

# THE THEOSOPHIST.

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER.

WE are in Grand Rapids at this moment of writing, on August 10th, 1909. Later advices from Buffalo state that over 2,000 people were turned away from the lecture on the 8th given in the small and uncomfortable hall to which we were condemned by the unfair breach of agreement on the part of the Scottish Rite Masons. It seems that the active agent in the matter is a 'political boss' in the town, and that may explain the indifference to keeping faith; but to make 2,000 of his fellow townsmen angry and indignant with him seems to show a lack of even political insight. We left Buffalo early on the morning of the 9th for Detroit, and had the delight of seeing for a few minutes the tumbling glory of Niagara; hideous buildings are rising around the Falls and spoiling nature's wondrous handiwork, and for the sake of gaining a source of 'power' one of the wonders of the world is being marred. For thousands of years it was safe in the care of 'savages'; only 'civilised' man recklessly spoils the beauties nature has taken ages to build. We ran through the fertile plains of Canada, after crossing the stream from the Falls, only returning to the States at Detroit itself, which we reached at 1-30 P.M. Quite a crowd of members met us on the Canadian side and crossed with us. There was a very good gathering of members at 3-30, and at the close a photograph was taken. The lecture was given in "The Church of our Father," a fine building, and the attendance was very large; as I went on to the platform the whole audience rose, as though we were in India—a sign of courtesy very rare in the West.

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Another half-day's travel carried us from Detroit to Grand Rapids, through the rich orchard lands of Michigan, and we arrived there soon after one o'clock. As usual we began with a

member's meeting, and in the evening had a public lecture. Grand Rapids had one pretty peculiarity I had not seen elsewhere; most American towns are very brilliantly lighted, and shops and places of public entertainment have dazzling signs in electric lamps, as though it were a monarch's birthday; but Grand Rapids had rows of lights across its main street, like a festival of lanterns, and the effect was very good.

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On Wednesday, the 11th August, we reached Chicago, and had the pleasure of greeting warmly the worthy General Secretary, Dr. Weller van Hook. I received there pleasant news from England; Mrs. Sharpe wrote me that the Activities Bureau had voted £50 towards placing the *Ancient Wisdom* in 350 public libraries and were ready to help in making up to 100 the number of *Theosophists* given to public libraries. Theosophical books to the value of £20 are being bought to start new Lodges with book-stalls, and the small Queen's Hall is taken for a course of lectures in November. A course of six lectures is being arranged at Bridlington. At the first lecture held by the new Folkestone Lodge there was an attendance of 80—a very creditable first meeting. Captain Matthews has been the moving spirit there, and now that he has to leave for Nigeria, Mr. Hamilton will guide. Headquarters seems to be very busy and to be becoming a centre of life; it is satisfactory that its rent for a year has been covered by letting the Lecture Hall for use by the T. S. Order of Service and the Blavatsky and H. P. B. Lodges.

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We had a very full meeting of members at Chicago on the evening of the 11th, and an E. S. gathering on the morning of the 12th. There was the usual rush of reporters, the *Tribune*, as on my last visit, being peculiarly untruthful; its reporter described me as seated at luncheon before a lobster, claws and all! This was described as seen through the crack of a door. To describe a dish of peas and two baked potatoes in this way seems to argue some imagination, but, as a non-corpse-eater of twenty years' standing, I should prefer not being charged with this particular vice. I saw a ghastly thing on a hotel *menu* to-day—"a live lobster broiled." It seems incredible that any decent person could perform such a

brutal act as to broil a living thing, or that any one can be found to eat it. No wonder people wink at vivisection.

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The public lecture in Chicago drew a large audience, intent from the opening to the closing words. We had to go straight from the hall to the railway station, to start at ten for Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, and on we went through the night and till noon next day. We are in the lumber country, where great logs of wood are rolled down the banks into the river, and, chained together, closely packed, are drifted by the current to the point of shipping. Duluth has a splendid natural harbor, and from it is shipped the ore which at Pittsburg is changed into steel, and to it is shipped the coal from Pennsylvania; into it pours the grain from the fertile western states, to be loaded into vessels that carry it to a hungry world. From here to Buffalo there is a clear waterway through Lakes Superior, Huron, Erie, till the passage to Lake Ontario is barred by the Falls of Niagara. Lecturers have not found warm welcome at Duluth, which is more interested in lumber and in shipping than in philosophy; nevertheless a body of Theosophists have gathered here, and there are two Lodges, one on each side of the dividing river which separates Superior and Duluth; Mr. Jinarājāḍāsa has been here lately, and attracted audiences of two hundred people—twice as large as one which gave scant welcome to a well-known Arctic explorer, who remarked afterwards that he had gone nigh to the North Pole but had found nothing so frigid as Duluth. Mr. Jinarājāḍāsa has become very popular in the States for his lucid and attractive exposition of Theosophical ideas, while his gentle courtesy and quiet reserve win him admiration and respect. However, Duluth, despite its reputation, treated us exceedingly well; the hall, seating 500, was crowded, and the audience was interested and sympathetic, the very reverse of frigid. Doubtless Mr. Jinarājāḍāsa's work had paved the way for me.

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Dr. James, Dean of the College of Education in the University of Minnesota, met us at Duluth—by the way, our party was increased from Chicago by my faithful friend, Dr. Weeks Burnett—and he kindly shepherded us to Minneapolis, where we found a

pleasant resting place in the lovely home of Dr. Lee, one of the professors of the University. The house is on one of the high banks of the Mississippi, which curves round below, and for a moment I thought of beloved Gangā, only the bank opposite was tree-covered, instead of being faced with ghāts and crowned with temples. Love sometimes sees resemblances which are but faint, and it may have been heart more than eyes that fancied Gangā where Mississippi rolled.

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Duluth to Minneapolis gave us a run of 162 miles only, so we arrived at Minneapolis early. We drove to S. Paul, the 'twin-city,' in the evening, and I lectured on "The Power of Thought." On Sunday, August 15th, the members gathered at their Lodge room for a morning talk, and in the evening there was a very large free meeting to listen to "Brotherhood applied to Social Conditions"; some 2,000 gathered to listen with intent interest. On the following day, we had an E. S. meeting and a third lecture, this time on "The Coming Race and the Coming Christ." Again a good audience gathered, and at the end we went to the train to begin a journey of 1128 miles across the prairies and into the Rockies to Butte, "the richest hill in the world." In the train I read in the *Chicago Tribune* with amusement—mingled with some amazement—that in teaching reincarnation I was trying to vivify an old doctrine of savages. Shades of Pythagoras and Plato, of Ovid and Virgil, of Origen and Josephus, of Goethe, Lessing, Fichte, Schelling, Hume, Max Müller, to say nothing of the mighty figures of the Manu, of the Buḍḍha, of the Christ, "with how little wisdom may" a great newspaper "be governed!" There is something fascinating to the imagination in the thin line of rails flung across the prairies, and the wires that span the Rockies and knit together men in distant centres. As the train rushes onwards it masters distance and unites what nature has disjoined. A cloud-burst had happened, and there was a 'wash-out,' and one of the pair of rails hung disconsolately downwards, unsupported. We went cautiously by, feeling our way, lest our rails should follow suit; but stalwart men were at work, repairing the damage wrought by the rebellious element, with the cool skill of the

American, handling the puzzles offered by Nature with the calm born of knowledge and the deftness born of habit.

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Butte was reached some three hours late, and we met with a warm welcome in that copper-smelting city. We were a little late for the Lodge meeting in consequence of our late arrival, but the members waited good-temperedly; in the evening we had a public lecture, and the audience seemed interested. Early next morning we 'boarded' the train again and went on to Helena, the capital of Montana, a city of scattered houses and green trees, nestling in a cup in the mountains. Here came an E. S. meeting, and later a lecture; the intent interest shown by the audience was a marked feature here as elsewhere. The minister of the Unitarian Church, in which the lecture was given, introduced me in friendly fashion. A gathering of members on the following morning—August 20th—was well-attended, members coming from Butte and Grand Falls as well as from Helena itself. In the evening the train claimed us once more and we slept ourselves to Spokane over 381 miles, through scenery hidden by the veil of darkness.

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We reached Spokane at 9 A.M. on August 21st, the trains running far behind time just now—we were just an hour and twenty minutes late; while we waited at Helena station the late Chief of the Police, Mr. McCann, and another member, Mr. Jones, told us stories of the earlier days of Helena when criminals and ruffians ruled the place and no man's life or property was safe; the decent citizens then banded themselves together as vigilantes and enforced law and order with a strong hand, until the courts of justice were freed from the control of law-breakers, and the officials no longer "bore the sword in vain." America has grown so rapidly that men still middle-aged can remember the turbulence of the early days of settling on new land. The sun of the 21st rose on very beautiful scenery, mountain, forest, and lake, as the train carried us westwards towards the Pacific, and we did not lament the lateness of the train, as it permitted us to see more of the still unspoiled beauty of Idaho. The Spokane Lodge is a very active one, but works against a hitherto unfriendly press. Let us hope the press may be made less hostile by the present visit; at any

rate I wrote a brief article for a good weekly journal, named *Opportunity*, on "Theosophy, Its Meaning and Value." At 3 P.M. we had a Lodge meeting, and found a strong and active body, fully alive to its duties. There was a large evening gathering to which the subject, "Reincarnation," was evidently a quite new idea; the listeners became interested, and it may be that a few will begin to think and study. We reached the station to leave by the 9-25 P.M. train for Seattle, and were duly inducted into the Pullman car, but with the easy-going indifference characteristic of the western train-service we were told that we should not start till 11-30, only the day-coaches going on; as a matter of fact we did not start till 2-30 A.M., five hours after time, and as we lost nearly two hours more on the way, we did not reach Seattle until 7-15 P.M., so that after twenty-two hours in the train, I had to rush to a hotel, wash, dress, and straight off to the lecture at 8 P.M. ! But the journey was a pleasant one, as the train ran through fine scenery, crossing the Cascade mountains. It was interesting to see the line of rails zigzagging backwards and forwards as we climbed up higher and higher, and to pass through an area over which a great forest-fire had swept; tall and black stretched the trunks here and there, high in air, while others lay prone on earth, where Agni, Archangel of Fire, had laid waste the forest; and over the blackened waste Mother Nature had followed hard on the heels of the fire, and fair flowers had sprung up in her footsteps, and green grass waved, and young fir-trees were rising, for Nature will not long endure aught that is ugly, and kisses into beauty new life that adorns what her forces destroyed. When will man learn from Nature that Beauty is the divine law of manifestation, and that nothing which is not beautiful can or should endure ?

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Seattle gave us a large audience, keenly interested in "Theosophy, Its Meaning and Value," on the Sunday evening of our arrival—an arrival brightened by the presence of Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa, who is doing such admirable work in the lecture-field. He was to deliver a course of lectures after my departure. On the following day, August 23rd, a Lodge meeting was held in the morning, one for the E. S. in the afternoon, and a lecture at night—an overcrowded day, but one of the Sunday meetings was thrown into

Monday by our non-arrival in time on the Sunday. The evening audience was very large, and was held by the subject, "The Coming Race and the Coming Christ". The work finished; we betook ourselves to the steamer instead of to the train, in order to wind our way past islands and forests to Vancouver, British Columbia. At 8 A.M. on the 24th August we landed within the huge circle of Britain's Empire. God save the King!

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Vancouver had only one day, but it made the best of it. At 11 A.M. there was a Lodge meeting, at which a number of members gathered, among them the welcome face of an Irish friend, Colonel Lauder, who had been delayed on his way Chinawards by tending the broken arm of a comrade, and was to sail on the following day, the 25th. At 3 P.M. a little group of E. S. members gathered, and at 8-30 came the public lecture on "Life Here and Life after Death." There was a very large audience filling the Opera House, and one that listened intently and sympathetically to the Theosophical ideas on this subject of absorbing interest. Vancouver has not had much chance so far of Theosophical teaching except during a visit from Mr. Leadbeater, and so large an audience was rather a surprise and spoke eloquently of the efforts made by Mr. Yarco and his colleagues. We spent the night again on the boat, reaching Seattle soon after 7 A.M. on the following day, and going straight from the steamer to the railway station, to take the train for Tacoma. For the first time since New York we were rained upon, and Tacoma was somewhat shrouded by mist. There was a Lodge meeting at 4 P.M. and a lecture at 8 P.M. on the same subject as on the preceding night. The audience was gathered in a pretty hall holding only about five hundred people; it was comfortably filled, but not crowded, and the listeners were eager and followed each stage of the lecture with unwavering interest. The night found us in the train once more, running southwards to Portland, where we arrived at 7 o'clock the next morning. The Portland Lodge had been inactive, but some of those who were its best members are prepared to step forward for its rebuilding, and Mr. Prime, who joined our little party at Seattle, has agreed to stay here for a short time to help in the re-organisation. With all the new flood of life in the Society, it would be sad to see any old

Branch left stranded on the banks. We had a pleasant afternoon gathering of old members and sympathisers, and at night came the meeting in the Masonic Hall for a lecture on "Reincarnation". It was crowded with a splendid audience of thoughtful people, who caught every point and enjoyed the presentment of the great truth. Then came the train and the journey southwards.

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Through the night of August 26th and the dawning of the 27th we sped southwards, and awoke to find ourselves running through the beautiful ravines of southern Oregon. Through the day we journeyed onwards through ever-changing but ever-beautiful scenery, and evening found us in the lovely Siskiyou Gorge, and presently Mount Shasta glimmered white with everlasting snow beneath the glooming sky. Another night, now through northern California, and as noon approached we reached Port Costa, whither some of the San Francisco friends had come to give us welcome. At Oakland we betook ourselves to the ferry-boat to cross the bay to San Francisco, the queenly city that, three years ago, was rent by earthquake and blasted by fire, and where dynamite was used to save, making a barrier of ruins across the awful torrent of flame which threatened to devour the whole. Marvellous have been the cheerful courage and strength of heart which have rebuilt the city, and though as yet she is not so fair as of yore, and many ruins still bear witness to the terrible days of April 1906, San Francisco has arisen, calm and strong, prosperous once more, and facing the future with front unbowed. Very interesting was it to hear from some of our members details of the great catastrophe, and of their experiences therein; one of our Lodges there lost everything, including its fine library, but is flourishing even more than before. The activity and brightness of the members were good to see in all three Lodges. We had a joint meeting on the evening of the 28th, and many came in from surrounding towns and swelled the happy gathering. On the following morning, the oldest San Francisco Lodge, the Golden Gate, welcomed our party for a brief visit, and we went on to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Russell in their lovely home; back to the city for the E. S. meetings, and, after a brief rest, out again to the lecture in the large Garrick's Theatre, where an immense and



sympathetic audience had gathered. Mr. Russell very kindly provided us with an automobile during our stay, and the way in which that car tore up hills that one would have thought inaccessible was a thing to remember; on one of our journeys, when we were a little late, it whirled down these declivities in the most astonishing way, like the swoop of a bird, and San Francisco will ever stand in my mind as a city in which automobiling has been carried to a point where difficulties have ceased to exist. In one thing San Francisco was disappointing; it was bitterly cold with piercing wind and, at intervals, chilling fogs; a thick winter dress and heavy coat barely sufficed to keep one warm.

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We left the city soon after 8 A.M. on the 30th August, and crossed the bay to Oakland to visit Sacramento, arriving there about noon. Here we have no Lodge, but Dr. Plumb of San Francisco arranged the lecture and hopes to nurse the young Theosophical plant into strength. We had a meeting in the afternoon of a few already interested, and a class for study will be formed. The lecture, on "Theosophy, Its Meaning and Value," was delivered in the Congregational Church in the evening, to the smallest and most wooden audience that I have addressed since I became a member of the T. S. ! Let us hope that there were perhaps one or two who found help in the truths spoken. It was indeed a contrast to that in San Francisco.

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One marvels more and more at the American press. One meets the reporters with courtesy and treats them as gentlemen and gentlewomen, and they go away and twist and distort everything that has been said, and often invent. At one place, asked about India, I said that the cause of the deeper unrest was that there were many very highly educated men there, who rightly and properly wished to have a share in the Government of their own country; this was distorted into the statement that there were "too many over-educated men there. These men have learned all sorts of theories and now they think they should have a share in the Government of their country." At another, pressed for my view of woman suffrage, I said that I was not taking any part in politics, but thought that sex should not enter into the question;

that the uneducated should have votes for local affairs only, and those of both sexes who were highly educated in economics and history should vote in national affairs; this is given as: that women should only vote locally and men nationally! Mrs. Tingley having taken the absurd name of "the Purple Mother" I am baptised willy-nilly as "the White Mother" and telegraphed about to England under that ludicrous appellation. And so on and on, in a stream of repellent vulgarity. And one cannot escape from it.

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Considering Mrs. Tingley's tireless malignity against the Theosophical Society, her endeavors to prevent Colonel Olcott and Mr. Leadbeater from lecturing in San Diego, and her ceaseless vituperation of myself through her lieutenant, I speculate sometimes on her use in the movement. Such abnormal hatred so long continued implies considerable force of character, and force of character is always interesting. She is a fine woman of business with a remarkable capacity for gaining and holding money—a quality rare in the Theosophical ranks—and that seems to be the quality for which she is being used. She owns a splendid property at Point Loma, and has broken into pieces the great organisation which Mr. Judge built up by years of patient toil, and has driven away the strong band which supported him, so that there is nothing to succeed her. I will venture a prophecy: she is being used to make a centre which will pass into the hands of the Society she hates, and will form an important South Californian focus for its world-work. The Rome which slew Christians became a centre of Christian power a few centuries later. It is indeed a far cry from Imperial Rome to Point Loma, but the world-issues are greater, for one had to do with a sub-race and the other has to do with a Root-Race.

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To return to the tour. We left Sacramento on the morning of August 31st, and reached Oakland soon after 11 A.M. A crowded gathering assembled in the Congregational Church to hear the lecture on "Reincarnation," and, as elsewhere, the interest roused by the subject was intense. America seems ripe for this teaching, and it is, above all others, the one that revolutionises man's attitude towards life.

## MYSTERIOUS TRIBES.<sup>1</sup>

THREE MONTHS IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS NEAR MADRAS

BY

RĀDHĀ BĀI. (H. P. B.)

(Continued from p. 16.)

“I have lived amongst these people over forty years” Mrs. Morgan repeatedly said to me; “I have observed them carefully for a long while. There was a time when I too refused to believe in their magical power and called it nonsense. But having once been convinced of its existence, I had to come round and believe in it like many others besides myself.”

“I suppose you are aware that people ridicule you for your belief in witchcraft?” I once remarked.

“Oh yes; I know. But the opinion of those who judge quite superficially and from mere hearsay cannot alter my views when based on facts.”

“Mr. Betten,” I continued, “told me laughingly at table the other day that about two months ago he had an encounter with the Kurumbas, but that he is still alive notwithstanding their threats.”

“What did he tell you?” Mrs. Morgan asked excitedly, folding her needle-work and putting aside her spectacles.

“He said that being out hunting he wounded an elephant. The animal escaped and fled into the jungle. It was a splendid specimen and he was not willing to let it go. He therefore ordered his eight Badagas to help him to pursue the wounded animal. While doing this they penetrated so deep into the woods that the Badagas were on the verge of retreating lest they should encounter a Kurumba, had they not at that very moment discovered the body of the elephant. But the Kurumbas were standing close to it and declared it to be their property, as their arrows had killed it. But Mr. Betten found the wound of his bullet in the body and it was therefore obvious that the Kurumbas had only given the finishing stroke to the dying animal. . . . . As the dwarfs persisted in their rights, Betten simply drove them away, heedless

<sup>1</sup> Translated from the German version published by Arther Weber. Our German readers may obtain this book from the Jaeger'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, Leipzig Ed.

of their maledictions. Then he cut the trunk and one of the feet off the elephant and turned his horse homewards. 'Until now I am still safe and sound,' he laughingly concluded, 'though the Indian officials of my department considered me a dead man when they heard of my adventure with the Kurumbas.'

Mrs. Morgan had listened patiently to the end of my story. Now she simply asked: "Didn't he tell you anything else?"

"No."

Dinner came to an end and the conversation became more general. Then Mrs. Morgan said:

"Now I will tell you the story to the end, and add what Betten has omitted. Also I shall call upon the only witness who, besides Betten, survived the fatal encounter. I suppose Betten did not mention that the moment he attempted to seize the trunk of the elephant, the Kurumbas called out: 'He who touches our elephant will see us near him before his death!' This is the usual formula of their death sentence. If the Badagas had been of this locality, they would not have disregarded that threat of the Kurumbas, but would rather be flogged to death on the spot by Betten than disobey them. But he had brought them from Mysore. Betten had wounded the elephant, but did not feel sufficiently 'like a butcher,' as he himself acknowledged, to cut the animal to pieces. He is not much of a hunter, this London cockney!" Mrs. Morgan added a little contemptuously. "He ordered his Shikaris to do the business and cut off the trunk and one foot of the elephant and carry them home on a pole. There were eight Shikaris altogether. Would you like to know how many of them are still living to-day?"

She clapped her hands to call a servant, whom she ordered to fetch Pūrṇa.

Pūrṇa turned out to be an old emaciated Shikāri. His small black eyes, the whites of which were suffused with yellow as if he had just recovered from a bilious attack, wandered anxiously to and fro between his mistress and me. He was obviously at a loss to know why he had been called into the dining-room.

Mrs. Morgan addressed him in a tone of command. "Tell me, Pūrṇa," she said, "how many of you went hunting the elephant with Sahāb Betten, two months ago?"

"We were eight, Mother Sahāb, besides the lad Dshotti, who was the ninth of us," answered the old hunter in a hoarse voice and coughing heavily.

"And how many of you are alive now?"

"Myself only, Mother Sahāb."

"How so?" I exclaimed, with unfeigned horror, "did all the rest of them die? Even the lad Dshotti?"

"They are all dead," groaned the Shikāri.

"Tell my friend the Mother Sahāb why and how they died," Mrs. Morgan commanded.

"The Mala-Kurumbas killed them. Their abdomens began to swell, and they died one after the other, the last only five weeks ago."

"But how did it happen that Pūrṇa was saved?" I asked Mrs. Morgan.

"I sent him at once to the Ṭoḍas," she answered, "and they treated him. They would not undertake to treat the others; they don't treat drinkers, but send them back without exception. It is for this reason that my own good laborers, about twenty men, had to die," she added somewhat absent-mindedly.

"But this old man, Pūrṇa, has been cured!"

"Well, you see, he doesn't drink, and besides he did not touch the elephant, but only carried a gun. Betten told me, and others confirmed it, that he threatened his Shikāris to leave them to spend the night in the forest in the company of the Kurumbas, if they refused to carry the elephant trophy home. Frightened by this menace they reluctantly obeyed. As Pūrṇa had been for many years in the service of my son in Mysore, he came to me for aid, and I sent him and his comrades to the Ṭoḍas. But these refused to treat any except Purna, who never drinks. The others began to fail in health from that day. They went about like living ghosts, green and emaciated, with swollen abdomens. Ere the month was over they had all died—from fever, said the army-doctor."

"But that poor young boy could not have been a drunkard?" I inquired. "Why didn't the Ṭoḍas save him?"

"We have here children of five years old who drink," Mrs. Morgan said with disgust. "Before we came into these

mountains alcohol was unknown in the Nilgiri. This is one of the benefits of our imported civilisation. Now. . . .”

“Now?”

“Now, brandy kills as many as the Kurumbas; it is their best ally. Were it not for this curse, the Kurumbas could not injure any one when the Todas are near.”

Here our conversation came to an end. Mrs. Morgan ordered two big oxen to be yoked to an equally big carriage, and asked if I would accompany her to her farm to fetch herbs. I willingly accepted the offer.

On the way she spoke all the time of the Todas and the Kurumbas. Mrs. Morgan possesses a keen gift of observation, as well as an excellent memory. She is a very energetic, active and courageous woman. All these qualities have been requisite in no mean degree for her to fight for forty years in the name of truth and love for humanity against the Anglo-Indian conventional ideas of social decorum. While her husband was still a penniless captain of the East India Company, like all other officials he was forbidden to carry on private speculation. She it was who then resolved to make a fortune for him and her increasing family. For this purpose she bought large plots of open land and forest, which were sold at a nominal rate forty years ago in the Nilgiri, and she began to manage her farm. She ordered seeds and was the first to plant eucalyptus, tea, and coffee-trees on some hundred acres of bare land. She also went in for the raising of cattle and for several years provided all the markets in the Nilgiri with milk, butter and cheese from her two hundred cows. She continued farming even when her husband became a general, despite the objection of the haughty Anglo-Indian society. Once, when the commander-in-chief ventured a remonstrance with regard to this matter, she frankly told him to his face that since her husband was no thief, and did not possess any money of his own, Government had no right to make her eight children beggars by prohibiting her, a non-official person, from looking after their welfare. And there the matter ended. Society had to give in. Owing to her restless activity and to the help of the Indians, who simply worship her, she has earned, as she herself stated, with her own hands within twelve years five lakhs, or about £ 50,000.

Good Mrs. Morgan loves her mountains and is proud of them. She feels herself at one with them. Again, she considers her laborers of the Toda tribe and even the Badagas as part of her family, and cannot forgive Government for not recognising witchcraft and its dire consequences. "Our Government is simply silly," she angrily exclaimed while we were driving along.

