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THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH



THE THEOSOPHIST

ADYAR

OCTOBER 1940

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is a world-wide international organization formed at New York on 17th November 1875, and incorporated later in India with its Headquarters at Adyar, Madras.

It is an unsectarian body of seekers after Truth promoting Brotherhood and striving to serve humanity. Its three declared Objects are :

First—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

Second—To encourage the study of Comparative Religion, Philosophy and Science.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man.

The Theosophical Society is composed of men and women who are united by their approval of the above Objects, by their determination to promote Brotherhood, to remove religious, racial and other antagonisms, and who wish to draw together all persons of goodwill whatsoever their opinions.

Their bond of union is a common search and aspiration for Truth. They hold that Truth should be sought by study, by reflection, by service, by purity of life, and by devotion to high ideals. They hold that Truth should be striven for, not imposed by authority as a dogma. They consider that belief should be the result of individual study or of intuition, and not its antecedent, and should rest on knowledge, not on assertion. They see every Religion as an expression of the Divine Wisdom and prefer its study to its condemnation, and its practice to proselytism. Peace is their watchword, as Truth is their aim.

Theosophy offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and demonstrates the inviolable nature of the laws which govern its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway to a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to

the world the Science of the Spirit, teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence as, in their original purity, they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition. The Society claims no monopoly of Theosophy, as the Divine Wisdom cannot be limited; but its Fellows seek to understand it in ever-increasing measure. All in sympathy with the Objects of The Theosophical Society are welcomed as members, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

As The Theosophical Society has spread far and wide over the civilized world, and as members of all religions have become members of it without surrendering the special dogmas, teachings and beliefs of their respective faiths, it is thought desirable to emphasize the fact that there is no doctrine, no opinion, by whomsoever taught or held, that is in any way binding on any member of The Society, none which any member is not free to accept or reject. Approval of its three Objects is the sole condition of membership. No teacher nor writer, from H. P. Blavatsky downwards, has any authority to impose his teachings or opinions on members. Every member has an equal right to attach himself to any teacher or to any school of thought which he may choose, but has no right to force his choice on any other. Neither a candidate for any office, nor any voter, can be rendered ineligible to stand or to vote, because of any opinion he may hold, or because of membership in any school of thought to which he may belong. Opinions or beliefs neither bestow privileges nor inflict penalties. The Members of the General Council earnestly request every member of The Theosophical Society to maintain, defend and act upon these fundamental principles of The Society, and also fearlessly to exercise his own right of liberty of thought and of expression thereof, within the limits of courtesy and consideration for others.

THE THEOSOPHIST

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EDITOR: GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

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BRITAIN'S VERY GRACIOUS ROYAL FAMILY
in their home—1940



ON THE WATCH-TOWER

BY THE EDITOR

IMPORTANT: These Notes represent the personal views of the Editor, and in no case must be taken as expressing the official attitude of The Theosophical Society, or the opinions of the membership generally. "The Theosophist" is the personal organ of the President, and has no official status whatever, save insofar as it may from time to time be used as a medium for the publication of official notifications. Each article, therefore, is also personal to the writer.

DR. BESANT

THIS is the October Watch-Tower, and the thoughts of every Theosophist turn to Dr. Annie Besant whose birthday in her last physical incarnation was October 1st. How we all rejoiced throughout the world, and especially at Adyar and at other centres of Theosophic activity, when October 1st was approaching. And how high our uplift when the great day came, and we celebrated it with full and grateful hearts. If Dr. Besant were herself in residence at Adyar then for all residents at the International Headquarters the day was doubly bless-

ed. Beautiful flute-playing on the lawn of the Headquarters began with the dawn, preceded by music in the Hindu temple. Then the door of Dr. Besant's private rooms opened and the splendid figure of our President-Mother appeared on the threshold, to be greeted with adoring reverence by a little group of her particular workers who were waiting on the terrace outside. Flowers were offered and sometimes gifts, and perhaps garlands. Then, with some of those who had come to greet her, she would go on to the wood-paved veranda outside her writing-room, facing the Adyar river and the Bay of Bengal, and sit cross-legged on the floor

to take her coffee and toast, and wonderful coffee it was for she made it herself.

Then began the day of rejoicing, with masses of telegrams from all over the world (these had already been streaming in for days and days, and would go on streaming in long after the birthday was over) and a great gathering of the residents of Adyar, old and young, in the Hall of the Headquarters. Speeches, garlands, gifts, and, above all, torrential happiness.

Then the visit to the various departments of the Adyar estate, and Dr. Besant's own gifts to the workers in her gracious and tender employ—generally cloths for wearing.

And so to the offices of her great daily paper *New India* where there were further distributions of cloths and probably an address from the whole staff. The rest of the day would be spent in the newspaper offices, but at about 5.30 p.m. there was always the cherished visit to the Young Men's Indian Association, founded by her and financially helped by her, where she would receive more congratulations and take a most delicious cup of coffee.

Back to Adyar, and perhaps further celebrations. So did this memorable day sometimes pass, though there might be a number of variations according to the arrangement of the programme.

Dr. Besant was the Mother on such occasions as these, and we were her children. But in the work which overwhelmingly occupied her time she was the Warrior, and we were her army, or a small part of it, for her army had its soldiers throughout the world.

I do not think there could be a more remarkable revelation of the nature of her work and of her power to do it than in those wonderful signed articles of hers in *New India* covering a period of years from 1914 onwards which we have now gathered together in cheap book-form under the title *The India That Shall Be*. Anyone who wishes to understand clearly how great she was in her work, how strong, how clear, how uncompromising, cannot do better than to read these leading articles, each one of which was written in the heat of the moment, but with calm and intense purpose, in no spirit of excitement whatever. Personally, I do not think any of her writings, except the *Autobiography*, disclose more clearly Dr. Besant's great spirit than this new book from the Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, *The India That Shall Be*. It is advertised on p. iv of the cover of this issue.

On what would have been her 93rd birthday we salute her in deepest gratitude for all that she was from early youth to the poor

and suffering, for her stirring leadership, for her most gallant chivalry, and for the perfect blending in her of a will of steel, of visionful wisdom, and of tenderest understanding. All these she is now, today, and I only wish we could add to her *Autobiography* a biographical note on her services in the present war, as well as those of her loved colleague Bishop Leadbeater, the most misjudged and the noblest man of his time. Indeed am I thankful that I am able to bear witness to the spiritual splendour of these great fire-pillars in times when there are so few to discern greatness and so many to seek to debase it.

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ENGLAND

This issue of THE THEOSOPHIST is the English number, just as in July last we had the American number. I hope we may be able to publish other commemorative numbers, but with all the restrictions in force and the many grave preoccupations of those who would normally be contributors it is exceedingly difficult to gather enough material. I am hoping for a Polish issue, for a French issue, and for Irish, Scotch and Welsh issues, in the near future. But we can only hope for the best, and in the meantime carry on with the usual routine.

I should like, however, to feel that this English issue carries with it a special blessing to England in this time of her greatness, for I am sure that every one of the publications we issue from Adyar carries with it something of Adyar's power and peace. Each is prepared and published as an offering to Theosophy, to The Theosophical Society, and to the Universal Brotherhood to the existence of which each bears witness. I hope, therefore, that such publications as in some measure reflect the will of Those who gave Theosophy and The Theosophical Society to the outer world will carry with them Their touch, and so give blessing to the world to which they go.

England has had many vicissitudes throughout her most remarkable history. But she has survived them all, and is now in the midst of what we can only call the Supreme Event of her life. For England, and, of course, for her brother nations, which are so very much one with her, the present is a most sacred moment, and I am most thankful to learn that in her, as in her family of nations, is abiding a deeply religious spirit, as if she were engaged in a spiritual adventure, as indeed she is. England has taken long to adjust herself to her own and to the world's necessities as these have developed in the present war. She has been too long unprepared, and was

unready when she might have halted to its complete undoing Hitler's evil madness. Thank God that before it was too late she, and Wales and Scotland, and, I hope, at least northern Ireland, together with those wonderful countries, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Newfoundland, have seen the danger clearly, and are now most marvellously armed to fight and defeat the enemy of the world, with the unstinted aid of all their comrades. May India soon also stand by her side, as are so splendidly standing these other nations!

In her heart is the English Section of The Theosophical Society, eager, stalwart, true, finely led by Mrs. Adelaide Gardner, with a staff round her about which she is constantly writing to me in terms of the deepest appreciation and thankfulness, as if she did little and they everything. Be this as it may, there is thorough team-work in the English Section, and this is the reason why it carries on almost as if there were no war taking place at all, even though the majority of its members are ardently engaged in war work.

It is ordained that England and her partners shall emerge triumphant from the present struggle, albeit the way to Light from darkness may at times be hard and perilous. I am proud to be an Englishman. But I am also proud to be Indian by adoption through

nearly forty years of residence in India. Indeed shall I be doubly proud when Britain and India face the world's enemy as one nation in the spirit of that nationhood which it had been hoped would encompass Britain and France. I believe that this glory shall come to pass. But let it not be long delayed!

* * *

HOMAGE TO WORKERS AMID DIFFICULTIES

It is my happiness to pay very special homage to the way in which the various Sections in Britain are carrying on their Theosophical work in the midst of such shattering and devastating preoccupations. I am indeed amazed at the way in which our workers in this great and final bulwark of the world's freedom are able not only to carry on the normal routine of each Section's activities, but are able to plan fresh channels for the outflow of the life of Theosophy and the brotherhood of The Theosophical Society.

"THEOSOPHY IN ACTION"

For example, there was, before Belgium's recent crucifixion, an admirable journal published by the Belgian General Secretary, Mademoiselle Serge Brisys, called *L'Action Théosophique*. It was a kind

of newspaper and was most brightly edited and produced. Of course, the betrayal of Belgium killed it. But we Theosophists know no such finality as death, and it is now proposed to reincarnate it as *Theosophy in Action*, to be published in London, presumably in English. I believe *Theosophy in Action* will be issued monthly, and will be priced at 4s/6d per year, and will act as the official organ of the European Federation of Theosophical Societies. I hope that throughout the world *Theosophy in Action* will receive the heartiest support, both for what I am sure will prove its very definite worth to Theosophists everywhere and for the courage which has given *L'Action Théosophique* this fine rebirth.

AIR-RAIDS

In all the British Sections lecture-programmes are as far as possible being adhered to in spite of the nightly black-out, of the war work in which so many of our members are engaged for very long hours, and of the most nerve-racking interruptions caused by air-raid alarms. A friend of mine in London, herself an air-raid warden, writes that although everybody carries on almost as if air-raids were part and parcel of normal, healthy living, nevertheless there sometimes does arise a little sinking feeling in the equatorial region of the body,

which is of course ignored, but takes a little time to disappear.

WAR DISTRESS RELIEF COMMITTEE

Then there is the work of helping all who are suffering because of the war, especially those who are members of The Theosophical Society, for whose relief The Society has already granted a substantial sum which is being administered from London as the most central place from which to reach those members who are in distress in regions occupied by Germany. Mynheer van Dissel, Mynheer J. Kruisheer, Mr. and Mrs. Gale, and other prominent members form part of a War Distress Relief Committee. And the need is so great that I do not hesitate to urge members of The Society throughout the world to help this Committee in every possible way. If they will kindly get into touch with Mrs. Gardner, General Secretary of the English Section, she will see that their communications reach the appropriate department of the Committee. At present, the Secretary to the Committee is Mrs. Gale, and I am hoping I shall soon receive an official statement about the Committee and its work. Possibly such a statement has been sent, but in these days there are too many slips between the cups of senders and the lips of the President of The Society. It is as well to send copies of important letters

by a route different from that of the original communication.

MLLE. SERGE BRISY

I am most thankful to have a fragment of news from Mademoiselle Serge Brisy herself, written from somewhere in Europe other than from Belgium. It is a heroic letter such as might well be expected from the heroic soul our General Secretary in Belgium is. It reminds me of a no less heroic letter sent by the General Secretary of Finland when that noble country was *in extremis*, a letter which I published in my Presidential Address (printed in the February 1940 issue). Serge Brisy's letter runs:

As General Secretary of the Belgian Section and in the name of all Belgian members I want to affirm our absolute loyalty to our glorious Allies whatever the acts and decisions of one we loved greatly and who deceived us in such a sorrowful way that no words can translate the crucifixion of our hearts. We cannot understand though we must live through the crucifixion and it is hard to bear.

So many of us have lost everything—house, associations, possessions, country—but we do intend to keep intact and pure our honour. It cannot be overshadowed by the act of a single man. We are with England, France and their Allies. We are for freedom and civilization. We are against barbarism, cruelty and oppression. We hold dearer than anything else our word of honour.

Our misery is extreme—but our courage undaunted.

Please be kind enough to publish this letter. We have suffered so much these last two days that words are poor under the pen. May the blessing of the Masters encompass our Allied countries and enlighten the hearts of the weak.

MR. VAN DISSEL AND MR. KRUISHEER

Such a letter I am sure I would receive under similarly heart-rending conditions from every General Secretary throughout Europe. Pray God there may be no further occasion for any more. But we already know with what courage the General Secretary of the Netherlands is working in England despite the terrible anxiety caused by his ignorance of the whereabouts of his family. We also know how with no less heroism under similar conditions Mynheer van Dissel, the General Secretary of the European Federation of Theosophical Societies, is also working. And if only our great General Secretary of the French Section could reach us we well know how he would display the noble spirit of France in all its shining fineness.

FINLAND

We know that in Finland despite all her sufferings the same spirit of heroism animates her people and our fellow-members of the Finnish Section. One of our members there writes that not less than 15,000

have been killed in the war, 40,000 wounded, and over a thousand crippled for life, and that thousands of Finland's citizens are homeless. But the letter breathes courage and hope.

THE VICTORY TO COME

But let every Theosophist know that the war will be won by Britain and her brother nations, including, of course, India, and that where there have been crucifixions there shall there be resurrections, where there has been suffering, and how terrible the suffering has been, there shall there be healing, where there has been tyranny, oppression, enslavement there shall there be release, where there has been sacrifice there shall there be power. But where there has been wrong there shall there be retribution, and where there has been aloofness or indifference there shall there be darkness and remorse.

Would that every nation throughout the world could know and seize her opportunity, and join the great crusade.

Would that every nation realized that this is a world war, and rallied to help to save the world.

Would that every nation realized that this is no time to take thought for the morrow and to pile up armaments the very accumulation of which may make another war inevitable, but rather to give all that she now has—even the little some could

give, with the much more others could give, would be enough—to lift the world out of her present and pressing agony, thus to help to make all armaments increasingly a relic of the uncivilized past rather than to hoard them and add to them as if the world had not yet had enough of their evil-doing. Today, armaments are a dire necessity. But tomorrow they should be no more, and the money lavished on them be spent to make happier the lives of God's family of creatures.

OUR LODGE IN JAPAN

I am very glad to hear that our solitary Lodge in Japan is flourishing. It is holding regular meetings, and there seems to be among its membership a spirit of courage and happiness. Japan is, of course, one of the great nations of the world. But the greater the nation the greater the need for Theosophy and for The Theosophical Society in its midst, for Theosophy gives the harmonizing life every nation needs, for its own solidarity no less than for its relations with other nations, while The Theosophical Society with its Universal Brotherhood makes the national brotherhood more close and true.

MR. JINARAJADASA

Mr. Jinarājādāsa has given to Britain a splendid strength, both by his addresses throughout the

country, by his maintenance of a most valuable centre in London, by his pronouncements on the war and on Britain's duty to India and India's to Britain, and also by his participation in such civic service as is possible to him. I hear that he has become a potential fire-extinguisher, so that his services may be called upon to help to extinguish fires in his locality and to minister to any who may be wounded. Much as we have wished to have him here in India once more, it seems clear that his presence in Britain in these days of terrible stress has gone far to help, farther, I think, than most of those round about him realize. In fact, he has been a tower of strength and a benediction: and Britain has needed all the strength and benediction that can come to her; and she deserves them, too.

I believe he will shortly be paying a visit to Australia, returning to India in time for the Convention at Benares.

FAMINE IN EUROPE?

One terrible eventuality threatening Europe obsesses me with its appalling nature—the prospect of a famine in many countries in Europe and especially in those which are being held in the evil grip of Germany. Already we are told, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France are in the gravest danger of famine. Poland is, of course, in the throes of it, and Fin-

land is also suffering. If millions upon millions of people in Europe are to starve to death, how ghastly the heritage for the new world, how frightful the agony for all!

What is to be done? Is the United States to send to Europe huge quantities of food as it so nobly did during the last war under the direction of Mr. Herbert Hoover? Will the starving get the food, or will it be snatched from their very mouths to go to Germany? I feel strongly, though in great distress, that unless the United States is able to ensure that the food will go to the starving, it must not be allowed to reach a European port, so to prolong the war and help Germany to continue her devil-inspired atrocities. This may be a dreadful decision to take, and I am thankful I have not to take it. But what other decision can be taken, Germany having been degraded into being the inhuman monster she is by those who have enslaved her and have moulded her to their abominable will?

I am sure that there will be many to disagree with me, and well they may. I almost disagree with myself. But the world matters more than any individual nation or set of nations, and it is the world which must be saved even if nation after nation has to descend into hell. If Germany will agree to a food distribution controlled in detail by the United States, well and

good. But if Germany will not agree, then the awful karma must be hers of a cruelty unparalleled in the history of the world.

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THE OBLIGATION OF SAFETY

With the war situation as it is all over Europe we may be very sure that members of The Theosophical Society in every European country are fully preoccupied with the prevailing circumstances. There cannot be a single member of The Theosophical Society in Europe who is not in some way strengthening our movement there, be it with will and thought, with aspiration and hope, with speech, or with action. Every member, howsoever he may be circumstanced, is certainly doing his best, often under the darkest of conditions, to live a Theosophical life. I am sure that while every member is being weighed in the balance, is being put to the severest of tests, he is far from being found wanting. I am sure that at the end of the war the Theosophical record of every member in Europe will bear witness to dedicated strength and to calm endurance.

It is a source of great pride and thankfulness to me that Theosophists throughout Europe, stricken as so many of them are, and living under such nerve-racking conditions as all of them are, are react-

ing so triumphantly to tests of the terrible nature of which we who live in safety in other parts of the world have no conception.

INDIA ? AMERICA ?

In India, in the United States, in southern America, life is comparatively so easy and so safe. What a tremendous obligation upon those who thus live protected to do all in their power to make the Universal Brotherhood a living reality by the unstinted support in all possible ways of those lands which have to bear the brunt of the world cataclysm!

A very great Indian, Sir C. V. Raman, a Nobel prizeman and Fellow of the Royal Society, world renowned through his great discoveries in the realm of physics, said the other day, when presiding over a lecture of mine on "India and the War," that bloodthirsty as it might seem he could not help wishing that India might have some experience of being bombed, so that she might know at first hand the nature of the martyrdom going on at present in Europe, and therefore be moved to help with all her heart.

Must India thus suffer before she can realize her duty in this world war? Must there come to her the devastation of her homes, her women and children, before she will awaken to the Call of her Rishis and Saints to come to the aid of a world wounded almost, but not

quite, unto death? I pray not. But India is not yet awake, and she must awaken.

China had to suffer thus, and the rest of the world, to its shame, stood by, helping with lip-service, but often at the same time strengthening the enemy with material wherewith to prosecute an impious war. Need there be more suffering? I fear, in my ignorance I hope, that more may have to come before Righteousness is awake and alert in the hearts and wills of the greater nations of the world. Let the suffering be short, even though sharp, that the blackness may disappear and God's Light shine upon us all undimmed.

PRACTICAL BROTHERHOOD

I think that every Lodge in "safe" territories should be regularly collecting money and other necessities from its members and friends, sending the collections from time to time to some central depot, probably the headquarters of the Section. However little the amount it will be deeply acceptable for the thoughtfulness, the affection, the brotherliness, that inspires it; and every little makes more.

Adyar will always be glad to receive such gifts if it be most convenient to send them here. But I recommend it is better they should find their way directly to the London, England, War Distress Relief Committee, care of

The Theosophical Society, 50 Gloucester Place, London, W.1, and not to any person anywhere by name. They must no longer be sent to France, nor should they be sent to Miss Wanda Dynowska as the situation in eastern Europe is becoming more and more uncertain as time passes.

STRONGER THEOSOPHY

Our next duty is to strengthen in every possible way the Lodge to which we have the privilege to belong, so that it may become increasingly worthy to be a channel for the light of Theosophy and for the brotherhood of The Theosophical Society in the area in which it is functioning. Every member must help to win the war by doing all he possibly can to be a better Theosophist—living more Theosophically and being more active in support of his Lodge and of his Section.

I do not hesitate for a moment to say that one of the finest contributions the Indian and American Sections can make to the cause of a happier post-war world, and to the cause of the speedier conclusion of the war to a righteous end, is to make their respective Sections stronger in numbers, stronger in spreading Theosophy, stronger in Theosophical activity, as for example in connection with the Theosophical Order of Service, stronger in the support of Theosophy and

The Society throughout the world *than ever before.*

An Indian Section more full of energy than ever before, a reincarnated Indian Section, would be a wonderful gift to a world in distress. And what more auspicious time could there be to effect this than the Golden Jubilee year of the Indian Section?

An American Section more full of energy than ever before, a reincarnated American Section, would be a no less wonderful gift to a world in distress. And what more auspicious time could there be than the beginning of a new term of office for the present President of the United States, or for the induction into office of a new President?

It is of vital importance that every member of our Society should be intent on pulling his Theosophical weight, his weight in terms of Theosophical Truth, his weight in terms of Theosophical Brotherhood, his weight in terms of Rightfulness.

Every worker in these two "safe" Sections—how long will they be, ought they to be, "safe"?—should be intent on making his Section a veritable oasis of spiritual power in a world fast becoming a desert.

AWAY WITH LETHARGY!

This is, as I have written before, a Day of Judgment, not only for the world as a whole, not only for every individual in it, but specifically for every member of The

Theosophical Society. Truth is at stake today. Brotherhood is at stake today. Freedom is at stake today. Justice is at stake today. Peace is at stake today. For each of these, Theosophists stand uncompromisingly, for together these are the very life of Theosophy and of The Theosophical Society. The Theosophical Society by no means dictates to any member how he shall stand for these, nor that he shall necessarily stand equally for each and for every one of them. But there they are—the embodiment of individual and of collective happiness, and threatened are they everywhere as they have never been threatened before. No member who has in any way experienced the benefits conferred by his study of Theosophy or by his membership of The Theosophical Society can be otherwise than eager to ensure the continuance of these benefits in the world, so that they may at all times be available to those who become athirst for Truth and Brotherhood.

We Theosophists in safety must justify our safety by working for Theosophy and for The Theosophical Society as we have never worked before. There must be no dormant Lodges anywhere. Such would be a disgrace to the Section involved and a shame to its members. There must be no indifferent members anywhere. These would be a disgrace both to themselves

and to the Lodge and Section to which they have the honour to belong.

Away with everything dormant! Away with everything indifferent! Away with lethargy and all small personal preoccupations! The world needs each one of us without exception, and on this Day of Judgment we must on no account be judged unworthy.

THEOSOPHISTS MUST NOT FAIL!

In all "safe" Sections there must be a vibrant drive to make every constituent element in the Section, from the individual member outwards, ALIVE, ACTIVE, ENTHUSIASTIC. In such times as these this can be done, for the world itself is sweeping onwards through its present darkness, onwards into the Light that is to be; and all of goodwill must not only be gloriously swept along, but must breast the very sweep itself, surging onwards even faster than the tide. There is a great sweep forwards, onwards, upwards, inwards. There are some countries which shall fail in this Day of Judgment. There are individuals who shall fail in this Day of Judgment. Let not any country fail where there are Theosophists to help to save it from failure. Let not any individual fail who has near him a Theosophist to help him to escape from failure. Let no Theosophist fail! Let no Lodge fail! Let no Section fail!

The world is truly sweeping onwards to its salvation. But there may be nations and individuals to be left behind. Let there be as few of these as possible, if any, and to ensure that there shall indeed be few or none, let those Theosophists who are among the great advance-guard of the forward-moving tide, the crests of the waves of its mighty movement, strive to the last ounce of their energies that not only shall the world achieve its salvation—this is in the Plan—but that as few as possible shall be left behind, be they nations or persons.

THE SECTIONS MUST STRENGTHEN THE NATIONS

Wherever there is a strong membership of The Theosophical Society in Section and in Lodge, there is some substantial guarantee at least against the failure of the nation and its people, and some assurance of speedier victory for the whole world.

I have already written that many countries in Europe are strong with their Theosophists, whatever may be the condition of such countries, and even if now there be darkness, such stalwarts, howsoever feebly they may be able to express their stalwartness, ensure to their beloved land a resurrection not too long to be delayed. India must be strong with her Theosophists. America must be strong with her

Theosophists. Every "safe" country must be strong with her Theosophists, as the stricken countries are strong with theirs.

We at Adyar, at The Society's Headquarters are straining every nerve to be strong, to be all that The Society's Headquarters should be in times of cataclysm such as these. Let us all stand strongly shoulder to shoulder for Theosophy and for The Theosophical Society, and for all the blessing these mean to the world.

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THE SOCIETY'S NEUTRALITY- UNIVERSALITY

I invariably make a point of reading and re-reading my Watch-Tower notes to be as sure as I can that I have written the best I could and in the best way I could. And when the notes are finally printed I read them again after an interval once more to judge them in a fresher light. Of course, they only represent my purely personal views, and are emphatically not to be taken as the views either of a majority or of a minority of my fellow-members. They may well be peculiar to myself alone. I write them because I want every member to know what his President for the time being is thinking, especially in such times as these, so difficult to understand as they really are, and demanding for such under-

standing as one can bring to bear the most careful and impersonal intuition, thought and emotion.

I make a point of giving whatever prominence I can to the views of members who differ from me, as in correspondence I have published on page 500 of the September issue of THE THEOSOPHIST.

Reading through in the September issue my Watch-Tower notes after I had almost forgotten them between my last reading of them in manuscript and their appearance in the journal, I feel I have written what I could only write again and again. There is but one place which seems to me possibly to be obscure, and it is the beginning of the second paragraph, first column, on page 442. I would re-word it as follows :

The neutrality-universality of The Society is only compromised as The Society, or its membership, or any member, is sought in any way to be committed to some opinion or to some action in the ordinary course of The Society's existence and work, save, of course, as regards The Society's three Objects, to which every member subscribes, but which every member is free to interpret as he may deem most truthfully.

But there are rare times when The Society is face to face with a universal crisis affecting its very continuance as a movement universal in character, when it is in the gravest danger of annihilation. Then is it, I hold, that the neutrality-universality of The Society

is compromised, and dangerously compromised, save as at least the President in no uncertain terms points out the danger and calls upon his fellow-members to do all in their power to avert it. Before such a danger as now confronts The Society its membership must be solidly arrayed, at least as to the majority.

At no time can The Society be a censor of individual or collective points of view—be the latter of groups of members or of one or more Sections. Not even now can there be any such dictatorship, and I conceive that even if the General Council thought fit to make a pronouncement along the lines I myself am writing—I hardly think the General Council is likely to do so—such a pronouncement could only be a general statement of a policy for an unprecedented occasion, and in no sense even a temporary addition to the Objects of The Society as it would be if it were to be so framed as to be an instruction to every member.

