

We may also trace the ātmic and buddhic consciousness to Uranus and Mercury.

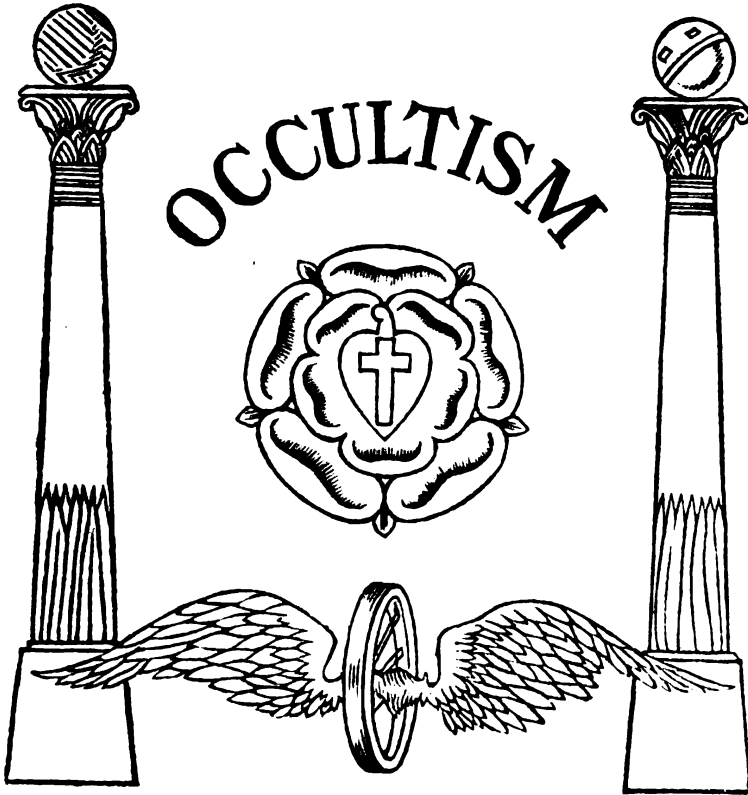
So far as Neptune is concerned there does not appear to be any Theosophic correspondence, except that in some

way it seems to represent the eighth sphere, the 'Dweller on the threshold' and all 'sub-conscious regions' of which we know little, or which seem to elude any definite form of investigation. From a threefold division of the Zodiacal signs there is a fourfold interpretation in terms of consciousness that harmonises very well with our Theosophical teachings, as the following tabular diagram will show :

Elements, or Sign Qualities. <i>Corresponding States.</i> Tattvas.	Cardinal Signs or Rājasic Guṇa.	Fixed Signs or Tāmasic Guṇa.	Mutable Signs or Sāttvic Guṇa.	
Air—Vāyu ... <i>Ether.</i>	Arūpa.	Mānasic consci- ousness. Libra ♎ <i>Perception.</i>	Mānasic consci- ousness. Aquarius ♒ <i>Memory.</i>	Mānasic consci- ousness. Gemini ♊ <i>Reason.</i>
Fire—Agni ... <i>Vapor.</i>		Lower Mānasic Aries ♈ <i>Intuition.</i>	Lower Mānasic Leo ♌ <i>Faith.</i>	Lower Mānasic Sagittarius ♐ <i>Introspection.</i>
Water—Āpas <i>Critical State.</i>	Rūpa.	Kāmic Cancer ♋ <i>Feeling.</i>	Kāmic Scorpio ♏ <i>Attachment.</i>	Kāmic Pisces ♋ <i>Emotion.</i>
Earth— Pṛthivi.		Physical Capri- corn ♄ <i>Absorption.</i>	Physical Taurus ♉ <i>Secretion.</i>	Physical Virgo ♍ <i>Circulation.</i>

ALAN LEO

(To be concluded)



RENDS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

HAVING finished the description of the last thirty lives of Alcyone, we now pass to the consideration of another set, which, though their hero is a member of the same group of students, differs greatly in character. The lives of this set are on the whole less regular and more stormy than those of the other; and they have two noteworthy peculiarities. First, whenever our hero makes a mistake, the karma of it descends upon him heavily in the next life—a system of ready-money payments. The retribution is severe but effective, and it cuts away the fault as by a surgical operation. Secondly, Orion has two groups of associates; one, the group of Servers with whom we are already familiar; the other, a set of decidedly undesirable acquaintances to whom we are introduced in the three lives immediately following. Whenever at the beginning of a life we see him surrounded by these people we know beforehand that the incarnation is going to be a troubled

one; but, on the contrary, when we find him in our own group we know that the influences brought to bear upon him will call out the best that is in him.

The lives are particularly useful for their very contrast with the preceding set. By a path so strewn with obstacles, through storms so terrible, the hero has reached his Master's feet, and has been taken in charge by Him. Many are the ways to the one goal.

THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR LIVES OF ORION

No.	Birth.	Death.	Sex.	Place.	Length of Life.	Interval between Lives.	Root-Race	Sub-Race.
1	B. C. 23875	23815	M	Hawaii ...	60	887	IV	2
2	22978	22921	F	Madagascar.	57	713	IV	2
3	22208	22152	F	Malacca ...	56	612	IV	7
4	21540	21504	F	S. India ...	36	...	IV	1
5	21504	21456	F	" ...	48	...	IV	2
6	21456	21392	F	" ...	64	1775	IV	2
7	19617	19546	M	Bactria ...	71	1245	IV	4
8	18801	18234	M	Morocco ...	67	1006	IV	5
9	17228	17137	M	Poseidonis...	91	1447	IV	6
10	15690	15632	M	Tartary ...	58	1125	IV	7
11	14507	14451	M	Canada ...	56	780	IV	1
12	13671	13633	F	Poseidonis...	38	1543	IV	2
13	12090	12005	F	Peru ...	85	2319	IV	3
14	9686	9673	F	China ...	13	70	IV	4
15	9603	9564	F	Poseidonis...	39	1239	IV	5
16	8325	8260	F	Etruria ...	65	1502	IV	6
17	6758	6706	F	Tartary ...	52	1077	IV	7
18	5629	5567	F	India ...	62	1552	V	1
19	4015	3944	M	Egypt ...	71	1208	V	1
20	2736	2688	M	S. Africa ...	48	809	V	2
21	1879	1862	M	Persia ...	17	341	V	3
22	1521	1490	M	Asia Minor..	31	991	V	4
23	499	423	M	Greece ...	76	2020	V	4
24	A. D. 1597	1620	M	Venice ...	23	276	V	4

I

We begin with a birth in 23875 B.C. in the neighborhood of Waialai, in Oahu, one of the Hawaiian Islands. Orion's father (Alastor) was a medicine-man and priest. The race to which he belonged was not the modern Hawaiian, as it exists to-day, but an early Atlantean one. These people, like their successors, fell under the spell of the wonderful natural phenomenon which was so prominent amidst their surroundings, and worshipped the giant volcano of Kilanea—or perhaps the God of the volcano rather than the volcano

itself. Their propitiatory offerings were usually to the Spirit of the volcano, the father of the present Goddess, Pélée, who was worshipped by the later inhabitants, the daughter having superseded the father in the thoughts of the people.

Occasional human sacrifices were offered to the God. The victims were supplied from among criminals, or from prisoners taken in war. When the supply of these was insufficient, a levy was made upon the general population. Orion's father, the High Priest, wore a horrid-looking head-dress, a huge mask much larger than a man's head. This mask had a hideous face with a large aquiline nose. It was made of wood and was worn resting upon the priest's shoulders, extending high above his head. The garments he wore were made of beautiful feathers, the plumes of which were predominantly red when he officiated at sacrificial ceremonies, and yellow at the other less important functions. The garment itself was cut in the form of a semi-circle, and, when worn, served the priest as a cope.

At first Orion's father was High Priest of the Island of Oahu only, presiding over the Temple dedicated to the service of the now extinct volcano of Diamond Head. But later he was appointed High Priest of the entire Island Kingdom, and for this reason moved to Hawaii, in order to superintend the daily devotions to the volcano of Kilanea. He had great power over the people through the fear with which he inspired them. They came to him to invoke his services when their crops were not good, or when their cows did not calve, or when they had enemies whom they wished to injure. The priest privately increased the efficacy of his magic by the use of poisons.

Orion's mother (Eta) was an insignificant kind of person who firmly believed in the priest, her husband, and was very much afraid of him. Orion was brought up in great awe of his father and of his supernatural powers. The father was not at all an affectionate man, but both parents were good to the boy in their way.

Orion was very fond of the sea and used to spend a great deal of time in it, often half of each day.

As eldest son, Orion had to become a priest in his turn, and therefore when he was about fourteen years old the regular education for the priesthood began. Even before that, his father taught him to recite various things which the boy did not understand, such as charms and invocations, pages and pages of which were taught to him by word of mouth. At the age of fourteen there was some kind of preparatory ceremony—the boy was made to go one whole day without food, and then cuts, slanting diagonally much as the ribs do, were made on each side of his chest.

Some bark was taken by the people from a tree and beaten out with stone clubs into a sort of cloth resembling canvas, or rather felt. Strips of this cloth were then taken to bind up the wounds, into which, however, small pieces of wood had been inserted to prevent the lips of the wound coming together, and so forming a slight scar. Instead, great grooves or lips of scar-tissue remained as evidence of his priestly candidature.

Round the young candidate they hung a necklace, and also a kind of belt made mainly of shells, with curious bits of colored cloth arranged in a particular way. This costume had formerly constituted the entire dress of the people, and had then been retained by the priesthood as distinctive insignia of their office.

As time went on, at intervals, at the ages respectively of 17, 19, and 21, Orion went through different ceremonies, again with fasting and invocations, and at the last of these his father administered to him a certain decoction in a calabash. Now this drink was made of bitter and unpleasant drugs, and had the effect of throwing Orion into a deep trance. While he was in this condition his father pronounced an invocation over him, the object of which was that the God should enter into him. Some great elemental creature did overshadow him, but did not retain

control for long, as Orion soon recovered his own will. This fourth ceremony made him a full-fledged priest.

It is of interest to note that the methods by which the High Priest 'assisted' the Gods in rendering effectual the curses he was employed to utter, were such as to secure the results in any case, whether the divine intervention was forthcoming or not. For instance, the priests cursed the crops, but at night poured salt-water over the fields to aid the workings of providences.

Orion had many companions, both as a boy and as a young man, but he was not at all good to them and did not retain their affections, as he used his father's position and powers to terrorise them into subjection to him. When they showed a lack of respect and deference, he threatened them with his father's powers, menacing them with bad dreams or dreaded diseases. As this sort of thing was kept up unremittingly, Orion, even as a young man, was much feared.

He fell in love presently with a young lady (Cancer), who was already the betrothed of Gamma, a particular friend of his.

This friend had always loved and admired Orion, but Orion did not exactly reciprocate his affection, though he was quite willing to use him. He decided that he wanted this girl Cancer for himself, and threatened Gamma with all sorts of magic if he did not yield her to him. Gamma and his betrothed were deeply attached to each other, and in spite of Orion's threats he would not desert her. Orion's curse was of no avail, so he determined to assist the God to rid him of his friend. Pronouncing the curse anew, Orion frightened his friend and contrived to administer to him a drug which produced a long and serious illness. Expecting to die, Gamma at last agreed to yield his betrothed to his rival, but eventually he recovered, and then felt a deep and abiding hatred to Orion in place of the old love. The girl knew all about this, and was not well-disposed to

1911

Orion ; but she was so much afraid of him because of his threats to bring calamities upon her people, that by such means he was eventually enabled to secure her as his wife.

Orion delighted in the exercise of power and liked to see people cringe with fear of him. He excelled in describing the horrors with which he would visit them should they not fall in with his views. There was a distinctly cruel streak in his character, and it pleased him to have people afraid of him.

To the girl he was not very good, but had a manner of making her feel that "he was the gloomy God in the background, and that no one should come near".

The priests were the real medicine-men of the Island, and through their services to the people gained great power and influence over them. If the priests were satisfied with the fees which a sick man brought to them, they did what they could to assist the patient to regain his health. If the fees were not satisfactory, the priests contrived to do away with the patient, and in this way they compelled the people to pay tribute to them.

The High Priest, while nominally subject to the King, was really more powerful among the people than the King himself. Orion's father was very vindictive, and, having contrived to quarrel with the King, tried to have him assassinated. The King discovered the plot, banished him, thus depriving him of the office of High Priest, and appointed his son Orion in his stead.

Upon this Orion decided to cast off his first wife as no longer suitable to him in his present position. He caused her to be poisoned in order to get her out of the way, that he might be free to marry the King's sister, which he subsequently did.

His old friend Gamma learned of this and vowed vengeance. He would have liked to annihilate Orion, but was too much afraid of him. Orion fully reciprocated his hatred, although secretly his conscience troubled him. He soon, however, contrived to make it appear that Gamma

was mixed up in a plot against the King. Gamma was thus cast into prison, and shortly afterwards an emissary of Orion's visited him in the prison, and succeeded in putting an end to him by poisoning him. Henceforth Orion grew more and more arrogant, and enjoyed seeing the people bow down and clear the way whenever he appeared. On the other hand, he seemed at times distinctly shrewd, and generally of better mental calibre than most of his fellow-countrymen.

He had usually the power of seeing the right in cases brought before him for judgment; but unfortunately this power to see clearly the justice of the case did not influence his decision, which was usually in favor of the man who paid the highest bribe, as Orion had great desire for possessions. In this way he acquired a great hoard of feather-garments, many head of cattle and extensive property of various kinds.

Orion had a son, Cygnus, in whom he took great pride and for whom he felt great affection. His hoarded wealth was chiefly amassed for his son. He gradually thus acquired much power; moreover some of the magic of the country really worked in a small way, for the High Priest unquestionably had considerable mesmeric power. He was, besides, constantly on the watch for opportunities of impressing the people by means of fraudulent phenomena, and invented elaborate tricks, such as causing images to speak by means of tubes hidden within the body of the idol. He discovered, for instance, the periodicity of a geyser, and then pretended that the rush of water came as the God's answer to his invocations; he calculated the time of its flow, and gathered a great crowd together on that day to see it. He thus impressed them greatly, and brought them to do his will. On one occasion, he missed his calculation by an hour, and was forced to go on praying until the moment when the water appeared.