"They refuse to appoint a committee to investigate these matters because they won't believe what Indians of all castes do believe. The Indians are much more prone than we imagine to use these horrible means in order to commit crimes with impunity. The fear of sorcery is so great in this country that it often induces people to kill a dozen innocent persons, by another kind of sorcery, for the purpose of saving one individual who had fallen ill and was likely to die owing to the evil eye of a Kurumba. Once while out riding it happened to me that my horse suddenly began to snort and champ his bit, and almost threw me out of the saddle by an unexpected side-leap. Looking for the cause of this all, I saw something very strange in the middle of the road. It was a big flat basket containing the head of a ram, which stared with lifeless eyes at the passers-by; a cocoanut; ten rupees in silver; some rice and a few flowers. This basket stood at the apex of a triangle made of three thin threads. The threads were plugged into the ground in such a manner that every passer-by, from whichever direction he might be coming, would infallibly tumble over them, break them and get himself touched by the 'sünnium.' This is the name given in our locality to this kind of sorcery, which is in full swing amongst the natives. It is generally used in case of an illness which is taking a fatal turn. Then a sünnium is put up. He who touches the threads, however lightly, falls ill and the patient recovers. The sünnium over which I almost tumbled had been erected in the darkness of the night in the middle of the most frequented road—that to the club. My horse saved me, but was lost itself; it died two days later. Must I not then think it absurd if some wiseacre should advise me not to believe in the sünnium and in sorcery? But what vexes me most is that our medical men attribute deaths caused by witchcraft to some unknown kind of fever. A strange fever indeed, which chooses its victims

so cleverly ! It never attacks people who had nothing to do with the Kurumbas ; it shows only in those who have had a dispute or some unpleasant encounter with them and aroused their wrath. There has never been any kind of fever in the Nîlgiri ; it is the healthiest country in the world. My children have never ailed since their birth. Now, look at Edith and Clara, are they not the very pictures of health ? ”

Indeed, every mother could rejoice if her children were as hale and strong as these two young girls. There having been no room for them in the carriage they had walked the four miles alongside of it and yet were now talking as quietly with us as if they had been sitting in the carriage. Jumping over ditches and rivulets had, after an hour's time only reddened their blooming cheeks a little.

But Mrs. Morgan did not listen to the expression of my sincere admiration for her daughters' health and strength. She continued to pour the vials of her wrath upon the medical men.

Finally she interrupted herself with the words : “ Look, here is one of the most beautiful Mūrṭi in the settlements of the Ṭoḍas. It is the abode of their oldest and holiest Kapilalla.”

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#### THE WATERS OF LIFE.

There soars a Mountain in the land of dreams,  
Whence one may view all Life's essential Flood,  
As from some woodland cliff Earth's dancing streams  
Are seen to be old Ocean's sylvan brood.

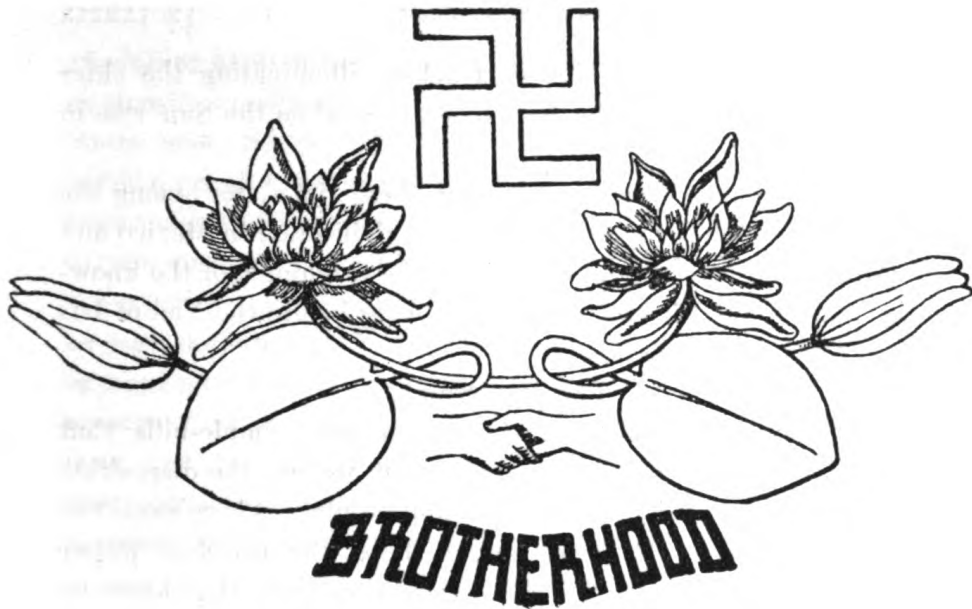
Like streams soft-stealing down long beechen glades  
To ripple clear with fuller waters fraught;  
Slow glide the lives of men through Death's dim shades,  
To joy anew in larger Love and Thought.

Their Fountain-Head, God's self-creative Word,  
Is e'en the Soul, singing its glad “ I am, ”  
Or babbling child-like, or but faintly heard,  
Scarce emanate the Sacrificial Lamb.

The poet sees that many lives must be  
Ere Perfect Man wins Immortality.

A. H. WARD.





ON THE STONE OF SACRIFICE.

THE POPOL VUH.

**T**H**ERE** is an old book on earth, not the "first" by any means. It saw the light of a printing office somewhere about the first half of the nineteenth century, to us already a past century. But its origin sometimes shines through the modern dates and words, words rather of 'modern' languages of the Indian tribes of Mexico, dates given by a learned modern priest. And through these, between the lines of the translation from the Indian recital, grows upon you the sensation of an extraordinary world, old, old, more ancient than all our antiquity; grows upon you also the realisation that this is transmitted from the days when the Earth's origin was as yet "close by," when the Earth's beginnings could be remembered by some, at least, who were more than men yet lived amidst men. They were not all on the Path of Right; indeed those who went on the Path of Self-Will as against the Path of the Law, were then, as now, "Princes of this world". Such were the mysterious ones called the Princes of Xibalba. The strange city, which certainly existed yet cannot be identified with any discovered ruins, was Xibalba, capital of the realm that is now Mexico.

Thus relates the *Popol Vuh*, the "Book of the Azure Veil"; and another very ancient record comes to our memory—the teaching from the East that the aura of the Earth, the Veil the

Sun throws over her, is blue—a teaching illuminating the older record, the tale born in the forgotten times when the Sun rose in the West.

But there are some witnesses of these times, for among the ruins of the Maya temples, of the Aztec civilisation in Mexico and in Peru, some direct traces remain of the teachings, of the knowledge that could lift the Azure Veil, long before the Veil of Isis fell on Egypt's sanctuaries.

#### THE RED STONE.

On many a teocalli, on those wondrous temple-hills that baffle most modern investigators of ancient Mexico, the disposition of the altar can still be seen, the holiest place where stood the Stone of Sacrifice. It is no longer there, the priceless jasper stone, lifted high up in the blue air of a country that knew no rain most of the year. It was raised on the top of the temple that was a mount, and its stern color was almost as divine in the eyes of men as was the green Chalchivitl, the stone borne only by kings, green like the first Ray of creation on this plane, according to the *Popol Vuh*.

The altar of red jasper stood on the temple's summit—a consummation. From the foot of the teocalli, round and round, a stair wound itself, so that to reach the next storey the pilgrims, or the priests, had to make the whole round. And on to the highest platform only one went, with the procession of priests. He was the chosen Victim of the Gods, the willing victim, a child of the nation itself, or a noble foe, prisoner of war, to whom this death was given as a mark of honor. For the Mayas and the Aztecs and the Toltecs, who still bore the name of their great Atlantean ancestors in Cortez's time—all these were loath to kill a slave<sup>1</sup>; his murder was punished by death. So the prisoner, who had lost his liberty, was offered a higher chance. He could fight, sword in hand, a chosen number of his victors. If he triumphed over all he was free. But if he could not win in that supreme contest, the Red Stone awaited him. And the Red Stone meant the sweet Mexican death of sacrifice, the Path to the Gods.

When the victim, prisoner or volunteer, reached the place of the sacrifice, he lay down on the huge block of jasper, the breast

<sup>1</sup> The second generation, sons of slaves, was free. *Nouvelle Revue*: "Un état socialiste idéal du passé."

raised, the head thrown back so that the heart was the most exposed spot. The Sun, travelling round the temple-ground, touched the Stone with its brightest ray of evening, making it glow in the unearthly red of a higher world, the deep sunlit violet red of some old wines. The hand of the High Priest then came down on the heart of the sacrificed, and earthly consciousness fled. The stroke of the sacrificial knife was not felt in the mighty vibration of New Life.

For he who wielded the 'knife'—and in olden times no blood was spilt by it—was a man chosen to the office of High Priest not by birthright or worldly station, but as the best among his countrymen. For the whole land there were only two such. And their hand could guide the heart beating its last on earth under their grip—it could guide across the Dark Portal. There a more strenuous fight awaited the newcomer than the last battle fought at the foot of the temple-mount.

As he lay, awaiting the sunray of death, the victim saw far down below the whole beauty of Earth in the melancholy light of sunset: the wide gardens, the azure lakes full of flower-crowned boats, the glowing summits of Colima, Popocatepetl, Orizaba—the giants of Mexico. The Peruvian looked up to the lonely summit of Chimborazo, the 'Silver Bell,' and dreamt of the 'Place of Gold,' the Temple of the Sun in Cuzco, with the palace of the Inca, his Master doubly, the 'Teacher of the Universe, the Dweller in Space'. And of the road beyond the clouds, through eternal snow or dreary solitudes of the Cordillera—the road so like unto that other path that led to Xibalba, the first Mexican who offered himself as a victim for his race.

Below, in the deepening shadows of the violet evening-rays, music arose, solemn but soft. The 'Council of Music,' ruler of public life, ordained these chants of Death and triumph for the Soul which awaited above the hour of fight supreme.....

This death on the Red Stone of sacrifice was but a great symbol of a higher, subtler mystery that could—in these times when evolution was in its dawn—only be taught by symbols majestic and terrible at once. In ancient Mexico (probably also in ancient Peru) to become a king, a man had first to become a victor. Strength and courage had to be proven before power and glory were conferred on him. And the

courage to go up the slowly-winding stairs to the place of final surrender of body and soul, the strength to await the hour of the death-stroke, not a muscle moving, in full view of the nation, or of the foes assembled at the foot of the Temple—this was the first step in the Path of many future Masters of men, of Life and Death. It was an easy step, though, in the extasy of the surrender to the respected hand of the High Priest, that lay on the beating heart of the victim, in the melting splendor of the evening, with the solemn choirs of voices and chords below. The Spirit rose on the vibrations of song like the condor falling into sleep over the summits of the Andes, with wings wide, out-stretched into the night—and thus with its wings it protected the beloved Race. Yet he knew—for Those who taught then, living amidst all, knew the Beginnings—that one day he would return and go through the great struggle on another plane. He knew that as the Earth had to risk the failure of a whole evolution in order to evolve a humanity<sup>1</sup>, as the mother risks her bodily life to give life to her child, the soul has to risk its individual existence to evolve will, that is at once strength and courage and freedom. But to conquer will he had to surrender it.

The youth, noble and pure, who gave himself up willingly to die on the Red Stone, was sure that all the weight, all the radiance of the earthly happiness and power he was giving up with physical life liberated from his personal self, would weigh and shine forth on the scale of his race's karma. The prisoner, noble and brave, who had failed to win freedom in fighting, was given the chance of gaining liberation in sacrificing personal pride to the will of the Gods, in sacrificing independence to make the world's individuality grow. This was the higher ordeal, the trial more bitter.

But this was the Symbol of greater things.

To the pupil on the Path, conscious or unconscious of treading it, as he grows, there comes a moment when there is no 'giving up,' no 'sacrifice' for him in its earthly sense. The renunciation of earth's praises is but the 'throwing away of pebbles to receive diamonds.' Even more. The act of giving anything of himself, his life, aye, his soul, is a favor *he* receives, is a *reward*, is Bliss.

<sup>1</sup> The Beginnings, the attempt of the Earth to create are very alike in *Popol Vuh* and the 'Stanzas of Dzyān.'

And the Flower of Extasy, born in olden times on the Red Stone, expands into full bloom on the Path of Discipleship.

This is the First Degree in learning the Greater Life.

But the pupil, life by life, grows to be a Power. There comes a moment when he realises that his will has become strong enough to influence events, not only men—when this power of will, all at once, is in his hand like a pointed arrow that can hit the aim, but can take life also.

There faces him another Dweller on the Threshold, the guardian of the Dark Portal where is foreshadowed the 'Temptation to become a God,' to be an independent Power in the divine freedom of Will, not for evil ends, but to aid the good, the best in evolution; but to be free in action, risking any karma, unfettered by limitations. There, hardly, the Dark Path lies, downwards, downwards, into the abyss of non-existence.

In this Portal, narrow as the razor's edge, the battle can be fought that wins sometimes freedom—very seldom. For one has to conquer all the mighty foes at once, such foes as can face us on that plane. But one can lift one's hands and let one's will rise to the Feet of one's Lord like a spark growing in brightness as it nears Him. When this ray touches the pupil's heart then "Earth's shadows fly." There is sunset below, but dawn in the Higher World.

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This came on the morn after looking at the new monument in S. Petersburg in memory of the victims of Tsushima. On a high column an eagle sits; its wing is broken, the left wing. But the right wing rises straight up to heaven and on it leans a Cross—the Cross of Constantine, on which the legend ran: "Through this thou shalt conquer."

Ancient Rome was great so long as there were men willing to face the abyss like Curtius, women strong enough to watch a whole life at the nation's hearth in Vesta's temple. Thus "every man and nation" will stand on the Path of true greatness so long as its sons are willing to die to earth and to self, its daughters glad to guard its own Holy Fire through all trials, so that there should rise a new star in the Heaven eternal where there is no East and no West.

NINA DE GERNET.

## THE MYSTICAL IDEA IN THE WORK OF RICHARD WAGNER<sup>1</sup>.

(Concluded from p. 24.)

### II.

#### THE PERIOD OF PESSIMISM.

IT was said that, somewhere in the remotest parts of the East, on a mountain far from the haunts of men, there stood the glorious Temple of Monsalvat. A band of virgin knights guard the Holy Grail, the sacred goblet in which, long ago, Joseph of Arimathæa received the blood of Christ; in which too, Jesus consecrated the bread and wine before his death. This vessel, like the symbolical goblet of wisdom in Druidical and Welsh tradition, contains liquor which confers divine science and super-human powers on those who drink thereof. In order that the Holy Grail may preserve its powers, however, the Dove of the Holy Ghost must alight upon it every year and instil into it anew the might of heavenly radiance as it hovers above the goblet. This symbol is an evident transformation of the sacrament of the Eucharist, which forms the very core of Christian worship. But let us see how the sacrament of the Grail differs from the Roman, the canonical sacrament, for this distinction constitutes the radical difference between truth according to esoteric teaching, and truth according to the Church; between the religion of the Initiates and that of the people. Only after many a trial and prodigious efforts do the knights of Monsalvat find the mountain and enter the sanctuary. Besides, the marvellous virtues of the Grail (read: Secret Science) endure only on condition that the heavenly dove (the symbol of inspiration) descends upon the goblet every year, to bestow on it renewed life. In the sacrament bestowed by the Church, salvation is an external thing: the result of a material fact. To obtain it, blind dogmatic faith and absolute submission to the Church are sufficient. For the knights of Monsalvat, on the other hand, salvation is the fruit of conquest. Grace is the response to effort alone. Faith becomes knowledge, a direct vision of truth. This truth, too, is no dogma imposed from without, it is an Initiation—an individual, inner revelation. But so striking, so

<sup>1</sup> Authorised translation by Frederic Rothwell from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15th October, 1908. The quotations from *The Rhinegold*, *The Valkyrie* and *Parsifal* are taken by permission from the translations in the scores published by Messrs. B. Schott and Sons.

mighty is this truth of the soul, that it unites with an indissoluble bond those who have once perceived it, consecrating them as brothers and combatants in the same cause.

Up to the present, literary historians have seen in the Holy Grail nothing but the play of the imagination or a glorification of the Catholic doctrine. We may see how far its profound meaning throws light on its historical significance, increasing its importance. The legend of the Holy Grail signifies nothing less than a return to that magnificent, that fecund idea of Initiation, which implies continuous revelation in humanity by the Elect. This idea, which formed the basis of the ancient Mysteries, was continued in the early Christian communities, right on to the end of the third century. It entirely disappeared from the Church, and was even ridiculed and repressed, persecuted in every way, beginning with S. Augustine. Why was this? Because S. Augustine substituted for personal revelation and Initiation, the blind faith and absolute authority of the Church.

The return of the esoteric idea into the Western world: such is the signification of the legend of the Holy Grail. The creators of the symbol were certainly acquainted with its meaning, sending it out into the world to propagate this idea. Those who gave it shelter and developed it, the French Troubadours and the German Minnesinger, men like Chrestien de Troye and Wolfram von Eschenbach, had, it may be, only a vague consciousness of it. It has however the magical virtue of those symbols which are well calculated to influence souls by the generating power of imagination, without any expression being given to the idea which they enfold.

The legend of Lohengrin, related as it is to that of the Holy Grail, dates back to the fourteenth century. It appears at the time when the spirit of individualism is arising in the West, with the movement in favor of free towns. Here is to be found a new translation of the esoteric idea by means of poetry, a translation or interpretation which is already more human and more allied to general understanding on its sentimental and pathetic side. The story goes that in a land bordering upon the northern seas, a King's daughter had been unjustly accused of a crime, and had, on this account, to be dispossessed of her kingdom. An unknown knight arrives in a barque, drawn by a swan. He comes forward

as defender of the accused lady, and proves her innocence by defeating her accuser in single combat; then he marries the princess he has delivered from her enemy and governs her kingdom. The stranger, however, has imposed one condition on this marriage: that his wife shall never ask for his origin or his name. She promises; but shortly afterwards, impelled by an invincible curiosity, she violates her promise and her husband's command. Thereupon the unknown savior bids his wife farewell, and departs as he had come. He embarks again on the small skiff, which is drawn away by a swan, and disappears for ever on the waves of the ocean. The chroniclers of the fourteenth century declare that this knight was an envoy of the Holy Grail.

The elaboration of this legend by Wagner in his *Lohengrin* is marvellously intuitive, for it may be looked upon as a faithful representation of the Initiate's mission in the world. The sanctuary appears only in the distance, but it is present in the person of the swan-knight. The sublime truth of which the Temple has the keeping is here revealed by the greatness of its envoy, the mystery that surrounds it, and its power over the human soul.

The lofty nature of Lohengrin is manifest as soon as he arrives in the midst of the warlike assembly, presided over by the King, in which is to take place the combat that shall decide the fate of Elsa. It betrays itself in his "farewell to the beloved swan" which has brought him there. Through this melody there passes a breath of heavenly felicity, already veiled with the sadness of earth, the atmosphere of those sublime realms from which he has come down to fulfil his message. The lofty rank of the Initiate is shown even better in the proud command he addresses to his *protégée*: "Never question me, nor attempt to discover either the country from which I have come, my name, or my race!" But when Elsa flings herself at his feet in a transport of faith and love, what an outburst of joy, what passionate tenderness is shown in the cry of Lohengrin: "Elsa, I love thee!" Then again, when Lohengrin reappears on the same spot to answer his wife's fatal question, when he reveals his origin and speaks of his father and the mysteries of the Grail, the Hero-Initiate unveils himself completely. A celestial light shines in his words and the dazzling splendor of the temple of Monsalvat bursts around him in orches-



tral glory. One has the feeling of a crushing revelation. This light, which stretches all around the knight of the Grail in widening circles, and issues from his speech, manifests him as a being apart from the King, from Elsa, and all the armed men around. It isolates, at the same time that it raises him above them. Compelled by his wife's question, he has soon said more than is necessary. One feels that it will not be possible for him to stay longer in this world. The charm is gone; the power which was to act beneath the veil of mystery is broken. He must now return to the company of his peers in the silence of Monsalvat.

Whilst the resolute firmness of Lohengrin in this drama represents the action of the Initiate in the world, Elsa, the wavering, loving wife, admirably typifies the human soul in its aspiration after truth. Inquisitive and dreamy of nature, a true daughter of Eve, Psyche's charming sister, she has had the power to feel the coming of her deliverer and to attract him to her. In dream, she has already seen her knight; but when he comes, she is not strong enough to keep him by her side. Her faith is intermittent, wavering between extasy and fear. Beneath the treacherous insinuations of Ortrud, the demon of hatred and envy, she has allowed suspicion to creep into her heart. In few strokes, though with a sure touch, the poet shows us how the poison of doubt and curiosity glides pollutingly into her purest sentiments. She would like to know the hero's name, in order to have an advantage over the rest. Feeble as she is, she imagines that the past life of her hero might bring misfortune upon her. In superb dignity, Lohengrin replies: "From the beginning I believed in thine innocence; thou too didst recognise me at the first glance . . . . . My deeds have proved to thee my nobility; without further proof, it were thy duty to believe in me!" Terror now blinds her; she will know all, so the fatal question is asked. Doubt has proved to be stronger than love. The divine faith which united the beloved wife to her deliverer, is no more. Between them yawns the abyss . . . . . he must take his departure . . . . . and Elsa will die of grief. All the same, it will be seen that the knight of the Holy Grail has not visited the world of forms to no purpose. The memory of him will leave behind a trail of light.

What is it that the swan represents in this drama? From the esoteric standpoint, everything therein has a definite meaning. According to the legend, so intelligently worked out by the poet, Ortrud, the sorceress, has changed Elsa's brother into a swan, in order to be free to accuse the princess of the murder of her brother. Now this is the very swan which brings Lohengrin from Monsalvat to save Elsa. At the end of the drama, Lohengrin restores him to his original form: he will be Prince of Brabant. All this seems to be the strange imagination of a fairy tale. Like many wonderful stories, however, there is a deep meaning behind this symbol. The swan, which, by reason of its dazzling whiteness and graceful, undulating form, seems like some visible melody, was the symbol of inspiration to the worshippers of Apollo. When on the point of death, it was said, he sings; for at that supreme moment his higher nature is being liberated. In the tradition of the Rosicrucians of the Middle Ages, as also in certain of the ancient Mysteries, the swan represented a degree of Initiation, the passage from the lower soul to the higher. The swan therefore, which brings Lohengrin across the mouths of the Scheldt to the shores of Brabant, represents the trusty and grateful disciple, bringing the master to those who need him. Thus everything unites to make of *Lohengrin* an esoteric drama, as luminous as it is profound.

#### *The Nibelungen Ring.*

In 1853, Wagner read a recently published book on philosophy which a friend of his, the German poet Herwegh, had handed to him. The title of the work was a very abstract and forbidding one, *The World as Will and as Representation*. The name of the philosopher was Schopenhauer. Wagner was dazed with wonder; from the very first, the philosopher of Frankfort had completely won him over. This influence lasted to the end of his life.

The novelty of Schopenhauer's philosophy to the men of the time, and its perfectly legitimate success, come from the fact that it was a transition between those systems of philosophy which base knowledge on pure reasoning (such as Hegel, Kant and the materialists Büchner and Moleschott) and a philosophy based on the direct intuition of things. "In reality, all truth and all wisdom dwell in contemplation," says Schopenhauer. This contemplation

of the universe, aided by intuition, enables the human mind to fathom the archetypes of all beings concealed behind their imperfect material copies. Hence the superiority of great art which sees the soul of things as well as their totality, over any special science which sees nothing more than their general appearance and detail. Here is the profound, the fruitful side of Schopenhauer. He shows himself superficial and barren in his definition of "the thing in itself," or of "the will to live," conceived as a principle of the universe. His error consists in seeing in blind instinct the origin of the great Whole, whereas it is only one of the lower manifestations of the nature of man. His narrowness is shown in refusing to the universe the principle of wisdom inherent in the soul and in the Spirit, which are the shapers of all worlds, both great and small. Hence the primordial and the final pessimism of this philosopher. The world, in Schopenhauer's view, is bad to begin with, and it can end in nothing but evil and suffering. Only through pity and art is it at all tolerable. The only way to make it perfect would be to do away with it, and thus arrive at final unconsciousness. Such is the gloomy conclusion drawn from fair premisses; this philosophy resembles a marble porch opening on to a dark, bottomless abyss. In a word, Schopenhauer is a Platonist in æsthetics, a Buddhist in morals, and almost a materialist in metaphysics.

It is not difficult to see what it was that charmed Wagner in this system. In it he found arguments for his æsthetics and confirmation of his inner experiences. The sovereignty of intuition over the other faculties corresponded with his own perceptions. The superiority of art over science and religion flattered his pride. Finally, the brilliant definition of music as unconscious metaphysics, a concentrated expression of the soul of the world, completely won him over. He also adopted the philosopher's pessimism, traces of which are manifest in his great work of this period, though we shall see how superior it is to the philosophy of Schopenhauer, both in the ideas it contains and in the spirit emanating therefrom.

I now come to *The Nibelungen Ring*, the central, colossal edifice of Wagner's work, with a view to extract from it its esoteric quintessence. The four dramas of the Tetralogy, *The*

*Rhinegold*, *The Valkyrie*, *Siegfried*, and *The Twilight of the Gods*, which form an indissoluble whole, in reality offer us the spectacle of a cosmogony. We pass from the world of Gods and demi-Gods to that of heroes and men. On the way, we enter the laboratory of the Cosmos, for we see man's birth in divine thought, we follow his tragic destiny, and with his end or downfall, we catch a faint glimpse of that of the Gods. Consequently, we are spectators of the creation and the end of a world. I wish to bring out here only the main ideas of this gigantic work, as personified in Erda, Wotan and Brünnhilde.

In *The Rhinegold*, where we find rising one above the other the hierarchy of forces in action throughout the universe, spirits of the wave and the air, of fire and earth, we see evil enter the world through the gold forged by the power of hatred. The Gods themselves are parties thereto, for they need gold wherewith to pay for the work of the giants who have built Walhalla. Suddenly an unknown Goddess, beautiful and solemn-looking, appears at the mouth of a cavern, and addressing Wotan, the master of the gods, says in solemn accents :

“ All that e'er was know I ; how all things are, how all things will be, see I too : the endless world's all-wise one, Erda, warneth thee now.

“ Hear me ! all that e'er was, endeth ! a darksome day dawns for your Godhood : be counselled, give up the Ring !”

A transcendently esoteric idea : Erda represents the soul of the world, manifested by the soul of earth. She calls herself “ the eternal Woman, the source of Wisdom, the seeing Dreamer.” In her dwell the archetypes, the models of all beings, from which the Gods work in the everlasting elaboration of the worlds. This idea of a universal soul, containing the beginnings of everything, anterior to all the individual Gods, who work in one determinate sphere, is certainly one of the profoundest conceptions of esoteric teaching. Marvellously has Wagner anticipated and formulated this idea. It is by Erda that Wotan is to beget Brünnhilde, the wise, heroic woman, as though the poet had wished to tell us that the human soul is the quintessential filtration of the universal soul and its conscious *résumé*.

