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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE storm-clouds are very heavy, hanging now over the whole world, for the United States have been drawn to the very edge of the War-zone, and are ringing with the preparations for War. South America is the only continent which is still undisturbed. The day of its greatness lies far off in the remote future; but that day will dawn, and it will rise to a dazzling height of splendour, far surpassing that most wonderful Ancient Peru, the decaying remnants of which were trampled into blood and mire by the Spanish Pizarro, the treacherous and brutal conqueror. Europe, Asia, Africa, Australasia, North America, are now all enveloped in the flames of War. Truly is this age of Christendom being destroyed by fire, though not the kind of fire expected by the Christian world; they looked for fire from heaven, but it has burst forth from hell. The close of the Age is upon us, the Day of its Judgment has dawned; when that judgment has been pronounced, then shall be the Coming of the Son of Man, the World-Teacher, to lay the foundations of

the new civilisation, and to give the plan for its building.

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How blind is the world to the full significance of the events which are passing before its eyes. In the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, bound up together as the Bible accepted by the Christian Church, we have, as in all Scriptures of great religions, obscure hintings of the future in broad outlines, looming dimly through the mists which veil the future. There is given the End of the Age, and the "destruction of the world" by fire. Spoken of as brought about by divine agency, as verily are all things, superstition made it "miraculous" and scepticism mocked at it as imaginary. But the wheels of God grind on, heedless alike of superstition and scepticism, and the Nations are tried as by fire, and prove to be either gold or dross in the trying. And still the voice of the great Teacher sounds over the writhing world: "If thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace." On England, more than on any other Nation, depends the immediate fate of the world. Will she, at least, know the things that belong unto her peace, in time for the world's saving?

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One obstacle in the way of England's triumph in the battle-field is in the unregarded cries of the thousands of Indian coolies who are being ruined, body and soul, by the horrible form of slavery known as indentured labour. The Government of India, a year ago this month, promised its total abolition "soon". A year has rolled away and the promise remains unredeemed, but not by the default of the Indian Government.

It is in England that the root of this shameful evil is fixed. It is in the urgency of the Colonial Office and the weakness of the India Office—strong to tyrannise in India but plastic to pressure in London—that lies the cause of the helplessness of the Government of India. But it is the latter which has to face the difficulties in India caused by the unworthy action of the London Secretaries of State. The dividends of Companies in Fiji weigh there more heavily than the souls and bodies of the Indian coolies, collected here and carried over at so much a head paid to the collecting agent, and living under circumstances so horrible and so degrading that they are made physical and moral wrecks. The condition may be imagined from one sentence, that the sex-proportion laid down for the emigrants is three men to one woman. They live in filthy barracks, children are born there and grow up there, into what decency of life may be imagined.

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We welcome *Theosophy in Scotland*, reborn into new life. One very interesting, and we think unique, fact is noticed by Miss Isabelle M. Pagan, who always writes the most delightful articles: There were no schools in Iceland to the end of the nineteenth century, but in 1880, "a child of ten unable to read is not to be found from one end of the island to the other. A peasant understanding several languages is no rarity, and the amount of general information that these people possess might be envied by many who have greater facilities for acquiring knowledge." I remember how enthusiastically that old Viking, William Morris, used to talk of Iceland, which he loved to visit. Miss Pagan tells us that a Hindū student has made an excellent translation of the Elder Edda, who was drawn to the old literature by some "versions of the Sagas given by William Morris". It is interesting to meet a Hindū in this unexpected bye-way.

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"Olcott Day," February 17th, as it is called in India and Ceylon, was kept as usual at Headquarters.

Let me give the rest of this month's Watch-Tower to his honoured memory. We gathered as usual at 7.10 a.m. in the large Hall, and stood in a large semi-circle in front of the alcove in which are the statues of our Founders. At 7.17, the time of his last breath, I said:

As many of you are aware, it was here, on this day and at this time in 1907, that Henry Steele Olcott passed away from us, exactly at the moment that we begin our annual meeting; his cast-off body lay here (indicating the spot) and a large number of friends and of those whom he had helped and served among the poor and the outcaste filed past that body and covered it with flowers. In memory of that we meet each year on the day and the hour when he passed away; and as year by year there are rather fewer people who knew him when he was living in that physical body, it becomes all the more necessary that we should keep his memory green by this annual remembrance.

To us, of course, death is but a very slight matter; he passed through the gate of death, and soon afterwards passed again through the gate of birth back to fresh work in the world. He is living now and growing well in the physical world, and we hope that, as he comes to manhood, the memory of the past will bring him back amongst us once again. Of that we have practically no doubt, but he has to train the new body and get it ready for its work.

His old friend, Dr. English, is unable to be here with us to-day because he sprained himself a few days ago and is unable to walk; hence we are unable to hear from him the words of memory and of love that he always gives to his old friend. They were very, very near together in the work, and that love remains ever fresh and green in the heart of Dr. English.

There is also, you know, another anniversary that we keep to-day, the anniversary of what we call a birth, not a death, but that which in Occultism is called rather the death into the physical body, while what we call death is regarded as birth into the higher life. To use, however, the worldly term, we celebrate also the anniversary of the birth of Charles W. Leadbeater, the great servant of the Masters, who is ever devoted to Their work and labouring in Their service; and we like to send him year by year from our meeting here a cable of goodwill and good wishes. Writing to me some time ago about the work that had been given us to do, he said that in our seventieth year it seemed rather a big job for us to

begin; but years do not count, when work has to be done, and when the Masters give work They always give the strength to carry it out.

Those two memories, then, we celebrate here to-day; both of them with peace and joy in our hearts, for we sorrow neither for the so-called dead nor for the so-called living. Both are always living, and for those who serve the Masters all must be well.

We have here this morning one who was with Col. Olcott in his last moments, helped in his nursing, was near him at his passing, and I will ask Mrs. Russak-Hotchner to say a word in memory of him. He loved her very much.

Mrs. Russak-Hotchner said:

Even though my heart is full of gratitude to H. P. B. and C. W. L. for what they are to me and to us all, on this special morning there is scarcely any room for memories other than those clustering around our beloved Col. Olcott. I feel very much in sympathy with Shah Jehan who wished to express in some beautiful memorial what he felt in love and tenderness for a beautiful soul. Our Theosophical Taj Mahal is not erected in one place but extends over the whole world, built by our grateful memory of Col. Olcott, and the shrine of that Temple is here in this centre. To me it speaks of his greatness and also his humility as his chief characteristics. To express to you something of what I feel, I shall tell you now an incident which I had intended to tell you to-morrow night at my memorial lecture of him. A friend of his, a life-long friend, had come to see him at his death-bed to say good-bye, and Colonel was talking over with him reminiscences of their love, life and work together for Theosophy, and their long friendship; he thanked him for coming to see him to say farewell. And the friend said: "I did not come for that alone, but also because some one told me that you said something in criticism of me (he detailed the criticism); I could not bear to think that you would leave me with that doubt in your heart, and before I could believe that you did say that thing, I wanted to ask you personally." Colonel smiled into his face and said: "No, I did not say it; but, my friend, *you* really ought to have been the Founder of the Theosophical Society, since you possess so great a sense of justice as to ask me first before you believed." It was his great appreciation of truth that spoke.

In those last days so many incidents told us, told me, that Col. Olcott had *lived* his beliefs, and thus he demonstrated each day how real his Theosophy was to him. What a worthy example to us all! If the time ever came in our

Theosophical Taj Mahal when we needed to engrave or place in mosaic his name, or to record those things concerning him which he most personified, the most fitting word would be "Theosophy".

I then called on Mr. Jinarājadāsa, as a Buḍḍhist. Mr. Jinarājadāsa said:

As the only Buḍḍhist present in this assembly, yet representing the millions of a mighty Religion, my words can but be those of gratitude to one who brought back the ancient light of Buḍḍhism to its modern followers. People can little appreciate, those who are not Buḍḍhists, the sense of gratitude with which Buḍḍhists regard him, for he came to Buḍḍhist lands at a time when the ancient glories of the Religion were fading away from men's minds, and those that were the inheritors of a mighty truth were looking to other truths. It was the work of Col. Olcott to revive a sense of respect and reverence for the ancient truths of Buḍḍhism, and he did it in a wonderful way. He taught us to understand the simple truths of Buḍḍhism and to teach them to our children, so that, as the generations passed, the ancient light of Buḍḍhism might be passed on to the world with all its purity. The work that he did in establishing schools for boys and girls in Ceylon has come to fruition, and now close on 30,000 children go to schools founded by him, and there are taught the principles of their Religion.

Let me also once again mention a great work that he did—to unite the two sections of the Buḍḍhist world, the Northern Church, as it was called, and the Southern, by bringing together the priests of Japan and the priests of Siam and Burma and Ceylon, so that they should come to a common understanding as to what were the fundamentals of Buḍḍhism.

These things stand to his credit, and as the centuries pass, more and more Buḍḍhists will look upon him as their great benefactor, as a great saint of the Buḍḍhist world who brought back once again the light. We know the work that the Colonel has done for the whole world, but, speaking for that part which is the Buḍḍhist world, our sense of gratitude is very deep for what he has done for us. He proclaimed himself a Buḍḍhist, and helped us once again to come to the feet of the great Lord Buḍḍha.

Mr. Srinivasa Rao, an old worker with Col. Olcott, a Hinḍū, was next called on. He said:

Before Col. Olcott came to India Hinḍūism was in a most decadent state. After he came to India he revived that Religion, and so the Hinḍūs must be always very grateful to him.

Once while Col. Olcott was here, one of his servants was injured. When it was reported to him, he went out to him at once, lifted him in his arms, carried him into his room, and ministered to him until a doctor was brought. This largeness of heart was one of the things that we deeply appreciated in him. But especially Hinḍûs must be very grateful to him for reviving their great Religion.

Miss Kofel was then called, as the Superintendent of Col. Olcott's noble work among the Pañchamas. She said:

I came out to Ceylon first on account of his love for the Buḍḍhists, to help there in the Musæus School. Afterwards he wished me to take up his work for the Pañchamas, as that was one of the works which he had most at heart. Naturally I was very glad to take it up and I have been carrying it on for over ten years. Naturally I feel very happy to show my love and appreciation for him by carrying on his work to the best of my ability.

Mr. Wadia, speaking as a Zoroastrian, then said:

The first I knew about the Colonel was his great lecture that he delivered many, many years ago when he first came to India, on "The Spirit of Zoroastrianism". His insight into the Religion, though he did not know the language of its Scriptures, was a marvellous thing for some of us who were going to the Madarasa, and were trying to learn the language ourselves. And it was that which first attracted me to the personality of Col. Olcott.

Then I came across another piece of work that he did for the Pārsī community. He tried to arouse in them a sense of dignity and appreciation for the Religion which, in their growing materialism, they were discarding, and he took a very effective step towards that. Complaint was made to him that the Zoroastrian Scriptures were not satisfactory in explaining the modern theories of science and of evolution. Like a practical man, he at once suggested that we must fill up those gaps in the Scriptures by finding out any old manuscripts which might be hidden somewhere in the world. He started a fund for that and worked enthusiastically for it, and though nothing came out of that fund, that helped to convince the Pārsī community that there was something to be said in favour of the argument of the Colonel, and from that day the revival of Zoroastrianism took place.

Curiously enough the other great Pārsī religious reformer and revivalist, K. R. Cama, was a very great friend of his. He was a materialist, went to Germany, studied under

German doctors, came out to Bombay, and drew around him a group from which grew up a school of Zoroastrian thinkers and scholars. In the last three years of his life, after hearing the Colonel speak at the Silver Jubilee at the Blavatsky Lodge in Bombay, this old man came to join the Theosophical Society, to the utter surprise and dismay of his many followers. Col. Olcott has done a great piece of work for the Pârsi community and, although it is not recognised by all of them, it is thoroughly recognised by the thoughtful and scholarly people among us ; and in the Blavatsky Lodge, which he and Madame Blavatsky first founded on Indian soil, there are many followers who cherish his memory, and their devotion, though silent, is very deep.

I then spoke the few closing words :

It is not many people of whom it can be said by the Hinḍû, the Buḍḍhist, and the Pârsî, that he had been the great reviver, reformer of their Religions in this ancient land. Yet that is the testimony which is borne here to Col. Olcott.

Let me say, in closing, that his loyalty to Theosophy, his absolute devotion to the Masters, lay at the root of all his work. From Them he learnt his love of the old Religions, and also his desire to help the outcaste and the helpless, which were the characteristics of his life. Such a memory cannot die. Here, in commemorating him, we only add our little tribute to the great tributes which come to him from the Hinḍû, the Buḍḍhist, the Pârsî and the Pañchama.

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Then started the long procession of friends and admirers, beginning with the President of the T.S., including the old Pañchama servants of the Colonel, and ending with the women sweepers, filing past the alcove, and each in turn mounting the platform and placing a few flowers at the feet of the statues of H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott, and before the photograph of C. W. Leadbeater. Among the people were some little children, who danced up joyously to the alcove, without regard to the procession, climbed or were lifted on to the platform and threw down their flowers, with little hands folded for a moment in grave salute. Maybe in far-off years some of them may be good workers for Theosophy and may remember, with tender pleasure, their childhood's flower-homage to the great Living-dead.

PEACE OR TRUCE?

By W. D. S. BROWN

WHATEVER the differences of opinion as to circumstances, practically all are agreed that a treaty of peace which would only postpone the present conflict to a still more terrible conflagration in the future would be a disaster second only to war itself. The real issue, then, hangs on the nature of an undertaking such as will render possible a lasting peace and not merely a patched-up truce.

Most people are content with a vague belief that if only the Allies can "crush Germany," their purpose in carrying on the war will have been achieved, and all

will be well. When asked to describe a predicament in which Germany might be fairly said to have been "crushed," these people will generally shelve the question with some such reply as: "Oh, when they've got no more men or money left, I suppose." Or perhaps they will settle the matter by dividing the German Empire into its original separate States. When it is pointed out that men can still be born, that money can still be made, and that separated States can still unite, we get nearer to the point, and are then told: "But of course we don't want to crush the German people, it is only German militarism that has to be crushed."

So far so good; but unfortunately militarism is primarily a belief; and though one course of action to which it has led may be suppressed, the belief may not have been shaken; in which case it will inevitably break out again into action at the next opportunity. Like all other beliefs, it can only be displaced by a contrary belief, in this case by the belief that national interests are not essentially antagonistic but interdependent—let us call this belief "federalism". A belief that has once gained a footing is not abandoned, and rightly so, until it has been disproved in practice; neither should a new belief be accepted until it has been proved in practice, at least to the satisfaction of the person concerned. Proof begins with experiment and ends with demonstration. Now the belief called militarism is clearly in the demonstration stage, while that called federalism has barely reached the experimental stage. We naturally hope that militarism will be incontestably demonstrated by the war to be a fallacy, and an immoral fallacy at that. Has this yet

been demonstrated? If not, is it likely to be, and in what way?

So far it may be said without much fear of contradiction from either side that the failure of the German government's original intentions has been amply demonstrated. It must still be admitted, however, that Germany came very near to being at least partially successful, and that on the traditional basis of territory under occupation she may still claim a plausible appearance of success. It is therefore necessary for a convincing demonstration of failure that the minimum terms accepted by the Allies be the *status quo* supplemented by some form of reparation and security for the future. They must amount, not merely to an unqualified admission on the part of the German government of the failure of its military resources to impose German rule on other countries, but also to a binding declaration of a radical change of policy.

On the other hand, if the demands of the Allies are going to be clearly excessive in the eyes of neutrals, and are going to be enforced by a vindictive prolongation of the war—which happily is extremely improbable, if not impossible, in spite of the wild talk promulgated by the jingo press and echoed by its dupes—then the militarists among the Allies will certainly point to their gains as justifying the use of force, at least as a means of retaliation, if not of acquisition. Modern warfare, however, has been found to be so limited by the output of ammunition, that it is extremely doubtful whether any overwhelming military ascendancy can be established; thus there is every prospect that the world will finally witness the supreme sacrifice of the war, for which all others have but prepared

the way—the sacrifice of governmental pride and its shibboleths.

It stands to reason that any attempt to define the actual terms would not only be out of place in a Theosophical magazine, but would be open to refutation by subsequent events and the secret processes of diplomacy; for it is, unfortunately, only too probable that the preliminary negotiations at least will once more follow the picturesque methods of the auction room. But the Theosophist should certainly be among those who see that the future peace of the world depends on very much more than the first compromise under which exhausted combatants will consent to cease from mutual slaughter. He will readily admit that there must be a genuine change of belief as well as a scrapping and re-designing of social and political machinery. However, he must not stop there, for there is a paralysing notion in our midst that a system of international law must be reserved for a planet populated by saints or even higher orders of evolution. Let us not be lulled by this "sweet bye and bye" narcotic. The same human nature that has evolved systems of civil law within nations can and will evolve, when it chooses, a more comprehensive system of jurisdiction as between nations, and from the same motive, namely, a healthy abhorrence of the only alternative—anarchy.

I submit, therefore, that the British electorate should not rest satisfied with any treaty that does not stipulate for the establishment and acceptance by each country of a *permanent* International Council for the *open* discussion of matters concerning more than one nation, and a standing judicial Tribunal to decide on

points of difference submitted by the Council. Neutrals should be invited to join, and this invitation should remain open indefinitely.

The main function of the Council would be legislative. Instead of beginning at the wrong end, as hitherto, by wrangling over methods of warfare and drawing up absurd distinctions between "civilised" and uncivilised devices for killing one another—distinctions that no warring nation is likely to trouble about when it believes its existence to be threatened—the normal relations of peace time should be placed on a sound footing, so that every government can know when it is within its rights and when it has exceeded them. Within the limits of international law, as laid down by the Council, each nation would be free to follow its own line of development.

This framework of international law would necessarily be of gradual growth and capable of continual adaptation to changing conditions. It is the absence of any definite agreement on questions of everyday occurrence, such as commercial complications, and the rigidity of such agreements as have hitherto been arrived at, that have so often precipitated the even course of honourable negotiations into veiled or open threats of hostility, as being the only available means of satisfying wounded national "honour" or effecting necessary changes. The militarists have scattered broadcast the following catch-phrase: "The war has proved that there is no such thing as international law." Unfortunately it is true that there is very little international law; but there is much more than most people have any idea of; and to argue that because a law has been broken, therefore it is no longer a law, is

like saying that there is no penal code because there are criminals. Such evasions can only thrive in a soil of loose thinking. A secondary, but no less needed function is the adjustment of particular cases that do not fall directly under existing provisions.

In the event of the failure of the negotiating parties to come to a decision, whether in a matter unprovided for by law or in the interpretation of a point of law, it would be incumbent on them to refer the matter to the judicial tribunal and await its decision before taking any steps of a warlike character. It is not to be expected that the decisions of the tribunal can be enforced, at least not until the federated governments have undertaken to support the tribunal against any government who ignored its authority; but the mere existence of such a body would at once place the onus of a rupture on the government that refused either to submit its case or comply with the decisions of the tribunal. Again, in the latter eventuality, enough time would have been gained to allow the first outburst of popular feeling to subside and a calmer attitude to prevail; while the decision of the tribunal would do much to turn the moral support of the civilised world against the law-breaker, as well as damping the enthusiasm of its own subjects.