The old King eventually died and his son succeeded in his stead. Orion had managed the old King easily, but

was not so successful with the son, in his efforts to direct the affairs of the whole kingdom as the power behind the throne.

There was an invasion from another island called Kauai. This war was caused by the fact that the King had, by the advice of the High Priest, treated very haughtily and disrespectfully an embassy sent from Kauai. Orion was employed to curse the invaders, but the curses did not prove effective and the enemy landed in spite of them. The King with his army drove them back, but Orion lost much of his prestige and power. Soon after this the King succeeded in stirring up the people against the High Priest once or twice, so that they openly refused to obey the latter. At this Orion grew angry, and a quarrel ensued in which a few people were killed. Not unnaturally, the relatives of those killed turned on Orion for revenge, and the King took advantage of this opportunity to depose the High Priest and send him away. As he was going away, a man who had a private grudge against him, seeing that he was no longer under the protection of the King, fell upon him and stabbed him. This man, Epsilon, who killed the High Priest after his downfall, had been the lover of Zeta, a sensitive, highly-strung girl, the daughter of a rich man. When Epsilon had wished to marry her, the High Priest had refused his consent (which according to the law of the country was required) unless the father of the girl would surrender to the High Priest a part of his patrimony. This the father had declined to do, and so Orion had threatened all kinds of physical and supernatural ills. These threats had so preyed upon the girl's mind that eventually she had become insane. Her lover, of course, had then vowed vengeance, and took it now when the opportunity presented itself.

The High Priest had a long and uncomfortable life on the astral plane, being pursued constantly by those whom he had killed. He had, however, some heaven-life, because of his great love for his son.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALASTOR :	... <i>High-Priest. Wife : Eta. Son : Orion.</i>
ORION :	... <i>High-Priest. First Wife : Cancer. Son : Cygnus. Friend : Gamma. Assassin : Epsilon.</i>
GAMMA :	... <i>Betrothed : Cancer.</i>
ZETA :	... <i>Lover : Epsilon.</i>

II

There is now a change of sex, and the birth in this race is a descent from the former one. The race is a fine, manly one, but less civilised than that in Hawaii, resembling more the Zulu. The people live in palm-leaf huts. The Hawaiians wore clothes, but these people used only a sort of waist-fringe made of strips of hide, sometimes ornamented with shells and stones. The women wore necklaces made of shells and of rough stone beads. The country was fine and fertile, and the race a courageous one, full of fighting instincts. The people however were both pitiless and cruel, and were moreover cursed with an awful religion. They worshipped a God whom they called Saké, who was supposed to be manifesting through a gigantic monster, a huge octopus, which itself was very old.

It lived in a salt lagoon, now cut off from the sea, but formerly connected with it. This octopus was an enormous, hideous beast, with a beak shaped like that of a parrot. Its body, in form like a balloon, was large enough to fill one of our ordinary-sized rooms. It had huge tentacles, forty feet in length, with great suckers on them, which at the base of the tentacles were as large round as a dinner plate, but grew smaller as they approached the ends.

The people were accustomed to feed this beast with human sacrifices, with criminals if possible, or captives taken in war. Failing these, the victims were chosen from among the people, as in Hawaii. The priests to whom it fell to choose the victims, not unnaturally selected those whom they especially disliked; or picked richer

members of the tribe, who, according to law, could pay a ransom, or buy a substitute at the priest's discretion.

These sacrifices were provided daily, but besides these regular ones, others were required for special occasions. The horror of the thing so affected the imagination of the whole nation that it frequently happened that a form of hysteria seized upon certain individuals, during the paroxysms of which they threw themselves bodily to the octopus. The priests were supposed to have the power to cast such a spell upon the people as to compel them to make this self-sacrifice.

Orion was born in the year 22978 and was again the child of Alastor, who was a celebrated hunter. He was indifferent to the girl, for he preferred sons, who could hunt; but the mother on the other hand was fonder of her girl than of her boys. The child grew up good-looking and attractive. Incarnated in the same life was Cygnus, who had been the son of Orion when he was the High Priest in Hawaii, and Orion in this life fell deeply in love with him. Her father Alastor was, however, unfavorable to this union, and sold the girl to an older man who was for a time attracted to her, but later on tired of her. This man had already an older wife, Gamma, who, in the Hawaiian incarnation, had been the young man friend who was the lover of the High Priest's wife, Cancer, and whom the High Priest caused to be poisoned.

This wife Gamma was jealous and vindictive, and made things very unpleasant for Orion, but was afraid to do much while the husband continued to love her. Later, when the husband showed signs of becoming indifferent to Orion, Gamma became cruel to her and her children, bringing great sorrow and trouble on them. The husband had grown not to care at all about Orion, as he was now in love with Zeta, another person from the Hawaiian life. He was however disappointed in this affair, for which reason he became very irritable and easily angered. He constantly ill-treated Orion and her children, because he

III

The race in which Orion next incarnated, as a girl, in the year 22,208 B.C. was one in many ways superior to the Madagascar tribe. The people wore more clothing, and their manner of living was also better. The boats were of a comparatively advanced type, being well-equipped and rigged as sailing-vessels. The natives were a pleasant and superior people, not exactly Malays of the present type, but a sort of admixture between the Malay and Dyak races.

Our heroine lived on the sea-coast. Her father was a trader and owned a good many vessels; the principal commodities in which he dealt on a large scale being cocoa-nuts, cloth and gems. These people also produced good woven cloth, which they dyed tastefully, and they seem to have imported silk goods from China.

Orion was a timid and shrinking little thing, born with an overwhelming horror of all creeping things, and a great fear of fire. As a child, she was often thrown into hysterics by the sight of creeping things. She had frightful dreams of her past life and its horrible termination, and was terror-stricken often by the sight and remembrance of the octopus. She was a delicate child, thin and pale, because of this lack of restful sleep, and as time passed she grew worse and worse in condition. Her parents were kind to her, and after a time called in a witch-doctor, who helped her and freed her from what he called the evil spirits. He succeeded by mesmerism in allaying to some extent her sufferings, and enabled her to have a deep drugged sleep.

(Her nightmare was like a kind of memory. Such an impression had been made on the permanent astral atom, that it was not only able to send out vibrations of the effect of the life as a whole, but also those of detailed scenes. It was not so much a memory of the ego, as that of the permanent astral atom. The images

were originally, in the child, radiated from this astral atom. Later she made thought-forms of these awful scenes, and these forms were very real and vivid.)

She grew much better by degrees under the treatment, but was somewhat blunted and dazed thereby. In due course of time she married and had two children, to whom she was greatly devoted. The old witch-doctor, who cured her by his mesmeric treatment, became an intimate friend of the family, and his son, Zeta, conceived a passion for her. She however disliked and feared him. He threatened her that if she did not listen to his suit, he would persuade his father to bring back the old nightmares. She resisted him, but brooded over his threats, until the fear of the return of the old trouble became an ever-present horror to her. One of her great terrors had been her fear of fire. To add to this, her eldest child one day fell into the fire and was burned. This accident had a terrible effect upon the young mother, for it drove away her reason, and the nightmares returned as a permanency in her mind.

Her family took good care of her; strange to say, they regarded her madness as a sort of divine possession by a God. There were periods when she seemed quiet and when she would answer questions. During these periods she appeared to be able to predict events still in the future, and in this way, she gained the reputation of being able to prophesy. She frequently gave oracular replies, and it seemed to be the ego that answered when questioned.

Except for those short and infrequent periods, the life was one long duration of mental suffering, so that when death eventually came it was a great relief, although the final paroxysm was rather horrible. Her death came through shock. A great bonfire was lit to celebrate a victory. She saw it and was reminded of her hatred of fire, and rushing

forward she threw herself into it with wild shrieks, and perished.

After death, on the astral plane, she was soon again quite sane. It was only the etheric part of the brain that had gone wrong. She was, however, still surrounded by the fearful thought-forms, and at first was haunted and terrified by them. Then kind friends (dead people who were aware of the facts) told her that these were illusions and gradually helped her to realise it, so that at last she became quieter and more peaceful. She had a life in the heaven-world and found happiness with her children.

Her character was certainly changed, and the cruelty was absolutely wiped out. There was left a desire for power, but there was no longer pleasure in seeing suffering; so in the next life she would rather not inflict suffering, but only did so when it could not be helped. It would seem that most of the karma was well wiped out—first by physical suffering in the Madagascar life, and in this life by acute mental suffering.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ZETA : ... *Witch-doctor's son and Suitor of Orion.*

A HELPER'S EXPERIENCES IN THE UNDERWORLD

I have thought it might be of interest to our readers to have an account of some of the recent activities of a member of the band of invisible helpers. The stories I am about to relate were taken from jottings in his diary, though of course it should be understood that what appears in this article does not consist of the notes originally jotted down, but rather of a written-up series of incidents describing in detail what has been entered in his diary in the barest outline.

All the incidents here related formed the subject of genuine psychic experiences, the member in question being fortunate enough to possess sufficient psychic faculty frequently to remember vividly and in orderly connexion the experiences he undergoes while working out of the body at night.

Here it is necessary to say that absolute accuracy of recollection is not guaranteed. Some of the afore-mentioned helper's experiences have received corroboration at the hands of much more experienced Occultists, and there is no reason why those I am going to describe should be any less reliable than those that have gone before.

The chief factor to be considered is the possibility of dramatisation on the part of the etheric and physical brains, which have a tendency to distort or color impressions coming from the higher consciousness. Having now made it quite clear that no authority is claimed for what follows, let me plunge *in medias res* and describe the person in question.

Our hero is a young man of practically pure Keltic origin, with the spare and finely organised body of the fourth sub-race. So far as he knows, he tells me that it

is but rarely that the members of the band of invisible helpers come under the direct instruction of the Masters of Wisdom. The latter may be considered rather to exercise a general supervision, while the actual instruction and guidance of the work in the underworld is in the hands of Initiates of various grades belonging to the different schools of Occultism throughout the world. Such an Initiate will have in his charge a number of classes consisting of from seven to a dozen young aspirants for astral work, all of whom have to be carefully trained. They have all kinds of different things to learn; how to create thought-forms which are sent out into the mental atmosphere of different nations and caught up by receptive minds; how to help people in grave physical danger or illness; how to materialise themselves or others; and how to free those who have dropped the physical body from the rule of the various Deva-guardians of the different regions of the underworld. Our friend, who for brevity's sake we will call H., tells me he belongs to a class of about a dozen persons, all of whom are young men ranging from fifteen or sixteen to thirty. The class meets for detailed instruction at regular intervals, when the Initiate in charge gives to them their work until the next meeting. This of course is very necessary, for the Initiate being, as he is, in touch with the Devas who are charged with the duty of administering kârmic laws, knows just when great catastrophes will take place, and when special efforts and preparations to help the victims of such happenings will be required. Between such occurrences however, the average helper devotes himself almost entirely to the vast army of the recently dead, who are generally far more in need of help than the most wretched on earth. H. recently found himself floating about one night above the Pacific Ocean, when a certain Being appeared to him, and told him to go to a place on the West Coast of America and arouse a woman who was sleeping soundly in a gimcrack little hut, built

on the very edge of the sea on a lonely stretch of coast. Wondering why on earth he should disturb her slumbers, he went, quick as a flash, to the place indicated, and found that there was indeed a very good reason for the order he had received. A furious gale was raging and the waves surged angrily round the frail hut, threatening at any moment to make it collapse and fall on a little fair woman, who, wrapped in profound slumber, was quite unconscious either of the storm or of her dangerous situation. H. had some little difficulty in awakening her and causing her to look round about the place, but he ultimately succeeded. As soon as she saw that her hut was surrounded by the water, which, owing to the violence of the storm, had far exceeded its average height, she gathered together a few treasures and rushed out, just in time to escape the fall of the heavy corrugated iron roof, that collapsed with a crash, owing to a portion of the flimsy wall facing the sea falling before the onslaught of a powerful breaker. It is interesting here to speculate as to the possibility of a kârmic link between the two egos concerned in the drama. It is often a source of wonder to many students how it is possible to pay back the gigantic mass of kârmic debts accumulated during hundreds of lives, within the limits of the comparatively few incarnations when a man is treading the Path of Life. When however we take into consideration the fact that during those few lives the disciple is doubtlessly in constant activity on the higher planes of nature, one at once sees that the opportunities for repaying old kârmic obligations are enormously increased, and so in the course of a few lives devoted to occult development and activity in the three lower worlds, he is able to repay the mass of obligations contracted before he sets his foot on the Path. Truly it is said of such an one in an Indian scripture: "He burneth up his karma by knowledge." Provided that he can function in the three worlds, he can repay any debt he owes to any one of their inhabitants.

The next incident which I have to relate of H. was of a somewhat different nature. He had one evening received news of the death of a dear old lady whom he himself loved much, and who reciprocated his affection. She was a good Christian woman, but she had always had a strong fear of death. H. knew that she would probably be in need of help, not only because of her having rejected the Theosophical explanation of the astral life before her decease, but also because he knew that her relations were very emotional and affectionate Irish people, who would be plunged into profound sorrow and gloom by her death. That deep sorrow would be certain to cause her much pain in her new life, and so he decided that, at all costs, something had to be done to help the old lady.

Shortly after retiring, he found himself floating in a dark cloud of gloom and depression in the midst of which, suffering keenly, was the old lady. She was somewhat bewildered at her gloomy surroundings, for, simple soul, she had expected to go straight to heaven, and could not understand why she felt so dark and weighed down. H. began to break up the dark clouds, but they kept forming again and again, and he was just wondering what was the cause of this, when who should appear on the scene but Cyril.

H. knew Cyril physically as well as astrally, for they are of about the same age, and he could not understand what Cyril had to do with the old lady. It was just as well that he came, however, as Cyril at once saw that these gloomy clouds were coming from the old lady's surviving relatives, who during the sleep of their physical bodies now began surrounding her in a clamorous crowd, making it difficult to deal with her. Cyril politely asked them to move on for a while, as he and H. were busy helping the old lady and explaining things to her. They persisted in hovering around, making the gloom

about her worse and worse by their presence; Cyril and H. got desperate; the old lady was suffering acutely, and so Cyril finally said in a very decided tone: "Well, if they won't get out, we shall have to kick them out." The two of them then proceeded to make a wall of astral matter round themselves. The relatives, being only half awake in their astral bodies, at once took this wall to be a real one, and made no attempt to get through it. H. and Cyril then went quietly on with their work. They had, however, to make a powerful astral shell round the old lady's aura to keep off the vibrations and sorrowing thought-forms sent to her by her friends. She soon cheered up, and they both left her perfectly happy, floated about a little together, and then went back to their bodies.