The struggle between Wotan and his daughter, between the creative God and the conscious soul, forms the basis of *The Valkyrie*. Here Wagner, in strange fashion, has sifted and examined one of the great secrets of Aryan mythologies. In all these mythologies, we meet with the struggle between the creative God and the lower spirits, which are generally the spirits of Lucifer or of fire, whenever reference is made to man about whom they are quarrelling. In Hindū mythology, we have the struggle between Indra and the Asuras. Among the Persians, the struggle was between Ahuramazda and Ahriman; among the Greeks, between Jupiter and the Titans. In the Jewish-Christian tradition, it is scarcely hinted at; none the less does it appear in the struggle between Jehovah and Lucifer. It is always the creative God who wishes to keep the creature beneath his yoke, whilst his minister, the rebel angel, the demon, wishes to set him free, to give him divine power along with knowledge and liberty, and through these the power to create in turn, to become God himself in his fashion—an immortal soul sharing in divinity.

The originality of Wagner, in taking up this theme with all the augmented resources of his synthetic art, lies in the fact that he carried over the initial conflict into the very consciousness of the creative God, showing us the consequences of this inner struggle in the destiny of his offspring which is rebelling against him. Wotan, whose dream it is to see a free hero, has become united to a mortal woman. Twins are the result of this clandestine union. Separated in childhood by barbarian hordes, they meet later on in life, and love each other with ardent passion. The man, a desperate wanderer, finds the victorious sword which the God has concealed for him in the trunk of a tree, and sets his loved one free from the sway of a hated master. It is Wotan's desire to protect his son to the very end, but Fricka, his wife, the Scandinavian Juno, has no difficulty in proving to him that this pretended hero is not free, that he is only a docile instrument acting according to the promptings of his father. Will Wotan obey his impulsive sympathy, his burning desire for the new and unknown, or will he conform with the law he has himself set up? He adopts the latter course. Brünnhilde, however, his fearless companion in battle, the partner of his most secret plans, Brünnhilde, the conscious soul of

mighty love, cannot make up her mind to act with him. After an ineffectual attempt to bestow victory on Siegmund, whose sword Wotan breaks with his spear, she rides off with the wife of the dead hero and conceals her in an impenetrable forest. She knows that the hapless woman is pregnant, and that there, in the solitude of the wood, she will bring into the world the noblest and proudest of heroes, Siegfried, the free man.

Then there takes place the combat between the angry God and his daughter, who has taken refuge with her terrified sisters on the summit of a mountain situated in the centre of a wood of fir-trees. Mad with fury, Wotan, riding on the wings of the storm, overtakes Brünnhilde on the rock of the Valkyries, and scornfully leaves her half-dead at his feet, declaring that he will send her to sleep on the spot, and she shall be the prey of the first comer.

"I sentence thee not; thou thyself thy sentence hast shaped. My will alone awoke thee to life, yet against my will hast thou worked; thine 'twas alone to fulfil my commands, yet against me hast thou commanded; wish-maid thou wert to me, against me thy wish hast been turned; shield-maid thou wert to me, against me thy shield was up-raised; lot-chooser thou wert to me, against me the lot hast thou chosen; hero-stirrer thou wert to me, against me thou stirrest up heroes. . . . . What now thou art, say thou to thyself!"

Brünnhilde's reply reveals the nobility of her soul:

"By thy command only I fought. So didst thou decree as lord of the lots! As Fricka ensnared thy will to her service, when thou wert forced to befriend her, foe wert thou to thyself. No wisdom have I, yet know I this one thing, that the Wälsung thou lovedst. I knew all the strife forcing thy will that drove that love from remembrance. The other only couldst thou discern which, so sad to sight, preyed on thy heart—that Siegmund might not be shielded. As for thee I held but the one in my eyes, when untrammelled wert thou by two-fold desire, blindly thy back on him turning! She who in the field wards thy back from the foe, she saw now only what thou saw'st not: Siegmund I beheld. Death-doom I brought to him there; I looked in his eyes and heard his lament; I discerned the hero's bitter distress; loudly resounded the plaint of the bold one: unbounded love's most hopeless saddest despair, heart's most dauntless disdain! My ears have heard, my eyes have seen what, deep in my bosom, with awe and trembling filled all my heart. Dazed and shrinking stood I in shame. How I might serve him must I bethink me: triumph or death to share with Siegmund: that seemed only the lot I could choose! He who this love into my heart had breathed, whose will had placed the Wälsung at my side, true only to him, thy word did I defy."

Wotan: "Now thy lightsome heart henceforth shall lead thee: from me hast thou turned away. . . . . In slumber fast shalt thou be locked: whose the helpless one finds and wakes shall win thee for wife!"

Brünnhilde: "If fetters of sleep fast shall bind me, for basest craven an easy booty; this one thing must thou grant me, in deepest anguish I pray: O shelter me sleeping with scaring horrors, that but the first most fearless of heroes e'er may find me here on the fell! . . . . This one thing must thou grant me! O crush thou thy child who clasps thy knee; tread down thy dear one, destroy the maid, let thy spear put out the light of her life: but cast not, in thy wrath, on her this most hateful shame! By thy command enkindle a fire; with flaming guardians girdle the fell, to lick with tongue, to bite with tooth the craven who rashly dareth to draw near the threatening rock!"

Wotan recognises his daughter in this cry of the Valkyrie. He is beaten; the loving virgin has won the victory over the stern unbending God, the power of Love has triumphed over rigid law. Absolutely bent on inevitable separation, though troubled in his inmost being, the God of Walhalla opens his arms to Brünnhilde. She sinks into them, and he presses her to his breast for the last time. After a long grief-stricken look into those eyes he will never see more, he seals them with his lips and the maiden is plunged into a magnetic sleep, profound as death. Lulled to sleep by the kiss of a God, she will awake only at the kiss of a hero. Then she will be no more a Goddess, but a mortal. This moment, when divine and human mingle in one powerful, chaste embrace, is perhaps the most sublime in this magnificent drama of the Tetralogy. The enveloping magic of the accompanying symphony gives us an expression of its frenzy. The witching sleep-motive comes sweeping over the vivid crackling fire, quelling it beneath the caress of its imperious, gentle rhythm. Finally bursts forth an heroic fanfare, and like a giant there rises on the sea of ethereal fiery sparks the triumphal motive of the future hero who is to rouse the Valkyrie from her sleep.

Such a scene, to the accompaniment of such music, needs no commentary. At this point, however, the important thing is to specify the esoteric meaning of the old Scandinavian legend, whose scope has been so widely extended by Wagner's thrilling vision. What is this fire, with which Wotan encircles the warrior maiden, as with a bulwark in her defence? It has several meanings. The fire personified in the drama by the God Loge, represents the fire principle, one of the essential elements of creation, subtle, ethereal fire of which the physical is only the outcome on the material plane. This fire, which surrounds Brünnhilde, the virgin Goddess become woman, or, to speak more clearly, the soul, incarnated in the physical body,

here becomes the human aura, the radiance of the astral body, perceived by seers, with all its changing colorings, which correspond with the play of passions and sentiments. This aura acts magnetically even on those who do not see it. It is the principle of involuntary antipathies and sympathies. It is not difficult then to imagine that, in the case of a nature as strong as that of Brünnhilde, the aura will afford the sensation of a devouring fire, and that none but a man devoid of fear will dare to brave it in the might of his desire. Such, for the Occultist, are the psychic and cosmogonic correspondences of myth and true poetry with science.

This final scene from *The Valkyrie* makes one think of the incarnation of a soul, beheld from some supraterrrestrial sphere and guided by a powerful Spirit. It produces a magical effect of order, a superhuman emotion, which the impressionable spectator often translates in some such terms as : "I felt myself carried away into another world." I have endeavored to show the why and wherefore of this unique impression in the modern theatre. From this profoundly esoteric tableau we will pass to the final scene of *The Twilight of the Gods*, which concludes the Tetralogy and shows us the death of the heroine. Here Schopenhauer has left the impress of his seal. Perhaps it is the only place in the whole of Wagner's work in which the poet has really given way to the philosopher. Brünnhilde, after being betrayed by Siegfried, has had him slain at the hands of Hagen, and now she flings a lighted torch against the hero's funeral pile, on to which she is about to throw herself. Then, in solemn accents, she proclaims the burning of the palace of the Gods. With her, they too will come to an end. The conscious woman, however, who now through her grief has seen the base and foundation of things, declares aloud her testament before all.

Brünnhilde: The race of the Gods has passed away like a breath. I leave the world without a guide, but I bequeath to men the pure arcanum of my sacred science. Neither land nor gold, house nor court, lordly pomp nor the deceptive bonds of human compacts, nor the harsh laws of hypocritical customs afford happiness. In pain and joy there is no bliss apart from Love !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In this extract, the influence of Schopenhauer is all the more evident, seeing that in the first version of the work, *The Death of Siegfried*, published in Vol. II of the *Complete Works*, Brünnhilde speaks quite differently. She states that after being consumed by fire along with Siegfried, she will present him to Wotan, and thus, the purified hero and heroine will deliver the God from the curse which has been hanging over him as well as over themselves. This conclusion is dated at a period when Wagner had not yet made the acquaintance of Schopenhauer.



This is a striking, a dramatic end; still, it offers future humanity no other prospect than anarchy. What then? In the magnificent epitome of his four music-dramas, the poet has shadowed forth the whole planetary evolution. With Titanic might, he has brought man and the human soul out of a world of splendor and truth. He has culled them from the very thought of the creative God, from the dream of the world-soul, shaped and formed them in the stream of elements to bring them to the heights of dignified self-consciousness; is all this to no other purpose than to reduce them to dust? We are told that all the Gods are dead, that all limits are abolished, unavailing are all the laws and vain all compacts and oaths; is there left to survive in this chaos of destruction nothing but love, without either guide, sun or God? The Scandinavian myth, too, spoke of a Twilight of the Gods, but there they are brought back to birth and transformed into a new Walhalla, with another earth and a new heaven. Enough if we express the conclusion of the Wagnerian cosmogony and state that Wagner did not write it in his higher consciousness as a poet-seer, but rather in his lower consciousness as a despairing thinker who is undergoing the influence of Schopenhauer. For after all, this is the final expression of this philosophy of pessimism. According to it, the world and mankind are only one perpetual, fatal abortion, and the only hope is to die in beauty and have no further being.

Could the author of *Lohengrin*, the creator of this large-hearted Brünnhilde, be satisfied with this? In *Parsifal*, we shall see him leap from this pit of darkness and ascend to the topmost peaks.

### III. THE CHRISTIAN PERIOD.

#### *Parsifal.*

After his establishment at Bayreuth and the inauguration of his theatre up to the time of his death, *i.e.*, from 1876 to 1883, Wagner was swayed more than ever by a spirit of philosophic unrest. From pagan pessimism he comes back to the consoling hopes of Christianity. The religious question and the future of humanity are the problems which now harass and torment him.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *Art and Religion, Heroism and Christianity, etc.*, in Vol. X of the *Complete Works*.

But Schopenhauer, the austere, keen-eyed, sour-visaged philosopher is always there, whispering in his ear such terrible maxims as the following: "Man is a wild beast." "Hope is the heart's madness." "Instead of identifying nature with God as the pantheists do, it would be better to identify it with the devil." Against such distressing dogmas, Wagner's inmost nature protests. He taxes his ingenuity in refuting them and racks his brain to find satisfactory arguments. Finally, he adopts the following: "The negation of the will to live takes for granted the highest degree of energy," and "he who knows his evil is master of his deliverance." Poor consolation indeed, for in order to be cured of an evil, it is not sufficient to know it, you must also find out the remedy. Wagner now confesses that art alone is not sufficient for the regeneration of mankind. It could only work, he says, on the basis of a true religion. Not only can he not see this religion in our corrupt worship, he even scarcely dares hope that the future will see it either. The fact is that, in order to believe in the regeneration of humanity, he would have to reconstruct that divine world he had shattered to the ground in the *Twilight of the Gods*. Still, that of which the thinker is incapable, the poet-musician will attempt in *Parsifal*, and this will be the last victory, though a brilliant one, of the intuitive seer over the powerless reasoner.

Then what is *Parsifal*? It is a return to the legend of the Grail, and, along that line, to the idea of Initiation. Instead, however, of showing us the temple from a distance, in perspective, he is about to enter the very heart of the sanctuary. For *Parsifal* offers us the very drama of Initiation in three acts; 1st act: The Preparation; 2nd act: The Test; 3rd act: Illumination and Mastership.

The child has been brought up in a desert, in the recesses of a forest. His mother Herzeleide, or Heart-Sorrow (the German translation of the significant name of *Douloureuse* which she bears in French fiction), worships him and keeps jealous guard over him. Her son grows up in solitude, amidst the birds and beasts of the forest; he knows nothing of men or the outside world. By these means, she hopes to prevent him from going forth, like his father Gamuret, to meet death in daring combat.

But no one can escape his destiny ; everything you do to avoid it, only flings you back upon it the more violently. Nothing can prevent the youth from obeying the necessity for action stirring within him. One day he meets a body of knights in glittering armor ; he wishes to follow and become like one of them. Carried away by the desire for glory, he leaves his weeping mother, taking with him no other weapons than his bow and arrows. Parsifal is "the blameless fool," but this appellation which the temple oracle gives to its future King does not proclaim Parsifal's whole nature. Along with innocence and courage, he possesses also the gift of pity or sympathy, and this to such a degree that he is able to revive within himself the sufferings of others and discover their cause. This faculty consequently implies comprehension in germ. Far beyond the physical senses, far above reason, it ascends to the spiritual springs of the soul. Thus it becomes the germ of intuition and clairvoyance, and, as a result, the essential means of Initiation into truths that transcend the senses.

Wagner demonstrates this admirably in the way in which he presents to us his hero. When Parsifal, still ignorant of everything, arrives in the domain of the Grail, in his innocence he kills a swan with an arrow from his bow. Gurnemanz, guardian of the temple, shows him the dying bird with its snow-white plumage all stained with blood and its drooping eyes from which the light had fled. Stirred with emotion, Parsifal turns away his head, breaks his bow in two and flings it from him with a feeling of horror. It is his first revelation, the first thrill in his youthful soul, of that universal soul which binds together all beings. Gurnemanz leads him away into the temple, where he is present at the ceremony of the Holy Grail. The astonished novice hears the sound of the low-tolling bells, he sees the knights, all clad in white, assemble beneath the dome, he beholds the blood of the Christ flashing in the crystal goblet, and flooding with its beams the doughty knights there assembled. Parsifal understands nothing, he appears to be in a dream. But when Amfortas, the King who is unworthy of his office because he is impure, utters his despairing wail, the newcomer suddenly raises his hand to his heart which thrills beneath the emotion of an unknown suffering. When the ceremony is at an end, the kind-hearted guardian asks the intruder if he understands

what he has seen. Parsifal shakes his head, and the disappointed Gurnemanz drives him petulantly out of the temple. The marvellous sight, however, which has become stamped in the young man's soul and the thrill he felt throughout his whole being, in presence of the pain and suffering of Amfortas, are to be the beginning of his Initiation.

The second act, that of the Test, takes place in the castle of Klingsor, which is contrasted with the fortress of the Holy Grail, as being a den of black magic, of voluptuousness and perdition. It brings us into the presence of the evil-minded sorceress and the seductive Kundry. This Kundry is one of the most life-like and original of Wagner's creations, one of those which best reveal how great is the power of his esoteric divination. She is possessed of two personalities, two opposites, alternating souls which cause her to lead in turn two existences absolutely antagonistic to each other. At times, when controlled by the evil magician who artfully lays hands on her and forces her to serve his base designs, she passionately yields to her instincts of voluptuousness and seduction. Then in her pride, her caressing, irresistible charm, she entices the youthful knights of the Grail into her net. It is she who has seduced Amfortas and thus enabled Klingsor to rob him of the sacred spear. She too it is who has been charged to tempt Parsifal, Klingsor's most formidable enemy because he is innocent and pure. All the same, Kundry is neither a venal courtesan nor a common passionate woman. In all her successive loves, she ever aspires after deliverance, feeling instinctively that she would find her salvation only by the help of him who could resist her. In vain does she seek, all men are weak and cowardly before her charms. In her a feeling of scorn accompanies her pleasure in conquest. When she sees them helpless and spent at her feet, an outburst of mad laughter comes over her. Then, keen-tipped as arrows, follow remorse and repentance. She changes her costume, she changes her mood and even her very life and goes out to serve the Knights of the Grail, wearing a rough gipsy dress, taking to them balm and herbs. In this way she obeys a secret urge to atone for the evil she has done. This lasts for a time, then her other nature, the wild desire, the need of forgetting everything in sensation, regains possession of her. In vain is her struggle, leth-

argic sleep overpowers her. The evil magician takes advantage of this to regain his hold over her. When she awakes, she is in his power, ready to begin once more her former life with a fresh adventure.

This conception, in itself alone, would be remarkable as a working-out of the sub-consciousness and the double personality, recently investigated by experimental psychology though insufficiently elucidated, seeing that psychology is ignorant of their causes. Now, these causes are precisely what Wagner sets forth. He takes for granted that this double nature comes from the previous existences of Kundry, and says so distinctly. In the first act, Gurnemanz throws out the suggestion to the young knights who are jesting with the gipsy on her fiendish appearance, that: "Sin may she rue and live anew, to cleanse her guilt that lies unshriven, of former life not yet forgiven." In the second act, in order to awake her, Klingsor summons her by giving her the names she bore in other existences: "Hell's Rose-blossom! Witch primeval! Herodias!" Finally Kundry herself calls to memory an all-important incident in one of her former lives and this impressive moment is the axis of the whole of her evolution. When she wishes to pursue Parsifal in the garden of the Flower-Maidens, after trying all her charms and spells, she finally lays bare before him her grief-stricken heart:

Kundry: "Oh! Knowest thou the curse that holds me sleeping, waking; in death and living; pain and laughter; to new affliction steeled anew, endless is my torment here. I saw Him—Him—then laughed I. . . . . On me fell His look. I seek Him now from world to world, yet once more to behold Him. In darkest hour ween I that He now is near; His eye on me doth rest!"

Now the One she saw was the Christ. This the music proclaims with poignant force, as we listen to the tender, sorrow-laden theme, which signifies throughout the whole drama the suffering of the man-God. Could one possibly be clearer? Through the utmost limits of feeling and consciousness Wagner here returns to the idea of reincarnation, which for two thousand years had disappeared from the religion and philosophy of the West and is now returning from every quarter, and with such power. Yes, the explanation of Kundry's character is to be found in her former lives, in her double karma, to use the Samskr̥t expression, in the violent ebb and flow of evil and good, struggling within her for mastery.

How comes it that Parsifal finds strength to resist the tempter, though the charm of the woman and of her voluptuousness has sent a thrill through his entire being? Is it in accordance with a rule of abstract morality? Or in obedience to a dogma? No, it is because, on receiving Kundry's kiss, there came to him, along with the revelation of voluptuousness, that of the suffering endured by Amfortas, whom a like kiss has rendered faithless to his mission, and has handed over, defenceless, to the attack of Klingsor, who wounds him with his own lance. Parsifal now feels the wound of the suffering King burning in his own breast; he will know neither peace nor rest until he has healed him. He has risen superior to temptation because sympathy for human suffering has been stronger than the lust of the flesh. By means of this self-conquest, this conquered power, "the blameless fool" will have power to save both Amfortas, the fallen King, and Kundry, the passionate woman, who will in the end assuage her eternal desire in infinite love, when the time comes for her to give up the ghost at the feet of her crowned victor in the temple of the Grail.

In the last act of *Parsifal*, that of the revelation, rightly so called, I will take up only the two most characteristic scenes, inasmuch as they express two essential thoughts of esoteric Christianity: the one known by the name of the Good Friday spell, and the final scene of the illumination of the temple by the mystic Dove.

When Parsifal, now conscious of himself and transformed by prolonged test, finds Kundry repentant near the sacred spring, after he has baptised her with pure water and Gurnemanz has crowned him King of the Grail, anointing him with the perfumed oil of this new Magdalen, prostrate at the feet of her deliverer, there streams from the orchestra a melody of surpassing sweetness. The flowers of the meadow exhale a fragrant odor beneath the dew; radiant with a new grace, they seem to be looking at the wonderful group. The old guardian of the Grail exclaims: "It is the sinner's tear repentant that now with holy dew doth field and mead bestrew: so grace and beauty lendeth. Now all creation doth rejoice herein the Savior's love to trace . . . . On cross uplifted Him no more it seeth; it therefore looketh up to man redeemed; who thus set free from evil doing fleeth, by Love's

great sacrifice made pure and whole." Throughout this scene, and in this melody especially, is present an inexpressible sentiment of the resurrection of the soul by divine love, as well as of the regenerating influence which man, in possession of all his powers, exercises not only over his fellow-men but even over all beings. It is worthy of note that this scene, both words and music, was composed before the rest of the drama: a spontaneous, unpremeditated inspiration which came to the poet-musician one glorious Good Friday morning at Zurich. This idea of a resurrection of the soul in this present life, and of a transformation of the whole of nature by universal Love, is the great glad tidings brought into the world by Christianity and added on to previous revelations.

The white Dove which descends from the dome of the temple, at the end of the mystery, and hovers above the goblet of the new King of the Grail, in which glows the blood of the Christ, is the recognised symbol of the Holy Ghost, the Sophia of old, or inspiration from above. As it floods the sanctuary with its marvellous light, it resumes the real meaning given to it by the primitive founders of the legend of the Holy Grail. It means that this inspiration and wisdom can act upon humanity in a fruitful and effective manner, only by means of an organic group of conscious Initiates, who constitute the spiritual temple. An invisible choir chants the words: "Redeemed our Redeemer!" This means that the spirit of the Christ is not always to be found where his official representatives are.

To sum up my conclusions in a few words, I would say: Wagner offers the rare example of an artist whose resistless and unrepressed inspiration always proves stronger than the preconceived ideas of his age, even stronger than his own doubts. In this way, he has enabled the light to pierce the strong bulwark of contemporary materialism and to stream upon the vast realms of the soul and the Spirit. Here too, he has anticipated Christian esoterism, which, joining with the Promethean idea of Greece and the ancient wisdom of India, proclaims the dawn of a new era on the human race.

EDOUARD SCHURÉ.

## THE VOICE OF THE VOICELESS.

I am the voice of the voiceless ;  
Through me, the dumb shall speak ;  
Till the deaf world's ear be made to hear  
The cry of the wordless weak.  
From street, from cage, and from kennel,  
From jungle and stall, the wail  
Of my tortured kin proclaims the sin  
Of the mighty against the frail.

I am a ray from the Centre ;  
And I will feed God's spark,  
Till a great light glows in the night and shows  
The dark deeds done in the dark.  
And full on the thoughtless sleeper,  
Shall flash its glaring flame,  
Till he wakens to see what crimes may be  
Cloaked under an honored name.

The same Force formed the sparrow  
That fashioned man, the king ;  
The God of the Whole gave a spark of soul  
To furred and to feathered thing.  
And I am my brother's keeper,  
And I will fight his fight,  
And speak the word for beast and bird,  
Till the world shall set things right.

Let no voice cavil at Science—  
The strong torch-bearer of God ;  
For brave are his deeds, though dying creeds  
Must fall where his feet have trod ;  
But he who would trample kindness  
And mercy into the dust—  
He has missed the trail, and his quest will fail ;  
He is not the guide to trust.

For love is the true religion,  
And love is the law sublime ;  
And all that is wrought, where love is not,  
Will die at the touch of time.



And Science, the great Revealer,  
 Must flame his torch at the Source ;  
 And keep it bright with that holy light  
 Or his feet shall fail on the course.

Oh, never a brute in the forest,  
 And never a snake in the fen,  
 Or ravening bird, starvation-stirred,  
 Has hunted his prey like men.  
 For hunger, and fear, and passion  
 Alone drive beasts to slay,  
 But wonderful man, the crown of the Plan,  
 Tortures, and kills, *for play*.

He goes well fed from his table ;  
 He kisses his child and wife ;  
 Then he haunts a wood, till he orphans a brood,  
 Or robs a deer of its life.  
 He aims at a speck in the azure ;  
 Winged love, that has flown at a call ;  
 It reels down to die, and he lets it lie ;  
 His pleasure was seeing it fall.

And one there was, weary of laurels,  
 Of burdens and troubles of state ;  
 So the jungle he sought, with the beautiful thought  
 Of shooting a she-lion's mate.  
 And one came down from the pulpit,  
 In the pride of a duty done,  
 And his cloth sufficed as his emblem of Christ,  
 While murder smoked out of his gun.

One strays from the haunts of fashion  
 With an indolent, unused brain ;  
 But his sluggish heart feels a sudden start  
 In the purpose of giving pain.  
 And the fluttering flock of pigeons,  
 As they rise on eager wings,  
 From prison to death, bring a catch in his breath,  
 Oh, the rapture of killing things !

Now, this is the race as we find it,  
 Where love, in the creed, spells hate ;  
 And where bird and beast meet a foe in the priest  
 And in rulers of fashion and state.  
 But up to the Kingdom of Thinkers  
 Has risen the cry of our kin ;  
 And the weapons of thought are burnished and brought  
 To clash with the bludgeons of sin.