Perhaps the very freedom of any applicant to accept or reject the tribunal's decision would be a greater element of safety than any scheme for the concerted use of force, as there would be less hesitation about submitting the disputed point in the first instance, and the real honour of accepting an unfavourable decision would be much greater and of incalculable educative value. By the time that international respect and confidence

had recovered enough to overcome the suspicion with which a scheme for military co-operation would at first be regarded, it would probably be found possible to carry out the scheme with a mere fraction of the present armaments—the reduction of which would be a great benefit to the peoples of all countries.

The next question is that of the selection of the national representatives to sit on the International Council. Clearly the first qualification is that they should be in touch with the *real* wishes of their respective countries and not merely with those of one or more sections, even though they be influential and money-making sections. This is one of the many reasons why, if the world is to go forward, or even recover the position it has lost by the war, the upholders of the principle of democracy must at all costs recapture the autocratic outposts from which they have been driven, and be prepared for a prolonged and determined political struggle for democratic existence.

Theosophists are fond of saying: "Oh, democracy is quite un-Theosophical. We know the world is governed by a Hierarchy." True, but in the first place the spiritual Hierarchy is in a position to *know*, which is hardly the case with a military plutocracy; and in the second, that Hierarchy does not *force* the will of the humblest human being. It guides and inspires; and when we have national hierarchies who can do the same, democracy will be unnecessary, because the rights of the people will be respected. As long as a people can only obtain its rights by making its voice heard, democracy is essential to peaceful development.

But democracy does not consist in asking every labourer to try his hand at framing the laws of the land,

as the conventional would fain have us believe. Under a true democracy—for as yet the world has only witnessed democracies in name—the best men would stand a much better chance of filling the important posts, because they would then have to satisfy the whole nation and not merely a political or commercial clique; the nation would then judge by results, and if a certain minister or ministry failed to give satisfactory results, the necessary change would be made on a clear issue. Whatever form the government took, it would be appointed under a mandate from the nation to conduct the national business in the real interests of the nation as a whole, and not in fictitious interests, such as the acquisition of "undeveloped" countries and "spheres of influence," or the domination and exploitation of other races —interests which always turn out to be those of certain privileged classes for whom the nation has eventually to suffer. Of course it would be almost as great a mistake to administer the nation's affairs for the sole benefit of the manual workers, though there is little fear of such a mistake occurring in England.

Again, the nation must be taken into the confidence of its representatives, or they will forfeit the confidence of the nation. It is not enough that the people should be told, after a private conspiracy has landed them in a crisis, that they must support a course of action to which they have been committed without a semblance of consultation. If a government fears the verdict of its own people, what confidence can it have in others, or even in itself?

Finally as regards the qualifications of the electorate, it is no part of the democratic principle to

saddle the elector with any greater responsibility than that of recording whether he or she approves of a definite scheme, laid before the country in broad outline, and submitted to a referendum. It may be said that a sound judgment on even the simplest matters demands a certain amount of special education and intelligence. Quite so. Then why not provide the necessary education, making it "special" in the sense of teaching subjects that really matter, like history and political economy, instead of a number of fads of an examiner?

A revised system of education would soon evoke intelligence enough to see what was being done with the people's lives and money, and stop any nonsense before it went too far; for the people have always the power and the *right* to refuse to work and pay for conditions they have not sanctioned. In any case we surely cannot plead our deficiencies in national education as an excuse for witholding the legitimate exercise of a man or woman's national responsibility; rather should democracy be welcomed as necessitating universal education. It is often said that the great mass of the people take no interest in national and foreign affairs. Such theorists can never have entered a working-men's club, or they might easily have found their match in political debate. True, there is little enough reliable information on foreign affairs, but this cannot be attributed wholly to popular indifference; given the increased opportunity, the interest will soon enough be roused.

The development of democracy is especially essential to the success of international federation because otherwise such federations will be little more than trade

combines for the exclusion of rival combines. The resolutions passed at the Paris Conference should be warning enough of the dangerous lengths to which a military alliance is prepared to go under commercial pressure. The power of co-operation is already admitted; the danger is that it will be used as a weapon and not as a safeguard. Even within the British Empire we find a privately organised attempt to keep one part of the Empire—India—in a position of subjection to the remainder, presumably for fear that a recognition of equal rights would curtail the profits made by one part of the Empire at the expense of another. It follows, therefore, that until a government respects the rights of its own people, it is not likely to respect the rights of other peoples, and any scheme of federation that does not respect the rights of all will be partially or wholly an imposition, however fine it may sound from the platform.

How do we know that other nations can be relied on? We do not know. We have got to find out by trying them. If each nation waits for the others to make the first move, no move will be made. The nation that does make the first move will have proved itself fit to lead in the coming civilisation; not in the old sense of being able to get its own way regardless of consequences, but in the new sense of being ready to give way for the common safety. If Britain cannot lead in this respect, how can she continue to plead high ideals in justification of the war? The co-operation of the Allies, in spite of every attempt from the other side to sow discord, has proved that nations who had recently regarded one another as traditional enemies can trust one another when faced by a common danger;

can anyone say that such co-operation is impossible when directed to securing the common safety?

But how can such agreement be extended to our present enemies? No one can pretend that it will be easy. But there is no other alternative to a continuation of war—in the preparation if not actually in the waging. Granted that German humanity has fallen a prey to the madness of thwarted ambition, is it to be denied the chance of rising again? We Theosophists, who believe in the irresistible urge of evolution, must know that sooner or later it *will* rise again, whether it is helped by us or hindered. Shall it be our karma to help or to hinder?

W. D. S. Brown.

THE UNITY OF THE HINḌŪ FAITH

By T. R. RANGASWAMI AYYANGAR, M.A.

(Concluded from p. 494)

HAVING formulated these simple facts of experience, we enter into the proper field of our enquiry. At the outset it must be said that the Hinḍū does not believe that his ancestors have inferred by a process of inductive reasoning the existence of God from these facts of experience, but he maintains that God in His many-sided manifestations was revealed to the Vaiḍic sages, and the truth of their representation is verified by our own experiences in life. In other words, he does not argue that God's nature must be such and such, because our nature is such and such, but asserts that our nature has been so determined because God's nature is such. Every man is a miniature divinity, and whatever is found in him is only an emanation from Him, and nothing exists in man or any other object which cannot be traced to a divine origin. All creation is only a manifestation of God, and like the spider which weaves its own web out of the substance of its own body and takes its abode in it. God has created this universe out of His own substance and manifests Himself in it and is also apart from it. This sounds like a paradox, but the paradox lies in the weakness of our nature, in attempting

to study His nature, and not in Himself. Under the influence of the wind a mighty wave rises on the surface of the ocean, becomes differentiated from it, gets a name of its own, flows over the same surface and at last spends itself in it. Still nothing new has been created nor anything old destroyed. In the same manner, under the influence of the Divine Force, this mighty universe rises out of Himself and becomes finally absorbed into Himself. In Hinḍū Cosmology there is no beginning and perforce there can be no end. The work of creation, growth, and decay goes on in a circle, and what is born must grow and die only to be born again. This circle never ceases to revolve, and so this universe has been created and destroyed countless times. Whatever applies to the whole must necessarily apply to every part.

From the sun down to the meanest object, animate or inanimate, everything is subject to this law of change. Observation proves it and science confirms it. This has given birth to the doctrine of Reincarnation, a belief in which is universally shared, not only by all the sects of the Hinḍū faith, but also by the offshoots of Hinḍūism, Buḍḍhism, and Jainism. To enter into the critical examination of this doctrine is beside the scope of this enquiry, but the Hinḍū claims that, apart from the testimony of great sages, every man can realise for himself the truth of this doctrine at a particular stage of psychic development, if he cares to undergo the necessary discipline and training in his psychological life.

This doctrine of Reincarnation presupposes another cardinal doctrine of the Hinḍū Faith, *i.e.*, the doctrine of predestination or Karma. The law of Karma is only the universal law of causation carried to its logical

conclusion. Here too we do not propose to enter into a critical enquiry, but it is enough for the purpose of this discourse to mention the simple fact that it is universally believed by all who claim a Hinḍū origin for their faith. It must be conceded that this doctrine of Karma offers an ingenious explanation for many otherwise inexplicable phenomena in the world, but it must be admitted at the same time that it is at best but a theory which cannot be raised to the dignity of a law according to the scientific conception of the word. A Hinḍū feels this as no hindrance to his belief, because in his heart of hearts he seeks no confirmation for his belief in modern and material science. His faith is so strong that, if modern science does not conform to his belief, he pities science and not his faith, and asserts that science is not sufficiently developed to grasp the truth of the working of these cosmic laws.

The law of Karma does not preclude him from believing that man is a moral agent, responsible for his actions, and that reward and punishment are meted out to him according to the nature of his actions. At the time of a man's birth the law of predestination determines his environment, his caste, his rank in life, the general tendencies of his mind, his likes and dislikes, his age, and even the state of his physical body; but at the same time he is a free agent, though in a limited sphere, capable of influencing his life by his efforts. Circumstances, actions and experiences over which he has no control are the effects of the law of Karma, but everything which is within the sphere of his *choice* is a direct outcome of his own will, for which he is responsible both to society and to God. An interdependence between freedom and destiny is recognised,

and to represent the Hinḍū as a blind believer in fate is a perversion of truth. Eternal reward or damnation is an outrage to his sense of justice and reason, nor does he disclaim the meritableness of his reaping the fruits of his own actions; in fact he believes that his future births and experiences are the necessary outcome of his past and present karmas, from whose effects there can be no escape.

A Hinḍū makes no difference between science and philosophy, or philosophy and religion, and so traces every art or science to a philosophical basis, and religion to him is only the practical side of philosophy. All knowledge to him has a religious significance, and all his institutions, social, moral or political, have a religious basis. It is no exaggeration to say that a Hinḍū's life moves in an atmosphere of religion and nothing else from birth to death, and every thought, word, or deed of his has a flavour of religion at the root. That is why his customs and institutions have stood the test of time, and unless a change is brought about at the root, a partial reform will produce no appreciable good.

A Hinḍū, then, to whatever sect he may belong, believes in the existence of an eternal God; an external world, created or manifested by Himself; an individual soul, divine in its essence and aspiring after final redemption; in the eternal laws of karma (or causation) and reincarnation (a cosmic necessity); in rewards and punishments according to the nature of his actions; and, lastly, in salvation, which, in his conception, means the realisation of his divine nature by shaking off the bondage of karma, good, bad or indifferent. There is no such thing as an Evil Principle co-existent with God, and claiming equal authority and taking a malicious pleasure

in bringing humanity to eternal damnation. He recognises no arbitrary commandments, a strict obedience to which is enjoined by a divine law; and whatever contributes to put off his final release is sin, and whatever helps him to hasten towards it is virtue. He does not claim, as is misrepresented by some, that salvation is the exclusive property of a chosen few, but believes that every soul will have to work out its own salvation on its own line of action, determined by its karmas, past, present, and future. Every man has been placed in the midst of environments most congenial for his amelioration, and in the faithful discharge of his duties lies his path of salvation. Thus we see that in cardinal points of religion and philosophy there is no difference of opinion at all among the various sects, but, on the other hand, all work towards a common end. What is it, then, that has brought these sects into existence?

It has been already observed that all the sects agree in viewing the Veḍas as the final authority on all religious questions, and there is no sect which does not claim a Vaiḍic origin for its beliefs. Differences of opinion crop up only in the interpretation of the texts which favour the views of a particular sect. Each tries to weave a consistent whole out of the apparently inconsistent statements made in the Veḍas. The central point on which the whole controversy revolves is the conception of the Ultimate Cause as symbolically represented by the mystic syllable "Aum". It is in interpreting this word that all the difference lies. This syllable is found at the beginning and at the end of the Vaiḍic literature. It is beside our point to enquire why this word, above all others, should be made to represent the Final Cause. All agree in viewing it so, and not

without reason. Viewed collectively, the Veḍas speak of the ultimate substance, in some places, as a personal Being, and in some other places as an impersonal Being. The three demonstratives "he," "she" and "it" are freely predicated of it. In one place it is spoken of as a male Being endowed with all laudable qualities in perfection, and in another place as a neuter object, devoid of all qualities or states. In no place is it maintained that it is a non-entity, though everything observed and observable is denied of it. It is beyond all comprehension, and yet the attempt has become possible only by virtue of its presence in every thinking soul. Though it is not possible for anybody to know it in all its perfection, yet it is not impossible to realise its divine essence. To the Hinḍū, God is *not* unknown and unknowable. Otherwise all the attempts were futile, and life were not worth living. A free, vegetarian life would be enough for all practical purposes, and there would be no necessity for religion or philosophy.

In one place the Veḍas advocate a strict monotheistic theory, and in another place they speak of innumerable Gods and Goddesses presiding over the destinies of mankind. In one place they seem to favour a pantheistic view, and in another place they advocate a polytheistic theory. In one place the "Paramāṭman" is differentiated from the "Jīvāṭman," and in another place the bold assertion: "It is I," is made with all the force of self-assertion. Every hymn sung in praise of a deity raises that deity to the dignity of the highest power, and even contradictory statements are made of the same deity in two different places. How is it, then, that such a document, full of anomalies, could have passed for the highest authority among the most

intellectual race of the ancient world? How can such a document create an abiding interest in the race, and exercise an influence which even centuries of foreign contact cannot affect? The explanation is simple—with all its apparent inconsistencies it contains the vital truth, and no other faith has been able to present a saner view. The Veḍas represent the truth in all its many-sided aspects in different places, and this accounts for their apparent inconsistencies. Just as there is perfect accord in the essential doctrines they have propounded for man's guidance, so there is an undercurrent of unity in which all inconsistencies find a ready explanation. This unity of faith has been recognised by all the sects. Otherwise, there would have arisen an endless struggle in which some one would have asserted its predominance and wiped the others out of existence. Physical nature presents an endless variety in the midst of a palpable touch of similarity. So is the Hinḍū faith; and as nature does not become less beautiful on account of its diversities, so has the Hinḍū religion become not less true on account of its various sects.

The Spirit Supreme, represented by the mystic "Aum," is both active and passive, male and female. Nature or Prakṛṭi is an inseparable accident in it, just as heat cannot lie separated from fire, force from matter, and light from the sun. By virtue of its divine presence Prakṛṭi begins to act. It is represented as the female principle, and when it takes a kinetic condition it assumes a personality and permeates itself in chaos with three qualities: Saṭṭva, Rajas, and Ṭamas. Prakṛṭi should not be regarded as a second substance apart from Brahman, and yet should not be viewed as one with it.

When viewed in combination with Prakṛṭi, the Spirit has a personal appearance, endowed with all qualities, and when viewed as apart from it, it seems to be an impersonal substance devoid of qualities and not susceptible of any action. It is purely an intellectual process of thinking, because *per se* the Spirit is never found apart from Shakṭi, nor can Shakṭi be thoroughly identified with it. For all practical purposes of philosophical reasoning they are regarded as two separate entities—the one (Shakṭi) acting under the influence of the other (Brahman). The fully manifested Brahm in its active stage is represented as Virāt or Puruṣha. The three kinds of cosmic energy evolve themselves out of Him, and each, subject to the law of heterogeneity from homogeneity, undergoes a series of triple ramifications to an infinite extent. The Sāṭṭvic part subdivided itself into three more aspects, as Saṭṭva in Saṭṭva, Rajas in Saṭṭva, and Ṭamas in Saṭṭva. The Rājasic part correspondingly divided itself into Saṭṭva in Rajas, Rajas in Rajas, and Ṭamas in Rajas. The Ṭāmasic part has its corresponding divisions—Saṭṭva in Ṭamas, Rajas in Ṭamas, and Ṭamas in Ṭamas.

Thus the Supreme One yields place to the inseparable Two, which, in beginning to act in three ways, manifests itself in nine varieties. The Saṭṭva in Saṭṭva assumes a definite shape, and gets a local habitation and a name. He is called Vishṇu, the Protector of the universe. The Rājasic part of the original Saṭṭva, activity being its nature, becomes Brahmā, the Creator and Father of the whole universe. The Ṭāmasic aspect of the primeval Saṭṭva becomes the dread Destroyer of the universe, called Ruḍra by name. What one creates, another protects and supports, and the third destroys,

only to be created, developed and destroyed again. The three always act in concert, and their work is interminable and inseparable. Destroy the one, the other two cease from existence. Each is supreme in his field of activity, and each is the direct and supreme manifestation of the eternal Puruṣha in whom they move and have their being. Each is the Supreme Deity when viewed apart from his functional activity. This inevitable "Triad" is a necessary law of existence, because there is nothing, here or elsewhere, which is outside the scope of its influence. They form the presiding deities, each viewed by a sect as the highest manifestation of the Supreme Deity. All worship, all ṭapas and all devotion are made only to these, and for all purposes of religion there is no necessity to go beyond, nor is it possible to do so. The higher stages are pure intellectual abstractions, and practical worship is impossible. That is why each sect has stopped with one of these deities, and popular religion does not care to go beyond. Each is conscious that it worships only the Supreme Deity in its divine form, and has no quarrel with its neighbour who has a different idea. But religion, as a system of dogmas and observances, cannot but breed bigotry in some narrow hearts. This naturally leads to bickerings and social exclusion, but persecution in the real sense of the word, of one sect by another sect, never existed in the land. People were never put to horrible forms of death, their women defiled, their children murdered and their homes destroyed in the sacred name of God. Each sect with its narrowness of vision looked down upon the other as an inferior form of worship, but no sect had the boldness to deny a Vaiḍic origin to its rival.

Coming to the second grand quality, of Rajas, in the Supreme Puruṣha, we find the same threefold, inevitable classification. The Saṭṭva aspect of this quality, which represents supreme activity, manifested itself in a number of Gods, or divine Beings, or immortals. The Sāṭṭvic essence of their nature has placed them above the workings of the laws of this cosmos, and so they have been endowed with grand powers to influence the destinies of their less favoured brethren of mundane existence. They can be easily propitiated to do good, or provoked to do harm. They live in a world like our own, but sorrow and death may not enter there. They are divided into various orders, each having qualities and powers peculiar to itself. Differences of rank, position and function are found there. They are immortals only in a relative sense, and their dominion is perfectly within the grasp of a mortal man, if he cares to seek their bliss and share their enjoyments. The lower deities of this realm are jealous of the aspiring mortals, and seek to put obstructions in their path of seeking entrance into their dominion. The demons and Asuras of the nether regions often wage war with them, and sometimes usurp their dominion, only to be supplanted by the intervention of the higher powers in authority. The Hinḍū religious literature is full of such stories, which readily appeal to popular imagination and foster a spirit of reverence and love to the favourite deity who works out the redemption of the Ḍevas from the hands of the Asuras. This is a never-ending struggle, and admits of an allegorical interpretation, but to form an idea of the Hinḍū faith from this part of its literature alone, is to do it great injustice, if not harm. Foreigners, to whom this part of our literature alone is readily

accessible, find in it an easy weapon to be directed against the followers of the Hinḍū faith, and it is no wonder that even many educated people within the fold are prone to form a poor opinion of their faith. It is beside our point to enter into the details in this part of our enquiry, though an elaborate investigation is worth the trouble.