H. on bringing the recollection of the night's work through clearly, could not understand how it was that Cyril knew the old lady, for as far as his memory went, Cyril was unknown to her in her earth-life; but H. suddenly remembered, that some months previous to her death, when he was staying with her, Cyril happened to pass near her home on his way to Oxford, and he came and spent the night there, just making the old lady's acquaintance for a few hours. That little meeting, unimportant though it seemed to our dull physical eyes, was sufficient for Cyril to make a contact with the old lady, just when H. was in need of his help in his astral work.

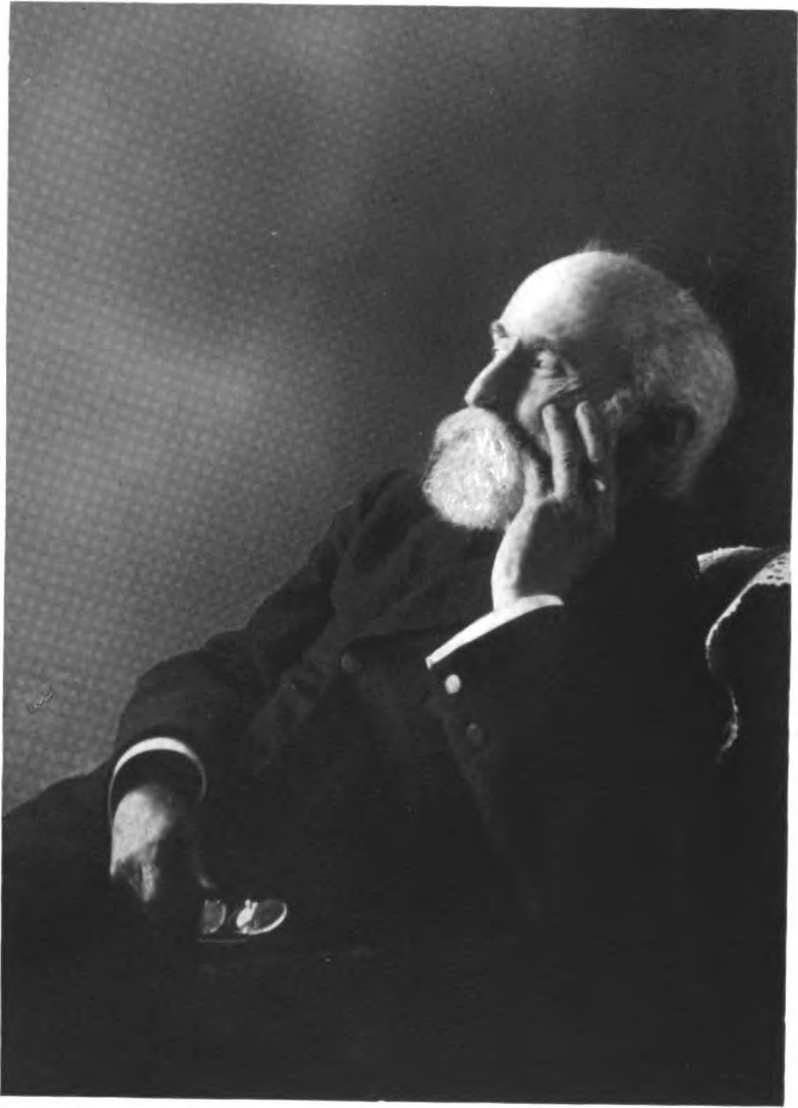
The next occasion on which H. had an opportunity of helping someone in grave physical danger was also connected with the sea. Somehow he constantly finds himself hovering above the sea on the look-out for ships in danger. Our friend found himself, as usual, swooping about over the ocean, and seeing in the far distance what appeared to be a large liner, he dropped down to investigate. He just looked casually round; the whole thing seemed to have come about by the merest chance, only he believes that there is no such thing. There seemed—as far as he could make out from the swirls and currents of emotional excitement exuding from the deck—to be something wrong, and

a moment later he ascertained that a man, who was apparently a passenger on the boat, had fallen overboard a few moments previously. He soon found the person in question about a quarter of a mile astern, struggling in frantic terror to keep his head above water, while the boats were being lowered for his rescue. A modern ocean greyhound is, however, a difficult thing to stop, and it was not till the steamer was some way off that the boat was lowered. Meanwhile H. had all his work cut out to keep the drowning man above water. Whether he had fallen overboard accidentally, or with a definite intention of committing suicide, it was difficult to say, though H. was inclined to think the latter was the case. However that may be, the man was in great terror and floundering frantically about. H. found it necessary to materialise the tips of his fingers sufficiently to get a grip upon the man and keep him up, at the same time doing his utmost to calm down his turbulent emotions. The boat's-crew meanwhile was rowing about, and, in the growing darkness—for it was evening at the time—had great difficulty in locating the whereabouts of the lost passenger. Time was going on, and still the sailors rowed helplessly about in every direction except the right one. What with holding the man up and trying to impress the sailors as to the right direction in which to row, H. had a difficult time; he had, so to speak, to dart from one to the other, for when he paid too much attention to the sailors, his materialised hand vanished into thin air, and the unfortunate passenger began choking and spluttering; hardly was he able to impress the proper direction on the mind of the officer in charge of the boat when he had to fly back to his man again, who was now getting weak and exhausted from his floundering and needed his undivided attention. By dint of unremitting effort, however, he succeeded in getting his man to shout vigorously. The sailors heard it, and after some circuitous rowing, eventually found him and took him home to the liner, which by this time seemed to be almost out of sight.

H. O. WOLFE-MURRAY

(To be concluded)

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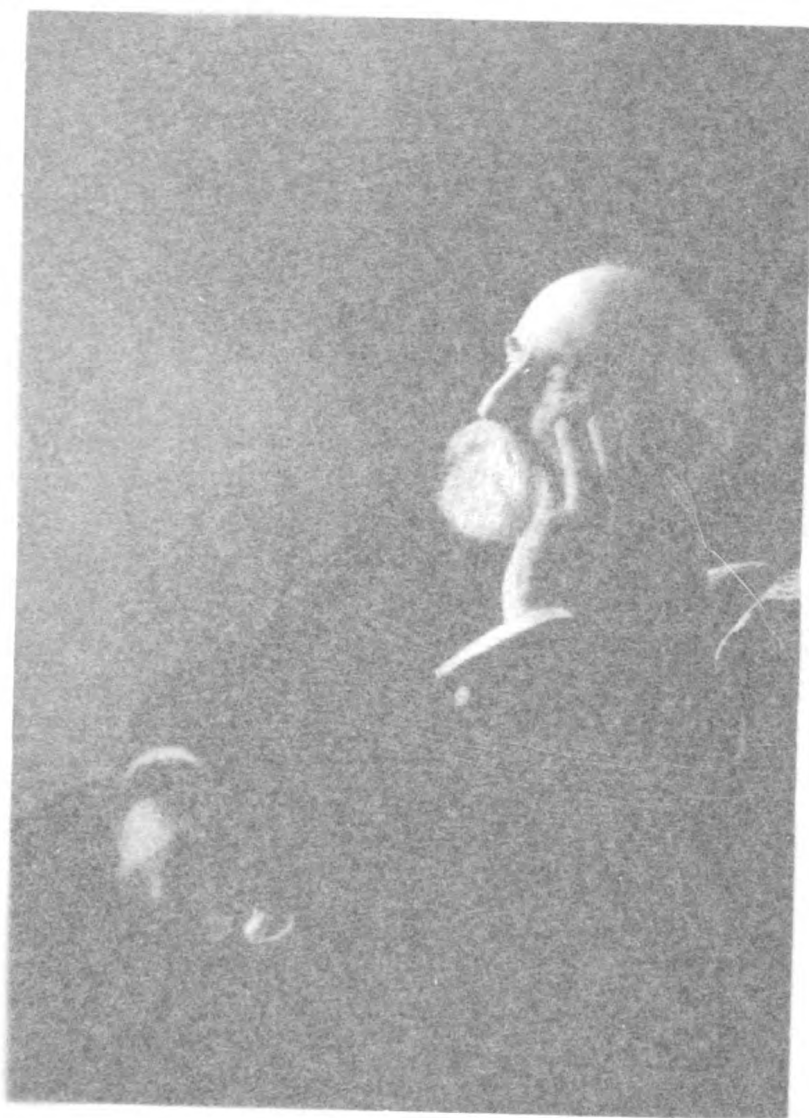
THEOSOPHICAL WORKINGS

WILHELM HUBBE-SCHLEIDEN

THE subject of our present article, Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden, is one of those personalities which have been supplied with high intellectual and spiritual endowments, and have done so much to leave a stamp on the history of our modern materialistic age.

Wilhelm Hubbe, for the name of 1850, had been previously adopted, for reasons to be mentioned hereafter, we were born into this patrie at a period when the world indeed—and perhaps more especially the German world of thoughts—was producing the very flowers of scientific scientific thinkers, when there were phenomena everywhere that could be seen with the unaided eye, that were in our hands, and, conceived by those who were of the same nature upon a material basis, when we found nothing but what could be handled, pulled to pieces, weighed and analysed, had any serious meaning or importance in the mind of the man of Science.

Wilhelm Hubbe-Schleiden was born in northern Germany, in the city of Hamburg, and not far from those districts already seething with political discontent, while two years later (he was born in 1849) the hot waves of revolution swept over the population of many a German town, touching with its fire indeed some of the country's finest spirits. But though Hamburg can claim him paternally, Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden's mother was descended with a more southern stock, and the City of Munich can also claim him of the well-known Hornalt, Matthew Schleiden (son of Hubbe-Schleiden's mother), as in the gallery of its illustrious men, it was his maternal name that Wilhelm



faithfully yours
H. Hübbschleiden

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

WILHELM HÜBBE-SCHLEIDEN

THE subject of our present article, Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, is one of those personalities whose helpful activities, coupled with high intellectual and spiritual attainments, have done so much to leaven some of the baneful influences of a materialistic age.

Wilhelm Hübbe (for the name of 'Schleiden' was afterwards adopted, for reasons to be mentioned later on) was born into this earth-life at a period when the world indeed—and perhaps more especially the German world of Thought—was producing the very flower of its band of scientific Thinkers, when the cry for 'truth' was for a truth that could be seen with the material eye, felt with material hands, aye, conceived by those convolutions of grey matter making up a material brain; when, in short, nothing but what could be handled, pulled to pieces, weighed and analysed, had any serious meaning or importance to the mind of the man of Science.

Wilhelm Hübbe-Schleiden was born in northern Germany, in the city of Hamburg, and not far from those districts already seething with political discontent, where two years later (he was born in 1846) the hot wave of Revolution swept over the population of many a German town, touching with its fire indeed some of the country's finest spirits. But though Hamburg can claim him paternally, Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden's mother was associated with a more southern stock, and the City of Munich can cite the name of the well-known Botanist, Matthew Schleiden (Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden's uncle), as in the gallery of its celebrated men; it was his maternal name that Wilhelm

Hübbe joined to his own when first entering the field of literature, a field wherein his efforts have since become so well known.

His childhood and early youth in the old Hansaic City would seem to have been particularly happy. He was the youngest of five sons (all of whom have attained to eminence), and his father, Dr. Hübbe, held a position of some prominence in the legal world, while his grandfather was in high repute as a preacher of powerful and persuasive eloquence. Home influences were of a fine and high standard, intellectuality being here tempered by a broad-minded religious feeling. In a soil so idealistically adapted to an ardent nature, small wonder if young Hübbe spiritually grew apace! After completing his school curriculum at the excellent native Gymnasium, Willi Hübbe (as his old friends still affectionately style him) visited the far-famed Universities of Göttingen, Heidelberg, Munich and Leipzig, while preparing himself to take his degree as a Doctor of Law. After a brief term of practice as an Attorney in his native town, he, however, accepted the offer of a post in connexion with the German Consulate General in London, subsequently entering one of the great London Banking Houses, in order to acquire a thorough knowledge of business routine.

We may perhaps say that with this coming to England commenced the second epoch in the life of Wilhelm Hübbe, his quick mastery of the language (he now, indeed, speaks English without 'accent'—and with a purity many a native might envy, having a fine sense for 'the right word'—a clear and incisive style), and his sympathy with the highest ideals of English national life enabling him to see eye to eye with the best of our race; and so it came that after a short period spent in Spain, he returned to England, embarking thence with a British friend on an expedition to the West Coast of Africa, where by their mutual efforts a business undertaking was founded at Gaboon.

But business, pure and simple, was not to be the aim and object of such a life as Wilhelm Hübbe's. Alongside with those interests and activities incidental to commercial enterprise, there grew up in his mind those wider human interests which alone can form the sound basis of any Scheme of Colonisation. It was now that writings dealing with the Colonial Problem began to appear under the authorship of Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, and in order to devote himself more whole-heartedly to what had come to be his paramount interest and enthusiasm, he returned to Europe, sojourning once more in his native City of Hamburg, and devoting himself to the propaganda of German Colonisation. Those were early days! His countrymen were as yet but lukewarm on the subject of overseas dominion, and yet it may be said that so far-seeing was this pioneer of a new movement that his books *Ethiopia* (written in 1878), and *Oversea Politics* (1880), still command respectful attention, and are indeed deemed classics in this particular branch of German literature.