Far Christ, of a million churches,  
 Come near to the earth again ;  
 Be more than a Name ; be a living Flame ;  
 " Make Good " in the Hearts of Men.  
 Shine full on the path of Science,  
 And show it the heights above,  
 Where vast truths lie for the searching eye  
 That shall follow the Torch of Love.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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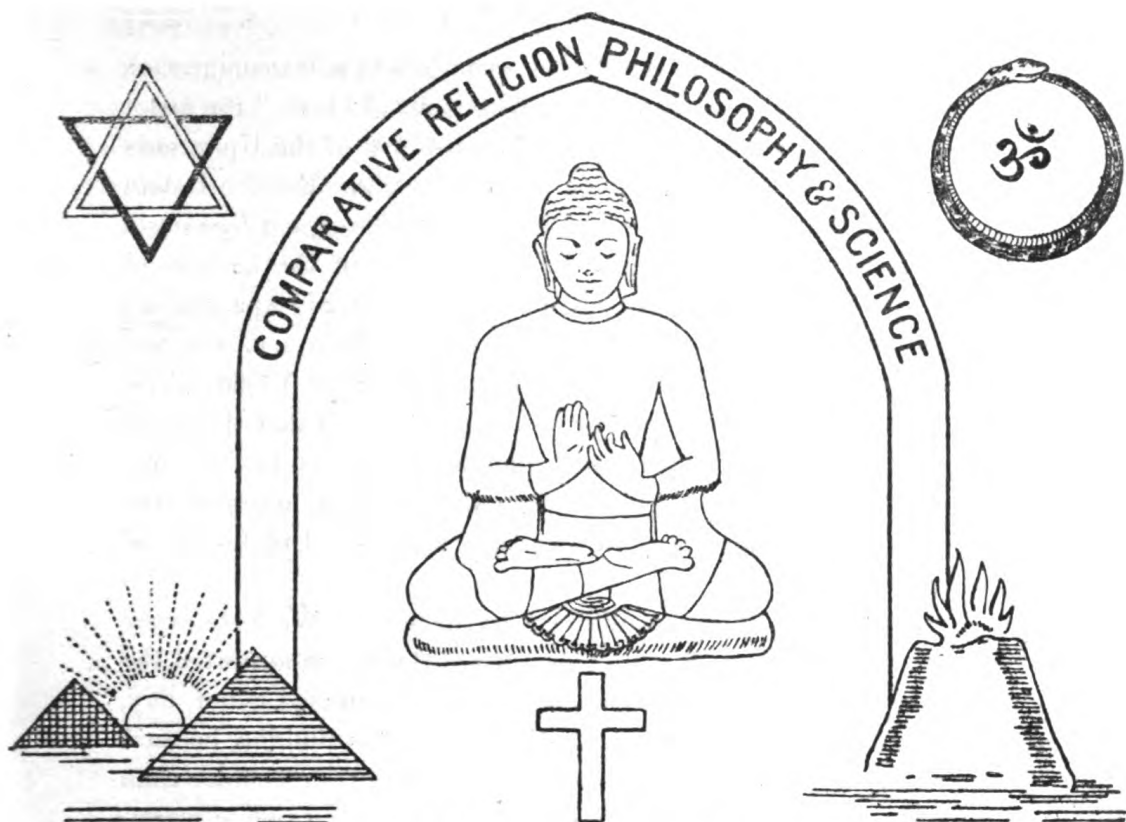
God gave you life : God therefore gave you the law. God is the sole lawgiver to the human race. His law is the sole law you are bound to obey. Human laws are only good and valid in so far as they conform to, explain, and apply the law of God. They are evil whensoever they contrast with or oppose it, and it is then not only your right but your duty to disobey and abolish them.

MAZZINI.

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We need examples of people who, leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, decide for themselves that they will be happy in it, and have resolved to seek—not greater wealth, but simpler pleasure ; not higher fortune, but deeper felicity ; making the first of possessions, self-possession ; and honoring themselves in the harmless pride and calm pursuits of peace.

RUSKIN.



### PYTHAGORAS AND THE INDIANS.<sup>1</sup>

**I**N the last number of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* of Great Britain and Ireland there is a highly suggestive paper, by Mr. A. Berriedale Keith, on "Pythagoras and the Doctrine of Transmigration." It is a complete refutation of Leopold von Schroeder's study (in German) on "Pythagoras and the Indians," not only as far as reincarnation is concerned (as it might appear from the title) but, indeed, of any item adduced for a connexion between Pythagoras and the Indians. Any such connexion is denied by Mr. Keith on the strength of arguments which are, on the whole, well worth considering, though the principal one appears to us to be erroneous.

It has been known for some time that the Orphic societies go back into the seventh century B. C. and that they believed in some sort of reincarnation. From this Mr. Keith argues that the thesis of the Indian origin of the Greek doctrine of reincarnation "cannot even chronologically be upheld with any plausibility," the

<sup>1</sup> See our October issue, p. 148 fl.

less so as the Indian and the Pythagorean beliefs in transmigration "have their roots in a completely different set of ideals," the latter being purely ethical, whereas the highest goal of the Upaniṣads (enlightenment) has nothing to do with ethics. For the Indian doctrine of reincarnation appears first in *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣad*, which is later than *Ṣatapatha Brāhmaṇa*, one of the authors of which, Ṣvetaketu, is called an *avara* or modern writer in Āpastamba's *Dharma-Sūtra*, which cannot be placed earlier than B. C. 300, and Ṣvetaketu, as is well-known, was a contemporary of Yājñavalkya, the reputed author of the doctrine in question, so that the latter "cannot go much further back than B.C. 600, if so far." "We must not exaggerate the fact that the Buddha accepted the doctrine into a view that it was then a universal philosophical belief."

Against this the following may be objected. We have every reason to believe that at the time when Buddhism appeared the doctrine of reincarnation *was* a universal philosophical belief, nay, that it was so already some decenniums *before* the Buddha, because the religion of the Jainas, which is based on it, is older than Buddhism. How is it possible to imagine that the simple beginnings of the doctrine in *Bṛhadāraṇyaka* and *Chāndogya Upaniṣads* developed within but sixty or seventy years into such elaborated systems of the Sāṃsāra as that of Makkhali Gosāla, a contemporary and adversary of the Buddha, not to speak of the latter himself or of the Jains? Or, leaving reincarnation aside, how are we to account for the fact that instead of the one Brahmā of the older Upaniṣads we have in the Buddha's doctrine a heaven (plane) of Mahābrahmās; that instead of the naïve, tentative descriptions of the origin of the world we have a fixed theory accepted, not founded, by the Buddha, of the periodical creation and dissolution of innumerable solar systems? Such changes require very much more time than Mr. Keith would make us believe<sup>1</sup>, and they certainly take us back to a sufficiently early date to make an Indian origin of even the Orphic belief chronologically possible. Nor is it necessary or even likely that Pythagoras derived his knowledge from the Orphic

<sup>1</sup> Especially if we consider that (judging from Professor Jacobi's calculation just now shown correct; see his article in the same number of the *Journal*) Indian culture took more than a millenium to develop from the *Rgveda* to the Upaniṣads.

societies ("a genius's version of a popular belief"). The Orphic doctrine was not 'popular' (at least not at that early time) but secret, nor was it so universally spread that Pythagoras must needs have come into contact with it.

According to tradition as well as to the direct testimony of Herakleitos, the knowledge on which Pythagoras based his system had been acquired by him not at home but through extensive travelling in foreign countries. We must also protest against the use Mr. Keith makes of Āpastamba's *Dharma-Sūtra*. It is unscientific to found a chronological hypothesis on the occurrence of a name which may have very well belonged to *several* individuals. Again it is a rash conclusion to say that the Pythagorean view, because it "knows no *brahman* utterly and wholly cut off from the ordinary world," cannot go back to India. For we know that the *advaita* feature of Vedānta remained in the back-ground, confined to a very small circle if not altogether forgotten for a long time, up to Sankarācārya's great reformation. At all times the bulk of the Indian people, though perfectly familiar with the doctrine of reincarnation, knew nothing of the neuter Brahman and final absorption into it. There is absolutely nothing telling for an Orphic origin of the belief of Pythagoras in reincarnation except the geographical possibility. But since the Greeks themselves, earlier and later ones, have attributed his doctrine as a whole to foreign influence, and since to them a prominent feature (if not the most prominent feature) of the same was this very doctrine of reincarnation, it is still wisest to assume that Pythagoras learnt it from the Indians, either directly (through a journey to the Brahmans recorded by Alexander Polyhistor) or indirectly. In the latter case there is a possibility overlooked by Mr. Keith. It is, indeed, not likely that Pythagoras met Indians in Asia Minor, but he may have met some in Syria or Egypt. For the occurrence of Tamil words in the Old Testament (in connexion with the voyages to Ophir)<sup>1</sup> and the recent discovery, in ancient Memphis, of the remains of an Indian quarter leave us unable to doubt any longer that Indians actually visited the Mediterranean even before the time of Pythagoras. As to the

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<sup>1</sup> Discovered, I believe, by the late Dr. G. Oppert.

Egyptians themselves, it is now pretty certain that they cannot have been the instructors of Pythagoras in this subject.<sup>1</sup> “No reference to metempsychosis has yet been found in Egyptian texts,” says Mr. Griffith, the Reader in Egyptology in Oxford, and from Professor Wiedemann we learn that the Egyptian notion of metempsychosis was simply this, that he who spends a happy life in the fields of Aalū could, if this celestial life should pall, return to wander on earth, visiting the places he had loved in life, and that he could change himself into a heron, a swallow, a snake, a crocodile, a god—could indeed take any form he pleased. This seems to have induced Herodotos—who, on the one hand, was inclined to attribute anything wonderful to the Egyptians, and, on the other hand, looked (like Herakleitos at Pythagoras) at the doctrines of Pythagoras and Empedokles as stolen wisdom—erroneously to ascribe to the Egyptians Empedokles’ grand theory of the Saṃsāra which had in reality quite a different source—whether Indian or not, we will not here decide.

DR. F. OTTO SCHRÄDER.

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Who prays for wisdom, ere his prayer is done  
 He hath its answer; and his wish is won;  
 For naught in wisdom can much higher rise  
 Than the ambition to be truly wise.

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<sup>1</sup> See page 579 fl. of the last number of the *J. R. A. S.*

## THE TETRAKTYS.

(Concluded from p. 72).

USING a slightly different terminology, the manifested trinity may be described as Consciousness, the Object of Consciousness, and the Vehicle of Consciousness. The underlying unity then becomes that Abstract Consciousness which, in the Absolute, is the same as Unconsciousness.

In this case the Vehicle of Consciousness occupies the place of the relation; and there are two aspects of every relation. It separates and yet at the same time brings together the two terms between which it stands; which is precisely the work performed by body or vehicle. It separates Consciousness within from the Object of Consciousness without, and at the same time links the two together. This is Shakti, energy, the goddess, the vehicle of the God, through whom He obtains a body for purposes of manifestation on a lower plane. Here come in the various myths of the father who is born as his own son, and of the son who is symbolically spoken of as having wedded his mother and become his own father.

Because Shakti or energy is the relation, it has two aspects, repulsion and attraction. Repulsion begins the work of creation by scattering and vivifying atoms out of the relative unity of Mūlaprakṛti; attraction builds together the atoms into vehicles; and finally Self descends into the vehicles so formed. Simply stated, however, body or vehicle is nothing but the relation between consciousness and its object. It is the "ring pass not" of consciousness.

In absolute unity Self and Not-Self are the same; consciousness and unconsciousness cannot be distinguished here; neither can being and non-being. These are only separate during manifestation, when consciousness is enclosed in its vehicle; and the creative fiat that brings a universe into being may be said to consist in the establishment of relation, while the abolition of relation brings about universal pralaya.

If a Self be imagined to come into manifestation by means of its vehicle, the relation, the rest of the universe will constitute its Not-Self. Unity will have disappeared; duality will have

supervened ; and one aspect of that duality, the Self, will see the other aspect, the Not-Self, but will not see unity. This is what Subba Rao means when he writes that the Logos does not see Parabrahman, it only sees Mūlaprakṛti as a veil hiding Parabrahman. In unity there is neither seer nor seen ; these imply duality and manifestation. Unity can neither see nor be seen.

Another inevitable deduction is that the Logos (Self, Spirit) and Mūlaprakṛti (Not-self, Matter) are equally real ; that they must come into manifestation together and pass from manifestation together. The three aspects of manifestation appear and disappear together. By taking duality as relation this is still more evident ; for when relation is established both its terms are established simultaneously ; the one without the other is unthinkable.

The only test of reality is its lasting nature. The unreal disappears sooner or later under our scrutiny ; only that which lasts is real. The two aspects of duality, Self or Spirit and not-self or matter, are therefore both unreal from this the highest point of view ; or if it is preferred to regard them as relatively real, the one is relatively as real as the other.

The nature of absolute unity and the process by which duality comes into existence are, as has been shown, both beyond the reach of human understanding. When duality is once manifested, however, each aspect of that duality is itself relatively a unity. For instance, if this duality is symbolised by the circle with the diameter across it, each semi-circle is a unit in itself as semi-circle, although the two together constitute duality from the point of view of the complete circle. The Logos, or the first Self, is thus a relative unity, and Mūlaprakṛti, or the first Not-Self, is also a relative unity.

We have here what may seem at first sight the strange conclusion that relative or manifested unity involves duality ; but this is strictly logical and inevitable, and it is in accordance with the teachings of the *Secret Doctrine*. The term manifestation implies limit, and because absolute unity has no limit it is unmanifested. That which is here called absolute unity is what is referred to in the Proem to the *Secret Doctrine* as " An Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless, and Immutable Principle " ; and also as " Absoluteness : the Parabrahman of the Vedāntins or the One



Reality." Elsewhere a different nomenclature is sometimes adopted. For instance, in the Stanzas of Dzyān there occurs the expression —“ All is One Number, issued from No-Number.” Here No-Number means what I have called absolute unity, and the One Number refers to the manifested universe which, although a unity when taken alone, really involves duality by contrast with the idea of that which is unmanifested. That this is the case can be seen by the commentary ; and in a footnote to the Proem we read (page 43, Third Edition) :

“The ‘ First ’ presupposes necessarily something which is the ‘ first brought forth,’ ‘ the first in time, space, and rank ’—and therefore finite and conditioned. The ‘ First ’ cannot be Absolute, for it is a manifestation.”

Hegel proved that absolute Being and absolute Non-Being are the same. When we apply the term No-Number to Parabrahman we are speaking of it in terms of Non-Being ; but when we call it absolute unity, we are speaking of it in terms of Being ; and, applied to the absolute, the two are the same. It is only in their application to the relative and conditioned that the two exclude each other.

Manifestation entails duality and limitation. Looking within upon one face of this duality we call it the Logos, the First Cause, the One Number, the root of Self. The other face of the duality is, however, always implied, even when not distinctly stated ; in fact, strictly speaking, the whole Tetraktys is implied, as has been shown.

The Logos then proceeds to create in his turn. The incomprehensible process that resulted in manifestation, or duality, becomes less incomprehensible when we are dealing with one face only of that duality. This face or aspect becomes further conditioned and limited by the action and reaction that go on between it and Mūlaprakṛti by means of Fohat. The Logos then manifests a second complete Tetraktys, thus :

(a) The consciousness of the Logos is turned upon Mūlaprakṛti. This is what is called the Third Logos. The result is the evolution of matter and the First Life Wave. Fohat is used here mainly in its aspect of repulsion.

(b) The consciousness of the Logos is turned upon Fohat considered mainly as attraction, without losing touch with the previous phase. This is what is called the Second Logos. The result is the evolution of various intelligent forces, the "Sons of Fohat," and the Second Life Wave.

(c) The consciousness of the Logos is turned upon Self, without losing touch with the previous two phases. This is what is called the First Logos. The result is the evolution of Selves, Egos, and the Third Life Wave.

These will be the differentiated three of this particular Tetraktys, and they will be unified by (d), the Logos alone, regarded as one aspect of the primordial Tetraktys before this action and reaction began.

These three aspects of the Logos are only three aspects of One Logos. They are, therefore, not to be understood as being separated either in space or time ; and one of the three cannot act without involving the other two. For instance, in the evolution of atoms under the First Life Wave, the influence of what is called the Third Logos is predominant, and this is the action of the Logos upon Mūlaprakṛti. This only takes place through the medium of Fohat, and the influence of Fohat is seen in the rhythmic vibration or *ṭaṭṭva*, rhythm being characteristic of the Second Logos. The influence of the First Logos upon the atoms is seen in the unity and definiteness, or what may be called the individuality of each atom.

Similarly the influence of each of the three Logoi is seen in the Second Life Wave, but that of the Second Logos is predominant ; and the influence of all three is present in the Third Life Wave, but that of the First Logos is predominant.

Looking at the same problem from another point of view, it may be said that what has just been called the influence of the First Logos upon the atoms is really the beginning of the Third Life Wave ; and the influence of Fohat upon the atoms is really the beginning of the Second Life Wave. So that all three Life Waves are simultaneous and are everywhere interwoven in space and time, and the result of their interweaving is the Web that is spun by Father-Mother.

Again, as has just been stated, the influence of the First Logos is seen in the definiteness or individuality of each atom. From the spiritual point of view this is perhaps the evolutionary cause of what are called the "spirits of atoms" (*S. D.* i, 241).

If we turn our attention to the human Ego there will be seen a similar procession from unity through duality to a Tetraktys.

The unity here is the fundamental consciousness, the "substance of mind" in which all changes of consciousness take place. Hume pointed out that this is unknown to us. States of consciousness we know, our thinkings, feelings, and willings; but the underlying unity in which they inhere is as unknown to us as the underlying unity of cosmos itself. Mysticism adds that these two unities, that of cosmos and that of man, are fundamentally the same; and a study of numbers points to the same conclusion; for whatever may be the number that signifies human embodied consciousness, however much differentiated and complicated it may be as the result of its descent through many planes, nevertheless it has its own unity, and this can have no other source than absolute unity. Herbert Spencer also proved that our idea of the undifferentiated substance of our own consciousness is also our idea of absolute consciousness, and that of all our ideas this "has the highest validity of any." (*First Principles* § 26).

The duality in human consciousness is, in origin, simply a change in consciousness; and because we are dealing with a separated unit of consciousness, an Ego, such changes may be of two kinds. First, an impact from the environment impinges upon the vehicle in which consciousness is functioning and causes a change in consciousness, which travels centripetally, from without inwards. This is the basis of feeling. Secondly, volitional activity arises in consciousness, which travels centrifugally, from within outwards, and ends by effecting a change in the environment. This is the basis of that which is known under such different names as will, volition, conation, activity, etc.

Between these two lies that which brings them into relation with each other and co-ordinates them; which is the basis of thought.

The circle with the diameter drawn through it will serve again as a symbol here. The circle, when taken alone, symbolises

the unity of the individual consciousness. When the diameter is drawn, one half of the circle will stand for the centripetal change and the other half for the centrifugal change; while the diameter itself will symbolise the relation between them.

Here also, as in the cosmos, duality may be symbolised as consisting either of the two contrasted changes with the relation ignored, or as the relation alone with the changes ignored; each method of so symbolising it being incomplete, because the changes imply the relation and the relation implies the changes. In either case duality gives a definite manifested state of consciousness as contrasted with unchanging unity, which is synonymous with unconsciousness.

The triplicity of consciousness consists of all three fully extended: the centripetal change, which is feeling; the central relation, or thought; and the centrifugal change, or volition.

When these three are taken with the underlying unity in which they occur and of which they are a manifestation, we have the complete Tetraktys in human consciousness.

To sum up the signification of the first four members as they have been developed here, it may be said that:

The monad signifies the unmanifested, the unlimited, the absolute, unchanging, unconscious.

The duad signifies manifestation, polarity, relation. It has no real existence of its own; what reality it seems to possess belongs, on the one hand, to the monad and, on the other hand, to the triad. It stands, therefore, for illusion, *māyā*.

The triad signifies the three aspects of manifestation, whether applied to the universe or to any entity existing therein. It is the first manifested unit, whether it be thought of in terms of matter or of spirit, in the universe or in man.

The tetrad, taken as Tetraktys, stands for the whole, complete; including the unmanifested and the manifested, the hidden and the revealed, the unconscious and the conscious. It is the "formless square," and also the tetrahedron, the first of the regular or platonic solids.

When the tetrad is taken not as the Tetraktys or three-in-one but in full as a four-in-one, it has quite a different meaning and application.

H. S. GREEN.

## NUTRITION AND EVOLUTION.

FROM time to time there appear books which, when reading them, we classify at once as something out of the common, in which we find a peculiar and distinct individuality arresting our attention and evoking our interest. These books belong to various categories, and some may even belong to more than one category at the same time. Sometimes the leading characteristic is the brilliancy with which a new and comprehensive theory is propounded with the aid of a wealth of illustration and exemplification. Sometimes it is found in the manner in which the author handles an old and well-worn theme, putting it forth in an entirely new light or raising it to a higher level of thought than was done before. Again another category is formed by those books which for the first time present more abstruse and complex scientific or philosophic matters in a lucid, transparent, startlingly natural aspect, popularising in an expert manner to the ordinary cultured reader what before was food for the specialist only. And again another class is formed by those works in which a fresh and strong intellect bursts forth in a dazzling play of paradoxes and challenges, verbal jugglings and valuations, straight speaking and ruthless criticisms, upsetting much that was taken for granted before or that was believed by force of mere custom—holding forth in jesting earnest and earnest jest—and withal renewing, invigorating, stimulating the mind, sometimes in sheer bewilderment but sometimes also with a positive gain in clarity of conceptions.

We all know of such books, we all have a small list of them, either in the domain of philosophy, of science or of practical life. The class is as old as literature itself, and it would be easy to quote many familiar titles belonging to each category and each theme. This however we will not do, preferring to limit ourselves to the one book of that class which we propose to deal with here in detail, and whose title is the title of the present article<sup>1</sup>. What Carlyle has done for clothes—but then only from a literary-philosophical standpoint—that its author, Mr. Reinheimer, has done for food—but from the scientific-philosophical standpoint.

The author deals with that seemingly simple, yet universal element nutrition, so important to all of us, since all of us must eat

<sup>1</sup> *Nutrition and Evolution*. By Hermann Reinheimer, London. John M. Watkins, 21, Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, W. C. Cloth, 284 pages. Six shillings net.

and without food we must die. But he does it from a wide standpoint, leaving narrow considerations and unessential side-issues entirely aside. He deals with nutrition, with food, with eating under its cosmic aspect, taking here cosmic to mean pertaining to all the realms of nature manifesting on this our globe: in the world of mere atoms (the abstractly material world), the world of molecules (the chemical world), the worlds of crystals, of plants, of man, of society itself. This task our author executes in a brilliant way, and as a result his book is to be regarded as a treatise on the science, philosophy and metaphysics of feeding, which in its comprehensiveness, wideness of view and depth of insight constitutes a first rate contribution to our knowledge of the subject. In thus unifying the problem, showing many and various manifestations to be one in essence, we are enabled to understand one of the ruling laws of all life in a single conception. By supplying the metaphysics of that law on a solid basis of fact, the exposition enables us to discern its deeper meanings for us as human beings in the innermost depths of its untold protean shapings.

Of course, all of us have dabbled from time to time in the various sciences with which 'eating,' the process of assimilation of outer matter to the internal matter of the structure, is related. All of us have at least some smattering of knowledge concerning leading conceptions of physiology and crystallography, chemistry and sociology, biology and ethics—but how disjointed are these our fragments of knowledge. This work traces with a firm hand the outline of one single immense system of operating forces, all of which are mere forms of one operation, namely, feeding. And so it reduces a chaos of conceptions to an orderly cosmos.

In drawing the attention of the numerous readers of this magazine to this book I do so from what may be called the standpoint of the 'ordinary cultured but not specially expert person,' as I myself have not the special knowledge of an expert in the matter. But it is likely that what strikes me as valuable and interesting will do the same for many others, and so it seemed worth while to give a detailed account of this remarkable work.

Before following in detail the main argument of the book let me state briefly the plan on which it is built. It may be said in passing that it is an example of careful and excellent book-

making as such. After a short general introduction, which is much to the point, the work is divided into six chapters. Each of these is headed by a few appropriate terse quotations from philosophers or scientists. Then follows the enumeration of the paragraphs in the chapter, summed up in short titles of only a few words each. The paragraphs themselves are of varying length, seldom longer than one or two pages, sometimes of only a dozen lines or so. The chapter is followed in each case by a terse summary, restating in short, clear-cut and very carefully worded definitions or propositions the main theses propounded in the body of the text.

In the work, we find here and there quotations (mostly in the opening pages of the book), sometimes given in their original forms, in French, German, Latin, and sometimes translated. In this connexion the remark may be made that in a second edition—which we certainly expect and hope for—it would be an improvement to give all quotations consistently in English only. Other improvements would be, first to add an extensive general glossary of the many less generally known scientific terms used in the book. It would be a pity indeed were the use of these terms and of some untranslated quotations to throw a deceptive mask of apparent difficulty over the exceedingly lucid exposition, and keep back from perusing it many 'simple souls' who would be perfectly able to understand and enjoy it. Further, the various sentences constituting the 'summaries' might be marked with the paragraphs to which they belong, a full index of subject-matter might be added, as well as one indicating the quotations, and, lastly, the table of contents might with advantage repeat, under the name of each chapter, the list of paragraphs (as given at the head of each chapter). For the presentment of these in tabular form would facilitate reference and enable a view of the whole book to be had at a glance. With these additions the work would become indeed quite a perfect example of good book-making. On the advisability of printing quotations in small type we will not insist.

Turning now to the contents, we notice first of all the promising statement with which the author opens his Introduction.

For years I have striven to arrive at a satisfactory elucidation of the fundamental laws governing nutrition. The more thorough-going

my investigations, the more evident it became that the underlying factors are identical with those governing other cardinal problems of life. Nutrition, in the last analysis, plays as vital a component rôle in racial position and progress, and is as inseparably connected with justice as morals and religion. Indeed, my results show that in its silent effects nutrition is one of the most formidable factors in the shaping of individual and racial destinies. Hardly anybody, of course, seriously denies that there is a certain connexion between nutrition on the one hand and religion and evolution on the other hand; the views on the subject, however, are for the greater part of a very indefinite or at best empirical nature, scientific formulation being sadly lacking. In spite of centuries of experiment and research, the relevant principles have not been grasped, nor has an adequate standard been deduced, to distinguish undesirable effects of nutrition from genuinely progressive ones. I have set myself the task, to adduce positive evidence in support of the laws of nutrition as here formulated, to show that every deviation means a corresponding disharmony, and moreover to supply a crucial and practical test to my teachings in the shape of a sufficiently universal Biological Analysis. A simultaneous study of Organic Architecture has convinced me that it is connected with nutrition every whit as intimately as nutrition is with general conduct. Indeed, it was only due to a combined study of physiological, psychological, and architectural laws that I was at last able to supply the elements of an efficient diagnosis of organic development—a diagnosis at once scientifically, ethically, and æsthetically unimpeachable, as well as universal enough to embrace even the principles of constant and definite proportions ruling inorganic unions.