No member can at any time be asked to subscribe to more than that to which he gave assent on joining. But the President may, as an individual member responsible in a measure for the safety and wellbeing of The Society, have the duty on unprecedented occasions to tell his fellow-members that which he believes to be essential to The Society's preservation. He does not

commit The Society thereby, but thus does he and, I think, must he fulfil his solemn obligation as for the time being The Society's first member in a great equality of membership.

When murderers encompass The Society. . . .

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A MESSAGE

to my American brethren, sent through Miss Anita Henkel on her return home, 9 July 1940

My full and affectionate comradeship with you all, brethren of mine, in these great days, unique in the new life they are releasing for the world, unique in the opportunities they offer to each one of us of helping to steady our world on its onward and upward course when the forces of evil would shatter it into pieces.

Thank God, I say, for Theosophy. Thank God, I say, for The Theosophical Society. With these there is Light abundant. Without them our way would be far less bright, our duty far less clear. With them we have certainty and peace.

God bless you all and strengthen you.

George S. Arundale

WHAT I THINK OF MOTHER¹

BY DIGBY BESANT

MY mother, Dr. Annie Besant, has convinced me that there is a race of born leaders—prophets, perhaps—and that these chosen beings are moulded upon a pattern different from that of the ordinary creature. And in her I see the very qualities that have distinguished the great from the mediocre throughout history.

It was a tragedy of my earlier life that I had but small opportunity of being in close touch with the woman I most revere and honour.

* * *

My mother as a girl of 18 married the Rev. Frank Besant, of Sibsey, Lincolnshire. She was an ardent churchwoman until the sufferings of my infant sister through a bad attack of pleurisy gradually undermined her faith, and drove her to feel that the creed to which she had been brought up could not be true.

This entailed a disagreement with my father who was an orthodox churchman. Eventually he gave an ultimatum—my mother must share his religious views or live apart from him.

Dr. Annie Besant was a woman who would face any sacrifice rather than be untrue to that which was

finest within her. Although it meant giving up her children she and my father separated. The great fighting spirit of the woman destined to influence the lives of millions, to bring spiritual peace to peoples in all parts of the globe, had triumphed over personal ties, personal desire.

* * *

Sometimes I was allowed to go to see my mother, but finally it was agreed upon by both my parents that the inevitable separation put too great a strain upon me.

After that, I kept in touch with my mother only through her published writings. But in all she wrote I could discern her greatness of mind and vision, and looking back, I sometimes think that she obtained greater influence over me through her pen than many mothers exercise over the sons with whom they come into daily contact.

* * *

When I reached my majority, I felt that I had fulfilled my duty to my father and that I was free to resume personal relations with my mother.

I had last seen her a young woman. When I saw her again her hair was snow-white, though she

¹ First printed in *Answers*, 1929.

was only 40. But the change was purely external. The light of her spirit burned as brightly as when she had emerged, little more than a girl, from an obscure country parsonage to become a leader in the world, a vital force.

* * *

Among other experiences she had had that of editing, together with the well-known Radical and Free-thought leader Charles Bradlaugh, the paper known as *The National Reformer*—a paper noted for its intellectual honesty and the fearlessness of its outlook.

Some little time after circumstances had allowed us to enjoy once again the relation of mother and son, her *Autobiography* appeared. It was much commented upon by the Press and the leading people of the day. Mr. Gladstone was particularly severe in his criticism. He attacked not only my mother's views, but her character.

To one who had seen in her daily life the nobility of my mother, the supreme dignity that belonged to her, the high principles which were an integral part of her being, such an attack seemed little short of an outrage. Without telling my mother of my intention, I wrote to Mr. Gladstone pointing out that if he had known my mother, he could not have written of her as he had done.

My letter was really an impertinence, and one might imagine that

as such it would be ignored or, if it were given attention, would draw a cutting reply. This was not the case.

Mr. Gladstone wrote to me most courteously, expressing in the kindest terms his inability to argue "with a profoundly affectionate son or prove to him that his mother, like all human beings, could not be exempt from imperfections," and assured me that were it not for his great age, a circumstance that made it impossible for him to enlarge his circle, he would have liked to know Mrs. Besant.

* * *

I have few childhood memories of my mother, unfortunately, but I take this opportunity gladly to testify as to the intellectual force that, in spite of our early separation, she has exerted for the past forty years over my life. Her daily existence has been a revelation of how an ardent and pure heart may triumph over all difficulties, even over age. Today Dr. Besant remains one of the busiest of women. She is always at work, travelling all over the world. There are no pauses between her duties although she is 82.

She has the widest knowledge, too, of current affairs, though how she finds time to acquire this, in view of her continuous activity, is a mystery to all.

When she is in England, as elsewhere, she is surrounded by

people, and her every hour is mapped out. But she usually manages to give me a few minutes of her time, after she has finished her breakfast and before the inevitable interviews of the day begin.

* * *

Dr. Besant lives on a plane unknown—perhaps undreamed of—to most mortals, and there can be no doubt that she is specially gifted to perform the mighty tasks which she has accomplished and which, whole-heartedly and energetically

as ever, she still undertakes. She never permits herself to rest in her great work.

What do I think of mother? I think she must be ranked outside the ordinary classes of humanity, because she has shown herself of finer calibre, both by her qualities of heart and mind. Although her self-sacrifice to principle deprived me of her society and I knew little of her until I was a grown man, she is to me in every way the ideal mother.

TO BRITAIN—THE CITADEL OF FREEDOM

Britain has an opportunity that no other Nation in the world has today. . . Now your opportunity lies in this: that you are the only Nation in the world today who can make peace between the East and the West, between Europe and Asia, between the white races and the coloured; none other can do it. . . You have won this great possibility because, in a moment of trial, you took upon yourself the burden of the extinction of chattel slavery and paid out of your own pockets the owners of those human chattels, seeing that where the Nation had sinned the Nation should atone, and not a single class that might be impoverished by the change. By that you have won much of your position in the world, for there is a Power that works for Righteousness, and a Nation that does a great deed of national righteousness inevitably wins the opportunity for greater work; you have struggled for liberty, not always wisely—no Nation is always wise—but bravely and perseveringly, and with endurance, so that you have been called, not untruly, the Little Island which is the Citadel of Freedom. But if you forget your traditions and cast aside what has really made you great. . . if you are mad enough to refuse the opportunity offered, then your Empire will perish, and it will be the final denial of Brotherhood among the peoples of the world.

ANNIE BESANT

THE GREATER LIGHT

(An American's Tribute to the British)

Snuff the candle and put out the lamp,
Let there be black over these windows mourning
For the loveliness they cannot now look out upon ;
This is the badge of war—this black—its inevitable stamp,
Wear it, brave Britain, but wear it as a warning
To all extinguishers of light that prowl about upon
This earth ; let it convey to thoughts more shrouded
Than English cities that there is light still burning
Within these homes, these many hearts, this mind,
A light steady as day's own and as unclouded
That shall survive this faithless overturning,
This last betrayal of man by his own kind.
A light that shall survive as Shakespeare has survived
Change and its rigours, as Milton and as Keats
And all imperishable beauty
That the centuries have hived
To sweeten daily living and to circumvent defeats
And make a shining and a crown of homely duty.
Throughout this night, throughout this time of testing
The stars mount guard above the Sussex Downs—
Those lesser lights beyond the range of guns ;
And He who rules the greater light investing
Day shall rend this veil spread over these lovely towns,
Spread over this gallant people, and summon up a dawn
of many suns.

FANNY DE GROOT HASTINGS,
in *The Observer*, 16 November 1939

ANOTHER AMERICAN TRIBUTE

God be with you, London ! I take back to America an unforgettable picture of blackouts and sandbags, of trenches scarring the beautiful parks ; of balloons on guard, as exquisite beneath blue skies as jewels in a rāja's raiment.

The majesty of London at night in a darkness unparalleled since Shakespeare's day will always live with me, for then the mystery of the greatest of capitals is at its height. Destroy *this* city ? Well may the Germans pause, for this that looms so sombre and so vast is not England's alone. This is the heritage of all who say that men shall be free. For him who lays violent hands upon it there will be forgiveness never.

—OSWALD GARRISON WILLARD,
noted American journalist,
in *The Daily Telegraph*

IN ENGLAND NOW

BY E. W. PRESTON

DID I really walk home tonight through the dark deserted streets, seeing the shuttered houses and the dimmed lights of this England? Is it true that thousands of women and children have left the homes in which they had planned to spend their winter days and nights, to enter, small case or bag in hand, the homes of strangers?

The ways of karma are strange ways, indeed, and the great stream of the One Life moves in a mysterious way. Very soon, now, the time will come when we shall know that Life as one, and care little if one portion of the stream be labelled Egypt or England, Ireland or Iran. Looking at events with a wider vision gives a certain sense of proportion; we find that the essential lesson to be learned from the study of the past is that while cultures, civilizations, cities and even continents change, yet life goes on. Even the greatest cataclysms, whether due to man or to nature, have failed to destroy life; the stream of life has flowed on, hardly deflected, though often enriched.

Just what do we mean by that word—enriched? Can life change? Does it change? Do we believe

that there is a purpose, that the stream does seek the ocean?

It is impossible to read the many thoughtful books and articles now published, or to listen day after day to the words of men of all classes, castes and political creeds, as London broadcasts to the world, without being convinced that there *is* a goal, a purpose, a Plan, towards the fulfilling of which and in the fulfilling of which the whole stream of creation moves. This ever-deepening sense of a purpose is the underlying note in England today, and, I believe, that note is also sounding in many other parts of the common life, tagged with other labels—France, Holland, the United States, South America—and perhaps through all the world.

In England, as John Hilton pointed out not long ago, we have in the past done those things which we ought not to have done. In past centuries we, too, persecuted minorities and burnt men for their faith. We have sold men as slaves and stolen other men's lands and goods. But there *is* health in us, for, in each generation, men have been found who knew these things to be evil and found courage to say so. Not only has this been so

but—and here is the source of our health—those reformers found freedom to speak and to persuade until the public conscience realized the wrong and *ended* that wrong so far as might be. So today we too have freedom to speak and to listen.

This does not mean that there are not still many wrongs. Our economic system, our unemployment problems, our living conditions in congested areas, our legal system and many others need reform. It is too early to say what effect the war will have on our economic system, though the economic and other forms of cooperation with France early in the war are very significant. It is to be hoped that we shall realize that what matters is the availability of plenty for all; plenty of food, comfort, leisure as well as work.

A fuller realization of how other people live has been brought about by evacuation and its problems—problems which are as varied as there are individuals. In England there is a very deeply rooted desire for privacy, and, in many homes, an attachment to *things*. Chairs and tables at first seemed more important than people, and many carpets were taken up to save them from the feet of evacuated children. Some of this is altered now under the magic of human contact, and the children's comfort is found to matter more than the furniture. Contacts be-

tween groups that would not ordinarily mix is of immense value to England, and these contacts are going on night and day in air-raid posts, while on patrol, in hospitals, at listening posts, and at balloon barrage stations. On the actual fighting front such comradeship has been experienced often before, but the civilian population has never known it to the present degree, and it is having a subtle and valuable effect.

A glance at England today would be incomplete without mention of the popular songs. It is often said that folk-songs express the culture of a nation. In times of stress popular songs partake to some extent of the nature of folk-songs. For instance, the present need for security finds its answer in "There will always be an England." The cheerful spirit of our young men showed itself in "Roll out the barrel," "Run, rabbit, run," and Gracie Field's song, "Wish me luck as you kiss me goodbye"; and English humour, which likes a pun, gave us "We'll hang out our washing on the Siegfried Line." It is significant that "Tipperary," fine marching song as it is, is seldom heard now as the memories it brings are too sad. Perhaps there is not so much marching in these days of mechanized warfare! Instead we have "Wings over the Navy" and "Britannia Rules the Air."

Writing just before the war, Mr. Rom Landau, in *Love for a Country*, said that the crisis through which we were passing was "the last gasp of world anarchy on the eve of world consciousness." This statement seems to be fundamentally true, for a most interesting thing in Britain today is the wide response to the idea of some form of Federal Union, of a European Commonwealth. The need for some form of federation is emphasized by all political parties, by the Prime Minister, the leader of the Labour Party, Mr. Herbert Morrison and Lord Snell, while

across the water Monsieur Daladier stated it in the plainest terms. President Roosevelt, too, has begun his work for the organization of the peace. One wonders if, instead of being elected for a third term of office in the United States of America, he may be called to take the greater responsibility of being President of the United States of the World.

So we, who tread now our darkened streets, lift up our hearts and look for the new dawn which shall lift up the hearts of all men—for "Britain's awake—Freedom remains."

IN THE WORLD NOW

We are living in times when the mighty forces of reconstruction are crackling through the world like lightning strokes, when persons and parties and policies pale into insignificance, and in principles, causes and ideals can we alone find safety and place our trust. Only here and there will arise an individual with world vision to lead his country not along the pathway of his own personal proclivities but on its own pre-destined way into its larger nationalism, and beyond into the as yet uncharted regions of a world brotherhood. Today are needed leaders who know how to fulfil the cataclysmic destinies of peoples and of nations, and to subordinate utterly to these their own individualities. We are within a period of cataclysmic intensities, and in it we ourselves, if we are to lead, must be cataclysmic.

While the storm is in process of making all things new we cease to be just individuals. We become cosmic, and all that is individual in us becomes lifted into its cosmic origins and essential nature.

We become endowed with the power to see face to face the forces that rule the unfoldment of life. No longer do we look upon them as through a glass darkly, as through the obscuration of our individuality. Whether in fact we actually do see depends upon the extent to which our larger consciousness is in process of functioning—the higher emotions, the higher mind, the intuition, and the various consciousnesses beyond. But the power is there for all to assume who can do so.

G. S. A.

THE GREATER MIND OF BRITAIN

BY H. S. L. POLAK

AT this moment, when a large part of the world is directly, and the remainder of it indirectly, involved in a great war—a strange war because it is being waged with subtler weapons than any of which we have hitherto had knowledge, or of which the memory remains—we are all liable to be so immediately concerned with the details of the conflict and with the confused interpretations of the events leading up to it, that it is difficult for most of us to “see the forest for the trees.”

It is, nevertheless, both useful and necessary to stand back a little, examine the perspective, and try to see what larger features of an almost totally obscured scene may still be discerned. In this task, we need more than the usual five physical senses; something of spiritual discernment and of the higher imagination besides is required; or we shall surely deceive ourselves with appearances and shall thereby fall back once more into error.

In a recent address delivered to the British Institute by Viscount Samuel, he rightly urged that “the antagonisms now embroiling the human race have come down to us from a chaotic past that has left

us a heritage of divisions—races, nations, creeds and languages. It should be the task of religion to help to debabelize mankind.” And in another passage, Lord Samuel insisted that “man had to learn that when he suffered it was through his own mistake.” Barrie had the same truth when, in *Dear Brutus*, he reminded us that “the fault is in ourselves, not in our stars.” All this is very good Theosophy!

It is just from ignorance of the existence and the operation of the Law of Karma that mankind everywhere, not least of all in Britain, is reaping what it has sown; but the knowledge that no suffering, anywhere, is unmerited or without cause is at last beginning to emerge among the more enlightened peoples of the world. At the moment, this knowledge is, save for a few evolved and disciplined individuals, little more than elementary in the masses; yet though it is but vaguely sensed by them, the fact remains that it is there and that already the right appeal can be made to them, to which they will presently respond with a more conscious and a more comprehensive understanding of the Truth.

The civilization of this country is composed of many elements. But none is of greater or more far-reaching importance than the Hebrew and neo-Hebrew teachings with which it is saturated; and whatever aberrations from those teachings have occurred and however rarely they may appear to have been applied effectively and deliberately in practice, yet I think that no objective study of that civilization in its depths and its permanent values, would fail to affirm that its expression today goes at least as far, in the realization of the Jewish and the Christian ideals of personal conduct and human relationships and obligations, as is to be found anywhere in the world. I select two of these declarations, one from the Old Testament and the other from the New, as typical of the warp and woof of the fundamental culture of the British people, to which a right appeal can be made, in the reasonable certainty of something like a right response.

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth. . . . We are the offspring of God.

I do not suppose that any happening in our time has more bitterly disappointed the hopes of the thoughtful and public-spirited peo-

ple of this country than the spectacle of the comparative failure of the League of Nations and its Covenant. It would have been a natural thing to denounce them as the futile imaginings of impractical idealists. But there has been relatively little tendency to fall into that easy temptation; and, instead of endeavours to place the blame for the failure upon the wrong shoulders, a series of constructive criticisms and proposals is emerging in the discussions that have appeared in the Press since the war began. People are enquiring the reasons of the failure and what can be done to repair it. What was wrong with the League and the Covenant? Was it that, by their inherent defects, they could not work? Was it that no honest attempt was made to get them to work? Were they partly successful and partly failures? Was the defect that they represented Governments of states jealous of their sovereign independence, Governments insufficiently informed of the facts or responsive to public opinion? Was it that public opinion was not sufficiently educated or not educated in the right manner to make the necessary sacrifices for the attainment of the ideal? The question was rarely heard: "Was the ideal all wrong?" Few people here really believe that the nation's interests are greater than those of mankind as a whole, any more than

they believe today that the individual's interests transcend those of the society of which he is a unit.

It is not for nothing that leaders of thought and of action have been able to make an appeal to public opinion here in the expectation of at least a mental response. Thus, for example, Sir Abe Bailey hailed, as delivered in the true Voortrekker (pioneer) spirit, the speech of General Smuts at the annual dinner of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, in 1934, of which the following is a characteristic passage :

Not in our separateness and exclusiveness, not in mere nationalism, either political or economic, lies the way out of our present troubles, but in our steadily increasing sociality, in the interweaving of interests, viewpoints and ideals, in the open door and the removal of barriers and restrictions, in the dominance of large human principles transcending national boundaries, and in the recognition that in mankind we are members one of another. More and more we are recognizing that, in spite of racial and political barriers, humanity is really a whole. And the more we recognize this wholeness of mankind, this integral character of all our relationships, the surer our success will be in the great adventure of human government, and the brighter the prospects will be for that world of ordered liberty and peace which we are out to build.

It is highly probable that General Smuts, five years later, even in

the face of the great catastrophe that has befallen us, would not wish to alter a word of this notable and noble affirmation of an ancient truth ; but, what is more important, these words, if uttered today, would fall upon readier ears than those which heard them at the time.

Take another illustration of this new tendency to appeal to the deeper instincts and the larger interests of the British people. Señor de Mada-riaga was, at one time, Spanish Ambassador to the United States, where he already had a wide and appreciative public. He is as much at home in English and French as in his own mother-tongue, Spanish. But he chose an English publisher for and appealed primarily to the British public in his last great book, *The World's Design*, in which he makes the following significant pronouncement :

But something else is wanted ; something which, while remaining strictly unofficial, will be able to give a discipline, a unity and a singleness of purpose to the vast army of world-citizens as yet dispersed in the world, and to develop the sense of world-citizenship in the still more numerous multitudes which have not yet reached that stage, making them realize that to be a man is something higher and nobler and more essential than to be an Englishman, an American, a Japanese or a Turk. This change can only be brought about by a patient education of all the faculties of man, the emotions and the will as well as the intellect.

And of comparable value is the following passage in a broadcast address last May to the United States :

It is in a larger spirit than that of personal or purely national interests that peace should be pursued. The statesmen who set themselves to restore international security and confidence must act as good citizens of the world, and not only as good Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, Americans or Britons. The benefit to their own nations must be sought in the benefit of the wider community of which we are all members.

The special significance of these remarks is in the fact that the speaker was no less eminent a person than the Duke of Windsor.

One need not be surprised, therefore, to find today in Great Britain a readier response to appeals to direct and to confine the present struggle to the elimination of the destructive, separatist, aggressive and cruel components of the foul rodent cancer which is gnawing at the vitals of civilization ; to subdue and to distinguish between that vile and savage abomination which we know as Naziism and its victims among the German people themselves ; to recall that, whilst to win the war against Naziism is of the greatest immediate consequence to all the nations that are threatened, whether internally or externally, by the horrible menace that has been let loose upon

earth, through the stupidity, the forgetfulness, and the lack of foresight of nations and their rulers, yet the nature of the peace that must in due course follow, and its success in effecting a real appeasement of passions and fears, in releasing the nobler aspirations of man's nature, and in providing the conditions for the exercise of man's higher faculties are, in the ultimate, of even greater importance to all mankind.

Suggestions for a reorganization of the world upon some sort of federal basis are widely canvassed in thoughtful circles here. That some of them are too ambitious for anything like early realization is all too true ; that smaller beginnings must be made with a more limited scope is the warning of statesmen entitled to be heard. But the important fact remains that much less resistance to a federal solution of present political and economic problems affecting international relations, involving some surrender of national self-sufficiency and sovereignty, as essential to the creation of a new world-order, is observed in Britain than could have been imagined twenty-five years ago. This greater responsiveness has been produced, to a large extent, by inter-imperial developments during the last generation, for which the closer associations brought about by the last war have been largely responsible. So

strongly has this federal spirit within the Commonwealth grown that there has been, I am sure, a very deep disappointment and a sense of frustration that the hoped-for federation of British India and the States, resulting in a united India, has not materialized. This feeling among most British people is a very genuine one and has nothing to do with the kind or quality of the particular form of federation contemplated in the India Act, 1935. Equally irrelevant is the criticism that the sort of federation of peoples widely deemed desirable in as near a future as possible is a federation of Europe. It is not put forward by its advocates to the exclusion of Asia or the rest of the world, but as a solution of the most urgent and immediate problems, affecting the majorities and minorities most imminently afflicted by existing conditions, and also as a practical beginning of a development that must ultimately embrace all the nations and peoples of the world.

The vision of the World State has been dimly seen, and what is being earnestly sought for is a human relationship, based upon co-operation, sympathy and understanding, that will make for "some form of policy transcending the nations," to quote again from Lord Samuel, who rightly adds that "unless there is a wish to avoid war—not only in some countries, but in

all countries—the efforts of statesmen and economists would prove futile." To this larger end, all the energies of the British people are now being steadily directed by its greatest leaders as well as by the noble leaders of world-opinion elsewhere. In the effort that they are making, together with their associates and allies, they will undoubtedly, if their ideal remains undimmed by base passions and their methods are clean and unselfish, purify themselves of the evils and the weaknesses that have clung to them from the past, they will open themselves up as channels of power, helpfulness and recuperation, and they will attract the collaboration of the peoples of the world, including their present opponents, in the great work of human regeneration. It should be the task of all Theosophists throughout the world so to live that they may bring their aid most effectively to the fruition of this vast scheme of moral rearmament and of ordered reconstruction, which is so surely a part of the Divine Plan that it is the basic teaching of all the religions.

It may well be, then, that, looked at from a "God's eye" point of view, what is in truth emerging from the present struggle is the kingdom of God on earth—at the moment in embryo, but in the ultimate to be fully realized, as we are bidden in all the great teachings to realize it.

FEDERAL UNION: GREAT BRITAIN'S CONTRIBUTION

BY HELENA M. SARE

THE fundamental cause of the failure of the League of Nations does not lie in any defect in the Covenant of the League but rather in the system of international relationships which continued unaltered up to the war of 1914—18, and still continues at the present time. The Covenant of the League was an attempt to bring about co-operation between sovereign states, existing when the Treaty of Versailles was signed, and it failed to come to grips with the root causes of international troubles, for this was national sovereignty itself.

National sovereignty implies that every nation sets its own interests first, and is inherent in all relations between sovereign states, for when agreement fails the only means by which a sovereign state can defend its rights or attempt to enforce its will is by the resort to force. So now again we find ourselves at war with Germany, and those men who gave their lives in 1914—18 in the "war to end war" appear to have died in vain.

It is unjust to lay the blame for this state of affairs upon the dictators alone. They themselves are

but the result of a deep-seated cause which has its roots firmly embedded in every sovereign state of the present time, including the democracies. Perhaps the democracies are the most to blame, for the condition of international anarchy arises in part from the fact that the democracies themselves continue in essence to practise, outside their frontiers, the autocratic habits which they condemn in the dictators. It is encouraging, however, to realize that the fact that national sovereignty is the root of international trouble is now being recognized more and more clearly, particularly by those individuals who are seeking to find the right solution to this most pressing problem of our day.

It is, therefore, very significant that in recent months there has arisen in England the movement called Federal Union. The most comprehensive plan for a voluntary union of the democracies was first put forward by Clarence Streit, an American journalist, in his book *Union Now*, first published in America in 1939. It is specially interesting to note that while that

book was being written three young men in England were working upon a similar idea, and their discussions and publications resulted in an inaugural meeting of those interested in the movement in July 1939. This led to the formation of many branches in London and the provinces in order to promulgate the fundamental ideas of Federal Union.

Federal Union is a proposal to form a union of the chief democracies for five common services, in which united action would be a mutual benefit, leaving intact in every other respect their present systems of government. It is not opposed to the League of Nations but seeks to build a bridge over the gulf which has appeared between the theory and the practice of that institution.

Federal Union along the following five lines envisaged :

1. A Union defence force,
2. A Union citizenship,
3. A Union customs-free economy,
4. A Union monetary system,
5. A Union postal and communications system.

With regard to the first item, defence, a union of forces for defence purposes would result in such an overwhelming preponderance of power, both potential and actual, that no aggressor would dare to challenge it and a large measure of disarmament could take place with-

out impairing this preponderance of power to any great extent. In this way much needed funds would be released and could be used for the social services. Historically the establishment of such a defence force, for a union of free states, would be comparable to the taking over of the control of the local armed bands in each country by the king, or central authority, with the natural consequences of greater peace in the country and considerable economy in operation.

In regard to citizenship, each country would be entirely free to carry on its own form of internal government without the slightest interference from outside. What would be required would be the acceptance of the further obligation of a larger citizenship of international character, in no way incompatible with the closest bonds of national kinship at home.

Then take the third item—tariffs. Before the present war the wheels of commerce were heavily impeded because of the stranglehold of high tariffs. A Federation which obliterated tariff restrictions within its borders, as they are obliterated for 3,000 miles across the United States of America, would throw open a large free-trade area to the mutual advantage of all those countries which participated in it, and would result in a profound renewal of commercial confidence and consequent improvement in trade.

When we come to a consideration of the fourth item, finance, the advantages would appear to be even more striking. If a common currency were introduced over a wide area the present evils of unstable finance would be greatly decreased, and it would no longer be possible for international money gangsters to force currencies up or down for their own advantage. Huge sums now allocated to exchange equalization accounts in many countries would be released for other and more constructive purposes. The credit of such a large monetary block would be so sound and stable that it would, in all probability, become the world medium of exchange, with beneficial results for the whole world, not only for the Federation itself. Again, historically, the introduction of a common currency over a wider area would only follow the natural evolutionary line. In the past the centralization of currency control in the hands of the king or the state became necessary in order to simplify commercial exchange and to control abuses due to conflicting monetary systems within the national areas.