Passing on to the Rājasic part of the primeval Rajas quality, we are told that it has manifested itself in the shape of human beings. Activity is the very essence of human existence, and no nation or race can ever remain stagnant. But the nations of the world are characterised by varying degrees of activity, wisdom and ignorance, exactly in proportion to the subtler triads of this ramified quality. The permutation changes with time, and so one nation, most advanced in one age, may sink in power or intellectuality in another age, and a less fortunate one at one stage may become a more favoured one at a different stage. Since change is the watchword of nature, no nation, tribe or individual can possibly be in a fixed position of greatness or savagery for a continuous period of time. Changes do not take place arbitrarily, but are subject to the workings of certain cosmic laws, and there is a destiny which controls even the fall of a sparrow. There is no such thing as chance in Nature, but whatever we do not know is called superstition and whatever we cannot account for is called chance. This accounts for the various grades of civilisation at various times in the history of the nations of the world.

The Ṭāmasic aspect of the primeval Rājasa quality, subject to the same laws of permutation and change, permeated itself into the lower animals, from the

highest mammalia down to the lowest insect. Mobility is their chief characteristic, inasmuch as they have emanated from the Rajas quality, but their Ṭāmasic nature has deprived them of all intellectual functions. All their activities are confined to mere brute instincts, and they are incapable of any intellectual life. Though the higher animals may approach almost to the grade of the lowest man, yet there is an ocean of difference between the two. If placed in better environments and circumstances, the meanest savage is capable of intellectual development; but the highest animal, even in the midst of the most favourable circumstances, cannot develop an intellectual life on account of the Ṭāmasic feature of its nature. The evolutional philosopher cannot step over the gulf, in spite of all his ingenuity. The different grades into which the three primeval qualities may permute themselves may produce different grades of consciousness, but the radical element in each cannot be eliminated. The workings of these three guṇas are beautifully seen in the types of animals they have created with various instincts and qualities. But the common aspect of their Ṭāmasic nature has produced a common feature in them all—the absence of intellectuality. There is evolution in the sense that various types are evolved from a common origin; but Hinḍū philosophy does *not* admit that one species is developed from another, and account for the existing gaps by assuming a number of missing links in the chain of evolution. It must be carefully noted that the original duality of sex has protrayed itself in all emanations, and one cannot possibly be reduced into the other.

Coming to the third grand quality of the Supreme Shakṭi, Ṭamas, we find the same laws of permutation

and change repeated. Following the distinction of sex in the other two evolutions, the Ṭāmasic quality manifests itself in two aspects, as matter and force, the one representing the passive side and the other the active side of Nature. Both are inseparable, and each, when reduced, will appear to have been evolved out of the other. A pronounced judgment is impossible, and hence the philosopher's puzzle. The materialist would pronounce with all the potency of his soul that " force is only matter in another state," and an idealist would affirm that " matter is only a manifestation of force, which itself is only a product of the phenomenal mind". According to the Vaiḍic philosopher the material universe in its twofold aspect is only a manifestation of the Ṭāmasic quality of Shakṭi, and since Shakṭi is nothing different from God, but means only God in activity, the material universe is also nothing different from God; yet, at the same time, it cannot be identified with God, inasmuch as it is only a manifestation of one aspect of God's active nature. It is true when God is contemplated as having an active side in His nature, and false when that activity is denied of Him. Matter, force, mind, soul, and every other thing, is a true entity when the Supreme Deity is in a state of activity; and the moment He shrinks back into inactivity, the whole becomes potential in Him. The "She" merges into "Him," and "He" becomes transferred into "It". All the three states are true, and no state represents the entire truth.

We cannot say that any one of these states is non-existent, because we find the same intact in a subsequent manifestation; and since what is destroyed cannot revive, in the same state at least, nothing can be said

to have been destroyed or to be unreal, nor can one be the product of another. Sectarian importance attached to a particular aspect has brought about an apparent inconsistency, but when viewed *in toto*, the whole seems to be rational, and a belief in one aspect is perfectly compatible with another, provided that passion and prejudice do not intervene.

It is in determining the nature of the material universe *per se* that a difference of opinion within the fold is possible. All other differences naturally follow from this, and so a right conception of each system of philosophy becomes imperative, before an attempt is made to reconcile the various views. The Ḍvaiṭin (the dualist) affirms that matter is eternal, soul is eternal, and God is eternal. The individual soul therefore is something essentially different from the Universal Soul, and matter is different from both. God, as the active agent in the other two, has sway over them. Salvation or freedom consists in breaking the web woven by Prakṛṭi round the individual soul, thus preventing it from realising its true nature. The freed soul breaks the chain of karma and rebirth, and translates itself into the region of eternal bliss in the presence of the Universal Soul, *i.e.*, God Almighty. The Aḍvaiṭin has exactly a contrary opinion. The Universal Soul is the only one true entity, and matter and mind are but illusory creations of Prakṛṭi, which itself is an illusion. Just as in sleep a soul is conscious of no external world or individual existence, so in the end, *i.e.*, in the stage of final release, the so-called individual soul finds itself nothing but the Universal Soul, which alone is the irreducible minimum. There is nothing else than God eternal, and everything else which seems to have a local

habitation and a name, is a mere illusion to be realised as such in the end. Until an individual soul realises this truth, it is in bondage; and salvation, in its highest sense, means the destruction of the individuality and the realisation of oneness with the eternal Soul. The sun, reflected in the several pots of water, appears to be different suns, but the moment the media are destroyed, plurality vanishes and there is only one sun. It is idle to question why this illusion should creep into the soul, but the only legitimate aim should be to find out if it is not illusion. That it is so, is borne out by the phenomenon of sleep; and if sleep becomes eternal, the phenomenal world and individual consciousness exist nowhere. The highest stage of realisation is to find out that "I am God and nothing else".

There is a third philosopher, the Vishiṣhtāḍvaiṭin, who takes an amphibious stand of reconciliation between the other two. He is at one with the dualist when maintaining that the three entities are eternal, each having an individual existence. But he differs from him in not believing that all the three have independent existences. Matter and mind are but emanations from God and have their existence in Him only. The Universal Soul overlaps the other two, and it is only through its agency that the other two are capable of activity. They, though eternal, have no "separate" existence, in the sense that they themselves are but emanations from the Supreme Spirit, and move and have their being within and not outside Him. There is but one Supreme Being, and there is no second substance independent of Him and co-existent with Him.

He differs from the Aḍvaiṭin in repudiating the Māyā theory, which, he thinks, is only a convenient

device to explain away the various discrepancies found in the Veḍas. He does not admit that matter is an illusory creation of the mind, and that the soul, by some mysterious impotency inherent in it, imagines itself to have a separate existence. The material universe, which is only an emanation of the Ṭāmasic aspect of the Divine Being, and the mental world, which is an emanation of His Rājasic quality, are as eternal as the Being Himself in whom they have their existence. The individual soul, divine in its essence, has an eternal existence by itself; and, when freed from the bondage of Karma, realises its divine nature and is in perpetual enjoyment of divine bliss, resulting from a consciousness of its being a passive entity under the sweet control of a charming lover. The relation between the individual soul and the Supreme Soul is exactly like that between Shakṭi and her Divine Consort. While She is not apart from Him, She has an individual existence to enjoy His sweet company. There are no different grades in the Supreme Godhead—as a Saguṇa Brahman on an inferior plane and a Nirguṇa Brahman working on a superior plane.

It is needless to observe that each philosopher bases his theory on the Vaiḍic texts, and quotes chapter and verse in support of his view. When the whole is taken together and viewed impartially, it may be seen that there is no real antagonism among the contending parties. In the language of Logic they are dealing in contraries and not in contradictories. Each pays special attention to *one* particular aspect of the nature of the Divine Self, and there is no question of right or wrong in the controversy. As stated in a former part of this paper, the Supreme Being in His

waking state assumes an individual existence, and the whole universe, material and mental, has separate existences and is coeval and eternal with Him. In His subconscious condition they converge back to their original source and lose their individual activity. They realise that they are only passive tools, subject to the control of a Supreme Power, and though apart and individualised, they only form parts of His divine essence. Though the parts are many, the whole is one. When the Supreme Being goes into a state of inactivity, the other two, whose very existence depends upon divine activity, become potential and are lost in the sea of Universal Consciousness. Again, when He comes to the waking state, all come out intact and assume their former existence. The philosophical portion of the Veḍas, which has to take note of each by itself and the whole in aggregate, necessarily indulges in apparently contrary and inconsistent views. It cannot truthfully give prominence to one view only, and every sect, consciously or unconsciously, has to admit this fact. Each is contented with its own view of the matter and has no quarrel with its neighbour.

Coming to the practical side of religion or philosophy, there is an admirable consensus of opinion among all the sects, and though differing in unimportant details, they all agree in the efficacy of Karma performed with a selfless motive, devotion to the Supreme Being, as the only means of spiritual discipline, and the realisation of Divine Wisdom as the end of all human existence.

Hinḍūism, as a whole, occupies a unique position in the history of human thought and speculation, and claims that no other religion or philosophy can

present to the world anything new, which cannot be found in it. If, as it claims, the boldest speculation of a philosopher in any part of the world at any age is nothing new to it; if the highest form of rational worship found in any other religion can be found in it; if the most admirable discoveries of science or art are not incompatible with it, but serve only to bring out its beauties into greater prominence and acceptance; if, in short, it has created a race of people, however unwise from a worldly standpoint, the most selfless, tolerant and peaceful, and the least greedy of earthly power and enjoyments—it is for an earnest seeker of truth to investigate and find out how far its pretensions are true and trustworthy.

T. R. Rangaswami Ayyangar.

THE BASIS OF DEMOCRACY[1]

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ARISTOTLE, the first exponent of Political Science to the western world, says that a State can be of three kinds: (1) where supreme power is vested in *an individual*; (2) where it is vested in *a few* persons; and (3) where it is vested in *the many*. If, he goes on to tell us, this power is exercised for the benefit of the community at large, then the polities are *normal*; if, however, it is used for the private benefit of the persons in authority, the politics are *perversions*.

According to this writer, Democracy is the perversion of the polity where supreme power is vested in *the Many*—the normal form of the rule of "the Many," he calls simply *polity*. The ancients had to make this distinction between normal and perverted polities because they could never lose sight of the moral element, *viz.*, whether the Government did or did not look after the interests of the subjects. Modern political scientists do not care for this fact; their duty seems to end when they have examined as to where the supreme sovereign power rests in a land, and have declared the nature of

[1] In discussing this world-old, yet ever new, subject, it is not my intention to take up the standpoint of a partisan, but that of a student earnestly desirous of understanding what the word Democracy means; what form of government it connotes; as well as the difficulties that lie in the way of the complete realisation of the ideal aimed at.—S. P.

the polity they have been examining. Therefore Aristotle's "Government of the Many" would correspond to a great extent with Democracy as conceived in the modern world, regardless of what it does for the weal or woe of those whom it rules.

Two important facts, however, must not be lost sight of: (1) The States which Aristotle studied were small city-States, and in his scheme the "Governing Many" would take part in all the departments of State directly in person; (2) Aristotle's "Many" did not include the working classes. The persons who worked by their hands were usually slaves carried away by the Greeks in their conquering expeditions, and as such, not admitted to Greek citizenship. Aristotle's "citizen" was not any- and everybody born in the State, irrespective of the trade he was carrying on, but he was essentially the person of leisure who never "soiled (?)" his hands by manual work, and whose only business was Politics.

Modern statesmen have not to deal with small city-States, but large nation-States consisting of many millions of inhabitants. Such a State was an absurdity for Aristotle. His ideal of the dimensions of a State was that if a person stood in the market-place and shouted at the top of his voice, all members of the State should be able to hear him; to him a State of ten thousand persons was as impossible as the State of ten: the former was too large as the latter too small. Then again, modern democracies attempt to include *all* and not only *the Many*. From time to time the number of qualifications required of persons eligible to take part in government has been steadily reduced—the tendency being to exclude as few as possible, if any at all.

Manual work is no disqualification now; manual workers are not slaves but citizens.

Democracy—the Government of the People—should mean that all persons who comprise the State, and who are affected by the Government, should take part in the exercise of power in that Government. In other words, every one should be allowed a voice in all the three departments of the State, *viz.*, the Legislative, the Executive and the Judicial: the power of making laws; the power of enforcing laws; the power of punishing the breakers of these laws.

If a State consists of only a few persons—a few hundreds of leisured people, we will say—it might be possible—though there still would be difficulties, as the histories of democratic Greek States show—to collect all of them together for the exercise of the various functions of the State in its legislative, executive and judicial departments. But this procedure is manifestly impossible in the case of modern States. Therefore the system of *election* has been invented. In a modern democratic country the whole land is divided into electoral districts; from each such district a representative is to be sent to the national legislative. The citizens inhabiting a district are to meet and elect their representative. It is obvious that there cannot be unanimity; and, to facilitate matters, the system of regarding *the view of the majority as the view of all* has been further invented.[1] This ultimately comes to mean that a little less than half the population

[1] We must remember that this system of deciding questions by a majority-vote is a very recent one in the history of mankind. The former and perhaps more natural system was for the minority to secede. To this day, in Hindū communal questions—which are becoming more and more bitter owing to the influx of reform ideas—the minority invariably secedes and forms a separate party, cutting off all social relations from the members of the majority. In the Middle Ages, in Europe, it was the same. To give only one

—for persons are seldom elected by more than a slender majority—is not represented at all.

When the legislature has been elected, the executive has next to be formed. The nations that have followed the lead of the British Constitution get their executive mainly from among the elected members of the legislature itself, *e.g.*, England, France and Italy. Where, however, the choice of the members of the executive is wholly dependent on the will of the elected or the hereditary head, *e.g.*, America and Germany, care is taken that such persons alone are appointed who can command the confidence of the legislature, for the grant of money being in its hands—and it being impossible to carry on the government without money, even for a single day—the legislature can refuse grants, and thereby effectively express its disapproval of the *personnel* or the actions of the executive body. The executive is practically bound to resign, in case of an adverse vote, in England and France; but even if it be not so bound, as in America and Germany, all the same it has always to be on its guard, and has to be careful not to lose the support of the elected Legislative Assembly. In this fashion, in a democratic land, the people, who elect the Legislative Assembly, are supposed to keep a check—however indirect it may be—on the Executive.

Then we have the judiciary, which serves the double purpose of protecting the rights of the subject against the possible violence and high-handedness of the executive, and also of punishing those who break

illustration, the troubles of Thomas a Becket came upon him because he refused to be bound by the decisions of the Council of the King, Henry II. as he, being absent from it at the time of its meeting, had not given his consent to the measures passed.—S. P.

the laws enacted by the legislature. The Constitutional history of England furnishes a good illustration of the legitimate struggle made for the independence of the judiciary from executive control. So long as the King—the hereditary head of the executive in England—had the absolute power of appointing and dismissing the judiciary, so long could he force his judges to give judgments, in the various cases of far-reaching constitutional importance, in his own favour. This is specially notable in the times of the Stuarts, when the constitutional struggle was assuming a threatening aspect. And before the seventeenth century closed, it was decided that, though the executive were authorised to appoint judges, they had no power of dismissing them; this could only be done by the express desire of the legislature.

To sum up, then, the whole argument, we find that, though it is physically impossible for modern Democracy to get all citizens to come together and assist directly at the performance of the functions of government in the three great departments—Legislative, Executive and Judicial—still every effort is made to give all citizens, indirectly, a voice in all these functions through *their right to vote* for elected representatives on the legislative assemblies, which, as we have seen, exercise the most potent influence in modern States; and it is recognised, in this connection, that all disputed points—whether in the election of a person or the settlement of a question—should be decided by a majority-vote.

In practical working this is all that Democracy means; all the same, it is important enough not to be belittled or ignored. The questions, however, that next present themselves to us, are: What is the need for

this system of government? What is the principle on which it is based? So far as it is possible to judge, Democracy seems to be based on one important factor of human nature—selfishness. We have to take it for granted that human beings are selfish; and that each man wants his own well-being, and each class jealously guards its own interests. If, it might be rightly said, the government falls in the hands of one man or one class of men, all legislation would be for the benefit of that man or that class of men, and that consequently other men and other classes would suffer. Therefore it is necessary that all men and all classes should be represented, so that the needs and requirements of none may be neglected. The opponent might say: "Law-making is not an easy affair. It requires technical skill and knowledge. If it is not possible for every one to be even a good shoemaker, how can everyone be a good law-maker?" The obvious answer is: "If one cannot make a good shoe, he can at least say where it pinches him; and though all cannot make laws, all can know how a particular law affects them; and, if they have the power in their hands, they will naturally try to make or unmake these laws in accordance with their own interests."

In the inherent selfishness of human beings, therefore, lies the intellectual basis of democracy. And the only question now left for us to solve is whether, in democracy, we are or are not to apply any test for the fitness, or otherwise, of a person to vote. So far it has not been claimed, by even the most extreme democrats, that the right to vote should be conceded to all; or, in other words, that no qualification, except birth in a human body, should be required. We shall discuss the

various restrictions that have been proposed in this connection :

Firstly, *age*. It has been generally accepted that persons below a certain age are not capable of exercising a vote properly, however precocious or highly educated some individuals might be found below the required age. We might take this to be a wholesome restriction, for we are bound to draw a line somewhere, and cannot be expected to make exceptions because of a few extraordinary cases.

Secondly, *sex*. A vigorous demand is being made for the acknowledgment of the equality of the two sexes in politics. The only objection that seems to have been raised is that domestic life would suffer. This is a well worn topic and need be discussed no further. It is coming to be generally recognised—due to the spread of intellectual education among women, as also to the phenomenon that many women remain unmarried and have no "homes" in the accepted sense of the word—that, in politics, we ought to place the two sexes on an equal footing.

Thirdly, *education*. "We cannot merely count heads: we must weigh them as well"—so say those who want an educational qualification for voters. The difficulty is that there are quite a number of persons who might not be able to pass comparatively simple educational tests, but who are, by experience and temperament, endowed with sufficient capability of fulfilling the duties of their own professions and of even filling responsible positions in the State. If, however, the test is very low indeed, and if primary education has spread broadcast, then this test might be applied; otherwise it would have to go. Having once

recognised that democracy means the representation of all interests, we have to look after the interests of the educated as well as the uneducated, and the latter might feel that the former cannot safeguard their interests as fully as they can do themselves.

Fourthly, *abnormality*. Should the criminals and the lunatics be allowed this privilege? It would be conceded that their state of mind disqualifies them from the proper discharge of this responsibility.

Fifthly and lastly—and this is both important and delicate—we have to deal with *property*. Persons with property claim that they have greater stakes in the land than persons who have no wealth: the more a man's property, the more his stake. On this basis the further claim is put forward that the greater the property of a person, the greater should be his share in the government, and that persons who have no property should have no voice in the State, as they stand to gain or to lose nothing. Opposed to this is the view that all persons are interested in the welfare of the State; that the State helps and protects all to an equal degree; and that there should be no distinction made on the ground of property. In England there has been a great deal of agitation against "plural voting," *i.e.*, the demand has been made that no one should have more than one vote, even if he has property in different parts of the country, or fulfils other qualifications, *e.g.*, has the M.A. degree of the University of Cambridge; every person, so long entitled to more than one vote owing to his holding more than one qualification, should be deprived of all votes except one, and accordingly should choose in what capacity he intends to exercise his right. Apparently the claim of the propertied man seems unreasonable,

and the view of his opponents as correct and proper. But the problem is very much more difficult than it looks.