After having thus shortly stated his case, outlined his programme and method and announced his results in these and a few more paragraphs he begins his discussion, in Chapter I, on "The Evolution of Matter". Quoting Dr. Gustave le Bon at length and Sir Oliver Lodge a little, supplying at the same time his own considerations, he comes to the conclusion that matter is not dead, but possessed of tremendous energies, and is subject to dissociation with which electric phenomena are associated. Further he contends that the principle of evolution extends to simple bodies, and lastly that there exists a primordial sentience and a psychical significance of matter.

This short introductory chapter, of which we can only quote little for want of space, leads directly up to Chapter II, entitled "Factors of Biological Analysis", in which we find a wealth of the most interesting considerations, theories and data. We shall content ourselves, however, by transcribing only a few of the sentences in which the author sums up this chapter in the 'Summary.' It may be noted in passing how these summaries remind us of the old Indian sūtras in which, as here, a world of



meaning was compressed into a logically concatenated series of laconic phrases, all pregnant with significance.

Anyhow, the interested reader should not omit to compare the full argumentation and demonstration of these pithy sayings in the text of the book itself, here as well as in the case of later quotations. The summary reads:

Processes of transformation and disease enter into the life-history of *the atom*<sup>1</sup>. The stability of equilibria depends on the *legitimacy* of associative factors.

Cohesion, affinity, osmotic attraction and repulsion, show striking architectural aspects.

Laws of crystallisation and of constant and definite proportions are but early expressions of sentient geometry.

A mineral being is characterised by its crystalline form in the same way as the living is characterised by its anatomical form, and it passes through a progressive evolution before reaching its definite shape.

*Structure in general is of the utmost importance.*

Impurities are responsible for instability in atom, mineral, vegetable and animal.

*Pure bodies alone are stable.*

Radio-activity and phosphorescence are indications of dissociation.

Dissociation implies change of equilibrium.

The word species implies a definite inherent strength as outwardly expressed in definite structural and generic features.

Inner defects and pathological constituents are reflected in outer features.

Attractions and repulsions operate *only at certain distances.*

*Utility and true organic beauty are identical.*

*Every equilibrium is involved in a cosmic scheme of division of labor.*

Inorganic dissociation has its analogue in the retrograde transformations of organisms showing aberrant modes of life—impure associations and mal-appropriations prevailing.

*Inner strength determines environment.*

As said before we have no space to quote fully from the body of the book itself, lest we should be tempted to transcribe the greater part of it, and also for want of space. But to give an example of the beautiful way in which the author enlarges upon his theme we quote here two further paragraphs. The first has a wide moral as well as biological bearing.

The power of resistance to disease is associated with normal life and normal structure.

The second is taken from the paragraph on 'Autonomy' and runs:

When our Darwinian friends are speaking of the "law of battle," the term invariably connotes a psychological complement; but when

<sup>1</sup> In some cases I put some words in italics when special attention should be given to them.

referring to previous developments causing the necessities for combat, the psychological part is rigorously omitted, and economical considerations are substituted. But the so-called "law of battle" in part only represents the psychological reaction from previous psychological causes—lapses of autonomy, as we shall have occasion to point out more fully in a later volume.

In innumerable ways man, plant and beast are thus drawing on their autonomous powers in moulding their surroundings and creating their opportunities.

The autonomy of an organism is like a fortress reared too high to stand in fear of mere surroundings; if, however, an organism lasciviously surrenders its autonomous powers, disease and retribution set in, and the proportion of potencies—and with it every other proportion—becomes distorted.

Having now dealt with general factors of biological analysis, the author has arrived at an acknowledgment of the high import of impurities as producing disease, and he states that pathology truly appears as a chapter of biology. This again involves a dealing with the question of autonomy and environment, and this leads straight on to the phenomenon of parasitism. Chapter III, therefore deals with "Parasitism." But before entering on that matter the author states clearly that in all these matters we have to reckon with the psychological factor. In speaking of sexual selection, for instance, as a factor of evolution, he exclaims:

To neglect the psychological factor would indeed be far worse than an attempt at writing history without regard to character and the emotional element, to the contributions of heroes, prophets, reformers, and martyrs, and without mention of the struggle for light, for principles, for freedom, and justice.

First, then, we find in this third chapter the definition of disease, which the author expresses as follows:

Disease is deficiency of stability resulting in susceptibility to negative prepotencies.

Then he goes on to say that the higher stages of disease are universally associated with parasitism or its equivalents, and that parasitism is the one great crime throughout. Its origin is traced in its beginnings to illegitimate appropriations, spelling impurities and surfeit and the writer states:

We shall have no difficulty in showing that parasitism, starting with a lapse in the autonomous regions, contravenes the fundamental principle of division of labor, and thus leads to physiological aberrations, to an abuse of generic functions with a consequent loss of alacrity, to intemperance and callousness and eventually to general illegitimacy and criminality attended by unfailing nemesis!

And he defines parasitism :

Parasite (from *para*, by the side, and *sitos*, food) originally meant a being living on another ; but as a matter of fact, the term must denote every condition whereby one organism lives in any way pre-daceously, stealthily, or indolently, *i.e.*, retrogressively, by the work of others. In view of the dynamic interdependence of life, the epithet must also apply to all transitory phases of violation of fundamental laws of assimilation and division of labor, even the highest and most strenuous organisms occasionally being guilty of such transgressions.

Later on in the same chapter these ideas are elaborated with great fulness and talent, and we shall gain some idea of the general trend of the chapter by quoting part of its summary. Before doing that, however, we have to arrest our attention for a moment on the important paragraph on the 'Fundamental Principles of Assimilation' which we quote nearly in full :

We have recognised cohesion and affinity as co-operating in the crystallisation of ponderable out of imponderable matter. The ratio of these forces we have demonstrated as determining the stability or otherwise of the respective equilibria. Thus early the fact stands out that union is at the base of all created things. Only through processes of union could a primordial cell come into being, grow, and multiply. Only through recurrent subtle interpenetration and blending of forces could such a structure arise. Well may we concede that spiritual influences also had a share and assisted to alloy all integrations.

Psychologically, we may say that cohesion and affinity in the organic world are correlated to will and delight. Especially in the manifestations of the latter two in parasitism, a striking parallelism with the dissociation of the more primordial forces is shown. The parasite would fain have the delights of affinities without commensurate exertions of the will towards maintenance of the fundamentals, as a consequence of which unstability prevails, and the inclined (dissociative) plane generally becomes operative.

We have seen the analogue of such disintegration in the case of impure minerals, and we have at the same time pointed out that incipient psychological states must be dated far earlier than has hitherto been done. If the evidence so far adduced as regards an early sentience is considered insufficient, we shall have other opportunities of testifying to it and of showing that there is but one sentience with numerous gradations.

Accretion, amalgamation, chemical union, nutritive and sexual union, psychical and mental fertilisation—all must thus be regarded as differing only in degree, all being alike in producing transformations and growth ; as, inversely, everything that can unite must be conceived as possessed of life, however slow to manifest.

Physiological unions, thus regarded, may be said to represent a kind of marriage. A complete representation, were it possible, would have to exhibit the co-existing psychical components, as we might accompany chemical unions by a synthesis of the synchronous thermal and electrical concomitants.

Nutrition essentially entails an alliance of potencies. It is thus seen to be removed only in degree from fertilisation. Both purport a blending of energies in the interest of growth. Physical growth results in the one case, and reproduction—sometimes defined as discontinuous growth—in the other.

Reproductive functions are thus but specialisations of nutritive functions marking the advance of sentience.

From this point the author is naturally brought face to face with the problem of sex and its connexion with nutrition, a subject to which he devotes the entire Chapter IV under the title of "Antithesis of Size (Sexual Dimorphism)". But before closing this Chapter he brings forward some fascinating considerations about 'Parasitism as the Satanic Factor,' a few most luminous reflexions on some of the monotheistic commandments in the light of his researches and a brilliant paragraph on the 'Qualifications of a Mammal,' with a tabular description of the qualifications involved in mammalian equilibrium. Indeed the illuminating way in which the author takes examples from all fields of manifestation, the diversity of illustration and his constant application of scientific principles to the laws underlying nutrition as showing themselves in social life and in religion no less than in biology, zoology or chemistry, give constant joy to the reader and cannot but broaden the mind in many ways, revealing time after time new perspectives of insight and new avenues of thought.

From the summary of this third chapter we now quote :

Organic stability may approximately be gauged by the proportion that appropriation bears to environment. The operation of autonomy—and hence the evolutionary vocation of a particular species—is largely dependent on the state of nutritive sentience.

The growth of disease is marked by an invasion of waste matter and of microbes, by plethora, excrescences, structural abnormalities, various antitheses, and atrophy of protoplasmic and outer generic architecture.

Such developments are mainly fostered by, and inseparable from, Parasitism.

The dynamics of Parasitism cover the greater part of illegitimate unions in nature. Parasitism constitutes a degeneration *sui generis*.

Liability to parasitic afflictions is founded on previous parasitic propensities.

The indictment of Parasitism in less obvious cases is shown to be justified by the following symptoms: lapse of erstwhile physiological conditions into pathological ones, accented phenomena of dissociation; disorganisation of heredity and of organic architecture.

The predatory habit constitutes an infringement of cosmic order and a first phase of Parasitism. Though at least an active habit, and though recoveries are possible, it implies indirect and impure feeding, fostering sluggishness, and detrimental to adaptation and endurance.

The accelerated growth symptomatic of parasitic life is due to dissociation.

Parasitism means a neglect of function and of generic duties, and hence produces retrograde effects upon heredity.

Depredation constitutes an economical plunder in view of the interdependence of organisms.

All organisms are under definite responsibilities as regards assimilation, which, broadly viewed, is subservient to a common cosmic end.

The pathology of all structural abnormalities is reducible to a universal cause, as witness the wide biological distribution of disease.

The partaking of inappropriate food is prejudicial to the selection and assimilation of appropriate food.

The road to extinction is marked by a loss of organic beauty.

Parasitic "economy" is not *secundum naturam*.

Nutrition entails an alliance of potencies—a union differing only in degree from fertilisation.

The nervous system is of an intestinal origin, and a definite resonance exists between nutrition and sex.

Subordination to the social whole and division of labor set in at a very early stage.

The qualification of a mammal implies all-round regularisation of growth, an advance of æsthetics and of altruism.

*Nutrition depends for its legitimacy on the sacrificial aspect.*

Parasitism constitutes a satanic factor in evolution.

And herewith we end our detailed report concerning this remarkable book. Chapter IV deals, as said before, with nutrition and sex, and is as illuminating as anything that has gone before. Chapter VI, on "Nature's Abhorrence of perpetual Self-Fertilisation" we also pass, though it is of no less importance than the others, but we trust many of our readers may feel stimulated to study the book in its entirety for themselves.

Chapter V deals with "Anabolism and Katabolism" and thus handles the theme of nutrition in its narrower sense. It is sufficient to say that to us it constitutes the most forceful and convincing plea for vegetarianism we have as yet come across, lifting the question altogether from the lower sphere of mere empirical testimony into that of principle and philosophy based on a knowledge of universal natural laws. It is in itself a beautiful piece of work and we quote a few of the conclusions contained in its summary.

The mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms represent but different degrees of sentience and of equilibrium.

The plant, relative to the animal, is essentially anabolic; this is the basis of their reciprocal relations, which are also emphasised in their respiratory processes. A true metabolic ratio between animal and plant

thus exists, compared to which the metabolic distinction between animal, male and female, is insignificant.

The plant stores up potential forces, which are being used up by the animal. The vegetable kingdom is nature's laboratory, where plants compel carbonic acid to yield up its carbon, water its hydrogen, and nitrate of ammonia its nitrogen. Vegetables are true reducing apparatuses, animals are true apparatuses of combustion.

To the animal, plant-food alone supplies alimentation concordant with the requirements of stability. Plant-food alone is legitimate and conducive to positive prepotencies. Only when the primary conditions of sentience are satisfactorily fulfilled may "sexual selection" assume right proportions.

Plant-organised food is less charged with katabolic emanations than animal food, and hence stimulates in a physiological rather than a dissociative direction.

Nutritive attraction, like sexual attraction, has a call on the inner nature of an organism in the same way as metabolism has its cosmic significance. The aspect of inner physiological indolence in parasitism deserves greater attention than the outer "ease of attainment" aspect. Metabolic indolence spells imperfect assimilation resulting in an impure fraction of  $a : e$ , and suffering dissociative excitants to become prepotent. It is thus that destruction is invited, the "law of battle" becoming the law of life.

Parasitism deteriorates intestinal developments and renders transmission of negative acquisitions retrogressively possible. Individual and racial existence are thus being curtailed.

In conclusion, let me once more recommend this valuable book most earnestly to my readers. Quite apart from the positive instruction it contains it has two important qualities to recommend it.

In the first place, it contains matter likely to stimulate philosophic thought in a powerful way.

Secondly it has a thoroughly moral value of no mean order.

If, as the writer says, "nutrition depends for its legitimacy on the sacrificial aspect" it cannot be doubted that the mental food offered in this book is highly legitimate, for its tendency is certainly to aid a recognition that the knowledge it deals with is a knowledge closely connected with that great Reason of which it is only a fractional reflexion or manifestation.

JOHAN VAN MANEN.



### COMMUNICATION BETWEEN DIFFERENT WORLDS.

**T**HE Theosophical Society is differentiated from most of the religious movements of the day by asserting the continuance in our own time of communication between the different worlds in which humanity is living. All religions assert that such communication took place in the past; they all claim for their Founders, and generally for Their associates and immediate followers, that such communication was enjoyed, and enabled them to "speak with authority"; some, as the Hindū and the Roman Catholic, allege that in sporadic cases scattered through their respective histories such communication was established, though rarely, if ever, still found to-day. But the Theosophical Society definitely asserts the existence of powers which lie latent in all men, and of the forces in nature that are as yet hidden from common knowledge, and makes it one of its objects to study these; some of its members have so successfully followed these studies as to evoke these powers and control these forces, using methods taught by the Masters of the Wisdom, whereby such communication

may be normally established and carried on without provoking the difficulties and disadvantages embarrassing the methods known as spiritualistic. The latter remain, however, as the only methods within the immediate use of the untrained, and hence are of the greatest value in destroying the prejudices of the scientist and the materialist, and in giving physical and tangible proofs, available to every one, of the continuity of consciousness through death. They are a sign of the changing age through which the world is passing, a herald of the approaching era in which the barrier of death will be broken down, the invisible become the visible, and the physical and astral worlds will intermingle.

In order thoroughly to understand the subject before us, it is necessary to grasp certain fundamental laws of nature; when these are clearly seen, it is comparatively easy to apply them to special cases that may come under our notice. And it must be remembered, in order that this study may be useful, that all fear of the unusual must be put aside; the student must realise that there are many things around him which he does not see, and that they become less dangerous, though sometimes more alarming, when they pass from invisibility into visibility. It is the unknown which may be dangerous; it is ignorance which is full of fear. The child unused to strangers screams and hides its face in its mother's dress at the terrifying sight of a harmless man or woman; accustomed to such meetings, the child has no fear. The sight of a 'ghost' startles on the first occasion; after awhile they are no more alarming than the sight of a passing stranger in the street. Our ignorance is our real danger, and that can only be gotten rid of by experience. A reasonable and thoughtful person, pure of life and bright of intelligence, may train himself for normal communication with other worlds without any danger worthy of consideration, provided that he is habitually self-controlled, deliberate and energetic; such a one may evolve himself rationally and quietly, and not only convince himself of the reality of other worlds, but may become a source of help and comfort to others, lessening and even removing their fear of death, and softening the anguish of separation from their beloved. Such a person normally guards himself in the physical world, where danger is far more potent than in subtler worlds, because dense physical matter is far



more resistant to control by thought than is the subtle matter of higher worlds. Human power of self-defence against danger is smallest in the physical world; in other worlds fear is the worst enemy, because it paralyses thought and will. I do not say there are no dangers in the subtler worlds; dangers there are; but the more we know the more are we safe, and there are dangers for the ignorant everywhere.

The first fundamental fact is that each individual is a single consciousness, a unit of consciousness, and that varieties in the form of communication arise from difference of bodies, not from difference of consciousness. A consciousness may, of course, be more or less unfolded, may have brought into manifestation more or less of his powers; one unit of consciousness may differ widely from another unit; but the same unit, *i.e.*, the same individual, remains the same in all communications, however restricted or unrestricted by the particular body, gross or fine, through which the communication is made. If we compare two units of consciousness, one advanced and one backward, the difference in evolution will be marked in each world in which they function; but the manifestation of each will be determined by the material conditions of manifestation, and these will introduce a variety in the form of communication, but will not affect the unity of the manifesting intelligence. It is well also to bear in mind that all consciousnesses are fragments, parts, of the one all-pervading consciousness, and hence their characteristics are fundamentally the same, however differing in degree; all will possess the three essential attributes of Will, Wisdom and Activity, though Will may only have reached the point of unfoldment at which we call it Desire, though Wisdom may be seen only in its embryonic form of Cognition, and though Activity may be only manifested in the shape of Restlessness. There are no essential differences in the units of consciousness trying to manifest themselves in various worlds; but there are innumerable differences in degree, from the mighty and luminous consciousness of the highest seraph to the dim and scarcely even groping consciousness in the mineral. There is but one consciousness in the universe and all so-called separated consciousnesses are phases thereof.

The second fundamental fact is that these units of consciousness are embodied, *i.e.*, are closely related to portions of matter

which they have temporarily appropriated. For the purposes of our study we need not concern ourselves with the highest of these appropriations; we may content ourselves with recognising the fact that there are finer grades of matter than those to which here we confine ourselves, and may indicate these by the general term of 'the spiritual body,' without further particularising them. Those who can freely use the spiritual body are certainly not in need of any explanations such as those given in this article. We are concerned, then, only with three well-defined grades of matter, those which answer to and are the instruments of thought, desire and action—mental, astral and physical. From the mental matter is organised the mental body; from the astral matter the astral body; from the physical matter the physical body, which is functionally divisible into its etheric and gross parts. These are the vehicles, the instruments of the unit of consciousness, his means of affecting, and being affected by, the outer worlds in which he lives; these may be highly or poorly organised, may be composed of fine or coarse materials; such as they are, they are his only means of contact with the worlds surrounding him, and his only means of self-expression. These three bodies—mental, astral, and physical—are separable from each other, and under abnormal conditions the two parts of the physical body may to some extent be dissociated during physical life, and are completely dissociated at physical death. While a man is awake and in his ordinary every-day state of consciousness, he is using these three bodies all the time; when he goes to sleep he leaves the physical body, and uses only two—the astral and mental; at death, the grosser part of the physical drops away, the finer part clinging to him for a short period (normally), and then dropping away from him as did the grosser part, and he uses only the astral and mental bodies in the *post-mortem* condition for a period varying in length; later, the astral body also drops away from him, and he remains clothed in the mental body during the long mental, or heavenly, life, intervening between the intermediate state and rebirth into the physical world. When this also drops away from him, he finds himself on the threshold of re-incarnation, of the building of new bodies for his next period of physical life.

The third fundamental fact is that man is living, functioning, in three worlds during the waking periods of his life on earth. These three worlds are the worlds composed severally of physical, astral and mental matter, the worlds from which are severally drawn the materials for his physical, astral, and mental bodies. These worlds are not separate from each other, but interpenetrate and intermingle, while remaining distinct. Just as gas may pass into water but remains distinct from it, so does astral matter interpenetrate physical matter while remaining distinct from it, and so does mental matter, being still finer, interpenetrate the astral. Physical ether interpenetrates the gases, liquids and solids of the physical body, moving through every part of it unhindered; so does superphysical matter interpenetrate physical, moving unhindered through every part of it by reason of its greater subtlety. Nature everywhere repeats herself, and we may understand much of the superphysical by studying the physical and reasoning by analogy; but we must ever remember that the superphysical is the original and the physical the copy, and not *vice versa*. The astral world, while intermingling with the physical, is not continuous with it; it forms a sphere round the sphere of the earth, and a radius of this astral sphere would extend from the centre of our earth to the moon. The mental, or heavenly world, again, is a similar concentric sphere, stretching far beyond the limits of the astral, although interpenetrating both it and the physical. According to the development of the respective bodies will be a man's consciousness of each world; as a man physically blind cannot see the physical world which stretches around him, so a man astrally blind cannot see the astral world though it ever environs him; similarly may a man whose astral sight is open, be mentally blind and fail to see the mental world encompassing him. The matter in each body must be organised in order that consciousness may use it as an instrument of perception; the physically blind, at the present stage of evolution, are a small minority; the astrally blind are a huge majority; but blindness of organisms does not change the worlds in which they live—except to themselves. Thus men are living in three worlds at every moment of their waking consciousness, though normally conscious only of the densest; in sleep and after death, they are living in two, but are

normally conscious only of the intermediate world, and not always of that; at a later period of their *post-mortem* condition they are living in only one, and conscious but of their immediate surroundings in that. As evolution proceeds, the astral world will become visible to those who occupy the crest of the wave of normally advancing humanity, and at a far future time, the mental will also become visible, so that men on earth will live consciously in the three worlds, the three bodies having become organised as vehicles of consciousness, available for ordinary use.

The fourth and, for our purposes, the last fundamental fact is that each body is affected by the embodied consciousness and affects it long before it is sufficiently organised to convey to that consciousness definite information as to the world from which its materials were drawn. We may notice this to a very considerable extent if we watch the workings of the waking consciousness in a new infantile body. The consciousness answers to the discomfort of the body—from want of food, pain, etc.—before it is able to obtain through that body any definite idea as to its surroundings or any grasp of its own relations to them. And the astral and mental bodies answer to changes in consciousness by changed vibrations for ages before they hand on to the consciousness definite news of the events that are taking place around them in their respective worlds. Hence communications constantly take place between the worlds in which the man is normally living without the man knowing anything of their passage; he becomes conscious of a thought only when it affects his physical brain, and knows nothing of its origin or of the course it has followed ere its arrival in his physical body.

Let us begin our study of communications between different worlds with the every-day constantly arriving communications, and thus establish ourselves thoroughly on the normal before we enquire into the abnormal. Just as the to us inappreciable interval between the touching of a hot plate with the tip of a finger and the withdrawal of the finger is occupied with the passage of a wave in the sensory nerves from the periphery to the brain and the passage of a return wave from the brain through the motor nerves to the periphery, so is there the passage of a vibratory wave from the physical matter to the astral and from

the astral to the mental, and a corresponding change in consciousness; it is the consciousness which feels the pain of the burning, and memorises the fact for future guidance; the communication has run inwards from the physical body through the astral to the mental, a communication from world to world. Similarly is the change in consciousness, the will to move the finger from the hot substance, the cause of a vibration in the matter of the mental body, and this causes a vibration in the astral body, and this in turn in the physical brain—a communication from world to world. In all processes of thinking, there is a series of changes of consciousness in the mental world, these are answered by a corresponding series of vibrations in the mental body; these cause a series of corresponding vibratory changes in the astral body, strengthened by the consciousness—the *same* consciousness, remember, in all the bodies—and these set up similar vibratory changes in the etheric part of the physical; these etheric vibrations are largely electrical in character, and affect the cells of the dense physical brain, setting up vibratory changes therein; here you have the normal communication between the worlds, going on repeatedly, continually, varied by the reverse process, where the initiative is from outside; something occurs in the outer world which starts such a series of changes, one of the senses receives a stimulus and a nervous wave is set up; it passes from the dense to etheric matter, or begins in the etheric, is answered by a change of consciousness, runs up through astral to mental, intensifying the change, and the consciousness receives and registers the communication.

It is not waste of time to place clearly before our minds that communications are constantly running up and down the ladder of our bodies, each body a step in the ladder, and each step in a different world. The maintenance of our mental balance and of our powers of reasoning and of judgment in the face of the abnormal is rendered very much more easy when we understand that the abnormal is only an extension of the normal. If a person feels that he is facing something strange and unknown, something that he is inclined to regard as supernatural, he loses too often both judgment and reasoning faculty; but if he understands that the phenomenon before him is only a subtler repetition of a familiar

happening, he is then able to observe accurately and to reason sensibly and acutely. As M. Jourdain was astonished to find that in his ordinary conversations he was talking prose, so may the student be astonished to find that he is continually communicating from world to world. Your consciousness may turn its attention outwards in any world in which it possesses a body to serve as window; you may look out through your physical, astral or mental window, but it is always the same *you* that looks out, that receives impressions.

Let us consider the next class of communications. A person becomes conscious of a thought, or rather an impression, arising in his waking consciousness, rather vaguely and somewhat indeterminate, which he cannot relate to anything in his physical surroundings, and which does not seem to be originated in his own consciousness. It seems to him to come from outside, but it lacks the sharpness of definition to which he is accustomed in the presence of 'real' objects. Such impressions as premonitions, warnings of danger, apparently causeless depression or elation, feelings as to the mental, moral or physical condition of friends, as to illness, death, misfortune, good fortune, etc., intimations which do not come with the clearness of the spoken word or written message, but none the less cause a change in consciousness—what are these? They are due to impacts made upon the astral body in the astral world, impacts which set up vibrations in its matter and thus give rise to changes of consciousness. The absence of precision of definition is due to the lack of organisation of the astral body, and its consequent incapacity to receive clear impressions. The physical body has been in process of organisation for millions of years, and can receive sharply defined series of vibrations, and the consciousness through this immense period of time has been learning to relate impacts to objects, to analyse and co-ordinate impressions made on its body, and thus to understand their meaning. Experience has evolved it into an admirable vehicle and instrument of consciousness. But the astral body is in very different case. In every fairly civilised and educated person it is partially organised, sufficiently organised to receive and reproduce sequences of vibrations thrown upon it from the astral plane, but its special sense-organs—the whirling wheels, or

chakrams—are not as yet generally evolved in such persons, and hence sharply defined impressions cannot be received.