By this time Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden's reputation had attracted sufficient notice for the Prussian Foreign Office, with a promptitude as praiseworthy as it is rare in the domain of 'Officialdom,' to turn their attention in the direction of their enterprising countryman. This Government Office had just founded its Colonial Branch, and Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden had the distinction of being summoned to Berlin and offered an appointment in this Department. His karma was, however, to turn his abundant energy into other channels. It was in the summer of 1884 that that gifted writer (and translator into German of *Light on the Path*) Herr von Hoffmann sent his friend Hübbe-Schleiden his recently published translation of Mr. A. P. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*. Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden relates that the book arrived towards evening, and taking it up, he began to read, reading on and on all through that night, not laying it down till morning, when the last word had been absorbed and treasured. Moreover, as will not seem strange

to Theosophists, what was here presented to him for the 'first time' did yet not bear the stamp of 'newness' to that mind ready for its reception, and it seemed indeed as though he had 'known it all before;' but it now gave him the clue to the Web of Life, with its tangles and its flaws ever and again obscuring the great Weaver's definite and pre-conceived design.

Before long Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden had placed himself in communication with Colonel Henry Steele Olcott, then in London, and ascertaining from that gentleman that Madame Blavatsky was then in Germany at Elberfeld with Frau Gebhard, one of her earliest German adherents, he, with characteristic promptitude, set out for that town in search of the Founder of the Movement.

It was here, then, that on the 27th of July, 1884, the first German Branch of the Theosophical Society, styled "Theosophische Societät Germania" was founded in the presence of H. P. Blavatsky, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, and other members then in Germany, having for its President Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, and for its Acting Secretary Herr Franz Gebhard. But though the Committee was complete, what the Societät Germania lacked most of all was members, and to meet this want Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, accompanied by Colonel Olcott, set out on a journey of propaganda, in order to secure the sympathies of such as would be likely to prove themselves worthy adherents of the new movement. Here the memorable fact may be recorded that it was during these travels, and in the compartment of a railway carriage, that Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden received the now well-known letter from his Master. Among the names of those who then joined the Society may be mentioned such well-known men as Dr. Carl du Prel, the artist, Gabriel Max, Herr von Hoffmann (before mentioned), Herr Direktor Sellin, as well as that gentleman's brother, and Herr Bernhard Hubo. This promising branch was, however, fated to die an early death, its dissolution being brought about by the doubts

and uncertainties engendered by the Coulomb affair. The members dispersed, Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden alone remaining in what had become but a nominal capacity.

It was about this time that he took up his residence in Munich, and with his independent work now commencing in the field of supersensual knowledge, the line of demarcation of the third epoch of his life may not unfitly be drawn.

It was in the Bavarian Capital, in the year 1886, that he issued his first number of the *Sphinx*, a high-class monthly magazine devoted to supersensual studies of the Universe, based upon lines laid down by Theosophy. This journal which, in addition to his other works of a Theosophic nature, attracted many of the best thinkers of the day, was published regularly for about ten and a half years, and only discontinued when its founder and editor visited India in order to recuperate his over-taxed strength. Even then his energies did not rest, for the gist of all he saw, heard and experienced has been set down in his book *India and the Indians*, a work published in 1898, and one which, in no less a degree than his earlier books dealing with Africa, bears the imprint of a master-mind in all matters appertaining to the problem of Colonial Policy.

With the demise of the *Sphinx* and on his return to Europe, Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden may be said to have devoted himself even more exclusively than before to the study of Esoteric Philosophy, making, indeed, his life-work an elaborate treatise on Reincarnation, bringing, moreover, this much argued and, in some quarters, fiercely combated question into line with the theories held by present-day European Science, in so impartial, and yet so convincing a manner that his labors may be regarded as constituting as great a gain to orthodox scientific literature, as they most assuredly are for his fellow Theosophists.

M. G.

ELEMENTARY THEOSOPHY

STEPS ON THE PATH

THE normal course of human evolution leads man upwards, stage by stage. But an immense distance separates even the genius and the saint from the man who "stands on the threshold of Divinity," still more from him who has fulfilled the Christ's command: "Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect." Are there any steps which lead up to the gateway of which it is written: "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it"? Who are "the perfect," of whom Paul the Apostle speaks?

Truly are there steps which lead up to that Portal, and there are feet which tread that narrow Way. The Gate is the Gate of Initiation, the second birth, the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of Fire; the Way leads to the knowledge of God, which is life in the Eternal.

In the western world the stages, or steps, have been called: Purgation, Illumination, Union; by those stages the Mystic—who is rapt to the Beatific Vision by devotion—denotes the Path. In the eastern world the Occultist—the Knower, or Gnostic—sees the steps in somewhat other fashion, and divides the Path into two great stages, the Probationary and the Path Proper; the Probationary represents the Purgation of the Mystic; the Path itself the Mystic's Illumination and Union. He further seeks to develop in himself on the Probationary Path certain definite 'Qualifications,' fitting him to pass through the Portal which ends it; while on the Path itself he must wholly cast away ten 'Fetters,' which hold him back from attaining Liberation, or Final

Salvation, and must pass through four other Portals, or Initiations.

The Qualifications must each be developed to some extent, though not completely, ere the first Portal can be passed. They are: *Discrimination*; the power to distinguish between the real and the unreal, the eternal and the fleeting—the piercing vision which sees the Truth and recognises the False under all disguises. (2) *Dispassion* or *Desirelessness*; the rising above the wish to possess objects which give pleasure or to drive away objects which give pain, by utter mastery of the lower nature, and transcending of the personality. (3) *The Six Endowments*, or *Good Conduct*; control of the mind, control of the body—speech and actions—tolerance, endurance or cheerfulness, balance or one-pointedness, confidence. (4) *Desire for Union*, or *Love*. These are the Qualifications, the development of which is the preparation for the first Portal of Initiation. To these should the man address himself with resolution, who has made up his mind to travel forward swiftly, so that he may become a Helper of Humanity.

When he has acquired sufficient of these so to knock at the Door that it shall be opened unto him, he is ready to pass over its threshold and to tread the Path. He is initiated, or receives the 'second birth'. He is called among the Hindūs the Wanderer (*Parivrājaka*), among the Buddhists 'he who has entered the stream' (*Srotāpanna*, or *Soṭāpanna*); and before he can reach the second Initiation he must cast off wholly the 'Fetters': *Separateness*—he must realise that all selves are one; *Doubt*—he must know and not merely believe the great truths of Karma, Reincarnation, and the Perfection to be reached by the treading of the Path; *Superstition*—the dependence on rites and ceremonies. These three Fetters wholly cast off, the Initiate is ready for the second Portal, and becomes the Builder (*Kuṭichaka*) or 'he who returns but once' (*Sakadāgāmin*); he must now develop the powers of the subtle bodies, that he may be useful in the three worlds, fitted for

service. The passing through the third Portal makes him the United (Hamsa=I am He), or 'he who does not return'—save with his own consent (Anāgāmin). For the fourth Gate should be passed in the same life, and for him who has passed that gate compulsory rebirth is over; now he must throw off the Fetters of *Desire*—such rarefied desire as may be left in him—and of *Repulsion*; nothing must repel him, for in all he must see the Unity. This done, he passes through the fourth Portal, and becomes the Super-individual (Paramahamsa=beyond the I), or 'the Venerable' (Arhaṭ); five are the filmy Fetters that yet hold him, and yet so hard is it to break their cob-web subtlety that seven lives are often used in treading the space that separates the Arhaṭ from the Master—the Free, the Immortal, the Super-Man, 'He who has no more to learn' in this system, but may know what He will by turning on it His attention. The Fetters are: *Desire for life in form*; *Desire for it in formless worlds*; *Pride*—in the greatness of the task achieved; *Possibility of being disturbed* by aught that may happen; *Illusion*—the last film which can distort the Reality. When all these are cast away for ever, then the triumphant Son of Man has finished His human course, and He has become "a Pillar in the Temple of my God who shall go out no more;" He is the Man made perfect, one of the First-born, an Elder Brother of our race.

ANNIE BESANT

A THRILLING ADVENTURE

SO many people have asked me to write down some account of my adventure during the Boxer rebellion in China, that I am at last trying to do so, memories of the acute dulness of most traveller's tales having so far deterred me from possibly emulating them. This especial experience certainly did not seem dull to me, as I shall never forget what standing face to face with death for more than an hour felt like; the only doubt is whether I shall be able adequately to record it.

It came about in this wise. In 1900, I was travelling with two friends, Hugh and Mary Maxwell, the latter generally known by the name of 'Max' at College, where she took a splendid science degree, somewhat astonishing her admiring friends by shortly afterwards marrying an extremely commonplace cousin, though one who had the recommendation of being very well off. He was keen about culture of all description, beginning with his wife, and they were both very devoted to a certain middle-aged Professor, to whose initiative this tour round the world was owing, as also my cooperation, for he had commanded Mary to find a fourth to make up their party; I doubt his approval had he known me before, as he never noticed any woman who had not some very definitely distinctive quality, such as beauty, wealth, rank, or acknowledged talent, none of which was the case with me. Anyhow I was delighted to go, as I had read and thought a good deal about the East, and was longing to put theories of universal brotherhood, sympathy with alien creeds and customs, and participation in eastern wisdom into practice; or at all events to see something of Oriental life and its marvels and mysteries with my own eyes.

Well, we had had a delightful winter in India, though I must confess that I had not advanced much in my special quests, as hotels are the same all the world over and we never saw any Indians to speak to, except servants. Anglo-Indians were most scornful when I expounded my views on the excellences of Orientals, telling me I knew nothing about it. However, though there is always something hopelessly uninteresting about the appearance of a globe-trotter, I still tried hard to avoid the proverbial, complacent insular expression of face of the "thankful to have been born a happy English child".

China was our destination in the spring and we arrived at Peking early in May, scarcely realising the condition of affairs there and in the surrounding country, as we had seen no one whose opinion was of any importance, and also rather despised believers in newspaper scares. We looked for guidance to the Professor who had many friends in the country, English and Chinese, and always took a determinedly optimistic view of the situation, scoffing at the likelihood of a Boxer rising, as indeed was pretty generally the fashion until the last moment with the Legations and their hangers-on. Feeling uneasy notwithstanding, we should have left at once, had not severe influenza delayed our departure full three weeks, by which time the surrounding country was almost entirely over-run by the Boxers and most of the railways destroyed. We were completing our packing early one hot morning, when the Professor rushed in, requiring us instantly to come and join a party visiting the famous art collection of a distinguished Mandarin, who was as a rule exceedingly chary of letting foreigners into his domains. As Hugh was out making arrangements for our projected journey, and Mary exceedingly unwilling, being tired, hot, and not dressed to go out, the Professor was obliged to be content with me, who did not know what fatigue meant, and who could get into my white drill coat and skirt in three minutes. Off we went in our sedan chairs, to spend a

most enjoyable hour among entrancingly beautiful specimens of china and furniture; though no one except myself seemed to greatly appreciate the peculiar excellence of the collection, and I was rather out of it as far as the company went, as they were a smart and stand-off set, bored and surprised if I spoke to any one of them, and seemingly only anxious to get through as quickly as possible. Consequently I lingered behind more than once to examine anything especially interesting, and must have done this to a greater extent than I guessed, when my attention was arrested by a remarkable cabinet of immense size inlaid with jewels and precious substances.

I got round behind its open doors to examine it more thoroughly, which occupied some time, when I discovered a little window hidden by a curtain, and was impelled by curiosity to look out of it, as it faced in a different direction from all the others lighting the rooms, which had looked into a walled-in garden. I was rather startled to see a small street just below quite filled with wild-looking men waving long knives, and apparently threatening the house, so hastily let the curtain drop, hoping I had not been seen, and came back into the room, one of a long series opening one into the other and all decorated in the most perfect taste. No signs of the party. I went up and down the rooms, thinking it must be somewhere near, and at last began to get much alarmed, though I hardly thought the Professor at least would have gone away without me, however absorbed he might be in his friends. Some time elapsed, when a Chinaman in a dark blue sort of uniform came hurriedly in, and looked aghast when he saw me.

“Missy still here, Missy not gone,” he gasped.

I tried to explain that I had somehow lost sight of my party, but only gradually took in the full horror of the situation, which I will recapitulate in my own words with the elucidations that I learnt later.

It appeared that there had been a sudden rising against the foreigners that morning, and the crowd, having discovered that there was a party of English in the Mandarin's house, was shrieking round it, demanding that these should be at once thrown out to its tender mercies. This our host was however quite determined not to do, though it seemed more to save his honor, which would be impaired if any of his guests came to grief under his roof, than from any special love to the intruding race. While causing delay by long negotiations with the leaders, he had hastily conveyed the English party down a back staircase through many cellars and passages into a lonely lane, whence they would almost certainly reach the British Legation in safety. Meanwhile food and drink were being served out to the rioters, many of whom were, he thought, half-maddened by hunger; but as some had made their way into the court-yard before the great gates could be closed, he had unwillingly been obliged to concede that twenty delegates should walk through every room of his house, accompanied by as many of his servants armed, and see for themselves that no English were there; for he feared that if opposed too violently, the Boxer leaders might proceed to extremities and burn the house down.

"What can be done?" mourned the house steward, who had been sent on to remove all possible traces of the English. "I must hide you, but where?"

We looked round, and I felt in despair. The curtains, the cabinets—was there any possibility of concealing a tall, athletic young woman in them? He suggested that I might stoop down behind a large piece of furniture, but I felt sure I should be immediately discovered. Suddenly he rushed to a further room which contained a beautiful shrine, enthroning a sculptured Buddha; its back revealed a little door opening on to a cavity within, but which looked alas, very, very small. Could I ever curl my long limbs inside? I feared it was impossible, but the terror of an immediate and horrible death, possibly preceded by

torture, gave me strength to try again and again, hopeless as it seemed. My Chinaman pulled off my hat, shoes, coat, long stiff skirt, and in my silk blouse and soft petticoat, a last desperate effort was successful and I was safe for the moment, the door shutting on me with a spring.

Once inside, I scarcely felt the physical discomfort of my cramped and uncomfortable position in the overwhelming terror, almost certainty, that I must inevitably be discovered in a very few minutes and dragged away to death—perhaps torture. I remembered the cheerful indifference with which one used to read about the latter in history; also that it is much more of a fine art in the East, our crude ideas being probably unable to conceive much of its possibilities. Unlike people in novels, I felt no wish to faint or scream, only a very definite one to remain perfectly still. My mind was, strange to say, in a preternaturally clear condition, all sorts of thoughts shaping themselves, as I waited for the tramp of the rioters to catch my ears. I thought of the hero of Sir Alfred Lyall's poem, who preferred death to professing Muhammadanism, though without any religious belief, and of the gay picnic party in Conan Doyle's 'Tragedy of the Korusco,' who were equally firm in the hour of trial, and I wondered if a like test would be given to me. It seemed as if I ought to be allowed to explain that I looked on all religions sympathetically, especially admiring the exalted teachings in Buddhism, and that I had studied Confucianism and Taoism, though I did not wish to leave my own faith. However I felt it was improbable, to say the least, that a wild Chinese rabble, composed of the dregs of the population, would listen to such arguments, even if I had known Chinese, or their especial form of dialect.