Judging from a purely intellectual standpoint, we see that the major portion of the people of the country must invariably consist of the working classes, who, by necessity, are driven to concentrate their minds entirely on the great problem of " bread and butter ". If every individual, as such, had an equal voice in government, the working classes, forming the majority, would preponderate in the legislatures and swamp all other interests. The voice of the wealthy, and the claims of their welfare, would be drowned. It might also be legitimately feared that the cause of art, literature and learning would suffer. It is, therefore, necessary—say the wealthy—to safeguard the interests that they represent, and so to compensate the propertied classes for the smallness of their numbers, especially because they pay higher taxes, by giving them more voice and more authority in the government of their country.

Then, again, in life we actually see that persons who hold lands and properties of a high value are willing to sacrifice a great deal for their protection, and are more loath to leave them than persons in that property who are willing to emigrate from place to place, and even from one country to another, wherever the prospects are better; as such the poor cannot have the same love for their land as the rich. The present gigantic war, that has resulted in the upsetting of many shibboleths and doctrines supposed so long to be unshakable, has also brought before us the unique sight of the flower of a

nation's manhood, sons of the nobility and gentry, flinging themselves in the forefront of the battle-line with the sole aim of serving their land, and, in that service, losing everything that they hold dear. In sharp contrast to this, we find that various forcible and imperative methods have to be applied to the poorer folk to induce them to enlist. These do not seem to feel the same attachment for their country as the upper classes, and this inevitably leads us to the conclusion that the claim that the rich made in the days of peace, they have justified in the dire times of war.

Sri Prakasa.

UNITY

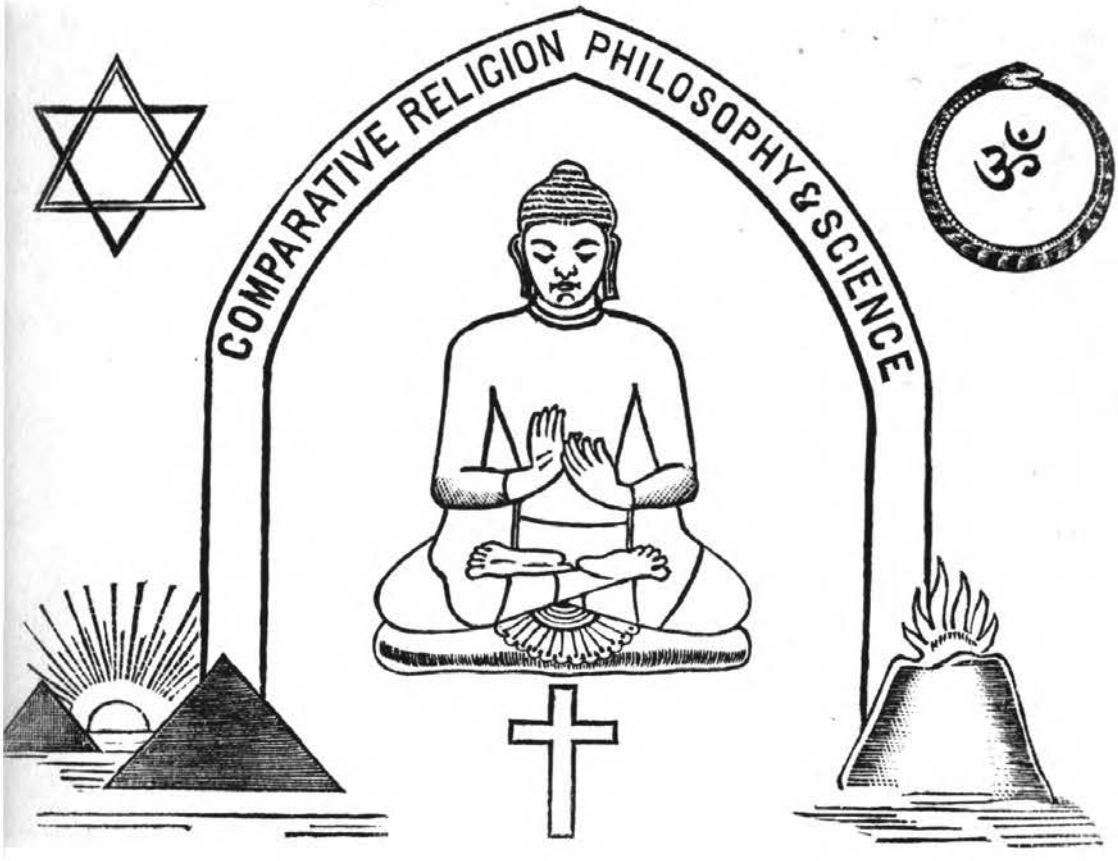
HIGH on the rock-paved praying-ground
The sons of Allah stand:
Then in obeisance, mute, profound,
Bend earthward head and hand.
In robe and turban many-hued,
They bloom upon the mind
A bank of flowers in prayerful mood
That bends before the wind.

And here, beside the white-towered shrine,
God Shiva's ancient seat,
Field-blossoms in the sunlight shine
About my wandering feet;
Then, as a breeze across my brow
On some glad errand runs,
They bow, as in devotion bow
Allah's and Shiva's sons.

So calm the circling hills, so sweet
The jasmine-scented air,
God, man, and nature seem to meet
And blot out "here" and "there";
And show, beneath their painted mask
One holy impulse stirs
Those flowers who grace from Allah ask,
These clay-born worshippers.

In such clear glimpses of the Whole
Our foolish barriers fall.
For who finds kinship with the Soul
Is kindred unto all.

Madanapalle. JAMES H. COUSINS.



LIFE, DEATH, AND WHAT THEN?

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

(Concluded from p. 511)

NOW let me try to give you an idea, with brief examples, of the possible conditions of life for you after you put aside your body. There is one great law that holds good in the invisible worlds as in the visible, and it is that according to your nature, your

faculty, and your aptitude, is the happiness or the misery that you will have wheresoever you are. Suppose, then, you have a man dying who has developed in himself certain desires which could only be satisfied with his earthly body. Take the case of a drunkard; the craving for drink, for its stimulus, is in his desire nature, in his astral body; but he has wanted the gratification of it by means of his physical body, and when death comes his body is cut down. Now the man has not changed, he is still the drunkard, he still has the craving for the stimulus; but he cannot gratify the desire. Now we know the maddening thirst and pain that a drunkard has when you remove from him the source of his gratification; and it is that same maddening pain that the drunkard or the victim of the drug habit has after the body is dead. But it is not a punishment, it is the automatic way that nature's laws work. Suppose by some kind of a miracle a friend of mine from Madras in India, where it is warm and where people wear cotton clothes, were now to be brought into this room; he would not have a happy time, he would be shivering all the time, but his shivering would be due to the fact that he did not know that Scotland was cold. He would not be punished by anybody, except by himself, for coming to a place without adjusting himself to the laws of life of that place. And so it is when a person dies who has a bodily vice of any kind; there is intense pain for him afterwards because he cannot gratify it.

Similarly, where the vice is more mental, as in the case of a miser, when he dies he does not change, he is exactly the same; and, probably relying on the ordinary opinion about after-death conditions, thinks he

is not dead. You know you are taught to believe that when death comes, your faculties will somehow be locked up in that body which is going to decay, will be put to sleep till the trumpet sounds at the day of resurrection; the conception that most people have is that immediately after death a kind of negativity takes place; your memories will end, and your affections, your hopes, your dreams—all that is really you—will be put to sleep. When, then, the miser who has heard that sort of thing finds that after death he still has a body, that he is exactly the same in appearance, and still remembers his gold, has all his memories—well, of course he does not think he is dead, and so he hovers over his gold or his safe or his cheque book or whatever the thing is that meant to him his gold. And then, when he sees that those whom he has left behind use his money, open his safe, dispose of his property and so on, can you not imagine the hell such a miser has when all that meant to him life is taken away from him? But it is not a pain inflicted on him by anyone except himself.

Or think of another type of man, say a business man who is all business, to whom wife and children count little, who lives in the office, who thinks office, who dreams office; when he dies, where is he? At the office. And there he is, watching. He has, if anything, a clearer imagination for business; he can also read the thoughts of his competitors in business; and so he sees vaster possibilities of business achievement. But he cannot put a single one into action; he cannot sign a cheque, he cannot telephone, he cannot set moving the markets of the world, because his astral body will not move physical matter. Imagine a man with power in

his hand like that, but not the ability to use that power. That is another kind of hell.

So too is it with another man who has been a drone in life, who has done nothing of any rational purpose, who has spent his time and money in racing, automobiling, gambling, who has generally frittered away his time; or the woman to whom life meant dresses, bridge parties, gossip, and all those kind of things. After they die they are exactly the same; they still hover about their ancient haunts; only there is no longer amusement there, for the astral body cannot handle cards, or money for betting; nor are the other dead round you interested in your dresses, nor in you because you had money or title. Then ensues a life of intense boredom, with nothing to do, with nothing interesting, truly a grey world.

Now all these conditions follow automatically upon the life that is begun by people as they die; if they are "earth-bound," as the phrase is, if they had not purified themselves nor developed such interests as give satisfaction in the astral world, then life after death can indeed be a "hell". There are indeed conditions of torment for souls, but it is self-inflicted torment. But hell is not a special place; for look where you will in the invisible world, there is no burning pit of fire, and there are no devils to torture. In our Oriental religions, arising in Oriental countries, where we not only dislike extreme heat but also extreme cold, we go one better than western theologies, for we have not only hot hells but also cold hells. But look where you will, you will find no hells, as places; they are the creations of monkish minds. There is no fire to burn a man but that of his own fierce lusts, there

is no cold to freeze him but the isolation of his own utter selfishness, and there are no devils to torment him but the thoughts of his own cruelties.

Nevertheless there is pain, which is symbolised graphically by these descriptions of hell. But hell does not last for ever; it lasts only so long as a man gives it strength for its lasting. You cannot have an eternal hell from a set of causes that were set a-going in a few brief years of time; and so the period of pain for a man lasts according to the strength of his unsatisfiable desire. That very pain itself purifies the man, so that slowly his particular lust is as it were burnt out of him.

Now take another case, that of a soldier on the battle-field. He is perhaps charging, and is shot, and his body falls. But he does not know he is dead; he is still dressed in khaki, for his astral body takes the semblance of the physical; and so he still goes charging on with his comrades. But he may note soon after a few things that make him think; he may see a shell bursting near him, and a piece of it hits him, and by rights it ought to blow him to bits; but he notes it does not, he sees it go through him. And he looks at a few things like that, and then he knows that he is what the world calls dead. But he is still living, he sees his comrades, though they do not see him; but some, he finds, can sense his presence, and if he is the kindly soldier, caring for his comrades and ready always to help, he will get to work and help and inspire and encourage and strengthen his living comrades. Sometimes he may see a comrade wounded, far away and unobserved; he will then suggest to the mind of a stretcher-bearer: "go in that direction," and the

stretcher-bearer, if he is sensitive, will go and will discover the wounded man.

One soldier, then, who dies while he is thinking of being with his comrades, is indeed with them the moment his body falls. But suppose it is another soldier, and he dies thinking of his sweetheart, or of his mother or of his wife and children; the moment after death he is not on the battle-field, but only where he desired to be, by the side of those that he loves. And so there is the mysterious law that after death we are where we desire to be. Take the case—such a common case indeed—of the man who dies in the home. He "dies" surrounded by his wife and children and relations. The moment after death he is exactly the same—nay, if he had died after a lingering illness, then fresher, without pain, younger in feeling; and he is still in the room, by the side of his bed. But he sees that his wife and children are all crying, and that they are all absorbed in a great thought that he is dead, that he is gone, that he has vanished; yet he is there by their side. But they have erected a barrier harder than the hardest steel between him and themselves. He loves them still and desires to comfort them, desires to make himself known; but they will not allow him, for they think, they feel, they all the time build into every cell of their brain the affirmation: "He is dead, he is gone, he has vanished." Now can you imagine the pain of such a man, when those that he cares for are full of grief? Yet that pain is given to him by those who, not understanding, grieve, thinking that grief is a mark of love. We think it is natural to grieve—yes, it is true; but it is also unnatural to inflict pain on those that we love, and that is what we do, when we grieve for the dead.

Ah, if only we could understand, if only we had some knowledge of what are the conditions beyond the grave, then, when one of our beloved died, we would keep in a quiet calm and meditation, for we would know that the soul that loved us once still loved, that the same memories were still there in the soul, that our beloved was there in the room with us still; and we would try to commune with him, and give him our strongest thoughts of love and gratitude; and if he died with some failing which was bound to give him suffering, then we would give him thoughts of strength and protection all the time. These are the possibilities for those who know.

After death each one of us, then, has his first period in the astral world, and to those of us who have such desires as can only be satisfied in the physical body there comes pain. But happily for so many of us there is after death no pain, akin to the pain of a hell, for we have had our hell before we died. Through intense grief and agony and loss, through the utter crushing of all our hopes, we get purified; and when the day of death comes we have exhausted all that part of ourselves that might call us to any kind of life in that first part of the other world, the astral world; and when the impure part has been eliminated, as in the case of the drunkard after many years of pain, or in the case of the normal man who has lived a good life during the years before death, there begins then to blossom once again the nobility that was within ourselves. If you take a man who dies a villain and a murderer, who has had long years of cruelty to his record, yet if you could see all his life from childhood to manhood, you would find in his boyhood, in his

youth, some part of himself that was noble—a love that he bore to his mother, an affection that he had for a while to a sweetheart, a phase of himself that in after years was covered over and seemed dead. But that phase of the man was never gone; it was always there; and what happened of evil was only as a crust laid on the true nature of the man. After death that crust is worn away by suffering, and then comes to fruition the nobler side of the man.

When after death these nobler sides within ourselves—the loves, the hopes, the dreams, the ambitions of service and usefulness—awaken, then begins the second great stage, the life in the heaven world. And this heaven world is here in this room, as much as the astral world. Why is it called the heaven world? For the reason that the nature of God, who is bliss and joy indescribable, is more manifest to the human consciousness there in that world than in this world of ours. His nature as bliss we do know now and then. When we look at a flower and feel its beauty we sense something of that joy; when we look at the face of a smiling child and smile in return and feel glad, it is something of the nature of God we begin to know; when we look at the sunset and see the beauty there and are glad, it is something of Him again that we greet; when we listen to music and it has a message for us and we dream dreams, it is something of God that we see in each dream. For He, in His infinitude of beauty and wisdom, power and love, is trying to pour it on all His children all the time. But in this world of ours it is only as we open the little windows of our aspirations, our loves, our dreams, our service, that He can look into our natures, and give us of Himself. Wherever a man,

woman, or little child dreams of an unselfish service, or happiness of any kind, then it is God who looks in; and where God looked in once on earth, it was only as the earnest of the hundreds of times that He would look in with His joy in the heaven world.

While we live on earth we see only now and then something of His true life; and for the most part our eyes are turned earthwards again, for so many are the duties that we must perform, and dreams and duty so often conflict. But there comes the time, when this body is put aside, that the first part of the after-death life in the astral world is over; and then we see Life for the first time, as it is; we see the whole world of God, not as "in a glass, darkly," but in the full splendour of His light. It is this truest life which has been described in every religion under some symbol as a heaven full of intense happiness. Yet heaven is not a special place; look into the heaven world, and you do not see a golden city with gates of pearl, nor those wonderful gardens of the Oriental imagination, with trees bearing jewelled fruit that make music with each breeze; the descriptions of heaven of the theologies are all symbols of a reality too great for the mind of man to grasp except in symbols.

For the reality is this, that through every particle of matter the life of God, His beauty, His grandeur, His wisdom, is flashing every moment of time, here and now; but we do not see it. When these earthly veils are put aside, when we begin our life in the heaven world, and enter there with a certain nobility of nature, then it is that He shows us what life is. In that heaven world you will not see God in a form, but you will know there is indeed God because of the intense

bliss of your life. Are you the Christian whose dream of heaven was to be with Christ and the angels? As you come to live in the heaven world there is Christ for you and there are the angels, and they give to you, they flash to you, all the joy and the beauty and the grandeur that you dreamed of. Are you the Roman Catholic, and was your dream of heaven to be with the Virgin Mary and to adore the Christ Child? They are there; it is Christ, but as the Child, who is before you there; and it is the Virgin Mary; and both give you the bliss that you dreamed of. Are you the Hinḍū in far off India, and was your dream to be with Kṛishṇa, the founder of your religion? You are with Him in your heaven. Are you the Buḍḍhist, and was your longing to listen to the great wisdom expounded by Buḍḍha? You are there with the Lord Buḍḍha and you listen to His discourses, and practise with joy His commandments. Or are you the Muhammadan who dreams of heaven with Muhammad? Then Muhammad waits for you in your heaven world. For all these mighty founders of the religions form one great Brotherhood, and each is as a great mirror that flashes the life of God to the millions that follow him.

But are you one who has not cared for religion, but in a business office toiled night and day for love of wife and child, who dreamed of their happiness, sacrificed yourself for their welfare? That dream of happiness was God looking into your mind, into your heart, and where He looked once He looks long in the heaven world, and you are there with your wife and child, and you give them that fullness of love and achievement that you dreamed of. But it is God who gives you your wealth of love that you are giving to your beloved. You will

not see Him, but you may know of Him because a mighty love flows through you now. Are you the artist who lived a life only for your art, who renounced everything in life rather than be a traitor to your great ideal? That ideal was God looking into your life, and after death He looks into your life again, and according to your dream of achievement He teaches you to achieve. Are you the painter, the sculptor? Then you paint mightier pictures than you ever could when on earth, and you carve mightier statues, more full of beauty, than had ever entered into your imagination. Are you the musician? You shall compose grander symphonies than earth's ears have ever heard, and the music, the beauty, and the wonder of it all is but the nature of God flowing through you to men. Are you perhaps a lover of science, to whom religion means nothing but superstition and the difficulties that humanity has had to transcend? Are you like our great scientists, who seek knowledge for the welfare of man? Then God shall come to you as Knowledge, and in the heaven world you shall discover grander truths of nature than you are able to on earth. Or are you a man like Bradlaugh to whom God meant nothing at all, but who struggled to achieve reforms for his fellow men, who was a Secularist, who was an Atheist—what matters the label—but who had an ideal of service? It is God who looks into your life as your ideal of service, and after death it is God who will look into your life again and for long, giving you bliss beyond dreams. For God is not the God of Christians alone; He is the God of Christians, Hinḍūs, Buḍḍhists, Muhammadans, of scientists, atheists, artists, of every man, woman and child who turns away from his little self and greets

gladly the great Self of God, or Humanity, or the world.

Wherever a man has found an ideal for which he sacrifices himself, that is the vision of God in the man's brain; it is because of this mighty truth that there is a heaven for all humanity, and there is not a single child of man who will not have his heaven. Take even the murderer; there was a time when he was a boy and loved his sister perhaps, when he was a young man and had love perhaps for a sweetheart, and during that time there was a nobility manifested in him. After death he has his heaven world too, with his sister, or with his sweetheart, as the case may be. To each of us there is just that type of heaven of which we dream, for each daydream of ours is only God's Face looking into our lives, into each according to his temperament, helping each to grow into a fuller beauty and grandeur, into a truer happiness.

Now this wonderful heaven, this place of the fulfilment of hopes and dreams and aspirations, is only heaven because there for the first time we know something of our life as souls; if only we could realise that life here in our brain, then would we know the life of God, the wonder of heaven, here in this room. It is something of this wonderful grandeur, this mystery of what life really is, that a poet senses now and then; such a poet was Browning, and he has the true vision of things when he gives us his message:

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it bye and bye.