With closed eyes you can distinguish between the light and the dark ; if when the sun was shining on your eyelids, a hand were interposed and threw a shade over them, you would be conscious of the difference, but you would not discern the hand ; or if shadows were thrown on a sheet, your open eyes would see the shadow-dance, but it would only imperfectly convey a story which you could easily gather from a drama acted by persons visible to sight ; so is it with the astral body of the average educated man. If at some distance from you an event takes place of great interest to yourself, bringing to you joy or grief, or if some persons thinks strongly of you, the vibrations thereby set up in astral matter will be propagated thorough space, like a Marconi message, and will impinge on your astral body, setting up similar vibrations therein. But unless the astral sense-organs are developed, a sharply defined picture cannot be produced, and hence only a vague impression will be made on the consciousness. The astral body and the astral sense-organs differ as do the physical body and the physical sense-organs, although much more substitution is possible in the one than in the other. The astral bodies of the educated are fairly well developed in form and general constitution, but are poorly organised as regards the sense-organs. There are, however, in the astral body very well developed centres connected with the physical organs of the senses—a centre connected with the eye, one with the ear, and so on. These are sometimes stimulated into action by violent vibrations in the astral body, and then we have the phenomenon of second sight, the vision of phantoms, wraiths, phantasms of living or dead persons. It is also possible to stimulate the physical senses, but in a rather unhealthy way, by stimulating these centres through their appropriate physical organs, as by crystal-gazing, the use of magic mirrors, and other similar means. In this way an extension of sight on the physical plane may be gained, or even of vision in the lower regions of the astral world. But this is not a gaining of astral senses, but an unhealthy stimulation of physical senses, causing an abnormal increase of sensitiveness in the astral centres to which they are attached. It is the law of nature that development comes from above, and the

forces of evolution work from above and organise that which is below. Life organises matter, matter does not produce life. The consciousness working in the astral world organises the physical sense-organs ; the consciousness working in the mental world organises the astral sense-organs, and so on. There is a continual working of consciousness for the improvement and the refining of its lower vehicles. As your evolution proceeds from the stage it has now reached with the most thoughtful and cultured persons, it is possible to quicken the unfolding of the astral senses by strenuous and clear thinking and by purity of desire and action ; as these become active the communications received through the astral body will become clear and definite, like those received through the physical body. These are blurred now because the instrument is imperfect.

As the consciousness unfolds on plane after plane, in world after world, and organises its vehicles in the world below that on which its own centre is established, the lower bodies for all practical purposes unite into one body ; if a person have the centre of consciousness established on the mental plane, the astral and physical bodies function as a single body, and he lives consciously in two worlds. In the high consciousness of Those whom we call Masters all the worlds are to Them as one world in which Their waking consciousness is ever functioning, and They focus Their attention at any point without leaving the physical body. The worlds on which attention is not fixed are 'out of focus' but are not invisible. When we are using physical sight only, things we are looking at are clear and distinct ; the surrounding things are visible but not clearly defined. So if a man be living in two worlds, physical and astral things intermingle in his normal field of vision, but if he looks at the physical the astral is out of focus, if he looks at the astral the physical is out of focus. But a communication from any world can reach a Master, and by focussing his attention on it He sees the world from which it comes, and can, if He so will, answer it by sending the reply through the appropriate body. All His bodies function as one body for His consciousness, but each is there, a perfect instrument for action in any world. We, who have not reached that high perfection, may have to move from world to world, or



leave one body to function in another ; or, if we have passed that elementary stage of the higher evolution, we may have partly unified our lower bodies, and may be able to function on some planes as the Master does on all those which are manifested. Then, by paying attention to any message, we can know from what world it comes ; it is all a question of the development of our bodies, the one consciousness receiving impressions from any world in which it is using a well-organised body. The whole question, therefore, is one of evolution—the unfolding of consciousness, the organisation of bodies.

But there are many forms of communication that do not depend wholly on ourselves, forms used by other persons who desire to communicate with us, and which demand no growth on our own part, communications which present themselves to our normal consciousness in the physical body, and are surrounded with more or less of difficulty and danger because of the letting loose of forces, not usually employed on the physical plane, by the person making the communication. It is to these that we will next turn, remarking only that it is our own want of development that makes necessary the employment of these means, that forces more highly evolved Beings to come down to our level because we are not able to rise to Theirs.

ANNIE BESANT.

*(To be concluded.)*

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Inflexible the law that man shall climb  
 To upper heights by mounting on himself ;  
 That, gripping firmly to the worthless pelf  
 Of his frail flesh, nor questioning the rhyme  
 Or reason of his act, shall, fearless, hurl himself,  
 E'en as the eagle, toward that gleaming shelf  
 Of virgin rock where shine the snows of Time :  
 Nor shall he falter, nor with backward glance  
 Regret the beauties that beneath unroll,  
 But upward where the silences entrance  
 His way shall wing, and there, where dreams control,  
 At last shall come to him the bided chance  
 Of seeing face to face his wondrous soul.

—*Elisabeth Hines Hanley.*

## THE BEGINNINGS OF THE SIXTH ROOT-RACE.

(Continued from p. 86.)

### THEOSOPHY IN THE COMMUNITY.

SINCE the two Masters who founded the Theosophical Society are also the Leaders of this community, it is quite natural that the religious opinion current there should be what we now call Theosophy. All that we now hold—all that is known in the innermost circles of our Esoteric Section—is the common faith of the community, and many points on which as yet our own knowledge is only rudimentary seem to be thoroughly grasped and understood in detail. The outline of our Theosophy is no longer a matter of discussion but of certainty, and it must not be forgotten that the facts of the life after death and the existence and nature of the higher planes are matters of experimental knowledge for nearly all members of the colony. Here, as in our own time, different branches of the study attract different people; some think chiefly of the higher philosophy and metaphysics, while the majority prefer to express their religious feelings along some of the lines provided for them in the different temples. A very strong vein of practicality runs through all their thinking, and we should not go far wrong in saying that the religion of this community is to do what it is told. There is no sort of divorcement between science and religion, because both alike are bent entirely to the one object and exist for the sake of the state. Men no longer worship various manifestations, since all possess accurate knowledge as to the existence of the Solar Logos. It is still the custom with many to make a salutation to the sun as he rises, but all are fully aware that he is to be regarded as a centre in the body of the Logos.

### THE DEVAS.

One very prominent feature of the religious life is the extent to which devas take part in it. Many religions of the twentieth century spoke of a Golden Age in the past in which angels or deities walked freely among men, but this happy state of things had then ceased because of the grossness of that stage of evolution. It would seem that as regards our community this has again been realised, for great devas habitually come among the people and bring to them many new possibilities of development,

each drawing to himself those cognate to his own nature. This should not surprise us, for even in the twentieth century much help was being given by *devas* to those who were able to receive it. Such opportunities of learning, such avenues of advancement were not then open to the majority, but this was not because of the unwillingness of the *devas*, but because of man's backwardness in evolution. We were then much in the position of children in a primer class in this world-school. The great professors from the universities sometimes came to our school to instruct the advanced students, and we sometimes saw them pass at a distance, but their ministrations were as yet of no direct use to us simply because we were not at the age or state of development at which we could make any use of them. The classes were being held. The teachers were there, quite at our disposal as soon as we grew old enough. Our community has grown old enough, and therefore it is reaping the benefit of constant intercourse with these great beings and of frequent instruction from them.

#### THE TEMPLE SERVICES.

These *devas* are not merely making sporadic appearances, but are quite definitely working as part of the regular organisation under the direction of the Chief Priest, who takes entire control of the religious development of the community, and of its educational department. For the outward expression of this religion we find that various classes of temple services are provided, and that the management of these is the especial function of the *devas*. Four types of these temples were observed, and though the outline and objects of the services were the same in all, there were very striking differences in form and method, which we shall now endeavor to describe.

The key-note of the temple service is that each man, belonging as he does to a particular type, has some one avenue through which he can most easily reach the divine, and therefore be most easily reached in turn by divine influence. In some men that channel is affection, in others devotion, in others sympathy, in yet others intellect. For these four kinds of temples exist, and in each of them the object is to bring the prominent quality in the man into active and conscious relationship with the

corresponding quality in the Logos, of which it is a manifestation, for in that way the man himself can most easily be uplifted and helped. Thereby he can be raised for a time to a level of spirituality and power far beyond anything that is normally possible for him; and every such effort of spiritual elevation makes the next similar effort easier for him, and also raises slightly his normal level. Every service which a man attends is intended to have a definite and calculated effect upon him, and the services for a year or a series of years are carefully ordered with a view to the average development of the congregation, and with the idea of carrying them upward to a certain point. It is in this work that the co-operation of the *deva* is so valuable, since he acts as a true priest and intermediary between the people and the Logos, receiving, gathering together and forwarding their streams of aspirational force, and distributing, applying and bringing down to their level the floods of divine influence which come as a response from on high.

#### THE CRIMSON TEMPLE.

The first temple entered for the purposes of examination was one of those which the *deva* originally showed in his pictures. It was one of those where progress is principally made through affection, a great characteristic of the services of which is the splendid flood of color which accompanies them, and is in fact their principal expression. Imagine a magnificent circular building somewhat resembling a cathedral, yet of no order of architecture at present known to us, and very much more open to the outer air than it is possible for any cathedral to be in ordinary European climates. Imagine it filled with a reverent congregation, and the *deva*-priest standing in the centre before them, on the apex of a kind of pyramidal or conical erection of filigree work, so that he is equally visible from every part of the great building.

It is noteworthy that each worshipper as he enters takes his seat on the pavement quietly and reverently, and then closes his eyes and passes before his mental vision a succession of sheets or clouds of color, much such as sometimes pass before one's eyes in the darkness just before falling asleep. Each person has an order of his own for these colors, and they are evidently to some extent a personal expression of him. This seems to be of the nature

of the preliminary prayer on entering a church of the twentieth century, and is intended to calm the man, to collect his thoughts, if they have been wandering, and to attune him to the surrounding atmosphere and the purpose which it subserves. When the service commences the *deva* materialises, on the apex of his pyramid, assuming for the occasion a magnificent and glorified human form, and wearing in these particular temples flowing vestments of rich crimson (the color varies with the type of temple, as will presently be seen).

His first action is to cause a flashing-out above his head of a band of brilliant colors somewhat resembling a solar spectrum, save that on different occasions the colors are in different order and vary in their proportions. It is practically impossible to describe this band of colors with accuracy, for it is very much more than a mere spectrum; it is a picture, yet not a picture; it has within it geometrical forms, yet I know of no means by which it can be drawn or represented, for it is in more dimensions than are known to our senses as they are at present constituted. This band appears to be the key-note or text of that particular service, indicating to those who understand it the exact object which it is intended to attain, and the direction in which their affection and aspiration must be outpoured. It is in fact a thought expressed in the color-language of the *devas*, and is intelligible as such to all the congregation. It is materially visible on the physical plane, as well as on the astral and mental, for although the majority of the congregation are likely to possess at least astral sight, there may still be some for whom such sight is only occasional.

Each person present now attempts to imitate this text or key-note, forming by the power of his will in the air in front of himself a band of colors as nearly like it as he can. Some succeed far better than others, so that each such attempt expresses not only the subject indicated by the *deva* but also the character of the man who makes it. Some are able to make this so definitely that it is visible on the physical plane, while others can make it only at astral and mental levels. I notice that some of those who produce the most brilliant and successful imitations of the form made by the *deva* do not bring it down to the physical plane.

The *deva*, holding out his arms over the people, now pours out through this color-form a wonderful stream of influence upon them—a stream which reaches them through their own corresponding color-forms and uplifts them precisely in the proportion in which they have been successful in making their color-forms resemble that of the *deva*. The influence is not that of the *deva*-priest alone, for above and altogether beyond him, and apart from the temple or the material world stands a ring of higher *devas* for whose forces he acts as a channel. The astral effect of the outpouring is very remarkable. A sea of pale crimson light suffuses the vast aura of the *deva* and spreads out in great waves over the congregation, thus acting upon them and stirring their emotions into greater activity. Each of them shoots up into the rose-colored sea his own particular form, but beautiful though that is, it is naturally of a lower order than that of the *deva*, individually coarser and less brilliant than the totality of brilliancy in which it flashes forth, and so we have a very curious and beautiful effect of deep crimson flames piercing a rose-colored sea—as one might imagine volcanic flames shooting up in front of a gorgeous sunset.

To understand to some extent how this activity of sympathetic vibration is brought about we must realise that the aura of a *deva* is very far more extensive than that of a human being, and it is also far more flexible. The feeling which in an ordinary man would express itself in a smile of greeting would in a *deva* cause a sudden expansion and brightening of the aura, and would manifest not only in color but also in musical sound. A greeting from one *deva* to another would be a splendid chord of music, or rather an *arpeggio*; a conversation between two *devas* would be like a fugue; an oration delivered by one of them would be like a splendid oratorio. A *rūpa*-*deva* of ordinary development has frequently an aura many hundreds of yards in diameter, and when anything interests him or excites his enthusiasm it instantly increases enormously. Our priest-*deva* therefore is including the whole of his congregation within his aura, and is consequently able to act upon them in a very intimate manner—from within as well as from without, as it were. Our readers may perhaps picture to themselves this aura if they recollect that of the Arhat in *Man Visible*

*and Invisible*, but they must think of it as less fixed and more fluidic, more fiery and sparkling—as consisting almost entirely of pulsating fiery rays, which yet give very much the same general effect of arrangement of color. It is as though those spheres of color remain, but are formed of fiery rays which are ever flowing outward, yet as they pass through each section of the radius they take upon themselves its color.

#### THE LINKS WITH THE LOGOS.

This first outpouring of influence upon the people has the effect of bringing each person up to his highest level, and evoking from him the noblest affection of which he is capable. When the *deva* sees that all are tuned to the proper key, he reverses the current of his force, he concentrates and defines his aura into a smaller spherical form, out of the top of which rises a huge column reaching upwards. Instead of extending his arms over the people he raises them above his head, and at that signal every man in that vast congregation sends towards the *deva*-priest the utmost wealth of his affection and aspiration—pours himself out in worship and love at the feet of the deity. The *deva* draws all those fiery streams into himself, and pours them upward in one vast fountain of many-coloured flame, which expands as it rises and is caught by the circle of waiting *devas*, who pass it through themselves and, transmuting it, converge it like rays refracted through a lens until it reaches the great chief *deva* of their ray, the mighty potentate who looks upon the very Logos Himself, and represents that ray in relation to Him.

That great chieftain is collecting similar streams from all parts of his world, and he weaves these many streams into one great rope which binds the earth to the feet of its God; he combines these many streams into the one great river which flows around those Feet, and brings our petal of the lotus close to the heart of the flower. And He answers. In the light of the Logos Himself shines forth for a moment a yet greater brilliancy; back to the great *deva* chieftain flashes that instant recognition, through him upon the waiting ring below flows down that flood of power, and as through them it touches the *deva*-priest expectant on his pinnacle, once more he lowers his arms and spreads them out above his people in benediction. A flood of colors gorgeous beyond all

description fills the whole vast cathedral ; torrents as of liquid fire, yet delicate as the hues of an Egyptian sunset, are bathing everyone in their effulgence, and from out of all this glory each one takes to himself that which he is able to take, that which the stage of his development enables him to assimilate.

All the vehicles of each man present are vivified into their highest activity by this stupendous down-rush of divine power, and for the moment each realises to his fullest capacity what the life of God really means, and how in each it must express itself as love for his fellow-men. A far fuller and more personal benediction this than that poured out at the beginning of the service, for here is something fitted exactly to each man, strengthening him in his weakness and yet at the same time developing to its highest possibility all that is best in him, giving him not only a tremendous transcendent experience at the time, but also a memory which shall be for him as a radiant and glowing light for many a day to come. This seems to be the daily service—the daily religious practice of those who belong to this ray of affection.

Nor does the good influence of this service affect only those who are present; its radiations extend over a very large district, and as it were purify the astral and mental atmospheres. The effect is distinctly perceptible to any moderately sensitive person, even two or three miles from the temple. Each such service also sends out a huge eruption of rose-colored thought-forms which bombard the surrounding country with thoughts of love, so that the whole atmosphere is full of it. In the temple itself a vast crimson vortex is set up which is largely permanent, so that anyone entering the temple immediately feels its influence, and this also keeps up a steady radiation upon the surrounding district. In addition to this each man as he goes home from the service is himself a centre of force of no mean order, and when he reaches his home the radiations which pour from him are strongly perceptible to any neighbours who have not been able to attend the service.

#### THE SERMON.

Sometimes, in addition to this, or perhaps as a service apart from this, the *deva* delivers what may be described as a kind of color-sermon, taking up that color-form which we have described as the keynote or text for the day, explaining it to his people



by an unfolding process, and mostly without spoken words, and perhaps causing it to pass through a series of mutations intended to convey to them instruction of various kinds. One exceedingly vivid and striking color-sermon of this nature was intended to show the effect of love upon the various qualities in others with which it comes into contact. The black clouds of malice, the scarlet of anger, the dirty green of deceit or the hard brown-grey of selfishness, the brownish-green of jealousy and the heavy dull-grey of depression were all in turn subjected to the glowing crimson fire of love. The stages through which they pass were shown, and it was made clear that in the end none of them could resist its force, and all of them at last melted into it and were consumed.

#### INCENSE.

Though color is in every way the principal feature in this service which we have described, the deva does not disdain to avail himself of the channels of other senses than that of sight. All through his service, and even before it began, incense has been kept burning in swinging censers underneath his golden pyramid, where stand two boys to attend to it. The kind of incense burnt varies with the different parts of the service. The people are far more sensitive to perfumes than we of earlier centuries; they are able to distinguish accurately all the different kinds of incense, and they know exactly what each kind means and for what purpose it is used. The number of pleasant odors available in this way is very much larger than that of those previously in use, and they have discovered some method of making them more volatile, so that they penetrate instantly through every part of the building. This acts upon the etheric body somewhat as the colors do upon the astral, and bears its part in bringing all the vehicles of the man rapidly into harmony. These people possess a good deal of new information as to the effect of odors upon certain parts of the brain, as we shall see more fully when we come to deal with the educational processes.

#### SOUND.

Naturally every change of color is accompanied by its appropriate sound, and though this is a subordinate feature in

the color-temple which we have described, it is yet by no means without its effect. We shall now, however, attempt to describe a somewhat similar service in a temple where music is the predominant feature, and color comes in only to assist its effect, precisely as sound has assisted color in the temple of affection. In common parlance these temples in which progress is made principally by the development of affection are called "crimson temples"—first because everyone knows that crimson is the color in the aura which indicates affection, and therefore that is the prevailing color of all the splendid outpourings which take place in it, and secondly because in recognition of the same fact all the graceful lines of the architecture are indicated by lines of crimson, and there are even some temples entirely of that hue. The majority of these temples are built of a stone of a beautiful pale grey with a polished surface much like that of marble, and when this is the case only the external decorations are of the color which indicates the nature of the services performed within. Sometimes, however, the temples of affection are built entirely of polished stone of a lovely pale rose-color, which stands out with marvellous beauty against the vivid green of the trees with which they are always surrounded. The temples in which music is the dominant factor are similarly known as "blue temples," because since their principal object is the arousing of the highest possible devotion, blue is the color most prominent in connexion with their services, and consequently the color adopted for both exterior and interior decoration.

#### THE BLUE TEMPLE.

The general outline of the services in one of the blue temples closely resembles that which we have already described, except that in their case sound takes the place of color as the principal agent. Just as the endeavor in the color-temple was to stimulate the love in man by bringing it consciously into relation with the divine love, so in this temple the object is to promote the evolution of the man through the quality of devotion, which by the use of music is enormously uplifted and intensified and brought into direct relation with the Logos who is its object. Just as in the crimson temple there exists what may be described as a permanent vortex of the highest and noblest affection, so in this

music-temple there exists a similar atmosphere of unselfish devotion which instantly affects everyone who enters it.

Into this atmosphere come the members of the congregation, each bringing in his hand a curious musical instrument, unlike any formerly known upon earth. It is not a violin ; it is perhaps rather of the nature of a small circular harp with strings of some shining metal. But this strange instrument has many remarkable properties. It is in fact much more than a mere instrument ; it is specially magnetised for its owner, and no other person must use it. It is tuned to the owner ; it is an expression of the owner—a funnel as it were through which he can be reached on this physical plane. He plays upon it, and yet at the same time he himself is played upon in doing so. He gives out and receives vibrations through it.

#### THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE.

When the worshipper enters the temple, he calls up before his mind a succession of beautiful sounds—a piece of music which fulfils for him the same office as the series of colors which pass before the eyes of the man in the color-temple at the same stage of the proceedings. When the *deva* materialises he also takes up an instrument of similar nature, and he commences the service by striking upon it a chord or rather an arpeggio which fulfils the function of the keynote in color which is used in the other temple. The effect of this chord is most striking. His instrument is but a small one and apparently of no great power, though wonderfully sweet in tone ; but as he strikes it the chord seems to be taken up in the air around him as though it were repeated by a thousand invisible musicians, so that it resounds through the great dome of the temple and pours out in a flood of harmony, a sea of rushing sound, over the entire congregation. Each member of the congregation now touches his own instrument, very softly at first, but gradually swelling it out into a greater volume, until everyone is taking part in this wonderful symphony. Thus, as in the color temple, every member is brought into harmony with the principal idea which the *deva* wishes to emphasise at this service, and in this case, as in the other, a benediction is poured over the people which raises each to the highest level possible for

him and draws from him an eager response which shows itself both in sound and in color.

Here also incense is being used, and it varies at different points of the service, much as in the other case. Then when the congregation is thoroughly tuned, each man begins definitely to play. All are clearly taking recognised parts, although it does not seem that this has been arranged or rehearsed beforehand. As soon as this stage is in full operation the *deva*-priest draws in his aura, and begins to pour his sound inwards instead of out over the people. Each man is putting his very life into his playing, and definitely aiming it at the *deva*, so that through him it may rise. The effect on the higher emotions of the people is most remarkable, and the living aspiration and devotion of the congregation is poured upwards in a mighty stream through the officiating *deva* to a great circle of *devas* above, who, as before, draw it into themselves, transmuting it to an altogether higher level, and send it forward in a still mightier stream towards the great *deva* at the head of their ray. Upon him converge thousands of such streams from all the devotion of earth, and he in his turn gathers all these together and weaves them all into one, which as he sends it upwards links him with the solar Logos Himself.

In it he is bearing his share in a concert which comes from all the worlds of the system, and these streams from all the worlds make somehow the mighty twelve-stringed lyre upon which the Logos Himself plays as He sits upon the lotus of His system. It is impossible to put this into words, but I who write have seen it, and I know that it is true. He hears, He responds, and He Himself plays upon His system. Thus for the first time we have one brief glimpse of the stupendous life which He lives among the other Logoi who are His peers; but thought fails before this glory; our minds are inadequate to comprehend it. At least it is clear that the great music-*devas*, taken in their totality, represent music to the Logos, and He expresses Himself through them in music to His worlds.

#### THE BENEDICTION.

Then comes the response—a downpouring flood of ordered sound too tremendous to be described, flowing back through the chieftain of the ray to the circle of *devas* below, and from them to

the priest-*deva* in the temple, transmuted at each stage to lower levels so that at last it pours out through the officiant in the temple in a form in which it may be assimilated by his congregation—a great ocean of swelling sound, an outburst of celestial music which surrounds, enwraps, overwhelms them, and yet pours into them through their own instruments vibrations so living, so uplifting, that their higher bodies are brought into action and their consciousness is raised to levels which in their outer life it could not even approach. Each man holds out his instrument in front of him, and it is through that that this marvellous effect is produced upon him. It seems as though from the great symphony each instrument selected the chords appropriate to itself—that is to say, to the owner whose expression it is. Yet each harp somehow not only selects and responds, but also calls into existence far more than its own volume of sound. The whole atmosphere is somehow surcharged by the Gandharvas or music-*devas*, so that veritably every sound is multiplied, and for every single tone is produced a great chord of overtones and undertones, all of unearthly sweetness and beauty. This benedictory response from on high is an utterly amazing experience, but words completely fail me when I endeavor to find expression for it. It must be seen and heard and felt before it can be in any way understood.

This magnificent final swell goes sounding home with the people, as it were; it lives inside them still even though the service is over, and often the member will try to reproduce it in a minor degree in a kind of little private service at home. In this temple also there may be what corresponds to a sermon, but in this case it is delivered by the *deva* through his instrument and received by the people through theirs. It is clear that it is not the same to all—that is to say, that some of them get more and some less of the meaning of the *deva* and of the effect which he intends to produce.

#### INTELLECT.

All the effects which are produced in the crimson temple through affection by these gorgeous seas of color are attained here through devotion by this marvellous use of music. It is clear that in both cases the action is primarily on the buddhic and astral bodies of the people—on the buddhic directly in those who

have developed it to the responsive stage, and on the buddhic through the astral for others who are somewhat less advanced. The intellect is touched only by reflexion from these planes, whereas in the next variety of temple to be described this action is reversed, for the stimulation is brought to bear directly upon the intellect, and it is only through and by means of that that the buddhic is presently to be awakened. Eventual results are no doubt the same, but the order of procedure is different.

#### THE YELLOW TEMPLE.

If we think of the men of the crimson temple as developing through color, and those of the blue as utilising sound, we might perhaps put form as the vehicle principally employed in the yellow temple—for naturally yellow is the color of the temple especially devoted to intellectual development, since it is in that way that it symbolises itself in the various vehicles of man.

Once more the architecture and the internal structure of the temple are the same, except that all decorations and outlinings are in yellow instead of blue or crimson. The general scheme of the service, too, is identical—the text or keynote at the first, which brings all into union, then the aspiration or prayer or effort of the people, which calls down the response from the Logos. The form of instruction which, for want of a better name, I have called the sermon also seems to have its part in all the services. All alike use incense, though the difference between the kind used in this yellow temple and that of the blue and the crimson is very noticeable. The vortex in this case stimulates intellectual activity, so that merely to enter the temple makes a man feel more keenly alive mentally, better able to understand and to appreciate.

