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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

VERY awful is the terrible struggle now waging over Europe and extending into Asia and Africa —three continents being stained with human blood. The fearful toll of the best and bravest youth of the Nations, of men also in the prime of vigorous manhood, makes one look forward to the days when the War will be over, and when millions of men, who should have been fathers, will have passed away from our earth. Who will man the factories, and till the earth, and carry on the commerce of the Nations? It seems as though the ranks of men from 20 to 50 will be desperately thinned.

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It is a heavy price to pay, and yet well paid. Comparing the France of 1870 with the France of to-day, how vast is the difference. Nothing more steadfastly heroic, more enduring, more self-controlled, has ever been seen than the soldiers of France. They have always been gallant fighters, full of dash and brilliance, but now they seem to have added British doggedness and patience to their own splendid qualities. Even the cruelties of the Germans, perpetrated on their

helpless countrymen and countrywomen, have not goaded them into unwisdom. And how brave and capable are the women, taking their share of the trouble and the danger, and slipping quietly along the trenches with coffee and fruit for the wearied troops, bright and gay as the Frenchwoman always is. France has regained her old idealism, and therein lies her strength. She has redeemed her deep plunge into materialism by the splendour of her resurrection, a resurrection in which Theosophy has played so brilliant a part. She has chosen sacrifice and suffering, the devastation of her lands and the murdering of her patient and laborious peasantry, rather than make terms with the Power which symbolises to-day all that is most opposed to Right, to Justice, and to Liberty. Cast into the furnace of agony, she comes out pure gold.

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The T. S. in England and Wales continues to do very well in the aid rendered to those suffering from distress caused by the War. Mr. and Mrs. Whyte are back from their ambulance work, with much new experience for growth in knowledge and usefulness. A pleasant Christmas gift of sweets to the Indian soldiers was sent out with a card attached to each packet, £83 having been collected for the purpose by Miss Hall of Cheltenham. Birmingham has been sending out mufflers, warm head-gear and socks—always socks, of which an illimitable supply is needed. Folkestone has usefully turned its Lodge into a club for Non-Commissioned Officers, and is giving them free tuition in French, ready for the front; and there is also constituted a Bureau for placing Belgian refugees. A Folkestone member has a large club for Belgian women

and children, and a playroom for the latter, with rocking-horses and toys: it was touching, a letter says, to see the joy of the children on S. Nicolas Day to find that S. Nicolas came over to England to look after them. Efforts are being made to teach the women to make some of the things hitherto obtained from Germany, such as dolls. With an admirably prompt initiative, a Maternity Home was opened at once on the arrival of the refugees, a house taken and furnished in one day —on October 9th-10th—and the first baby was born that evening. Soon four houses had been taken, and all are full. How intense must have been the relief and gratitude of these exiled women in their sorest need, to find opened for them a literal home of refuge, out of the cold misery of steamer and street. Some thirty babes were born there up to the first ten days of December, and all were healthy and strong, save one still-born child. Now the Belgian Relief Committee have taken the Homes over, and they fit into the general scheme. The Lodge has temporarily lost many of its members, military men called either to special work, or gone to the front. One of the latter, Captain I. E. S. Woodman, was mentioned in Sir John French's dispatch of October 8th, and has been given the D.S.O. for leading a gallant attack and then defending the post captured. He wrote to the Lodge for THE THEOSOPHIST and *Vāhan*, and for any reports of lectures, to fill up the weary moments of waiting in the trenches.

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As another line of usefulness comes the Brotherhood of Arts, Crafts and Industries, which is trying to help the many artists thrown out of work by the War. It has formed a strong War Service Committee,

with the double object of helping the artists who are thrown out of employment, and also of lightening the depression which is apt to spread over the poorer people, under the tension of anxiety and the loss of their bread-winners. The Committee says:

> A scheme has been inaugurated to arrange first-rate entertainments at various centres in poor districts in London and the provinces. It is universally agreed that the best music, when performed by the best artists, is warmly appreciated in such districts. As it is proposed to add to judiciously selected musical programmes, traditional and other story-telling, Folk singing and dancing, and other forms of national recreation, the War Service Entertainments should prove very attractive.

Some of the leading artists in London are helping, as is Mr. G. B. Havell, while Mr. George Lansbury is eager to carry music and brightness to the very poor, among whom he is ever working. Concerts are arranged at Bow, Bromley, Canning Town, City Road—in the dreary grey places where the workers of the great city live.

***

A cable comes to tell of the opening of the Theosophical School in Letchworth Garden City—a quiet piece of work for the future in the midst of the War turmoil. Miss Hope Rea and Mrs. Sidney Ransom are there the heart of the movement, the first offshoot of the Theosophical Educational Trust outside India, though we have a fine piece of land in the south of England, where a school may one day be built. Two of our Girls' Schools here, one at Kumbhakonam and one at Madura, are going forward very well; Miss Parsons, who has been an Inspector under the Education Department here and is now pensioned, has taken charge of the first named; and Miss Kühr, also a pensioned head mistress, goes shortly to the second. We are fortunate in having

such competent trained workers, who are also good and devoted Theosophists.

***

I see that the Americans are going to hold their Panama Exposition this year, although few visitors are likely to go thither from the storm-swept countries of Europe. All our plans for a strong Asian contingent are shattered, for people have neither the money nor the will to travel. All thoughts are full of the War, and matters that do not bear on it win scant attention. For verily the lands are cast into the melting-pot, and none knows what may be the outpouring. Until the struggle is over, the tension is too great to turn to the ordinary affairs of life. The United States, in her safe distance from the storm of battle, may go on her peaceful way, holding Exhibitions and the like, while her sister Nations are writhing in the agony of struggle. One cannot but wonder if this isolation be not somewhat selfish, somewhat harshly indifferent, a lotus-eating in a garden of peace, while the battle storms and shrieks on the other side of the wall. How will her quiescence work on her future status among the Nations?

***

There are some voices heard, we learn from *Current Opinion*, on the far side of the Atlantic, which are sounding a doubtful note. Says the author, John Jay Chapman:

> Is the United States, after signing treaties with Germany which were to protect the rights of small nations, going to stand aside while the small nations are eaten up? We so stand to-day. Bombs thrown upon innocent women and children in Antwerp do not move us from our position of dignified neutrality. The destruction of Louvain does not move us. The violation of the treaties signed by the Germans at The Hague with us does not move us. I say, then, may God raise up

some other neutral nation that will protest in a manly way against these things. It is not size that counts, but courage.

*
* *

William Gardner Hale, LL.D., speaks equally strongly; the United States has declared with 43 other States, that "the territory of neutral Powers is inviolable".

When, then, Germany broke the law, her act did not concern England, France, Belgium and herself alone, it concerned us. It was not merely a shameful act toward a brave but weak State, it was an offence to us. And we learned by it that Germany considered not merely her treaty with England, Belgium and France a "scrap of paper," in the illuminating words of her Chancellor, but a treaty made between us and her, with other Powers, merely another scrap of paper. ... This is no small quarrel, the fate of the world hangs upon it. That which we should some day do, we should do now—should have done already.

*
* *

Theodore Roosevelt takes up a similar parable:

It is quite indefensible to make agreements and not live up to them. The climax of absurdity is for any administration to do what the present administration during the past three months has done. Mr. Wilson's administration has shirked the duty plainly imposed on it by the obligations of the conventions already entered into; and at the same time it has sought to obtain cheap credit by entering into a couple of score of new treaties infinitely more drastic than the old ones, and quite impossible of honest fulfilment.

When the Belgian people complained of violations of the Hague Tribunal, it was a mockery, it was a timid and unworthy abandonment of duty on our part, for President Wilson to refer them back to the Hague Court, when he knew that the Hague Court was less than a shadow, unless the United States by doing its clear duty gave the Hague Court some substance. . . . The extent to which the action should go may properly be a subject for discussion. But that there should be some action is beyond discussion; unless, indeed, we ourselves are content to take the view that treaties, conventions, and international engagements and agreements of all kinds are to be treated by us and by everybody else as what they have been authoritatively declared to be, "scraps of paper," the writing on which is intended for no better purpose than temporarily to amuse the feeble-minded.

The States are practically consenting to the fatal doctrine that treaties have no binding force when they

become inconvenient. The peace of the world, if that doctrine be accepted, will thenceforth have no defence, and neutrality will be a meaningless word.

***

Some, however, take the other side. President Butler, of the Columbia University, prides himself on the fact that the warring Nations wish to gain the good opinion of the United States. He says :

> They can have been induced by nothing save their conviction that we are the possessors of sound political ideals and a great moral force. In other words, they do not want us to fight for them, but they do want us to approve of them. They want us to pass judgment upon the humanity and the legality of their acts, because they feel that our judgment will be the judgment of history. . . .
>
> As a nation we have kept our word when sorely tempted to break it. We made Cuba independent, we have not exploited the Philippines, we have stood by our word as to Panama Canal tolls. In consequence we are the first moral power in the world to-day.

Germany's wish for the good opinion of the States had far more to do with copper than with morality, we fancy. *The New York World* thinks that the United States will play a dazzling part by becoming an arbiter :

> As a nation we never were in a situation where our policy was more easy, more obvious, more honorable or more brilliant.
>
> The war situation looks less and less like a decisive victory on either side ; more and more like a military dead-lock, which could only be terminated by the utter financial and industrial prostration of one side or the other. But a war fought out to such a conclusion would be little less disastrous to the winners than to the losers. Such a situation, the fear of such a termination, tend peculiarly to the triumph of American mediation. But the essential requisite of a mediator is neutrality. Neither side will subject itself to the offices of a nation which has put itself on record as hostile.
>
> Our nation is blessed with the almost unbelievable opportunity of acting, when the time is ripe, as arbiter of peace for a world at war, of winning the dazzling predominance and prestige which such an achievement would carry with it.

It is difficult to see where the dazzle comes in. The policy seems more selfish than noble. And is it likely that the proud countries of Europe will admit as counsellor a Nation which looks on at their fearful struggle with folded arms? Why should a land that bore no part of the agony, presume to speak when the clash of swords is over? Will it not be treated with disregard, as are the pleadings of the Pope? The war-stained Powers will hardly feel friendly when America steps in, calm and spotless, to adjudge the spoil of War.

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Has not one of her own poets declared that, from time to time, there comes to Nations, as to men, the great Day of Decision, when the stupendous choice has to be made that shapes the life for many days to come? Such a choice is before the Nations now, when Right and Wrong are battling for the mastery, and when the future of the world is hanging in the balance. To declare now for the binding force of treaties, for the safety of small Nations, for public honour, for humanity to non-combatants, for liberty of development—this is to be champion of civilisation against barbarism, to take part in the preparation for the higher Social Order that shall replace the era now setting in blood. Into this Order Asia is stepping, side by side with Europe, in the persons of India and Japan. Shall the great Republic of the West stand aside, and only step in to arbitrate when victory is declared on the side of Right? No arbitration will then be necessary, for arbitration is between parties neither of whom is victorious, neither of whom is definitely conquered. And in this struggle, the Allies have declared that they will not hold their hands, until the menace of German militarism is destroyed.

NIETZSCHE

By M. MATTHEWS

NOW that Nietzsche is being so much discussed, some thinking that his influence on German thought has been one of the main causes leading to the War, it may be as well to inquire into this assertion, to find what really were his views—the position he occupies in the world of thought.

In my own opinion he was one of the most clear-sighted thinkers of the day. He was indeed iconoclastic; "I am not a man, I am dynamite," he said; but his life-work was to help to free the soul from illusions, and illuminate humanity. Even if one does not agree with him, he is certainly a stimulus to clear thinking, and a tonic against mere flabby sentimentality. He was the great critic of moral values, wishing us to look into the

foundation of our beliefs, to re-value everything. He was opposed to all absolutism, not believing in a world of fixed, eternal truths—"truth is not to be discovered but created," he says. To him there was only the Ever-Becoming, and concepts such as Truth, Beauty, the Good, were only valuable to him as ideals by means of which the world will attain to greater heights—the great World-Will showing forth as the Will to Power.

He was the great opponent of an absolute morality, of a moral code given once for all to humanity by divine authority. He did not believe in an absolute Good or Evil; but only in good and bad in regard to particular ends. "Only he who knoweth whither he saileth knoweth which is his fair wind and which is his foul wind"—conventional morality to him being that which best suits the community that invents it; but what is thought harmful at one time often becomes helpful later on, the criminal now becoming the saviour of a future, wiser stage. These are some of his aphorisms relating to good and evil:

> What is good? All that increases the feeling of power, will to power, power itself, in man.
>
> What is bad? All that proceeds from weakness.
>
> That *your* self be in your action as a mother is in the child, that shall be for me *your* word of virtue.
>
> What is done from love is always done "beyond good and evil".
>
> Nothing prohibited—except weakness.

Christianity he repudiated as tending to cultivate all that is mediocre, as leading to weakness, division in the nature, the sense of sin, weariness of life. He thought the Christian ideal did not make for the higher type of man, being opposed to fulness of life, to aristocratic morality, which is characterised by the desire to

pour out life, prodigality, ecstasy, gaiety, spontaneity. He wished to protest against the laborious heaviness of many good people. "What is good is easy; everything divine runs with light feet," he says. He seemed to think that Christians had misunderstood the teaching of Jesus, who had said he came to bring life and bring it more abundantly; but Christianity came to exalt the suffering rather than the joyful Christ, holding up ideals contrary to Life, and so, he thought, became a hindrance to man's development.

But he had before him always the ideal of human evolution. The conventional, what he called slave, morality was for the herd, but for the more enlightened souls a higher path. He considered that by developing the powers within one, by cultivating one's own individuality, one was doing better in the long run for human development than by mere "altruism". He says: "Let us not think so much of punishing, blaming or improving people. Let us endeavour rather that our influence over the future be greater than theirs." He had before him the mystic vision of the Superman, a stage of evolution beyond the human, which we should strive to bring about. In his *Zarathustra* he speaks of the three metamorphoses of the Spirit, the camel, the lion, and the child—the Superman corresponding to the last, the divine stage. He says that:

> Man is a rope stretched between the animal and the Superman—a rope over an abyss. A dangerous crossing, a dangerous wayfaring, a dangerous looking-back, a dangerous trembling and halting.

Intellectual honesty and moral courage were Nietzsche's strong points, and he laid great stress on fidelity, endurance, hardness to oneself, self-discipline—"He who cannot command himself shall obey". His

was a philosophy of strength and courage. In his *Will to Power* he says:

> It is no small advantage to have a hundred swords of Damocles hanging over one; that way one learns to dance, and so one achieves freedom of movement.

And this brings one to his views on war. Nietzsche seemed to think that war was only a remedy for purifying the State when nations were growing weak, clinging to life and unable to sacrifice it—when the Money-Ideal was too prominent. A characteristic utterance of his on the subject is:

> Against the deviation of the State-Ideal into a Money-Ideal. . . . the only remedy is war, and once again war, in the emotions of which this at least becomes obvious, that the State is not founded upon the fear of the war demon as a protective institution for egoistic individuals, but that in love to fatherland and prince it produces an ethical impulse indicative of a much higher destiny!