So the little melodies we make on earth with our loves and day-dreams we hear again in the heaven world. But our life there in heaven is not for ever and ever. For, as before with the period in a "hell," so too is it with the time in heaven; you cannot have an eternity of effect from causes in a few brief years of time. True, the period we live in heaven can be a long one, of many centuries; the stronger, purer, and nobler our unselfish dreams are, the longer is our life in our heaven world. Is it the saint who lived a long, saintly life? Then he may live in the heaven world fifteen to twenty centuries. Or is it the little child who died at ten or twelve years of age? That child will live in his heaven world some thirty to forty years. But both will return to earth again.

Why, if heaven is so wonderful, and so full of happiness, why should we come back again to this vale of tears? Because of a law of nature; there is this mysterious law about happiness, that it must grow from moment to moment, that unless it so grows the capacity for happiness ceases; and happiness can only grow from moment to moment by being transformed into acts of human service. Now God is infinite happiness, and you in your heaven world know only one little part of what He has to give you, and you

cannot know more of His happiness until you grow into a larger capacity for happiness. And to grow into a larger capacity for happiness you must return to earthly conditions, and there put your happiness into acts of human service. And so we return.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

So we return and are little children again, but each with a character, each with an aptitude, each slowly feeling life again and becoming himself master of life, each using an inborn aptitude for science, for art, for government, for the human affections. And we remember something of our life in the heaven world, as we take up with enthusiasm any work of life. For what is the enthusiasm with which we respond to a noble ideal but the memory of our life in the heaven world, when we lived that ideal? And so we come back to life to accomplish more, to master the old temptations and to be stronger thereby, and to feel more and more that we are masters of achievement. Life after life we live, at each death entering the heaven world for a longer period, with a fuller capacity for happiness. If you are in one life chiefly the man of family affections, you have your heaven of love and joy, and then you return to birth again; but you come back, not only to increase your capacity of love for wife and children, but also to create within you an admiration for beauty, to know something of science and philosophy, to know God in new ways.

Life after life we so live, and die, and return; till slowly, through purification, through achievement in the heaven world and on this dull earth, we come to be as pillars in the Temple of God, and "go no more out"; for then have we become the great geniuses of the world, souls who give a message, not to one people or to one time, but to all the world. Then it is that the life and nature of God works through us in mighty acts of creation, and His peace is in our heart wheresoever we are, and we give that heaven to the thousands that listen to our message; and His plan is in our brain, and we leave behind us mighty arts and sciences. This is life, death, and after.

Now there is one striking fact taking place just now, during the days of this war, that I must briefly mention. There is the curious fact that it is the flower of the land that is called by God to the sacrifice. Why? Because He is at work in this mighty war. We have always believed vaguely that He is "everywhere" and that He governs all earthly conditions; but it has been a vague, pious belief, not a real understanding. Now we can understand. We began to understand faintly with our intuitions when the war broke out, and we knew that we of the Empire were standing for the cause of humanity. There is truly a mighty ideal behind this war, because it is indeed a part of God's plan that there shall begin a reconstruction for all humanity, that certain base ideals shall utterly vanish from the face of the earth; that is why thousands in Britain, Australia, India and elsewhere, unknowing with their minds, but sensing with their intuitions, all sprang to the call of a great ideal. And these, our best, the noblest of the land, who could have built

up a mighty nation, have all been slain. But they have not really died, only their bodies; nor are their lives wasted, for the simple reason that it is they whom God is sending back to earth to be reborn swiftly; to them is given the opportunity to renounce that bliss of heaven which is theirs, to come back again at once to the homes of Britain, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and India, and France and Italy and Russia, to be reborn as boys and girls, so that within a few swift years, as they grow to boyhood, manhood and womanhood, they shall take part in the mighty reconstruction which has been planned by God. For who have a better right to reconstruct this world than those who died for the world? That is the mystery which is being enacted now, and that is why on our battle-fields the flower of the land are being slain. For God works in mysterious ways His plan to achieve.

This, then, briefly is the great message of Theosophy about life and death. Now suppose you could believe the message, what would it mean for you? It would mean that for you there is no death, that for you death has no sting, and the grave no victory. For what are you? An immortal child of God, who has begun a great series of wonderful experiences, whose whole life, in this visible world or in the invisible, is a series of adventures among masterpieces, each of beauty, of wonder, and of grandeur.

Can you believe this message? You can, but you must bring first the aptitude for belief. That aptitude is not a matter of faith; it is a matter of having done something in life through which you have sensed your immortality. You will never prove to yourself the immortality of the soul by any amount of hard thinking;

you must first live the life, and find that immortal moment when you know you are a soul and not a body. In the great drama of life you know that moment when you are willing to sacrifice yourself for love, you know it in the act of heroism when life is nothing so long as a great work is done, in the art of creation which has been your joy and your suffering. Find even one such moment in life, and you will inevitably know that you are indeed immortal. And then to retain that moment, so that the moment becomes eternity, understand this mighty Wisdom. You will then find that your immortality pours into you through all life—through the happiness of all your fellow men, from these flowers you gaze at now, from the sunset you see, and from the music you hear; for there is only one Immortal, God Himself, and it is His nature that is ready to pour Itself into your heart and mine, if only we will open the doors of our hearts. Ah, it is not difficult to open those doors when you have the key to the opening, and that key is the mighty Wisdom of Theosophy.

C. Jinarājadāsa.

THE DHAMMAPADA [1]

A translation by Sir Edwin Arnold of the first chapter of one of the principal books of the Buddhist Scriptures, The Dhammapada.

THOUGHT in the mind hath made us. What we are
By thought was wrought and built. If a man's mind
Hath evil thoughts, pain comes on him as comes
The wheel the ox behind.

What we are is what we thought and willed;
Our thoughts shape us and frame. If one endure
In purity of thought, joy follows him
As his own shadow—sure.

"He hath defamed me, wronged me, injured me,
Abased me, beaten me." If one should keep
Thoughts like these angry words within his breast
Hatred will never sleep.

"He hath defamed me, wronged me, injured me,
Abased me, beaten me." If one should send
Such angry words away for pardoning thoughts,
Hatreds will have an end.

For never anywhere at any time
Did hatred cease by hatred. Always 'tis
By love that hatred ceases—only love;
The ancient law is this.

[1] Extracted from *The Buddhist*, Vol. I, No. 30, July 12th 1889, for which it was written by Sir Edwin Arnold. *The Buddhist* was edited by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater in Colombo, and as far as he is aware, the above translation has never been republished in any of the collections of Sir Edwin's works.

The many who are foolish, have forgot—
Or never knew—how mortal wrongs pass by;
But they who know and who remember, let
Transient quarrels die.

Whoso abides looking for joy, unschooled,
Gluttonous, weak, in idle luxuries,
Māra will overthrow him, as fierce winds
Level short-rooted trees.

Whoso abides, disowning joys, controlled,
Temperate, faithful, strong, shunning all ill,
Māra shall no more overthrow that man
Than the wind doth a hill.

Whoso "kāshya" wears—the yellow robe—
Being "anishkashya"[1]—not sin-free,
Nor heeding truth and governance—unfit
To wear that dress is he.

But whoso, being "nishkashya," pure,
Clean from offence, doth still in virtues dwell,
Regarding temperance and truth—that man
Weareth "kāshya" well.

Whoso imagines truth in the untrue,
And in the true finds untruth—he expires
Never attaining knowledge; life is waste;
He follows vain desires.

Whoso discerns in truth the true, and sees
The false in falseness with unblinded eye,
He shall attain to knowledge; life with such
Aims well before it dies.

As rain breaks through an ill-thatched roof, so break
Passions through minds that holy thought despise;
As rain runs from a perfect thatch, so run
Passions from off the wise.

[1]There is a play here upon the words "Kāshya," the yellow robe of the Buḍḍhist priest, and "Kashya," impurity.

The evil-doer mourneth in this world,
And mourneth in the world to come ; in both
He grieveth. When he sees fruit of his deeds
To see he will be loath.

The righteous man rejoiceth in this world
And in the world to come ; in both he takes
Pleasure. When he shall see fruit of his works
The good sight gladness makes.

Glad is he living, glad in dying, glad
Having once died ; glad always, glad to know
What good deeds he hath done, glad to foresee
More good where he shall go.

The lawless man who, not obeying law,
Leaf after leaf recites, and line by line,
No Buḍḍhist is he, but a foolish herd
Who counts another's kine.

The law-obeying, loving one, who knows
Only one verse of Ḍharma, but hath ceased
From envy, hatred, malice, foolishness—
He is the Buḍḍhist priest.

THREE SAINTS OF OLD JAPAN

III. NICHIREN

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

NICHIREN stands out in the religious history of Japan as one who widely differed from his contemporaries, as well as those who preceded and came after him. He possessed a strong and independent character, far stronger than that of either Kobo Daishi or Shotoku Taishi. The one seemed to be a kind of religious magician, immensely popular with those who everlastingly call for a sign and can never be surfeited with miracles, while the other was a royal scholar, whose royalty was in itself an attraction, and whose discourse was learned and at the same time full of charm. Both eschewed fanatical sensationalism, and neither had to fight for their popularity. Nichiren, on the other hand, had to contend with difficulties and strong opposition all his life. He had the advantage and disadvantage of being a candid preacher, one who never minced his words, and one who always had the strength of his convictions. He was a respecter of souls but not of persons. He gloried in Truth as he understood it. It was too precious, too vital, to be sugared with the words of flattery or subterfuge. He

thundered forth the same message and in the same uncompromising manner in the palace and in the woodman's hut. He was of the stuff of which martyrs are made.

Nichiren was born in 1222 in a village on the coast of Awa. His father had been a retainer at Court, and had been banished for some offence which is not recorded. If he resembled his son in freedom of speech, such lack of decorum would have been more than sufficient to account for his exile. Nichiren was the only child, and being highly sensitive, he must have quickly realised that his parents were shunned even by the simple fisher-folk. He grew up solitary and alone, the butt of the village boys. But Nichiren was high-spirited and fearless. Deprived of friends of his own age, he lavished his affection, apart from his parents, upon animals, and was especially devoted to those which were injured and maimed.

When Nichiren was twelve years old, his parents very wisely decided that he should enter the Buḍḍhist priesthood, and he was accordingly taken to the Temple of Kyosumidera, which was situated not far from his home. He entered the religious life with extraordinary fervour. As a student in the Kiyozumi Temple, he used to retire frequently to the oratory, and prostrating himself before an image of Kokuzo Bosatsu, pray that he might some day become a priest worthy of the name. Even as a youth he was conscious of his great vocation. He discovered with burning shame that Buḍḍhism, as it existed in his day, was very different from the Buḍḍhism of its Founder. Many sects and schisms, many unscrupulous expounders, had succeeded in distorting the original doctrines. He saw

with pain, not unmixed with anger, that religious chaos existed in Kyoto, Nara, and Kamakura. He saw, too, that evil was rampant where only good should have prevailed. Having realised such a deplorable state of affairs, he did not sit down in sackcloth and ashes, and, Job-like, pour forth a series of complaints. On the contrary, it called forth his courage and determination. He believed so much in the efficacy of the Lord Buḍḍha's teaching that he never questioned for a moment that if Buḍḍhism were purified, vivified, and above all united, it would be the means of saving Japan from dangers that threatened her complete downfall. Nichiren, youth though he was, was resolved that he and he alone would accomplish the stupendous task of saving his country, not only from moral corruption, but from the hands of a greedy enemy, eager to pounce upon a weakened nation.

At this time Nichiren studied the *Saḍḍharma-puṇḍarika Sutra*, and this work seemed to strengthen his ideals and prepare the way for his great mission. For several years he travelled throughout Japan with the sole object of studying every variety of Buḍḍhism. In this way he gained first-hand information, and having accumulated every shade of Buḍḍhist opinion, he began to formulate his own religious views. He was always something of a fanatic. Religion did not make him dream: it made him act with a decision that left little room for courtesy. He was not a polite preacher. Had he lived to-day and been a British subject, he would not have been asked to occupy a velvet-padded pulpit in a Nonconformist church. Neither would he have been permitted to discourse in Brompton Oratory or Westminster Cathedral. He would

have been content to speak in Hyde Park. He was an open-air preacher in his own country, for the simple reason that all the Buḍḍhist temples were closed against him. He had abused the priests of the existing Buḍḍhist sects roundly and hotly. They regarded him as a rude fanatic, and possibly as a dangerous madman. What others thought of him mattered nothing. He was solely concerned with the message of his Master. That message was not delivered with the gentle voice of a fashionable preacher who lisps of heaven and future reward, but is much too polite to hint at hell and future punishment. Some one has wittily observed that: "Tact is telling people the things they want to hear." Nichiren occupied his time in telling people things they did not want to hear. He delivered his message with the magnetic power of a Savonarola. He knew that Japan was fast asleep and that it was his business to rouse her. He was an iconoclast at a time when iconoclasts were sorely needed in his country. He saw all too clearly that Japan was in a state of religious and political upheaval. He saw that the Emperor, who should have reigned, not by the divine right of kings, but by the divine right of Gods, from whom he was descended, had become a puppet relegated to the background, while Shogun and Regent took his place. He saw, too, with righteous anger, that Buḍḍha's teaching had been thrown "to the moles and bats," while the homage of the people was given to Amida, Dainichi, and Vairoc'ana. That is why he cried in one of his early sermons: "Awake, men, awake! Awake, and look around you. No man is born with two fathers or two mothers. Look at the heavens above you: there

are no two suns in the sky. Look at the earth at your feet: no two kings can rule a country."

It must be admitted that Nichiren's fanaticism sometimes carried him away. He was certainly not justified in calling Kobo Daishi the "prize liar of Japan". Hitherto Buddhism had been extremely tolerant. It was ready to welcome Shintoism as a manifestation of the Indian religion, and at a later date, when Xavier laboured for Christianity in Japan, was prepared to regard the Virgin Mary as another name for Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy. Nichiren, on the other hand, was excessively intolerant. It was not in his sturdy nature to make his all-absorbing and all-sufficient faith a nesting-place for every kind of religion. In his opinion the sect which bore his name was the only sect where Buddha was honoured and worshipped and understood in the right way. It was such a belief that made him intolerant in regard to those who differed from him. He had no hesitation in telling the people that the late Regent, the devout and well-meaning Saimyoji, was in hell, and that the present Regent, Tokimune, the most brilliant of the Hojo usurpers, would shortly follow him and participate in the same torments. Needless to say such comments did not pass unnoticed, while his famous treatise, *Rissho Ankoku-ron*, raised a storm of angry protest. His outspokenness on all occasions had made many enemies, and these were only too pleased to have an opportunity to inform against him. Nichiren was arrested and brought before the Regent. He was condemned to death, and with almost sublime fortitude he was led out for execution on the sands of Tatsu-no-Kuchi, between Kamakura and Enoshima. The Regent was very far

from being a saint. Yet his conscience troubled him, and he had the wit to see that Nichiren was a man of considerable power and influence, one with whom it was best not to quarrel. At the last moment he sent a messenger after the executioner, revoked Nichiren's death-warrant, and gave instructions that he should be banished to the Island of Sado. Legend adds a picturesque story. While the condemned priest was kneeling on the mats, awaiting the stroke of the executioner's sword, and surrounded by his devoted disciples, it is said that lightning suddenly flashed from a cloudless sky and rendered the blow futile. While the dazed executioner was preparing to lift his sword for the second time, the Regent's messenger arrived and the danger was past.

Nichiren soon returned from exile, and proceeded to carry on his mission with unabated zest. His sermons were now full of solemn warnings in regard to the dangers of a Mongol invasion. He spoke with the voice of a prophet, and when asked to state his reasons for predicting a terrible conflict, he observed that what he said was based upon scriptural authority. He did not speak in vain. The people listened to him eagerly, for they realised at last that religion was a national necessity. They saw in that preacher the very spirit of their race. They grasped the significance of the danger which he foretold. Nichiren welded the people together by the force of his dominant personality. All the world knows of the coming to the shores of Japan of Kublai Khan's great Armada, but perhaps only Japan knows the significance of that attempted invasion. Had that Mongol invasion been successful, Japan would not be in the position she occupies to-day. Conquering

Mongols would have meant for the Land of the Gods barbarism of the very worst kind. Japan would have been plunged into a state of hopeless misery which we in England can only compare with the dark and awful pages of history which would be written if Germany became victorious in the Great War. Nichiren lived to see his beloved country saved from the iron heel of the Mongols. He who has been described as "a strange compound of old Hebrew prophet, Dominican friar, and John Knox" has the distinction of being a true patriot and a loyal and fearless saint. He roused Japan from her long sleep. He saved her body in the name of his country. He saved her soul in the Name of his beloved Master.

F. Hadland Davis.

THE ANGEL OF PAIN

HOLY are the feet of pain
Bearing from us our beloved,
Knowing with the eyes of wisdom
That no hope is with the morrow.

Holy are the feet of pain
Standing by the broken-hearted,
Knowing with a heart of pity
Man must run the length of sorrow.

Holy are the feet of pain
Passing by the homes of comfort,
Passing doors of cold indifference,
With a lantern for the lonely.

Holy are the feet of pain
Leading on the heart courageous,
Leading through renunciation
Where God's soldiers follow only.

Holy are the feet of pain,
Catch his floating garment passing,
Kiss its hem, my brother, praying,
Lest again he come not hither.

Holy are the feet of pain,
And his hands outstretched in blessing
With a laurel for the victor,
Laurels they that never wither.

C.

NOTES ON THE SIXTH RACE

By FRITZ KUNZ

THE present upheaval and the subsequent readjustment will crystallise the Fifth Race Empire and formulate definitely, by the quick reincarnation of the suitable egos, the beginnings of the sixth sub-race.

The fixing of the fifth sub-race is now mostly a question of politics and empire ; the physical type has been fairly established, and needs chiefly expression

and guidance, particularly through the spiritualisation of science. The sixth sub-race is still in process of physical evolution, and the course of its growth will be largely influenced by the young, so-called dead. Just as after the American Civil War there was an outbreak of spiritualism due to the sudden crowding of the astral world, so this war will be followed by a marked reaction of forces from the emotional world. The effect, however, will not this time be seen in the abnormal form of mediumship, but through the usual impulse arising from the incarnation of selected egos, since arrangements have been made to bring back quickly into this world a large number of those who go. One such selected group will play a part in the rapid establishment of the sub-race ; another will be employed in the crystallisation of the Root-Race. From the sub-race will spring in due course the Sixth Root-Race, which will have its home in the continent that is now slowly rising from the Pacific Ocean.

A consideration of some of the physical, especially the historical and geographical elements in this formulation and this springing, gives a little glimpse of the mode by which the great world changes are wrought, and reveals inferentially the smooth perfection in co-operation wherefrom springs the truly titanic power of the Chohans and the Devas.

Roughly speaking, all the great continents, when they appear, drape themselves from the North Pole. This longitudinal arrangement is needed as a practical measure, so that the tides may not mount too high; but the reason is more deeply rooted and comprehensive than that. A glance at the modern world on the projection of Mercator establishes the fact of this

arrangement clearly enough with reference to the present continents. North and South America, Africa, India, and the chief peninsulas and promontories and islands run, generally speaking, to the south. The northward lands are broken and are mostly old land. Unfortunately the existing maps of Atlantis and Lemuria do not represent the full facts; but in the case of Lemuria, reference to maps obtained by occult means can be checked by observing the contour of Greenland and the soundings in the Arctic Sea, which indicate the general outline of the Star of Lemuria, whose points drooped to what is now the south. At any rate it seems to be the custom of the Deva-Raja to drape His new continent over the earth by unrolling it, as it were, from beneath the veil of the sea from the North down toward the South Pole.