Lastly there is the fifth item—postal service and communications. For years a struggle has been going on to unify, simplify and standardize transit regulations throughout the world. Although great improvements have been made, com-

plete success has not yet been attained.

Take aviation, for instance. At the present time civil aviation presents a most formidable problem to many sovereign states, for it is quickly and easily transformed for warlike uses, and many governments go in fear of the air forces of their more powerful neighbours. By bringing a large part of the world into one air union the problem would be simplified to a very great extent. It would remove artificial barriers and enormously stimulate both trade and travel. The same result could be achieved in other branches of travel and communication besides that of aviation.

A primary and inescapable condition which would be required of all those national units joining such a Federation would be the acceptance of certain common principles of a democratic nature. Among these would be freedom for the individuals composing the nation, freedom of the Press, and freedom of association. But every country prepared to accept and to put into practice within its own national boundaries such principles would be free to join the Federation on a basis of equality.

The constitution of such a Federation has yet to be developed in detail, but the suggestion so far put forward is a combination of the presidential and the parliamentary

systems, based largely upon the American system.

It must be clearly understood that the differences between a League and a Federation are fundamental. The present League of Nations is an association of sovereign states, each of which retains its right to complete freedom of action in every branch of life. The unit on which the League is founded is the state, and the central authority of the League deals only with states and not with the individuals comprising them. A Federal Union such as is now envisaged is founded on the unit of the individual, and the constituent states that are members of it abrogate their right to independent action, in the five fields above mentioned, in favour of the Federal Government. That Federal Government would be responsible, not to its constituent states, but directly to the people themselves, its federal citizens. It is obvious, therefore, that it would not be possible to admit to membership of such a Federation those countries which possess an autocratic government, for the root principle of such a Federation is a democratic one, and one which could prove successful only among a group of nations whose ideals and institutions were sufficiently akin to make close co-operation among them possible and successful.

Such is a very brief sketch of the proposal for Federal Union

being put forward at the present time. The difficulties have not been outlined. They are many, varied, and need to be fully investigated. For instance, the colonial problem at once arises in the mind, for such a federal system is not compatible with the present imperial system. True democratic principles do not admit of backward nations being permanently controlled by a foreign power. The question of Colonies, however, is already acute, and cries aloud for a right solution. It may well be that the true solution of the colonial problem lies along the lines of the mandate system which came into being at the same time as the League of Nations. Backward peoples could be direct mandates of the Federal Government and not of any one state. The Dominions would naturally enter the Federation as independent units, and India should have the same status.

The difficulties to be overcome are great, but the alternative to some such system of international co-operation is too catastrophic to contemplate. Either the democracies must learn to co-operate or they will go down one by one before the onslaught of the totalitarian way of life.

If the democracies would agree to surrender a part of their national sovereignty and live true to their democratic principles outside their

frontiers as well as within them, the formation of such a Federation could certainly be attained; then the present world chaos would give way to the rule of law over a large part of the globe.

It may not be possible for such a Federation to be achieved all at once, but we have had the first faint adumbration of such a system in the agreement arrived at between Great Britain and France to tie their currencies together until the end of the war, and for six months afterwards. Why end it at six months? Why not extend it to include other democracies as well? Why not resolve the pound sterling and the franc into another unit of currency altogether which shall be to the advantage of both countries and to the world in general?

Such a Federation successfully accomplished would prove an enormously stabilizing factor amid the dissolving standards of the present day. It would inevitably act as a magnet, drawing all democratically minded nations within its orbit, and the dictatorships would grow weaker as the Federation grew stronger and stronger. An example of stable prosperity, brought about by co-operation, would be presented to the people of the dictatorship countries and they would be forced to weigh up the advantages to be gained by co-operation as against the disad-

vantages of their own dictatorial and isolationist way of life.

It is only as they recognize this for themselves that it will be possible for them to deal with the problem of their own Government from within, and not by compulsion from without. When they have so dealt with it they will be free to join the Federation as soon as they are prepared to accept, and give effect to, the democratic principles upon which a Federation is founded.

The world has already become one organic whole, but the collective consciousness of mankind has yet to acknowledge that fact and to reorganize its life and institutions accordingly. We, as Theosophists, have a vital and constructive contribution to make to the solution of this most urgent problem which confronts mankind today. To form a true "nucleus of Universal Brotherhood" you and I and every British citizen must be prepared to surrender a part of our national sovereignty to a wider allegiance than that of nationality—that is to the ideal of world unity.

Dr. Besant prophesied the union of the northern democracies of Europe into a Federation at some not-too-distant date. She also stated that various experiments would have to be made before a stable grouping could be achieved. Is any sacrifice too great to win through to such a goal?

It is from sacrifice that all true growth arises, the inner life feeding on the outer form as this falls off and dies away. "From sacrifice the worlds were born; by sacrifice they are nourished and sustained."

If Great Britain, with her immense dependencies will take the lead in transferring the control of such dependencies to a responsible Federal Government, what may not be the result?

MIRROR

(Written in the Rose Garden in Regent's Park)

Mind is a mirror of the soul
reflecting fragments of the whole :
sometimes it's a crystal pool
showing all things beautiful ;
at times the winds of pride and passion
ruffle it in ugly fashion
so that the image is disturbed
and broken up and spoiled and blurred,
—distorted—till no more is seen
of sun and sky and flowers and green,
its purity by mud is browned,
and beauty, peace and joy are drowned.

And so with us—when we are still
our minds reflect creative Will
and manifest the best we know,
—until a small wind starts to blow,—
then we say mind's reality—
mistaking mud for clarity :
or as by insect or a bird
the tranquil waters may be stirred,
so trivial cares we let intrude
on waters where Love's self should brood.

But when the mind is still and clear
the other world draws very near ;
harmony forges links that bind
the higher spirit to the mind,
it makes discordant notes to fuse
into an instrument to use.

HELEN BEDDALL

BRITAIN, INDIA AND DR. BESANT

BY GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

MANY, many years ago, very early in 1903 to be precise, I came to India on the invitation of Mrs. Annie Besant, whom I had met a year earlier for the first time in this incarnation and had at once recognized as my leader-to-be for the future.

DEDICATION TO INDIA'S REGENERATION

Dedicated as she was to India's regeneration, she inspired me, as also countless thousands, to a similar, though far humbler, dedication; and my intimate contact with the youth of India from the very beginning of my life in this country laid the foundations of what was to be a lifelong calling.

For in these young citizens of an age-old country I could perceive, from the very beginning of my association with them, the most splendid material for the building of the free nation that is ordained to be. And it was not long, therefore, before I knew I had two Motherlands—Britain the land of my physical re-birth, India the land of my spiritual re-birth.

With India thus looming so large in my earlier years—even as a student at Cambridge University she was already very dear to me—

I grew to be, I fear, less close to Britain, but supremely close to India.

I came to love her many faiths, her mighty past, her incomparable philosophies and sciences, her unique political and educational systems, so fraught with meaning for the modern world, her wonderful architecture and painting. It was not until recently, under the influence of Rukmini Devi, that I began to understand and to appreciate her no less wonderful music and rhythm through the science of dancing.

And I was thrilled to realize that all these glorious treasures were once again to shine forth in India's new setting in the modern world.

Fortunate indeed I was to live, almost year in and year out for thirty years, under the strong yet tender guidance of one who had become for me, as soon as I had met her in London, my spiritual mother; so that, as I had two Motherlands, so had I two mothers, and so have I both today.

Without Dr. Besant, even the little service I may have been able to give could not have been accomplished. Without her, the great happiness I have enjoyed, and still

enjoy, could not have come to me as it has come. Without her, I could not be looking forward into the future with the most eager anticipation and confidence, and in the certainty that, as I have served her in past lives and in the present life, I shall serve her in the lives to come.

Thus was it that India became my beloved, and has remained such ever since, and will so remain far, far beyond the end of my present life.

I became passionately eager that her glories—dim, I fear, today—shall again shine in all their brilliance in her—to her own well-being and to the admiration and, I hope, the emulation of the whole world.

I caught a little of the Heavenly fire of my leader as she strove night and day in all the power of her genius, and under the constant guidance and blessing of her Elders, the Masters of the Wisdom, to claim, to demand, India's rightful place among the nations of the world with an ardour none others could in any wise emulate.

She was one of the greater heroic figures of her age, and the time will come when her knightly valour will be a mighty legend in her India, and she will be known as a Heavensent Messenger to call the India of the nineteenth century and beyond to an awakening into a new and splendid life.

DR. BESANT'S WORK CONTINUES

Blessed indeed am I to have been allowed a little part in her mission to India and to the world, to have been allowed to be near her, to give her all the devotion I had to offer, and to receive from her, as so many received from her, a most gracious and a most precious affection.

And I am supremely thankful that her inspiration remains with me, even though she be no longer in physical incarnation. I feel her as near to me as ever, but still more do I feel that the leadership she gave to India while on earth still continues as virile as ever, is indeed a leadership greater even than that of the physical plane.

I have no doubt whatever that she still pursues the same policy with which she electrified the country, and which, at a particular juncture, resulted in her internment because the Government of Madras was totally unable to understand that in working for India's freedom in the way in which she did she was working for Britain's freedom no less.

I have no doubt that she is still inspiring the people of India to claim their rightful place in the great Commonwealth of Nations to which they already belong, and that she is doing all she can to guard them from being led into that violence which would be dishonourable to India, injurious to

the Indo-British Commonwealth, and prove a setback to the world little less disastrous than the effects of the present world-war.

So do I, in my small way, strive to stand, upholding the Besant tradition as strongly as I can. I have not a tithe of her scintillating equipment. But I must hope that even every little helps, and I do indeed hope that she knows me to be loyal to those great principles which I so deeply admired and cherished as she gave them forth in mighty writings and gorgeous oratory, and which I think I value still more highly now.

OPPORTUNITIES LOST

I must confess that now and again my feelings and my longing for certain eventualities to take place send me into the use of language, oral or written, stronger, perhaps, than the occasion warrants.

Whenever a pronouncement comes from authoritative quarters, as, for example, from the Viceroy or from His Majesty's Government, and it seems to me to fall far short of what the pronouncement might have been, I confess I become impatient, for undoubtedly I am an impatient idealist. I think I know what the terms of the pronouncement might have been, and how such terms might have produced an almost miraculous effect; and I compare such terms with the hard, cold, prosaic, and

most unsatisfying phraseology in which the pronouncement is actually couched.

Especially in these times, when every moment is precious, and every delay dangerous, I sometimes feel aghast at the opportunities missed, and at the way in which the warnings of great personages are ignored. I sometimes feel desperate about it, for I know how immense the change would be in India, in Britain, and between the two great lands, were there even only a modicum of vision, of imagination, and of real sympathy.

I read in *The Manchester Guardian* a trenchant letter from Sir George Arthur, which I feel constrained to quote in full:

"To think all this might have been prevented and precious lives saved by earlier action is too frightful," so wrote Queen Victoria when Khartum fell. "The reason why the Nile Expedition was sanctioned too late was that Mr. Gladstone would not accept simple evidence of a plain fact which was patent to much less powerful intellects than his own." Such was Lord Cromer's comment on the disaster which for thirteen years stained our history.

To the recent superb gallantry and amazing efficiency of the Forces of the Crown full publicity has been rightly given. Before what tribunal will stand the Ministers—among whom the present Prime Minister is a shining exception—who year in, year out, and for purely political reasons deliberately turned a deaf ear to the solemn warnings and

and is ardent that this real India shall vibrate throughout her present being. Let this be politics if you will, but to me it is life.

And at this most critical juncture in the mightiest clash the world has ever known between spiritual freedom and brute force, I find myself able to think of little else than of Britain, fortified by all the other members of her Commonwealth, upright, heroic, blessed in sacrifice, standing alone, yes alone, on the side of freedom, resolute to repel and utterly to crush the brute force that would hurl the whole world back into an age of barbarism.

Be her weaknesses what they may, be her approach to one or more of her problems visionless, even small-minded, there she stands, a little island, the last refuge of freedom and justice and peace throughout the world—the last refuge, the world's remaining hope.

I know well that Britain's policy towards India should without delay undergo a radical change. I know well that her present attitude is inexcusable. I know well that her statesmen are this very moment being weighed in the balance as to their power to realize that as they open wide the gates of freedom to India, so do they strengthen Britain into impregnability before the forces of evil. I know well that as yet this power is lacking.

And I know well that her statesmen have so far been found wanting in that that they have failed Britain, India and the world in a vital issue, and that their failure brings us all into the gravest danger.

But I know well also that the leaders of India are themselves being weighed in the balance as to their power to realize that at all costs India must stand, with the whole of her resources of soul and of material, by Britain's side against the universal foe, difficult as such an attitude has been made for them by Britain for any leader save one who is utterly dedicated to his country in a spirit of the widest selflessness. I know well also that so to stand is indeed India's greatest service to herself, and that India's leaders have, at this moment, the glorious, but none the less difficult, opportunity—it will pass away if they do not seize it soon—of giving to their Motherland a gift even more splendid, if possible, than Swaraj: the gift of life itself in place of that death which will surely come to her if Britain falls because India withholds from her, however understandably, her precious help. How terrible a mockery to demand Swaraj for an India doomed to death because she stood aloof, albeit justifiably, from the one country in the world which now is wondrously content to endure all things

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earnest entreaties of the soldiers whose intellects may have been less profound but whose vision was infinitely clearer?

It is the century-old story: procrastination and parsimony in the Cabinet, to be atoned for by blood and agony in the field.

Sir George Arthur is thinking of the soldiers, as well he may. But I am thinking of the way in which India is ruled, honestly, of course, ably, of course, and with a great devotion to duty. But with how little insight into the spirit of the ruled, into the real aspirations of the people: with how little true understanding of the Indian temperament, and with still less realization of the great way in which the existing situation might be handled.

I may go too far. Indian leaders may go too far. But it is almost worse not to go nearly far enough. It is worse to have no spirit to take a risk in order, maybe, to grasp a wonderful opportunity. The risk is little so far as India is concerned, for she is essentially a great country, and extraordinarily quick to appreciate even a small measure of understanding. And in the last resort she has supreme reverence for law and order.

BRITAIN AND INDIA TOGETHER

But there have been solemn warnings enough and earnest entreaties enough to have moved His Majesty's Government many times

over, and each time a pronouncement is made I have a tremendous hope, invariably followed by a tremendous disappointment. I well know the preoccupations of Britain at the present time, and I would be the last to embarrass her. But I also am supremely intent on winning the war, and I know that if India were only moved by a most generous, yet most righteous, declaration, victory would be in sight.

How well I know the deep anxiety of Dr. Besant that Britain should without delay do her duty to India. How well I know her intense eagerness that the Indo-British connection should be maintained at all costs, even at the cost of India having to wait for her undoubted rights. How well I know her immense efforts to frame, and gain acceptance for, a Constitution entirely Indian in its nature. But how well I know also her selfless eagerness to scrap her own Constitutional formulæ for any others upon which Indian leaders might in a majority be agreed. She did so scrap her Commonwealth of India Bill.

But neither Britain nor India were ready for this messenger of the Gods. To all intents and purposes India rejected her, and Britain, through the Government of Madras, actually had the temerity to intern her! But it must at least be said to the credit of

India, and to Mr. Gandhi's—who otherwise was a constant obstacle in her way, he finds it difficult to support anyone else but himself—that the Madras Government could not keep her interned for long, for three months only. But imagine this great friend both of Britain and India being interned at all! What crass stupidity, to say nothing of ingratitude!

Dr. Besant was ever Britain's and India's best friend, but both were blind, and for both the great opportunity to build a mighty Commonwealth of free peoples passed away.

THE OPPORTUNITY NOW

The opportunity has returned sooner than any of us could dream it might. It is with us today and now. It has come in the wake of the war, and I pray to God that it may not again be rejected as it was a quarter of a century ago. I pray that Britain may not reject it. I pray that India may not reject it.

I wrote in the beginning of this article that in the earlier years of my association with India India grew closer to me, and Britain less close. Perhaps this was inevitable with a young and impetuous heart which could only see one goal at a time and must concentrate on it to the exclusion of all other goals.

But I am older now, and perhaps a little wiser. My love for

India is greater than it has ever been, greater than in my youth. But Britain has come no less close to me, and I think I may truly say that I do not now know which land is more dear. I believe that the resurrection of my love for my physical-plane Motherland is in some measure due to my amazement at her courage and heroism during the course of the present war. Words fail me to describe my enthusiasm for the fact that the eternal spirit of Britain, manifest in her Great through the ages of her existence, has once again descended upon her to make her invincible against foes she has often met before and has always conquered.

India is her only problem, unless we have still to regard Ireland—the India of the West, as once she was, as perhaps she still is—as another grave preoccupation. She can solve this problem, and she must.

One consideration weighs with me more and more as I find myself becoming increasingly occupied with what is called politics, but which in its present nature is nothing more than the honest service of the State that she may be true to herself in all her life. If I try to work for her freedom as I understand her freedom I feel I am not working politically as in a party but as one who has felt himself face to face with the real India

and is ardent that this real India shall vibrate throughout her present being. Let this be politics if you will, but to me it is life.

And at this most critical juncture in the mightiest clash the world has ever known between spiritual freedom and brute force, I find myself able to think of little else than of Britain, fortified by all the other members of her Commonwealth, upright, heroic, blessed in sacrifice, standing alone, yes alone, on the side of freedom, resolute to repel and utterly to crush the brute force that would hurl the whole world back into an age of barbarism.

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And I know well that her statesmen have so far been found wanting in that that they have failed Britain, India and the world in a vital issue, and that their failure brings us all into the gravest danger.

But I know well also that the leaders of India are themselves being weighed in the balance as to their power to realize that at all costs India must stand, with the whole of her resources of soul and of material, by Britain's side against the universal foe, difficult as such an attitude has been made for them by Britain for any leader save one who is utterly dedicated to his country in a spirit of the widest selflessness. I know well also that so to stand is indeed India's greatest service to herself, and that India's leaders have, at this moment, the glorious, but none the less difficult, opportunity—it will pass away if they do not seize it soon—of giving to their Motherland a gift even more splendid, if possible, than Swaraj: the gift of life itself in place of that death which will surely come to her if Britain falls because India withholds from her, however understandably, her precious help. How terrible a mockery to demand Swaraj for an India doomed to death because she stood aloof, albeit justifiably, from the one country in the world which now is wondrously content to endure all things

and to suffer all things that freedom shall not pass away, nor justice, from the children of God upon His earth.

MY HEART IS SET . . .

Even if Britain fails to seize the lofty opportunity of her duty to India—a duty to herself no less—nevertheless she has seized a supreme opportunity in ranging herself on the side of Freedom and Justice against the forces of evil. So my heart is set :

1. On Britain and her brother nations, among which I, of course, include India, decisively winning the war. If the whole world is not to be thrown back into an age-long period of barbarism Britain and her brother nations *must* win the war.

I know they will. But will they take long to reach a decisive victory, or will they win speedily ?

2. On India throwing herself with all her immense spiritual force into the great fight between darkness and Light, so as to make the victory come speedily. Once India is awakened both to the gravity and to the opportunity of the situation as these directly affect her, she will stake her soul on the side of Right, as Britain and her other brother nations have staked their souls.

And then India's material resources as well as her man-power will flow into the fight, just as Britain and her other brother na-

tions are giving their all in men, money and material because the soul of each has so ordained.

3. On Britain making a great act of recognition with regard to India's right to self-determination, calling upon the Indian people through their leaders to fashion the Charter-Constitution of their Liberties, and by asking them to rally round the King-Emperor as he leads the fight for the freedom of the world. His Majesty's name would ring throughout the world, and would go down into history as one of the greatest builders of civilization, were he to be able to make an epoch-stirring announcement of his royal recognition of India's right. What soul-stirring joy there would be throughout India! What a warmth of comradeship would be aroused between the eastern and the western divisions of the world-wide Commonwealth!

What a miraculous release there would be of India's as yet untapped power—spiritual and material!

What a crushing blow to all enemies of Right throughout the world!

4. On France, Holland, Belgium, Poland, Finland, Norway, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Albania, Abyssinia, and all other countries devastated by Germany and Italy, once more rejoicing in Freedom, in Justice, in Happiness, and in the free pursuit of the destinies divinely appointed for them.

5. On the United States of America entering the war. Already the hearts of the people of the United States beat strongly for the Right. Already they have given precious help.

But there must be one Brotherhood for the Right throughout the world, as there is already an axis for the wrong. No such Brotherhood can be complete, even though it can be effective, without the active and full comradeship of the American people. For their own future, to ensure its greatness as their past has been so great, they must help to make the victory speedy, as no less must India.

6. On the release of China from her present agonies. China has yet a great role to play in the coming world civilization, and Japan cannot and shall not prevent her from so doing, even though, to its shame, the rest of the world has stood idly by while China has suffered, and in some cases has even helped Japan with material for China's destruction while giving lip-sympathy to China for her preservation. There are too many countries in the world standing idly by while their own safety is being won by the sacrifices and sufferings of other countries.

7. On the pursuit of Happiness, as the American Declaration of

Independence so nobly states, being the great objective of all, not in a spirit of selfishness nor of personal gain, but that all shall be happy without distinction of race, nation, creed, colour, caste, class, or kingdom of nature.

To this end, there must come about a change of heart in every individual and a searching challenge of all his modes of living in will, in mind, in feelings and emotions, in convictions and opinions, in speech and action.

If the world is to be happy the world must change, for it is not happy, and perhaps has never been happy. Hence the wars. Hence the supreme conflict of these present times.

We may need a League of Nations. We may need a United States of Europe. We may need a Federation of the Free Nations of the world. We may need an Indo-British Commonwealth. We may need a great Federation of the Nations composing the Americas.

But above all we need, the world needs, a change of heart in every individual himself, and in every collection of individuals constituting a faith, a nation, a race.

Thus is my heart inclined. May it ever beat so as to be worthy of the changing times!

(To be concluded)

ENGLAND AND THE WAR, AND AFTER¹

BY L. HADEN GUEST, M.C., M.P.

GREAT BRITAIN today is facing war as she has often faced it before, but the cause for which she is fighting is a greater one than ever before, and the war is one which she could not have avoided, because everything great for which she stands is threatened. Great Britain had no alternative. It is essential to world security, world order, and world progress, that an end be put to the demoralization of international law brought about by the Hitler Government in Germany.

THE HITLER REGIME

I do not propose to analyse the Hitler regime in detail but I shall describe it shortly. It is a Government which makes entirely unscrupulous use of any means to secure its ends. The internal Government of Germany is one based on the regimentation of its people, the preaching of a racial ideology very insecurely founded, and a form of pseudo-socialism. All of this is combined with great and deliberate brutality towards all who are opposed to Hitlerism, whether members of parties such as Social Dem-

ocrats, or the Liberals, or members of the Protestant or Roman Catholic branches of the Christian Church, or Jews because of their racial origin. The Government is supported by a propaganda machine rigidly controlling the Press, the Radio, and all expressions of opinion. It deliberately makes use of any lie in order to create a mental image which it is desired to impress upon the German people.

The aims of the Nazi party with Hitler as its leader are two in number: first, the physical, mental and moral domination of the German Reich and the States added to it, and second, a similar domination of Europe, if not of the world.

BRITISH VIEW OF THE WAR

This war in which Great Britain has been engaged with the support of all parts of the British Empire is no sudden or unforeseen outbreak. Its coming had been seen in advance and there had been a steady deterioration of international relations since September 1938, when the pact of Munich, with which many of us disagreed, was made. But whether we agreed or disagreed with the Munich pact it is at least certain

¹ Based on a lecture delivered in London.

that we can all say that every human effort within our power was made to avoid war. Moreover, it is a war that we entered without hysteria, without bravado, without the surging of popular feeling which characterized the outbreak of war in 1914. There have been no marching, flag-wagging and singing crowds at Buckingham Palace as in 1914. The nation has a clear realization of what war means and that it is a stern business. What every one in Great Britain—the ordinary man, the farm labourer, the brick-layer, the clerk, the bus-conductor, men and women in their millions—said at the outbreak of war was: "We must go through with it."

In the early days of September, when the schoolchildren were being sent from their homes in London and other cities to safer areas in the country, I spoke to a working woman standing at the door of her home watching her child with his bundle of clothes, his package of food and his gas-mask, standing ready to go away. The tears streamed down her face but she said: "It is terrible to lose our children but of course we must go through with it; we can't have this sort of thing going on." Hitler has aroused the conscience of the whole people against him.

Because of the realization of what war means the start of the war has been accompanied by an

unparalleled series of discussions on peace proposals and upon what is going to happen after the war. Large sums of money have already been set aside for the study, by important research organizations, of what is to be done when peace is made, and from now onwards there will be an intensive study of after-war conditions, with the object of making a far better world for all people. Further, it has already been agreed by the Labour and Liberal Parties, with tacit support from many Conservatives, that there must be a deliberate attempt to outlaw war. Let us not, however, imagine that this is going to be easy. War is one of the oldest and most firmly established human institutions: for some people it is the most cherished possession of mankind. But let us remember that Mr. Chamberlain, speaking as Prime Minister of Great Britain, has already stated his agreement with the view that after the war there must be a World Conference at which not only the victors but all belligerents and all neutrals must take part in discussions on the future of the world. No war had ever before started with such a proposal.

FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY

Let me turn now to the Governance of England. Throughout the history of England, as it gradually expanded into an Empire and from

that developed into a Commonwealth of Nations, can be traced the growth of the spirit of freedom. During the earlier centuries of the Christian era, England was under the sway of the Roman Empire and only about a century after the Romans had left these shores the first voice of English freedom spoke. It is related that when St. Augustine came to England with his priests he was met by King Ethelbert on the island of Thanet in Kent. The King said :

Your words are fair and your promises—but because they are new and doubtful, I cannot give my assent to them and leave the customs which I have so long observed with the whole Anglo-Saxon race. But because you have come hither, as strangers from a long distance, and as I seem myself to have seen clearly that what you yourselves believe to be true and good you wish to impart to us, we do not wish to molest you ; nay, rather we are anxious to receive you hospitably, and to give you all that is needed for your support, nor do we hinder you from joining all whom you can to the faith of your religion.

If space allowed I could quote a succession of important statements and historical events which show plainly the development of English institutions in this spirit of freedom. It is as long ago as the thirteenth century that the Magna Charta laid down a rule which is flouted every day in Germany :

No free man shall be captured or imprisoned, or disseized, or outlawed, or exiled, or in any way brought to ruin, nor shall We set upon him or send upon him but by lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land.

The development has not been a painless growth like that of a flower or a tree. It has been a struggle marked by many bitter conflicts and by reverses as well as by victories for freedom, but it has been a great movement continually in the one direction of an ever-expanding freedom. In the seventeenth century there was the great struggle ending in the expulsion of the House of Stuart from England. This had as some of its immediate results, the limitation of the royal prerogative, increasing religious toleration, improvements in the administration of justice, and the abolition of the censorship of the Press.

Coming to the twentieth century, we see that the development of the British Empire has been far beyond the growth of any Empire in the world before, and culminates with the formation of a Commonwealth of Nations in which the bond of union is one of free consent only, the Crown being acknowledged as the sole link between them. In that free confederation I hope and believe that India will soon be included and the great colonial countries of Africa also are entitled to look forward to equal partnership in it.