Memories came over me of a young lady missionary, a protégée of one of my old aunts, who had been thrown down a well in some local Chinese riot, and how my aunt had written: "I have sung about the Noble Army of Martyrs

every Sunday ; now I have known one." But I felt I certainly had at present no claims to be a martyr, even if I was killed by a savage mob, and further reflected that the Chinese, as far as I knew, seldom showed any desire for religious propaganda; indeed they would probably look on any knowledge of their religions possessed by foreign devils as a great impertinence. Educated Chinamen, I had heard quite recently, regarded Christianity as a crude form of belief, quite harmless, even at times producing excellent results, which was very suitable to the grosser intelligence of western peoples, though of course an impossibility for the serious consideration of a highly cultivated man. Strange to say, these discursive thoughts rather calmed me than otherwise, and certainly helped to pass the time of waiting, which seemed immensely long, though really I fancy not more than twenty minutes in duration. There may have been peace-giving influences about the sacred place in which I was concealed, but I could not make out whether the room was dedicated to purposes of devotion, or if the shrine was simply there as a valuable possession in the art collection.

At last they came. I heard the sound of many footsteps and voices and saw that a quantity of Chinese were filling the room. All were armed with guns and long knives; about half of the number, who must have been servants of the house, being dressed in some sort of uniform, though Chinamen look so much alike to an outsider that I could not otherwise have distinguished them; I heard later that the delay had been occasioned by the equipment of the servants, the old Mandarin having bargained with the rioters that each of their delegates should have one of his men to counter-balance him. This was agreed to, as the house was now completely surrounded and all egress barred, no one guessing that the English party had been so secretly and expeditiously hurried away. I could see out very well, through several little holes for light and air, and as the whole

cavity was lined with green gauze, no one could see me. The room seemed crowded with rough men, who at once began looking in the only possible hiding-places, under the seat running round the room and behind the curtains; as they had a very large mansion to traverse and expected to find at least thirty English people, their stay in one comparatively empty room was naturally as brief as possible. Two in silk robes were, I felt sure, the master of the house and perhaps the son who had originally given us the invitation, for having travelled much and made long sojourns in London and Paris, he constantly found friends among the English visitors.

A few minutes of intense and terrible excitement, as I strained every nerve to remain motionless, and the crisis was over and they had all passed on into the next room. For the moment I was safe, though I did not know if they would come back the same way or not. I fancy that no one else knew this, and this was the reason why I was left for so long in my little prison, or cave of safety as I ought to call it, when I think of what I owed to the protection of its sheltering walls.

Though stiff and aching in every limb, I must at last have fallen into a sort of half doze, from which I was roused with a start by the sound of voices, and looked out to see the two men in silk standing in front of me. With some tact, they walked through to the adjacent room, while the house steward, with considerable difficulty dragged me out of the shrine, thoroughly dusted me, smoothed my hair and rapidly dressed me in my coat and skirt and shoes; my hat was broken to pieces, but that did not matter. He then triumphantly led me to his masters, who received me with the greatest possible kindness and an elaborate old-time kind of courtesy; while the son, in excellent English, expressed their great grief at the annoyance I had suffered, politely ignoring the fact that it was entirely the result of my own carelessness, and that I was giving them a great deal of trouble and anxiety. He

further explained that his father thought I was by no means safe even now, and that the best plan would be to take me to the ladies' quarters, where his mother would probably advise something, adding that she was always their guide.

Before long, I found myself in a beautiful yellow satin drawing-room full of ladies in very smart silk costumes, the whole scene looking like a combination of a Chinese sketch and an eighteenth century French picture. Great excitement and interest were naturally shown, and I was warmly welcomed into the midst of the company, though unable to hold much communion with them, as only one, the wife of the travelled son, could speak a few words of English. She was a most attractive young woman, with beautiful manners, making me feel rather rough and awkward; for I must confess I had often been found fault with for what I considered to be a straightforward downright way of speaking, but which my friends, and especially my relations, called brusque and gauche.

My dependent condition did not surprise any one, as Chinese ladies are the most helpless beings imaginable, which was one reason, I gathered, why the gentlemen were not annoyed at my stupidity in having been left behind; it never occurred to them that it was my fault, the blame being in their opinion entirely with those who were in charge of me; a point of view I did not at all share, as I considered I was entirely on my own responsibility.

A short debate among the authorities resulted in the English-speaking lady leading me into an inner room, where, with much innocent gaiety, she and three or four young sisters or sisters-in-law dressed me in a very handsome dark blue silk Chinese dress, embroidered with pink lilies. My hair, which I usually wore parted, was rolled over a very high puff and ornamented with flowers and jewels, valuable necklaces being also hung round my neck. They

seemed to enjoy the amusement immensely, and further tried to teach me how to act like a Chinese lady, turning my shoulders, pointing my feet, and other little details. I fear they thought English women very hopeless, and I longed to explain that many others, indeed my own aunts, would have been far more at home with their pretty, graceful, finicky manners than a college athlete like myself. It was explained to me later that they thought if I sat among them with my back turned to the door, no one would remark me, for even their servants were not quite to be trusted in these times.

And there I stayed under the charge of these good people for six weeks and more. They would not hear of my leaving, as they said I should assuredly be murdered in the streets, besides which the close siege of the Boxers made the British Legation entirely unattainable. The time passed wonderfully quickly; Waterlily, the English-speaking son's wife, and I studied English and Chinese together, played games, worked and sang. I taught her to play the piano, and she taught me embroidery stitches and Chinese songs. All the young people united in trying to amuse and cheer the stranger within their gates, and I cannot say too much for the inexpressible kindness with which I was treated by every member of the immense family collected under that hospitable roof. I slept in a little room opening out of the yellow drawing-room, and was waited on by an elderly deaf and dumb nurse, who they said was trustworthy, and who brought in all my meals.

I was left almost alone in the house before the end, with the old grandmother, who said she was too old to move, and my original friend, the travelled son. He considered that, though the house was almost safe, having high stone walls round the garden and iron shutters, still the danger of looting foreign troops was too serious a one to run. How wise his judgment was, events afterwards showed. As he cynically observed: "I do not say that your western soldiers are worse than ours would be in a like case. They

are all much the same, Christian or Buddhist, or anything else, when it comes to a possibility of loot. So I think it safer to send all our valuables and the ladies and children away, before they arrive to avenge this great insult that our Government has so foolishly allowed them to receive." An educated and advanced Chinaman, imbued with western ideas, he often deplored the reactionary policy of the Court, and felt no surprise at subsequent events when the allied troops marched into Peking, and the day of my return to English Society approached. The last act of the kind old grandmother was to fold a valuable Indian shawl round me, as she feared I might be cold travelling, if all my clothes should prove to be lost, except the very thin ones I had arrived in and which I was now to resume.

Great was the surprise with which I was received at the Legation, as no one there had realised my existence, my friends having been obliged to seize the last opportunity of leaving Peking on the afternoon of the original expedition. Knowing they could do nothing for me, they could only hope I should find my way to the British Legation, where one extra guest during the expected siege would be certainly more acceptable than three additions to the household. They knew that I had plenty of money on me, as we were expecting to start at any moment, and were ready packed. I had my passport and banker's letter of credit as well, so would have been able to travel, if necessary, or pay my way. When we all met again in Japan, I could never make them realise in what imminent danger I had been, though the Professor was really distressed at not having looked after me more efficaciously. But "All's well that ends well," and this adventure certainly *did* end well.

C. C.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

WHAT is Light, is a question, the answer to which is of as intense interest to the student of Occultism, as to the man of science. In an eloquent passage in *Isis Unveiled* (Vol. i, p. 258), we read: "Light is the first begotten, and the first emanation of the Supreme, and Light is Life, says the evangelist. Both are electricity—the life-principle, the *anima mundi*, pervading the universe, the electric vivifier of all things. Light is the great Protean magician, and under the Divine Will of the architect, its multifarious, omnipotent waves gave birth to every form as well as to every living being. From its swelling electric bosom, spring *matter* and *spirit*. WITHIN ITS BEAMS LIE THE BEGINNINGS OF ALL PHYSICAL AND CHEMICAL ACTION." It is clear from many passages in *The Secret Doctrine* that the occult teaching with regard to light differs substantially from that which prevails in scientific circles. Occultists do not deny the undulatory theory of light, but they assert that it needs completion and rearrangement (*S. D.* Vol. i, p. 634). But it is evident that the corpuscular theory, as really taught by Pythagoras (pp. 552-3), is the one which is nearest the truth. Modern science has not yet come to believe in a corpuscular theory of light, although it has discovered several forms of radiation, in which corpuscles travel with nearly the speed of light; but it is ready to admit that if these radiations had been known a century earlier, the corpuscular theory might have been retained.

The undulatory theory of light can be illustrated by dropping a stone into a pond of water; the gradually extending rings of waves correspond to the propagation of light in the

ether of space, the main difference being that instead of a circle with a continually increasing radius, we must think of a sphere with a similarly increasing radius. There are indications, however, that this view of light-waves is going out of favor, and about to be replaced by that of Faraday. Faraday is the one scientific man of the nineteenth century, who obtained his ideas mainly by intuition, and not by mathematical developments, but most of the recent discoveries in physics have been made by following up his ideas. Faraday held that light-waves were propagated along tubes of force bored, as it were, through the ether, these tubes of force being the connecting links between particles and masses of matter. (*Electricity and Matter*, Thomson, p. 62). This modified undulatory theory is found to explain many difficulties which hitherto have puzzled physicists (*Nature*, Vol. 82, p. 67, Nov. 18th, 1909), and is becoming generally adopted in the Cambridge school; it was advocated by J. J. Thomson in his presidential address to the British Association, 1909, and an account of its advantages will be found in Campbell's *Modern Electrical Theory* (Cambridge University Press, p. 319). It seems probable that this new development in the theory of lights is one of the modifications referred to in *The Secret Doctrine*, and I would suggest that a further modification bringing it still nearer into line with occult teaching would be that, along these Faraday tubes of force, there passes a continual stream of corpuscles, say bubbles of koilon, or combinations thereof; for in this way we should have both the undulatory and the corpuscular theory of light combined, and thus both these rival theories would turn out to be true. The case of two competing hypotheses both turning out true, being merely two aspects of the same phenomena, may occur again and again as science progresses; Newton's Theory of Attraction and Descartes's Vortices will, I think, furnish another instance. It is well, perhaps, in this connexion, to recall to mind

a warning given in *Five Years of Theosophy* (p. 157), that the Adepts deny the entire error of many so-called 'exploded' theories.

The adoption by science of Faraday's tubes of force, as the channels along which the light-rays pass, will involve many consequences, some of which will be, I think, rather a surprise to many physicists. These tubes of force are not confined to luminous bodies like our sun, but all are found with bodies which carry an electric charge; and since, in modern theory, the atoms of matter consist entirely of such charges, it follows that all bodies are linked together by these lines of force. The sun is joined to the earth by lines issuing from the sun, but the earth is also joined to the sun, BY LINES ISSUING FROM THE EARTH! This suggests the question: does the light of the sun reach the earth along the sun-lines or the earth-lines? A vibration started at the sun's surface, on an earth-line, would travel along it to the earth, in a backward direction from the sun, with the speed of light, and if the period of vibration was within a certain range, would be seen on earth as a ray of light from the sun, although the line of force carrying the ray had issued from the earth. Such vibrations along earth-lines would probably have certain limitations, the divine measure imposed upon our atoms, the Terrestrial Tanmatra. Vibration periods on the sun-lines might be above, or below, these limits, but these could not affect the earth-lines, unless they were harmonic. If matter composing the sun gave out vibrations, which had a simple numerical ratio to the vibrations of earthly matter, vibrations would be caused in the earth-lines by the well-known principle of resonance, and vibrations would be seen on the earth, which when analysed, would show spectroscopic lines characteristic of terrestrial matter, although the matter causing them might be of an entirely different order in the cosmos. Hence men of science may be quite wrong in

interpreting spectroscopic evidence to mean that terrestrial chemical elements exist in the other heavenly bodies, and the observed effect may be due to the terrestrial light intercepting solar light, - carrying vibrations of solar matter which happen to be harmonic with the vibrations of terrestrial matter. Now this is precisely what *The Secret Doctrine* tells us is the cause of the phenomena, for we are told (Vol. i, p. 654) that the spectroscope shows the probable similarity of cometary and stellar matter with that of the earth, owing to the action of TERRESTRIAL LIGHT UPON THE INTERCEPTED RAYS.

The above reformed theory of light may perhaps help to remove one of the outstanding discrepancies between modern science and occult teaching, for from the earliest years of the Theosophical Society, the 'Adepts' have denied most emphatically that the sun's chemical and physical constitution contains any of the elements of terrestrial chemistry in any of the states that either chemist or physicist is acquainted with (*Five Years of Theosophy*, p. 161). All the suns of our sidereal system, we are told, form the kâma-rûpa of Kosmos (*S. D.* Vol. iii, p. 562), and since the kâma-rûpa of man is not composed of physical matter but of astral, the inference naturally follows that the desire-body of Kosmos will be of the same material. In previous notes, it has been inferred that the sun is composed of negative electrons, the atoms of the astral plane, and the theories of Arrhenius and of Birkeland are based on streams of such astral matter being poured forth from the sun's surface; these astral outpourings are, in their opinion, the causes of aurora, magnetic storms, and other terrestrial phenomena. If the matter of the stars thus belongs to the astral and higher planes, we should expect that the light from them would vibrate in higher octaves than the light of physical matter; in confirmation of this, I may point out that Hallwachs found that when ultra-violet light fell upon certain substances a stream of negative electrons

(astral atoms), was given off (*Modern Electric Theory*, Campbell, p. 214). Further investigations also show that ultra-violet vibrations are caused by negative electrons, whilst the infra-red vibrations proceed from positively charged atoms (*ib.* p. 235). Thus we have one more proof that astral matter is negatively charged, whilst physical atoms carry positive electricity. Modern Physicists have so far only discovered the lower form of electricity, and find it to consist of negative electrons. In *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. i, 109-10) we read: "Electricity is the One Life at the upper rung of Being, and *Astral Fluid* at the lower; it is the sacred generator of Light—the essence of our Divine Ancestors." This directly confirms the statement that the negative electron is astral matter, and confirms also the electro-magnetic theory of Light. Can it be that the essence of our Divine Ancestors is the source of life to us, and is continually poured into us along Faraday's tubes of force from the Creative Hierarchies of the Zodiac?