But mean war for acquiring territory he would never have upheld. He was of Polish descent, and had not the slightest sympathy with German ideals, even saying that "wherever Germany spreads, she ruins culture". He hated narrow national ideals, being cosmopolitan, calling himself and all large-minded souls good "Europeans". His remarks on a "United Europe" which he advocated, are very instructive. I quote some passages:

> This ridiculous condition of Europe must not last any longer. Is there a single idea behind this bovine nationalism? What positive value can there be in encouraging this arrogant self-conceit when everything to-day points to greater and more common interests?—at a moment when the spiritual dependence and denationalisation, which are obvious to all, are paving the way for the reciprocal *rapprochements* and fertilisations which make up the real value and sense of present-day culture? The economic unity of Europe must come.

Owing to the morbid estrangement which the nationality-craze has induced and still induces among the nations of Europe, owing also to the short-sighted and hasty-handed politicians who, with the help of this craze, are at present in power, and do not suspect to what extent the disintegrating policy they pursue must necessarily be only an interlude policy —owing to all this, and much else that is altogether unmentionable at present, the most unmistakable signs that Europe wishes to be one are now overlooked or arbitrarily and falsely misinterpreted.

It seems to me that Nietzsche has been misunderstood, his teaching having been taken in a material way by many, instead of spiritually. He appears to me to have been a warrior of the intellect, championing a higher wisdom than the ordinary man knows of; and the struggles of his ardent, sensitive Spirit against the stupidities of this most imperfect world finally wore him out, causing that highly-strung brain to lose its balance, the end being darkness and tragedy—but not before he had accomplished a vast amount in order to liberate the soul of man.

M. Matthews

APPERCEPTION IN EDUCATION

By SYED MAHOMED HAFIZ, B.A., L.T.

Theosophical School, Cawnpore

Then if I am right, certain professors of education must be wrong when they say that they can put a knowledge into the soul which was not there before, like sight into blind eyes, ... whereas, our agreement shows that the power and capacity of learning are existing in the soul already; and just as the eye was unable to turn from darkness to light without the whole body, so too the instrument of knowledge can only by the movement of the whole soul be turned from the world of becoming into that of being, and learn by degrees to endure the sight of being and of the brightest and best of being or of the good. . . . And must there not be some art which will effect conversion in the easiest and quickest manner, not implanting the faculty of sight, which exists already?

THUS spoke the great philosopher-educationist of the Greeks in the fourth century B. C. These words are so pregnant with meaning and are the outcome of so true an insight into the workings of the human mind that pedagogues, after the lapse of about 2,400 years, cannot but re-echo the same. In the phraseology of modern psychology, this teaching of Plato may be summed up as follows: Every mental act complete in itself, though seemingly an isolated entity, is in reality only a portion, and not infrequently an exceedingly small portion, of a large scheme of mental contents; and the aim of the teacher ought to be to guide this natural linking of the new acquisitions to the old accumulations in the right direction. Let us first describe and

illustrate this psychological process and then turn to its pedagogical application.

The process is known to the psychologist as "apperception"—a term, by the way, introduced by Herbart. This term, like so many other philosophical terms has had very different meanings in the history of philosophy. "Conception," "thought" and "interpretation" have one after another been proposed as its synonyms. But it is not in any of these senses that it is taken here. G. H. Lewis' term "assimilation" seems to be the best substitute. "Apperceiving mass" stands for the learner's entire psychostatical life—his character, habits, and stock of ideas—the sum total of all that is already in the mind; and the in-coming ideas and sensations are said to be apperceived by these masses. It is almost obvious that the scope of apperception is as wide as that of consciousness itself. It comprehends the domains of cognition, feeling, and volition alike. Every one of us carries with him a permanent group of ideas and volitions, passions and prejudices, opinions and views, likes and dislikes, that relate to his own interests. And his profession or calling can be at once discovered by putting to him any question that would elicit from him his most intimate interests of life. Professor Steinhall narrates an anecdote that illustrates this. A gentleman travelling in a railway carriage undertook to tell his fellow passengers—five in number—their pursuits, if they only answered an entirely disconnected question. He gave each of them the following question on separate pieces of paper: "What being destroys what it has itself brought forth?" All of them gave him different answers, namely: "Vital force"; "War"; "Kosmos"; "Revolution"; and "Boar". Therefore he

turned to them and said to the first: "You are a scientist"; to the second: "You are a soldier"; to the third: "You are a philologist"; to the fourth: "You are a politician"; and to the fifth: "You are a farmer".

The point is this that every one gave out in his answer the first thing that occurred to him—that most closely related to him. This amusing anecdote clearly illustrates that every one of us has his own group of ideas about things in general, and that the mental content of every one of us, peculiar to him alone, and different from that of others, consists of masses or circles of knowledge through which we perceive every new object. In fact all processes of perception are essentially the processes of apperception; whenever we are said to perceive any thing we really apperceive it. The perception of a thing, say a book, when analysed is found to be nothing more than a process between the image of the present book before our eyes on the one hand, and those fused images and ideas of all the other books that we have previously seen—an assimilation, that is, of two factors of which one existed before the process and was a familiar possession of the mind (the cluster of ideas or concept), while the other has just begun to be presented to the mind and is the immediately supervening factor (the sense-impression); the former assimilates the latter, the latter is assimilated by the former. Out of this assimilation, combination, or fusion arises an apperception-product, which is the actual perception—the knowledge of the present sensed object as a book. The earlier factor is thus seen in relation to the later, active and *a priori*; the supervening fact is passive and *a posteriori*. And at last we may define apperception with Professor

Steinhall, as the movement of two masses of consciousness against each other so as to produce a cognition.

These remarks, however, are not to be taken to imply that apperceiving systems are separate, independent entities capable in themselves of existing, of apperceiving others and of being apperceived by others. To admit this is to acknowledge a disintegration of the unity of the individual mind, for which there is not the slightest warrant. Doubtless, a system of knowledge incorporates into itself new ideas every moment, but this it does not do in virtue of its own spontaneous activity or any auto-genetic power, but solely because the learner, the mind as a whole, the subject, takes in the concordant fact and puts it into its place in the system.

True, in every conscious entity we seem to be moved only by the present stimulus, the immediate object, and every other consideration seems to be excluded, but this is in fact a sort of delusion. We are constantly being driven to conscious activity by the comprehensive scheme of our entire mentality, which again, in its ultimate analysis, is nothing but an elaboration of the primordial instincts of self-preservation and reproduction. A tradesman is haggling with his customer over a petty bargain; a lover is scheming to meet his *fiancée*; a pensioner is consulting a railway time-table to reach the town where he gets his pension; a girl is rejoicing to have an opportunity of nursing her sister's baby. In all these cases our conscious activities seem to be aroused by the immediate volitions which alone are vividly present and which have eclipsed for the time being all other contents of consciousness. Yet we need not be a great psychologist to discover that the ultimate

motive of all these actions is to be traced back to the fear of want in the case of the tradesman and the pensioner, and to the craving for paternity and maternity in the remaining two cases. The ultimate motive—the primordial instincts of self-conservation and reproduction—though not in the focus of the present consciousness, is nevertheless the only potent and effective agency operating through the entire scheme of one's mentality.

Enough has been said on the psychological description and analysis of the process of apperception, now let us turn to its pedagogical significance.

We have seen above that all knowledge is knowledge apperceived. Keeping this in view it is hardly reasonable to insist that the teacher ought to be careful of the apperceiving link with the knowledge of his pupils. When everything does depend upon the ways of apperception and it is an impossibility to proceed otherwise, it seems singular to indulge in such commonplace maxims. The real thing is the right guidance of apperception. It is not only possible, but actually happens in the vast majority of cases, that knowledge may be acquired without educating the mind. Things are very often apperceived in such a way as does not enlarge the mind nor deepen the insight. The only important demand is therefore the right guidance of apperception. Accordingly the following pedagogical maxims are added that may perhaps be of some use to teachers.

1. *The first point of importance in this connection for the teacher is to see that the apperceptive processes of the learner should, as far as possible, be of such a nature as demand the latter's own effort and seeking.*

If a child is allowed to remain content with what he is told, a habit of mental indolence is sure to be formed, and he will never be able to find out new apperceptions for himself. If on the contrary, he is so guided as to be able to discover apperceptive relations, he will add to his mental equipment and enlarge his intellectual horizon, which after all is the chief aim of education.

2. *Pupils should be so guided in the discovery of apperceptive relations as to ensure the minimum of disturbance to the apperceiving mass.*

Every knowledge apperceived is *ex hypothesi* a new knowledge, but the degree of novelty should not be over much, or else it would be a painful experience for the learner. And once the idea of pain is associated with the acquisition of knowledge, a novice is sure to be discouraged and this is fatal to any advance or progress. Knowledge gained through the learner's own pleasure has a sort of spontaneity about it, which every knowledge derived otherwise lacks.

3. *To prepare the learner's mind to receive new experiences under their proper head is another point for the teacher to note.*

"Every new experience," says Professor James, "must be disposed of under some old head. The great point is to find the head which has to be least altered to take it in. Certain Polynesian natives, seeing horses for the first time called them pigs, that being the nearest head . . . . . Hardly any one of us can make new heads easily when fresh experiences come. Most of us grow more and more enslaved to the stock concepts with which we have once become familiar, and less and less capable of assimilating

impressions in any but the old ways. Old-fogeyism is, in short, the inevitable terminus to which life sweeps us on." The educator cannot pay too much attention to the counteracting of this insidious malady.

4. Teachers should avoid the imparting of instruction that is too recondite, or beyond the comprehension of their pupils. If the instruction given is beyond the mental capacity of the learner, that is to say, if he has no apperceiving mass to meet it with, it would be simply wasted. Endless though the number of stimuli being forced on the doors of our senses may be, they will not be absorbed at all, unless they have already something in the mind to be linked with. Hence also the wisdom of always proceeding from the direct to the indirect, from the simple to the complex and from the known to the unknown.

5. *Last, but not least, is the teacher's capacity to correct and improve upon the children's peculiar deficiencies or defects in every particular case.*

Experimental psychology has amply demonstrated that every class of school students may be classified into four types of apperceptional mentality. The first type repeats only what has been perceived. It refers to the objective analysis and may be called the *descriptive analytic* type. The second one interprets the apperceived situation by uniting, as far as possible, the parts into a whole process. It may be called the *synthetic* or *connecting* type. The third one leaves what is perceived and turns to stored up knowledge. This may be called the *erudite* or *conceptual* type. People of this class are very good scholars, but lack in observation and are never good scientists. The fourth one interprets the apperceived

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material by feelings and emotions. This may be called the *emotional* or *poetical* type.

Men of this class are highly imaginative but deficient in observation. They project their own subjective feelings into what they see and hear, and colour their own observations by their fantastic additions. The duty of every conscientious teacher is to try to overcome the one-sidedness of these types and to supplement each by the rest, but in no case to force his own apperceptive type on any of his pupils. Natural propensities are to be modified and corrected, but cannot be created anew or annihilated altogether. The significance of these types must be still more potent in the choice of a calling, or a profession, than in a school class, but the scope of the present paper is limited to the application of the doctrine of apperception in schools.

It is earnestly hoped that the above maxims may not be wholly unprofitable to some of those who aspire to the teacher's profession, but have had no chances of acquainting themselves with the workings of the human mind.

Syed Mahomed Hafiz

THE LOVE-FEAST

I listened to the strains of Love Divine;
I followed Parsifal through mead and dale;
I saw the Cup with crimson Healing glow;
I drank the silvery sweetness of the Grail.

I thought I saw a table, spread anew,
Decked for the Holy Feast with linen white,
But, though there lacked not of the Sacred Bread,
Empty the Cup stood before every Knight.

There came to that fair Feast full many a one
Whose soul I knew through love in ages past;
Each took his place, and I among the rest,
To offer thanks and share in that Repast.

Then wondered I how we should take the Feast
While empty stood the Cup before us all,
And, as I wondered, lo! there came a Voice
Which did in strong and silvery accents call:

"There was a time," It said, "when ye received
The Wine of Service from *My* Sacrifice;
Ye are no longer children; will ye shrink
With your own life-blood now to pay the price?"

Long silence fell. Then like a zephyr crept
Soft strains of whispering music thro' the hall;
With one accord we rose, and all around
A silvery dazzling radiance seemed to fall.

With joined hands and souls upraised in Joy
We vowed a solemn vow, that we would give
All loves, all powers, all knighthood unto Him,
And in His Service ever wholly live.

And as that mighty promise left our lips,
A miracle was wrought before mine eyes;
From every Knight there sped a crimson beam,
And, in the midst—the Holy Grail did rise.

Of iridescent rainbow-texture wrought,
So radiant was It that my sight grew dim:
I bowed my head—and lo! before each Knight
His sacred Cup lay—sparkling to the brim!

F. GORDON PEARCE

SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of *The Land of the Yellow Spring*,
Myths and Legends of Japan, *The Persian Mystics*, *etc.*)

THERE are certain incidents recorded in the Old Testament that make an irresistible appeal to the imagination, and such an incident was the coming of the Queen of Sheba from distant Arabia into Jerusalem to see the far-famed Solomon. Even legend, often so

ingenious in filling up gaps, tells us but little of this Eastern Queen prior to her romantic visit. All we know is that her court was magnificent, and that in her own country, at any rate, she worshipped the sun and moon. Now the sun and moon are all very well as objects of worship, so far as they go; but a Queen is a woman in spite of her royal ceremonials, and when we add to that all the full-blooded romance of the East, it is not surprising to find that Queen Balkis, during the course of her worship, began to wonder if even these luminaries were half as glorious as one by the name of Solomon. The moon waxed and waned. The sun went to rest in the evening; but it seemed from all accounts that Solomon was greater than these. His fame was on the increase. A story that seemed wonderful one day was eclipsed the next by a still more remarkable one. Words of wisdom that appeared to be the climax of human understanding in the morning were wiped out by an utterance in the evening that might have wrung jealousy from the Gods. Queen Balkis probably heard of the Temple Solomon had built to Jehovah and of his famous lion throne of gold and ivory. It may be that some woman of the Court had told her, a child, with great wondering eyes, of the beauty of Solomon, of how he had control over the winds, so that at his command they carried him through the air on his carpet or throne wherever he pleased, or again that the King of Wisdom understood the language of birds and beasts. Then, perhaps, a Court magician may have told the dark Eastern Queen of Solomon's ring inscribed with the mystical Holy Name, a ring that could perform strange wonders. Queen Balkis was no doubt thrilled by all these delightful stories. She would

go and see for herself, and thus satisfy a curiosity that must have grown daily as fresh tidings of Solomon reached her ears. It meant a very lengthy journey; but a woman will take a long journey to appease her curiosity.

When the Queen of Sheba was ready to set out upon her momentous expedition, there was a great gathering of camels loaded with bricks of gold, musk, ambergris, costly balsam, and precious stones, including an undrilled pearl of considerable size and exquisite colour, and onyx drilled with a crooked hole. Legend tells us that she sent in advance of her bright-robed escort a thousand boys and girls. How they must have laughed and sung and chatted as they swung through the great deserts, eagerly awaiting a glimpse of Jerusalem and all its wonders, a peep at a King whose pomp and circumstance were far greater than even the Kings of Tyre and Egypt! Night and day, as the great caravan advanced, the hot air must have been sweetened with the perfumes of Araby. As the Queen of Sheba sat high upon her gorgeously caparisoned camel, it seems within the bounds of reason to infer that her visit was not solely due to curiosity, nor entirely to sound the wisdom of Solomon, nor to see his courts and palaces. There was in her heart, if there is any truth in the multitude of legends about her, a desire to bring that glory to her own small brown feet, a yearning that she might win the heart of Solomon, dearer to her than all his wisdom and wonderful works.