It should be emphasized that the ideas of freedom and democracy for which the word "England" stands have not been limited in their influence to lands under the British flag. The United States has been, and is being, profoundly influenced by these Anglo-Saxon standards. Nor is there any country in the world which has not felt some influence from the growth of the ideas for which we stand. Because of this history it is, to my way of thinking, the active and living duty of the British Empire to give a lead to the World Conference which will surely be held after the war: for the only basis of real civilization is freedom.

A WORLD CONFERENCE

At this Round Table Conference we must aim at the establishment of a free association, a federated Europe, and possibly a Federation of the world. We must achieve collective security by the setting up of a world authority superior to all independent state authorities. There is no way out of the present *impasse* except by sovereign states giving up their present sovereignty to a supra-national authority with its own Court of Equity. All these things are possible, and if we are to have a world worth living in they must be achieved. We British must get rid of the idea that "we know best"; and we must realize that other nations, other races, other peoples, may be developing

on different lines from ourselves and must be allowed to do so.

Now we are a wide-flung group of independent peoples each one of which should send delegates to such a Conference as we are describing, upon an equal footing with each other. India, too, should send delegates, on an equal footing with the other Dominions, to this Conference.

With regard to the colonies of Africa and other colonial areas in the world a new point of view will have to be adopted. In future it should be agreed that the policy of the exploitation of the natural resources of the dependencies for the benefit of the governing race would be abandoned. In the British Empire we are already getting rid of this concept. The colonial peoples of Africa and elsewhere must be prepared for self-government, although it may be a century or more before some of the really younger peoples are able to stand entirely upon their own feet.

Another crucial question which will have to be considered after the war is the future of China. What is to happen to her? And what about the Soviet Union? Both these countries are in so unstable a social condition at present that it will not be easy for them to adjust themselves to a free relationship with other countries.

If these and other difficult problems are to be faced and solved, in

the new Federation there must be the utmost possible decentralization of power and of governmental organization. Local resources should be used for the good of the local people, although this does not mean that legitimate trade should suffer. But our fundamental attitude to trade will have to change. For instance, the production of food-stuffs should be as much a national service and as far removed from profit-making as the control of the water-supply. Such problems as these can and ought to be dealt with in a new spirit, and we must realize that nothing is too big to be attempted.

Let us stick to the realities of the situation. There are vast social potentialities to be evoked from nature through modern scientific research, and to use these wisely we must deliberately organize the resources of scientific invention and direct them towards the building of human life in new terms.

A NEW CODE

All mankind is one people, and not merely individual races. Even the German people are not an isolated race! They are bound to suffer most from the effects of this war, and will need all the help we can give them at the appropriate time, although at present their peoples and ours are engaged in a life-

and-death struggle. We must make a new declaration of the rights of man and of the rights of nations, so that the laws of the new Commonwealth shall bear the impress of the moral code of the new world order.

The basic principles of this new Code must be such as to establish not only a healthy, well-nourished, well-housed community, but to point the way to the perfecting of man. All this can come to pass and is to be achieved in the future. The twilight in which we now linger is one that precedes the World Conference which is to set man's feet upon the new path, where he will look forward and say: "Man is a creature who will be surpassed."

Britain's contribution to such a Conference is that sense of freedom which is the soul of England. If Britain can give this as a lead to the world, she will evoke the greatness which lies hidden in the human heart. It is in the nature of man himself to aspire toward perfection and ever to seek for greater attainments. The development of civilization is slow, but still man climbs.

At the moment we are conscious of what we are doing as mankind has never been conscious before. We have only to believe with conviction that man has God within himself, and then we can establish a new and great civilization.

BUILDING THE TEMPLE OF PEACE

II. The Foundations¹

BY GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

THE UNIVERSALITY OF LIFE

IN terms of true Peace this principle requires us to know and to remember that Life is everywhere and in everything, that there is no substantial distinction between the organic and the inorganic, and that we ignore or flout this Universality at peril to ourselves and to Peace.

There is a sanctity in all things, and it is the flouting of this sanctity that leads to war.

Closely identified with the Universality of Life is the quality of Reverence—a reverence which must not halt at the frontiers of any kingdom of nature, but become universal.

Every land that is entering into Peace after the war is over must enter into such Peace with all its life, for if it concern itself with Peace just for its human element, and be indifferent to the Peace needs of all other elements—of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms—its Peace may not be long-lived. Especially, cruelty towards the animal kingdom and the imposition of ugliness upon the vege-

table and mineral kingdoms are in truth war upon these two kingdoms by the human kingdom; and war spreads with inconceivable rapidity once let loose upon any part of the Universal Life.

Though it is too much to hope that those who will be the official Peace-makers will have the vision and the insight to reckon with the Universality of Life as they settle the terms of Peace—they would think this not only ludicrous but also mad—yet there must be some so to reckon and to do their best to cause the Peace to be real and lasting with wisdom, and not artificial and of short duration with ignorance.

At least, the wise may strive to educate the ignorant from now, in the hope that the spirit of the Universality of Life may in some measure brood over them as they restore Peace to the world.

Every kingdom of nature has the right to Peace, in the name of the Universality of Life, for only in Peace can each kingdom grow. Today there is little Peace for most kingdoms, and therefore much war for all.

In planning for Peace let us brood upon the Universality of Life and

¹ In sequence to the article in the September THEOSOPHIST, page 464.

strive to learn the nature of its implications in the fashioning of Peace.

THE UNITY OF LIFE

In terms of true Peace this principle requires us to know and to remember that Life is One, however multifarious it may appear by reason of its differences. This principle is complementary to the principle of the Universality of Life, and most strongly reinforces it. It declares that war anywhere in truth means war everywhere, and that therefore the war in Europe and in China is but an outward and visible sign of the war-spirit at work throughout the world in one form or in another. Once war is anywhere we cannot escape it anywhere, even if only in a sense of increased tension and of greater instability of mind, emotions, speech or actions.

In one way or in another all must suffer if there be suffering anywhere. This is of course true of so-called non-war periods, if there be any such. But when war breaks out on the very physical plane itself, then is there an added intensification of the war-spirit, and not alone in the human kingdom but in every other kingdom no less. Humanity cannot keep to itself either its good or its ill. It shares everything it has and is with its brother kingdoms, as they share everything they are and have with the human kingdom.

When Peace is being made between the warring nations Peace must also be made between the warring kingdoms of nature. Unless and until cruelty ceases towards the animal kingdom there cannot be lasting Peace for the human kingdom. God cherishes equally His many kingdom families.

Our statesmen will confine themselves to the making of Peace within the human kingdom. But there must be some of us—and who if not Theosophists—to plan for Peace between the human and the animal kingdoms, and, through the banning of ugliness, between the human kingdom and the vegetable and mineral kingdoms.

There will be any number of people to laugh at the preposterousness of all this. But the animal kingdom is not laughing at the cruelties perpetrated upon it by its so-called elder brothers of the human kingdom. Nor are the vegetable and mineral kingdoms laughing as they are distorted into ugliness by the vulgarity and greed of man.

There must be some at least within the human kingdom who comport themselves as true elder brothers of the animals and the other living creatures in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. The world of humans is unutterably selfish as it denies the Unity of Life, even its own.

The quality of Fellowship is closely identified with the Unity

of Life—once again a Fellowship which must not halt at the frontiers of any kingdom of nature, but be One.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

Running through the Universality and the Unity of Life is the Purpose of Life, the Way and the Driving Power. Unless we have a clear conception of the Purpose of Life, a Purpose which is one for all Life, how can we hope to fashion a lasting Peace? We may be quite unable to embody the actual Purpose itself in its glorious fruition at the present time, but we can surely establish some sort of image of the Purpose and cause it to become alive.

What is the high Purpose of Life, and how can we aid in its gradual achievement? Surely none can know at least something of this Purpose better than the Theosophist, who is therefore urgently needed to share with all such knowledge as he has.

When Peace comes to be fashioned, and long before such a time, the spirit of Purpose must ensoul it, not any ignoble purpose of self-aggrandizement, but a Purpose conceived in the spirit of the Universality and the Unity of Life.

We shall urgently need the noblest Purpose when the war is over, lest we fall into the ignominies which characterized the end of the last war—no end at all, indeed.

And we must seek out the great Purposes of Life, and gain for them the understanding of mankind.

The quality of Compassion is closely identified with the Purpose of Life—once again a Compassion which must not halt at the frontiers of any kingdom of nature, but enfold all kingdoms within its healing and sanctifying power. Whatever else may be the Purpose of Life, we have the mightiest evidence that Compassion ranks wonderfully high, for has not every Saviour of the world (not only a Saviour of mankind is each one of These) lived and taught Compassion perhaps beyond all other qualities of Life?

And if the Peace that shall come is not a Peace of Compassion then is it no Peace at all.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LIFE

In terms of true Peace we must know and remember that the great principle of the Unity of Life means a very real and intimate Brotherhood of Life, as the great principle of the Universality of Life involves no less. We must make the Universality and the Unity *practical*. We must make them practical in terms of our everyday lives, and towards all life without exception.

When we think of Peace, therefore, we must know that it must be no mere matter of treaties and conventions and economic and other adjustments of all kinds. These

must fail save as Peace becomes part and parcel of the daily life of each individual human being, so that he can help to make it part and parcel of the life of every other being in the universal family of God.

Peace means Brotherhood. It means simple Brotherhood. It means understanding Brotherhood and helpful Brotherhood—just the Brotherhood we naturally extend towards those who are near enough and dear enough for us to see in them the living reality of Brotherhood.

And this Brotherhood has all three qualities above-mentioned—Reverence, Fellowship, Compassion—as its precious ingredients. There cannot be a full and rich Brotherhood without all three, and they must be present in any truly abiding Peace.

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF LIFE

In terms of true Peace we must know and remember that the principle of Individuality which we perceive in some of the higher kingdoms of nature is indeed a universal fact, and gradually have we to learn to honour individuality everywhere as we are learning to honour it—how lamentably we fail so to do in times of war, and often at other times—first within the smaller limitations of family and community, and, as we grow, in ever-widening circles.

We know very well that every human being is an individual. We do not yet know that every animal has its own individuality. Still less do we know that there is individuality in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. We cannot be expected to know this. But if we try constantly to meditate upon this great principle of universal individuality, we shall find ourselves gaining in Reverence, in Fellowship and in Compassion. We shall more and more universalize these, until, being at one with all His creatures we become one with God Himself. So shall descend upon us and upon the world the Peace that passeth understanding.

WORLD PEACE—WORLD FREEDOM—WORLD JUSTICE

We are fighting it is said, and rightly said, for Peace, for Freedom and for Justice.

But are we fighting for a British Peace, for a European Peace, for a local Peace of some kind?

Some may so think.

But the Theosophist knows that we are fighting for a world Peace, for world Freedom and for world Justice. The Theosophist knows that Britain and her family of nations, and in a measure—would that it were greater—India too, are fighting for Peace, for Freedom and for Justice in the name of the Universality of Life, for if anywhere these are denied then everywhere they are failing to function.

If he did not know this otherwise, he would know it in the name of the Unity of Life. There cannot, there are not, quality-tight compartments in Life, so that here there may be continuous suffering and there continuous joy. Temporarily, there may be suffering here and joy there. But in the long run there cannot be suffering somewhere and nowhere else, and if we plan for Peace and Freedom and Justice here and ignore the need of them elsewhere, we shall soon find that they disappear even from those places in which we think we have enthroned them.

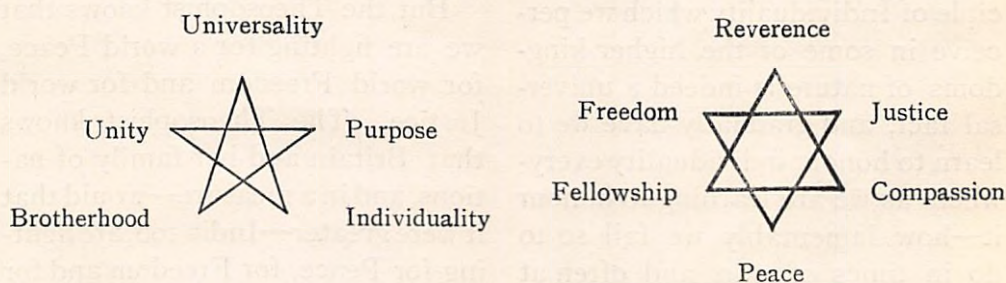
Peace and Freedom and Justice belong to the whole world, and must be for the whole world by very reason of the Universality and Unity of Life.

Peace and Freedom and Justice are among the ingredients of the Purpose of Life no less than Reverence, Fellowship and Compassion. Indeed the trinity of the

former is absolutely complementary to the trinity of the latter.

And the Theosophist further knows that this double trinity, this double triangle, constitutes the Brotherhood of Life, and no less the true Individuality of Life. Therefore is the Theosophist fighting for Peace, for Freedom, for Justice, for Reverence, for Fellowship, for Compassion, when he fights for Britain today. He can do no other, be Britain's delinquencies what they may, and no one denies the existence of these.

The Theosophist is thankful for Britain, as he is thankful for Poland, for France, for Finland, for Norway, for Belgium, for the Netherlands, as he hopes to be no less thankful for India, for the United States, and for all other lands which, seeing the world-wide danger, leap ardently to meet it, so to preserve the double triangle of Peace, Freedom, Justice, Reverence, Fellowship, Compassion, for the saving of the world.



Unless we begin with the principles of Theosophy in building the foundations of our Temple of Peace we shall not get anywhere. It is not enough to take the world as it is and establish peace plans of our own based on the general outer world interpretations. We must give to the world a Theosophical Plan of Peace, a plan established on The Plan as revealed to us through Theosophy.



THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, LONDON
(50 Gloucester Place, W. 1)

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN ENGLAND¹

HEADQUARTERS

THE Headquarters building of The Theosophical Society in England (50 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, London, W. 1) stands in a wide street of typically Georgian houses. Excellently fitted for its purpose, it is a most dignified and spacious house which it is a pleasure to enter. Just inside the front door, on the left, is the Enquiry Room, separated from the entrance hall by a tall glass screen. A member of The Society is on duty here every week-day from 10 a.m. until 5 p.m. to answer enquiries and give information.

Beyond the Enquiry Room is a small square hall in which stands a very beautiful figure of the Buddha seated in meditation. Leading out of the hall on the right is the Lecture Room. This is an oblong room, seating about a hundred people quite comfortably and used for small meetings, conferences and study groups. A full-length oil-painting of Dr. Annie Besant hangs on the end wall between the windows and a somewhat smaller one of Colonel Olcott is on one of the side walls. In this room tea

is served on week-days at 4 o'clock and a considerable number of friends and members come in from time to time.

Behind the Lecture Room, and communicating with it by folding doors, is the Members' Room which is now also equipped as a Public Reading Room. It is distempered in cream colour, as are all the rooms in the building, has beautiful golden curtains at the long windows, chairs with many-coloured cushions, and small tables for the use of those who wish to study. It is a really delightful room and is used for social gatherings of all kinds and sometimes for members' meetings.

Practically the whole of the first floor is devoted to the Lending and Reference Libraries which occupy three large rooms. The door between the reference and lending departments have been removed so that these now make one long room stretching the whole depth of the house and with large windows at each end. All three rooms are lined with shelves containing about 10,000 books on an enormous variety of subjects. A large number of pamphlets and Theosophical and philosophical magazines are arranged on the

¹ From the very excellent *Year Book 1940-41 and Information for Enquirers*, issued by The Theosophical Society in England.

table in the lending library, while the reference library has easy chairs and a large table supplied with writing materials for the use of students.

On the next floor, opening on to a wide square landing, are the Offices. The General Secretary's Office is a room on the right, leading into the Treasurer's Office, and on the other side are the Registrar's Office and the Publicity Department. All these are big, very pleasant rooms.

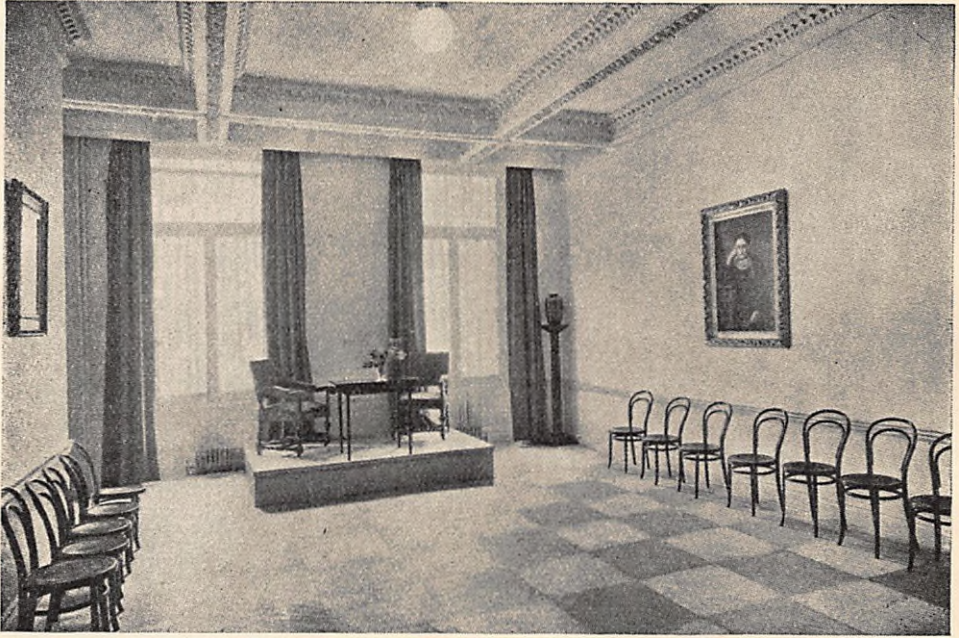
The top-floor of the house has been divided into two flats, a small one for the occasional use of the General Secretary and the other let to a member of The Society.

Behind the house is Besant Hall of which the Section is justly proud. It may be reached by passing through part of the basement of the Headquarters building or, more usually, by its main entrance in Rodmarton Mews. Though not very large, the Hall has a dignity and beauty all its own. The seats are upholstered in deep blue, a most satisfactory colour-scheme in conjunction with the cream walls and light cherry-wood of the doors and the furniture on the platform. The most modern lighting methods have been used and the acoustic properties are excellent. People sitting in the back row of the gallery can hear quite as well as those in the body of the Hall. There is seating for 420 people, and, when the proceedings are relayed by means

of loud-speakers, more can listen in from the Lecture Room in the Headquarters building, so that at times it has been possible for an audience of nearly 600 to hear a speaker addressing an audience in the Hall.

Besant Hall is used throughout the whole year for public lectures on Sundays and also for short courses of lectures on other days of the week. The National Council meetings are held in it, and so are Federation Conferences, and the Annual Convention and other gatherings which are too large for the Lecture Room. It is also frequently hired by other organizations for concerts, recitals, lectures and the like.

The membership of The Theosophical Society in England numbered about 3,200 persons in 1939. A full list of the local branches with their officials and addresses is printed in the English Section's *Year Book*. For convenience of organization the 118 Lodges and 31 Centres are grouped into six Federations. Every three years each Federation elects representatives to the National Council, a body which directs the general policy of the Section and annually elects the General Secretary, Treasurer, and Executive Committee. The organization of The Society is purposely kept as flexible and simple as possible and most of the work is carried out by devoted volunteers.



BESANT HALL



THE LIBRARY

The Annual Convention of the Section is held at Whitsun at the London Headquarters. Throughout the year, the General Secretary and the Staff are only too glad to welcome Fellows of The Society whenever they are able to come to their own Headquarters.

Some figures concerning the use of the present Headquarters during the year ending in March 1939, are as follows. The Library issued 13,375 books to members and non-members; 2,260 teas were served in addition to the usual average of 50 per week for the Staff; classes were held by Mr. E. L. Gardner, Mrs. Grenside, Dr. L. J. Bendit, Miss Phoebe Payne, and Miss Marion Morrison. The regular Sunday audiences attending lectures in Besant Hall average a hundred even in wartime, and before the outbreak of war Blavatsky Lodge had a weekly lecture at its time-

honoured Thursday evening meeting with an average of 70 to 80 attending.

Inevitably, since the beginning of the war and the consequent rather uncomfortable conditions in London, the number of members and friends coming to Headquarters has decreased slightly. Those who can come, however, have remarked that they find refreshment in the atmosphere of goodwill which prevails here while refugee members from other Sections have found here a "home" which radiates the atmosphere familiar to all who know Theosophical Headquarters the world over. This aroma seems to be compounded of friendly social intercourse, study and a well used library, conscious devotion on the part of the workers to a great ideal, plenty of hard work and an indescribable blessing from the Great Unseen.

In each child of man the true Theosophist recognizes a brother to be loved and served, and in The Theosophical Society, Theosophists under the direction of the Masters, have formed a nucleus for such Brotherhood of Humanity and have made its recognition the only obligation binding on all who enter. Amid class hatreds and warring sects it raises this sublime banner of human love, a continual reminder that essentially all humanity is one, and the goal to which we travel is the same for all. Without this recognition of Brotherhood all science is useless and all religion is hypocrisy. Deeper than all diversity, mightier than all animosity, is that Holy Spirit of Love. The Self of each is the Higher Self of all, and that bond is one which nothing in all worlds can avail to break. That which raises one raises all; that which degrades one degrades all. The sin and crime of our races are our sin and crime, and only as we save our brethren can we save ourselves. One in our inception, one in our goal, we must needs be one in our progress; the "curse of separateness" that is on us, it is ours to remove, and Theosophy, alike as religion and philosophy, will be a failure save as it is the embodiment of the life of Love.

—ANNIE BESANT

RELIGION IN ENGLAND TODAY AND TOMORROW

BY THE RT. REV. F. W. PIGOTT, M.A. (OXON.)

AN anonymous contributor to *The New English Weekly* (13 July 1939) recently wrote :

Men have lived by spiritual institutions (of some kind) in every society, and also by political institutions and, indubitably, by economic activities. Admittedly they have, at different periods, tended to put their trust mainly in one of the three as the real cement of society, but at no time have they wholly excluded the others, because it is impossible to do so.¹

If we wish to understand England we must remember that however its intellectuals may abstain from the practice of religious worship and however little the influence of religion may seem to count in national policies and national affairs, religion is always there, deeply rooted in the national life. English statesmen now usually recognize this and wisely refrain from going counter to it. Passive resisters and conscientious objectors are awkward people to deal with, as events both in India and here in England have shown in comparatively recent times. Religion

cannot be ignored any more than politics or economics in estimating the value of the national life and character and attempting to forecast its future. It is something far deeper than its outer expression in religious worship and church attendance; it may be compared to the nervous system of a human body: one may be unaware of its presence until it is touched, then its presence is at once made known throughout the whole body. So, in greater or in less degree, is the collective religious feeling or instinct in any nation. In England the religious instinct is undoubtedly present though the English are notoriously lukewarm emotionally and very reserved in the expression of their feelings.

This deeper feeling must be borne in mind all the time that we are examining the outer manifestations of religion and seeking to discover from present tendencies what form religion is likely to take in the future.

RELIGION IN ENGLAND TODAY

Speaking of England alone, not of Great Britain, it would hardly be

¹ Quoted by T. S. Elliot in *The Idea of a Christian Society*.

an exaggeration to say that never have the churches of the various denominations been better attended than they are today. We are now reaping the fruits of the great religious movements of the early and middle nineteenth century—the Evangelical Movement followed by the Tractarian or Oxford Movement. Those Reformers did their work thoroughly. They dug deep and sowed their seeds at exactly the right season and what we see now is the fruitage of that sowing. There is intense earnestness and obvious sincerity both in the religious teachers and in those who are glad to be ministered unto. Anyone who has ever attended retreats—one-, two- or three-day retreats such as the Anglo-Catholics provide in great numbers—or the quiet days and devotional gatherings of the more evangelical type of religious activity, can have no doubt whatever about the sincerity and earnestness of all concerned in them. They are very real. So are the newer movements such as the Buchman Group Movement commonly known as the Oxford Group Movement. Religion is outwardly alive today. That we must admit, and admit gladly, though it only affects a small percentage of our population. Whatever we may think of the dogmas presented by the religious leaders and teachers we must be thankful for this great religious earnestness in our midst

for it makes for the general good of the nation.

THE FUTURE

But what of the future? Is the time approaching when this quiet religious activity will begin to subside? We cannot say. Somehow it seems impossible that the redemption teaching as still taught and understood by practically all professing Christian teachers and congregations in our land can for very much longer grip the minds of intelligent people. Yet it is that idea, still very much coloured by Augustinianism, that is the substance—or shall we say the foundation or backbone—of the teaching of all the teachers of all levels of education in all the Churches. Not perhaps hell and eternal condemnation, not so crude as that, but God and man set over against each other; man regarded as estranged from God because of sin; and Jesus Christ conceived as being in between, reconciling man to God and God to man. Use what metaphor you choose—substance, foundation, background, backbone, or any other—that is at the back of all the teaching of all the Churches. Can it survive? It seems impossible, yet it has survived all this time. Man's, even religious man's, or perhaps we should say especially religious man's, conservatism is amazing. So there is no telling how much longer this type of religion is destined to continue.

NEW VARIETIES

Meantime Modernism and the Liberal varieties of teaching, whether Liberal Catholic or Liberal Evangelical, attract comparatively few devotees. Modernism is almost entirely intellectual. Modernists seem to be perhaps too intellectual to be humble, and without humility there can be no real worship of any Being but oneself. Yet the worship of God and the service of man are of the very essence of religious life and expression. The Liberal Catholic Church is apparently a failure in England. The failure is, however, only apparent. It means that we have failed to attract numbers and wealth and so we seem to languish. But the fervour of our services, and the intense joy with which they are celebrated by all alike—clergy, acolytes, servers and congregations—indicates a reality and an innerness, an inspiration in fact, which is anything but failure.

We believe that we have the future with us because we stress evolution rather than redemption as usually understood, and because worship, which with us is thoroughly congregational, is the main feature of our religious life. But what sort of evolution is it that we stress? Well, every sort: physical evolution proceeding side by side with spiritual evolution—the Theosophical conception of evolution—age-long, on and on through all the

planes of nature, kingdoms of life and stages of human growth; and for our ultimate goal we aspire to the realization of our oneness with the Source of all life and therefore with all that lives. That is a feeble way of putting such a vast scheme, but it will serve to indicate the nature of the Liberal Catholic background. It is mystical, evolutionary, Platonic, Neo-Platonic, Catholic, Christian. Christ is the centre of it all, Christ as perfect human being disclosing the nature and character of man made perfect, and so revealing what each one is destined eventually to become; and Christ as the Extension or perfect Representative in human life of the Logos or Son of God in the cosmic sense, the outpoured Life and Love of God, God's Agent in the creative activity of the manifested universe.