G. E. SUTCLIFFE

One of our members, Dr. Nunn, has made a very noble protest against the growing medical tyranny in England. He has been Medical Officer of Health in Bournemouth for many years, and the admirable sanitary condition of the town is due to his unceasing care; the health of Bournemouth has been the "apple of his eye". The Local Government Board has lately issued a circular, ordering the Diphtheria serum to be supplied free *out of the rates* to all medical practitioners, and ordering all Medical Officers of Health to urge its use on medical men. Dr. Nunn's own medical experience makes it impossible for him to endorse the high praise he was ordered to issue over his signature. So he has lost his appointment. 'Modernists' are treated in medicine as they are in the Roman Catholic church. At their peril they are unorthodox.

THE EDITOR

LOVE LOOKING DOWN

Long years ago, before the birth of Time,
When all the love wherewith this heart is filled
Beat fully, with one sound reverberate,
A note that knew not time, nor space, nor sound,
Vision of heaven, or knowledge of the deeps,
Nor height, nor depth, nor any face of God
Wherewith He veils the glory of His Name.

Long years ago—I say—I stretched mine arms
As though a cross—Ah! Wonder!—through the world;
I stretched mine arms above the unfathomable
Abyss of all that is, and all to come,
Even to the utmost limits of God's Thought,
Where turns the known into the unknown Truth.

And there, mine arms upheld, I grew as they—
All others—and my heart became a sea
Which hath no boundary, but flowing forth
Swept through the utmost limits of the worlds.

Thus did I learn that God no other Name
Than Love has, and of Love art thou—and I.

* * * * *

So, then, within the circle of these arms,
As though a cross upheld through all the worlds;
So, then, within the boundary of this heart,
Grown greater than the seas, and deep as hell;
Come thou, O world, I that have ache of thee,
And pity that shall fill a thousand years
For every tear of thine! And thee, thou soul
Amongst all other souls so well-beloved,
If thou hast will to come—

Aye! If thou art blind, and know not—
Little one, come!

CLARA M. CODD

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

ASIATIC

The Adyar Bulletin, Adyar, March, 1911. After the usual Headquarters' Notes comes a very instructive brightly written article on 'Prejudice' by X. Mr. Leadbeater's contribution this month is entitled 'Clairvoyance and Tradition,' a very useful article which Theosophical students will do well to thoroughly digest; it is an answer to some objections raised regarding the twenty-eighth life of Alcyone in Persia with Zoroaster; we quite admire and fully appreciate Mr. Leadbeater's tolerant but firm attitude towards orthodoxy, and his charitable but independent judgment regarding scriptural books. Maya Haig's short story on 'True Compassion' and Elisabeth Sever's conclusion of the useful article on 'Some Corroborations of Theosophical Teachings' close a good number.

Theosophy in India, Benares, February, 1911. 'The Religion of Theosophy' by Bābū Bhagavān Dās is the paper read at the Allahabad Convention of Religions; even in its opening pages it is so good that we feel the coming conclusion next month is sure to be equally useful; we hope the paper will be printed separately for propaganda work.

C. H. C. Magazine, Benares, March, 1911. We are glad to see the name of Josephine Ransom under 'Dewal Devi of Gujrat;' we hope more of these historic stories will be given to us, as sometimes back in the past. 'Shivāji and Rāmdās' is a short but readable piece.

The Sons of India, Benares, February, 1911. Prof. Sañjiva Rao writes on the new 'Order of the Rising Sun' which is composed of "children, some older and wiser, some younger," and "it seeks to raise from those of the human race whose ears are not entirely deaf to the call of the Teacher" a "part of the family of the Lord when He comes," with the definite goal of occupying "the position of humble messengers of the Teacher".

The Cherāg (English Supplement), Bombay, March, 1911. 'Is Zoroastrianism a revealed Religion?' by J. J. Vimaḍalāl at the

Allahabad Convention of Religions. The answer given is in the affirmative; this by the help of a special, psychological interpretation of the term 'Revelation' which is clever. Quotations from the Scriptures are given in support of it.

EUROPEAN

The Vāhan, London, February, 1911. Good reviews of books, intelligent discussion on 'The Lives of Aloyone,' questions and answers, and notes and news make up this number.

Theosophy in Scotland, Edinburgh, 1911. 'The Masters,' by Elisabeth Severs, 'The Moral Philosophy of Mencius,' book reviews, notes and news of general and local interest form the contents of this issue.

The Lotus Journal, London, February 1911. 'The Garden in Winter' by W. C. Worsdell, is the first instalment of a new column 'Nature Notes'; 'The Causal Body' is the lotus lesson for this month; 'Moonshine' is a story which could have been better; 'Theosophy and the Social Problem' is the report of a lecture by Mrs. Besant; 'Where there's a Will there is a Way' by Amy Helen Jackson (aged 11) is quite creditable to the budding author! On the whole a good number.

Revue Théosophique Française (French), Paris, January, 1911, contains translations of articles by Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater, and the usual monthly notes about the movement in France and outside.

Bulletin Théosophique (French), Paris, February, 1911, contains usual communications, a letter from the General Secretary at Adyar, and one from the General Secretary of Switzerland.

Revue Théosophique Belge (French), Brussels, February, 1911, contains translations of articles by A. Besant and H. P. Blavatsky, and an article by Jean Delville "A Belgian Thaumaturge" (Antoine the Healer), describing the force through which this mystic effected his cures. Prosecuted a few years ago by 150 doctors who brought up a complaint against him for illegal practice of medical science, now another petition signed by 160,000 names has been brought before the Chambers in Belgium to allow the acknowledgment of the Antoinist cult.

Le Théosophe (French), Paris, January and February numbers. To be noted with interest is a series of answers from

the well-known men in France to the question: What is your conception of God? Different articles on various important questions and for Theosophical propaganda fill the rest of this paper, doing good service.

Theosophie (German), February, 1911, contains an article by Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, dealing with the latest publications of mystic and occult literature issued mainly in Germany. The books are partly new, partly reprints of old authors, and their mass is overwhelming. The remaining articles are translations.

Theosophia (Dutch), Amsterdam, February, 1911. A. E. Thierens writes a good article about 'The different currents in the Theosophical Movement'. J. W. Boissevain writes a very ingenious article 'On Corrosion' and some remarks on Karma.

Theosofisch Maandblad (Dutch), India, January, 1911, contains the conclusion of a long article about 'Spiritualism and Materialism' by G. Mulder; and a reverie, 'The Path to the White Temple,' by M.

Teosofisk Tidsskrift (Danish), January, 1911, contains Hæckel's 'The World's Problems and Theosophy,' by Dr. Steiner and 'The Resurrection,' by Helga Gelmuyden.

AMERICAN

The Theosophic Messenger, January, 1911, is full of good readable matter, notably among them C. Jinarajadāsa's 'Three Truths of Philosophy,' E. Holbrook's 'Communication,' 'The Rôle of Peace in the Immediate Future,' by A. P. Warrington, 'History of Reincarnation,' by C. J. (a very useful collection for reference).

AUSTRALASIAN

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, February, 1911. Among the original articles are 'From Sudden Death,' 'A South African Melody,' 'The Ten Commandments,' and 'The Mysticism of Richard Wagner,' by H. W. Hunt. 'The Outlook,' reviews, notes, news and reprints make up a very good number.

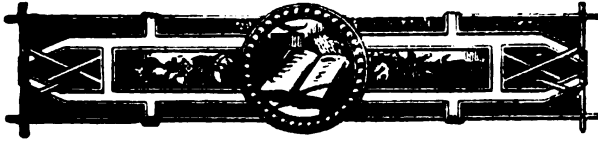
Theosophy in New Zealand, Auckland, January, 1911. 'The Story of the Christ,' by Marion Judson is concluded. 'A Scripture of Yoga,' by Maitra is continued, and so is 'Thoughts about Theosophy,' by Kaber Harrison.

AFRICAN

The Seeker, Pietermaritzburg, January, 1911. 'Astrology,' by Mercury treats of Virgo and Libra; and 'Capital Punishment,' by J. L. L. Campbell is a readable article; 'The Marrow' is an Irish legend of interest.

A great conflict has been caused in Southern India by the pronouncement of Shri Shaṅkarāchārya of the Sringeri Math—who claims the high sounding title of World-Teacher—against foreign travel. He declares that a Brāhmaṇa who crosses the ocean loses his status as a Brāhmaṇa, and cannot be reinstated in his caste. It is a somewhat interesting fact that this same high authority, a few years ago, publicly reinstated a Brāhmaṇa into caste who had committed the crime of being called to the bar in England, and that since that time Brāhmaṇas have gone forth gaily, relying on the action of the World-Teacher. At one time Shri Shaṅkarāchārya showed many signs of liberality, but of late he has changed his attitude, and has become narrower in his ideas—or, it may be, that he has only changed his minister. From the standpoint of the welfare of orthodoxy, his proclamation is most unfortunate. He has all educated India against him, and all that he can do is to drive out of Hindūism those who are its strength. Brāhmaṇas will go abroad all the same, and will influence India on their return. It is Hindūism, not they, who will suffer—if he succeeds. But it is more likely that his declaration will prove to be mere empty sound, and that Hindūism will go forward, and leave Shri Shaṅkarāchārya behind; his successor, understanding better the signs of the time, will reverse this unwise dictum. Meanwhile the other Shri Shaṅkarāchāryas will probably multiply their disciples at the expense of his, and the rival Maths will profit.

THE EDITOR



QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS¹

So many books are now sent to us for review that we are compelled either to overload our ordinary contents with Reviews, or to allow the books to accumulate unduly on our shelves. We shall, therefore, once a quarter, have a Literary Supplement, giving a few pages only to Reviews in the intervening months. I am aware that our half-yearly volumes are now growing unduly bulky, but what can we do? A quarterly volume will be our last resource, and that looms in the not-dim and not-distant future.

THE EDITOR

The After-death, by Henry Brandon. (Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This is, in many ways, a remarkable book. The *mise-en-scène* is the familiar one of a dead friend who has left a manuscript, and this manuscript, written under the influence of one who had passed over—a Roman Catholic—relates some of the after-death conditions. The author describes his death scene and his feelings thereon exceedingly well, and relates the experiences immediately following. He is taken in hand by a higher personage, who gives him his first lessons—the fashion of astral speech is well adumbrated—and there is an interesting sketch of the effect on the astral plane of the author's burial Mass. Then comes a graphic 'creepy' scene, where he is surrounded by his own evil thought-forms—polyps, serpents, crabs, spiders, and, worst of all, an awful corpse, that of a man whom, in childhood, he, a boy, had corrupted. Then he meets the fair embodiment of his past carnal desires, with the sudden change to a leprous face as he cries on God to

¹ All books reviewed here may be ordered from THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras, India.

save. And so, on and on, scene after scene. The whole is, inevitably, penetrated with Theosophical ideas; a child teaches him how to 'fly,' by concentrating his thought on the thing he wishes to reach, and he fails "because you did not send your whole thought, you were thinking of yourself". The effect of those living on earth on those living in the after-death world is well described.

Your hopeless mourning and dreadful ways of speech about us make us shudder and lose half the courage we need so sorely; and when you doubt us and talk of us as if we were no more, we are disheartened and suffer in our own faith. You cannot even make mention of us, but we feel. There is much talk among you of the dead haunting the living; indeed it is the living who haunt the dead... Your grief impedes us.

There are striking phrases; dreams are spoken of which men forget "as some forget their incarnations," and, when they wake, they know not that their dream-acts have been seen and shuddered at; men think their dreams their own, but "it is upon the housetops that they have dreamed". There is an admirable description of the after-death states and the borderland on pp. 180-196—the writer *knows* them—and a noble teaching on Life and the Soul, pp. 199-203.

On the whole, a book well worth reading.

A. B.

The Human Chord, by Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, London.)

To those who are interested in 'occult' fiction, we can cordially recommend *The Human Chord*, the latest novel by Mr. Algernon Blackwood, whose *John Silence* is already so well known to our readers. The story deals with the potency of sound in regard to individuals, inanimate objects, and certain powers of nature. A clergyman, intoning the service in a small country church, observes a sudden transfiguration in two members of his congregation, and realises that, by chance, he has sounded the Key Note which calls forth the higher Self in them into fuller expression on this plane. Proceeding from this clue, many experiments lead him to discover a method of deducing from the ordinary names of people the 'true name' or note to which their inner Self responds, and thence he is led to a knowledge of the creative energy of sound and its power to modify matter. Fired with enthusiasm by these discoveries, the clergyman proceeds to

call upon certain Powers or Vibratory Forces in nature. For the weird happenings resulting from the use of this knowledge and for the ending of the matter, we must refer our readers to the book itself, for we will not spoil the enjoyment of so good a story by disclosing the plot.

There is much to interest the student of Occultism in the descriptions of the effect of consciously directed sound on the various characters, and particularly in the fine description of the gradual change of consciousness in Spinrobin, the hero of the tale, when his own 'true name' is sounded.