Solomon, in spite of his wisdom, kept a large number of wives and concubines. We are told in *I Kings* that he "loved many strange women, together with the daughter of Pharaoh, women of the Moabites,

Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians, and Hittites". It is not surprising under the circumstances that he should have been considerably impressed with the coming of the Queen of Sheba, and only too ready to shower his royal favours upon her. The biblical account of the incident is extremely brief, judiciously brief perhaps. Quoting again from, *I Kings* we gather that "Solomon gave unto the Queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked, beside that which Solomon gave her of his royal bounty. So she turned and went to her own country, she and her servants." So brief a record as this was not likely to satisfy Arabic and other romancers, and according to legend the Queen of Sheba's visit culminated in a very pretty love affair; but before turning to this love affair I quote a curious and interesting passage from the *Quran* (xxvii. The Chapter of the Ant): "And it was said to her [the Queen of Sheba], 'Enter the court'; and when she saw it, she reckoned it to be an abyss of water, and she uncovered her legs. Said he, 'Verily, it is a court paved with glass!' Said she, 'My Lord! verily, I have wronged myself, but I am resigned with Solomon to God the Lord of the worlds!'" Flaubert refers to this incident when he makes the Queen of Sheba tempt the much tried S. Anthony.

We find that the Queen of Sheba was shown Solomon's houses and vineyards, gardens and paradises. She gazed in wonder at his pools and fruit trees, at his hosts of slaves, his men-singers and women-singers. She saw Solomon dispensing justice in the pillared hall of cedar; saw the fantastic antics of wrinkled apes, and the resplendent peacocks, as they strutted about the sunlit courts or by the garden fountains. She feasted

with Solomon, and marvelled at all the delicacies he spread before her. Then on one occasion, womanlike, she resolved to test the wisdom of Solomon. Legend has certainly not been at pains to make that test very severe. Solomon showed profound common sense rather than profound wisdom; but then the Queen of Sheba's little examination, beyond being delightfully feminine, may have been easy on account of her desire to obtain the correct answer, and thus add to her ever growing admiration. It is dreadful to catch a wise man napping, especially after one has taken a long journey with the idea of discovering infallibility! The Queen of Sheba dressed a number of boys and girls in precisely the same garb, and desired Solomon to tell her which were boys and which were girls. Such an easy question must have amused the King. He could doubtless have answered her question without going through any paraphernalia; but perhaps remembering that he owed his fair visitor something to make up for the unfortunate glass floor incident, he ordered basins to be brought. The boys at once dipped their hands into the water without hesitation, while the girls demurely turned back their sleeves before attempting an ablution. Thus Solomon easily distinguished between the sexes. Then the Queen of Sheba, always with an eye to the picturesque, asked Solomon to distinguish between bouquets of real and artificial flowers. The King of Wisdom, without moving from his throne, ordered the lattice to be opened, and immediately bees came in and settled upon the real flowers. Once again Solomon solved a pretty, if none too difficult, riddle.

About three years ago M. Hugues le Roux made a very interesting discovery bearing upon the subject of

this article. When the British troops invaded Abyssinia and captured Magdala, they found under the Emperor Theodore's pillow a manuscript copy of the *Keubra Neuguest*, or "The Glory of the King". Theodore's successor, the Emperor John, urgently requested that this manuscript should be returned. His wish was granted, and the manuscript was sent back to Abyssinia with the following remarks: "This volume was returned to the King of Ethiopia by order of the trustees of the British Museum, December 14, 1872.—J. Winter Jones, Principal Librarian." This precious manuscript was carried about by the Emperor John wherever he went, and when he was killed in battle by the Mahdists, it fell into the hands of Menelik.

When M. le Roux was in Abyssinia, it was his good fortune to be escorted by a very learned man, the Tigréen Ato-Hailé-Mariam, who told the Frenchman of the existence of this sacred manuscript. Eventually permission was granted to inspect the work, consisting of sixty-four leaves. M. le Roux and Hailé-Mariam slowly translated this mysterious document, and it yielded, little by little, a literary treasure almost as romantic and beautiful as the Song of Songs itself. M. le Roux has since written an article in *La Revue Hebdomadaire* entitled, "Magda, Queen of Sheba," and it consists of extracts from this Abyssinian manuscript, owned by Kings who claim descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

These extracts revealed the Queen in a poetic and loving mood. She turned her old worship of the sun and moon to honour the glory of Solomon. She exclaimed: "I behold light in the darkness, the pearl in the sea, the morning star in the midst of the constellations,

the moon's ray in the morning." Note that her ecstasy is thoroughly Arabian, while the ecstasy of the beautiful Shulamite woman sought expression in a variety of pastoral references. After a stay of six months, the Queen of Sheba intimated her intention to depart. Solomon, however, would not hear of her going so soon. The Queen consented to remain, after getting her host to pledge that he would not violate her honour. Solomon agreed to this arrangement, but made the Queen promise that she would not touch anything that belonged to him in the palace. The King, however, soon grew tired of such an ascetic proceeding, and one day gave the Queen something that made her extremely thirsty. While in Solomon's room for the purpose of hastily drinking some water, the King sprang upon her, and accused her of having broken her oath. He refused to release her until she also waived aside his own oath. On the Queen's return journey, she gave birth to a son, who was called Bainelekhem, or " the Son of a Wise Man ".

When Bainelekhem was twenty-two he set out to see his father. His visit pleased Solomon, who exclaimed: " Behold my father David as he was in the days of his youth. He has risen from the dead and returns to me!" In spite of the fact that Solomon set his son upon a throne by his side, and wished him to reign when he had been gathered to his fathers, Bainelekhem gave a salutary address of rather a delicate nature, and pointed out that Rehoboam was the legitimate son, and should by law sit upon the throne when Solomon's days were over. Bainelekhem had, moreover, promised to return to his mother. And so it came to pass that Israel was divided into two kingdoms. Solomon reigned over the one, and his son Bainelekhem

over the other, under the title of David, King of Ethiopia.

It matters but little if this fascinating story is correct or not. It gives additional colour to the coming of the Queen of Sheba, and certainly tallies with the amorous nature of Solomon. If at the end of his life, in spite of all his magnificence, he exclaimed: "All is vanity," some of us will prefer to remember the time when the blood sang in his veins, when there rang through the East this glorious refrain from the Song of Songs:

For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
The fig tree ripeneth her green figs,
And the vines are in blossom,
They give forth their fragrance.
Arise, my love, my fair one,
And come away.

F. Hadland Davis

PRAHLĀḌA, THE HERALD OF AN AVAṬĀR

By P. R. SOONDARARAJA IYER

MOST of the orthodox amongst the Hinḍūs look askance at some of the views of the leader of the Theosophical Society. The orthodox people are unwilling to believe that this changing world indicates the near appearance on our earth of a great and divinely endowed Leader—a Hero who will be a Leader alike in religion and in all the secular concerns of man. It will not, therefore, be out of place, to turn to the story of Prahlāḍa, the great disciple and saint, who came into the world at a very critical time, on the eve of the appearance of an Avaṭāra. The story is narrated in many Purāṇas with greater detail in some than others. *Vāyu*, *Narasimha*, *Bṛhannāraḍīya*, *Maṭsya*, *Viṣhṇu* and *Bhāgavaṭa Purāṇas* treat of it.

The narrative of the life-history of this high disciple briefly told is this: In the far off Atlantean days there ruled over a large part of the earth a powerful Black Emperor, by name Hiraṇyakashipu. The name signifies "Golden-robed" in Saṁskṛṭ; and it is said that he was a powerful personality and succeeded in appropriating the mysterious forces of nature for his own selfish ends, to the glorification of his lower self. For this purpose he had performed "Ṭapas," which here means the pursuit of the darker magic, and acquired

extraordinary powers, such as conferred on their possessors a sort of temporary immortality—ability to extend one's own life over abnormally long periods of time. The paurāṇic accounts declare that he so far succeeded in his nefarious attempts as to gain entire control of the Ḍevas; he seized all their spheres from the mental plane downwards, and enthroning himself in the highest of their dominions, yoked them to the service of the earthly interests of himself and his followers. Firmly established in such a position of worldly power, he easily gained the co-operation of the lesser wills around him, establishing, in the words of *Man: Whence, How and Whither?* "a system of worship with himself as the centre of attraction, huge images of himself being placed in the temples, a worship which was sensuous and riotous, and which attracted and held men through the gratification of their animal passions and by the weird and unholy powers it placed within reach of its adepts". Says the *Maṭsyapurāṇa* of his nearest followers:

> They were all adepts, that had attained to great powers; all that had obtained immortality (conquered death).
>
> These and many others waited on the mighty Lord Hiraṇyakasipu—

and so on.

This man seems to be none other than the mighty "Oduarpa" of *Man: Whence, How and Whither?* and the time at which the story in the Purāṇas is laid would appear to be when he had made himself master of the "City of the Golden Gate". We find in the Purāṇas a very glowing account of the splendid City, from the door-frames of houses to the fountain-stands all made of gold; the "Svarṇapura of the Ḍaiṭyas" (*Maṭsyapurāṇa*) it is named.

This Emperor of the Dark Face was then reigning in the plenitude of his power and his fancied immortality, and seemed to succeed in wiping out of the land all spirituality. He persecuted every attempt to attain to its purer heights, such as devotion to the Supreme, unselfish Yoga and so on. Thus speaks again the paurāṇic writing of him:

> The monster persecuted all pure-minded men, and recluses and ascetics living in hermitages of their own who, devoting themselves to the pursuit of truth, led unselfish and austere lives.
>
> Subduing the Ḍevas in all the three worlds which he brought under his sovereignty, he abode in the highest of their spheres.

At such a time of the world's history, Prahlāḍa, the hero of our story, came into the world to prepare it for the Advent of the Supreme Lord. The other details of his life are too well known to need recapitulation here.

Prahlāḍa's story is sung in every Hinḍū home: how Prahlāḍa is put to school while quite young and how, being taught the first lessons in the national religious cult of the day—submission to the Black Emperor and worship of his image—he protested against it, condemning it as futile and degenerating, and proclaimed fearlessly the true philosophy and the existence of the true Occultism; how the faithful priests of the King, unable themselves to suppress the spirit of rebellion in the boy, report it to the King, his father, who, after trying all methods of persuasion on his child, devises and inflicts on him various forms of punishment—by fire, sword, drowning, poison and what not—all these events and more as described in the books, in all the rich imagery of the Orient, are known and sung everywhere in India to the delight of all listeners, old and young, learned and otherwise.

How beautiful and instructive to an open mind are the lessons that can be drawn from this episode of ancient history—lessons that discerning people may with advantage take to heart before beginning to condemn any event, the meaning of which they do not read in the same light as others. See how in those early days the conflict raged round a tender-limbed lad—one of five years (*Bhāgavaṭa*). The lad openly representing and espousing the cause of progress, a vast community—nay, the whole of the then known world with its crowned head—ranged itself against him.

To continue the story, the conflict develops between the father, the representative of the Orthodoxy of the times, and the son, the very Purohiṭs of the kingdom, Shaṇda and Amarka with their huge following, actively co-operating with the father, till the latter determines, as a last resource, to destroy his own child and stifle the principle of the new philosophy, the new light, to introduce which the youth came into the world. The child from the very first explains that the Great Lord stands behind him, that his poor personality avails nothing.

Ah, how the entreaties of the young disciple, his words, his doings, time after time, fall unavailing on the obtuse father and only provoke him the more and draw out the brute in him; how day by day his reputation, nay, his very life, is sought to be destroyed, in return for which the child simply displays forgiveness and tender forgetfulness, while showing unswerving loyalty to his mission and courageously carrying out his own duties, speaking clearly under conditions of the utmost danger, and delivering his message in all possible ways to a relentless father and his faithful hounds of

inquisition. Who of this ancient land does not know the ending of the story—the final appearance of the Avaṭāra, the Man-lion, who destroyed the Arch-Enemy of God, the Black Emperor, and, installing the Saint-Boy on the Gaddi of the Kingdom, inaugurated the Golden Age in the world, bringing solution to every vexed question and difficult problem in all the departments of human activity. Everybody knows it, from the street boy to the learned paṇḍiṭ, but who remembers it and considers that the paurāṇic narrative conceals a lesson for the world to learn for all time, and believes in the possibility of such a superhuman intervention from on high into the affairs of the world? Who dares to apply the lesson that can be so learnt to the current events of life? The method employed by the Great Ones would seem to be, in preparation of the earth for a grand Advent of the Lord, to send out a seemingly puny messenger and make him so behave as to draw out into open manifestation, and exhaust, the available sum-total on earth of sceptic unsympathy, perversion of religious knowledge, the superstition and ignorance of pharisaic orthodoxy, before the Lord really appears in the world so as to enable Him to make His stay in it longer than otherwise it could be. As in the days of the tyrant, Kamsa, an unseen voice is said to have provoked him into a sudden display of his latent bestial nature when, apparently, he was all warmth and love for his sister, Ḍevakī, and drove her in his state carriage on the occasion of her marriage, and he suddenly upraised his sword to kill, there and then, his own sister; so, ever, the policy of the Divine Guardians of humanity would seem to be to draw out from the world, by forcible contrast, all its tendency to distrust and kill out greatness that it cannot comprehend;

the world is allowed to do its best to defeat the Grand Purpose, so that the triumph of the righteous cause may be the greater, the more certain, for it than otherwise. The Divine Hierarchy stands behind every such attempt and allows the fact to be published in the most unique fashion to all the world, which only rejects it as born of a diseased imagination.

Prahlāḍa addressing his father says as follows, at the final moment when the Lord appeared in all the Majesty of His Power and whom he perceived as such by his inner vision:

> O King, in this great Presence I see all the three worlds with Brahmā, the Manu, and minor Rulers of the various stars . . . . . Sanaṭ Kumāra, the Great One, and all the angels, Ṛṣhis, etc.—*Maṭsyapurāṇa.*

In those ancient times, as now, such words of the seers—the messengers—would not be heeded by the worldly wise.

How strikingly wonderful and full of meaning is this final vision of the disciple Prahlāḍa, with the great Manu in the forefront and the Lord Sanaṭ Kumāra at the back of the whole picture. To members of the Theosophical Society who are so fortunate as to know something more on the subject than the mere exoteric religionist, how patent seems the fact that the subdual of the Black Influence referred to in the story should have been planned by the Hierarchy whose August Head was seen clairvoyantly by the Disciple. He spake thus to his father in the hope of pointing out to him the futility of further resistance, and the prudence and wisdom of resigning himself at once to the supreme authority.

The books say that the Lord, after destroying the Black Power, placed Prahlāḍa on the Gaddi of his father,

thereby removing the scourge of the world that the monster was, and restoring the free flow into the visible world of the purifying light of the White Lodge, that had been clouded and obscured for a time; and as though to show the modern student of Theosophy that the hand of the Guardians of humanity was in this matter, as in everything else concerning the inner government of the world, Prahlāḍa, the new representative of the White Influence, is made to express the following sentiment—an idea that puzzles the modern Veḍānṭins, and which the Theosophical Society is re-establishing in our midst. Says the *Bhāgavaṭa Purāṇa*:

> Ordinarily aspirants seek after the liberation of their own selves and take to forests and retired places and care not for their fellow beings; I, O Lord, do not thus want to liberate myself, leaving behind these blind and less fortunate brethren of mine, etc.