Some may ask: "Is that type of religion likely to survive? Will it grip people within, say, another half-century?" Again it is impossible to give a definite answer. At the present rate of growth it looks as though it were more likely to disappear altogether than to grow into an all-enveloping movement. Yet this religion is, in itself, apart from those who are now its principal exponents, so much in keeping with modern trends of thought and, we may dare to add, so good, so sound, so true, so beautiful, that a despairing or defeatist attitude

is impossible. Just as the older varieties of religion, because of their main teaching, look as though they could not survive for long in spite of their great activity and prosperity now, so the Liberal Catholic movement, because of its inherent soundness, saneness and beauty, looks as though it must survive and grow into an enormous world-wide movement in spite of its present obscurity and poverty. More than that we dare not say.

OCCULTISM IN RELIGION

Readers of this journal may naturally ask: "What about occultism?" A recent critic has said that the Church of the future which offers no occult instruction will stultify itself. How will the Christian Church, the Liberal Catholic or any other, meet the increasing interest in, and demand for, occult instruction? That will depend upon the supply of capable occultists. Occultists are born, not made, and the supply at present is not very considerable. No one can expect or has a right to expect occult revelations or instruction in occultism, (whatever exactly that may mean), to be given by those who have no experience of the inner side of things. To give second-hand instruction or information would be worse than useless: it might be dangerous and few, if any, teachers and ministers of religion would care to embark on

such a course. As real occultists are few and far between, unless there is an unexpected increase in the supply there does not appear to be much likelihood of organized occultism becoming an essential feature in the religious life of the country in the near future.

But after all is there any reason why it should? Is there really any great demand for occult instruction now, or any sign that there is likely to be such a demand in the foreseeable future? Except for a few novels and plays by Mr. Priestley and a slowly increasing number of people who are interested in the question of reincarnation there does not seem to be any widespread interest in the subject amongst the better educated English people. If astrology, spiritualism and so forth are to be included in the term "occultism," then certainly there is increasing interest being shown in these studies but it is mostly of a dilettante character. We are all more or less curious about the inner side of things; we should like to know something about our past lives; we should like to have inside information about the future, especially in connection with the present war; we read eagerly the astrological notes given in certain Sunday papers but we laugh at ourselves for so doing. We do not take these things very seriously, and those who do, do so apart from

their religious exercises. Occultism is not part of people's religion and no one seems to think it ought to be. And, indeed, why should it be? It does not profess to be a religion and its votaries show little inclination to bow the knee in worship. It is a science like psychology in which religious people may or may not be interested; it has a bearing, like any other science, on life and therefore on religion. If any particular school of occultism ever succeeds in winning for its teachings general confidence in England then it will certainly be right that its pronouncements, like those of psychologists, astronomers, biologists and others, should be taken into account by religious teachers and professors of theology; but even so it will not then, any more than those other sciences or the various philosophies, be an essential element in religious life and teaching. It will be a handmaid, as they are, nothing more.

DEIFICATION

A well-known Theosophist, commenting recently in a kindly way on our Liberal Catholic position, expressed the opinion that in fifty years' time the idea of Deification through a definite process of training will be acceptable to those who are truly seeking. It is already acceptable, but that which people seek is not generally known or described as Deification. It is

generally known by good Christians as the Beatific Vision. "I can well imagine," this critic proceeds, "that in fifty years' time the Liberal Catholic Church member might say: 'I joined your Church to be taught the Way of Deification. I believe the Great Ones exist. What have you to teach me?'" The answer would be perfectly simple, though the putting into practice of the answer might prove to be very difficult. The answer fifty years hence, as now and always, would be the same as was given by the great Master to those who asked Him the same question in a slightly different form long ago. "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" "What shall I do to be saved?" "What shall I do to reach the Master?" "What shall I do to be deified?" These are different forms of the same question put to various teachers throughout the ages, and the answer, the Lord's answer, is the same now as always. It is variously expressed. "Take up thy cross and follow me." "Go sell all that thou hast and give to the poor and come, follow me." "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master." "He that seeketh his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it unto life eternal." The Cross is the answer, and the Cross means self-sacrifice. That is all. So simple, yet after two thousand years few, very few, they be that find that

Path. God is known, so far as He can be said to be known at all, by His sacrifice of Himself. God loves, and His love outpoured, sacrificed, has brought the universe into existence and sustains it in being. To be Godlike, deified, saved, initiated, means first and last to be like God in love and in sacrifice; to forget oneself in the worship of God and in the service of man; to forget even one's discipleship as a merely personal matter, to forget one's salvation or Deification in one's love for mankind and for all that is. To love God with all the heart and mind and soul and strength and one's neighbour as oneself. That is Christ's answer to those who seek Deification. What more can we want?

"Jesus, divinest when Thou most art man"—so says the poet very truly. Divinest, most God, when most forgetful of His own divinity when least thinking of Himself and His divine prerogative, when so much God that love overflows from Him and brings Him for love's sake down to man's estate. To be God, to be deified, means to forget oneself in love for all. We are most being deified when we are least thinking of our own Deification. That is the Christian answer to the occultist's question. Rules, yes, there may be rules for those who need them. The Jews provided them and their decalogue is incorporated in many Christian

service books, but Christ did not teach by rules except perhaps when He held up the very different (as it is found now) ideal of monogamic lifelong union. That is the only rule He is recorded to have given beyond or besides the twofold commandment to love God and one's neighbour. He taught principles and dispositions as in the so-called Sermon on the Mount and He illustrated these in His own conduct and in little telling parables of His own invention. Could anything be simpler to understand or more difficult to put into practice than His teaching as we have it in the canonical Gospels? That is the way of Deification, now, henceforth and, we may safely assert, for at least another fifty years or so.

PRACTICAL RELIGION

There is not much indication at present that in fifty years' time English people—even religious English people—in any considerable numbers will be seeking the Way of Holiness in the occultist's sense. It is not very probable that then, any more than now, they will be worrying either about their sins or about their Deification. It is more likely that their religious expression will take the form of seeking the way to make life more endurable for all that are desolate and oppressed both in the human and animal kingdoms. That is the trend at present. Social service,

Christian socialism, economic reform, social welfare, animal welfare—that is the line on the practical side that religious activity has been taking in England during the present century. That is the line that we may expect will be followed and more vigorously in the next half-century till Jerusalem is really built in England's green and pleasant land. Deity is as Deity does, and if people are living

the life of sacrifice, with a passion for brotherhood and on fire with zeal for social righteousness, then they are to that extent living divinely, and whether they know it or not, whether they worry or do not worry about their sins or their spiritual status, they have discovered the Path or at least the entrance to the Path that leads to Eternal Life, to Deification. And that is all that matters.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOLCHILD TODAY

BY PHYLLIS LEAN

ENGLAND today stands pledged to defend democracy, and perhaps the most encouraging evidence of her truly democratic spirit is to be found in her educational system. Eton and Harrow still exist; the poor man's son still faces his peculiar problems at the older Universities, but, in the widest sense, English education is profoundly democratic. Every child in England is given a reasonable educational chance. The free schools take all who come and ask very few questions, usually a birth certificate must be produced as evidence of the child's age alone, but his parents' position, his legitimacy, his nationality and his religion are never allowed to act as barriers between the child and his

educational opportunity. Special schools are provided in many large towns for Roman Catholics and Jews, and all parents have the right to withdraw their children, if they so wish, from the simple Scripture lessons of the non-denominational schools.

There are many defects in the free school system; school buildings are often old and unsatisfactory, teachers are sometimes overworked and lead humdrum, uncultured lives, overdue reforms wait upon a tardy bureaucracy, but through it all the educational system slowly improves and modern teaching practice tends, year by year, to give all classes of society, rich and poor alike, a reasonably useful background and training.

The Socialist demand for "equality of opportunity" is not quite a fantastic dream. It is only a dream to those who imagine that it can be granted overnight. For those who are prepared to take a long view and to realize the profound differences in the karmic make-up of men, modern education is revealed as an important factor making for equality of opportunity. Inherent ability and effort in the child are rewarded, and, for those whose talents point to some unusual career, opportunity is increasingly available. There are not only the usual academic honours and degrees to be won, but chances to study special trades and crafts, to learn agricultural work or hotel management, business practice or hair-dressing, baking or social service, for those who have a special bent. The principal towns of England offer in their technical colleges and institutes an almost bewildering list of subjects which may be studied. The fees are always small, and regular attendance in one term usually earns reduction or remission of fees in the next.

The poor child in modern England is quite commonly rather better taught than his middle-class brother, for the poor child attends the so-called Council School¹ and is taught by trained teachers, is subjected to regular medical inspection

and spends his school-day in reasonably comfortable, hygienic buildings, well-warmed and efficiently lighted. Snobbery is dying a slow death in England, and the son of the middle class tradesman is sometimes sent to a "private" school so that he shall not mix with the poorer children and so that it shall be known that his parents are able to pay for his education.

Some private schools are magnificent; the finest educational reforms in England have been evolved from the work of those great pioneers who found in the freedom of their own schools the opportunity for experiment and educational research. Others are hot-beds of snobbishness and money-making concerns staffed by untrained and poorly paid teachers. Gradually they are disappearing, and many enlightened parents, while quite able to pay for their children's education, send them to the free schools where the natural democracy of children asserts itself and the various strata of society intermingle freely to their mutual benefit. It is not proposed to write of the schoolboy at a great public school, nor of the work of the average boarding-school. The present survey is largely limited to education as it affects the poor child, for, in England as everywhere else, he is in the majority. What is a poor child? In England our standards of living are high, and children

¹ Council Schools are schools controlled and financed by the County Councils.

whose parents earn anything from £500 a year downwards may be found in the free schools. Much depends on the geographical situation of the school.

It would be perfectly possible to devote this article exclusively to a somewhat destructive criticism of the English educational system; to paint the little English school-boy in grey and uninteresting colours, a victim of English hypocrisy and narrow-mindedness, suffering from the slow pace of democratic methods. But it just would not be true. The only grey thing about the English schoolboy is his always rather dirty, shabby, tweed suit and the colour of his knobbly little knees. His school-life is a many-coloured delight in these days, and it is a strange thing to come upon a child who goes "unwillingly to school." Reforms are needed, vast improvements might be made, but we must admit fairly that England has marched a long way since Dickens' day.

Possibly the two greatest modern improvements in English educational practice are the introduction of wider curricula and the reorganization of age groups under the Hadow Report. At one time it was thought that a sound knowledge of the "Three R's" (reading, writing and arithmetic) was the only essential. Incidentally, those so-called three R's are not three R's at all, but an R, a W and an A.

Jumble the letters and you make the word "Raw." An education limited to those three subjects produces a raw and uncultivated man. Jumble the letters again and you have "War": conflict within the personality; for many's the gifted child who never really masters all three of those pestilential R's successfully, but who finds his outlet and his opportunity in craftsmanship, cookery, farming or gardening.

Public opinion lags a long way behind educational policy in this matter of the school curriculum. Irrate business-men still write letters to *The Times* complaining of the waste of public money on education when the new office-boy cannot even spell correctly. Somehow nobody ever writes to *The Times* pointing out that the boy who cannot spell should not be placed in an office anyway, that he is probably there against his own wish, a vaguely unwilling victim of his parents' desire to have him follow a "black-coated" profession. Nobody ever mentions the fact that in three generations England has produced an entirely literate people, even if some are still very slow to learn; nobody ever says that it is only by the introduction of still wider school curricula that we shall ever produce the wide variety of workers which the nation needs. Our business-man is the first to complain that he cannot get competent domestic

servants in his home, that the "lower classes" are set against menial work; he does not realize that the present generation of young adults in England are the victims of the "Three R's" system, and that modern educational methods at their best are giving back to manual tasks the dignity which they had temporarily lost. By demonstrating that training and education in craftsmanship are as important as ordinary literacy, it is possible that educators will gradually enlighten public opinion and bring about a new respect for all those fine people who labour with their hands, and care little for what is in their heads.

The details of the reorganization of schools under the Hadow Report is a purely technical matter to the layman, but it has special significance to the Theosophist. It will be recalled that Professor Marcourt bases his psychology on his observations of the child's development. The tiny child expresses himself in terms of activity, the life-force playing freely at the physico-etheric level. At the age of 7 the child enters the first emotional phase; he will work and play with other children of both sexes and his emotional energy finds its natural outlet in "herd" games: "Red Indians," adventure stories and, a little later, secret societies are the order of the day. The second phase, a period of intense astramental activity, begins at about

11 years of age and continues into early adolescence. Religious and cultural awareness, hero-worship and a dawning sex-consciousness mark this period. The Hadow Report was significant in that it recognized these first three phases of childhood, remodelling the infant schools for the under-sevens so that physical movement played a much more prominent part in early education, and with the increase in movement came the recognition of the importance of periods of real rest. Education Committees now provide tiny mattresses or simple camp-beds, and complete relaxation is taught and encouraged. The division of the 7-to-14-year-olds into two groups was a still more important step. Children from 7 to 11 form the Junior Schools. At the age of 11, the children are graded according to ability—the academically skilful enter the Secondary Schools and others go to Central Schools which prepare them for skilled trades and commerce. Others are grouped into Senior Schools where, in addition to ordinary school subjects, extra tuition is given in handicrafts and domestic arts.

This system is still in the trial period and has yet to be established in many parts of the country, but its existence is at least evidence of the fact that educators have realized the significance of the 11-year-old dividing line, and

have made a very vigorous attempt to fit round pegs into round holes.

Many of these reorganized schools—known in England as “mixed” schools—are composed of pupils of both sexes. “Mixed” or perhaps “muddled” rather aptly describes the official attitude towards them, for officialdom has no settled policy in the matter. If both sexes are educated together, it is generally because it has been found cheaper or more convenient to provide one school instead of two. There is no clear-cut plan and the values of co-education have never been officially recognized in England. The pioneer co-educational schools, such as Bedales, St. Christopher, and the Quaker School, Sidcot, are private establishments owing their fine development to the work of inspired Principals. Co-education in State schools is an accident of circumstances rather than a part of a formulated policy.

But one other major factor, besides official lack of interest, prevents its development; women teachers are afraid of it! Teaching is about the only profession in England in which women have won almost complete equality of opportunity with men, although they still fight for equal salary scales. So long as the sexes remained segregated in schools, competent women teachers could be virtually sure of obtaining the headship of

girl's schools. Today there is an increasing tendency to appoint male heads to mixed schools. It is not altogether surprising, therefore, that women teachers view with dismay the increased number of mixed schools. Unfortunately, instead of coming openly into the field and explaining their real grievance, demanding the right to be appointed equally with men, they hide the real problem and argue against the co-educational principle. And since women teachers in England are almost everywhere respected for their integrity and ability, their loyalty to their calling and their devotion to the children, they exert a strong retrograde influence in this direction.

Co-education is of profound importance and will be fully recognized and practised when education is seen in its true colours, as preparation for living rather than as training for a job.

The past twenty years have seen great developments in the type of school-buildings considered suitable for little children. Good architects, medical men and educators have had a hand in planning the new school-buildings which are gradually replacing the tall and ugly brick structures of the nineteenth century. One architect in particular is worthy of mention. The writer remembers meeting him at a dinner party in the Midlands some nine year ago, and hearing with delight

his frank admission: "Yes, I do believe in fairies." He was a white-haired, well-preserved man in his early sixties, a devout Anglo-Catholic, and architectural adviser to a certain Midland educational committee. He planned his new schools with a creed in his heart. He loved children and knew exactly their needs and wishes. "Think first of the child," he would say, "and plan for his welfare. Then think of the teacher. Let your school-building lighten his lot and give him comfort where it can. Then find a garden, and in that garden build your school." In his conception the child came first and the school last. So this Midland architect built his low, graceful bungalow schools, with covered verandas to permit of outdoor exercise on wet days, with classroom walls almost wholly filled with windows which opened on the sunny side of the building, their playgrounds joyful patches, the mature trees of the site preserved, the central courtyard a place of soft grass, bulb gardens and fountains. All over the country, other architects evolved similar ideas, and the schools on the new housing estates which have developed on the fringes of the bigger towns are fine examples of modern English architecture at its best.

Inside the schools, equipment has shown a similar marked improvement. More comfortable desks, fine

bold pictures, improved methods of lighting and heating, the provision of a proper stage with curtains and foot-lights for dramatic performances, a radio-gramophone, and rooms especially equipped for the study of domestic arts, carpentry and crafts of all kinds, bear witness to the official recognition of the importance of health and culture in the child's life. The provision of individual lockers for books and tools teaches the child to take good care of equipment loaned to him, and replaces the old, unhygienic method whereby a communal stock of textbooks, pens, pencils and rulers was distributed daily from one big cupboard by a monitor. How the more sensitive of us used to hope for a clean reading-book and a not-too-much-chewed pencil!

Individuality is the key-note of the modern school; the child rather than just children. And individuality is the key-note of democracy. Democracy can only succeed where individuals are both able and willing to take personal responsibility. Much is being done in the best of our modern schools to inculcate this sense of personal and individual responsibility for the welfare of the larger group.

The vast majority of English children are educated in day schools, so that home influence is a factor to be reckoned with in forming a picture of the schoolchild. Unfortunately there is a growing

tendency on the part of the parents to hand over their part of the child's upbringing to the teachers. The unruly child is reported to his schoolmaster; the teacher's services are enlisted in providing clothing, supervising school meals, organizing out-of-school activities and even in taking the children away for holidays. Many excellent social welfare schemes have arisen as a direct result of the enthusiasm of teachers and education committees. There are the cheap milk schemes, boots and clothing funds, holiday camp organizations, all planned originally to relieve distress and to enrich the life of the children, but tending, nevertheless, to free the parents more and more from their responsibilities. A striking example of this is to be found in the school clinic system. Regular medical inspection has been of inestimable benefit to the children. Defects of posture, malformations, dietetic deficiencies, bad teeth, and eye weaknesses, are detected in the early stages and corrected, but mothers expect the clinics to attend to cut knees and simple sores and to cleanse children who are victims not so much of deliberate neglect as of that casualness and apathy so regrettably present in the modern generation of young adults.

This suggests a problem which must sooner or later be faced in England. Do social services tend to impede individual effort? If they

do, then a way must be found to continue the social services, which are in themselves necessary and excellent, but at the same time to teach people the tremendous importance of facing up to their own personal and social responsibilities.

This problem of the effect of social services has been brought into the limelight since the outbreak of war. Evacuation has revealed the utter dependence of the very poor on organized charity and their inability to face up to their responsibilities towards their children. It has shown, too, the tendency on the part of the middle classes to evade responsibility where this concerns children. The artisan class, the skilled workman, the little shop-keeper and the servants of the big estates have shown themselves to be the backbone of England in this particular aspect of war service. The evacuation scheme is a great social experiment, and when the immediate difficulties have been overcome and we have forgotten the shock and the rupture, the verminous children and their difficult mothers, there will remain in the national consciousness a profound sense of disquiet and a deep awareness of problems which must be solved.

Viewed from the standpoint of the world as it is, our English educational system has much to commend it. From the mountain-peak of the world as it might be,

we need to state our educational aims in clearer, simpler and more forcible terms. There are just two great educational goals. Education should be so designed as to equip us to face the problems of living; to make us able to adjust simply and naturally to life itself. Secondly, it should give us that profoundly religious sense which is best described as a reverence for life. "Power politics" dominate the educational world today. We educate our children so that they may obtain better positions and by "better positions" we generally mean jobs in which they can earn more money. We do not stop to think where or how this money is obtained or whether it actually represents any real value at all. We educate for academic honours, so that a few successful candidates may dominate the scene; we do not ask ourselves: "Do all these degrees and diplomas signify a real culture, or have they been bought at too great a price, so that the student has lost the love of real learning in the heat of the chase?" Until we change the aim of educational policy and begin to educate our children to co-operate with one another and to appreciate the unique contribution which each can make to the common good, selfishness will continue. True community of living is only born out of the appreciation of "individual uniqueness."

Religious education has slipped into the dim background of our English educational system. There are, of course, the denominational schools which give specific instruction in the creeds and dogmas of certain Churches and sects, but on the whole, the free schools present their pupils with an enfeebled and over-simplified Christianity presented as Bible stories and hurried morning prayers. The Scripture lessons do not pretend to convey a religious sense. Children enjoy them as they enjoy all the grand stories out of man's past. And yet, properly handled, all great literature, the myths and legends of all peoples and times, can be presented in a profoundly religious manner. Teachers, in the secular schools, fearing perhaps to emphasize any one aspect of sectarianism, have lost their own religious sense. One of our immediate educational problems is to discover how to fire both teachers and children with a sense of man's own divinity. Those values for which England is fighting today, are only truly appreciated when one is aware of the essential divinity of man. This awareness, and this awareness alone, will keep the fight free from hatred, will make the end swift and certain, and will rebuild the world on a firmer basis.

The sense of personal devotion of the teacher to the child is one

of the loveliest things in our English school-life today. Evacuation, has, incidentally, revealed it in its full beauty. Reserved and elderly head-mistresses have gone willingly into the billets to help both the children, young schoolmasters have mended boots and cut hair, and junior mistresses have darned innumerable socks and made new garments from old. But this sense of personal devotion has been growing slowly for years. The teacher of today is very rarely a tyrant; his children love him and respect him because they know that their welfare in all things is his constant concern. Corporal punishment and dreary and futile detentions and tasks are disappearing, and in their place is growing a childhood which is eager for school and a teaching profession whose outstanding characteristic is enthusiasm.

From the four walls of his classroom, the teacher looks out upon the world. Frequently he ignores the affairs of his own town; (a teacher-Mayor or Councillor is a rarity). But Internationalism has claimed his devotion. The League of Nations Union still finds its most ardent supporters amongst teachers. All great movements which have as their basic conception the brotherhood of man, claim many teachers in their ranks as we in The Theosophical Society know only too well. The Theosophical Society in England owes a great deal to its many teacher-members. Happily for the future of Europe, no official attempt has ever been made to prevent teachers from inculcating in their pupils the rudiments of an international sense or a reverence for the peoples of all nations.

THE GREAT EVACUATION OF 1939

EVACUATION has been a movement affecting some millions of people; a number equal to the entire population of the smaller countries of Europe and greater than the number of those engaged in the past in some of the great racial migrations.

There are, however, two essential differences between evacuation and

movements such as the Boer Trek across the Vaal, the journey of the American pioneers westward or the migrations of the Aryans into the plains of India. This evacuation concerned women and children only, and a large percentage of these were drawn from the less well-to-do section of the community. A further difference lies

in the fact that though the event was, to some extent, anticipated and prepared for, yet the actual exodus took place in a day. Future historians will probably describe evacuation as a social phenomenon allied to the migrations. It has had its effect both on the nation and on the individual.

The nation has learnt that there is still a large percentage of its population whose habits and conditions of life are far too low. This low standard is not confined to the inhabitants of towns though it is more obvious there and greater publicity has been given to it in this connection.

Secondly, the nation is being led to realize the value to children of residence in the country. A fortnight in the summer is not enough: a prolonged period of months is required for real benefit. Among the three hundred children with whom I am in contact there is evidence in every case of gain in weight and of general physical improvement.

Again, and to some extent as a corollary to the last paragraph, we have had a glimpse of what may be important and what unimportant in education itself. The experiment has not been carried out over a long enough period for definite conclusions to be drawn as yet, but the indications are, in my opinion, that the hours of instruction in most schools are too

long both for children and for staff. It would seem that a half to two-thirds of the teaching periods would be enough if combined with more individual work and greater opportunities for contact with life in the home, in shops and in the fields. House-keeping, shopping for one's hostess, the calculations necessary in making a knitted garment or a pudding, have given many a child an idea of the value of arithmetic. In relation to such direct experience what is the worth of compelling unwilling girls to toil over French, Latin, Geometry or Physics?

Evacuation may also have taught the nation the great value of broadcast talks on such subjects as Music, Art and History.

Evacuation has taught the nation something of the courage, adaptability, resourcefulness, independence and real capacity of its youth. In my opinion a great deal of the real capacity of the youth of our nation has been allowed to run to waste, or forced into wrong, because too academic, channels.

In discussing what individuals have learnt it is necessary to write as an individual, for each person's experience is to himself alone and generalization is well-nigh impossible. The lessons offered have been varied and the assimilation of them may be slow or partial. First, one has to learn to maintain one's own centre, one's own integrity and

courage, in conditions of real loneliness and without the adventitious aids of accustomed surroundings, home, friends, personal possessions and, in some cases, jobs. We have learned that none of these external things is essential—they are just *things*. The Self, the Spirit within the heart, remains triumphant for ever. Then comes the development of patience in the face of weeks of cold, anxiety, dirt and discomfort, boredom and even hunger (for vegetarians).

Thirdly, there is the value of simple kindness, not abstract brotherhood but brotherliness. When one received it one was immensely grateful and tried to give it to all, endeavouring never to misjudge or to misunderstand anyone but realizing that he too was living his life and was equally valuable in the scheme of things. To a Theosophist this brought humility and the desire never again to distinguish between ourselves and the "outer world." Snobbishness is one of the worst of sins for it sins against the Self.

Finally, one realized the need for poise or balance, such as that given by Theosophy or a genuine religious faith. This need was specially apparent in the first few days of evacuation which coincided with the declaration of war. One needed to learn to keep one's bodies steady and to radiate peace. Both during this early period and in dealing with the many human problems of which I became aware during evacuation, I was more and more convinced of the efficacy of a Theosophical background in a crisis and of the great need for the spreading of our teachings. There is so much unnecessary sadness and suffering in the world. Theosophy could bring happiness to many and we Theosophists must "learn to look intelligently into the hearts of men." To do this we must not fear unaccustomed contacts but be ready to go out and make new contacts with the world.

E. W. PRESTON

To see our people in these eventful days is to know that Britain cannot be beaten. The fighters in our island fortress, the workers in our island factory, the women in our island homes are each, by their separate but complementary contributions of service, making this citadel of our resistance impregnable. . . .

In Mr. Churchill we have a Prime Minister who personifies in the highest degree in his speech and actions the leadership, the spirit, thoughts and impulses of a nation at war. . . .

We enter upon the second year of the war with justifiable faith in our accumulated power and with conviction sustained and fortified by experience that ours will be the victory and the cause of freedom will prevail.

ARTHUR GREENWOOD

YOUTH IN ENGLAND TODAY

BY JOHN AND BETSAN COATS

IT is not easy to sum up the general attitude of Youth to the world at the present time, because every possible shade of religious, political and social opinion is to be found among the young today. There is, however, one feeling which seems to be a common denominator of these many opinions and that is the general feeling that there is a need for "change."

TWO MAIN CLASSES

Youth in England today is as full of promise as it has ever been. It falls rather naturally into two categories, to be differentiated from each other, even though they may frequently overlap, by years on the one hand and by background on the other. By far the larger number are those of somewhat simple temperament—out for a good time as far as possible in a world they feel, and alas! which many know only too young, to be filled with difficulties and hardship. There is the job to be found and, when found, held down; a job, which takes so many hours from each day and which, as a rule, gives but one short fortnight of holiday in the year; a state of affairs which tends to mould its "prisoners" into men and women

whose great desire is to find means such as lie in their rather restricted power of bringing as much fun and enjoyment into their precious spare hours as they possibly can, with the object of having a "good time" as frequently and as thoroughly as they can manage to arrange.