In regard to the technique of the story, it is no mean achievement to grip the reader's attention, with the exception of one or two places where perhaps the interest flags, through some 326 pages, with only four characters and scarcely any change of scene. Here and there vivid pictures are cleverly called before the mind by a few lines of descriptive word-painting and the tremendously powerful character of the clergyman is exceedingly well portrayed. The weakest point of the story is that the dénouement is tolerably obvious to the experienced novel reader very early in the tale, while the description of the apparatus and the rooms for storing sound is perhaps not very convincing. Spinrobin, too, is made such a colorless character, for the sake of artistic contrast, that one is rather inclined to lose interest in him. These faults of construction are, however, but small blemishes in an otherwise excellent story; and Mr. Blackwood is fast making for himself the reputation of being the author of the best 'occult' stories of the day. The present book is a notable advance over his previous work, and such is the magic of his pen that one closes the volume with an extraordinary feeling of having somehow contacted the great spaces of other planes and dimly sensed vast powers, which makes the book, in our experiences, unique among novels dealing with the occult.

C. R. H.

Five Years of Theosophy. (THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 6/- or Rs. 4-8 or \$ 1.50.)

This is a reprint of the second and revised edition of 1894. It is printed in very clear type, on excellent feather-weight paper, and bound handsomely, uniform with the works of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky. It contains valuable essays on Mystical, Theosophical, Historical and Scientific subjects, from the gifted pens of H. P. Blavatsky, Dāmodar, Subba Rao, C. C. Massey, Mohini Mohan Chatterji, E. H. Morgan, Dr. Hartmann, and others. The reading the book affords is at once interesting and instructive; it treats of subjects of varied nature and abounds in information rare and unique. It shows forth the great mental output of THE THEOSOPHIST in its first five years of existence in a striking way. It is one of those few books that give food for thought and require hard thinking in its readers; it provokes perplexity which it ultimately relieves, if the reader is persistent enough to ferret out the truths that lie between the lines. From that standpoint this volume is priceless for the earnest student of the occult. The famous article on 'The Elixir of Life;' valuable contributions of practical value and utility on 'Contemplation,' by Dāmodar, 'True and False Personality,' by C. C. Massey, 'Morality and Pantheism,' by Mohini M. Chatterji, 'Occult Study,' by a Lay Chela, 'How shall we sleep,' by Gustav Zorn and Nobin K. Bannerji, and last but not least 'Chelās and Lay Chelās,' by H. P. B.; scholarly expositions of Subba Rao on 'The Twelve Signs of the Zodiac,' 'The Sevenfold Principle in Man,' and 'Personal and Impersonal God'; of H. P. B. on 'The Septenary Principle in Esotericism,' 'The Theory of Cycles and 'Transmigration'; the lucid, clever and convincing answers to an English F. T. S. on 'Some Enquiries suggested by *Esoteric Buddhism*;' admirable writings about the great Masters such as 'Mahātmās and Chelās,' 'How a Chelā found his Guru' (a thrilling adventure of the late S. Ramaswamier), 'The Sages of the Himavaṭ' (Dāmodar), 'The Himālayan Brothers—Do they exist?' 'Interview with a Mahātmā'; these are the living interests of this splendid book. A Glossary and Index add to its value, and at its price the book is very cheap. Older members of the T. S. will be—they ought to be—familiar with the book, and the younger members will do well to study it carefully.

B. P. W.

Shans at Home, by Mrs. Leslie Milne. (John Murray, Albemarle Street, London, W. Price 15/-)

The contemptuous way in which the fascinating, though pathetic, little maid of honor mentions "the wild Shan girls" in *Thibaw's Queen*, by Fielding Hall, made us look upon the Shans as a backward race but, to our surprise, the careful analysis of their life by Mrs. Milne shows them to possess all the good points of the Burmese intensified. Her book gives a picture of modern Shan life that we can take as illustrating the effect of a pure form of Buddhism, when accepted by a fourth Race people. Lurid glimpses of what they may have been before can be caught here and there, in such customs as biting (not eating) the body of an enemy who has been killed in battle, or from the contents of their pharmacopœia. Centuries of Buddhism have now given the Shans a great respect for human life; still, old customs die hard and, like his Burmese neighbor, many a Shan will eat, raw or cooked, animals that have died a natural death, or have been killed by their fiercer neighbors, the Kachins.

'Reincarnation' and 'karma' seem to be very important factors in Shan daily life, and their knowledge of the former may have pre-dated Buddhism, for they quietly ignore the monk's teaching about "the soul as well as the body being dissolved at death". The Shan mother is much concerned to know who her little one was before it came to her. If its birth gave her no pain, baby was well-behaved in its previous existences, but if she suffers, then poor baby's past ill deeds are already showing their effects. If many children are born into a family, the parents have been hospitable and full of good works in past lives; and the children's souls are glad to come to such a home. A baby boy, or girl, receives a warm welcome. When it is old enough to point, its mother takes it out of doors and asks it: "Baby, where do you come from?" If baby points to the house-door, it was one of the family; if it points to another village it is taken there and again questioned. An Englishman who was killed in the Kachin war is believed to have reincarnated amongst them. In the evenings they discuss these questions around the fire until ten o'clock causes visitors to retire; the fire is then banked, someone recites a few lines on the changes and uncertainties of life, and all go to bed. They consider all the miseries of life are caused by bad thoughts or deeds in past lives, and consequently place

more value on character than on worldly possessions—to the despair of western business men, who prefer a more 'business-like' recognition of the power of the 'all-mighty dollar' and its owner. Shans consider money better invested when given to build a religious house or a rest-house, than when hoarded in a bank, or used to purchase a large house to glorify themselves; so they give away with both hands all that they gain. This makes them independent and honest, and their land supplies them with the necessaries of life.

The children are trained to treat their parents with loving respect, and no Shan child would sit in its father's place, or drink from his water-bottle which it fills every day, even in his absence. When visitors come, the children at once bring them a mat to sit on and cold water to drink. They are very patient with the old, and are always kind to idiots and imbeciles.

It would seem possible that this sturdy, cleanly, honest and religious race, as Mrs. Milne pictures them to us, can give something to enrich the general type of humanity, and that therefore their karma will be to be *Āryanised* and melted gradually into the fifth Race; instead of dying out, or being killed off, as is the fate of so many old races.

The author concludes with a word of thanks and gratitude to the Shans "for the kindness and courtesy they always showed to me," during the time that she lived alone in their valleys.

If we must criticise such a valuable work, we might say that here and there it shows traces of the hasty putting together of notes, for some are repeated; as in the passages on ponies, on pages 144 and 156, and about sheep and goats, on pages 142 and 157.

The chapter on 'Shan Cosmogony' is worth especially careful reading, for it gives an elusive idea of symbolically presenting much that Theosophy has written about. The four spiders, on page 197, that spin their webs and form islands, make us think of the four *Mahārājas*, and the thread of monadic life spinning round each globe until human evolution is complete.

We have no space to go into the learned investigations into Shan history and literature by the Rev. Wilber Willis

Cochrane, which form a part of the book that will add much to its value for ethnologists. We can only express our thanks to the author for the loving care that has brought together such a host of detail, and has made her Shan men and women our friends, and not the mere objects of curiosity that they were before we read her book.

A. J. W.

The Apocalypse Unsealed, by James M. Pryse. (John M. Pryse, 9—15, Murray Street, New York.)

The sub-title reads: An esoteric interpretation of 'The Initiation of Ióannés,' commonly called 'The Revelation of (S.) John,' with a new translation. This is a book that most students of Occultism will be delighted to read. Certainly every student of Esoteric Astrology will welcome its appearance. Its purpose mainly is to show that the *Apocalypse* is really a manual of spiritual development, concealed under the most extraordinary symbols, checked off by a numerical key, and is not, as conventionally interpreted, a cryptic history or prophecy. It is an account of the Initiation of S. John himself, "the Initiation of Anointed Iésous, that is of his own illumined Nous, the 'witness' for the Universal Logos, as Ióannés in the material world—the 'slave' (*doulos*) of the true self—is the 'witness' for the Individual Logos". According to the author the *Apocalypse* contains an esoteric interpretation of the Christos-myth, explains "the old Serpent, who is the Devil and Satan," repudiates the profane conception of an anthropomorphic God; and with sublime imagery points out the true and only path to Life Eternal. In his opinion its preservation among the Christian Scriptures has been "designed for the undoing of orthodoxy," when the time was ripe for so doing. The first part of the book is certainly the most forceful, and the chapters on 'The Path of Power,' and 'The Drama of Self-conquest,' give evidence of an immense amount of thought bestowed upon them.

He interprets the 'seven Churches which are in Asia' as meaning the seven chakras in the human body. Thus the fourth is: "*Anhafa*, cardiac ganglion; Thyatira, a city noted for the manufacture of scarlet dyes: the name being thus a covert reference to the blood and circulatory system." The fifth chakra is "*Vishuddhi*, laryngeal ganglion; Sardeis, a name which suggests the *sardion*, sardine or carnelian, a flesh-colored

stone—thus alluding to the laryngeal protuberance vulgarly termed 'Adam's apple.' No doubt there will be sober-minded Biblical scholars who will say that this method of interpretation is an evidence of imagination running riot, of whimsical conjectures and untenable theories, but always esoteric interpretation is open to this charge by the uninitiated. According to the author the Apocalyptic drama is expressed in terms of natural phenomena; its hero is the Sun, its heroine the Moon, and all its other characters are Planets, Stars and Constellations; while its stage-setting comprises the Sky, the Earth, the Rivers and the Sea. But when that Universe has perished, "the first sky and the first earth are passed away, and the sea exists no more," then "from his effulgent throne the Logos-Sun announces: 'Behold! I am making a new universe'." Now, this Apocalyptic universe is Man, the lesser cosmos, of whom the Logos-Sun is in truth the Architect and Builder, and whom the Sun, the Moon, and all the stars of heaven have helped to mould and make. There is in reality only one performer in this second Apocalyptic drama—the neophyte himself—the sacrificial 'Lamb' who "awakens all the slumbering forces of his inner nature, passes through the terrible ordeals of the purificatory discipline and telestic labors, and finally emerges as the conqueror—the Self-perfected Man who has regained his standing among the deathless Gods. All the other *dramatis personæ* are only personifications of the principles, faculties, forces, and elements of Man."

The drama has seven acts: (1) the opening of the seven seals, the conquest of the seven principal centres of the sympathetic nervous system; (2) the sounding of the seven trumpets, the conquest of the seven centres of the brain, or cerebro-spinal system; (3) the battle in the sky, resulting in the expulsion of the Dragon and his divinities, that is, the elimination from the mind of all impure thoughts; (4) the harvesting of the earth and its vine, the conquest of the seven cardiac centres; (5) the outpouring of the seven scourges, the conquest of the generative centres, which finishes the "conquest of the chakras" and brings about the birth of the Solar body; (6) the battle in the psychic world, or infernal region, called 'Harmagedon,' resulting in the overthrow of the three beasts, that is, the extinction of the extraneous phantasmal demon, or composite elemental self; and (7) the last judgment, the summing up of the completed cycle of earth-lives. The second portion of the book deals

with the Initiation of Ióannês, and is a chapter and verse translation, with commentary, of the *Apocalypse*. The Philistine may say of this part of the book that at times there is an evident effort to make "the punishment fit the crime," or rather, to make the translation fit the interpretation, but in spite of that the author has given much food for careful thought. The book is handsomely bound and well printed, and contains numerous very fine illustrations. We hope it will have the wide circulation it deserves.

M. H. H.

New Evidences in Psychical Research, by J. Arthur Hill.
(William Rider & Son, 164, Aldersgate Street, London.)

Sir Oliver Lodge pens a brief introduction to this book, avouching the truthfulness and care of the author, and commending "the narrative as well worthy of study". The commendation may be repeated, though Mr. Hill, as a proper Psychical Researcher, pushes to an extreme every possible and improbable explanation of simple facts. 'Mrs. Napier' is a lady who is obviously clairvoyant and able to travel astrally, though not at will. Rather than accept this simple common-sense explanation, Mr. Hill trots out the well-worn subliminal self and telepathy; some day this will seem as round-about as if to-day, in answer to my statement that I saw a man rowing in a boat, it were said: "You dreamed it with your eyes open, and the passing of the man happened to be coincident with your dream." However, the book, at the present stage of unenlightenment, is perhaps the better for the running to death of all possible explanations except the real one, and, in investigations into the super-normal, excessive scepticism, though an obstacle for the student himself, has its useful place. And Mr. Hill's book *is* useful, most painstaking and scrupulously careful.

A. B.

Views of India in Color. (The Times of India Office, Bombay. Price Rs. 5 or 7s. 6d. or \$1.65).

In far-away lands the beauty and grandeur of Indian sights and scenes is a matter of mere book knowledge. This excellent album will there serve the useful purpose of bringing to mind in a more tangible and realistic fashion the enchantment of Indian sky and color. While for those who never have been in India the album will be a source not only of amusement but study, for those at home and those who have been there it

will bring delightful remembrances of present or past days. It contains sixteen admirable pictures in pretty colors of some principal features of great Indian cities, such as: the Eden Gardens, Calcutta, a view from the Bombay Ridge, the Adyar Beach at Madras, the Tāj of Agra, the Mosque of Delhi, the Burning Ghāt of Benares. Nature's favorite spots such as Simla, Darjeeling, Kashmir, are also to be found as near to nature as the best Indian printing can possibly reproduce. A word of praise must be given to the *Times of India* Office for bringing out such an exquisite album, which in color printing and get up is as good as any English or European production. Along with *Typical colored pictures of Indians* with description, and the two series of Views of India and Indian Life (Re. 1 each) this album will give a very fair idea of modern India. If one wants more, or a better, one must be in India oneself.

B. P. W.

Alchemy: Ancient and Modern, by H. Stanley Redgrove, B.S. (Lond.) F. C. S. (William Rider & Son, London.)

There are not many books on Alchemy written in the English language, largely owing, no doubt to the subject having been ostracised from the councils of orthodox opinion. Recent findings in science, however, have compelled us to extend the frontiers of legitimate discussion, and we are proving the merits of many ancient 'absurdities'. The present work attempts to give some account of the doctrines held by the Alchemists, and to show their relations both to mysticism and physical science. The point is well put, that while some mystics have used the symbology of Alchemy to describe soul processes, yet many Alchemists were actually engaged in chemical experiment along the line of transmutation. From this, one can trace two distinct types of Alchemists, the philosopher and the scientist. The supreme value to the philosopher in having a base metal transmuted into gold would be in the final proof thus given to his hypotheses. To appreciate what Alchemy is, we must take more than a passing interest. Like all arts, it requires the artist; and indeed it is only the 'Alchemist' who can properly appreciate Alchemy.