Thus answers Prahlāḍa to the suggestion of the Lord that, having worked and suffered so much, he (the disciple, Prahlāḍa) might go to the Divine Worlds in order to rest in peace.

Here the idea strikes me that this Avaṭāra, the manifestation named Narasimha, was one of Power, as in these days we are told that the coming manifestation of the Boḍhisaṭṭva will be one of Love. Love will predominate and colour the activities of the ensuing appearance; but in those prehistoric days Power showed itself and redeemed the world. And the Lord Manu then came as the Avaṭāra, as His Mighty Brother, the Lord Maiṭreya, is said to be coming in the near future. The Light of Theosophy, illuminating the rather cloudy exoteric doctrine of the world's faiths, respecting the manifestation of Avaṭāras, says clearly that some great Figure of the Divine Hierarchy of Sages

is at the source of every one of such appearances. In support of this idea can be adduced the fact that the Hinḍū books speak of Prahlāḍa as one of great Power. It is almost pointed out that he belonged to the Department of Power—the Ruling Department. The *Maṭsya Purāṇa* calls him: "Prahlāḍa, the Heroic soul."

Now "Vīrya" in Samskṛṭ denotes power, heroism. The Black Emperor aimed at supreme power, and was ambitious to place himself at the head of the world's government. Humanity was then not so far removed from the animal kingdom as at the present stage of evolution. It is therefore reasonable to believe that the black magician of the present day would not try to influence mankind by violence, rough and ready methods of oppression, but rather by acting on the gentler nature of souls, the so-called virtues and subtle weaknesses of men; thus in ancient times power and kindred manifestations appear to have been necessary, and later on other aspects, of course with power also assimilated, transmuted and redeemed. The latest information in our books would seem to confirm and support this opinion. *Man: Whence, How and Whither?* speaking of this final conflict between the powers of darkness and light concludes:

> After destroying the forces of the Black Emperor, Vaivasvaṭa Manu purified the city and re-established the rule of the White Emperor, consecrating to the office a trusted servant of the Hierarchy.

May not the Prahlāḍa of the Hinḍū books have been this trusted servant who succeeded the mighty Oduarpa? If so, the Lord Manu must have been the man-lion, as it is said of Him that "On the Manu's appearance the human animals, the artificial thought-elementals that formed the bodyguard of the Black Emperor, and were

such a terror to all his opponents in battle, vanished," and the Manu destroyed all those creations of black magic. Perhaps the Lord of the White Lodge (Manu) appeared as a lion before all those artificial and human animals. Could he not under such circumstances have been called "man lion" by those writers of old, who wrote what they saw on the higher and inner planes, and never hesitated to employ any imagery that would suit their purpose, and who sometimes expressed themselves in allegory.

P. R. Soondararaja Iyer

SACHAL

A WAIF OF BATTLE

Lo! at my feet,
A something pale of hue; a something sad to view;
Dead or alive I dare not call it sweet.

Not white as snow;
Not transient as a tear! a warrior left it here,
It was his passport ere he met the foe.

Here is a name,
A word upon the book; if ye but kneel to look,
Ye'll find the letters "Sachal" on the same.

His Land to cherish,
He died at twenty-seven. There are no wars in Heaven,
But when he fought he gained the right to perish.

Where was he born?
In France, at Puy le Dome. A wanderer from his home,
He found a Fatherland beyond the morn.

'Twas France's plan;
The cause he did not ask. His life was but a mask,
And he upraised it, martyred at Sedan.

* * * * *

A land more vast
Than Europe's kingdoms are—a brighter, nobler star
Than victory's fearful light—is thine at last.

And shouldst thou meet
Yon Germans up on high—Thy foes when death was nigh—
Nor thou nor they will sound the soul's retreat.

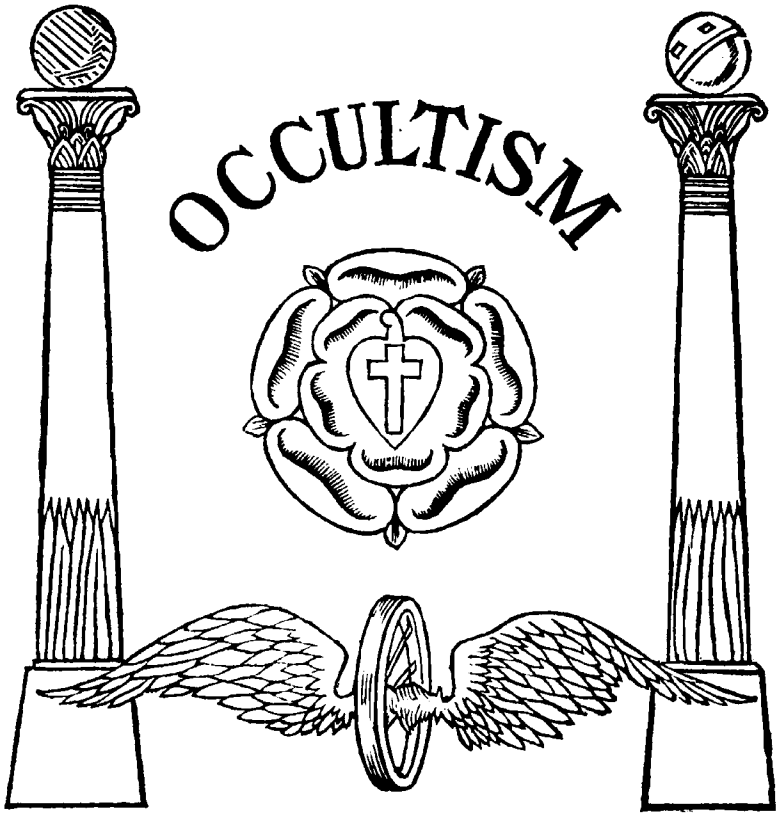
For all are just,
Yea, all are patriots there, and thou, O Fils de Pierre!
Hast found thy marshal's baton in the dust.

* * * * *

Death leads to God.
Death is the Sword of Fate, Death is the Golden Gate
That opens up to glory, through the sod.

ERIC MACKAY

("Love Letters of a Violinist." Walter Scott, Ltd., London.)



THE OCCULTIST AND THE MYSTIC

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

(*Concluded from* p. 361)

III

ACCORDING to our formula, then, every movement downwards and outwards through the planes and bodies is, in its essence, an *occult* movement; every movement upwards and inwards is, in its essence, a *mystical* movement. And this is true, whether the particular movement, in question, happens to be one

down from, or up to, the sublimest spiritual heights, or merely one between (let us say) the astral and physical planes. The movement by which a desire materialises itself into action, or a thought generates a desire, is just as "occult," in this sense of the word, as that by which the loftiest spiritual intuition is objectified in the outer world. So, too, the man who wanders off into a "brown study," or who pauses from his work in order to think, is doing something just as "mystical," technically, as the man whose consciousness soars upward right away from earth to the highest heaven. It is the direction alone which determines the character of the movements.

The life of each one of us, then, is made up of the continual, the unceasing, alternation and interplay of these two movements; and in that sense each of us is both an Occultist and a Mystic. But, in the sense in which the words are ordinarily used, we give these names to persons of some degree of spiritual unfoldment, who have specialised on the one movement or the other, to the extent of making it the characteristic, or habitual, movement of their nature. This specialisation, as we have seen, may show itself in a rudimentary fashion long before the man has become either a Mystic or an Occultist, in the ordinary sense of the words. But no matter how slight the inclination of the balance, the first hint of a habitual emphasis on the outgoing rather than the withdrawing impulse, or *vice versa*, is the first indication of the future Occultist or Mystic. For the tendency towards such emphasis is one which grows, and one which the evolving soul will carry with it on its journey towards spiritual levels. It may, of course, be deliberately checked, and the opposite emphasis cultivated; but sooner or later it is probable that every

soul must pass into the one or the other category. We begin to speak of the Occultist and the Mystic, in the more special connotation of the terms, only when this choice has been definitely made and when the selected movement has become the subject of careful and deliberate cultivation. The movement is, moreover, by this time originated from within, as an expression of the innermost nature of the man—no longer a mere response to stimulus from without; and its ultimate goal is now definitely understood and striven after. That goal is, as has been set forth in the preceding pages, the union with that aspect, or mode, of the Divine Being of which the particular movement is the expression in the worlds of manifestation. The Occultist seeks to become one with God immanent—"to act with Him, as He acts": the Mystic seeks after a full and perfect union with God transcendent, the life beyond the worlds.

If the above formula be true, then it is clear that all the distinctive features of the occult and mystic life must somehow be analysable into its terms. The relation of the Occultist and the Mystic to the bodies through which they function, their methods of training and the ideals which they set before themselves, their work, their usefulness, and their general place in the scheme of things, must all flow logically, as necessary deductions, from the simple proposition given a few lines above—namely, that every movement downwards and outwards through the planes and bodies is an occult movement, while every movement inwards and upwards is a mystical movement. This will provide a ready criterion by which, for example, to test: (*a*) whether a particular activity, quality, or characteristic in human

nature is occult or mystical; (*b*) whether a particular person is an Occultist or a Mystic—that is to say, along which line of specialisation his future is likely to lie; (*c*) whether a particular line of conduct, in the spiritual life, is right or wrong—the answer here depending, in most cases, entirely upon the goal toward which the individual in question happens to be moving. If it be the mystical goal, then many things will be both logical and necessary for him which would be inadmissible in the case of the Occultist, and *vice versa*; for the two goals, as we have seen, lie in opposite directions. It is obvious how much misunderstanding would be saved in this way. The knowledge that each is seeking a certain mode of union with the Divine, and seeking it precisely in the way which is made necessary by that mode, should serve to induce a wiser and more tolerant judgment. Finally, a formula like this, if true, should enable us to classify and arrange many facts in the history of the religions and the phenomena of saintship which are now obscure and confused, and to discover a reason and a method in much which has either puzzled or repelled us in the representative spiritual figures of the world.

A verification of our formula, covering the whole ground here indicated, is a task which, for reasons of space, we are naturally not in a position to undertake. The Theosophical student will be able, if interested in the matter, to do it very largely for himself. All that we can do, by way of concluding this essay, is to append two or three suggestive illustrations of the way in which the formula may be applied to what we already know of the Occultist and the Mystic from our Theosophical literature, or from our general experience.

Let us consider, first of all, the effect of the two movements upon the various bodies, or vehicles. It is clear that, by reason of their opposite directions, they will automatically generate a whole crop of divergent qualities and characteristics which, taken altogether, will produce two entirely different types of men : and these two types we could, so to speak, build up *a priori* from our simple knowledge of the nature of the movements, even if we had not (as we have) innumerable examples of them in the spiritual history of mankind.

1. The movement by which the life-forces are drawn downwards from higher to lower planes, and are sent outward through the vehicles on every plane, will have certain obvious results. The steady downward flow will keep all the bodies replenished with fresh stores of life; the sending of this life outwards will serve to exercise these bodies and to develop their faculties ; while the free communication between higher and lower will gradually subordinate the latter to the former, and co-ordinate all the vehicles under the sway of the higher Will. The general effects of the movement, in relation to the vehicles, will thus be shown in efficiency, outward-turned-ness, organisation. Other effects may also be noted. The man, being turned outward towards his environment on every plane, will be under the necessity of developing as fully and as accurately as he can his whole contact with that environment ; and this will involve an ever-increasing awareness, sensitiveness, alertness on every plane. Since, moreover, the deeper significance of the movement, which we are considering, is that it represents the effort of the embodied life to achieve union with that

part of the Divine Life which is at work within the manifested worlds, and since the degree to which that "union in work" is possible depends entirely upon the development of the various vehicles, every body that the man possesses will, in the light of this ideal, be looked upon as an instrument, to be perfected for use. It will be his primary object not to enjoy, or to experience, through his vehicles, but to work through them: consequently he will regulate the life-flow from above strictly with a view to such work. He will neither permit his lower vehicles to be starved for want of the higher nourishment, nor on the other hand will he allow the higher forces to flow down in such strength and volume that they overwhelm the lower vehicles and strain their power of response and resistance. His aim is to have every vehicle, so far as possible, in perfect working order, strong and responsive, with faculties outward-turned and alert for whatever work may await it on any of the planes, and completely under the control of that central Will within him which is set towards the goal of complete co-operation with the Divine.

2. The movement, on the other hand, by which the life-forces are drawn inward and upward through the planes and bodies will have effects just as easily deducible from the nature of the movement as those which we have just described. In so far as it is an upward movement, it will automatically draw off the life-energies from denser into subtler vehicles, thus tending in some measure to atrophy the former, and leading to a diminished and impoverished life on lower planes: conversely, the life on higher planes is likely to be stored up in almost superabundant excess.

In so far as it is an inward movement, it will tend to turn the consciousness away from its external surroundings on every plane and so to make its experience, in each of the vehicles within which it dwells, subjective rather than objective. Moreover such experience—not being acted upon, broken up and systematised by the vehicles—will be of the kind which psychologists call "massive," *i.e.*, vague, undifferentiated, undetailed, without outline—and so more akin to feeling, or emotion, than to cognition. Nor will there be any desire to achieve any further definition, since, the ultimate goal of the movement being union with the Life beyond all form, to clothe experience in form will be merely to waste time and energy and to delay the attainment of the desired end. Thus the whole tendency of the movement, in the case of the individual who identifies himself with it, will be towards an intense inner, subjective, life with practically nothing to show for it on the outside—an apparent inactivity covering a real activity all the deeper and stronger because it has repudiated the limitations of form.

Other tendencies may be co-ordinated with this. The atrophy of the lower vehicles, consequent upon the withdrawal of the energising life from them, will make them incapable of standing any great strain. At the same time the superabundance of the inner, spiritual vitality cannot but exercise a constant pressure upon the vehicles at lower levels than itself, due to the universal tendency through Nature for all life to flow downwards from higher to lower planes if a channel for such a downflow happens to exist. Since every human being, by virtue of his possession of vehicles on several planes becomes *ipso facto* a link between those planes, the life so

copiously generated on higher levels is always likely, in spite of the upward-drawing movement, to rush spontaneously downward in order to seek expression through the lower vehicles. When this happens, the undeveloped lower bodies may very well break under the strain. Not having been trained in outward expression, they are likely to be overwhelmed, and then various phenomena ensue. On the physical plane, the failure of the physical brain and the physical body to cope with such a downrush will probably result in hysteria and nervous breakdown, possibly even, in extreme cases, in madness. The same failure of the vehicle to cope with the flood of life with which it is brought into contact will show itself on far higher levels in another way. The man, seeking to penetrate further and further away from earth into the life beyond manifestation, and so pressing upward into ever loftier regions of being, will break through, from time to time, into new levels of spiritual life so exalted that he has no vehicle capable of responding to its vibrations, and then what will happen will be that he will lose himself in the inundation of that marvellous life and pass into the state of what is commonly called ecstasy or trance—such a state always being due to the influx into a lower vehicle of a force too powerful for it to deal with.