The other category includes not only the more intelligent and artistic types of young men and women, but very often also, those of the first type who have married and have families to help them realize their responsibilities. There is for them the ever-present problem of the child's "Why?" which has surely caused many to think seriously for the first time. Perhaps it is owing to the many necessary restraints of wartime, the censorship, the black-out, etc., as well as the general mental-ness of this age, that young people of this type—and indeed generally—think more for themselves than they used to do, and are thrown back more upon themselves to seek for solutions of the vast world problems. On all sides there is evidence to show that young men, who have joined the various services, are interested in and even asking for books on more thoughtful and edifying subjects.

YOUTH AND THE WAR

It is not easy to know just how the vast body of Youth would have reacted to the war and to voluntary enlistment, if Conscription had not been introduced. This development has disturbed the natural reactions of thousands; many felt that they should perhaps resist the idea of being "forced," who might otherwise have enlisted voluntarily, as there is a definite opposition to anything that savours of restricting the free-will of the individual: but the vast majority of those called up go with a good grace and with a great sense of humour; amongst them, no doubt quite a few who would for varying reasons not have volunteered their services at an early stage but who are determined since it must be, to make the best of it in cheerful vein. It is, however, certain that the average young man and woman since the outbreak of war has shown a wonderful spirit of comradeship in all the difficulties with which each has had to contend, whether in the Services, the A.R.P. or otherwise, and these same young people, drawn from all possible walks of life, have established, for themselves at least, the unalterable truths of brotherliness and comradeship.

They are fully aware, for the most part, that this war is for a larger cause than the one which the Press sees fit to present to them; that it is in very truth a war in which the

principles of good and evil are in the throes of a mighty struggle for supremacy, both in the issue of the war itself and equally if not more important still, in the ideological issues, economic and social—the rights of the individual *versus* the tyranny of the State. There is a conviction that if we are to go forward at all, there must be no return to the pre-war world; that the very standards upon which it was based, must also be fundamentally changed.

YOUTH AND WORLD REFORM

It is in the manner in which these changes are to be brought about that the opinions of Youth differ so widely—each opinion having as its parent, some ideology which holds firmly to the view that it, and it alone, can build a suitable world for man to live in. For the most part, the ideologies are of a completely or semi-political nature.

Young people feel strongly that the world today presents an intricate puzzle to be solved. In a world which produces much more than it can consume there should be no hunger, no lack of warmth or clothing, nor of any other of the essentials of life. Yet this lack of the very necessities of decent living which produces such tragic poverty and misery exists everywhere. People talk of poverty and over-production in the same breath: Youth argues that a world in which such

a paradox can exist, has plainly gone wrong somewhere.

It must therefore be changed.

One way in which changes could be brought about, would be by the gradual achievement of a change of heart in those who control much of the destiny of the material world; but this is not enough—many of these people are full of good intentions and generous according to their lights, but they lack vision and are also themselves prisoners in the cage which the gradual evolution of our system of civilization has wrought.

In any case, it is improbable that orthodox religion is capable of bringing about this change of heart. Orthodox forms of religion are in great need of a re-infusion of Life into their teachings and would do well to sort the superstitious from the spiritually and philosophically true, and to burn for good and all, the theological deadwood which gives the modern mind indigestion. Because Youth has suffered from this same indigestion whenever it has "tried religion," it is inclined to discount it altogether in every form and so, unfortunately, that truly spiritual breadth of outlook is not very often to be found amongst the young, nor do they steer their ideological ships by the compass of spiritual values.

There is, of course, a spirit of much greater emotion in the atmosphere since the outbreak of war,

and very many of the young soldiers are inclined to come closer to religion, as taught. This is a fairly obvious reaction and is not really indicative of the true tendency of thought among the young. The latter follow political rather than religious doctrines; each has its camp of followers, which examines and studies its teachings—young people who are eager to defend, often at all costs, its theories, "facts" and tenets, and who are very keen about and certain of their own viewpoint or "ism" which to the outsider often seems to be well beyond the bounds of ordinary common sense. Many of these groups have their own news-sheet, or special source of "inside information"—an "infallible" source, be it understood, as it is always an unflinching one. Each group believes that other groups which adhere to conflicting "inside information" are being deluded by the machinations of the political or financial force which is the group's *bête-noir*. These sources of "inside informations" form a new ingredient in the political and social outlook of Youth and colour its doctrines with the certainty of those who "know"!

One of the dangers which appears to threaten the future in Youth's hands, is one of which Youth itself is unaware; it is the way in which large groups of young people desire to build the new world in the light of their

particular "ism." An "ism" can only have a limited, even if a large number of adherents. If it is so popular that it has the approval of the majority, there is still certain to be a considerable minority to which it is unsatisfactory. Its leaders will then be tempted to force the will of the majority upon the minority, producing similar results to those provided by the totalitarian systems of today. That, given the power, many Youth groups in their zeal would be inclined to enforce their ideologies upon their unwilling fellows, seems most likely, because, friendly and brotherly as they are in many ways, yet as groups they are so convinced of the rightness of their own particular solution, that they are intolerant of other schemes and definitely displeased with criticism of their own. Honestly and sincerely believing in the necessity of being cruel to be kind, such groups might cause more suffering still to the unfortunates who happen to be the opposing and weaker factor.

The scheme within whose law, this harassed world can find peace and serenity, cannot be confined to the smallness of one political creed alone, but must embrace and use all in harmony. The days of sacrificing one group of people to the greedy ideology of another must pass, but while one group in particular holds sway, the sacrifice of others is inevitable. Even a fairly

superficial inquiry into the Eternal Truths set forth by the truly spiritual philosophies, will show how these all point a finger towards the necessity of catering for the essential differences in man; that it is necessary to have each colour of the spectrum developed in its own way to the full, in order to produce the brilliance of the pure white light; that the individual, free development of man is of the utmost importance. Youth as a whole is very much inclined to ignore the light thrown by spiritual philosophy upon vital world issues, although individual young people will often use some one particular basic law as corroboration and support for the political doctrines of their favourite creed. The young Conservative might, for instance, justify the injustices of the present-day world-order by waving the fundamental principle of hierarchy in the air; the young Communist, perhaps, might use the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood as conclusive evidence that it is God's will that all men shall be equal. Both are right, it is true, yet each deliberately blinds himself to the other's truth and to other equally great Truths, which would, if considered sincerely, make a common ground between the two. Each makes an eternal Truth subservient to a political and passing idea, and is in danger of not being able to "see the wood for the trees."

It is because young people are inclined to follow their "isms" first and spiritual values second, that such narrowness results. If they took up their spiritual stand first—a spiritual stand, which must break through the barriers set up by the orthodox interpretations of the great religions, and set its foundation upon the rock-like Truth which is the common denominator of all, they would then be in a position to judge with more discrimination, and to separate the chaff from the grain in every "ism" which came their way. They would be both partisans and critics of all theories and therefore able to use each to the full instead of being used by it.

Of course, it is only a comparatively small percentage of young people who follow these differing lines of thought with such enthusiasm and indeed with so much of personal sacrifice, but they are the thinkers and often the most dynamic. In their hands lies the future of the rest of Youth, for their influence is certain to make itself felt in the shaping of the new world.

Let them, then, stop to consider, before they advocate any ideology conducive to intolerance in its partisans or to injustice towards those who do not adhere to its tenets. The people of the world are tired—they have been through restless days and have many still

ahead, full of anxiety, even if they are not actually being persecuted and tortured by the followers of "isms." The people generally do not care about any particular "ism" at the expense of so much, but rather about straightforward, decent living, no matter under which system it may be found.

YOUTH AND BROTHERHOOD AND THE FUTURE

There is a very marked improvement upon the older generations in the way in which Youth as a whole does not seem to be very much affected by race and such prejudices. Young people, for the most part, shake friendly hands over the one-time barriers set up by their ancestors. Young men, brown and white, go more readily arm-in-arm—young men, rich and poor, tend to understand each other better, in the discovery of each other's worth. Among vast masses of humanity the wounds of separateness are healing in the health-giving sunshine of Youth's warm-blooded friendliness; in some cases the scars are quite invisible and this represents the strongest trend, while in others the poison of hate and cruelty has widened and irritated the wounds. To those who are young will fall the sacred task of pouring healing balm into these gaping wounds, or the terrible onus of causing fresh ones without really alleviating the old. Seldom

before have the peoples of the world ached more for loving-kindness to revive them, for wisdom to guide them, for strength to give them fresh hope.

Let Youth take stock of its genius and power to save, for in its hands lie the colours with which to paint a rainbow in the sky of humanity's future or with which to smudge it with the chaotic shapes of the futuristic art. Either man will be doomed to a long era of suffering after this war is over, blown hither and thither by the changing winds of enforced political systems, or he will see a new era of promise opening before him, a future of freedom, opportunity and security—individual and collective, national and international—as yet undreamed of even by the most far-seeing. The future, it is true, lies in the lap of the Gods, but only until such time as man, chastened by sorrows, shall lift kind, wise hands to take it lovingly from Their safe keeping when They will let it go with trusting interest, as does a father who gives his hard-won treasure to the son in whom he is well pleased.

Young people, as a rule, have kind hearts and modern youth is no exception to this rule. They are eager to love their neighbour as themselves, they are only disagreed as to which way will be loving him best or as to which neighbour is entitled to most love! The acid

test which all young men and women should set themselves when forming their political opinion, can best be expressed by the following question: "How many of God's creatures will be excluded from happiness by this? What scheme will give the greatest happiness, not only to the greatest number but to the greatest variety of mankind—not excluding the animals, the plants, the birds and all that lives, and which by very virtue of its living, has its right to happiness?"

Youth must guard its soft, impressionable heart, because it is its most precious possession and most particularly its own. It is a temptation to Youth to follow the dictates of its keen, young mind—perhaps even feeling a little ashamed of its soft-heartedness—yet it is this sensitiveness of heart, which, if carefully preserved into maturity and used in co-operation with the mind, can build a world civilization, productive of men and women into whose care the Great Ones can entrust the priceless treasures which lie in the unfolding future.

Was this childlike sensitiveness of heart particularly in the Lord's mind when He said: "Except ye become as little children. . ."? Let all who have not long left their childhood carry with them this precious heritage, the foundation-stone upon which to build heaven upon earth.

THE NIGHT BELL

XIII. An Urgent Problem of the War

BY GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

I DO not think there is any more insistent problem, especially among those who have suffered sad bereavement, than that of the seemingly irreparable loss of the physical form they often have so ceaselessly and in so glorious an abandonment adored.

BEREAVEMENT

They see the beloved form no more!

So long as it was visible, and therefore to all intents and purposes real, it was as if it were available in a myriad places at a myriad moments. It was so marvellously accessible—so accessible, indeed, that its absence now and then became a veritable relief.

Yet it was accessible even though from time to time not actually available, and it crowded delightfully into every turn and corner of the family living.

But now there is void upon void, a constant, unending intruding emptiness, against which those who are left behind hurl themselves, shatter themselves, desperately, despairingly, seeking in vain the precious form, and cursing the

merciless power that silently, unheedfully, it would seem contemptuously, tortures a distraught helplessness.

The beloved form is no more, for it has been dissolved into its elements through burial in the earth or through fire.

THOUSANDS OF "CASES"

How difficult it is to penetrate this hard and fast conviction. How difficult to meet ignorance with truth. "Neither is your beloved dead, nor is the beloved form itself as yet no more." There is the truth. But against it: "I do not see my beloved. I cannot speak to him. He never comes to me. His beloved form is but ashes. It is but dust. Fill the void that is round about me. Let him but speak to me and I to him. Then will I believe. But otherwise how can I?"

Thus arises an impenetrable, blinding fog of misery, self-created of course, but nonetheless pathetic for that.

I cannot see. Therefore there is nothing to see. I cannot hear. Therefore there is no voice to speak.

I cannot touch. Therefore there is naught to touch. Is there any word more imprisoning or frustrating than "cannot"?

We bang in our faces the doors which would open our way into wisdom and truth.

Thus is it that when these cases come before us, and there are thousands of them just now awaiting treatment, we have to try to remove the weakening spirit of "cannot." We have to try to dissipate the blinding fog of misery.

TREATMENT ON ASTRAL PLANE

We are often, though by no means always, unable to do so on the physical plane itself, at any rate directly. And so often, therefore, our ministrations seem to be of little effect. But we do try to vivify the intense happiness which comes as soon as the astral plane is substituted for the physical plane. Then do the loved ones come face to face: to know that the beloved forms have by no means disappeared, that delightful conversation can be a matter of nightly joy, and that the actual sight of those who seemed to have left us forever is infinitely more precious to us than any touch could be.

We are as much at one with our dear ones as ever we have been. On the physical plane we seemed to part during times of sleep. But we mourned not, for we knew we should see each other in the morning.

Neither need we mourn except for the physical-plane absence, for those whom we do not see during the day we are certain to see at night. And even during the day we could see them were our inner eyes opened to see the super-physical realities of their outer and, in truth, so very unsubstantial forms.

Thus is there in fact no parting, neither on earth nor in heaven. The illusion of parting, with all its terrible verisimilitude, is but the projection of our blind ignorance, and only the gradual dissipation of ignorance will effect the gradual dissipation of the illusion.

THEOSOPHY ON PHYSICAL PLANE

It is, therefore, highly necessary that we should fortify ourselves against the intervention of our ignorance when its presence becomes so devastating. We must try to provide against times of crisis. It is but prudent so to do. And one of the ways so to do is to study the Science of Theosophy. On the other side of what is called death. Theosophy is well known to be the veritable Science of Truth, at least by those who do not carry over death's frontiers any insuperable limitations of their prejudices.

It is only on this side, where everything is so hard and fast, so static, that the average individual insists upon treading the well-worn ways in the presumed safety of the accepted dogmas of the crowds

of his fellow-men. If only the more intelligent individual would break through the barriers of his mind and assume a wandering spirit, he would begin an attack upon ignorance which might soon break these barriers down. And if in the course of his wanderings he could come across Theosophy he would discover an Open Sesame to truths the perception of which would solve for him many of life's major problems.

REMOVING IGNORANCE

But it is too late to begin with such preparations when the crisis arises. All that can be done is to make all possible efforts within the Law to remove the blindness on this side of death, for, needless to say, there is far less blindness on the other side. On that side there is wider sight and more constant communication, both by day and by night, within certain limits and for a certain period of time. The difficulty lies in the lack of the necessary transmission channels through to the waking consciousness of the individual who is on this side of death.

Yet some do have periods when they both see and hear, even during the day time, while sometimes on waking they remember their contacts with the loved ones through the medium of so-called dreams, which are always actual experiences even though they become

terribly distorted on occasion by extraordinary simultaneous mixtures of experiences, so that the result is ludicrous in the extreme.

Apart from trying to make good connections between those on this side and those on that, it is generally very helpful both to give teaching as to the facts with regard to what has happened, and to give these teachings where possible to those who are indeed living on the other side of death and to those who might be more truly called dead on this side of death as compared with those on the other side. It is also useful to try to help those on this side to know that while the physical body may have been reduced to dust that very physical body itself is but a shadow of a substance, a by no means poor or unlife-like projection of that eternal being of the individual, which can never be reduced, for it is imperishable.

The shadow may be, indeed surely is, most lovable and deeply to be cherished. But there is, within, that which is even more lovable, if at all this can be thought possible, and still more deeply to be cherished. It is the everlasting individual who has been loved over and over again for incarnation after incarnation in many different forms, and who now is being loved in this incarnation in the form he has chosen for this stage on his unfolding way.

We try to help those who are bereaved to see more clearly the nature of the real loved one, so that they may gain a sense of having lost just one aspect and one aspect alone, and indeed not really having lost that aspect, for in seeing the real loved one they are able to see every aspect of him they have known and deeply loved down the ages.

Thus comes the sense of there being after all no loss, but only a change which makes no essential difference. That realization is relatively clear during the night, and everything possible is done to help the individual on this side to carry through, by means of a dream or otherwise, into the waking consciousness some intimation of the living presence of the loved one on the other side.

COMBINING COMFORT AND TRUTH

Often, the static living of the individual on this side makes this wellnigh impossible, and one becomes almost impatient with one who realizes so much on the other side but cannot extricate himself from orthodoxy and conventionality on this side. Of course, there must be no impatience. But after all that one tries to do, it becomes a little exasperating to meet a quite

unnecessary obstacle. How dense indeed we all are in our dense atmosphere of the physical plane! It is indeed a fog! The eternal substance is by no means difficult to perceive with the physical plane filter removed. At least it can be guessed or intuited. And once it is perceived it can never be missed again, for as soon as it is seen it is perceived to dominate every form it may assume. Indeed, it would not be untrue to say that true sight is only of the real. Sight is dim when it is confined to the outer forms.

But the habit of years, to associate the loved one exclusively with the particular form assumed during a particular incarnation, is a most formidable obstacle in the way, even on the other side; still more, of course, on this side. And it is this obstacle we have to try to wear down, so that not only may we give all possible comfort but also as much truth as those concerned can assimilate, considering their modes of living out here on earth.

* * *

The Night Bell sounds
on the other side of sleep ;
and the sleeper who is awake,
hearing its call,
hastens to obey.

A Correction : Bishop Crawford of Auckland informs us by cable that his son Sirius was reported *missing* (not killed) after air operations on June 15th.

THE ROYAL NAVY

BY ISAAC FOOT, M.P.

in a broadcast on "West Country Morale"

DRAKE'S DRUM

A FEW days ago I walked along Plymouth Hoe and looked again, I suppose for the thousandth time, at the statue of Sir Francis Drake. . . .

A few miles away from Plymouth, near Drake's birthplace, is Buckland Abbey, Drake's country home, and there is his Drum—the drum he took with him round the world.

Some of you will remember that when, in November 1918, the German Navy surrendered, and the British Fleet, after four years of constant action and ceaseless vigil, closed in around the enemy vessels, the men on board the Admiral's Flagship heard the long roll of a drum, and when, after a careful search and inquiry, neither the drum nor the drummer could be found they realized the truth and, by common consent, one man said to another: "Drake's Drum."

Take my drum to England, hang it by
the shore,
Strike it when your powder's running
low;
If the Dons sight Devon,
I'll quit the Port of Heaven
And we'll drum them up the Channel,
as we drummed them long ago.

Of course there are matter-of-fact people, who tell us that this Drake's Drum business is only a legend, and in

these hard days we need something more than ghosts and legends to rely upon.

Well, supposing that we got rid of these ghosts and legends, what then? Supposing we wiped out from our memory all the great names of the past and all that we know of Drake and Raleigh and Grenville and Blake and Nelson—what sort of a Fleet should we have left?

Surely, it means something that we give to every one of the ships of His Majesty a name.

When, a few months ago, sailors who had fought the *Graf Spee* marched through Plymouth, the names of their caps *Ajax* and *Exeter* were borne through the city like an oriflamme.

At that time, many of the Blue-jackets who marched with them bore on their cap ribbons the name of His Majesty's ship *Drake*.

All men belonging to the Royal Naval Barracks in Plymouth are reckoned to be serving on H.M.S. *Drake*. So, whatever happens at sea, there are always a number of our sailors who go about armed with that crested and prevailing name.

Here, in the West Country, we are never surprised to hear the beating of Drake's Drum.

Our fathers heard it beat when the *Mayflower* made its way out of the

Sound and when Drake, from his place on the *Hoe*, watched it sail. That ship was to him like another *Golden Hind*.

Admiral Blake heard it when, sick unto death, he was just able to reach the entrance of Plymouth harbour and he died with his great heart uplifted by the sight of the hills of his beloved West Country and the sound of Drake's welcoming Drum.

Nelson heard the roll of the Drum when he came to be made a Freeman of the borough, and Wellington heard it too when he set out from Plymouth to defeat the menace of an earlier tyranny.

And the Drum was heard again when, after Waterloo, Napoleon, a prisoner, was brought into Plymouth harbour on the *Bellerophon*.

Again and again it has sounded throughout this war, especially when troopships have come bringing men of the Empire who have journeyed over those waters into which Drake was the first to take an English keel.

The Drum was heard to beat when we had the miracle of the deliverance of Dunkirk, and Drake's heart went out to those men who manned the little ships so very much like his own, that saved the British Army.

The beating of Drake's Drum tells of Drake's trust in the common people. Drake gave dignity to common seamen and loved to say that any boy who sailed with him would be reckoned a gentleman. He insisted that on his ship—the first English ship to plough a furrow round the world—there should only be a brotherhood of common sacrifice and service.

A common sailor who sailed with Drake was raised in stature; and when the Prime Minister said the other day that this was a war of unknown warriors, Drake beat his Drum again.

Drake had confidence in his country and confidence in the common people, but his supreme confidence was in God.

Today, Hitler's threatening invasion reckons his forces and tries to calculate ours. He will have to meet a good deal that is altogether beyond his reckoning and beyond his understanding.

If and when he does come, he will be attempting an invasion of Shakespeare's England and the land of Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth. They will come at the sound of Drake's Drum, and others too, like William Wallace and Robert Bruce and Owen Glendower and John Knox and Montrose.

Destitute himself of any moral greatness or spiritual resource, this mean and cruel man, standing for nothing but brute violence and proud, tyrannical power, seeks to crush this land of William Tyndall, John Hampden, Oliver Cromwell and John Milton, the Britain of Marlborough, of John Wesley and of Chatham and of Burke and Tom Paine, and Charles and James Fox, and Nelson.

For the defence of this land all these will rally at the sound of the Drum with Wordsworth, Burns and Scott and Shelley, and William Cobbett, David Livingstone and Florence Nightingale and Edith Cavell and countless others and an exceeding great army.

In this hour of grave peril and high privilege, we are indeed compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses.

"ENGLAND'S GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND"

BY EDITH PINCHIN

ENGLAND is a small country but within it is an infinite variety of scenery. Not that there are high Alps or miles of prairie, and certainly not tropical forests, but there are many of these things in miniature—exquisite cameos both in size and quality.

NORTH-SOUTH-EAST-WEST

For mountains we have the Pennine Chain, not high as mountains are measured, but covered with snow in the winter and with loftier peaks in Cumberland. They form the backbone of England from the north to the centre, where they end in lovely high valleys and limestone caves in Derbyshire. West of these is the wonderful beauty of Westmoreland and the Lake District, where ruggedness alternates with soft valleys and gentle placid stretches of water, which can, however, be roughened unbelievably by storm. Lancashire still retains something of the same beauty where it is not too industrialized. On the eastern side of the Pennines we have Northumberland and Durham with lovely valleys and sea-coast despite the ship-building activities, and then the wild, wide Yorkshire moors where one may walk for miles several feet above sea-level, and feel the blood go leaping through one's veins. Truly in the winter the bitter North-East wind can sweep across them, almost burying and

isolating lonely villages since it renders roads impassable; then there is something forbidding and austere, even sinister, in these lonely moors, but yet a beauty in the very starkness and loneliness. A different and wholly intimate beauty is found in the Yorkshire dales, those well-watered valleys where the monks of an earlier age chose so wisely the sites for their monasteries, and built so well that although their religious houses were ravaged in the Reformation 400 years ago, yet today they are still marvels of beauty as to their natural setting and their human workmanship. Here you will find the homely farmers and country folk as generous and warm-hearted to the traveller as was the monastery guest-house in days gone by.

In East Anglia—Norfolk to Essex and including Lincolnshire and the fen district even as far as Cambridge—we find the wide flat plains, marshy in great part but also in drier parts excellent arable lands, where the acres and acres of fields "stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing" as the Psalm expresses it. There is beauty too in the waterways of Norfolk and Suffolk with their stretches of flat land in between as far as the sand-dunes on the coast. Here there is the quiet strength of great still widths with an uninterrupted horizon; here you can

see the glory of sunrise and sunset, and of the long English twilight evening with its wonderful cloud effects gloriously stormy or gloriously gracious. At night too one is thankful for the absence of even small hills, thankful that there is nothing in the way to break the wide expanse of sky, where one can see the daily (or nightly) journeyings of the glittering star-clusters as He "brings forth Mazzaroth in his season and guides Arcturus with his sons."

The inland counties called the Midlands, and extending to the Welsh borders, give us more variety but still gentle scenery—flat rich pastures, low rounded hills and many rich orchards.

In southern England we find to the eastward orchard-covered Kent, the garden of England as it sometimes is called though it shares that honour with other West-Midland counties. Here everywhere are apple and pear orchards, cherry orchards and hop gardens, a place of blossoming trees in the spring-time which will be laden with delicious rosy and golden fruit later in the year or juicy clusters of bright sweet cherries. Its white chalk-cliffs which extend so far along the southern coast of England, soft in outline, dazzling in the sun, are a welcome sight to every Englishman home from abroad. In Sussex and Surrey the rolling Downs, as the gently undulating chalk-hills are called, spread out the beauty of their perfect pasture land. How dear they are to every Southern Englishman and many a Northerner as well. A paradise for walking, horse-riding, cycling or motoring, you may travel from exquisitely pretty village to another just as pretty, both

tucked away in a sheltering shoulder of the hills, with the invigorating, gently-climbing uplands in between and quiet little streams, fringed with flowers, gently meandering and turning and twisting to give indescribably lovely views. Or on top of the Downs one can tramp for hours and even days, following the old pilgrim ways to holy religious centres and the markets of the common folk. Shoeless and stockingless one may walk if one will, and oh the delight of one's bare feet pressing good Mother Earth who here spreads a carpet of such springy turf and fine silky dewy grass, soft and caressing to the skin. Many a Londoner spends week-ends and holidays on the Downs, towards which his great city is ever stretching, though even London has its beauty-spots with its parks, the heights of Hampstead and Highgate, and in its environs Kew Gardens and Richmond Hill where the view of Father Thames is world-famous for its exquisite beauty.

Further westward we reach a warmer temperature, the coastal havens where invalids are sent to recuperate in an almost Mediterranean climate; where fruits and flowers will ripen earlier out of doors in the deep sheltered valleys and chimes of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight; luscious growth is here—miniature forests of flowering bushes with flowering creepers climbing over them, or forming a thick undergrowth all sweet-smelling and restful to body and soul; or tall pine trees with the delicious, astringent, health-giving scent of their gums. Further inland we find that marvellous sanctuary of Nature and of God, the New Forest—not new since it has existed from earliest times,

but only named so when William the Conqueror made it Crown property nearly 900 years ago.