Such we find to be the case with the coming Pacific Continent, which has its faint beginnings in the Bogosloff Islands in the North Pacific, in the more recent phenomena at Kodiak Island there, and in the constant adjustments marked by the earthquakes which run like frequent shivers along the Pacific basin, revealed by the seismograph in Japan and Korea and in the Americas. Occasional greater changes produce quakes such as that which was experienced in San Francisco in 1906. However, for the most part the changes are being made slowly. The Commander of the Forces has time enough, since to Him there is no present as distinct from past and future—"to Him the future is like an open page". These little changes are indicated most significantly by what is happening to Japan, which is being slowly *tipped over*. That is to say the Pacific Coast of Japan is rising and the Japan Sea Coast

is sinking as the North Pacific Ocean floor is gradually pushed up.

The first choice for the foundation of the new sub-race (and consequently for the new Root-Race) was America, and especially the United States. The second choice is Russia.[1] It appears that America is taking the opportunity, and that the type, by means which have been indicated elsewhere, has been or is being successfully cast. Had she failed, then the less immediately suitable, but still possible Russia would have had the rôle. It was, I suppose, in order to retard the development of the new type in Russia that she has been so long denied a place in the warm sun that she has bid for through Turkey and Asia Minor, and all along through Asia to Chusan; for the sub-tropics stimulate the transformation of the old into the new. Russia seems now in a fair way to win through to a hot-house that will force the growth of her spiritual tendencies, but until America had succeeded or failed in Their eyes, Russia needed the restraint and rigour which her cold climate lays upon her. Yet we note that in order that the future should be secure, whatever might be the fate of the United States, it was arranged that Russia should have Siberia, contiguous upon the North Pacific at the one side, and that the United States should have Alaska, which touches on the other. In this way the new Pacific Continent, at its appearance, provides the first stable land adjacent both to the *prima donna* and to the understudy in this magnificent drama.

But America, happily, is not failing in the larger work. Especially in Southern California she is nurturing the slender saplings of the new race; in that

[1] It is more than merely curious that the two chief founders of the T.S. were Russian and American respectively.

wonderfully charged land she is growing a race that is veritably clothed with the sun. And lately in Australia the same brooding Genius had begun to spin His magic web. So that on both sides of the future continent substantial beginnings are apparent.

I have heard that in preparation for a phase of this work an Adept travelled from Europe some centuries ago, *via* Mexico, into what is now California. Stout Cortez heard the story when he came, long after. It is a common tale of the Aztec and the Mayan that the White Prophet came from the dawn and foretold His own return. This Man laid His own spells in what is now the Californias. There are centres in undiscovered lands from whose bourne no traveller returns, that provide the force which keeps the thread bright and strong.

We tend too easily to scoff at people who attribute strength to the unseen. The Monroe doctrine is a case in point. Here we have a dictum by the United States, voiced in this world by President Monroe, that no European power shall establish itself further in America. Behind this demand lies apparently only the feeble force of arms that the States command; nor is the Doctrine even established by universal treaty; and yet the pronouncement is strong and has served its purpose. It has maintained the needed insularity of the Americas and aided in the fulfilment of the Plan, because, in reality, it is a doctrine laid down by the Manu.

The problem of the physical establishment of the new type resolves itself into an adjustment of the forces playing through the etheric world, so made that the etheric vehicle may be modulated and finally shaped to meet the new requirements, and so fixed that

in turn it may cast anew the flesh. The major etheric forces in this alteration (I refer only to those known to us by name) are electricity, heat and light. It follows immediately, therefore, that cold and rigorous climates retard or make difficult the establishment of a new type; and, *per contra*, that in the sub-tropical districts the work can proceed far more rapidly. This explains, as I have said, the withholding of Russia from the warmer lands, and the quick growth of the sixth sub-race in Southern California and northward along the Pacific coast, and in Queensland and southward along that coast. In these latter places we have the atmosphere charged with vitality, not, however, with so much warmth as to be enervating. The light and heat and the highly charged molecules stimulate and make easy the repeated rearrangement of the etheric form according to a plan brought down by the Manu; and the work of the hosts of higher Devas and the more enlightened of humanity is thus rendered more sure and lasting.

It is interesting to note that the largest part of the most vital remnants of the Fourth Race stock has been isolated on the Pacific Ocean rim. It is quite possible that the Japanese and Chinese are to contribute to the work of the Sixth Race—hardly, I think, through the transmission of any measurable physical characteristics; but conceivably through the creation of skeletal forms of social structure that may be employed by the new Race in uplifting such lower races as may then remain. It is, however, true that the physical admixture that is now proceeding, for example, in Hawaii, has developed a certain type of body that is quite superior to the usual hybrid from coloured and

uncoloured stocks in mere physical beauty. We know nothing as yet about the vitality of the brain nor of the capacity of the advancement along moral and ethical lines of these few peoples; but the bodies are often tall, supple and finely formed; and the face, in some cases, is delicately modelled in the women and generously strong in some of the men. However, these elements would be, at most, but small in comparison to the whole of the new stock; and in any case the Sixth Race will spring from families almost wholly Aryan.

Fritz Kunz.

REINCARNATION

By M. R. St. John

MANY Theosophists consider that, as far as our knowledge extends at present, everything that could possibly be said in support of this fascinating theme has been put forward, or, to put it more tersely, the subject has been worn almost threadbare. The stock arguments—that it is the only theory which explains the apparent injustice of things; that it is a necessary concomitant to the law of cause and effect; that it is believed in by something like two-thirds of the human race; and that certain events described in our own scriptures lend support to it—have been used over and over again. But in spite of this, the critical and scientific mind of the West has, on the whole, not taken kindly to the teaching, although there are many who do regard it sympathetically, and an ever-increasing number of people who are accepting it.

Yet it does seem that one of the strongest arguments in proof of Reincarnation has been overlooked; has in some mysterious way eluded the vigilance of even its most ardent supporters; and that argument is one that arises in the mind from a study of Weissmann's theory, Mendelism, and heredity in general; for one cannot fail to be struck rather forcibly by a curious fact in connection with both individual, collective, and national heredity (as far as a State is concerned) which

not only supplies the missing link in the theory so admirably propounded by Weissmann, but nullifies the arguments of those who were opposed to his views regarding the transmission of character to progeny.

Now, while it must be admitted that the hereditary strain has a very marked influence, there is something appertaining to the individuals comprising a race which is often far stronger, which not only modifies the hereditary influence, but frequently actually opposes it; and this is so noticeable a trait, that it seems only capable of explanation by an admission of the reincarnation of certain egos and groups of egos at the same period in order to produce this phenomenon of national and racial change of temperament which is found pervading different nations. Some hereditary theorists assert that we inherit from our progenitors, not only our physical encasement, but also our family feelings and characteristic habits of mind, that our lineage is responsible for our temperament and general make-up, and in proof of this, they point to numerous isolated cases from which the well known and significant expression "chip of the old block" owes its derivation. But when a man or woman displays a marked divergence from the parental type, it is ascribed to a "throw back" to some remote ancestral trait, either good or bad, as the case may be.

Assuming for the moment that the latter are the exceptions and the former the rule, we should expect the following evolutionary result: *viz.*, that all offspring would carry on the family and national traits more intensified, and therefore that different nations would tend to become more diverse, which, in spite of this war, is by no means true in a general sense. What we

do find taking place is something very different, especially in the more advanced nations; for if we begin with Great Britain and glance back at the habits, ideas, customs, manners and ways of the inhabitants of this country say 150 to 200 years ago, could it possibly be held that evolution had proceeded along those lines, intensifying them, carrying them on further, or even trying to perfect them?

On the contrary, we have recently altered so radically in all those things, that the theory of heredity as regards our temperamental characteristics is untenable, for numbers of people in this country to-day are aghast at the comparative savagery of our ancestors of even three generations back; at the laws, the manners, the wit, the customs, and habits that were considered quite ordinary, if not correct, in the eighteenth century. And here comes in the most remarkable thing in connection with this, namely, that while our physical bodies, with all their imperfections, are a legacy from our ancestors, our ideas, etc., are far more in harmony and sympathy with those which history asserts were characteristic of nations which existed over a thousand years ago and even earlier. Take, for instance, the remarkable love for games and the attraction to physical culture, which has been so much overdone of recent years; that has not come down to us from our ancestors, since they, from all accounts, were content with a few simple amusements, by which they helped to while away spare time, of which in those days there seemed to have been a superfluity; there was no such intenseness as we find now, and certainly no professionalism.

How then is this to be explained? Simply by the fact that enormous numbers of souls who have

previously been incarnated in Greek and Roman bodies have reincarnated, bringing with them temperamental characteristics of their Greek and Roman lives. It may be adduced that law and environment are responsible for this "improvement" in the national traits, but although these do exercise a powerful influence, they are not responsible for such a marked change of temperament and habit—of which the above is only one instance—as has taken place in the British Isles within the last one hundred years.

What then of Germany? Surely the influence of law and environment is solely responsible for the characteristic change that has taken place in the ideas, aspirations, and habits of its people since the days when a fine philosophy and the poetic and mystic writings of Schiller and Goethe held a place in their hearts and minds. To a certain extent, yes; but no outside influence could change "the soul of a people" to such a radical extent unless that influence had a very different kind of soil in which to implant its virus, and numbers of egos now incarnate in German bodies must be of a very different order from those of a few generations back, in whom the philosophy and poetry of the time evoked an answering note.

And in India too, young India, has not the influence of western civilisation found a suitable soil in the souls of the rising generation? For when we synchronise this with the change that has taken place among a large section of western peoples in the direction of anti-materialism and mysticism, it is obvious that there has been a change over of egos between the two civilisations, that of the East and that of the West.

The critics would put this down entirely to the influence of intercourse assisted by travelling facilities; but such would hardly suffice to account for that interblending of thought and temperament which has been steadily increasing during the last thirty or forty years. And since exceptions are said to prove the rule, have we not instances of English men and women who, even after years of residence in eastern climes, cannot get rid of that crystallising insularity which is one of the distinguishing signs of a backward soul. Heredity, climate, and environment are very powerful factors, but in spite of this, there are many who succeed in rising superior to all three, and even a greater number who would do so if they had the necessary strength to face the combat entailed.

The writer does not ask indulgence for having mixed up the family and national hereditary influences, for he holds that the two factors are not diverse, but are in fact so intimately related that they act and react on one another; further, that this will become more so in the future and will extend to other nations, and finally to the whole world.

M. R. St. John.

LETTERS FROM INDIA

By MARIA CRUZ

V

ADYAR,
December 1912.

THE result of my first expedition in sandals is a blister which prevents me, for the time being, from going for a walk. So I have not been able to join the procession which, every evening at five o'clock, accompanies Mrs. Besant on her walk. It seems that yesterday Mrs. Besant went all round on a tour of inspection with a view to Convention arrangements and the lodging of all the brothers who are to be here then. In the evening, at the class on *A Study in Karma*, the audience had already increased considerably.

This morning the Countesses Schack, fair-haired Germans who are playing the formidable rôle of housekeepers, warned me that to-morrow the cleaning will begin of the rooms next to ours. We shall make ourselves as compact as possible, vacating the retreat which has served us as a dining-room. Only our kitchen (a hut made by the boys) and our "sideboard" will be left there.

The train of the evening procession is being increased by our friends the Parsis from Bombay, the

Benares people, and some who have arrived all the way from Australia. On all sides they are putting up huts —*rancho* style—and improvising beds for the new arrivals. Our number is already nearly two thousand.

The meetings follow close upon each other; they are all interesting, and they are so numerous that it is impossible not to miss some. Only Mrs. Besant has strength enough for that. She presides over or speaks at almost all, without showing the least sign of fatigue. I have just been to a meeting where Reports were read of the various Theosophical activities. Mrs. Higgins, a fine old lady who manages the Buḍḍhist schools in Ceylon; another Englishwoman who has some schools for outcastes; Miss Gmeiner, whom I saw myself at work at Delhi, where, with her friend Miss Priest, she conducts a girls' school; Miss Arundale, who started the one in Benares; G. S. Arundale for his College —all these read Reports most encouraging to our spiritual movement.

For the last day and a half I have not had time to write a single line. We run from the Hall to the banyan tree, from the banyan home, and from there back to the Hall. I get up at dawn and try to get to bed by ten o'clock. I do not know whether it is because of an inner peace (outer peace there is none just now), or whether it is the atmosphere, but I notice that I understand many things I did not understand before, and that I am *growing*. Unfortunately my physical self is following my superphysical, and my dresses will soon be too tight.

* * * * *

Yesterday at 5 o'clock, under the enchanted tent of the banyan—whose hanging branches, taking root and

growing into new trunks, make archways and galleries and passages and colonnades and even rooms—a great carpet was spread. It was studded with masculine heads, smooth and chocolate coloured, and adorned with painted caste marks, quaint coloured turbans and caps, which show to the initiated to what part of the country its wearer belongs and to which caste. To me they meant nothing but the brilliant play of the most vivid colours. The Hindu ladies, their noses and ears sparkling with jewels, and rows of much less picturesque Europeans, bordered this odorous throng, where a dew lay heavy which was not the dew of heaven. Every corner was crowded, and through the trellis-work of branches was visible the gold of the sun.

Mrs. Besant stood on a high platform. From a distance she seemed to be standing on a branch of the tree. You will read her lectures in the papers; but alas, you will not have her magnificent gestures, her finely modulated voice, now melodious as a song, now rolling like thunder. Theosophy apart, she is a splendid orator, and an artist before whom Mounet-Sully and Sarah would bow in reverence. In French she loses half her expressiveness. While she spoke, the light changed and gradually died away; the electric lamps were lighted (with discretion) and the white figure stood out clearly against the foliage, opening its arms wide like a great bird that spreads its wings. The wind shivering in the branches, the crickets shrilling in the distance, everything seemed to follow the cadence of her voice. It was splendid, and we felt far away from earth, hovering above it as in a dream.

To-day, Sunday, we were invited to a big tea-party, given by Miss Rea, under the banyan. The

whole of Adyar was there—with shoes on for the most part. Shoes are the height of elegance here, an elegance which is generally reserved for the company of "Madrasites". The "Madrasites" are to us the epitome of snobbery, English propriety, the world and the philistines. When they come, sandals and saris are hidden away. We had an excellent tea, thanks to the van Hook bakery and confectionery. Mrs. Besant showed herself for a quarter of a second, and Mr. Ransom amused the company with conjuring tricks and songs.

* * * * *

In the Hall Mrs. Besant spoke of the Path of Return and the stumbling-blocks that we should find there. One of the greatest is the sense of possession. With respect to that, India, with its joint family system in which the various members of the family use each other's things indiscriminately, sins less than the West. We are always vexed when people make use of our possessions, and we say: He might at least have asked me. It is just in that feeling that the harm lies. It is not a question of lending or giving, much less of robbing ourselves, but of realising in the depths of our souls that we possess nothing. We are nothing but custodians, with no exclusive rights.

Miss Kofel invited us to visit a Pariah School here (she has several others in the neighbourhood). We got there at nine, in time for prayers. There were about two hundred ragamuffins, more or less clothed, the "less" often reaching its extreme limit. In a large hall, with its walls covered with tulle, the classes of the older children were gathered; the little ones were under a thatched roof and under a tree—all seated on the ground. One of the teachers is blind in one eye;

another is hideously marked with smallpox, a fact which has not prevented him from marrying a very pretty wife and being the father of one of the little boys whom he teaches; he is happy.

Mme. Blech was bending over a little girl to look at her slate, when I noticed on the child's glossy hair a miniature world of life! From that moment on, I couldn't take as much interest in Miss Kofel's splendid work as I ought to have done.

In the afternoon the Governor of Madras came with his Aides-de-camp to visit the school; it interested him very much. Miss Kofel was radiant. She deserves to go to heaven.

VI

January 4th, 1913.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have thought of you a great deal, and of the New Year gatherings at your house; for several years now, we have passed that festal day together. Here it passed unnoticed. Mrs. Besant and Miss d' A. and some others had been invited to a garden party at Government House, and came home very late. The next day the Benares people started on their return journey. We were present to see the exodus, the last detachment being the Arundale party, who were honoured with the motor-car and the escort of Mr. Leadbeater.

Meanwhile Mrs. Besant was resting from her labours by distributing with her own hands, one by one, cakes and toys to three or four hundred little ones from the Panchama Schools. When we had said

good-bye to Miss Arundale and had reached Blavatsky Gardens, the clothes had already been given away and the children were going to the banyan tree, where Chinese lanterns were being lighted. The Adyarites made a kind of protective circle round the tree; a curious crowd remained outside it, and the children sat down in circles, back to back, in perfect order. Mrs. Besant, followed by a Burmese boy of thirteen (who looks rather like my brother José when he was a child) who carried her tray for her, bending again and again to put the things into the little black paws, went round the circles five or six times even before I left, and I went away before the end. You try bending down five hundred times in succession, and then you will understand my astonishment. You want my impressions? I am astounded by it all.

* * * * *

I have received your letter, and I am still dazed by it. What? You can already see a book on Adyar, even to the colour of the binding? The sad part about it is that the real Adyar is not on the physical plane, and that I could never convey the least conception of it to anyone who has not felt its influences. Describe the effect of an electric shock to people who have never felt it. Even the physical plane things, such as the colour of the sky, are impossible to reproduce. I often go out with Mme. Bermond, who is a painter and who almost swoons before the beauty of the twilight, but cannot describe the colours—so wonderful are they. When you expect green, you find it is blue or yellow, but the greens and the yellows are such as one is not accustomed to seeing, hence they are indefinable. The same may be said of the reds. The

woods sing: it isn't the song of the wind in the trees nor the twittering of the birds; it is all that; but there are other invisible things that make up the melodious choir. It brings tears to one's eyes; but to try to describe it—that is impossible; it would be base treachery, almost. It would be like a photograph of the Taj Mahal; it tells you nothing, though the Taj is one of the Marvels of the World.

Anyway, *I* cannot do it; I do not feel able to undertake a chapter on the mystical side of Adyar. Perhaps I shall write a poem on it in my next life. Everyday Adyar, past and present, I *can* manage, if you think that will serve your purpose. I will send you a little bit of it at a time, and afterwards it can all be trimmed and strung together.

MARIA CRUZ.

PATTIDĀNA[1]

AN INCIDENT

By S.

IT was October. Overhead great fleets of clouds, white as the whitest wool, like silver-sailed galleons bound in haste for some far shore, passed in gay procession over the clean, clear, rain-washed blue of heaven. Below stretched wide on every hand the green sea of the never-ending paddy fields, where the grain seemed to heave in veritable waves as its stalks bent to the breath of the monsoon wind now blowing its last.

Like some lonely, grey-brown island in the midst of that green sea, perched on its posts above the surface of the waving grain, stood the house of Maung Ba Zin, cultivator and part owner of the fields of paddy around. In this house great events were toward. A new little voyager on the sea of life had just made his appearance there; and the happy mother, well wrapped up, and with the hot bricks duly ranged about her, was holding her first-born son to her heart. In a corner the midwife was busied about the preparation of some rice-gruel; and below the house, in between the posts, Maung Ba Zin squatted beside a fire, heating more bricks in case

[1] *Pattidānaṁ*: The transferring to another of "merit" made.

they should be wanted, Ma Noo looking on with much wonder expressed in her little face.