These people do not bring with them any physical instruments, and instead of passing before their eyes a succession of clouds of color they begin, as soon as they take their seats, to visualise certain mental forms. Each man has his own form, which is clearly intended to be an expression of himself, just as was the physical instrument of the musician or the special color-scheme of the worshipper in the temple of affection. These forms are all different, and many of them distinctly imply the power to visualise in the physical brain some of the simpler four-dimensional figures. Naturally the power of visualisation differs; so some people are

able to make their figures much more complete and definite than others. But curiously the indefiniteness seems to show itself at both ends of the scale. The less educated of the thinkers—those who are as yet only learning how to think—often make forms which are not clearly cut, or even if at first they are able to make them clear they are not able to maintain them so, and they constantly slip into indefiniteness. They do not actually materialise them, but they do form them very strongly in mental matter, and almost all of them, even at quite an early stage, seem to be able to do this. The forms are evidently at first prescribed for them, and they are told to hold them rather as a means than as an object of contemplation. They are clearly intended to be each an expression of its creator, whose further progress will involve modifications of the form, though these do not seem to change it essentially. He is intended to think through it and to receive vibrations through it, just as the musical man received them through his instrument, or the member of the color congregation through his color-form. With the more intelligent persons the form becomes more definite and more complicated; but with some of the most definite of all it is again taking on an appearance somewhat suggesting indefiniteness, because it is beginning to be so much upon a still higher plane—because it is taking on more and more of the dimensions, and is becoming so living that it cannot be kept still.

#### THE INTELLECTUAL STIMULUS.

When the *deva* appears he also makes a form—not a form which is an expression of himself, but as in the other temples one which is to be the key-note of the service, which defines the special object at which on this occasion he is aiming. His congregation then project themselves into their forms, and try through those to respond to his form and to understand it. Sometimes it is a changing form—one which unfolds or unveils itself in a number of successive movements. Along with the formation of this, and through it, the *deva*-priest pours out upon them a great flood of yellow light which applies intense stimulus to their intellectual faculties along the particular line which he is indicating. He is acting very strongly upon both their causal and mental bodies, but very little comparatively on the astral or *buḍḍhic*. Some who have not normally the consciousness of the

mental body have it awakened in them by this process, so that for the first time they can use it quite freely and see clearly by its means. In others, who have it not normally, it awakens the power of four-dimensional sight for the time ; in others less advanced it only makes them see things a little more clearly, and comprehend temporarily ideas which are usually too metaphysical for them.

#### INTELLECTUAL FEELING.

The mental effort is not entirely unaccompanied by feeling, for there is at least an intense delight in reaching upwards, though even that very delight seems to be felt almost exclusively through the mental body. They all pour their thoughts through their forms into the priest-deva, as before, and they offer up these individual contributions as a kind of sacrifice to the Logos of the best that they have to give. Into him and through him they give themselves in surrender to the burning light above ; they merge themselves, throw themselves, into him. It is the white heat of intellectuality raised to its highest power. As in the other temples, the priest-deva synthesises all the different forms which are sent to him, and blends together all the streams of force before forwarding it to the circle above him, which this time consists of that special class which for the present we will call the yellow devas—those who are developing intellect and revel in assisting and guiding it in man.

As before, they absorb the force, but only to send it out again at a higher level and enormously increased in quantity to the great chieftain who is the head of their ray, and as it were a kind of centre for the exchange of forces. The intellect aspect of the Logos plays upon him and through him from above, while all human intellect reaches up to him and through him from below. He receives and forwards the contribution from the temple, and in turn he opens the flood-gates of Divine Intelligence which, lowered through many stages on the way, pours out upon the waiting people and raises them out of their every-day selves into what they will be in the future. The temporary effect of such a downpouring is almost incalculable. All Egos present are brought into vigorous activity, and the consciousness in the causal body is brought into action in all of those in whom it is as yet in any way possible. In others it means merely greatly increased mental activity ; some are so lifted out of themselves that they actually leave the body, and



others pass into a kind of Samāḍhi, because the consciousness is drawn up into a vehicle which is not yet sufficiently developed to be able to express it.

This response from above is not merely a stimulation. It contains also a vast mass of forms—it would seem all possible forms along whatever is the special line of the day. These forms also are assimilated by such of the congregation as can utilise them, and it is noteworthy that the same form means very much more to some people than to others. For example, a form which conveys some interesting detail of physical evolution to one man may to another represent the whole vast stage of cosmic development. For many people it is as though they were seeing in visible form the Stanzas of Dzyān. All are trying to think on the same line, yet they do it in very different ways, and consequently they attract to themselves very different forms out of the vast ordered system which is at their disposal. Each man draws out of this multitude that which is most suited to him. I notice that some people seem to be simply getting new lights on the subject, substituting for their own thought-form another which is in reality in no way superior to it, but simply another side of the question.

Men are evidently raised into the buddhic consciousness along these lines. By intense thinking, by comprehension of the converging streams, they attain first the intellectual grasp of the universe, and then by intense pressure upwards they realise it and break through. It usually comes with a rush and almost overwhelms the man—all the more so as along his line he has had little practice before in understanding the feelings of humanity. From his intellectual point of view he has as it were been philosophically examining and dissecting people, as though they were plants under a microscope, and now, in a moment, it is borne in upon him that all these also are divine as himself, that all these are full of their own feelings and emotions, understandings and misunderstandings, that these are more than brothers, since they are actually within himself and not without. This is a great shock for the man to whom it comes, and he needs time to readjust himself and to develop some other qualities which he has been, hitherto to some extent neglecting.

The service ends much as the others did, and each man's mental form is permanently somewhat the better for the exercise through which he has passed.

#### MENTAL MAGIC.

Here also we have the form of instruction which we have called the sermon, and in this case it is usually an exposition of the changes which take place in a certain form or set of forms. In this case the *deva* seems occasionally to make use of spoken words, though very few of them. It is as though he were showing them changing magic-lantern pictures and naming them as they pass before them. He materialises strongly and clearly the special thought-form which he is showing them, and each member of the congregation tries to copy it in his own mental matter. In one case which is observed what is described is the transference of forms from plane to plane—a kind of mental magic, which shows how one thought can be changed into another. On the lower mental he shows how a selfish thought may become unselfish. None of course are crudely selfish, or they would not be in the community; but there may still remain subtle forms of self-centred thought. There is a certain danger also of intellectual pride, and it is shown how this can be transmuted into worship of the wisdom of the Logos.

In other cases most interesting metamorphoses are shown—forms changing into one another by turning inside out like a glove. In this way, for example, a dodecahedron becomes an icosahedron. Not only are these changes shown, but also their inner meaning on all the different planes is explained, and here also it is interesting to see the unfoldment of the successive esoteric meanings and to notice how some members of the congregation stop at one of these, feeling it to the highest possible degree, and well-satisfied with themselves for being able to see it, while others will go on one, two or more stages beyond them, further into the real heart of the meaning. What is applied only as a transmutation of their own thoughts by the majority of the congregation may be to the few who have gone further a translation of cosmic force from one plane to another. Such a sermon is a veritable training in mental intensity and activity, and it needs a very closely sustained attention to follow it.

In all these temples alike a very great point is made of the training of the will which is necessary in order to keep the attention focussed upon all the different parts of their variations in the pictures, the music, or the thought-forms. All this is shown most prominently by the intense glow of the causal bodies, but it reacts upon the mental vehicles and even upon the physical brain, which appears on the whole to be distinctly larger among these pioneers of the Sixth Root-Race than with men of the fifth. It used to be thought by many that much study and intellectual development tended greatly to atrophy or to destroy the power of visualisation, but that does not seem to be at all the case with the devotees of the yellow temple. Perhaps the difference may be that in the old days study was so very largely a study of mere words, whereas in the case of all these people they have for many lives been devoting themselves also to meditation, which necessarily involves the constant practice of visualisation in a very high degree.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

*(To be continued.)*

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### THE RIPENING YEARS.

In spite of all that poets sing  
About our childhood's happy hours,  
It seems to me that every Spring  
Brings greener fields and sweeter flowers.

The foliage upon the trees  
Seems greener as it reappears ;  
There's something in the very breeze  
That grows more sacred with the years.

Somehow with each succeeding June  
New lusters come into the sky,  
Some subtle chord in Nature's tune  
Sounds sweeter as the years roll by.

*H. W. Wilson.*

## IN THE TWILIGHT.

“SOME years ago, nearly thirty I think,” said the Tahsildar, “one evening at twilight a friend of mine and I were walking along a road when we saw a bright light under a tree, about two hundred yards away across a ploughed field. I was curious to see what it was, as it did not proceed from any source that we could see, but appeared to stand in the air some two feet from the ground. The light was wide at the base and tapering upwards like a flame. I went to the spot, but as I approached the light disappeared and I found nothing but a naked man sitting under a tree. There was nothing by which I could account for the light, —nothing which would have caused me to imagine it. My friend, being elderly, had not come with me but remained on the road, and when I returned to him I saw that the light was there just as before. We now both went to the spot, but with the same result as before. The light again disappeared and the strange man sat there motionless, taking no notice of my enquiries. We both tried, in all the languages we knew, to attract his attention; I even took him by the shoulder and shook him, but it was of no avail. We went back to the road and stood some time looking at the light, which again appeared, and wondering what it could be. It had of course now become quite dark, and the light seemed therefore much brighter; but we could obtain no explanation of it, so we went to our quarters in the dāk-bungalow in which we were staying, both of us being officials out in camp.

“Next morning, as I was returning from my work at about ten o’clock, I saw, sitting upon a sort of rubbish-heap close to our quarters, the same strange man whom I had seen under the tree. I again spoke to him, but he gave no reply. I offered him something to eat, but he would not take it. I called my friend’s attention to him, and he and others who had collected spoke to the strange man, but none received any reply, nor did he give the slightest sign that he heard us. We then left him, and next day returned to our own village some eighteen miles distant.

“Two days later a peon who was employed in my office, who had seen the man sitting on the rubbish-heap, came and informed me that the same man was in our village, near a Muhammadan rest-house or makān. I immediately went to see him and found that

it really was the same man. I invited him to my house, but he would not come then. However, two or three days after he did come, but still without speaking a word. I think he accepted a small quantity of milk on that or the next day. From that time on, the stranger stayed in my house, without however speaking a word, or explaining who he was or what he wanted.

“At about three o'clock one afternoon a day or two later the postman came to us bringing letters. Several gentlemen were then with me, and among them the District Munsif, who was a relation of mine. At this time my wife, who was about to be confined, was in Madras, and I was expecting a letter from my father-in-law on the subject. There were a few letters for me which, in deference to the company of my friends, I at once put into my pocket without reading. The Munsif, however, asked me to open the letters, suggesting that one of them might contain the information which I was expecting, and as he was an elderly gentleman, so that I did not like to displease him, I took out the letters. Now, before I could open the letter the strange man, whom we had begun to call the Mastān, and who had not until now spoken a single word, looked at me and said in Hindī :

‘Munṣhi, I will tell you what is in that letter. It contains news that your wife has given birth to a female child.’

“This greatly aroused our curiosity, and I at once opened the letter, and found that what he had said was correct. As soon as I had finished reading it the Mastān spoke again :

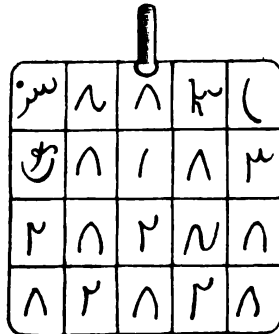
‘There is another letter now in the post, which announces that the child has died.’

“We were all much surprised, and decided to meet again next day; which we did, and the postman brought me another letter confirming what the strange man had said. The wonder rapidly passed from mouth to mouth through the neighbourhood, and people began to pour in in large numbers day by day in order to see the strange man.

“One day, when I was alone with him, the Mastān told me that my wife was partially obsessed or possessed by a being on the inner planes, who, however, was not at all repulsive or dangerous, but still not necessary or desirable. He offered to make for her a charm which I was to send by post. I agreed. ‘Bring me

a small plate of gold,' he said. I obtained the small plate of gold and brought it to him. He wrote something on a piece of paper and said that a goldsmith must reproduce it on the plate. All this I had done—and here is the plate that you may see it."

At this point the Tahsildar handed round a small gold plate about one and a quarter inches square, bearing the following inscription on one side :



"Perhaps the Scholar can tell us what it means," suggested the Shepherd. The Scholar eyed the small charm critically, as though he had known such things from his youth up.

"One may safely say," he surmised "that for the most part the signs are Arabic numerals, those signifying two and eight being frequent. The first word looks like 'saz' and below it I think is 'tun.' As we do not know in what language they are meant to be, it is difficult to say with certainty what these words are. The Arabic script is used for Persian, Hindūṣṭāni and Malay as well as Arabic, and there are several different sound-values for the same letter. If the words are Hindūṣṭāni they represent, as I said, 'saz' and 'tun'. Several of the signs which I take to be numerals are very badly drawn, so as to be hardly recognisable as such. One must remember that these were roughly drawn on paper and then copied by a goldsmith to whom these signs were absolutely foreign. Hence the difficulty of deciphering some of them. Evidently the signs themselves are not endowed with any mystic force, or they would need to be more accurately reproduced."

"That I don't know," continued the Tahsildar, "but some power it certainly possessed. Before the Maṣṭān gave me the charm he kept it by him for several days. Sometimes he kept it in his mouth. At others he placed it beneath his thigh as he was

sitting upon the ground, though usually he sat upon a chair, with a small fire kindled beside him on the ground. A third place in which he kept it was the bowl of a pipe in which he smoked, not tobacco, but a substance called *gañja*.

“He did not bring this pipe with him. In fact he had no possessions at all except a stick or staff. But a Muhammadan peon who was attached to my office, whom we called the fat peon, was an habitual smoker, and he one day offered his pipe to the *Masṭān*, who at once accepted it and thenceforward had it frequently prepared for him.

“Now in our place was an American Baptist Mission centre, and it happened that two missionaries, one of them elderly, came to my house to see the strange man of whom they had heard. The *Masṭān* sat there smoking, and the missionaries sat looking at him for some time. Presently the elderly missionary said to him :

‘Why do you not give up smoking ? Do you not know that it is a very bad thing for a man to smoke *gañja* ?’—and turning to me he continued : ‘Here you reverence this man and consider that he is a great being, and yet you see the fellow smokes, which is very dirty and bad.’

“I remained silent, but our *Masṭān* replied in Hindī :

‘Ah, you miserable *pādre*; yes, it is true, it is a bad thing to smoke. I challenge you. I will give up this bad habit if you also will give up one of your bad habits.’

‘What bad habit have I ?’ asked the offended missionary.

‘You drink alcohol,’ replied the *Masṭān*.

“The *pādre* looked uncomfortable, but he rejoined : ‘Oh, but I never drink to excess ; besides, liquor does no harm to a man, while your *gañja* will kill him.’

‘Do you say so ?’ cried the *Masṭān*. ‘Come now, I challenge you again. Order in as much *gañja* as you are sure will kill me ; I will smoke it if you on your side will drink as much liquor as I think will kill *you*.’

“Incredible as it may seem, the missionary at once accepted this extraordinary challenge, and ordered a very large quantity of *gañja*, and a number of people were employed in preparing it and filling and refilling the many pipes which were very soon brought in for the occasion. The mass was contained in a basket considerably

more than a foot in length, in breadth and in depth, and the amount of gañja was quite incredibly large for one man. The Mastān drew great breaths, reducing a whole pipeful to ashes in one pull, so that in less than an hour he had disposed of the whole quantity. Then he quietly turned to the missionary and said :

‘ You pādre; here I am, you see, and not dead.’

“The missionary looked sick, but the Mastān was relentless, and continued :

‘ Now it is your turn to display your ability in *your* evil habit. You must drink the liquor that I shall now have brought.’ But the missionaries quickly got up, made a bow to the strange man, and fled !”

A smile went round the company, but the Painter interrupted its full expansion with an eager query : “ But what about the charm ? ”

“ Oh, that must have been quite effective, for my wife from that time till her death, only a few years ago, was quite free from any sort of possessing influence.”

“ Ah,” exclaimed the Countess, sympathetically “ that was good. Then he must have been a great man, although he smoked so badly.”

“ Not necessarily very great,” replied the Shepherd, “ for in many cases it does not take great power to remove a possessing entity. But while I do not of course defend his smoking, I may point out that it is just possible that the habit may have been assumed precisely in order to give those presumptuous missionaries a lesson which they well deserved and badly needed.”

“ It was not only the missionaries, though they were the most insolent, who scoffed at this man whom we now regarded with reverence and gratitude,” went on the Tahsildar. “ The news reached the ears of the European civil officer of the station under whom I happened to be serving at the time. He very often spoke of the Mastān, calling him a madman; yet he often said also that he would like to see him. Now it happened one evening that the Mastān and myself were walking along the road which led past the civil officer’s house, and that he and his wife were coming in the opposite direction, so that we met. The officer asked me :

‘ Is this the madman you have been speaking about ? ’



"I told him that this was the Mastān who was a guest in my house. He then asked me to enquire of the Mastān when he would be promoted in the service, saying: 'That will prove whether your prophet is any good at all.' The Mastān replied:

'You will never be promoted, and further, you will very soon leave India for your native country.'

'These statements,' said the officer, 'convince me that this man is mad, because I need only be in the service a very short time longer to ensure promotion; besides, I have only recently returned from England, as you know, and there will be no need whatever for me to go there again for some time.'

"So we parted. But only a few days later the civil officer was ordered home by the doctors, and had to go on a long furlough to England; and I heard subsequently that when he returned again to India a medical officer pronounced him definitely and permanently unfit for the climate, so that he was forced to retire altogether from the service.

"Many people came to the Mastān in order to be cured. Among these was a Vaiṣhya gentleman who had had asthma for a long time. The Mastān said to him:

'If you will do as I tell you, you will be cured.'

'O, yes; certainly I will,' said the gentleman.

'Well then,' said the Mastān, 'On the night of the new moon you must go alone to the sea-shore, carrying with you an unlighted lamp, some ghee and a wick. You must prepare these, and having lighted the lamp on the shore, walk round it three times. You will then be told what to do next.'

'But,' said the gentleman, 'who will tell me what to do?'

'Never mind,' replied the Mastān, 'you go and do what I say.'

"Now it was about eight miles from the village to the sea, and the Vaiṣhya gentleman was afraid to go alone in the dark, but at last he managed to screw up his courage, and went. He told us afterwards that as he was walking round the lamp on the second turn the Mastān suddenly appeared beside him, patted him on the back and said:

'Go on. Finish the third round. You need not fear anything at all.'

“After the ceremony was completed the Mastān walked with him towards the village, but disappeared as soon as they approached it. The extraordinary thing is that all this time the Mastān was with me in my own house! The asthma was cured and did not return.

“There was a medical officer in the township, who was also something of a photographer, and as we particularly desired to have a photograph of the Mastān we asked him to take one. He consented, and after a good deal of persuasion the Mastān sat before the camera, after we had thrown a cloth about his body. I must tell you that the photographer was also a scoffer. Well, about seven plates were taken of the Mastān, but each time when they were developed they certainly revealed the body of the Mastān—but no head! The photographer was certain that all these failures were not due to accident, but considered it a rebuke, on the part of the wonder-worker, for his previous scoffing; so he went to him and humbly begged his pardon.

‘Do you still regard me as a madman?’ asked the Mastān.

‘No; I am very sorry that I abused and offended you,’ he replied.

‘Well then,’ said the Mastān, ‘you may have a photograph.’

“So he sat once more before the camera, and a beautiful photograph was the result. This you may now see, though it is a little faded. The Mastān told us we must not take more than three copies and the plate must be destroyed; but I must confess that after a time we disobeyed that order and produced some further copies.”

The Tahsildar here handed round the photograph; a reproduction of it appears upon the opposite page, but the photograph is so faded after all these years that the reproduction is a very poor one.

“After having stayed with me for about three weeks the Mastān expressed his intention to depart. I and other friends accompanied him to a village about twenty miles distant. Here we had arranged with a friend for accommodation, and he prepared for us a certain house—the only one available in the village—a house which was reputed to be haunted. This house had been built three years before, but the owner had lived in it only one day and



MUSTAN OF ONGOLE

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**MUSTAN OF ONGOLE.**

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1898

part of one night, for on the very first night he slept there he was carried up bodily, bed and all, and deposited in the middle of the road outside ! There was supposed to be some sort of demon in the house ; so it had been lying vacant for three years. We came to the house, and late in the evening we all fell asleep in the room where the Mastān still sat in his chair, as was his custom. In the middle of the night I was awakened by the voice of the Mastān calling out :

‘ Murshad, Murshad, he is too strong for me ; come and help me.’

“ Now Murshad means Guru. I found the Mastān standing near the chair and speaking to somebody in an angry voice. I heard only one side of the conversation, and I could neither see nor hear anyone to whom he was speaking. After a while the Mastān sat down, saying :

‘ After all I got rid of the nuisance, although he was a very tough customer and I had to call my Teacher.’

“ The Mastān then told me that the house had been haunted by a very bad and powerful demon. Next morning we induced the owner to return to his house, and there we stayed with him for three days to see that he was at ease and unmolested. The same afternoon the Mastān, after some chanting, took us out to a tree about a mile from the village, and there with some more chanting he drove a nail into the tree, which he said would fix the demon there. He said that nobody must ever sleep under the tree.

“ The time came for the Mastān to proceed upon his journey, and he told us to bring him a pony. We brought a very small pony, ready saddled and bridled. Then he told us to remove the saddle and bridle, and seated himself on the bare back of the animal with his face towards the tail. The pony started off and went along as though it were actually being guided by a bridle, while all of us walked behind conversing with the Mastān. After a time we all turned back and went home, and that was the last I saw of the Mastān.”

“ I can add a pendant to that story,” quietly remarked the Model of Reticence.

“ In 1882, during the month of May, Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky, after forming a branch of Society at Nellore,

went by boat on the Buckingham Canal to Guntūr. On the way, at Ramayapatnam, they met a friend of mine, the Sirastadar of the Ongole sub-collector's office, and while travelling by the same boat H. P. B., seeing a bandage on his leg, asked him what was the matter. He explained to her that he had been suffering from a sore for a very long time, and that even the English doctors were not able to cure it. Then she told him that one year later he would meet a great man who would cure him. Just about one year later this Mastān, about whom our Tahsildar has been speaking, came into that district. Seeing the sore, he asked the Sirastadar about it, and then rubbed some of his saliva upon it and told the patient to go and bathe. The sore began to heal at once and was entirely gone within two days. So whoever this man may have been it is obvious that Madame Blavatsky knew something about him."

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### TOMORROW.

However glad, however gay,  
 Some joy from Hope we borrow,  
 And fondly think each passing day  
 To be more glad tomorrow !

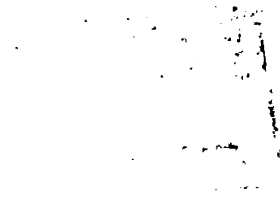
The lover whispers to the bride  
 Who'll share his joy and sorrow,  
 The sufferer whom we watch beside  
 Prays murmuring—tomorrow.

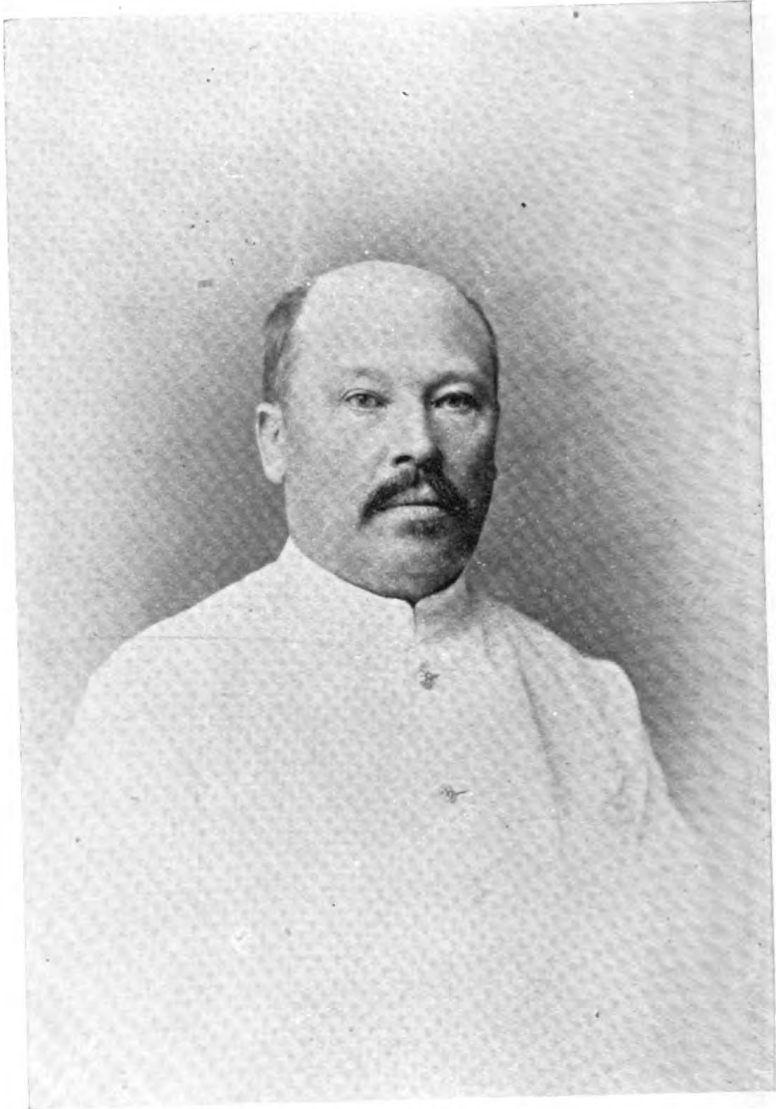
Morn, noon, and eve we vainly breathe  
 Vows, wishes for the morrow,  
 And still at night with garlands wreath  
 This little word, tomorrow !

Last prayer the dying lips let fall  
 For good the end to follow  
 Whose only hope can be at all  
 Life's better chance tomorrow.