From Hampshire we easily walk into Devonshire, Somerset and Wiltshire. In Devonshire, Nature in England revels as its world-wide fame proclaims. Anything will grow luxuriantly in her rich red soil that is so attractive, peeping through the bright green grass of her pasture lands. Moors she has as wide-stretching and as grand as those of Yorkshire, where the famous Exmoor ponies roam and thrive, and at the edge of the moors deep, lovely valleys with joyous rivers tumbling down from the brown peaty bogs. Magnificent descending roads and pathways lead down to the rocky coast, turning and twisting as they go, so that every few yards one suddenly has an unexpected view of perfect beauty that almost takes one's breath away. And when the coast is reached there are the numerous sheltered coves and inlets, where the sea runs in and out among the caves, and one has to watch lest one is trapped by the incoming tide. Here are grey cliffs and red cliffs with luxurious growth right to the very shore in this country of England's seamen. But perhaps because of Devon's wealth of varied beauty and its nearness to Wiltshire and Somerset, these latter two counties do not get their full share of attention. There are equally picturesque villages nestling in lovely valleys here as in Devon, and equally lovely deep-set leafy lanes with scented blossoming hedgerows. Wiltshire, of course, has also its wide flat Salisbury Plain where it touches Hampshire; *there*, is that ancient monument of Stonehenge with its still unfathomed links to pre-

historic æons of the human race. Somerset has its lovely limestone Mendip Hills, magnificent in their outer aspect as in the Lion Rock at Cheddar, and equally wonderful in the limestone caves which stretch within the bowels of the hills, with their stalactite and stalagmite creations that are considered to be amongst the finest in the world although their extent is small. Somerset too enshrines Glastonbury with its "legends" of Joseph of Arimathea, of the Holy Grail and the "island valley of Avilion," and its history of beautiful monastic life. Wandering among its architectural ruins and its natural beauty, anyone at all sensitive has certain proof that here is spiritual force even now, and that here thou shouldst "take thy shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Cornwall still further west and south becomes more rugged; still warm so that flowers and fruit ripen earlier, but with more of the Atlantic-borne breezes blowing over it. Here everywhere is romance, the romance of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table whose legends "are based on facts and pertain to the history of England."¹ Winchester, Glastonbury and many other places have their link with him, but here in old Lyonesse where he was born and removed to safety till he should be old enough to claim his Kingship by his own inner sovereignty,—here we feel him everywhere, and the wild romantic coastline of Tintagel and approaching Land's End is full of mystery and high purpose even in its natural lonely and austere beauty.

¹ *The Secret Doctrine*, III, 392 (Adyar edition).

THE FOUR SEASONS

But for England's natural beauty one must remember also her cherished woods and thickets of beautiful trees, and her numerous scented wild flowers, combined with the gift of her four distinctly differing seasons.

Those who live in countries where the trees are always green and fruited, can never know the beauty of trees stripped of all leaves, making visible the stark glory of their thick trunks, sturdy branches and delicate tracery of twigs. The architecture of the forest is visible—indeed God's living temple—and one sees the source of inspiration of the early masons who built the slender lofty arches and the fan tracery of our Gothic cathedrals. Laden with snow the trees make indeed a fairyland, but unadorned and against the background of a leaden sky, perhaps, their exquisite strength and beauty rejoice and uplift the soul.

Then one day early in Spring woods and hedgerows are outlined with a faint suggestive haze of green, and in a few days "a million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime" and form the long slender buds of the beech and birch, the fat sticky buds of the chestnut, and the brown and black buds of oak and ash. The green of the spring-time dress of the trees can be matched at no other time. The fresh fragile leaves, so vivid yet so delicate, have a beauty indescribable to those who have not seen. White snowdrops have appeared peeping above the ground some time earlier, and now the woods and hedgerow banks are carpeted thickly with pale golden primroses and in more secret places the sweet violets. Or the

deeper golden daffodils, beloved of the poets, dance in their more majestic beauty by the sides of the lakes or in sheltered valleys, and gold and purple crocuses brighten grassy lawns and town flower-beds.

Then, as month follows month, the hedge-bushes bordering fields and lanes, which the farmer with his nature-lore trims only during the time of the waxing moon that their growth may be thick and shapely, put forth their blossoms; white blackthorn, heavily scented hawthorn, and in June the lovely simple wild rose, the nation's flower emblem, with wild clematis and sweet honeysuckle, while rich green though the meadows are, they appear golden with their wealth of buttercups or white with daisies and clover. Celandine, forget-me-not and many another flower come each in its turn, most of them small but giving patches of clear colour and for the most part throwing their sweet scent into the air.

The woods have long since lost their primroses but many are sheeted with blue-bells, growing so closely that when the wind moves through their slender stalks it is as if waves rippled on a dark blue sea stretching as far as eyes can see.

Birds too add their beauty, not perhaps so much in colour, for except the kingfisher, the jay and the finches they are mostly soberly clad, but with their song. The wonderful music of the blackbird, the lark, the nightingale and the thrush, the merry song of the robin (who is heard best in winter, however), with all the other flutings and pipings of birds make one blend of beautiful sound.

Autumn sees the harvest-time; the golden-brown fields of wheat are cut and the hay-makers are busy with the long flowered grass that has become sweet-scented hay. Bright berries and nuts and fruits of all colours have taken the place of flowers, and woods and hedges are again glorious in a medley of colours—golden, brown and scarlet as the leaves turn colour ere falling. Who shall say which is the greater beauty—the clear lovely green of Spring or the rich colours of Autumn when sometimes the woods seem to be on fire? And so again to Winter, a scene mostly black and white or perhaps mostly grey, but with bright berries still showing, and again the beauty of the naked trees, so that if the love of colour is for a while unsatisfied, the love of form has a richer feast thereby.

THE SOIL OF ENGLAND

All this is England's nature and all this every Englishman loves. Even the townsman living in crowded streets will have a small flower-bed if he can, or a tiny square of grass which he tends with loving care, digging and planting late in the evening after a hard and strenuous day's toil elsewhere. A window-box or a potted plant will take its place in the poorer tenements even though soot from countless chimneys may stunt its growth. To the Englishman the very soil

of his land is a treasure—it is indeed his Mother Earth. Many a working class Englishman, not a mystic, can yet understand the ecstasy of the mystic poets of Nature, and certainly he knows the truth of Rudyard Kipling's poem entitled "A Charm":

Take of English earth as much
As either hand may rightly clutch.
In the taking of it breathe
Prayer for all who lie beneath.
Not the great or well-bespoke,
But the mere uncounted folk
Of whose life and death is none
Report or lamentation.

Lay that earth upon thy heart,
And thy sickness shall depart!

It shall sweeten and make whole
Fevered breath and festered soul,
It shall mightily restrain
Over-busied heart and brain.
It shall ease thy mortal strife
'Gainst the immortal woe of life,
Till thyself restored shall prove
By what grace the Heavens do move.

Take of English flowers these—
Spring's full-facéd primroses,
Summer's wild wide-hearted rose,
Autumn's wall-flower of the close,
And, thy darkness to illumine,
Winter's bee-thronged ivy-bloom.
Seek and serve them where they bide
From Candlemas to Christmastide,
For these simples used aright
Can restore a failing sight.

These shall cleanse and purify
Webbed and inward-turning eye;
These shall show thee treasures hid
Thy familiar fields amid.
And reveal (which is thy need)
Every man a King indeed!

Strong is the soul and wise and beautiful;
The seeds of God-like power are in us still;
Gods are we, bards, saints, heroes if we will!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE SOUL OF BRITAIN AS EXPRESSED IN HER LITERATURE

BY HELEN VEALE

A LANGUAGE performs a twofold function, on the one hand being a means of social intercourse for the satisfaction of common needs, and on the other serving to enshrine immortal ideas and aspirations, to express a people, in its noblest epoch of culture. Well is it in some respects for the Classical Languages that they have passed beyond the former of these uses, and are no longer in danger of vernacular defilement. But they have lost something of value which living tongues possess, the power to continue expressing a dynamic and immortal soul, one with the past and future of a country; at best their literature has the cold perfection of a marble tomb, rather than the aspiring nobility of a temple in daily use for worship. When a language becomes too academically remote from the common man's speech, it will soon be a "dead" language, and—pace Eire and a few other misguided regions—efforts to restore the dead to life are not likely to succeed, especially when the dead language has already passed on its treasures of the soul to take form in a living language which can adequately express it.

Of all modern languages, English can claim to be richest in an unbroken tradition of noble literature, stretching from the thirteenth century to the

twentieth, as varied in types as are the people occupying the British Isles, yet having an authentic seal of unity that distinguishes it in the great world of letters. Some other countries express their soul rather in their art, architecture or music; the great literature of France expresses her *mind*, rather than the *soul* of whose existence she is politely sceptical. But Britons remain in these faithless times sturdily conscious of a soul, and British writers of the first rank usually draw from roots in the home soil. In other words, theirs is a land which has found her soul and knows her eternal purpose—to that extent, a blessed land. Well has Carlyle said: "Every nation, I suppose, was made by God, and every man too! Only there are some nations, like some men, who know it, and some who do not. The great nations are they that have known it well; the small and contemptible both of men and nations are they that have either never known it, or soon forgotten it, and never laid it to heart."

Carlyle here has expressed a truly British moral conviction, but it is to poetry first that we should turn for the free expression of the national soul, though prose too, in its less formally intellectual forms, utters the same voice. It was the soul of England that first

found expression in Chaucer, and it was an England that had already amalgamated "Norman, Saxon and Dane," and was on its way to amalgamating Welsh, Scotch and Irish with itself, despite political differences that hindered. Celtic legends, preserved best in Wales, Cornwall and Ireland, were the chief treasure-house for tales of heroes, Border warfare between Angles on both sides of the Tweed the chief school for emulating their exploits. In the true line of succession the principal names following that of Chaucer are Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Scott, Burns, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, and on to Stevenson, Henley, Kipling and contemporary poets. Some great names here are left out, notably Shelley, Byron and Blake, because the first two are less typically British, and mystics must always stand apart. But in these others, of widely varying genius, there are striking points of likeness to be traced to the spirit of the land.

First comes love of the homely country-side, its men and manners, its seasonal changes, flowers and song-birds. Chaucer begins his prologue with the line "When that Aprille with his showers sweet"; Spenser in every stanza delights in flower and tree, the merry lark, singing his matins song, or "silver streaming Thames"; Shakespeare, in this respect as in all, excels every other; Milton lingers lovingly, despite stern themes, on flowery dells and green glades; Wordsworth avows himself more pagan than Christian in his worship of Nature, and like many of his predecessors looks for true nobility to England's peasants and farmers; Scott delights in folk-songs and ballads

as well as the natural sights and sounds of his native Scotland; Tennyson is true to the same tradition, though more concerned with stately parks and gardens than with the woods.

Secondly, there is the spirit of freedom and manly independence, culminating in Burns' "A man's a man for a' that," but continually expressed in Shakespeare's minor characters, and in the homely wit of ballads, where Kings and Abbots are flouted and even rebuked by honest commoners, and win forgiveness and often reward for their frankness. Goldsmith says:

Princes and lords may flourish or may
fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath
hath made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's
pride,
When once destroyed, can never be
supplied.

Paradoxically, the English spirit has at the same time a profound respect for law and a sympathy and admiration for outlaws and rebellion. It hates officialdom, civil and religious, and makes heroes of those who defy unjust administrators, so long as they are honest in their purposes and moral of conduct. Chaucer, Langland and Lollard writers expose evil-living priests and monks and corrupt politicians and lawyers, but there is deep loyalty to the Crown. The British who, led by stern northerners, were ready to revolt against a Stuart king who misruled them, were nevertheless shocked to the soul by his execution, and his son could have returned long before he did, had he known the welcome that awaited him. Significantly the Roundhead cause found few poets to express it,

except Milton in his least poetical moments.

Thirdly, we find running through English literature a strong moral purpose and sense of piety, though little attachment to orthodoxy. Even in faithless times, a Byron's tone of profligacy and irreverence is repudiated, though the spirit of Nineteenth Century England is strong in Henley's lines :

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

Perhaps the most English of all poets in this respect is Tennyson, with his respect for home discipline and restraint of passion, and his eager interest in scientific progress despite its unsettling effect on faith. But we should turn rather to a prose work for a full expression of Britain on the religious side, to *The Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan, the inspired tinker of the eighteenth century. This is a remarkable book, often richly poetical in its biblical language, and it is genuinely redolent of the very soil, full of homely humour and simple kindness breaking through its puritan gloss. Mr. Facing-Both-Ways and other characters are contrasted in their hypocrisy with the honesty of Christian, Faithful and Hopeful, and the courage of a Greatheart.

Having mentioned a work of prose, it is well to recognize that other forms of English literature than poetry show all these same points of soul likeness, especially novels and essays. The English, Scotch and Irish characters are immortalized, in their strength and weakness, in the side characters

of the great novelists, especially Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, R. L. Stevenson and T. Hardy. Still more perhaps does Edmund Burke, great Irishman, nobly express the British soul in its political ideals of freedom and fair dealing; Carlyle, the Scot, utters his clarion call in her name to true and noble living; and Ruskin, the Englishman, calls his country back from mistaken paths of national progress, economic, educational and artistic, reminding her of her own true ideals. If we dealt also with the great branch of English literature that has grown up among our cousins across the Atlantic, there would be no making an end to the tale, for this too carries on and enriches the same tradition.

Last is it fitting to speak of the vein of patriotism that runs through all, especially poetry. Deeply have the British loved their island home, despite differences of racial strains not yet entirely harmonized. Old John of Gaunt in Shakespeare's play of *Richard II* utters words that never fail to thrill English hearts, and which have fitly been adapted by revisers for the second verse of the National Anthem :

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England.

Wordsworth was of no martial spirit, but England's danger from Napoleon in 1806 wrung from him these words, peculiarly appropriate to-day :

Another year, another deadly blow,
Another mighty empire overthrown,
And we are left, or shall be left alone,

The last who dare to struggle with the foe.
'Tis well! From this day forward we
shall know

That in ourselves our safety must be
sought,

That by our own right hands it must be
wrought,

That we must stand unpropped, or be laid
low.

O dastard, whom such foretaste doth not
cheer!

We shall exult if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band.
Who are to judge of danger which they
fear,

And honour which they do not understand?

Tennyson is more truly a son of Mars, applauding English bravery in the ballad of "The Revenge" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and even more nobly in his great "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." Exploits of the "Mariners of England" have ever been a favourite theme, with major and minor poets, and for the latter a large proportion of the verses inspired by the last Great War breathe a high nobility of purpose and self-dedication. But we cannot better conclude than by quoting again W. E. Henley:

What have I done for you,

England, my England?

What is there I would not do,

England, my own?

With your glorious eyes austere,

As the Lord were walking near,

Whispering terrible things and dear

As the song on your bugles blown,
England—

Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful sun,

England, my England,

Match the master-work you've done,

England, my own?

When shall he rejoice agen

Such a breed of mighty men

As come forward, one to ten,

To the Song on your bugles blown,

England—

Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,

England, my England:—

'Take and break us: we are yours,

England, my own!

Life is good, and joy runs high

Between English earth and sky:

Death is death; but we shall die

To the Song on your bugles blown,

England—

To the stars on your bugles blown!

They call you proud and hard,

England, my England;

You with worlds to watch and ward,

England, my own!

You whose mailed hand keeps the keys

Of such teeming destinies,

You could know nor dread nor ease

Were the Song on your bugles blown,

England,

Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,

England, my England,

Is the fierce old Sea's delight,

England, my own,

Chosen daughter of the Lord,

Spouse-in-chief of the ancient Sword,

There's the menace of the Word

In the Song on your bugles blown,

England—

Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

The spirit of our England lives in courage and in laughter;
In saving what is good and true for those who follow after,
But peace at last will crown the brave, and so, until that day,
God rest you merry, gentlemen, let *nothing* you dismay.

A. A. THOMSON

VITAL NOTES ABOUT ENGLAND

THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE FAMILY OF NATIONS

WHAT qualities do we need? When I say "we," I mean all of us—the Dominions, India, the Colonies. I think there are three predominant—loyalty, sympathy and understanding. Loyalty to our best selves, loyalty to the country in which we live, loyalty to each other, loyalty to the Empire, loyalty to the whole Commonwealth. Sympathy and understanding—none of us have precisely the same problems. Let us each have sympathy and understanding, if we can get it, with each other's problems. . .

I have been in London on many occasions when visitors have come to see us from all over the world, but I have never known such a feeling of the family in London as at the time of the Coronation. The people have not only opened their doors to you this time, but they have opened their hearts, and you have walked right in, and that feeling of family, I believe, is going to go on right through, whatever our beliefs, wherever we go, whatever our history, wherever we are. That may prove to be the most binding force between us—the family under the headship of our King. . .

And as I drove through the streets of London and saw the faces of the crowds eager to see and greet their newly-crowned King and Queen, and listened to their ringing cheers, the

cheers of the warmest-hearted, kindest people in the world, I thought there was only one way in which we could all of us make permanent that deep impression of what we have seen and heard this day:

Let us dedicate ourselves—let us dedicate ourselves afresh, if need be—to the service of our fellows, a service in widening circles, service to the home, service to our neighbourhood, to our county, our province, to our country, to the Empire, and to the world. No mere service of our lips, service of our lives, as we know will be the service of our King and Queen. God bless them.¹

THE FLAG

What is the Flag of a Regiment? You may say, only a piece of rag or cloth. Aye, but into that cloth are woven all the memories of the past; into that the common sufferings, the common struggles, the common victories, and also the common defeats; and that Flag of the regiment has become so much a symbol of its honour to rough men and to poor men, to those of the population here in England taken into the Army because they could find nothing else which would accept them, that it has transformed their character, so that they are now forbidden to carry their Flag into battle, because it was ever surrounded by heaps of corpses, because they would die rather than let it fall into the enemies' hands.²

¹ See Bibliography at the end.

DUNKIRK AND DEMOCRACY

So long as the English tongue survives, the word *Dunquerque* will be spoken with reverence. For in that harbour, in such a hell as never blazed on earth before, at the end of a lost battle, the rags and blemishes that have hidden the soul of democracy fell away. There, beaten but unconquered, in shining splendour, she faced the enemy.

They sent away the wounded first. Men died so that others could escape. It was not so simple a thing as courage, which the Nazi has in plenty. It was not so simple a thing as discipline, which can be hammered into men by a drill sergeant. It was not the result of a careful planning, for there could have been little. It was the common man of the free countries, rising in all his glory out of mill, office, factory, mine, farm, and ship, applying to war the lessons learned when he went down the shaft to bring out trapped comrades, when he hurled the lifeboat through the surf, when he endured poverty and hard work for his children's sake. This shining thing in the souls of free men Hitler cannot command, or attain, or conquer. He has crushed it, where he could, from German hearts. It is the great tradition of democracy. It is the future. It is victor.³

GREAT ENGLISH WORDS

The English language is the richest in the world in thought. The English language is the richest in the world in monosyllables. Four words, of one syllable each, are words which contain salvation for this country and for the whole world, and they are "Faith,"

"Hope," "Love" and "Work." No Government in this country today, which has not faith in the people, hope in the future, love for its fellow-men, and which will not work and work and work, will ever bring this country through into better days and better times, or will ever bring Europe through or the world through.⁴

QUEEN ELIZABETH ON THE SACRAMENT

He was the Word that spake it ;
He took the bread and brake it ;
And what the Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.

AN ENGLISH BELL

I remember many years ago standing on the terrace of a beautiful villa near Florence. It was a September evening, and the valley below was transfigured in the long horizontal rays of the declining sun. And then I heard a bell, such a bell as never was on land or sea, a bell whose every vibration found an echo in my innermost heart. I said to my hostess: "That is the most beautiful bell I have ever heard." "Yes," she replied, "it is an English bell." And so it was. For generations its sound had gone out over English fields, giving the hours of work and prayer to English folk from the tower of an English abbey, and then came the Reformation, and some wise Italian bought the bell whose work at home was done and sent it to the Valley of the Arno, where after four centuries it stirred the heart of a wandering Englishman and made him sick for home.⁴

COLOUR AND FORM

What stress there is in England on these mediums of expression, is mellow and interesting. The leisure and progressive ease of the eighteenth century made conditions for the development of artistic effort good. The portrait-painters, Gainsborough, Reynolds and Romney, with their gifts of colour and life, made England of note. Landseer's great paintings of animals, the serene landscapes of Constable, the almost mystic vision of Turner—these artists followed next, raising high the fame of their land.

Unique in the history of England is the London that Christopher Wren built after the Great Fire. He drew plans also for a mighty new city—with great roads radiating from the centre, verily a much-needed and modern form. This did not materialize, but his churches, with wonder in their spires, and S. Paul's Cathedral, dominate the "City"—the smaller London of his day. The device of two orders of columns used gives the exterior of S. Paul's a worth greater than that of S. Peter's in Rome. His building genius matched his architectural inspiration in the clear proportions of the dome.

Earlier Cathedrals and Abbeys there are that proclaim the glories of builders often inspired by the Norman-French life which is a part of the national inheritance.

The serene countryside where they stand or the withdrawn close in the quiet town, or it may be the seclusion of the precincts that are yet within a short distance from busy roaring streets—there are abounding scenes of this

nature in England of today, for both church and castle. No mere relics from the past are these, but continuations that point to the sway of tradition which plays its part in English character, that point too to the love of the land and its ways, to the love of religion, and to the love of home.

Today in North and South two stately buildings are rising, upholding the same love. Liverpool Cathedral will tower over the flat lands of the district from its place on the Mount, apart from the city's bustle, yet near the great places of the city's heart. In Devon, among the wide stretches of moor and wooded lanes, monks are building the great Buckfast Abbey. They work after the customs of old times, Abbot and brethren being the workmen. It means much, in England's being, that such places now are.

—E. MARION LAVENDER

THE SPORTING SPIRIT

The merry waves dance up and down
and play,

Sport is granted to the sea ;
Birds are the quiristers of the empty air,
Sport is never wanting there ;
The ground doth smile at the spring's
flowery birth,

Sport is granted to the earth ;
The fire its cheering flame on high
doth rear,

Sport is never wanting there.
If all the elements, the earth, the sea,
Air, and fire, so merry be,
Why is man's mirth so seldom and so
small,

Who is compounded of them all ?

—A. COWLEY

* * *

No matter what the game, the Englishman must play it well. Play it well not in the sense that it must be played better than anyone else can play it. But it must be enjoyed in the sporting spirit. The rules must be fair, wide and generous and clear, so that there can be no doubt of interpretation, and so that the vanquished, whoever he be, has had equal opportunity with the victor. This is fair play.

The rules of the game are made to be kept. If they were broken victory might come to the one who breaks them. But the Englishman will not play in that fashion. The umpire is judge and onlooker, who sees most of the game. His verdict against a player means disqualification. The English player believes in the umpire. He must maintain his ideal as a gentleman, essentially masculine and strong, yet gentle.

The game is never ended. The vanquished does not feel that he is beaten, though he will accept defeat in a manly fashion, and be sure that the best man has won. But he is also sure that the other is the best man for this occasion only.

So the games are played, and athletic exercises followed; not on the playing fields of Eton and other public schools alone, but as well on the village green, and the many recreation-grounds in the towns. Even professionalism in games rather fans the spirit of sport than lessens it; and the watchers gain the technique to appraise professional form by playing the games themselves.

The spirit widens in extending circles as time passes. Cruel sports are disappearing, since the suffering of the

victim shows that fair play is not being given. Thus now there are outcries even against the once sacred sport of fox-hunting.

This is the spirit the Englishman prizes. It is to shine forth in other realms too. He is to play the game of life in the same spirit. Nothing mean or unfair must soil his good fame.

—E. MARION LAVENDER

"THE SHOPKEEPERS"

For centuries now business has been the pivot round which life in England has revolved. In business more than in any other activity the native realism and sense of the feasible find their congenial field of expression. Here the limited imagination of the Englishman is an asset; it prevents him from indulging in fantastic schemes. His literal mind and matter-of-factness are as indispensable in business as an abundant imagination is in art. . . . The shopkeeper is neither the offspring of the Philistine nor his progenitor. Rather are they both the product of some more recondite forces within the national character.

Now that the ominous word shopkeeper has been pronounced it cannot well be retracted. It may be a word that one would wish to avoid. Yet it so pertinently describes a certain aspect of the general British make-up that it cannot be lightly dismissed as a mere epithet used by envious foreigners. For whereas his sense of reality represents the positive side of his business acumen, the reverse side is exemplified by the shopkeeper spirit. Without it there would be far less exaggeration of the respect for possessions. . . .

For a long time it has been the fashion in England to laugh at their American cousins who view everything in terms of money. . . In England the worship of money, though hardly less intense, is often disguised as something else: imperial interests, for example, or the common good. . .

It is true that in England business has never been conducted with the lack of scruple characteristic of it in so many foreign countries, and that on the whole the British business-man has been superior in honesty and integrity to most of his foreign colleagues. The national talent for religion found expression even in business, and the professional conduct of the British business-man reflected the high level of his native civilization.⁵

SCIENCE AND ECONOMICS

Ask any British scientist what the fundamental motive of his research is and he will probably say "To find truth" or "To serve humanity" or something equally ambiguous.

Although the final aim of science as a whole must for ever remain shrouded in the unknown, the general direction for English science might easily be indicated with some measure of clarity. It would be self-deception to pretend that science is not circumscribed by nationality or that in all countries she pursues the identical aim "to serve truth." The aims of "totalitarian" science during the last few years have been set forth with unmistakable clarity. From the chemist to the statistician, and from the biologist to the physicist, most of the scientists of those countries

have been and are engaged on the task of creating economic self-sufficiency.

By virtue of being the centre of an Empire, of being the greatest seafarer, the greatest banker, insurance-broker, industrialist and merchant of modern times, Britain has clearly shown that economics are her most congenial medium. Not warfare, not music, philosophy or the arts but economics is the sphere in which Britain's mission finds its fulfilment. Equally the study of man as a spiritual, psychological or biological entity is of comparatively little interest to the British scientist. The great modern "discoverers" of the *Homo sapiens*, Charcot, Freud, Jung, Alexis Carrel, Voronoff, are not British.

The predominance of economics in the widest sense of the word over all other spheres of English life indicates the true objective for English science. It can be nothing other than to serve humanity through the medium of economics. At the same time it must be remembered that in English life religion is still a reality.⁵

FREEDOM IN EDUCATION

The University ideal not only in this country but throughout the Empire has fortunately flowered and flourished diversely, accepting directions of local energy, and it may be of local climate and of local circumstance, so that we find no two alike. I think the last thing that any of us would want in our Universities is standardization and its concomitant, mass production. After all, freedom, as in politics so in learning and so in Universities, is the very breath of our being. Looking back and from my own experience, I should say that

the quintessence of teaching is personality, and personality is about the last thing that can be produced in the mass.¹

FREEDOM IN INDUSTRY

I come back to speed, and I want my last words to be on speed. I see a danger ahead that our people may become mechanized, not only in body, but mechanized in mind. I dread the mass mind. I dread the loss of that independent individualist character which has made this nation what it is. I dread the growth of that materialistic view of life which, to my mind, is a danger both to body and to soul. We must see to it that in some way we can preserve the character of our people to meet the changed conditions of the age, and see that our character triumphs over our environment.¹

SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

Probably in no other country has there been so much spontaneous social work as in England. Foreigners are often prone to remark that the Englishman's highly developed social consciousness is a result of England's great wealth; more than any other nation can the English afford to indulge in the luxury of charity. Though this may be partly true, it would be absurd to maintain that the virtues that lead to charitable acts are a natural concomitant of wealth. As we know, it is usually among the poor that the sense of charity is strongest.

The wealth of England may to some extent be connected with certain national virtues in that it is complementary to them. For those virtues form part of the character which has been

responsible for the accumulation of England's wealth. Though it would be foolish to suggest that that wealth is the outcome of virtue, it would be equally unwise to deny the possible existence of some hidden relationship between the evolution of the national character and the enrichment of the country.