"What is the matter, father?" she asked, pointing first to the big hot fire, and then upward at the floor over her head.

"Nothing at all is the matter: everything is all right. But you have got a little brother now, Noo Noo," replied her father. "Are you not glad? Wouldn't you like to have a nice little brother to play with?" and he picked the little girl up in his arms and affectionately sniffed over her face and hair.

"A little brother! Oh! let me see him."

"Yes, yes, of course I'll let you see him; but not just now. We must wait a little bit, you and I, until Daw Hpyu says it is all right. Then we will both go upstairs together, daughterkin, and see your new little brother. What shall we call him, Noo Noo?"

Ma Noo smiled pleasedly at thus being asked to find a name for the little brother she had not yet seen. For a moment or two her eyes wandered round over the paddy all about their dwelling. Then she said slowly:

"I think we should call little brother Red Rice. Red rice is very good."

"A splendid name! The very thing!" said her father. "That's just what we'll call him. His name shall be Maung San Nee, Mr. Red Rice."

The green of the far-stretching paddy fields was turning to a dull bronze in the sunset light and the wind had almost sunk to its evening quiet, before Daw Hpyu called down from above that now they might come up and see the new baby, and get their evening rice. Picking up Ma Noo on his hip, Maung Ba Zin

climbed the narrow outside stair of his dwelling, set her down on the floor, and then, holding her hand, approached where the midwife held in her arms a strangely small bundle of clothing. Cautiously Daw Hpyu turned back a cloth from one end of it, and exposed to the gaze of Ma Noo and her father, the little, bare, round head and puckered face of Maung San Nee.

For a moment of perfect stillness Ma Noo stood by her father's side looking at the new little brother; then she burst into a heartbroken wail of lamentation. Father and aunt gazed at the girl, astonished. Then the father spoke:

"Why, Noo Noo! Whatever is the matter with you? What are you crying for? Hush, hush; you'll frighten your mother and make her ill."

"Oh, Oh!" wailed the little girl, but in more subdued tones; and she crushed her face close against her father's side and tried for her mother's sake to stifle her sobs.

"But what is the matter?" again asked her father, puzzled and half alarmed.

"Oh, Oh!" sobbed out Ma Noo. "Oh, Oh! Poor little brother has got no hair on his head, no hair on his head at all. Oh, poor little brother!"

Her father and her aunt could only stare after her as the little girl broke away from them, paused a moment, and then, picking up something from the floor, ran out of the door and down the steps as fast as her little legs would carry her.

At the foot of the stair she almost tumbled full length over Pegoh, the big Pegu hound who was standing there gazing up at the house with an air of anxious enquiry.

"Pegoh!" called the little girl. "*La, la*, come, come!" for she felt a little afraid. It was fast getting dark, and she had something to do she must do at once.

The old hound turned to obey her call, as he had been accustomed to do ever since she could walk, and in his wonted silent, undemonstrative fashion, padded after her along a narrow path between the tall grain that hid both child and dog, until they reached the road that led to the great city. A short way along this road there glimmered through the dusk a tin, white-washed pagoda, not much higher than Ma Noo herself—a very humble little structure made of common clay, but always kept white and beautiful with fresh coats of wash when required. Towards this Ma Noo turned her steps.

As she approached it, she stopped and stood a few minutes in the concealing dusk, fumbling about her head. Then she went up to the little pagoda, and Pegoh—nobody else—saw her lay down a little bunch of something that even in the gathering gloom stood out black against the white ledge of the pagoda. Next she knelt down, and after bowing three times with folded hands laid to her forehead, she murmured something that was half speech, half chant. Again she bowed reverently to the pagoda three times, and rose to her feet. For a moment she stood there as though hesitating, put her hand to her head and pulled it quickly away again, and then turned back along the way she had come and up the path between the tall paddy toward the house, old Pegoh silently padding after her.

"Ho, Noo Noo! Noo Noo yay!" she heard her father calling urgently as she drew near. "*La, la! Htamin-sa pyin pyee-byee.* Come, come! Rice is ready."

But Noo Noo was unable to call back; her little heart was too full.

"Where can that girl be?" exclaimed the father to himself. "It is getting quite late. She should not be out in the dark like this." And he called again; and still got no reply.

"Oh, never mind her," said his sister, "she is quite safe. Pegoh is sure to be with her. She has only gone away to finish her cry. Come and eat your own rice. When she is hungry she will come in for hers."

So Maung Ba Zin and Daw Hpyu sat down on the floor before the low table lit by one smoky oil light at its side, which made only a little illumination and a whole host of shadows, and partook of their evening meal of rice and curry.

As they ate, a little form stole softly up the stair outside, crept through the doorway, and tried to slink in the shadow round by the wall behind Daw Hpyu to where the baby now lay sleeping beside its mother. But Daw Hpyu's eyes were too quick for her.

"Ah, there she is," she said. "Come along, Noo Noo, and take your rice."

The girl paid her no heed, but shrank closer to the wall, still making toward the sleeping babe.

"No, no; baby is sleeping," called Daw Hpyu. "Come and take your rice now," and putting out her hand behind her, she laid hold of a corner of the girl's jacket and gently pulled her toward the table.

"*Ah-ma-lay!*" she exclaimed in a voice of horror and surprise as the light fell upon the little girl's head. "Oh, Noo Noo, what have you been doing?"

She had good cause to exclaim. Where was the neat little banded coil of glossy, jet-black hair

that used to adorn the top of Ma Noo's head, with a red poppy-flower coquettishly stuck in it just over her little ear—that headgear which, when dressed up in her best to go to the big pagoda at Rangoon, made her look such a sweet, quaint, little woman, the image of her mother in perfect miniature! Where was it? For nothing was there now but a woeful rump of sadly hacked and haggled hair.

"*Ameh!*" cried the father, as his eyes too fell on the ruin. "Where is your hair, Noo Noo? What have you done?" and he took out of her hands the scissors he now spied there. "Come, tell me! Where have you been? Who did that? Was it you? How did you do it. Why did you do it?"

The little girl, crouching beside the smoky light, heard these quick-flung questions to the end with lips that trembled more and more but gave forth no sound.

"Oh, father, let me see little brother," she burst out at length when her father's breath was exhausted.

"No, no; you can't see little brother: he is sleeping. He must not be waked," said Daw Hpyu. "What do you want to see him for now? You'll see him to-morrow. But tell me! Why did you cut off all your pretty hair? What made you do such a thing?"

"Oh father, tell me first," pleaded the little girl in a voice on the verge of tears, "tell me first—has little brother got plenty of hair on his head now?"

"Hair on his head! No, you funny little daughterkin. But never mind San Nee's hair. What about your own? What have you done with it?"

"Oh, *opay*, please do not be angry," said the little girl haltingly, appealingly.

"No, no, I am not angry. But tell me now what you have been doing with your head."

Ma Noo seemed to pull herself together. "Yes, I will tell you," she said in a low voice, her eyes fixed on the floor.

"Poor little San Nee had no hair on his head, so I thought. . . . I thought. . . . At the big golden pagoda in Rangoon I saw hanging up a bunch of hair, and I thought, maybe. . . . So I thought, maybe, if I cut off my hair too. . . . And I went to the pagoda on the road and laid it there. And I worshipped the pagoda the same as we did the big one at Rangoon, and I said the words you told me to say when I laid the flowers before the Lord Buḍḍha that day. I said: 'If there be any merit in this my deed, may it help me to gain Nibbana.' Only, I didn't say: 'May it help me to gain Nibbana.' I said instead: 'May it help poor little brother to get hair on his head.'"

For a breathless second father and aunt stared in dumb amazement at the pathetic little face now looking anxiously up at them. Then—they could not help it—they burst into a united peal of hilarious laughter. But the next moment they checked themselves, as the serious voice of the little girl struck them with an almost painful anxiety in its tones: "But has little brother got hair on his head now?"

For a second or so the father's eyes rested tenderly on the anxious face of his little daughter. Then he said in serious but cheerful tones:

"No, Noo Noo—that is not yet, not yet. But never mind; do not be sad," he continued quickly as he noticed the little girl's face fall, "he soon will have. Oh, very soon. You will see. Just wait. Not very

long. Only a little while. And then, I am sure, quite sure, he will have the very biggest and finest lot of hair on his head, in the whole world."

The little girl's face brightened. "Oh, will he? Sure?" she said. "I am so glad, then, that I cut off mine for him. I should like him to have the best head of hair of any little brother all round here." And she fell to eating her rice in very evident satisfaction and content.

And indeed, all fell out exactly as Maung Ba Zin said.

As the weeks passed, Maung San Nee did come to have a most marvellous head of plentiful, fine, glossy, black hair, just like his sister's, which now was growing almost as good as it had been before. And in the cool of the evenings, as Maung Ba Zin sits on the lock gate, smoking his cheroot and chatting to his friend the canal lock keeper, he glances from time to time over at the little pagoda gleaming whitely by the roadside, and says:

"Well, it was very good Dāna, that of Ma Noo, quite sure. For you never saw a boy of his age with such a splendid lot of hair as Maung San Nee; now did you?"

And the lock keeper gravely replies:

"You speak true, Maung Ba Zin. It is certain I never did; not even in the big city of Rangoon. No, I never did."

And the travellers along the road, as they pass the little pagoda shining so dazzling clean and white in the sun, are accustomed to nod toward the little bunch of hair on its ledge, held safe from being blown away by the stone some one has laid on it, and to say to their

neighbour, with a smile always in their eyes that sometimes reaches their lips as well:

"Ah, it was a very good deed, that of little Ma Noo: no doubt about it. There isn't another boy with a head of hair like Maung San Nee all the way between here and Rangoon. Indeed there isn't."

S.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FOURTH DIMENSION

I hope you may find space for the enclosed. Claude Bragdon is our Theosophical pioneer in a new field of art. We owe him gratitude and open recognition of the value of his service in adding to the World-beauty.

In a recent letter to a T.S. friend, who had given him a few words of appreciation, he said: "I am very much alone in my propaganda and appreciate all the recognition I get from any quarter." We feel the pathos of that loneliness which surrounds all great souls who lead the van, whose vision is so big that others cannot follow it.

Greeting from the Santa Rosa Lodge to all the dear workers at Adyar, and may peace be with you during 1917.

ADELAIDE COX,
President, Santa Rosa Lodge.

[We append our correspondent's contribution herewith.—ED.]

Mr. E. L. Gardner, in the October THEOSOPHIST, frightens (?) all Fourth Dimension enthusiasts by reference to "the vigorous and healthy curse of Athanasius which awaits the heretic" etc.: parenthetically it may be said that a new brand of heresy is invented to suit the occasion. He softens the curse by referring to it as a "gentle (?) protest" and continues: "I submit that the Fourth Dimension is a formless mental abstraction, that it has no proper standing. . . . The purport of this article amounts to a denial of its existence." In making these assertions our tender friend feigns a timidity that is not apparent; but well may he shake in his three-dimensional shoes, for we are after his one-dimension scalp, which we will gently remove and spin merrily in a four-dimensional direction. The heretic in question is one who adds a fourth and unknown dimension to the three dimensions of space, which are "reflections in terms of form of the Divine Trinity in Unity of the one Life". Mr. Gardner adds: "It is an attempt to identify the attributes of Life with the figures of form, and however willingly we grant that behind the Fourth Dimension there stands something real, it is of importance that the reality should be described in terms of Life or Consciousness, and not be regarded as a further extension of form."

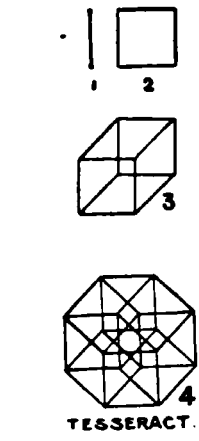
Three questions are in order: Is there not a Divine Quaternary? and does not H. P. B. diagram the plane of

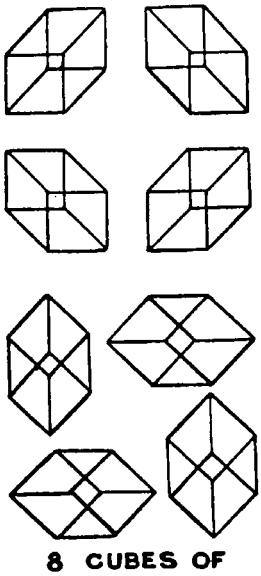
manifested matter as a square ? We cognise three dimensions through our normal senses ; the race is evolving a sixth sense. May it not include the comprehension of a higher dimension ?

The annihilation of the four-dimensional idea would seem a catastrophe to Claude Bragdon's[1] friends and admirers, for on that is based his new art, explained in his books entitled *A Primer of Higher Space* and *Projective Ornament.*

All who have studied the works of C. H. Hinton and Claude Bragdon admit that to understand their explanation of the Fourth Dimension one must draw largely on the imagination ; hence it becomes to that extent a mental abstraction, " formless " we will not admit.

PLATE . A.





Mr. Gardner says : " By dimensions of space we really mean extension of matter." Let us reflect that matter is not confined to the physical plane. We do not make any impossible leap from the physical to the higher mental plane, but take our natural, leisurely way, one step at a time. Our first adventure in a four-dimensional direction leads to the astral world, and when hypersolid disappears into that region, we find that the forms there are exact duplicates of the three-space physical forms, with the added extension (dimension) which annihilates distance, and with it time.

All writers about the Fourth Dimension and the Astral Plane deplore the inadequacy of the names used, but they have become accepted terms *faute de mieux.* In order to lead the mind by easy stages, the formula given is something like this : A no-dimensional point moving in a one-dimensional direction generates a line ; a line moving at right angles to its length in a two-dimensional direction generates a plane ; a plane moving at right angles to its surface in a three-dimensional direction generates a solid ; a solid moving at right angles to its content in a four-dimensional direction generates a hypersolid (Plate A). Now a solid, moving thus, obviously moves in every direction, which, as I understand it, is radiation—an unlimited extension in all directions, making it possible to see the solid at any distance

[1] Claude Bragdon, Architect. Rochester, New York, U.S.A.

from its physical base by means of four-dimensional vision, in other words by astral or mental clairvoyance. From the standpoint of physical plane consciousness, may not this radiant extension be called dimension or no dimension, just as we say a point is everywhere and nowhere? We are forced to express ourselves in terms of time and space, so why object to the word dimension? It has a mathematical fitness that no other word possesses. The tesseract or hypercube is given as an example (No. 4, Plate A).

Mathematically it is absolutely correct, since the two points which bound the line find their fourth power in the sixteen points of the tesseract. Claude Bragdon's diagrams of hypersolids are illuminating. He does not attempt the impossible, but leads the mind unmistakeably to a vision of higher things. The tesseract implies radiation, but shows only as many lines as a mind working through a physical brain can easily follow. It shows other qualities belonging to higher planes, *i.e.*, the transparency and interpenetrability of forms. He does not claim that the diagram describes the real hypercube, which is always a cube; the drawing, being necessarily on a plane surface, is not even a perspective of a tesseract, but the perspective of a perspective, for it is a two-dimensional representation of a three-dimensional representation of a four-dimension form. Furthermore these plain diagrams of the tesseract and hypersolid are attractive in themselves, and in the hands of an artist give rise to endless adaptations in design, the beauty of which is extraordinary. This beauty is an evidence of underlying truth; beauty can be built on no other foundation. "Truth to the mind is beauty to the eye"; and we owe it to an F.T.S. that these avenues of beauty are opened to a world thirsting for some new expression of art. Claude Bragdon's Projective Ornament, while noble in its pure beauty, holds a satisfying appeal to the intelligence and stirs a mystical urge within to delve for the soul of things. When he is able to combine colour and light with his geometric projections, as was possible in a recent song and light festival in Central Park, New York, they become glorified to the entrancing loveliness that belongs to a spiritual fairyland; this brings them a step nearer as representations of mental forms which are self-luminous and *are* colour.

While most of the cubists and futurists are prowling vaguely around on lower astral levels, and bringing through some truth with many distortions, Claude Bragdon is boldly pointing the way to a higher world of wondrous possibilities. He sees Art and Theosophy as one. He teaches them together in language that is clear and clean-cut. Not often do we find so richly blended in one the artist, the occultist and the diction of his book. He attacks the apparently impossible with

a tantalising insouciance and a subtle humour that draws you on, however reluctant your mental feet. He fascinates you with some magic mystery, then uses it as a hammer to drive home the Ancient Wisdom, and fasten a wedge in his art. He builds his art on that same numerical foundation which builds the universe, and sings in the music of the spheres. Who shall say it will not endure, expand, create, become, or rather IS NOW, a worthy child of the new race, and it is primarily a four-dimensional idea. May the shadow of the tesseract never grow less! though it be only the shadow of a shadow.

Mr. Gardner says: "No one should destroy who is not prepared to construct," and Mr. Bragdon did construct grandly without any previous destruction being necessary; his diagrams and explanations are illuminating; they throw light on a subject that has as many sides as the circle has radii. Dear Brother Gardner, we may annex wings to a building, without destroying it, in order to build anew.

The controversy seems to rest mainly on a question of terminology. Prithee let us not split hairs over a name-word.

PRINCIPLE OR PUBLIC OPINION

Having read in THE THEOSOPHIST with interest both M. A. Kellner's and M. E. Cousins' discussions on "Principle or Public Opinion," I beg leave to say that if we all lived up to our ideals we should never have to consider laws or public opinion; so why this discussion? Having found "Self," and that Self being the perfect "I am," how can we in any way offend or be offended? The state we lived in would be a state of Peace. Events and people are controlled by law; there is an eternal law of justice; I am one with that law and rest in it.

As regards Mrs. Besant's "changes"—any one who has read her autobiography would never dare to criticise her—one feels all through her life the great hunger for a truth which would help man to be bigger than his surroundings; we all of us take many roads in going "home," and out of each experience she brought forth something beautiful, until she reached the one perfect ideal of Brotherhood. Who are we to judge? Let us spend our time in building up our lives and *not* in pulling down others.

RAY CORSER DUGUENNE.

BOOK-LORE

The Message of the Future, by C. Jinarājadāsa, M.A. (Star Publishing Trust, Glasgow. Price 2s.)

In the symphony of first rate Theosophical literature Mr. Jinarājadāsa undeniably plays his own special tune; to use his own words, he weaves—and with no uncertain touch—his own melody into the great song of Divine Wisdom. More especially does he do so in this new book, published by the Star Publishing Trust in Glasgow; or rather re-published, for all the "messages" originally appeared in one or another of the magazines. Yet this book, in the totality of its various articles and lectures, is a new and valuable gift to the world, a true message of the future; for it brings its reader so much nearer to the greater Teacher to whose Coming the author's message relates.

We know very few mystic treatises, if any, that make such living realities of the great mystic facts of divine and human life as these articles do. The great religious dogmas —"God made Man," "Man the Son of God," "Christ the Mediator,"—they all at once become acceptable, intelligible—nay, glorious, living realities—by the perusal of this little book. In fact the Divine World constantly peeps through every image, every sentence; and the great World Teacher Himself seems to breathe through the atmosphere of the book.