It will be seen that all the various tendencies and characteristics suggested above, are, from one point of view, only so many deductions from the nature of the two movements themselves. Given the movements, and the scheme of bodies and planes outlined for us in our Theosophical teachings, all that we have mentioned follows naturally. It would have been possible to elaborate these deductions much more fully, but enough

has been done to illustrate the general principle. It has been shown how our formula may be applied.

At the same time, however, the lists of qualities and tendencies, given above, are something more than an exercise in mere formal deduction. As our readers will have recognised, they correspond very exactly to two concrete and representative types which are familiar to every student of spiritual history. On the one hand, we have the worker, eager, outward-turned, efficient, throwing himself into the life of his times, the active, dynamic, shaping force by which the world is changed. On the other hand, we have the man of contemplation, the recluse, the soul so fixed on heaven that it is unconscious of earth, taking no part in outer activities but nourishing, in the depths of his being, an intense real spiritual life. Our formula enables us to name and classify these.

The outward-going type we have no difficulty in marking off as that of the Occultist, for it corresponds to all that we know, whether by description, precept, or example, of the essentials of the occult life. In the same way, we are able, in the light of our definition of the mystical movement in Nature, to mark off the opposite type as that of the Mystic.

We have thus a precise criterion ready to hand by which to deal with the oft-recurring questions as to what is, or is not, occult or mystical in human conduct, character and life: and one can imagine an elaborate double-column being drawn up, in the light of this criterion, which might serve as a practical standard of reference. We might read, for example, on referring to it, that to mix with our fellow-men is occult, while to withdraw into seclusion is mystical; that to cultivate and care for the physical body is occult, to despise it, or neglect it,

is mystical; that to give physical expression to a thought or feeling is occult, to leave it on its own plane, unexpressed, is mystical; to be interested in the concrete, phenomenal side of life, in the "passing show," is occult, to take no interest in it is mystical; to be observant of detail is occult, to be unobservant is mystical;—and so forth—the antitheses might be extended almost *ad infinitum*. One good result of such a catalogue might be that it would lead to a cessation of unnecessary fault-finding and criticism. We should no longer have the individual of typically mystical temperament blaming the Occultist for being "worldly" and "unspiritual," because the latter fulfils the law of his being and sends all his spiritual energies outwards in practical work in our lower world. Nor, conversely, should we find the individual of occult (*i.e.*, outward-going) tendencies blaming the Mystic for the latter's physical plane inactivity, for his seclusion from the world, and for his attitude of unconcern towards the passing life of his time. And much gain would thereby result.

Finally we have now a criterion to apply to the lives of the Saints. It will enable us to understand a man like S. Bernard much better, for example, if we read him as essentially an occultist who made the mistake of regarding his physical body from a mystical point of view. Similarly we shall be able to detect that what is often called "an intellectual mystic" is really an occultist, in so far as he materialises down his spiritual intuitions on to the mental plane, clothing them in the forms of thought. Other applications of a similar nature will suggest themselves to our readers.

A very interesting study is provided by the consideration of the interplay of the mystical and occult

movements in the work of the worlds. We have always been given to understand that both Occultists and Mystics have their own special, and very important, part to play in the carrying on of the great Divine Plan; and, in the worlds which we have quoted more than once before, the co-operation of the two seems to be so vital, and of so all-embracing a scope, that the two great bodies of workers can be spoken of as the "two Hands of the One LOGOS in His helping of His universe". It is, perhaps, easy for us to recognise the Occultist as a worker, because the whole nature of what we have called the Occult movement is of a kind which we can see and appreciate, since its forces flow outwards into the world. It is not so easy, at first sight, to detect in what way the Mystic (as he is described according to our definition) can be helpful in the work of evolution. How can one, whose whole effort is to escape from manifestation altogether, be an agent for the purposes of manifestation? It is in the answer to this question that we come upon one of the most arresting, and beautiful applications of our theory.

A hint as to the respective functions of the Occultist and the Mystic in the world's work is given in one or two places in our literature, and will be familiar to readers. It is said that the Nirmāṇakāyas are the great reservoir of spiritual force which is used for the helping of the worlds, and that the Occultists of the world are the irrigating streams which draw down this force into the lower worlds. The Nirmāṇakāyas in a word, generate spiritual energy: the Occultists apply it and use it. Seeing that the Nirmāṇakāyas are spoken of by our President as the culmination of the mystic line of evolution, we have here a description, in

picturesque and intelligible terms, of that collaboration between the two great spiritual types which we are seeking to understand. What we have now to do is to study a little more definitely what this description implies and to link it on with our formula of the mystical and occult movements.

We must begin by conceiving of the life of the LOGOS as filling each of the great planes of Nature; yet, at the same time, we must think of each of these planes as separate from the other. Between plane and plane there is a dividing wall. Thus the life on any plane is not, normally, in contact with the life on those next to it: and this condition of separation we must regard as existing throughout Nature until it is disturbed by the factor to which we next come.

That factor is the evolution of life within this great theatre of separated planes: or, in technical language, the passage of the Second Life Wave through the worlds which the First Life Wave has brought into being. What happens, in consequence of this process of evolution, is, briefly, that the unfolding life, in its effort at ever fuller self-expression, presses upwards from one plane to another, gradually building for itself on each plane a body, or vehicle, of the matter of that plane. In this way there arises in nature the phenomenon of single lives expressing themselves on more than one plane at once; and these lives (on the material side, the bodies in which they are functioning) become, therefore, *links between the planes*. One outstanding result, then, of what we call "evolution," is that through it the various planes of Nature, which are originally self-contained and separate, become linked up. And this means that it is now possible for the life of a higher plane to flow through

into a lower. Every living creature which has developed vehicles on more than one plane becomes, automatically, the channel for the downflow of a higher life: and it is this enormously important fact that makes all that we speak of as progress, possible.

All progress, growth, or evolution consists, as the Theosophical student knows, in the refashioning and reorganising of the life of each lower plane in the light of a higher. For example, the story of the earlier stages of evolution is simply that of the incursion of the forces of the astral world, manifesting as desire, into the physical world, and the violent adaptation of physical conditions to respond to the demands of those forces. Later, the life of the mental world imposes itself upon that of the astral world;—and so forth, each higher world gradually subjugating the lower to its own standards and laws. All that we call "civilisation," and "enlightenment" is, in this way, only the gradual moulding of our physical life in this physical world to the laws of the mental and spiritual worlds. Every ideal is born first in a world of whose life it is the natural expression. In its own world it is not something to be striven after, it is something which *exists*, which belongs to the "Nature" of that world. But, brought down into our lower world, it becomes a powerful, remoulding force, strongly in contrast with the life into which it has been brought. Gradually, yet strenuously, it has to be "held" in our lower world until, of its own inherent energy, it shall have succeeded in subduing that lower life to its own nature. When that is done, it becomes possible to speak of the lower world as having, to that extent, "progressed," or as having made an advance in civilisation;

—and the same formula holds good of every kind of growth.

We see, then, how profoundly important a change is introduced into God's universe by the unfolding of the embodied lives within it. Not only is every such life a fresh link between the worlds, but, as it unfolds, it opens up links with higher and higher worlds, and in this way the channel is made for the forces of those worlds to flow through into the worlds below;—and this, in its turn, means swifter and swifter progress.

In the light of these facts, it is now easy to sum up in a phrase what "helping the worlds" means. There is only one possible form of helping, and that consists in placing an ever greater volume of an ever higher life at the disposal of the lower worlds. Helping is not giving something which the LOGOS has not already given. It is merely the releasing and utilisation of a store of life which, in His Divine Wisdom, He has placed out of reach, so far as the lower planes are concerned, until the other divine lives, His children, are able to reach up and draw it down. It is impossible to entertain this thought without recognising, with a thrill, something of the deeper purpose and function of Man in the world, and of the manner of his co-operation with God.

This, then, being the only way of helping the world, it follows that the functions of the Occultist and the Mystic must be somehow related to this. Both must be engaged—each in his own way—in providing this fund of higher life. What are their respective parts in this work?

The hint is given in the two words "releasing" and "utilisation" which were used a moment ago. It

is obvious that the work, in question, is twofold. The life of the higher planes has, first of all, to be liberated for use; and then, in the second place, to be brought down, distributed and applied in the lower worlds. It is at once plain that the latter duty is that of the Occultist: indeed we are repeatedly told as much. What is not so plain, however, is how the former duty —which the whole antithetical balance of things requires should belong to the Mystic—is in harmony with that definition of the essentially mystical movement to which reference has been so frequently made in these pages—*i.e.*, that it is the movement upwards and inwards through the planes and bodies.

The explanation is really simple. The Mystic, like the Occultist, is part of the scheme of Divine manifestation; he is imprisoned within the manifested worlds, *i.e.*, within the planes of our System; and consequently (as was mentioned in an earlier place) his efforts to escape from manifestation must necessarily be *via* the planes of that system. He cannot escape at once into the Unmanifest. Things have been so arranged that his path God-wards must lie *through* the manifested worlds and that, however unwilling he may be to turn himself outward on any plane, he must at least use it as a passage towards his goal. Thus, all his upward efforts away from the lower worlds lead him, not into the void, but into new worlds of manifestation —higher and subtler, it is true, but nevertheless material worlds—and the consequence is that every such upward effort is an effort *against resistance*; and, this being so, the same law holds good with which we are familiar on the physical plane —namely, that, in the case of pressure against a

resisting body, force is released *at the point of pressure* corresponding in degree to the strength of the pressure exercised. Thus the mystical movement, which is an upward pressure ever seeking (in its quest of the Unmanifest) to break through into higher regions of manifested life, automatically releases forces at the point of pressure, which then become available for use. This is the mechanical explanation of what is meant by "aspiration drawing down a response," and similar phrases with which we are familiar. The so-called "response" is the working of an automatic law of Nature; and it is upon the working of this law that the usefulness of the Mystic, in the scheme of things, ultimately rests. Nature is, indeed, so skilful in her contrivances that she is able to turn everything—no matter how unpromising—to her account; and thus it is that the very movement, which repudiates her works, is the movement which supplies the forces by which alone her purposes can be carried out. The Mystic, seeking liberation, becomes, through the very effort of that search, the provider of the working capital which is to be used in the great work of evolution. The investing and the spending of that capital is the work of the Occultist.

It should be noted here, as the subject is an interesting one, that this formula of the mystical upward effort, releasing the higher force, and the Occult movement drawing down and utilising the force that is released, is one which can be applied all through Nature. It is, in fact, the formula of the evolutionary process. What we call growth is ever an upward effort of the Divine unbodied life, followed by the operation which fixes and establishes that effort in the shape of new faculty

and new organs. The mystical upward-reaching towards sight, for example, at work in the organism long before an eye appears—releases a force which is gradually worked into an organ of sight—the building of the organ belonging, according to our definition, to the Occult movement in Nature. The formula becomes more readily recognisable when we come to the building up of the superphysical faculties and bodies. Here we have always an upward mystical effort—an aspiration, a reaching out towards something more than we are—followed by the occult registration of the effort in the various vehicles. We may generalise all this into the statement—taking the evolutionary process as a whole—that it is the mystical movement which is the motive impulse of all growth; the occult movement which gives to the growth, thus prompted, its material expression. Remembering the connection between the two movements and the two aspects of the Divine life—we may say, therefore, that it is the attractive force of God transcendent which draws the great life-stream through the worlds; the shaping force of God immanent which gives to it, at each point in that mighty process of growth, the outward expression appropriate to that point.

The two movements, then, are normally at work together in every embodied life, and its growth is the consequence of their interplay. When, however, we come to the regularly organised work of helping the worlds—the official ministry of the LOGOS—we find, as was pointed out in an earlier section—that the two departments of the work, that of the "releasing" and that of the "utilisation" of the higher forces, are in the hands of two great separate bodies of workers. The

work of releasing these forces is assigned to the Nirmāṇakāyas, the host of perfected Mystics; that of utilising them, to the Occult Hierarchy—the Great White Brotherhood.

We may thus think of the Nirmāṇakāyas as continually pressing upwards, in their mighty aspiration and meditation, into regions loftier than we can imagine, and, in this way—according to the law of Nature alluded to above—releasing vast stores of the Divine Life which would otherwise have remained far out of reach of our lower worlds. These stores of energy remain on their own plane, when released; but the fact that they have been contacted from below means that the channel has been made whereby they may be drawn down, if required. The task of drawing them down, of materialising them from plane to plane, of distributing them to the best advantage and with the utmost economy according to the needs of the various worlds, belongs to the Occult Hierarchy.

Only one further point needs to be mentioned; and that is that, for readily intelligible reasons, the stupendous forces released by the Nirmāṇakāyas is not all lavished as fast as it is generated, but that arrangements are made for storing it up, in order that there may always be a fund in reserve for the world. What those arrangements are is naturally beyond our power of conception: but it is to them that allusion is made when the Nirmāṇakāyas are spoken of as the "reservoir of spiritual force".

It is possible to see from the forgoing how readily the definition of the occult and mystical movements harmonises with the hints contained in our Theosophical literature as to the respective functions

of the Occultist and the Mystic in the world's work. We are able, moreover, to gather some idea as to the wonderful manner in which Nature contrives to "dovetail" the two movements, apportioning to each its share of its general task.

An even more striking instance of the neatness of Nature's arrangements may perhaps be found in another direction—and that is in the device by which she has brought it about that each of these typical workers, in the very act of doing his own work and pursuing his own goal, thereby, unconsciously and automatically as it were, does the work and draws nearer to the goal of the other. We have seen a little of this in the unconscious release of force by the Mystic in his efforts to rise out of the confines of manifested existence, and his consequent contribution to the World-Process of the very energy which is necessary for the carrying of it on. Still more striking is another arrangement, which rests upon the fact that each higher plane, through which the Mystic must rise in his escape from manifestation, is a plane of ever more perfectly realised unity. The result is, that the further he penetrates into these lofty regions the more completely is there poured into him the realisation of his oneness with all that lives, and the more thoroughly, thereby, does he become involved in its fortunes. Seeking to fly the world, he becomes the world. The nearer he draws to his union with God transcendent, the more does he realise that God immanent and God transcendent are really one God. That is the reason why the genuine Mystic, for all his withdrawing from the world, cannot really be selfish, for he withdraws, by necessity of Nature, into regions where selfishness is impossible.

So too with the Occultist. Forgoing the ideal of liberation in order to work in the manifested worlds, he draws ever nearer to liberation by the simple doing of that work. For, as he organises vehicle after vehicle, subduing it to his own higher will, he becomes self-determined, and hence free, on plane after plane. Every step in the opening up of new powers is, moreover, for him, a step which brings him nearer to the Life beyond the worlds; and the day will come, at long last, when with every power unfolded and with a vehicle perfectly organised and controlled on each of the planes of our system, he will rise in full consciousness into unity with that life.

There are probably many other ways in which this unification of opposites might be illustrated, still more remarkable than these; and it is perhaps in these, and similar, facts that we may seek the significance of the President's statement that "the perfected Occultist finally includes the Mystic; the perfected Mystic finally includes the Occultist". To many these devices of Nature bring home, with a new illumination, the wonder of the System in which we live.

Something has been said of the process by which the two great classes of workers gradually identify themselves, by specialisation, with the two respective movements in Nature. It is interesting to note, in this connection—and as an illustration of this process—how the Occultist gradually divests himself of his mystical activities and how these are taken over by other agencies.