The fate of a nation, like the fate of an individual, does not work without its own profound logic. Only our own lack of understanding prevents us from discerning it.⁵

* * *

"Not to destroy but to uplift," that is the social cry of the future, and that, I believe, will be the social cry of Britain, the country which by its education, its discipline, its trades unions, its habit of citizenship, is the most worthy of all the nations to lead the world in that great change.⁶

THE NATIONAL CHARACTER

The power of managing our own affairs in our own way is the greatest gift of Englishmen. We have demonstrated that fact in the past, and we shall demonstrate it in the future. It has been ours in a growing degree for a dozen centuries. And I cannot put that thought before you better than in the words of a distinguished Oxford man, the late Master of Balliol, who wrote:

"Nowhere was the village community so real and so enduring a thing as it was in England for at least twelve centuries of its history. In every parish men met almost daily in humble but very real self-government, to be judged by their fellows or fined by them, or punished as bad characters, to settle the ploughing-times and harvest-times, the

fallowing and the grassing rules for the whole village. To these twelve centuries of discipline we owe the peculiar English capacity for self-government, the enormous English development of the voluntary principle in all manner of institutions (clubs, associations, hospitals, joint stock) and the aptitude for colonization. Our politics, our commercial enterprise, our Colonial Empire, are all due to the spirit of co-operation, the spirit of fairplay, and "give and take," the habit of working to a common purpose which tempered the hard and grim individuality of the national character."⁴

RIGHTEOUS WAR

Let us all go to War.
 Let every one become a warrior,
 And awake within himself the soldier
 spirit.
 For the day of battle is come,
 And all that is not for us is against us.
 Let there be war in your universe and
 my universe.
 Let us spring to the conflict with loins
 girded—
 With soul ablaze with destructiveness.
 As the flame leaps to consume its prey,
 Let us now leap upon our enemies
 In the joyous sacrament of destruction.
 There can now be no mercy towards
 what must be destroyed ;
 No compromise or hesitation.
 For the Forces of War are abroad.
 And invoking their aid we will
 slaughter
 All that is not manful or womanful ;
 All that is selfish and unco-operative ;
 Al that is tyrannical and ungentle ;
 All that is lazy and inefficient.

Let each man and woman in the uni-
 verse of the soul ;
 Each man and woman in the universe
 of their environment ;
 Each man and woman within the con-
 fines of every moment of the day
 Sound the battle-cry and fight.

Fight the unceasing, relentless, un-
 flinching and unyielding War of the
 Spirit of War.

With lightning speed and marvellous
 agility and strategy ;

With unshakable faith in the Ori-
 flamme of Victory.

Fighting and dying, fighting and dying,
 again and again and again.

For the Spirit of War is abroad and its
 day and its song is joyous triumph-
 ant destruction.

And as light horizons the darkness,
 And deep sorrow waters the bloom of
 joy,

So upon true War is true Peace
 founded.

—HAROLD TYRWHITT

DYNAMIC PEACE

Peace is desirable with all men, so
 far as it may be had with conscience
 and honour.

—OLIVER CROMWELL

A GREAT ENGLISH LEADER

I am always longing for a really great
 man to understand the situation as it
 really is in the country to which he
 belongs, and also if possible to under-
 stand the world situation no less. . .

But while I have looked in vain in
 most countries for a man, I feel very
 certain that Britain has found one
 in the person of the present Prime

Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill. To me his speeches have the Besantian ring about them, of deep conviction, of dynamic leadership, and of a pregnant unity with the people themselves. Because I feel this more and more, and desired to voice my feelings, I could do no other than to send the other day the following telegram :

PRIME MINISTER, LONDON : THANK
GOD FOR WINSTON CHURCHILL.

—ARUNDALE, ADYAR, MADRAS.

I wish I could thank God for an Indian Winston Churchill, but so far as I can see there is at present no one. May he soon come to unite and lead his people to their destiny.

—G.S.A.

BROTHERHOOD IS THE NEXT STEP

In the language of religion we might say that the spirit of the age that is being born with such travail is that of S. John. S. John represents the principle of Brotherhood which expresses itself through equality and fellowship. The spirit of yesterday, still so powerful in most conservative and traditional spheres of life, is the spirit of Peter. It demands authority and obedience. Not the individual initiative and achievement matter to it, but the sum-total of an impersonal collective force. Not the

individual counts, but the hierarchical order.⁵

* * *

The torch I would hand to you, and ask you to pass from hand to hand along the pathways of the Empire, is a Christian truth rekindled anew in each ardent generation. Use men as ends and never merely as means ; and *live for the Brotherhood of Man, which implies the Fatherhood of God*. The brotherhood of man today is often denied and derided and called foolishness, but it is, in fact, one of the foolish things of the world which God has chosen to confound the wise, and the world is confounded by it daily.

We may evade it, we may deny it ; but we shall find no rest for our souls, nor will the world, until we acknowledge it as the ultimate wisdom. That is a message I have tried to deliver as Prime Minister in a hundred speeches, and I can think of no better message to give to you to take away tonight than that.¹

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GOD'S ENGLAND

One look below the Almighty gave,
Where streamed the lion-flags of thy proud foe ;
“ And who,” saith He, “ shall lay My England low—
The stem that blooms with hero-deeds—
The rock when man from wrong a refuge needs—
The stronghold where the tyrant comes in vain ?
Who shall bid My England vanish from the main ? ”

SCHILLER

OLD DAYS IN AVENUE ROAD

BY ESTHER BRIGHT

LONDON in the year 1890—what a different world from our world of today. Only fifty years ago and yet so vast a change. There was not much hurry or rush in the streets of London in those days; one could walk without nervousness and think one's own thoughts without fear of sudden death. Even in the city everything moved about with a certain dignified and respectable slowness. Hansom cabs with merry jingling bells on the horses' heads; heavy four-wheeled cabs lumbering along, furnished with rather unclean straw on which one had to place one's feet; very slow horse buses with steep unpleasant step-ladders at the back to enable strong and athletic people to climb up on top—of course no "lady" would dream of exposing herself in such an indelicate way, except possibly a few wild young Theosophists on their way to Avenue Road, dreaming delightful dreams. But I do remember that Lady Carlisle, a leading Liberal politician, always travelled by those old omnibuses and was proud of defying public opinion; but then she was a brave woman!

* * *

Avenue Road, No. 19. How clearly I see it now after all these years! My mother had spoken to me of Annie Besant and of her stormy life—the courageous soul who had fought a grand fight against hypocrisy, narrow-minded-

ness and convention. My mother was a good fighter herself and had stood by A.B. in the past during a difficult period of her life. She wished to renew the contact and she wished to meet H.P.B.—so one fine autumn evening in the year 1890 we took a hansom cab from S. James's Place and drove to the Theosophical Headquarters, close by Regent's Park. I have only a rather dim memory of that first evening. It was a Blavatsky Lodge night, so we attended the lecture in the little wooden hall attached to the house. It held about 200 people and was very cosy and homelike. H.P.B. sat on a slightly raised platform at the end of the hall and by her side sat Annie Besant. I only know that the impression created on my mind was a very deep one and I decided I would come closer to the teachings and ideals of Theosophy.

Many times in the following years did I find a welcome in that home, and as time went on I grew more and more keenly interested. How can I describe H.P.B.? I only knew her for a few months. She was a most impressive figure. A powerful, fine, massive head; very tired eyes—indomitable, yet pathetic; impatient at not being able to express herself, she often called on Mrs. Besant to explain to some questioner what she meant, and at the same time she gave the impression of a great and sad patience with her physical condition.

She had suffered terribly, mentally and emotionally; her printed letters are a cry of despair. Dr. Besant told me she could not read that book. To know of how H.P.B. had suffered was heart-breaking to the one who loved her so devotedly. And yet in spite of those despairing, pitiful letters, H.P.B. was absolutely courageous. She faced a hostile world and never flinched. What a life was hers! Absolute faith in her Master; no thought for herself. She gave herself entirely with a passionate devotion, fighting year after year, imprisoned in a feeble and emotional body—a warrior in prison. No wonder her Master expressed gratitude to this woman. . . . We asked her to dine at S. James's Place during Mrs. Besant's absence in America, but she could not come. She wrote to my mother a very charming letter and spoke of her admiration of A.B.

As all know, the link between these two women was a very close one, and when, on 8th May 1891, H.P.B. got free from her poor, weary old body, the news had to be conveyed to her friend by Herbert Burrows. A.B. was returning from America; Herbert Burrows went to Queenstown to meet her boat and return home with her. It was a tragic blow to her. I remember it well. She came home to find the woman who she thought had "brought her the light," the teacher whom she so venerated, the H.P.B. whom she so loved, gone, and their friendship in this life had been a short one. She returned to face a very difficult situation in her own home. H.P.B.'s pupils, Mr. Mead, Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, Miss Cooper, looked on A. B. rather as a newcomer, not

at all in "fashionable society," and I regret to say two or three Theosophists who had been in the movement for years before this firebrand came in, did not relish the idea of her being the new leader. Surely they, the old pupils of H.P.B., should take first place. Small jealousies sprang up. I was in the house a good deal at this time as I realized what a terribly hard time she was having and I longed to give any aid I could. The only thing I could give was love and a true loyalty and sometimes a little financial help. But A. B. was so humble in a splendid way—she *had* to win through. She was very proud as well as humble and very sensitive and shy and nervous. People seldom realized this. The greatest warrior soul can feel nervous. She had to win through by her very nobleness and goodness to others, by her humility in many ways. . . . You, Theosophists, who only knew her as a great lecturer or even as your E. S. teacher, have no idea of A. B.'s *woman's nature* and how she could suffer; the desertion of friends cut her most deeply. Remember her words: *If a comrade be faithless, let us be faithful to him. If an enemy injure, let us forgive him.*

I have witnessed so many little things in her life, her intense disappointment in some whom she had trusted and loved. But she never forsook a comrade. I remember once expressing my intense indignation at a friend of hers (this in later years) who had shown extreme ingratitude after years of loving friendship and help she had given him. She put her arms around me and said: "Please never speak against him. I have cared for him and I look to him to do

fine work in the future after I am gone." I promised. I write of these intimate moments for it helps us all to realize what Dr. Besant was and is—a strong, great soul, a most tender, loving woman, childlike at times, simple, enjoying the little intimacies of home life, full of fun and joy, but capable of great suffering.

The people who lived at Avenue Road after H.P.B.'s passing were G. R. S. Mead, Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, and her sister Miss Cooper; Herbert Burrows, a very emotional but kindly man. He was a Socialist and did a good deal of lecturing. Then there was dear Kitty Lloyd (Mrs. Lloyd), the head of the East End Bow Club; also Walter Old, who always wore a Byronic open-necked shirt and tie; Mr. Sturdy; Claud Wright; James Pryse (Printing Department); Thomas Green and Amy Dickinson, who later on married; she was a great chum of mine; Archibald and Bertram Keightley, devoted to H.P.B., came and went. I also remember a curious man named Mr. Ablett; he surprised me one day by asking me if I would join him in starting a home for fallen women. I answered: "Yes, if you will join me in starting a similar home for fallen men!" He seemed surprised and never referred to the subject again. The younger members of the household lived at No. 17, the house in the next garden to No. 19. Then there was Countess Wachtmeister, a devoted worker and friend of H.P.B., who informed me that if I entered the E.S. I could never marry; I went and asked A.B. about this. I had no desire for marriage, but did not wish to bind

myself. A. B. smiled, and reassured me.

* * *

The women's club at 193 Bow Road, just opposite old Bow Church, was a centre of helpfulness to poor East End girls. A friend had given H.P.B. £1,000 with which she started this club, and A. B. very often went down there. I asked if I could go and work there and she consented, only saying: "Do not come to the East End if you are likely to be upset by the poverty and suffering." I went every Wednesday for a long time and played to the girls on my fiddle whilst they danced. We had very gay times in spite of the poverty. We gave them a good meal for 2½d., as all service was voluntary. A. B. came down occasionally and carved big joints of meat! Kitty Lloyd was the heart and soul of the place. She was very ill at times with heart trouble, but between times she was as gay as a young lamb, full of fun and laughter, and played the piano for the girls by the hour though dropping with fatigue. I fiddled away valiantly and they all loved to come and be happy. They thought I could not dance and offered to teach me!

One very plain, weak-eyed little match-girl (shockingly underpaid for her long hours of work) was mischief personified and had no respect for persons. One evening a Chinese gentleman came down to look over the club. I do not know who brought him. He had flowing robes and a long pigtail; I regret to say Polly got hold of it and gave it a big pull! Now this action was totally unnecessary, but it gave her great joy and I fancy it must have

been an irresistible impulse; we all have it at times. Fortunately, nothing dreadful happened. I sometimes stayed the night at the club when we finished very late, but I often walked part way home westward at midnight, carrying my fiddle, and though Jack the Ripper, the insane killer of unfortunate women, was in the neighbourhood, I never came to any harm. The bus from Bow to Charing Cross took one hour, but though very weary, I was young and extremely happy and enjoyed the quiet, almost empty streets.

Mrs. Lloyd lived sometimes at 19 Avenue Road; she was a most devoted woman, singularly one-pointed in a rather awkward way. If the desire came upon her to give help to anyone in distress, she went ahead and never thought of the possible consequences to others. For instance, my mother lent her our home in S. James's Place, during a few weeks' absence abroad. The servants were away. Kitty Lloyd reigned supreme. There were so many miserable people whom she knew in the East End, why not help one of them, possibly the poorest one she knew? He was a boy, not a very clean boy; in fact a very dirty boy, and she invited him to stay with her during our absence. He accepted, and unfortunately chose my bed to sleep in. The results were deplorable. When my mother returned home, she said: "Never again." But the episode had made Kitty very happy. She also had had an irresistible impulse.

* * *

There were some very pleasant gatherings at Avenue Road; sometimes in the garden, when we would sit around

on the lawn and get A.B. to talk. I remember one rather amusing incident at an evening "at home." There were a good many people present, including Mr. Leadbeater. Now C.W.L. was not fond of women and one lady especially he did not want to be bothered with. I saw him coming towards me rather hastily. "I want to get away from that woman," he said to me. "Why not disappear?" I suggested, and showed him a narrow doorway which led from the hall into the garden. He beamed all over and in the twinkling of an eye he was gone. He had disappeared in an almost occultly mysterious manner, and he never came back. The lady advanced towards me; I stood with my back to the little door and she knew all was lost. But C.W.L. liked some women, my mother, for instance. He often came and stayed with us at Shepperton-on-Thames or Goring, in the summer-time. He enjoyed "lazy-ing" on our electric launch, *The White Lotus*. I behaved very badly to him on one occasion. A.B. asked me to take him up the river in the launch, but she said: "Be home by 4 o'clock, as we are going to hold a little meeting on the lawn." Well, when I had gone up stream a mile or two, I began to turn the launch homewards. "Don't turn back yet," said C.W.L., "let us go farther on." I told him I had promised A.B. to be home by 4, and so I must return. He said: "No, there will be no meeting, we need not return." But I felt I *must* go back, as I had promised; so in spite of C.W.L.'s repeated remonstrances, I turned the launch down stream. He was quite in my power as I held the steering-wheel.

But he was right, there was no meeting that day; was I right or wrong to refuse him? I expect he thought me a very obstinate young woman.

He came once to Nice and spent some happy weeks with us there. He had Basil Hodgson Smith with him. We had some splendid rides with him on our bicycles over the hills between Nice and Monte Carlo on the Cornice Road. He rode at a tremendous rate. We often sat in the lovely sunshine on the steps of the Villa Idalie, leading into the garden full of orange trees; it was a lovely spot and C.W.L. was very happy. He told us many interesting stories there and I think the glorious weather and blue sky helped him.

I travelled with them as far as Toulon on their homeward journey and I shall never forget C.W.L.'s disgust and annoyance at an unfortunate, but really quite inoffensive, French gentleman, who smoked cigar after cigar, very strong ones, in our compartment. C.W.L. kept his head out of the window most of the time, using, I believe very strong language silently, against all smokers, and as the Frenchman, of course, wanted the window shut and C.W.L. decided it should remain open, they came out of the silent battle with checkmate to neither combatant.

To go back; it was in 1895 that he and his young friend Mr. Jinarājadāsa (we call him Brother Rāja now) came to live at The Theosophical Society's Headquarters. It was then that he and A.B. spent much time together investigating the nature of the atoms of the chemical elements. Mr. Jinarājadāsa's little book *Occult Investigations* goes very thoroughly into this most in-

teresting subject. He gave the older students assistance by taking down notes whilst they carried on their investigations together.

I remember well when C.W.L. and Brother Rāja first came to Avenue Road to live, and how C.W.L. led me across the hall after a meeting and asked me to make friends with Rāja. He spoke some very significant words to me on that occasion, words which I have always remembered and have not even repeated to Brother Rāja.

* * *

I often went up to Avenue Road at 7 in the morning for A.B. was just beginning to learn to ride the bicycle; she was very plucky and dashed off down Avenue Road towards Regent's Park at a great rate after the first lesson. I followed as fast as possible, fearing a mishap, but she was soon quite at home in the saddle of her machine. I would then go back with her to breakfast and sit in her room with her, these were very pleasant days. The large room she worked in looked on to the back garden; she had built it for H.P.B.

The death of her old friend, Charles Bradlaugh, was a sad event for her. They had kept up the old friendship in spite of differences of outlook. I remember how she came straight from his death-bed to lecture at Blavatsky Lodge; she was very quiet and sad but she gave us a grand and inspiring lecture.

And the President, Colonel Olcott, what of him? He came to England now and then and was always very kindly, hearty and jolly. I did not realize in those days how fine a worker

he was ; he was full of jokes and friendliness ; he had flowing white curls and a fine white beard. He offered me a lock of his hair once ; I am sorry to say I refused it. How heartless young folks can be ! I am sure he wanted me to have it ; I ought to have taken it and sworn I would treasure it evermore, but I did not want an old gentleman's locks, or a young one's, for that matter.

Mr. Chakravarti came with Mrs. Besant to stay a few days at our summer home, Shepperton-on-Thames. He was frequently at the T.S. Headquarters, also his wife, a charming Indian lady. He chanted to us in the evenings some very beautiful Indian songs. I remember one rather funny incident about him. A.B. had to go to London on business and she left Mr. Chakravarti in my charge. "Don't leave him alone, dear, whilst I am away," she said to me ; "he hates being alone." I hoped she would not be away too long, but I stuck to my post womanfully. We walked about the gardens together, over the lawns and by the river banks ; where he went, I went ; I never left him. We had tea together and then into the gardens again. I must have been a terribly conscientious young woman. He did not seem to mind my continual presence, and gave me a long and informal lecture on Duty during our wanderings. I listened respectfully, but I was very glad when A.B. returned from London. I felt I had done *my* duty that afternoon.

* * *

We had some big tragedies in The Society in those years ; the Judge affair was the worst. I won't go into it here,

but Mr. Judge was accused of forging the Master's signature, and, of course, this created a most painful and really tragic situation. A. B. believed him guilty, but did her best to conduct matters so as to spare him as much as possible. We had a Convention to discuss the situation ; I remember poor Mr. Judge's tragic expression—he had a very sad face. Before the meeting, A.B. spoke to us, her own people, and told us whatever happened at the meeting we were not to take part or defend her, for Judge, of course, was attacking her honour. I cannot describe the pain and shame of those days. At the meeting, Colonel Olcott, I think, was in the chair, and after a painful discussion, Judge and his people, those who believed in him, all walked out of the hall. But that was not the end ; Walter Old gave all the sordid facts of the case to *The Westminster Gazette*, and every day a leading article came out ridiculing The Theosophical Society, piling up damaging facts. A very clever, sarcastic leader-writer he must have been. It was a horrible time and I suffered so much to see A. B. suffering that I felt very ill ; ideals that were sacred to us were sneered at, exposed in the most sordid and horrible way. It did need courage to stand by The Society in those days, for every one read the unsavoury articles and there seemed no answer to be given which would help the situation. Mr. Judge wrote to me afterwards, as I suppose he did to others, asking me to help in the "saving of Mrs. Besant." He said she was under the influence of the dark powers and had fallen very low ; would I join him in trying to help her ? I answered very vehemently and

received from him a courteous reply. He must have suffered very severely. . .

* * *

But we had some most happy times at Avenue Road. On New Year's Eve a few of us always gathered together, at No. 19, to see the Old Year out. We sat in H. P. B.'s room in the dark, and kept silent until the New Year was born, and then C.W.L. told us stories full of interest. . . . And how delightful it was when A. B.'s lectures, given at the Adyar Conventions, were published. I recall especially *The Building of the Kosmos*: that was a most thrilling set of lectures. And

again, I remember on Thursday evenings walking up from the bus along Regent's Park with a song of joy in my heart, knowing that A. B. was just round the corner and would welcome me with her wonderful smile and affectionate eyes. How understanding she was! Twice she warned me not to force "belief," for I did not "believe" lightly. And even now I do not think what people call "belief" matters so much. It is thought, feeling, action, life, that counts in the real world. So I think at least. In time we shall know; the Universe is Life and we live in that Life.

REVIEWS: A BOOK AND A JOURNAL

The Play of Consciousness, within the Web, by Edward L. Gardner. The Theosophical Publishing House, London, 1939, pp. 100. Price 6/-

The second half of the title connects the book with the author's previous publication, *The Web of the Universe*,¹ of which it is a continuation, or better, to which it is the natural complement. The relation between the two books is that between the objective and the subjective universe, body and soul, physics and psychology. This determines also their different character, the older book being largely descriptive, the later more philosophical, which again makes for the apparent contrast in their outer appearance, the earlier publication being profusely illustrated with charts and diagrams, while the new one, except

for a symbolical representation of the "web," is bare of any external illumination, and does indeed not need such, but glows with its own inner light.

The knowledge, the philosophy, the view of life that underlie both books is avowedly that of *The Secret Doctrine*. No small tribute is paid to that work, when it is said that "the book is still much more than up to date." Indeed, it was and will be, "for long years to come," ahead of its time, and "a source of information and instruction for the earnest student," as the Master K. H. said. But it is not an easy work, and we must be thankful, when such running commentaries as it were, like Mr. Gardner's books, now and then appear to lighten the student's task.

The Play of Consciousness starts after a short introductory chapter with

¹ Same publisher, 1936; pp. 102; price 6/-.

an exposition of the true relationship of "God and Man," of the universal and the individual aspects of the One Life, to pass on to the "Flow and Ebb" of that Life in its alternating, expanding and contracting rhythm of movement. The next two chapters on "Life and Light" and "Instinct and Intuition" are again innerly connected, as are also the following two, "Focussing Life" and "The Human Centre of Consciousness."

The chapter on "Will and Mind" is in my opinion the least satisfactory, perhaps a consequence of the restricted sense in which the term mind is generally used, and its (in my opinion) unnatural division into a lower and a higher mind. All this is too intellectual. Mind should rather be conceived as including not only everything mental, everything psychic and spiritual, embracing therefore will, desire, feeling, as well as thought, judgment, reason, but also everything physical and material as well, in the idealistic sense that whatever is is "mind only" (cittamātra).

The chapter "Microscopic and Macroscopic" returns to the topic of the second chapter, from a slightly different angle.

Then follow again two interrelated chapters on "Past and Future Now," the link between which is "Karma."

The last chapter "Governments and Peoples" gives a glimpse of the inner government of the world by the Great Hierarchy, and the co-operation or non-co-operation a free humanity may give to Them.

A short "Review" or summary closes this lucidly written compendium of the secret doctrine—that science of life

which gazes deeper into its mysteries than ordinary science does.

I think I cannot do better, for a further recommendation of the author's books, than to reproduce here what Dr. Arundale said last year in his Presidential Address to the 64th International Convention at Adyar :

I wish to draw the particular attention of my fellow-members to Mr. E. L. Gardner's recent splendid contributions to our classic Theosophical literature. They are :

*The Web of the Universe ;
The Play of Consciousness.*

I propose to do myself the honour of submitting Mr. Gardner's name for the award of the Subba Rao medal in 1940, this to be my final submission as President during the years 1934-1941 [his first seven-year term, and let us hope, not the last]. Such an award would well be the keystone to our arch of Subba Rao medal awards during these years.

ARYA ASANGA

Theosophy in Action. Quarterly Official Organ of The Theosophical Society in Europe (Federation of National Societies in Europe). This year's subscription 2s. 6d.

In Europe's greatest need, the appearance of this new publication, standing as it does for the harmonious blending of individual freedom, social subordination, and (inter) national confederation in human action, is doubly welcome. For the time it is inevitably restricted in its scope to the relatively small group of islands on the outer rim of the Continent, for the whole of which it is intended. But the fact is there that it is brought out from the last bulwark on that same Continent, where such principles may still be proclaimed without

danger of grim suppression. That and its thus forming part of the heroic struggle now waged by that island group, gives sure hope that the time will come when it will actually reach

the whole of Europe to help in establishing the new order based on the undying principles of freedom, brotherhood and co-operation.

ARYA ASANGA

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

MR. DIGBY BESANT: Son of Dr. Annie Besant. Proprietor of the Theosophical Publishing House, London.

MISS E. W. PRESTON, M.Sc.: Science Mistress at James Allen's Girls' School, Dulwich. Secretary of the Theosophical Research Centre, London. Author.

MR. H. S. L. POLAK: Lecturer and journalist. Past Treasurer of The Theosophical Society in England. A great worker for India.

MISS HELENA M. SARE: Artist. Worker in the League of Nations Union, Wimbledon, London.

HELEN BEDDALL, 7 Clifton Gardens, W. 9.

MAJOR LESLIE HADEN GUEST, M. C., M. R. C. S., L. R. C. P.: Author, journalist, doctor. Past General Secretary of The Theosophical Society in England. Notable service in last Great War, organizing hospitals in France and other Red Cross work. Much civic service as M.P.

MRS. ELIZA ADELAIDE GARDNER, B.A.: Author and lecturer. General Secretary of The Theosophical Society in England.

THE RT. REV. FRANK WATERS PIGOTT, M.A. (OXON.): Author. Presiding Bishop of the Liberal Catholic Church, Pro-Cathedral Saint Mary's,

London. Editor of *The Liberal Catholic*.

MRS. PHYLLIS LEAN, Birmingham: Young Theosophist. Lecturer and writer.

MR. JOHN COATS: Joint General Secretary of the World Federation of Young Theosophists.

MRS. BETSAN COATS: Artist and Young Theosophist.

MISS EDITH FOORD PINCHIN: Montessori Diplôme M.R.S.T. Teacher in the Besant Theosophical School, Adyar. Past English Chief Knight of the Order of the Round Table. Author and lecturer.

MISS HELEN F. R. VEALE, B.A., (LOND.): Educationist in England and India. Retired Principal of the National Girls' High School, Mylapore, India. Theosophist, writer, and lecturer.

THE REV. HAROLD TYRWHITT, M.P.S., Minehead, Somerset.

MISS ESTHER BRIGHT, Wimbledon: Daughter of the Rt. Hon. Jacob Bright, M.P. Early Theosophist and pioneer Co-Mason. Worker in humanitarian movements. Author.

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B., F.R.His.S., D. Lit.: Author, educationist, international lecturer. President of The Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras, India. Editor of THE THEOSOPHIST.

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