Moreover we know that Mr. Jinarājadāsa is the apostle of beauty, that he, we may almost say for the first time, has brought beauty to the forefront in our literature. Nowhere does he do this more than in these treatises; they speak about beauty; the beauty of nature, of Creation; the beauty of Beethoven and Wagner; the beauty of the New Spring arising amid the dying of the Old World; beauty is woven into the articles as is gold thread into costly Indian shawls. And reading the

book quietly, reading with a stillness in our being, we feel its beauty, its enthusiasm, its certainty reflected in ourselves.

So will these mere reprints of several "Starlight" talks, of the Parable of the Three Old Men, of the Children's Playhouse and of the three lectures about the World Teacher be welcome to all Star brothers, all Theosophists, and all true Christians, not only for their own benefit but also as an excellent volume for propaganda.

A. G. V.

The Psychology of Music, by H. P. Krishna Rao, B.A. (Wesleyan Mission Press, Mysore. Price Re. 1 As. 4.)

This is a small book containing twelve short chapters. In it an attempt is made to establish certain recognisable relations between human emotions and different musical notes. The reader is led through the first four chapters—which are, so to say, introductory—to the main theme of the book, which is dealt with in the fifth and succeeding chapters. The author considers the ordinary 12 swaram division of an octave, dividing it into two main divisions, S to P and P to S, and relates them to the lower and higher planes of consciousness. The different stages of a psychic impression, *viz.*, tranquillity, disturbance, perception, uneasiness, enquiry, egoism and pain, are taken to correspond to S, R_1, R_2, G_1, G_2, M_1, M_2; P again corresponding to tranquillity, though of a higher order. Of course it is difficult to "prove" this correspondence, it can only be felt. But where feeling is concerned it is not possible to give a common definite basis to the principles of correspondence. What appears to be a natural classification to one may seem entirely artificial to another. The different stages above mentioned may also be taken to correspond on a larger scale to S, R_2, G_2, M_1, P, D_2, N_1, and a consistent system of interpretation may be developed. But at the same time it may be remarked that the correspondence adopted by our author seems to be self-consistent and illuminative. The pictures given in illustration of the emotions represented by different notes are tolerably appropriate.

Chapter VIII is very fascinating and instructive. A high degree of ingenuity is apparent throughout this chapter.

The fact that rhythmical movements of the hands, nods of the head and changes of the face muscles, accompanying the singing of a piece of music, are quite natural, is very clearly brought out. Even a bird goes on nodding its head in accompaniment to its song; no wonder, then, that a human being does so. A cold, immovable face is an artificiality for a musician.

The characteristic features of the eastern and western systems of music—melody and harmony—are very ably explained in the next chapter. That the sublime and the beautiful have their correspondences in the realm of music also is explained in the tenth chapter. While in the West musicians mix up these two, the musicians of India have clearly recognised the distinction, and never mar the beauty of music by unnecessary orchestral accompaniments. Real Indian music cannot even tolerate the harmonium and the organ.

The author then shows that natural music is always nasal, and that the bass and the tenor are artificialities. The harmonium is a very convenient instrument for a beginner, but advanced Indian music is inconsistent with the use of that instrument. He rightly deprecates its use by even some of our professional experts as a drone or as an accompaniment:

> In the West the status of a musician is well defined. Music is looked upon as an accomplishment, and the musician is held in great esteem as one who contributes to social enjoyment and improvement.

Unfortunately it is not so here in India. The true place of music in the life of a Nation has yet to be recognised, and we heartily agree with the author when he says:

> When instruction is begun from sound-language, and when the authorities in India responsible for the education of the country recognise, as in the West, the importance of music in the training of the child as well as the man, the art will attain a position not inferior to any other, and musicians, versed either in theory, composition or performance of the art, will all be of service in the great work of the spread of education throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The last chapter deals with "the dark side of our picture of music," but we fear that the author has painted it blacker than it really is. It is very difficult to agree with his wholesale condemnation of some of the ideas of our forefathers—who have been solely responsible for having developed our musical system to such a marvellous degree of complexity and refinement—regarding the absolute pitch of the musical notes, the time and season

for singing the ragas, and the "supernatural" powers of "certain ragas, such as bringing rain or kindling fire". When all types of living beings reach the condition which has been marked out severally for them by the Lord of the Universe in His Archetypes, their normal sounds would probably correspond to certain notes of unvarying relative pitches. Anyhow the author's objection has not been well maintained. It must be within the experience of most of us that certain ragams do seem to be more appropriate to certain times of the day than other ragams. To say that this is merely due to prejudice is "cutting the Gordian knot," and does not prove anything. Experience is a better teacher than any wrangling disquisition, and it teaches us—at least some of us—that our forefathers were after all wise enough on this point, as in other matters also.

The term "supernatural" is a very unhappy one. In Nature there cannot be anything "supernatural"; "supernormal" would be a better word. The whole universe can be explained and every phenomenon in it can be related to natural laws by a proper understanding of the nature of vibrations. Modern science is beginning to realise the all-sweeping nature of vibrational theories. It is idle to say that rain cannot be brought down nor fire kindled by a proper adjustment of vibrations. And music is the best adjuster of the vibrations. Even to-day the remarkable effect of *Varunajapam* can be observed.

There are some other statements also in the book which may seem to be unwarranted, as, for instance, the remarks about the Pythagorean "music of the spheres". The sublime must always appear ludicrous on the plane of the vulgar. Things must be judged from appropriate standpoints.

On the whole the book deserves a hearty welcome; it is provocative of much thought; the author has taken very great pains to present the subject in a thoroughly intellectual form and has very fairly succeeded in his efforts. The get-up of the book is excellent, though it is priced a little too high.

R. S.

Jesus Christ and the Social Question, by Francis Greenwood Peabody. (The Macmillan Co., London. Price 2s.)

This book is not a new one, having been reprinted several times since it first appeared in 1900, but it is one which is very appropriate to the present time. All over Christendom people are asking themselves the question: what, in the face of all the social problems that confront us, should be our attitude as followers of the Christ? And now that the war has thrown the world into still greater confusion than before, and the need for thorough reconstruction is apparent to all, this question of Christ's probable attitude towards it all is more than ever to the fore in Christian thought. As the author remarks:

> This is an age of the social question. Never were so many people . . so stirred by this recognition of inequality in social opportunity, by the call to social service, by dreams of a better social world. . . . The social question of the present age is not a question of mitigating the evils of the existing order, but a question whether the existing order itself shall last.

Of what value, then, is the life of Jesus to us as we turn our energies to the unravelling of this tangled mass of human needs and interests? Professor Peabody's answer, very briefly summarised, is as follows: Jesus was not primarily the devisor of a system, but the quickener of single lives; He held aloof from social problems and surveyed them with a detachment that prevented Him from throwing Himself into the solution of these questions in detail; His chief concern was with individual human souls, and His main object was to explain to these their relation to God. But it must not be supposed because of this that His influence is not productive of social results. "The same social fruitfulness has followed in every age each new access of genuine Christian life," and the reason of this lies in the fact that a constant stream of an abundant social service can only have its source in the moral and spiritual energy of the individual. It is this continually renewed impulse that contact with the personality of Jesus imparts.

The author works out this idea with great care and elaboration, supplying his readers copiously with references to contemporary European writers on the subject, and analyses the main aspects of the problem with a breadth of view which makes his book valuable to students, whatever their religious views. A. DE L.

Adventures of the Christian Soul, being Chapters in the Psychology of Religion, by K. J. Saunders. With a Preface by the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. (Cambridge University Press, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

This book is based upon an Essay entitled " The Psychology of Religious Experiences," which won the Burney prize at Cambridge, in 1908. It relates the adventures of the soul to biological and physiological processes in the affairs of every-day life, and we are led to examine various phases of religious experience through the spectacles of a psychologist, for psychology should be a stepping-stone from the material to the spiritual.

We first examine the subconscious mind, the deep current of the stream of consciousness, unseen yet active, a storehouse and laboratory which may work independently of consciousness, and which perhaps explains the visions of mystics during meditation. The writer insists that the subconscious mind is only a theory, and says:

> Some writers have fallen into the trap of its existence, and speak of it as Madame Blavatsky used to speak of Tibet. When that ingenious impostor [!] desired to mystify her followers, or gain authority for her vagaries, she used to speak of the Mahatmas of Tibet. and to describe the sacred city of Lhassa, but when Thomas Atkins penetrated there, her Mahatmas had to seek fresh pastures, for Lhassa was not by any means the Ideal City of her vision.

Sturdy common sense can disapprove of much teaching about the subconscious; and to glorify it at the expense of consciousness is misleading—so our author says.

The next thing treated of is child-study; children do seem to have a " tendency toward God," but we cannot agree with the view in the book that Hinḍūism, Buḍḍhism, and Muhammadanism have not as much adaptability to the needs of every stage of life as Christianity has; also, as Theosophists, we note a want of knowledge as to the so-called imagination of children, and their companionship with " imaginary " beings.

We are then shown that " Conversion "—a deep-seated emotional change—is the birth of Love, a passion for the Real and Eternal which strengthens the Will and illuminates the Mind, giving an ecstatic joy and a unification of the divided will. This adventure comes generally at adolescence, when the mind is specially receptive—emotional but chaotic—and the

author urges a more scientific, healthy education in the matter of sex. No word in religion, we are told, has been more abused than mysticism, the pursuit of the Beyond, the Real. The mystic is a religious genius, a nature capable of great love. This is the stage of the Lover. The concluding one of all the adventures that lead the soul to fulfil her natural destiny and return whence she came, is Prayer, Meditation, or Contemplation; for they all have the same effect, and become one with mysticism in tuning the will, intellect, and affections. We can recommend this book as a textbook on the psychology of religion, especially to those who like to keep the Christian presentment, and who have not time to study the larger works on the subject.

E. S. B.

The Black Dwarf of Vienna: and other Weird Tales, by Princess Catherine Radziwill. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 1s.)

This volume contains sixteen strange stories connected with some of the old families of continental Europe—mostly Polish, Russian and Hungarian. The tales are not the old familiar ones but some which are little known. The author offers no explanation of the weird occurrences she recounts and makes few comments, but in the Preface we are assured that all of them are well authenticated and that in every case the author has either visited the haunted locality or heard the story first-hand from the families in question, or even herself witnessed the events narrated. The tales are of unequal merit as stories, being in some cases rather baldly told, but in any case they are interesting additions to our collection of witnesses to the reality of the so-called "supernatural".

A. DE L.

PAMPHLETS—ON EDUCATION AND BROTHERHOOD

The Theosophical Educational Trust (in Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., has issued a neat compendium of its objects, principles, and the methods of applying these; the conditions of affiliation of schools to the Trust are also stated. The Trust has already done so much good work, especially in India, that most Theosophists know at least something of

its aims, but it is useful to have them clearly defined in a convenient form for the information both of enquirers and propagandists. Affiliated to the Trust is the Theosophical Fraternity in Education, which has issued a similar booklet setting forth the ideals that the Fraternity stands for. Full membership is confined to members of the teaching profession (of course of either sex), but all workers in the educational field and sympathisers may become Associate Members. The Secretary of the Fraternity, Miss B. de Normann, is the author of a pithy article in pamphlet form entitled *Brotherhood and Education*, also published by the Trust on behalf of the Fraternity. The writer opens on the note of "divine discontent" with existing methods, especially in education, and shows how the principle of Brotherhood applied to education reveals its present defects and points to their remedy. Reforms are dealt with under three heads: the Child, the Teacher, and Administration; and two of the principal points brought out are the responsibility of the State for the care of its children and reverence for the child's individuality. The Brackenhill Children's Home, which belongs to the T.E.T., appeals for support in its "interesting educational experiment," to use the words of the prospectus. Enclosed with this is a reprint of the Programme of Education Reform issued by the Education Reform Council in November 1916. *Educational Reconstruction* is the title of a pamphlet published by The Workers' Educational Association, being their recommendations to the Reconstruction Committee.

Brotherhood and Social Conditions by G. Colmore is a powerful indictment of some of the social violations of Brotherhood that disfigure modern civilisation, such as under-paid labour, the prison system and prostitution. The plea is urged for vigorous action based on the truth that if one member suffers the whole body suffers.

To Holland belongs the credit of an "International School of Philosophy" founded at Amersfoort in September 1915. The programme of work undertaken for the summer of 1916 is announced in an attractive illustrated syllabus. We wish the organisers every success.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

THE SYNTHESIS OF YOGA

Conspicuous among the Indian magazines is *Arya*, a "Philosophical Review" published at Pondicherry. The title we have quoted belongs to a series of articles by the Editor, Sri Aurobindo Ghose, which have been appearing for some time past; the January number contains the twenty-sixth, dealing with "The Passive and the Active Brahman". The task the author sets before him is best summed up in his own words:

> The difficulty which the mental being experiences in arriving at an integral realisation of true being and world-being may be met by following one or other of two different lines of his self-development. He may evolve himself from plane to plane of his own being and embrace on each successively his oneness with the world and with Sachchidananda realised as the Purusha and Prakriti, Conscious-Soul and Nature-Soul of that plane, taking into himself the action of the lower grades of being as he ascends. He may, that is to say, work out by a sort of inclusive process of self-enlargement and transformation the evolution of the material into the divine or spiritual man. This seems to have been the method of the most ancient sages of which we get some glimpse in the Rig Veda and some of the Upanishads. He may, on the other hand, aim straight at the realisation of pure self-existence on the highest plane of mental being and from that secure basis realise spiritually under the conditions of his mentality the process by which the Self-existent becomes all existences, but without that descent into the self-divided egoistic consciousness which is a circumstance of evolution in the Ignorance. Thus identified with Sachchidananda in the universal self-existence as the spiritualised mental being, he may then ascend beyond to the supramental plane of the pure spiritual existence. It is the latter method the stages of which we may now attempt to trace for the seeker by the path of knowledge.

The main line of argument is roughly as follows: The mental process of withdrawal from the vehicles and their activities culminates in a state of equipoise in which the "passive Brahman," the unchanging Self, the disinterested Witness, is more or less realised. In this state the world and its interests, though retained within the consciousness as its creation, assume a semblance of unreality or illusion. But this is not the end of Yoga, though often mistaken for it. Such abstraction is but the first step, for if it were persisted in alone, mental existence would be lost in the Unknowable. The next and most difficult step is to return to ordinary activity without losing the sense of peace and unity gained in the passive state. This can be done by bearing in mind that the life of the world is the "active Brahman" and not merely a

personal activity; and such a disposition in turn reveals the reality of the "active Brahman" as being identical with that of the "passive Brahman".

The extremes to be avoided in both the passive and active states are well described in the following extract:

> The difficulty is created by the exclusive concentration of the mental being on its plane of pure existence, in which consciousness is at rest in passivity, and delight of existence at rest in peace of existence. It has to embrace also its plane of conscious force of existence, in which consciousness is active as power and will, and delight is active as joy of existence. Here the difficulty is that mind is likely to precipitate itself into the consciousness of Force instead of possessing it. The extreme mental state of precipitation into Nature is that of the ordinary man who takes his bodily and vital activity and the mind movements dependent on them for his whole real existence and regards all passivity of the soul as a departure from existence and an approach towards nullity. He lives in the superficies of the active Brahman. . . .

Yet the avoidance of these two extremes does not lie in mediocrity, as might be supposed, but in breaking through the barrier that shuts out the one state from the other, and so combining them in true proportion. The mechanical ideas, as seen from the passive existence, have to be infused with life in order that they may be vehicles of expression, communication and perception; but they must not be allowed to imprison the life bestowed on them. A final quotation will serve to illustrate the real aim of Yoga, as seen by the author, and incidentally the clear and forceful manner in which it is presented.

> In proportion as this realisation is accomplished, the status of consciousness as well as the mental view proper to it will change. Instead of an immutable self containing name and form, containing without sharing in them the mutations of Nature, there will be the consciousness of the Self, immutable in essence, unalterable in its fundamental poise, but constituting and becoming in its experience all these existences which the mind distinguishes as name and form. All formations of mind and body will not be merely figures reflected in the Purusha, but real forms of which Brahman itself, conscious Being, is the substance and, as it were, the material of their formation. The name attaching to the form will be not a mere conception of the mind, answering to no real existence bearing the name, but there will be behind it a true power of conscious being, a true self-experience of the Brahman, answering to something that it contained potential but unmanifest in its silence.

W. D. S. B.

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A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O.P.F.S.

Adyar,
10th January, 1917.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Lausanne, Switzerland ...	Union Lodge, T.S. ...	20-5-1916
Bulle (Fribourg) Switzerland ...	Karma „ „ ...	9-6-1916
Malleswaram, Bangalore, India ...	Malleswaram Lodge, T.S. ...	29-11-1916
Rotterdam, Holland ...	Besant Lodge, T.S. ...	23-9-1916
Habana, Cuba ...	Surya „ „ ...	1-10-1916
Panama, Cuba ...	Amor Fraternal Lodge, T.S. ...	7-10-1916
Aguadella, Puerto Rico, Cuba	Nivritti Marga Lodge, T.S.	12-10-1916
Ashford, Kent, England ...	Ashford Lodge, T.S. ...	6-11-1916
Chorlton-cum-Hardy, England	Chorlton-cum-Hardy Lodge, T.S. ...	6-12-1916
Paris, France ...	Sursum Corda Lodge, T.S. ...	3-12-1916
Boulogne sur Mer, France	Entente Cordiale Lodge, T.S.	7-12-1916

Adyar,
15th January, 1917.

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T.S.

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Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, FEBRUARY 1917

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"And thus united in this Convention, bound by the ties of love and comradeship, cemented by a lofty patriotism for our glorious Motherland, you may be able—I sincerely pray for it—to introduce into twentieth century India, full of foreign influences, those ancient ideals which made India what it was—the happy land of a happy people, land of the Gods who loved her dearly and who love and serve her marvellously even to-day."

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Edited by Annie Besant

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Annual Subscription: Rs. 2 or 3s. or 75c. *Post Free.*

Contents: From the Editor; The Presidential Address; T.S. Convention, 1916, Lucknow, by Anna Kamensky; From Twilight to Dawn, by Emma Hunt; From My Scrap-Book, by Felix; Convention Notes, by F. K.

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Edited by Annie Besant

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By ALBA

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7½"×5". Wrapper. Pages 18.
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VOL. XXXVIII (FEBRUARY) No. 5

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

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Printed by Annie Besant at the Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras.

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THE THEOSOPHIST

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Cuban Section, T.S., of 433 members for 1916, £15. 0s. 2d.	216	9	6
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Adyar,
10th February, 1917.

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A. SCHWARZ,
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Adyar,
10th February, 1917.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Fargo, North Dakota, U.S.A.	... Fargo Lodge, T.S. ...	1-7-1916
San Diego, California, U.S.A.	... Blavatsky Lodge, T.S. ...	1-7-1916
Newark, New Jersey, U.S.A.	... H. P. B. ,, ,,	24-9-1916
Chickasha, Oklahoma, U.S.A.	... Chickasha ,, ,,	27-9-1916
Alamosa, Colorado, U.S.A.	.... Alamosa ,, ,,	1-10-1916
Hamilton, Ontario, U.S.A.	... Hamilton ,, ,,	2-10-1916
Portland, Maine, U.S.A.	... Portland ,, ,,	8-10-1916

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T.S.

Adyar,
1st February, 1917.

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Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, MARCH 1917

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The following has been issued during February :

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By ANNIE BESANT

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Edited by Annie Besant

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Price: As. 4 or 4d. or 8c. *Post Free.*

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

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

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