The last two chapters of Mr. Redgrove's book deal with modern scientific views, and will prove interesting to those who are not yet aware how remarkably near we have come to some of the old alchemical conceptions. The new science has not

a name; it deals with chemistry, electricity and physics (as indeed H. P. B. prophesied it would). Perhaps the best name is 'radio-activity,' and in that are included the electronic theory, X rays, radium, and modern transmutations.

We consider Mr. Redgrove has given, for the size of the book, too much space to historical survey. His biographical accounts are necessarily fragmentary because of the number he has attempted. Some excellent illustrations go with the book, including some taken from the British Museum collection. Written by a chemist, who at the same time is a sympathetic student of mysticism, we have good and fair account given us of the Alchemists, and we can certainly recommend it as an introduction to a very wide and fascinating subject.

S. R.

The New Inferno, by Stephen Phillips. (John Lane, Th. Bodley Head, London. Price 4/6 net).

The title of this Poem suggests that in it one may discover the portrayal of grim Dantean horrors—icy hells where frozen anguish binds eternally; or the haunting miseries Sir Lewis Morris paints in his *Epic of Hades*. In *The New Inferno* we find terrors, it is true, but they are such as force their reasonableness upon us. Dante's hell seems overdrawn, impossible; Morris' unreal, dreamlike; but that of Phillips is realistic, fatally true. Phillips fully equals our best Theosophic writers in his remarkable ability to vividly, subtly, powerfully, describe life in the lower and higher realms of the astral plane. Naturally one ascribes the conception of such a perfectly logical sequence to earth-life to the influence of Theosophy on modern thought—whether acknowledged or not.

Despite all the despair and suffering delineated in this book, its gospel, its philosophy, is nevertheless one of hope:

“Since each of us hither hurries carrying
 Within him his own doom, a seed to break
 And flower for more æthereal bliss or woe,
 But never for eternity of woe.

Yet ever is there hope, though long delayed.”

As Theosophists we might demur at the hope being no more definite than “a vast immensity of bliss prepared”.

We might also wish for some suggestion of reincarnation as a means of striking the balance, instead of leaving it all to the æonic period between death and that 'bliss'—not attainable till bonds are worn away and thought springs free of its own fetters. Here we come to the underlying purport of the whole book—to show the wonderful determinative power of thought. What is on earth the secret thought is after death the visible reality. And to illustrate this fact picture after picture is flung before our mind's eye, and in language at once simple, compelling and grand. It were impossible to cite the many incidents in the book, all full of arresting force and power, but one is more striking than all the rest. Napoleon alone amid "the cold splendor of his dreams"—with nothing, absolutely nothing near him tender or gentle "to mar this glittering desert of the mind". And "this world of ice by his own thought, and by his will it stands". Round him throng his loyal veterans of whom Napoleon says: "They would reject a heaven where I am not, and hurry to a hell were I but there." Josephine comes, after long wandering "in felicity—of woe," and at last discovers him and wins from him a moment's softness—and then "a few flowers venture up". But she too is forced to leave him wrapped again in his "desolate winter of the soul". His "numb" Inferno shall dissolve—only when some "human tenderness or the world-pity to his brain shall steal". But the book must be read for all its entrancing fascination to be understood. One thing we gladly note: In common with Theosophic teachings as to the nature of the so-called of Inferno—hell—this book strikes a stunning blow at the unfortunate conception of it still so common in Christendom. At the outset the guide begs the man not "on the one side dread the fiery lake, nor on the other hope the sapphire heaven". The author writes to prove that hell is mind-made, and only to be outlived by beautiful deeds of love.

The Poem is in nine cantos of some forty to fifty verses each. Its literary value is great, it rings true; and in its imaginative resources has that immortal touch of genius which will make its value permanent. The book is well-bound and well-printed, and our last recommendation is—read it!

J. R.

Studies in Self-Healing, or Cure by Meditation, by Ernest E. Munday. (William Rider & Sons, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, London, E. C. Price 1/-)

This little book of 80 pages is made up of twelve studies, in the form of 'Meditations,' being a practical application of the principles that have governed all mental and spiritual cures of disease in the past. On the whole the author understands those principles very well, and the result is that much helpful advice is given, which, if carried out whole-heartedly by those needing cure, is bound to have a beneficial result. All the mental methods of cure of disease advocated by the various Christian and Mental Science, and New Thought Societies are aiming in the right direction. The Zeit Geist, or Spirit of the Age, has decreed the passing of materia medica and of all other unenlightened therapeutic methods of cure. Its passing may be slow; that will entirely depend upon how long people want material 'props' or remedies, instead of depending upon the power that lies in their own minds and hearts to heal and make well. Certainly the method of the great Healer, who is our exemplar, was not mechanical, surgical, medical. Always it was spiritual, sympathetic, mental. Towards that ideal the therapeutic art is slowly advancing. We therefore welcome the appearance of this little book of helpful studies in self-healing by mental and spiritual methods. The main idea running throughout the twelve meditations may be summed up in the words of Emerson: "I, the imperfect, adore my own Perfect." We think, however, that it would have been better if the author had left out the eighth meditation on 'Denials'. To say: "I am not evil," "I am not ill," "I am not weak," is to keep the idea of weakness, evil, and illness before the mind, with the result that the disease is pushed back on to the mental plane, renewing its strength there by the accentuation, instead of letting it work out through the physical body as it would naturally do. The way of affirmations is best. To affirm Love, Peace, Harmony, or meditate upon the Good, the Beautiful, and the True, is to build up these divine qualities strongly in the mental body and, on the principle that two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time, the affirmation of the good means the slow atrophy and exclusion of all that is evil and adverse. As Emerson has well said: "Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't bark against the bad; chant ever the beauties of the good."

We hope the book, which is nicely bound and printed, will have the wide circulation it deserves.

M. H. H.

The Psychic Realm, by E. Katherine Bates. (Greening & Co., London. Price 2/6 net.)

The author is not only a member of the Society for Psychical Research but is also somewhat psychic herself, and so her book forms a useful bridge between the attitude of the non-scientific psychic and the non-psychic scientist. The last chapter is devoted to some much-needed warnings of certain dangers which await inexperienced psychic investigators.

I. C.

The Way of the Soul, by William T. Thornton. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, London.)

We cannot congratulate the author of this work, which purports to be a mystical legend in picture and verse. Clumsy and materialistic imagery, sensual faces, faulty drawing and paucity of imagination—a jagged Path rising out of space appears in no less than sixteen plates—indicate that the author is but poorly equipped for his task. Nor are we able to praise the verse, which betrays a painful disregard of metrical laws.

The first illustration in the book, *Isis Osiris*, is however a happy exception to the rest, and for simplicity of design, delicacy of line, purity and sensitiveness of expression, is wholly commendable, although the faces are not of the Egyptian type. While we are disposed to welcome attempts to depict the spiritual aspects of life, in the hope of a school of art arising which shall deal adequately with things supersensuous and mystical, we fear that the author has under-estimated the difficulties of the task, which, requiring as it does a highly developed imagination, exquisite sensitiveness of perception, lofty purity of thought and perfection of technique, makes the very highest demand upon the artist.

C. R. H.

The Path of the Eternal Wisdom. A mystical commentary on the Way of the Cross, by John Cordelier. (John M. Watkins, 21, Cecil Court, London. Price 2/- net.)

Mr. Watkins is doing a most useful work in reprinting mystical works that are not as well known as they should be. And this little book is distinctly valuable. The author says:

The way of the Cross is such a drama: a passion-play alike of God's way in the Cosmos, and of the soul's way upon its path to God. It shows us the map, traced and trodden by Christ our Forerunner—graved by Him upon the earth in man's interest—of the only pathway from illusion to reality.

And again:

To this journey, then, we are called by Somewhat without us: Thither we are pressed by Somewhat within. The Appellant Voice rings through the Universe, and there is that within us which answers its cry. Out of every station, out of every century, out of every faith, we see souls drawn forward irresistibly on this one path to their Home. The Way of the Cross is cut through the cloister and the battle-field, the study and the market-place, the palace and the slum. From all these there start up, abruptly, wide-eyed souls who, seeing before them Perfection in one of its aspects, elect to follow in its footsteps and share the fate it suffers in an imperfect world.

Thus John Cordelier opens his subject, and then proceeds to meditate on the fourteen Stations of the Cross. The Christian Gnostic may find herein food for knowledge, and the Lover food for devotion. Caiaphas, who "looks for a Messiah who will conform to his own formulæ;" Herod, who "never condemns God; he only finds Him rather common-place and uninteresting;" Pilate, who sees life as "inevitably a matter of compromise..." For himself, he finds no fault in the Eternal Wisdom. But the people prefer Barabbas." These are the "three great forms of disharmony between man and the transcendent which will lead to the condemnation of the Living Christ". There are exquisite touches, as in the scene where His Mother meets the Christ bearing His cross, symbolising all souls who, choosing the higher path, cause sorrow to their loved ones, and who are "held as in a vice between the inexorable Call of Calvary and the last, most passionate appeal of Mary's breaking heart". I might go on quoting, but rather I say: "Read." It is a noble book, written by a spiritual man for those who seek spirituality.

A. B.

Ghostly Phenomena, by Elliott O'Donnell. (T. Werner Laurie, Clifford's Inn, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

This is a book for the materialist. It is mainly made up of true and authentic cases pertaining to the borderland, written in simple yet convincing language. As collected facts the stories are very useful, as stories they are interesting. The first three parts consist of stories arranged according to subjects; the last and fourth part offers suggestions and hypotheses that often come near to Theosophical teachings, but which show that the writer is not quite familiar with them. As an independent testimony of some great superphysical facts of nature, the book will render good service, and for the Theosophist it is an excellent book to present to the sceptic friend, before handing over to him the bulky volumes of Myers' *Human Personality*. We wish the book success.

B. P. W.

Episodes from an Unwritten History, by Claude Bragdon. (The Manas Press, Rochester, N. Y.)

In this second and enlarged edition are gathered together many fascinating glimpses of the early history of the Theosophical Society. These episodes are written by one who is instinct with artistic feeling, and each of the 108 pages glows with life and color. As one traces the thread of history which weaves its way through story and character sketch, the romance of the whole suddenly becomes manifest, and the sequence of events assumes a new meaning. The last chapter on "The Masters" was written by Mrs. Besant. This little book, bound tastefully in gray, forms a most acceptable gift book.

I. C.

Suggestions for Social Helpfulness, by the Rev. D. J. Fleming, M.A., M.Sc., Foreman, Christian College, Lahore. (G. A. Natesan & Co., Publishers, Madras. Price As. 12.)

Most of this volume of 200 pages is extract matter from the experience of teachers and students working in connexion with Christian Colleges and other Institutions in India. Its main object seems to be to awaken the desire in students and others to be socially helpful; to suggest channels along which that desire may be practically carried out in the community, and to help to train students to enter intelligently into conscious and co-operative work to bring about a better state of Society in India. It is written with the strong con-

viction that intelligent and effective community-life is one of the real aims of education. Social service, to the author, includes not only personal hand-to-hand work with an individual for the betterment of society, but also those larger, more organised collective efforts for the amelioration of mankind". The author puts in a strong plea for specialisation. "India needs men who know much and accurately about one thing, rather than men who have dabbled in many." The necessity for the spread of education in India is insisted upon. "If India wishes to take her proper place she must educate herself—really educate herself—the government can't do it all." He quotes some one who said that "the chief difference between India and Japan is that in Japan 95 per cent. of the population over six can read, and in India 95 per cent. cannot." Although the book is written mainly for Christian college students, yet it has its value for all who are interested in the betterment of social conditions in India.

M. H. H.

TRANSLATIONS

A Debt of Destiny is an admirable translation by Fred. Rothwell of the *Dette Fatale* by Aimée Blech (Lionel Dalsace). (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 25, High St., Bloomsbury, London).

Those who have not read this well-conceived and well-written novel in the graceful French of its author will here find it in English garb, and will not be conscious that it is translated.

Mystical Traditions by Isabel Cooper-Oakley is a book well-known to our readers, and we are glad to have its Italian translation before us. (Ars Regia, Milan).

NOTES

Some years ago Bābū Bhagavān Dās told, in the *Theosophical Review*, the strange story of a blind Paṇḍit, who had dictated to him a wonderful book. This book is now in course of publication, translated from the Samskr̥t original by our scholarly brother, who has spent on it years of loving labor snatched from a busy life. It is archaic in style, and in many of its ideas recalls *The Secret Doctrine*. The translator has omitted repetitions and has sometimes summarised verbose passages, but will publish the text in full if there is a sufficient demand for it. The translation runs to three volumes, of which the first is ready for delivery. The volumes are published by *The Theosophist Office* at Rs. 4-8 each, but subscribers who send Rs. 10 before June 30th will receive the first volume at once, and the second and third as soon as published.

Part II of the *Universal Text Book* is on its way; Canon Erskine Hill is writing the Christian section from the Anglican standpoint, and M. l'Abbé Melinge from the Roman Catholic. Shams-ul-ulma Dastur Jivauji Jamshedji Modi, B.A., Secretary of the Pārsī Pañchayat, has kindly taken in hand the Pārsī section. The Buḍḍhist is not yet definitely arranged, nor is the Muhammadan, nor the Hebrew. The Hindū we have in the *Sanātana Dharma Text Book*. Part II should form a very interesting volume, presenting each faith from the standpoint of its adherents.

Mrs. Annie Besant, P. T. S. leaves Adyar on March 22nd, and lectures in Calcutta on March 24th, 25th and 26th, arriving in Benares on March 27th. She leaves Benares for Bombay on April 19th, and lectures in Bombay on the 21st. On the 22nd quite a party will sail for England, including the President, her two Indian wards, Mr. and Mrs. Leo, and Mr. Arundale. The President's London address will be 82, Drayton Gardens, Kensington, S. W., as her friends the Brights have moved thither.

The THEOSOPHIST Office is issuing a series of 'Adyar Pamphlets,' at a uniform price of Annas 2. No. 1 is a reprint of an old essay of Mrs. Besant's, *Emotion, Intellect and Spirituality*. No. 2 is Mr. Leadbeater's article, *The Attitude of the Enquirer*.