Since it is the object of the Occultist to identify himslf more and more completely with the outward-flowing life of God, we shall note that he tends, as he advances in growth, to shorten, or abolish those periods of

withdrawal which are normally necessary in life. We observe for example that the inward movement which is necessary, in order to renew his store of spiritual force, is condensed into a regular period of meditation, that this is intensified, in order that much may be done within a brief space, and that the whole of this upward effort is made subordinate to the ends for which it will ultimately be used. Meditation, in a word, is for the Occultist purely utilitarian. At a later period the opening up of the bridge between the ego and the personality provides a new economy for the latter, since there is now a steady downward flow which keeps the personality replenished with energy for its outward-going work. It is possible (though this, for the writer, is a matter of conjecture) that, until the consciousness of the ego is fully unified with that of the personality, a good deal of mystical work is carried on by the ego on its own account; this, however, need not interfere with the occult activities of the personality, but can be carried on simultaneously. The general principle here seems to be that for the Occultist, as he advances, more and more of his vehicles are being outward-turned as instruments for specifically occult work, while the higher part of him, over and above these, not yet developed enough for outward-turned work on its own plane, has still that mystical inward turn which suffices to generate spiritual forces for the use of the lower vehicles. Thus, just as the ego can "meditate" on his own plane, while the three lower vehicles of the personality are turned outwards in active work, so, we must imagine, in the case of the Adept, the Monad can pursue its own mystical activities, while the Man acts outward on all the planes of the fivefold world.

A similar abbreviation, or abolition, of the period of withdrawal, in order that the time of the Occultist may be as fully as possible devoted to outward-going work, is seen in the renunciation of the heaven-life which is made by the Occultist at a certain stage of his unfoldment. Life in the heaven-world—being, as it normally is, a life in which the consciousness is turned inward upon itself, and in which it cannot flow downwards into the lower worlds but must expend itself on its own plane—is, according to our definition, essentially a "mystical" state. This condition the occultist renounces, and seeks reincarnation with the utmost swiftness, in order that there may be as little break as possible in his specifically "occult" work. In this way whole centuries, even millenniums of mystical existence are saved, and there is a corresponding gain for the occult life.

Now it is clear that a vast disturbance of Nature's balance, of this kind, could not be made unless by some special arrangement and some special help; and it is here that we come upon one of the most interesting application of our theory. Remembering that the mystical movement in Nature is the only means available for releasing the force necessary for occult work, we must see that the total cutting off of such an enormous mechanism of replenishment as that of the inter-vital devachanic period, must some where or other be compensated for. It is so compensated for. For this is one of the offices performed by the peculiar relation of Master and pupil. Part of what the Master does for the disciple is to keep him supplied with the forces which otherwise he would have to spend much time and effort in seeking for himself. The linking on of the consciousness of the pupil to that of his Master

opens up for him the vast energies of the Master's nature. The Master, in passing these on to His pupil, is doing definitely occult work, for He is sending them downwards and outwards from Himself: but He is thereby saving His pupil from the necessity of an upward and inward effort which, for him, would be mystical work. Thus the relation between Master and pupil is one very striking method by which the more and more exclusive specialisation upon the outward-going impulse is made possible. We must imagine that the same facts repeat themselves, on a higher level, in the case of the relation of the Adept and His Master, each Higher One doing for the one below Him that which the Masters do for their disciples.

An important point about this arrangement is that it not merely saves the pupil from spending his time in seeking for his own supplies of working energy, but provides him with an energy far greater, and of purer quality, than he could release for himself. It is thus a positive addition to his efficiency and an enhancement of all his powers.

It is, perhaps, an addition and an enhancement of this kind which, on a still greater scale, is placed at the disposal of the Adepts themselves by the great hosts of the Nirmāṇakāyas. For here we have a Body which is entirely occupied with that upward movement which aspires to the Life beyond the worlds;—which, in other words, specialises just as completely upon the impulse of withdrawal as the Occult Adept upon the impulse of forthgoing. Consequently, precisely by reason of that exclusive specialisation, it is not impossible that it will release forces not merely greater in volume, but on higher levels, than the unaided Occultist, even though of equal rank, could reach.

With these stray suggestions, illustrating some of the ways in which our formula may be applied, we close. The definition, given in the forgoing pages is not one which fits in with the popular conception of the Mystic and the Occultist;—indeed, in popular usage, the terms "Mystic" and "Mysticism" cover in a vague kind of way the whole field of the spiritual life, while the Occultist is (in the West at least) not understood at all. But it is a definition which, we venture to think, will commend itself to the Theosophical student, anxious to clarify his conceptions and to define his terms. The chief points about it are; (1) that it finds the basis of the distinction not in two generic types of Egos, or Monads, but in two impersonal principles; (2) that it connects these principles with the two great aspects, or modes, of the Divine Being which all manifestation involves; (3) that it shows them as coextensive in their operations with the whole of manifested life, and not only this; but (4) as the two ultimate principles out of which everything else in the manifested worlds is built up. In a word, it resolves the whole of manifested Nature into the interplay of the mystical and the occult movements. According to it, therefore, the dualism of the Mystic and the Occultist is no merely casual distinction, but is rooted deep down in the foundations of Being; and the dualism thus acquires a philosophical importance which many hints that we gather from our Theosophical teachings would lead us to expect; the Occultist and the Mystic become, in the profoundest sense of the word, representative, and fall into their appointed places in the scheme of things; they become, verily, "the two Hands of the One LOGOS in His helping of His universe".

E. A. Wodehouse

THE CLOAK OF INVISIBILITY

By C. A. Dawson Scott

Bismillah

TO Stamboul came one year an English lady who had been born before her time. Nowadays it is usual for idle women to try and regenerate the world, and as each pulls in a different direction not much harm is done. Then it was an anomaly, the women being for the most part uncertain whether they themselves were not out of joint. Wealthy, handsome, childless, Elizabeth Gaunt had taken a restless soul with her when she set out upon her travels. Life unless lighted by great ideas was grey and dull, and even when thus lighted, did not seem absolutely satisfactory. She was in a reckless mood, the day Wazdi Bey, to whom her husband had an introduction, went hospitably and without suspicion to their villa.

Lady Gaunt, lounging away the late November afternoon, received him with considerable pleasure. His patriarchal beard, his grave brown eyes, his tall somewhat bent figure impressed her favourably. He struck her indeed as a peculiarly benign-looking old gentleman. Sir Albert would be in before long and meanwhile the visitor might be induced to take her a little behind the scenes of Turkish life.

The tall fair Englishwoman and the inscrutable old Turk sat facing each other in the somewhat stiff drawing-room; and to all her questions concerning mosques and khans, medressehs and mollahs, Wazdi made shrewd reply. When, however, the conversation

turned upon Turkish home life, he grew reserved. Lady Gaunt, anxious to encourage him, spoke of English girlhood; but he shook his head.

"And these maidens who catch and kick balls—when they are married, do they have many children?"

Lady Gaunt passed in review the athletic matrons of her acquaintance; but most of them were childless, and the few who had sons and daughters, were always worried about their health or nerves.

"Er—not many," she said, "but it stands to reason that such fine and healthy mothers must produce fine children."

"Ah! but do they?" said the Turk.

"The athletic woman has only been in existence for one generation and we can hardly tell," she returned evasively, "but it must be good for the race, better," and she spoke with returning confidence, "than the seclusion in which you keep your women."

"In which *we* keep them?"

"I have always heard—"

"Never, Madam, in any age of the world have women been constrained by men to do as they did not wish. It is with us as with others. Our women do what they conceive to be right."

"Do you mean to say that if your wives chose they could emerge from their seclusion?"

"My wife—but certainly—if she chose."

"I thought you always had four?"

"A man may marry outside the prohibited degrees, two, or three, or four wives, but it is written 'if you fear that you cannot be just to more than one, then one only'; and this, as a man finds it difficult to be just to more than one, is interpreted by most of us to mean monogamy."

"Dear me, how interesting, and how I should like to meet your wife. What is the custom of the country? Would she call on me?"

The Turk's benignant gaze grew a little colder but he spoke regretfully. "My wife is old-fashioned and seldom leaves the harem. It is perhaps a mistake, but I prefer that she should please herself."

Lady Gaunt was more than ever impressed with his kindliness. "I should so much have liked to see the interior of a harem."

"That is easily arranged. I should be very pleased if you would come one afternoon."

At the day and hour appointed therefore, Elizabeth Gaunt on the tiptoe of expectation drove into the Bey's courtyard. She was received by Fortunatus, who led her into the presence of his master. To his mind, her visit boded ill for the household; therefore his glance was at once bold and hostile. If it had not been for his position as trusted servant, he would have chucked her under her impertinent western chin, he being ever one who liked to square not only his own, but his master's accounts.

In the reception-room of the selamlik, Wazdi Bey received his visitor with simple hospitality; and Lady Gaunt, who had been conscious of something inimical in the atmosphere, warmed to his grave urbanity.

"I must come with you to act interpreter," he said, "the ladies do not speak any language but their own."

"Yet you speak so many?"

"A matter of business and necessity. Ladies think it waste of time to learn what would be of no use to them. A pity, perhaps, but so it is."

He led the way along a passage and up stone stairs into the divan khane,[1] a room which, after the severe

[1] Reception-room.

furnishing of the selamlik, reminded Lady Gaunt of a second-rate Paris hotel. Chairs and couches were upholstered in soiled red velvet, the wood being gilt; and over all hung an air of dust and heaviness. When Wazdi brought his first wife home, this room had been furnished to satisfy her social ambitions. She had been inordinately proud of it; but after her sudden death it had been seldom or never used. Dewara, who craved above everything to live like the hardy mountaineers from whom she sprang, preferred the ground to a chair, and would, if she had known the word, have called the sophisticated chamber—" stuffy ".

She was already awaiting her guest; and Elizabeth Gaunt thought she had never seen a more barbaric figure. Dewara was tall, with lustreless black hair and eyes under luckan brows, eyes that shone with a dull fire. Above the blue of her Turkish dress, the creamy skin showed flawless. Her ornaments were unusual, consisting one and all of golden serpents. One was twisted round her hair like a fillet, the head with glittering emerald eyes rising above her low forehead. Another clasped her neck, and yet others were twisted round her wrists and ankles. Whenever she moved these latter made a sort of clashing sound, which remained in Lady Gaunt's mind as characteristic of this extraordinary woman.

Dewara was not demonstrative, but she did what she believed to be polite when she kissed Lady Gaunt on both cheeks. Then she turned and with a gesture presented her step-daughter Fatmeh, now in the bloom of her youth, and Sughra Hanem, a neighbour. To the surprise of the visitor, this latter wore a scrap of muslin over part of her face, the end of which was tucked into her mouth at the corner.

"Why that wisp of muslin?" she inquired of Wazdi, for the lady was middle-aged; moreover the muslin by no means hid what comeliness was hers.

"Sughra Hanem wears it because of me."

"But it is so—so inadequate."

"Like other conventions."

Coffee and sweetmeats were offered; and Lady Gaunt, upon whom Dewara's dark and sombre beauty had made an impression, tried to talk to her hostess. Wazdi translated for both; but it seemed to the Englishwoman that although Dewara spoke with fire, that fire was extinguished by translation. At any rate the answers given by the husband were eminently colourless.

"Tell your daughter how much I admire her lovely chestnut hair."

The Turk shook his head. "It would make her vain."

"And that's probably the only thing I can say that she would like to hear! Don't you think, now that your wife has met me, she might be induced to return my visit?" and she smiled across at Dewara, with an engaging friendliness that was not lost upon either husband or wife.

"I wish she would," said the Bey, "but it is not likely."

"You might at least ask her."

The Turk said a few words to his wife and she answered gutterally and with emphasis.

"She thanks you," translated Wazdi, "but she would rather not."

Lady Gaunt, feeling rebuffed, rose to go. It was impossible to break down the barriers of race, if those on the other side of the fence refused to help. "I'm sorry," she said.

"Not more so than I."

"And at any rate I've seen the interior of a real Turkish harem. I'd no idea it was like this."

"We are much like other people, nowadays."

That evening when Lady Gaunt was sitting with Sir Albert after dinner, she was told that an old woman wished to see her.

"Who is it, Pericles?" she asked of the Greek butler.

"She not say. Only ver' anxious to see Miladi alone."

"But can she speak English?"

"She spik French."

When the stranger was shown in, Lady Gaunt discovered her to be an old, decently clad woman of the poorer class. Not until she was assured that they could not be overheard would she disclose her errand.

"I come from Dewara, the hill-woman, whose nurse I am. You wished her to come and see you, but the Bey said not."

"She did not wish to."

"She was not asked, Effendim. You do not understand Turkish. She would have liked to come. And she has sent me that you may know the truth."

Lady Gaunt found the truth embarrassing and sat wondering what to do with it. Could it be possible that that patriarchal old man was not as guileless as he had looked? She felt angry that she should have been deceived.

"The Bey jealous," continued old Fitneh in matter-of-fact explanation. "Dewara, she born free, she made slave. Now she Ouem-el-Ouled,[1] mother of son, and

[1] Ouem-el-Ouled is the title given to a slave who has borne her master a son.

so Hanem. But is it not written: 'Woman flees the white beard as the sheep the jackal?' Dewara not happy, Effendim."

"Poor thing!" Wazdi Bey's hypocrisy had put him beyond the pale, and if the East were stretching out hands to the West, Elizabeth Gaunt was not the woman to draw back.

"Will the Hanem come and see me?"

"She no can. Coachman say where she go. Master always arrange."

"Practically the poor thing is a prisoner!" Lady Gaunt's free spirit rose in revolt. "Just as I thought—the unspeakable Turk," and it never even occurred to her that there might be two sides to the question and that Dewara was showing a singular aptitude for intrigue.

"Korban Bairam[1] soon—day after to-morrow. The Hanem goes to-morrow to buy sheep. A fine flock always by S. Sophia. We buy there—early. You come."

"Certainly I will. They say the streets will be a sight. All the women and their children out shopping. What time?"

Fitneh supplied the necessary detail. She had come in order to impose upon this stranger the imperious will of her mistress. Dewara sought distraction. A woman of fierce energy, she would grasp at any shadow that gave promise of varying the monotony; and it was perhaps as well for Lady Gaunt that Wazdi Bey knew how to keep what was his.

The week before Korban Bairam, the Feast of Sacrifice, is a busy one in Muhammadan households; it is also very frequently cold, dark and wet. Fortunatus,

[1] The midwinter festival of Islām, equivalent to the Western Christmas.

talking to his friend the porter by the iron brazier in the courtyard, and conscious that the day of cloud was likely to end in a night of rain, had been surprised to see Fitneh, the old nurse, slip quietly past the great gates. On what errand of importance could she be bound? If Atiya or Zuleika, the two old cousins who led a meek existence in the background of the harem and made pastes and preserves, the mere mention of which caused your mouth to water, were in need of extra ingredients they would have sent a young and active servant. Certainly not old Fitneh, the body servant of the Hanem, Fitneh, who would be busy with preparations for the great event and who was a cake-maker of repute. Fortunatus' curiosity had been aroused. His small charge Mustapha, the only son of the house, was in bed and he at liberty. What more natural than that he should follow Fitneh through the chilly streets. When presently she took an arabia[1] he felt glad that he had done so.

In Stamboul, cabs do not go more quickly than elsewhere, and Fortunatus, young, lithe, and by no means overfed, was able to keep this particular one in sight. When he saw it stop at the villa lately taken by Sir Albert Gaunt, he scented a mystery.

To Fortunatus, the Hanem with her stormy eyes, her periods of sullen silence alternating with fits of energy, was a person for thoughtful consideration. Not understanding her, he was the more curious and watchful; and he now perceived that mischief was afoot, mischief which must, if possible, be frustrated. Why should she send a message, when she had only that day seen the lady? Even if he had been present, Fortunatus whose mind ran in the ordinary grooves, would not have

[1] Cab.

perceived that in the Englishwoman, Dewara Hanem fancied she had found a kindred spirit. Lady Gaunt had that free carriage of head and body which comes of long hours spent in the glens and on the slopes of mountains; her feet had carried her for many miles over the springy heather and she was as much out of place in a harem as Dewara herself. Never since the latter had been enslaved and sold had she met a woman to whom the free out-of-door life she had once enjoyed was a matter of course. Her sullen and desperate heart had warmed to the stranger with the kindly eyes. She would clasp the hand held out to her and who knew what might not come of their friendship? Perhaps even escape from the honoured bondage in which she lived, and a return to the tents of her people.

This Fortunatus could not guess, though the time was to come when Dewara's need of liberty should be indelibly impressed upon his mind. Unable at the moment to make head or tail of the matter, he ran back through the increasing rain, loitering about until he saw Fitneh slip into the courtyard. If she had not been gruff and taciturn, the old woman would hardly have been a favourite with Dewara; and Fortunatus was wondering how he could extract the information he wanted when she turned to him with a command from the Hanem. He was to have his little charge ready in good time the following morning, as Mustapha would accompany his mother on the usual Bairam shopping expedition. "And we start early," said Fitneh. "An hour earlier than usual."

Fortunatus promised a careful obedience; but on the following morning when Dewara sent for her son, it was told her that Mustapha, long since ready and

impatient to be off, had gone down the lane. The boats dressed with bunting for the festival had proved irresistible, but he would be back before long. Dewara walked up and down behind the Mashrabiyeh screens, and finally sent a messenger to where the water, between the white garden walls, showed blue and golden in the sunlight. The truants, oblivious of time, were absorbed in the busy scene. On the eve of Bairam, the Bosphorous is alive with caiques and other craft and wears an unusual air of festivity. Mustapha, warm in his sheepskin coat, was loath to turn back; and when he eventually reached the harem, it transpired that he was hungry and in some unexplained way had cut his thumb.

"And in one caique," he told his attentive mother, "there was a big ram with gilded horns and another ran into it, and it fell overboard and they all got wet; the kiakji, he said things."

While Dewara saw to her son's needs, his attendant strolled into the courtyard. The middle-aged coachman was flapping his arms across his chest and complaining of the cold.

"The carriage is not wanted," Fortunatus said with an air of authority. "The Hanem is busy. It is to come back in an hour."

The result of these manœuvres was that Lady Gaunt waiting in an arabia not far from S. Sophia, passed an interesting time but saw nothing of the person she had come to meet. Turkish ladies in feridjeh and scharchaf,[1] accompanied by dark-eyed children, stopped to bargain, according to their status, for fat-tailed sheep or brown goat; and, the deal made, sturdy

[1] Black cloak and veil.

hamals[1] carried off the dignified purchase. Elizabeth Gaunt looked at the eager faces when, in the heat of argument, the little veil was thrown back, but each was a stranger and preoccupied. At last, conscious that the wind was cold, she returned home—passing unawares Wazdi Bey's landau on its belated way.

That evening as she stood at her window listening to the wail of the muezzin: "Allah only is great, there is but one God and Muhammad is his Prophet. Come to prayer, come to adore, Allah is great"—a drum of Rahat-lakoum was brought to her on a salver by the Greek butler.

"I did not order this, Pericles," she said upon opening the box; but as she spoke she caught sight, under the soft sugar, of a folded paper. Drawing it out she found it to be a letter in halting French, a letter from Dewara. "Who brought it?"

"Hamal, Miladi. He gone."

"Then it is all right."

The letter set forth in short fierce phrases that Dewara had been delayed; but if her friend would write and appoint another time, she still hoped to come. It was a letter characteristic of the stormy and disappointed mood of the writer, and Lady Gaunt read it sympathetically. On the following day she wrote to Dewara very cautiously, but very kindly, asking her to spend the afternoon with her. She said that of course no men would be present and that Dewara's husband might rest assured that all the customs of his country would be carefully observed. To this a polite refusal purporting to emanate from the Hanem was presently returned; but Lady Gaunt was hardly surprised when on the following morning a basket of golden-ripe dates was brought her,

[1] Porters.

under the leaves of which lay one of the hill-woman's burning effusions. "It is written: 'If you are the tent-peg, have patience, if you are the mallet, strike,'" and she begged her friend to have patience and try again.

Circumstances shortly after gave Lady Gaunt another opportunity, but the result was the same. Failing in every attempt to meet Dewara, she realised before long that adverse influences must be at work. In passionate halting French the Hanem declared that it was her husband's fault, that he was jealous, suspicious and tyrannical. That she herself was something of a fire-brand was perhaps more evident; but Lady Gaunt, touched by the fervid phrases of the letters, by her outpourings of despair and longing, only thought of her as a victim, a victim as much beyond help, however, as one of the tigresses in the Zoo.

One evening the Gaunts encountered Wazdi at a function given by the English Ambassador. The old Turk was standing alone, contemplating the brilliant crowd of guests, and once more Elizabeth found herself admiring the patriarchal head and grave eyes. The man might be a tyrant, but if so his looks belied him. She glanced at him thoughtfully. "I wonder why you would not let the Hanem come and see me?"

The Turk's grave face relaxed. "Did I prevent her?" Then because he could admire a courage that was so reckless, and because the Gaunts were leaving in a few days: "You are of another race and you cannot understand."

"I understand," said Elizabeth warmly, "that she was once a free woman."

"And now, being wife and mother, she must make the best of circumstances. It was not I who stole her freedom. I bought in the market."

"But I could have been a friend to her, given her fresh interests and occupations."

"To the woman her work, to the man his," said the Turk. "To be responsible for the comfort and well-being of a great household, to have the care of children, is it not enough?"

"Not for the woman of to-day."

"By the beard of the Prophet, then, we are of yesterday. My dear lady, the woman who seeks to deceive her husband will not be more merciful to her friend. Moreover is it not written: 'Woman was made of a crooked rib. Try to straighten her and she breaks.'"

"The Hanem," said Lady Gaunt in a last attempt to carry her point, "is not happy, and I am sorry for her."

"Age has its compensations. It bestows content."

Lady Gaunt thought of the long years, the years before age should have sapped Dewara's intense vitality.

"Not content," she said sadly, "only indifference."

Then she glanced at the quiet face of the old man. "I wonder," she murmured, "I wonder how you knew?"

"Elizabeth," interrupted Sir Albert, "it is really very late. We must be going."

"Yes, yes, dear, in a moment."

She was still looking inquiringly at the man whom she had estimated as guileless and benevolent. He bent a little forward: "It is fortunate for her," he said slowly, "that I am no longer young and that therefore I prefer gentle to harsh methods, also that she is the mother of my son. You see," and he shook Lady Gaunt's hand in kind farewell, "only a selection of the letters that were written reached you."

C. A. Dawson Scott

GRAIL-GLIMPSES

II

GOD'S SCAVENGER

By E. M. GREEN

SHE was sitting on one of the green chairs in the Park, a pathetic travesty of the women in the gay mid-season crowd. Every article of her clothing, from the outrageous hat upon the peroxide masses of her untidy hair to the grey suede shoes with their huge bows of soiled ribbon, proclaimed her for what she was, even in an age in which petticoats and propriety have alike been cast upon the ash-heap, and a finer sense than those of sight or hearing is needed to distinguish My Lady from Tottie of the Halls.

A book lay open on her lap, but she was not reading; with the rapt intensity of one who sees a vision of some bliss too full for words, she gazed and revelled in the passing stream of fashion and beauty. June had come in like a full-blown flower, the world was a pageant and the breeze a song; and London laughed and lazed in the joy of it all, knowing but too well how delusive such fair promise was like to be.

The Stranger took a vacant chair next her, but she did not turn her glance towards him or seem to notice his coming. The carriages and motors streamed past, or drew up at the railings to watch the stream the better, and the girl (she was no more than twenty-two

or three, though she looked forty) drank thirstily of the colour and movement, leaning forward now and again to watch some more than usually pretty débutante, or any carriages in which there were children.

She started as from a trance as the Park attendant camp up with his roll of chair tickets and paid her penny quickly, almost impatiently. The Stranger looked up as the man held a ticket towards him, and shook his head with a smile. "I have no money, friend," he said simply. The Park keeper looked in surprise, but beyond the fact that he wore a dark cloak of grey he could not get a clear impression of the speaker; the sun, or some other light, so dazzled him. He thought the gentleman was jesting, or might be a foreigner who did not understand.

He touched his cap as he spoke again rather loudly: "*One* penny, Sir, *if* you please, for the chair, Sir!" "My friend, I have said, I have no money." "Well, then, I'm afraid, Sir, I must ask you to be moving on!" "But I am weary, friend, and wish to rest—you will permit me to remain sitting, will you not?" "Sorry, Sir, but these here are not my chairs, you see! I pays a penny to the Comp'ny for every chair as is sat on." "Ah! then you will be kind and pay a penny for me, as I have no money and am weary. Is not that so?" "Look 'ere, Mister, you think you're being funny, don't you! But I've got my job to see to and can't stop 'ere all day! Either you pays, or up you gets—as for *me* payin', if I was to pay for every cove as was *weary* and 'adn't a penny, where'd *I* be—tell me that?" "Ah! yes! where would *you* be? Truly, that is the question. Well, since you cannot permit me to rest . . . ."

The girl on the next chair held out a penny to the custodian of chairs. "'Ere, I'll pay for the gent," she said quickly, "That's all right." "Well, Miss, that's as you please," said the man, as he put the penny into his bag. "So long, Mister, and don't lose your ticket if you moves on." He bent down to the girl and half covered his mouth with his hand, whispering audibly; "No good to put yer money on 'im, Miss; bad investment; 'e 's balmy, that's what 'e is."

The girl looked at him calmly and without resentment. "Get along," she said laconically, and returned to her occupation of staring at the stream.

After a few moments the Stranger spoke: "That was a kind action; I thank you. I thought when I sat down by you that you were not unknown to me." The girl started and turned quickly to him. "What d'you mean 'not unknown'? I—I don't know you—I haven't ever met you before, have I? I can't see you properly, the sun gets in my eyes, but I thought your voice sounded sort of familiar." "I have seen you before—that was why I came to this chair." "Oh! dry up—if I'd a known you was that sort I wouldn't have paid that there penny. It's no good, so I'll tell you straight. I ain't takin' any till the evenin.' Me afternoons is me own!" "I know that; I know why you come here every day, and why you have on that dark serge dress, and not the one you had on—last night, for instance, in the Promenade Palatial."

"Why, *you* was never in that old 'ole, was you? I tell you straight I just didn't see you there, and you don't know nothing o' what yer talkin' about. You thinks as I come 'ere to see the

torfs and p'raps to pick up a feller a cut above the sort you gets at the 'Alls; but, Lordy! You don't know a blessed thing about it."

"I think I do. Will you tell me if I am wrong when I say that you come here to see the young girls who are your sisters—and the mothers who have little children, whose mother in heart you are also?"

The girl turned her dark, joyless eyes upon the Stranger—wells of bitter waters, deep and fathomless, they seemed; no ray of the sunlight of youth had ever penetrated them, no human love had ever looked into them to warm their chill depths. But now, in answer to she knew not what of understanding, sympathy and comprehension, a far, faint wonder trembled like a star reflected on their surface. "*You*—know—that?" The words were almost a gasp.

"I know that, and more, for I know *you*: have known you from your babyhood." "Then you know 'ow crool 'ard it is for me? 'ow I 'ave 'ad to live some'ow and come to be what I am?" "Tell me—you need not fear to say what is in your heart to me—you have found life cruel, you say?"

"Crool, Sir! Why, it ain't the word. I ain't never 'ad no *life*, Sir, not as you might call it livin'. Mother, she was a dresser at the A . . . . . Theayter, and me father, 'e was a gent right enough, but Mother never 'eard of 'im, after I were two year old. She was took when I were twelve, and I went to live with another of the dressers to mind the byby and do odd jobs. She kep' me till I was old enough to get on at the theayter as dresser meself—and 'er 'usband it was as made me what I am. *You* know what men are, Sir?" She paused and looked towards the Stranger, but she could not see

his face. She shivered and said with surprise: "Law, 'ow dark it's gettin', thunder, I s'pose! We shall ketch it 'ere under the trees." A great sadness took her, seeming to come upon her from outside, as a sea-fog steals to engulf the too daring climber on a rocky shore. She shivered again, and a sob caught her throat. She felt very lonely. "I—I beg yer pardon, Sir," she stammered. "I never meant—".

His hand touched her arm lightly, and his voice shook the unplumbed vital parts of her. "Child! Who should know them if I do not? Who should love them if I cannot? Go on, and have no fear. This man, you say, wronged you sorely, so that you became what you are? Tell me, for I would understand, *what* are you?"

She did not wince; a new, pale dignity and awe rested upon her, the memory of that touch upon her arm, perhaps. "I'm what I was myde, Sir. You know that we are all of us bad women. I've seen most of the plays that's been put on for the last eight or nine years at the old A. . . . . ; and I knows the world and life—and 'ow the decent lot as 'aven't known our life feels about immerality, as they calls it. Seems to me as 'ow the 'ole world is really thinkin' of nothin' else; and all the morrel folks is for ever tellin' the immorrel ones 'ow bad they are, and pokin' round to stop 'em— 'stead of staying were they are and showin' 'em 'ow 'appy they'd be if they was morrel too. Oh! Sir, it just makes me sick when I *knows*—none better—that it's all upside down, so to say, and they 'as got the stick by the wrong end." She paused—a carriage with two nurses and a trio of golden-haired children drew up at the railings. A fat, blue-eyed mite of two caught her look, and kissed its chubby hand to her. She kissed hers back;

a radiance as of dawn trembled in her eyes and on her lips. "It's not us women that's the ones to change; it's the men," she went on as the Stranger bent his compelling gaze upon her. "People goes on screechin' and ravin' about the White Slave traffic, as they calls it—but they'll never stop us, nor yet that there 'ell neither, till they changes the *men*! My Gawd, Sir—the women, ladies, mothers of that little child and thousands like it—*they* are the only ones as can stop the white slaves by teachin' and bringin' up their boys different. And *till* they do that, it's the poor women of the street, me and the likes of me, that is doin' Gawd's own work and guardin' their 'omes for them. If we was not there, those other women wouldn' have a chance to keep their 'omes clean and pure. They don't know men as we do, Sir—and we don't know the father in a man." She broke off and sat brooding—her gaze upon the emptying Row—the mantle of the prophetess yet enfolding her—the inner vision lifting her beyond all self-consciousness, beyond even the meagre setting of her ego.

"I think I understand," the Stranger said, and his voice was very gentle. "You feel that you are helping to make it possible for the 'good women' to build homes, and in these homes to put purity and true manhood before their boys; is not that so?" She sighed. "Ah! Sir, if I 'ad the words as you 'ave. Yes, that's it; but more than that; you'll laugh, maybe—but I think we are kind of doin' Gawd's work, 'elpin' 'Im to put right the world 'E made, that's got into such a awful mess." "Then you believe that God made the world?" "I never seen no cause to doubt it, Sir." The Stranger drew a deep breath and murmured

something that she could not hear. "I seem to think as it's all like a play what Gawd 'as wrote; only 'E can't get the players to act right till after a' eap of re'earsils—they're all learnin', Sir—but they kick up the dust a bit and litter up the place—and then when it's late and all dark, *we* comes along, sweepers and scavengers is what we are, and cleans up the place so that they can go on re'earsin next day."

"Then do you think all the women who live as you do are God's Scavengers?"

"Sure, Sir; ain't they all makin' it possible for that there mother to live pure—for that there blossom of a byby to be born; for those young girls that 'ave drove past to-day to walk free and unmolested? They, as well as me, Sir, is cleanin' up for God; but I think as it's more *reely* cleanin' if you 'as 'Im in mind all the time."

"Then—you will have God in mind to-night—at the Palatial—and after?"

"Yes, Sir—I comes 'ere afternoons for that; it 'elps when you've got it clear in your 'ead. I bears 'Im in mind; and I looks to the time when the 'good woman' will 'ave done *their* work and made the men different, so as the bad women ain't wanted no more. Gawd won't want that kind of cleanin' up then!" Silence fell; and the shades of evening. She woke from her dream. "I beg your pardon, Sir—I've been makin' too free—you ain't like the rest and it drawed me on. You ain't offended, Sir? If I might make so bold, shall I see you again, Sir? I can't get to see your face some'ow."

"I am not offended. Yes! We shall meet again. You shall see my face to-night at the Palatial."

E. M. Green

MY VISION SPLENDID

By A SERVER

MY sight being opened, I became vividly conscious of myself standing on the outer edge of what seemed to be an arched cave. I stood looking outwards into a soft silver grey mist, not a gloomy or frightening mist, but soft, quiet, and soothing to the eyes and senses. As I became conscious thus far of my surroundings, I felt behind me the presence of some one, almost, but not quite, touching me. I did not turn to look, but I knew this one whose nearness I felt, was one we all love and revere. Behind again, rather in the background of the cave, I felt a Presence. One stood there, in whose footsteps our Leader follows closely, and to whom she ever points as the One for us to imitate. On either side of the cave, in a line with myself, at a little distance away, I became aware of the figure of a watcher or sentinel.

As I stood there, looking outwards, power was poured into me, and this power, so poured in, I felt radiate from my body on every side. It seemed to stream outwards from my spinal column. Three times this power was applied. At the first and second application the force stopped when I reached the point of unconsciousness. The third time came, the life-forces radiated all through me; I heard myself cry out: "I can see! I

can see!" Then the pouring in of life-force ceased. Away in the distance, right in front of me, flashed through the grey mist a gigantic Figure, standing upright with arms outstretched, forming a cross. Wondrous beyond all power of telling was this Form. Waves of colour poured from His gloriole on every side; colours that our earth-bound eyes in their normal state have never seen, nay, nor ever could see, streamed from Him like living fire, pulsating and glowing. My whole being was throbbing with the awful wonder and glory of this living picture. I was lifted up out of myself. I touched a height never before felt, or ever imagined by me. I held firmly to my consciousness, for I felt that the wonder and glory of it all was overpowering me. It is not possible to convey to another the Divine perfection of that face towards which I gazed with all my quickened soul. The face was white in colour, the eyes blue, the hair was like spun gold. Everything one had ever dreamed, of love, of compassion, and of tenderness, combined with a sublime majesty, poured in living streams from those eyes, and that Figure. I *knew* this was the Christ.

As I stood, between me and this wondrous Figure, waves of silvery-white mist waved to and fro, like gossamer veils floating in the air in sunny weather; this was evidently meant to dim the glory of the vision, so that I might look on this majestic radiant Figure, and not be utterly destroyed by the splendour of His face.

I awoke in the early morning, my vision pulsating through me still; my body felt as if floating on air; I kept that feeling of lightness and elation for days, and I was able to do more work in a given time both mentally and physically than ever before in this life.

I brought back this much of the memory, the recollection, of my "Vision Splendid" with me, just as I have here stated; how much more of glory and blinding wonder my *real experience* held I am unable to state, but I am ever and always grateful for being permitted the remembrance of so much.

This vision and its after effects carried me triumphantly through four of the hardest months of my life. I have had my vision splendid; I have seen the living face of my Lord, before which all else fades into nothingness, and no one can take that *real* experience from me.

A strong impression came to me after my vision—that I must go, if possible, to the Adyar Convention, that of 1910, which Theosophical event followed shortly after this epoch in my life. I was thousands of miles away from India at this time, and with little hope of accomplishing the journey or reaching my desired goal. But I can vouch for the fact now, from my personal experience, that when intuition speaks, if the will to obey the voice of the soul be but strong enough, all barriers will be moved out of the way, and the goal be reached, the end attained.

I went to Adyar, and there I watched daily, listening carefully at each meeting, waiting ever, for some sign, some expected Divine communication, or event, for which my intuition had prepared me. It came at a meeting in the big Hall, where the voice of the Christ spoke to us through the lips of the lecturer. At the first words, I knew whose voice it must be, and to those melodious deep full sweet tones, my whole being responded, and the mental picture and vibrations of my vision returned to me, my body was in an ecstasy. Never

shall I forget that voice, and those wondrous vibrating tones. It was my Day of Pentecost.

I am thrice blessed. I have had my vision splendid in which I saw the living glorified face of my Lord. I have heard the melody, sweetness, and power, of His voice. My heart, I believe, will respond gladly when He shall appear among men, and for that appearing I watch, work, and wait.

I have been shown things in the watches of the night before and since my vision splendid, but this vision, of which I have written, surpassed all that went before, or has been shown me since.

A Server

REVIEWS

Fresh Voyages on Unfrequented Waters, by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D. Litt. (Adam & Charles Black, London, 1914. Price 5s. net.)

Professor Cheyne's book may be described as a series of highly technical notes upon points of Biblical criticism. It goes without saying that whatever Dr. Cheyne writes is instinct with sound scholarship; his voyages are stormy ones, for he is no respecter of the word "orthodoxy," but he is a good seaman and enjoys the gale that disperses the mists of convention and narrowness of thought.

Not the least interesting feature of the present book is an enquiry into the meaning of familiar place-names, like Gethsemane, Golgotha, Bethlehem.

J. I. W.

The Mind at Work. A Handbook of Applied Psychology. Edited by Geoffrey Rhodes. (Thomas Murby & Co., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

The fourteen chapters that make up this book are written by four different persons, Mr. E. J. Foley, Dr. Charles Butler, Professor L. L. Bernard and the Editor himself. No special claim is made to originality. The book is an attempt to put clearly and concisely before the beginner the generally accepted elements of science. The subject of the book is defined as the "study of personality in all its aspects". It should be a useful little manual for students, for it has been so arranged as to be easily usable for reference. A bibliography is appended and a list of the chief psychological terms with their meanings.

A. de L.

Teachings from The Arcane Science, written down by Edward Clarence Farnsworth. (Smith & Sale, Portland, Maine, U.S.A., 1913.)

Books such as this one foreshadow certain problems which may fairly claim some attention from the chief exponents of modern Theosophy. Theosophical teachings appeared before an astonished world with certain clearly-defined warrants of authority. The author of *Esoteric Buddhism* in the very early days of the movement bluntly termed the basic teachings "the absolute truth concerning spiritual things," and again "a mine of entirely trustworthy knowledge". Amongst the chief Theosophical writers there were occasional divergences in matters of detail, but a substratum of unanimity regarding the broad outline of essentials held. In later years, Dr. Steiner arose, claiming inspiration from the same fountain-head, but the mouthpiece of certain doctrines quite irreconcilable with the earlier presentation. Following him, Max Heindel, the author of a fascinating and really able book *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception,* claiming similar inspiration. To these may be added some of the instructions of the so-called "Order of 15" of America, and now the present book—all of them Theosophical in tone and all recognising H. P. Blavatsky, as a messenger from the White Lodge. Heindel's is probably the most able of these books; it sets forth a fairly rational and coherent scheme, and while certain of his points seem to invite doubt, others call forth a flash of ready recognition from the intuition, which is unmistakable. Clearly the book represents a definite occult tradition. Now we have another book which claims to carry us past another veil in the Temple of Divine Science. It is no rival, in our opinion, to Mr. Heindel's, but, like his, it touches upon many interesting points which so far have not been considered by Mrs. Besant, or Mr. Leadbeater, or Mr. Sinnett.

The great question is: What is the source of these various books, and their value in relation to our own Theosophical treatises? Are there schools of Western Occultism still existent on the physical plane, the repository, perhaps, of the Alchemy of the Rosy Cross, and wherein the Lesser Mysteries still are celebrated? Or do these teachings emanate from superphysical Lodges of Teachers

out of incarnation, who still cherish the doctrine of mediæval monastic Occultism, blended as it often was with a strong tincture of orthodox Christianity? It would be interesting and well to know!

That is the larger question called forth by this book, and therein probably lies its chief interest to Theosophists. Turning to its more detailed study, we find the book to consist of short animadversions upon various topics of Occult Science. These various expositions are rather vaguely written, by comparison with the more "essential" teaching of current Theosophical books, though from time to time statements of quite unimpeachable definiteness appear. We are told that "the scheme of the planetary chains is quite unlike that given in such works as A. P. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*, but in such meagre outline is Mr. Farnsworth's scheme that no adequate comparison of the two systems is really possible. In other places the author virtually asserts that he is right and modern Theosophists wrong, but he gives us no ground whatever for accepting his perfunctorily stated theories in preference to the older. Nor does he take the reader into his confidence regarding his credentials, although he claims to supersede "by plainer speech" the veiled language used by "H. P. B. and her associate Masters".

Nevertheless there are many really suggestive fragments of thought and teaching scattered throughout the book, which preclude us from too hastily describing it as one of the many spiritualistic adventures into literature. If it is attributable to some discarnate spirit, then he is one of a superior order.

The book is certainly worthy of perusal, and in some parts of careful and sympathetic study.

J. I. W.

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

Bacteriology, by W. E. Carnegie Dickson, M.D.

This is a popular sketch of this fascinating Science, wonderfully comprehensive in so small a space, and forms a good introduction to the serious study of the subject: or, for the man in

[1] *This admirable and cheap popular Series is obtainable at the* THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

the street who does not want to study, it gives a clear insight into the rudiments of the Science, and may do much good by impressing him with the necessity of hygiene in all that pertains to his daily life, though it may frighten him not a little with the long list of formidable, if invisible, foes who are constantly invading the citadel of his body; also the enormous number of bacteria which exist in ordinary everyday articles of food, especially in milk. If a scientist can write of such conditions in England, how much more must they apply here in India also!

Of special interest and importance is the chapter on "Organisms which produce Disease," for the sooner it is a matter of common knowledge what harm these invisible foes can do and the ease with which they are spread—such as the Tubercle bacillus in the sputum, to name the most prevalent—the better for all. The last chapter touches on what might be called the happier side of Bacteriology, its relation to plants, to the arts and industries, and lastly its commercial aspect. There is a good list of books appended for further and more complete study of this subject in all its various aspects.

G. J.

Wild Flowers, by Macgregor Skene, B.Sc.

The pleasure derived from the sight of a lovely woman is quickened rather than dulled by learning her name; and, if the spectator is told something further as to where and how she lives, her beauty is in no way affected, while his interest is considerably increased. Professor Skene argues that it is thus with flowers also; and therefore he has written this quite elementary and, as far as it goes, perfectly satisfactory little book, for those who love flowers for their beauty but have no technical knowledge of botany. His classification of wild flowers into *ten colour groups* affords a simple and effective system of reference. Illustrations of all flowers mentioned, and indices of English and Latin names make identification very easy. Technical terms have been avoided as far as possible, and a clear explanation of those not in everyday use is given in the introductory paragraphs.

A. E. A.

Luther and the Reformation, by Leonard D. Agate, M.A.

This is a sketch of the life and times of Martin Luther, and the author emphasises most rightly the truth that "all religious movements must be studied in relation to the local and temporary circumstances in which they arose". The Reformation was "an attempt to deal with certain abuses of an existing system". The corruption of the Mediæval Church is proverbial, but Mr. Agate states his case fairly and shows the temptations of the Church by reason of its enormous power. Luther, himself, had "a dark and morbid side to his character," which was probably the reason why he viewed the times with so sad a gaze. It was his life in a monastery that sowed "the seeds of his later antagonism to Catholic theology". A chapter is devoted to the question of Indulgences, possibly the most crying evil of the time. Then comes a description of the Diet of Worms. And the political problems of the time are given, followed by an excellent digest of Luther's theology. As in the case of so many reformers, Luther's zeal carried him further from the Catholic position than he would, under normal conditions, have gone:

> Catholic theologians lament his apostacy among other reasons, because, had he remained within the Church, his ability and zeal for reform might have accomplished much.

A few pages on the Lutheran Church, together with a useful bibliography and an efficient index, conclude this excellent volume, which is written in an interesting and unbiassed manner.

Anglo-Catholicism, by A. E. Manning-Foster.

Dr. Langford-James in a short introduction describes Anglo-Catholicism as "a libel on the Gospel," to Protestants, and "to the Roman Catholics a parody of Catholicism". The Anglo-Catholic Movement may be said to have received its greatest impulse from the Tractarian Movement, with its endeavour to restore within the Church of England certain doctrines and practices which, it was claimed, were ever her heritage, but which had fallen into disuse and decay. The short treatise on Anglo-Catholicism, which lies before us, is admirably planned and has chapters dealing with "The Church: Before and After Reformation," "The Bible," "Tradition," "The Sacraments". The author insists on the *Catholicity* of the Church of England and will not allow that Anglo-Catholics

represent "a party or school of thought of the Church of England, but the actual official teaching of the Church of England itself". He says:

> The Oxford movement was not the commencement of a new party or school of thought. It was a return to first principles, an appeal to the Prayer Book, and to the older tradition, that the Puritans and Protestants had gradually hidden from sight.

However the question be settled as to the validity of the Anglo-Catholic claims, it is undoubted that those who agree with them have contributed largely to the growth of spirituality within the English Church. The author of this book writes with conviction and therefore in a convincing manner, but then—so did Cardinal Newman from an opposing camp.

T. L. C.

Architecture, by Mrs. Arthur Bell.

The authoress gives a succinct account of the development of Architecture from the earliest times in Egypt, Asia and America up till the present period. Special chapters are devoted to Greek, Roman, Early Christian, Byzantine and Saracenic, Romanesque, Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman architecture, also to Gothic and Renaissance architecture in Europe and Great Britain. What is lacking in detail of description in the letter-press is amply repaid in the copious illustrations that appear on almost every page. For anyone desiring to acquire speedily and easily accurate information upon this subject, a concentrated digest of facts as contained in this handbook will prove a most profitable investment. The matter relating to the great cathedrals of Europe is particularly interesting and covers a great deal of ground.

A. E. A.