*Margaret Eagles Swayne.*







W. B. FRICKE.





W. B. FRICKE

## THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES.

W. B. FRICKE.

**W**ILLEM Barend Fricke was born on the 4th of November 1842, at Weesp, a small town in the neighborhood of Amsterdam. He went to school in Amsterdam and prepared for a military career, passing, at the age of fourteen, his entrance examination for the Military Training School at Breda. His studies there were, for some reason or another, no great success and two years later he left the school, and looked about for another path through life. This he sought in the commercial line and so we find him in the same year on board a sailing vessel bound for South Africa, landing in due time at Capetown. There he soon found some business engagement and in 1875, six or seven years after his arrival, he was established as a merchant in Philippolis in the then Orange Free State, where he married in that same year. In spiritual matters a constant and gradual evolution had been taking place in him as life advanced. From more dogmatic and rigid protestantism he had become liberal, and he also joined (in 1869) the Masonic fraternity. Still even this new and wider outlook did not satisfy him in the end, as the answers to the great questions as to 'whence, why and whither' remained as unsatisfactorily answered as before. So he drifted gradually on to a period of mere atheism. In the meantime he had given up his successful business and lived at Capetown, where he became acquainted with Spiritualism, which soon claimed him as its enthusiastic student and adherent. Soon after he went to Europe in order to pursue his investigations. He often likes to put it that his aims were then to find 'philanthropic philosophers and philosophic philanthropists.' This sums up very well his own temperament, as he never was a strictly scientific student of these things, but in the first place a seeking soul anxious to find an adequate philosophy of life, a practical and comprehensible guide for conduct.

In Europe he first called on the famous Stainton Moses ("M. A. Oxon.") and after that on the equally well-known medium Eglinton. From the latter he received instructions, by means of spirit writing on a slate, to proceed to America.

So, on August the 11th, 1887, he departed for New York where he made the acquaintance of Professor Kiddle (so well-

known to the readers of the *Occult World*), Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, Professor Buchanan and Cora Richmond—all, at the time, well-known authorities in spiritualistic circles. He made many interesting experiments with many famous mediums, but whether his 'instructions' had any other purpose or effect than that of strengthening his spiritualistic convictions we do not know.

About this time his wife died, and as he had no children he was alone in the world. Having returned to Holland he pursued his *séances* and so met Madame P. C. Meuleman-van Ginkel, later the staunchest and strongest of the early members (in fact, the leader) of our Society in Holland. She was at that time, in her own circle of relations and friends, reputed as a remarkable medium, and it was in that capacity that Mr. Fricke made her acquaintance. Through her he, and a small circle, received what were to them very valuable teachings. Most of this intimate group entered later our Society in Holland and became prominent members of it. This meeting took place in 1889 and soon after the spirit-guide declared that now the period of teaching had come to an end and would be replaced by a period of work. So the *séances* were given up and they awaited further developments.

Very soon after, Mr. Fricke (and of course the other members of the group also) came in contact with Theosophy first, and then with the Theosophical Society; his date of entrance was January 9th, 1891, and his diploma was one of the last signed by H. P. B.

On January 15th, 1891, six members of our Society met at Amsterdam and decided to apply for a Charter in the then British Section. This Charter was issued under date of February 21st, 1891, under the name of Dutch-Belgian Lodge. The Lodge comprised some fifteen members, mainly in Amsterdam and in Charleroi. Mr. Fricke was chosen President of this Lodge. The Lodge Charter is believed to be the last signed by Madame Blavatsky. The spread of the Movement in Holland made it possible to apply for a Sectional Charter in 1897. The Dutch-Belgian Branch was dissolved and a new Amsterdam Branch created in its stead, Mr. Fricke remaining its President. When on May 14th, 1897, the Dutch Section came into existence, he was also chosen its General Secretary, a post he filled for twelve years. During this present summer he sent in his resignation on account of absence from

Holland on duty along other lines, and as a recognition of his long and signal services to the Section, he was unanimously elected Honorary Member of its Executive Committee. In the end of 1907 Mrs. Besant invited him to accept the post of Recording Secretary of the Theosophical Society, which he did, filling that place for a year when Mr. J. R. Aria took over the task. During this term he went on a long propaganda tour in the Dutch East Indies and at its close to South Africa—where he is still at the present moment—to be followed possibly by similar travels in South America. Then a visit to Holland on his way home may take him some time, so that when he returns to Adyar he may possibly celebrate his seventieth birthday in that pivot and centre of our Society.

Mr. Fricke's abilities and capacities lie preëminently along one line—that of propaganda. He is not a *savant*, nor is he at heart an administrator. But his lectures have been numberless, both in Holland and in other places where he has been active. Above all he is a man of faith—of childlike, complete and wholesale faith. As is the case with so many other of our prominent workers he is a type all by himself. Genial by nature, endowed with shrewd common-sense taught him in a long and varied life, full of good humor, sensitive, gay, guileless, transparently *de bonne foi*, with frequent rushes of vibrating enthusiasm, having contacted life in the middle spheres of 'ordinary' humanity—neither too learned nor too low—he has exactly the qualities to expound Theosophy, not as an abstruse science, nor as a dwindling system of highflying metaphysics, but rather as a valuable, potent, intensely real, practical, immediate theory of life and existence, as a system of belief and aspiration for the ordinary, busy, natural man and woman of this world.

As such the Dutch members had long learned to appreciate him, and they called him affectionately 'Father Fricke,' taking him as a patriarchal leader of the flock. He himself knew and smilingly acknowledged this, and when it was remarked that his lectures were largely abstracts, and often—in non-English countries—translations of Mrs. Besant's lectures, he would reply unabashed: "My dear friends, you won't seriously pretend that I have better things to say than Mrs. Besant, or that I can speak more eloquently

than she! So be grateful that I bring you translated wisdom of the first order, instead of making a vain attempt to provide you with second-rate matter of my own making!"

This honest humility is one of his fine qualities, and as to its wisdom—there is a lesson here.

But it should not be thought, therefore, that he has no wisdom of his own, for it has struck me many a time how often he would, in discussion or private conversation, utter some quaint but intensely practical simile or explanation, striking straight home with force and conviction. Or how in debate or in public speech he often suddenly lit up with an inspiration of his own, all aglow and intense in speaking the message—and then there would be a deeply impressive something which would not miss its result.

One thing must not be left unmentioned: to Mr. Fricke, Madame Meuleman was his great, personal teacher, his revered guru. As is the case with some others of the old Amsterdam Headquarters' group she is to him one of the Very Great to whom his heart goes out in reverence and gratitude, to whom he owes more than life itself. And it is precisely this more intimate conviction that has given him force to persist in his work for Theosophy and has brought him to the honored place where he now stands.

His devotion to Mrs. Besant too is great and entire. To him her way of interpreting Theosophy is that which is the most inspiring, the most suited for the world at large. Madame Blavatsky may be a trifle too complex, Mr. Sinnett a trifle too intellectual, but, according to him Mrs. Besant is exactly what is needed: enough for the mind, enough for the heart, enough for the body, enough for the soul.

But sufficient is said now of Mr. Fricke's work, life and character, and we may conclude with the wish that he still may be with us for many a year to hold his useful place in our society, exemplifying a valuable aspect of character, of temperament, of work and of Theosophy. And in thinking of him as a man of faith we may remember the deep saying of Herakleitos: The knowledge of the divine keeps away from the understanding, largely because of lack of faith.

J. v. M.





## ROUND THE VILLAGE TREE.

### THE STORY OF GIORDANO BRUNO.

[The stories of Hypatia (published last month) and Bruno (begun in this number) were written by me when I was a sceptic, to complete the series which have been reprinted here. These two martyrs fascinated me much in the past—A. B.]

A boy was lying on a vine-clad hill, looking dreamily over the blue Mediterranean sea. As he lay there he could see the beautiful Bay of Naples, curving inwards to the fair city; and behind him rose, stern and forbidding, the mountain of Vesuvius, sending its dark smoke up into the stainless purity of the sky. One of the loveliest scenes that Italy, or that perhaps even the world, could offer was spread before his eyes; but the boy, readily sensitive as he generally was to all beauty of form and color, to-day seemed indifferent to it all, and the large eyes, "full of speculation," were blind to the landscape he knew and loved so well.

For the lad was on the verge of a grave decision; should he or should he not bid farewell to the brightness of his youth, and shut himself up within the grey walls of a Dominican monastery, to devote himself there to study and to the search after truth? Monk or soldier, it seemed, he must be. The times were rough and violent, and there was no chance for peaceful study save under the garb of the monk. Besides, Nature herself seemed as uneasy and troubled as the States of Italy. In the quaint words of an old chronicler, there were "earthquakes, inundations, eruptions, famine, and pestilence; in that troublous time creation itself seemed to violate its own laws." And the boy was fanciful and superstitious, and he thought that perhaps the monastery would be the spot most approved of by his God amid such troubles. But most of all, learning seemed to beckon him; for within the monastery were books, and ancient manuscripts, and wonderful

parchment rolls that he could not yet decipher but which Father Anselm had promised him that he should understand, if he donned the garb of the monk and took on him the vows of Dominic. His pulse beat more quickly and the color glowed on his dark cheeks as he thought of all he might learn and the knowledge he might master, as with some the pulse would beat in dreaming of gay frolic, and the color glow with thought of some bright scene of festivity or of love. And when Giordano Bruno rose from the hill-side his mind was made up, and he had resolved to enter the Dominican monastery, for there he fancied that learning should be his comrade, and truth itself should lift her veil before his eager reverent eyes.

"You have been long, Giordano, and it grows late," said his mother tenderly, as the lad entered his lowly home in the little town of Nola. "And your uncle has been awaiting you, and has gone away sore vexed. For he says that now you are a strong lad and a tall one, it is time that you should throw away the books you are ever poring over, and should learn to carry arms, as befits a gallant lad."

"Mother," the boy answered gently, "I shall never carry arms, nor go out to rob and kill my fellows at the order of some idle noble. I have resolved to go to the Dominican monastery, where I have long been for study under Father Anselm, and the good monk has promised that he will teach and train me, if I will promise after awhile to take the vows of the order, and become one of the brethren there. And, truly, to me it is a nobler life to study and learn what wise men have written, than to put on casque and hauberk and go slay poor simple folk who have done no wrong to any."

"But your uncle, my son, your uncle," urged the mother, anxiously. She had long known that her son cared for the study rather than for the street, and was therefore in no wise surprised at his words; but she had feared lest his uncle should be wrath, and deal harshly with her fatherless boy.

"My uncle may fight as he will," laughed the boy merrily, "and scold as he will, too, so you be not angry or grieved, sweet mother mine." And he twined his arms lovingly round his mother's shoulder, and kissed away her tremors and her anxieties, till she sat

down happily to supper, content in her heart of hearts that her darling should escape from the turmoil of that dangerous time, and should grow into a revered monk like Father Anselm, or one of the grave brethren of the famous monastery to which he belonged. But no such monk as one of those, poor anxious mother, shall be that gallant-hearted, passionate, eager lad of yours. Oh, could you have read his fortune on that summer evening, I doubt whether you would not have chosen for him the rough toils and perils of the soldier's life rather than that seemingly peaceful one which opened as the monastery gate rolled back to let in the future monk, and which ended on the field of flowers in Rome, long ere the full life had begun to sink into old age. But that future was hidden from her loving eyes, and she bade farewell to her boy, sadly indeed, but yet resignedly, as he set forth to his new home, and plunged into the new studies with all the eagerness of his fiery youth, with all the passion of his warm Italian heart.

And there for some years he studied, and when the due time arrived he took the vows of the Dominican order, and clad himself in the monk's frock. But Father Anselm, who loved him, and who marvelled at his keen wit and his strong subtle thought, would oftentimes shake his head gravely and sigh: "I fear me that that keen head will not rest easy under the cowl, and that that strong brain will bring its owner into trouble." And he would try to check the young man's eager questioning, and to dull his ardor after study, for he thought that there was peril in the future, in those days of growing heresy, for a youth who would never accept an answer to a question if the answer would not bear investigation, and who must ever be probing the old truths and the old beliefs, and refusing to accept as certain all that holy Church taught and all the traditions of Rome.

"My son, my son," the gentle old monk would say, "you seek to know too much. There is danger in your endless questionings and in your desire to be wise above that which is written. Read your breviary, and chant your offices, and leave Copernicus and his dreams alone. Does not Holy Writ declare that God "has fixed the round earth so fast that it cannot be moved," and did not Joshua call on the sun to stand still—a command which would have been absurd had the sun been stationary, as Copernicus suggests?

The book tells us distinctly that 'the sun stood still,' and it must, therefore, have been moving before. Giordano, Giordano, my son, your questionings will lead into heresy, if you be not careful, and the Holy Inquisition has arguments that I would be loth to see applied to my favorite pupil."

Then Bruno would kiss the old man's hand, and say some light word to comfort him; but alone he would pace up and down his narrow cell, struggling, thinking, wondering, praying for a light that never came in answer to his prayer, and longing to be free of the narrow round of monastic duties, and to share in the intellectual struggles, the sound of which he heard afar, the struggle raging in every University of Europe between the old order and the new, between the philosophy of the past and the thought of the present. The young lion found his cage too narrow for him, and the confinement began to gall.

A. B.

*(To be continued.)*

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## STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF CEYLON.

### THE INTRODUCTION OF BUDDHISM INTO CEYLON.

#### THE OBTAINING OF THE RIGHT BRANCH OF THE GREAT BODHI-TREE.

Now we have to go back a little to the time of that Vassa, which has been described in the account of the "Dedication of the Mihintalé-Mountain." King Asoka received Arriṭṭha very kindly, and after hearing of the great desire of Princess Anula and her five hundred women to become ordained as Nuns, and of Mahinda's request to send with Sanghamiṭṭha the Right Branch of the holy Bodhi-Tree, Asoka consulted with his daughter, who at once consented to go to Laṅkā. Then King Asoka invited the priesthood of Patalipuṭra to a feast, and asked the High-priest whether it was permitted to send a branch of the Holy Tree to Laṅkā. The answer was in the affirmative, and King Asoka at once made preparations to have this done. He ordered the road to the Bodhi-Tree, which was one hundred and twelve miles away, to be cleansed and richly decorated. Then he ordered a beautiful golden case to be made for the Branch, and Vissakamma himself, assuming the character of a goldsmith, made this case, which was fourteen feet

long and eight inches in diameter. King Asoka took this splendid vase to the holy Bodhi-Tree, accompanied by his army and the whole priesthood. A great circle was made round the tree, and King Asoka stood within this circle, facing the Bodhi-Tree. Lifting his clasped hands, he gazed at it praying that some indication should be given to him, as to which branch he should take. Then suddenly the tree seemed to vanish before their eyes, and only *one* branch remained visible. This indicated very plainly to Asoka and to all those assembled that this was the branch which should be taken. Then King Asoka made offerings of flowers before the Tree, walked round it, and bowed down at eight places. Then he ordered a golden stool to be brought, and the golden vase made by Vissakamma, and climbing on the stool, with a golden brush in his hand filled with vermilion, he made a circle round the branch and said: "If this supreme Right-Bodhi-Branch, detached from the Bodhi-Tree, is destined to depart hence to the land of Laṅkā, let it, self-severed, instantly transplant itself into the golden vase. Then my faith in the Religion of the Buddha will be unshaken." And behold! before the eyes of the King and all his Priests and the people, the branch severed itself at the place where King Asoka had made the circle, and rested on the top of the golden vase. Then King Asoka drew nine more circles on it with the same brush, at intervals of three inches, and ten roots came forth from each of these circles and planted themselves in the vase, which was filled with earth and scented oil. Seeing this marvel, King Asoka, still standing on the golden stool, shouted with joy, the Priest cried "Sādhu" and the cheers of thousands of people rose up and echoed far over the land.

Brilliant rays of the six colors<sup>1</sup> shone from it, and the newly planted Branch rose into the air, where it stayed for seven days, wrapped in clouds.

King Asoka remained during these seven days near the Bodhi-Tree, and after the seven days were over the clouds disappeared, and the Branch showed itself to the whole multitude in the silvery rays of the moon, shining with the six colors. For seven more days King Asoka, his Priesthood and many of his subjects remained

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<sup>1</sup> Dark-blue, yellow, crimson, white, dark-red, and a mixture of all the colors according to the Buddhists of Laṅkā.

there, offering flowers to the Boḍhi-Tree and to the newly-planted Branch. Then he took the Branch, placed it on a golden car, and in procession it was taken to his beautifully decorated capital Patalipuṭra, and placed under the Sāl-tree<sup>1</sup> in the eastern part of it, making daily flower-offerings to it.

On the seventeenth day after King Asoka had taken possession of the Boḍhi Branch, new leaves sprouted forth all at once, and therefore the King thought the right time had come for it to be carried across to Laṅkā, and he made preparations to send his daughter Sanghamiṭṭa with the Bo-Branch to Laṅkā; decorating his best ship and launching it on Gaṅgā, he appointed eighteen persons of royal blood, eighteen members of noble families, eight of the Brāhmaṇa and eight of the Vaishya castes as guardians of it, and some of the lower castes to water it with eight golden and eight silver vases.

Sanghamiṭṭa with her eleven Priestesses and the Minister Arriṭṭha also embarked at the mouth of Gaṅgā, and the ship with its precious load dashed into the foaming waves of the Indian Ocean. Lotus flowers of the five different colors blossomed round the Boḍhi Branch and melodies of sweet music sounded above it, while the accompanying Devas brought innumerable offerings to it. But the Nāgās wanted to take possession of it and used their magical arts to obtain it, but the High-Priestess, who was an Arhaṭ and possessed the Siddhis, watched carefully, and when she perceived their plot, she took the form of Supanna and terrified the Nāgās, so that they had to give up their evil plot. Then they implored Sanghamiṭṭa to allow them to take the holy Branch for seven days to their own settlement, that they might worship it there for their benefit, and Sanghamiṭṭa gave them permission to take it, knowing very well that they would not dare to keep it.

So the Branch vanished from its temporary resting place on the ship for seven days and then re-appeared.

Very soon after its re-appearance the shores of Laṅkā came into sight, where good King Tissa was waiting impatiently for its arrival, having been informed by Mahiṇḍa that it was coming near.

Mahiṇḍa, Samanera, Sumana, and the other Theras were also waiting on the sea-shore to receive the Branch, and when the ship

<sup>1</sup> Under a Sāl-tree the Buddha was born, therefore it is venerated.

came near enough, the happy King Tissa calling out: "This is the branch from the Boḍhi Tree at which the Buḍḍha attained Buḍḍhahood," rushed into the sea up to his neck. The Boḍhi Branch was lifted out of the ship and carried to a splendid hall which had been erected on the shore, and King Tissa, making flower-offerings to the Branch and dedicating his kingdom to it, himself remained as a sentinel there for three whole days, thereby showing that he, as the King of the land, wished to be the guardian of the holy Tree.

Then a magnificent car was brought and King Tissa and a great number of people accompanied the holy Branch on its passage to the Mahamegha-Garden, stopping at different places, which had been consecrated by the presence of the former Buḍḍhas, and reached Anuraḍhapura in fourteen days. At the time when the shadows are longest, the procession entered the northern gate of the beautifully decorated capital, passed through it and out of the southern gate again to the Mahamegha-Garden. Here they stopped at the gaily decorated spot, which Mahinda had pointed out as the place sanctified by some former holy Trees, and King Tissa, assisted by representative men, lifted the sacred Branch out of the car. Then the Branch sprang up to a very great height, and remained suspended in the air, and a halo of the six colors shone round it. This halo remained till the setting of the sun, when it descended to earth again, and the roots, which had filled the golden vase, drew themselves out of it, clung to the golden vessel outside and forced it with themselves down into the ground. So the sacred Boḍhi Branch planted itself without the help of the people, who stood around in awe and wonder. Then a sudden deluge of rain descended and clouds enwrapped the Tree, so that it became invisible for seven whole days and nights. This was a sign for the people that their Tree was taken care of by the Devas, who wished it to be *firmly* planted, so that it should stand with their blessings for centuries, to preach to the people the constancy of the Dhamma, which had come to Laṅkā to leave it no more.

At the end of these seven days all the clouds disappeared and the firmly planted Branch stood there in its halo of the six colored rays.

Mahinda and his Theras, Sanghamiṭṭa and her Theris, King Tissa and the whole royal household, as well as the whole Priest-

hood and the thousands of people assembled there, held a great festival of rejoicings at which many wonders occurred.

While the people were looking on, one fruit ripened on the southern Branch of the young Tree. It fell down, and Mahinda picked it up, handing it to King Tissa for him to plant it. The King set it in a golden vase filled with earth and sweet-smelling oil. While they were yet looking at it, it sprouted, and soon eight plants showed themselves. These eight plants were planted at the different places where the Branch had rested on its way from the sea to the Mahamegha-Garden.

Round our sacred Tree a beautiful enclosure was built. Terraces led up to it, and the steps, guarded by guardians cut out of granite blocks, can be seen to the present day. Beautiful columns cut of one stone supported the brass roofs of the four entrances to the enclosure, and before each of these entrances were laid richly carved moon-stones.

This sacred Bodhi Tree stands yet after two thousand two hundred years. It has now grown into a venerable grove. The grand surrounding structures have almost all crumbled away, but some steps, two guardians and some columns remain to give us an idea of what the place must have been in olden times. This, the oldest historical tree in the world, if it only could speak, would tell us of the rise and fall of the great Buddhist civilisation, which centred itself round its leafy shade. It would tell us how enemies came and destroyed the sacred buildings which gave proof of devotion to the Buddhist Religion, and it would tell us of Sanghamitta, the great Nun, under whose care this marvellous Tree was brought. It would speak of King Tissa's devotion, the first of the religious heroes of Lanka, who dedicated the Mahamegha-Garden and all the surrounding land to the Buddhist Religion, which yet treasures this Holy Tree as a witness of all its glory and alas! also of its downfall.

Will it rise again? Let us hope so! For the signs of a new spirituality have come. Again hundreds of pilgrims travel to the Holy Tree, and bring their flowers of devotion to its venerable foot.

Maybe the Holy Tree will have to tell in coming Ages the story of a renewed glory.

M. MUSÆUS HIGGINS.







SUNDARA MURTI SWAMI.  
[ CEYLON. ]





SUNDARA MURTI SWAMI.  
[ Ceylon. ]

## SUNÐARA MÛRṬI SVĀMI.

Our picture this month is a reproduction of a bronze figure of the Tamil Shaiva Saint, Sunḍara Mûrṭi Svāmi. It is one of a splendid series of Hindû bronzes recently discovered at Polonnaruwa in Ceylon, and now in the Colomabo Museum.

The story of Sunḍara Mûrṭi Svāmi is briefly as follows :

Born at Ṭirunavaṭṭur in the Madras Presidency, he was adopted by the King, but brought up strictly as a learned Brāhmaṇa. When he grew older a suitable marriage was arranged. Arrayed in bridal attire, he rode out for the marriage. Then Sivan, "though he has neither form, nor city, nor name, yet for the sake of saving human souls, took shape and name as an aged Brāhmaṇa, and came from Kailās to bar his way." Holding up a piece of written palm-leaf, he claimed the boy as a family slave. An altercation ensued, and the boy at last tore up the palm leaf in anger. The old man explained that it was only a copy of the original. Finally it was agreed that the original should be submitted for inspection by the Brāhmaṇas of the place where the old man lived. It was found to be in the boy's grandfather's writing, and to bind himself and his descendants as slaves to the old man. Witnesses present had to admit their signatures. It was agreed that the marriage must be stopped and the boy must follow the old man as a slave. But where did he live? "Follow me," said he. The boy did so, and he led the way into a Sivan temple and there disappeared.

Then appearing to the boy as Sivan with Umā and Nandī, he claimed him as his devotee of old. Sunḍara Mûrṭi Svāmi worshipped the Lord with tears of bliss, feeling himself like a rootless tree. He realised the inner meaning of all that had passed and a passion of devotion passed through his heart.

The Lord said: "My favorite worship is the singing of hymns; sing Tamil hymns now." The boy said he knew not how. "As you just now called me 'madman'" said the Lord, "so let that be my name, and sing." So he sang his first hymn, of which the first verse runs :

Oh Madman, Oh wearer of the crescent moon, Oh Lord and gracious one,  
How comes it that I ever think on Thee, my heart remembering Thee always?  
Thou hast placed the Vennai river on the South;  
O Father who dost abide in the fair city of Vennai Nallūr,  
Since I am Thy slave, how can I deny it?

The bronze figure represents the boy in his bridal dress, at the moment of realisation in the temple. It is, as it were, the "Soul's Awakening"; a gloriously true and beautiful embodiment of the idea of bhakti, passionate adoration. This is the "passion (rasa) that animates the figure"; it is expressed not only in the rapture of the face, but in the form and action of the whole figure. The figure is one of the master-pieces of Indian sculpture.

A. K. COOMĀRASVĀMY, D. Sc.



## REVIEWS.

### THE SEVENTH ADYAR POPULAR LECTURE.

*Religion and Music*, by Annie Besant, P. T. S. The *Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras, S. Price one anna; 100 copies Rs. 5/-; 500 copies Rs. 21/-; 1,000 copies Rs. 40/-.

This is a very interesting pamphlet on a subject which is now touched by our President for the first time. She treats it "from the standpoint of the occultist, not from that of the artist." She places the origin of music in the Atlantean world. She speaks of the uses of music in war, in the arousing and refining of the emotional nature, in the man-travidyā, and, most important of all, in quieting and harmonising the body for a fruitful meditation. She works out the difference between eastern and western music; here are the important points: "A chromatic scale in the West gives the limits on a western piano; in the East, many notes are interposed, and the gradations are so fine as to be indistinguishable to a western ear until it is trained to hear them." "Eastern music is a succession of notes, a melody, while western music consists of notes played simultaneously, and yielding harmony." Western music "stirs the passions, sometimes masters the intellect, but it does not touch the spiritual note, which often thrills the nerves to a pleasure that touches pain in its keenness, well-known in Indian music. . . . It stirs the more delicate shades of love, the finer chords, the unsatisfied yearning of it, the ever-frustrated longing for utter identity, so that it is not an appeal to passion but rather of lifting passion into emotion, purifying and refining, with an ever elusive suggestion of the underlying meanings of the physical, of the regions where Spirit is the lover, where God is the beloved." Western music often touches lower astral matter, while the eastern affects the higher astral body and the buddhic sheath. And who plays the *true* music? Not the artist but the occultist, the real spiritual man, who, transcending the dissonance of the world in which we live, creates the true melody, summing up in his own being the one pure note with countless harmonious vibrations. This is a very instructive pamphlet, and we recommend it to all our readers. For propaganda work it is excellent.

B. P. W.

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### THOUGHTS ON MODERN LIFE.

*The East and the West*, by Svāmi Vivekānanda. The *Brahmavādīn* Office, Madras. Price 12 annas.

This book, by Svāmi Vivekānanda, is a characteristic expression of its author's well-known ability to make the East and West see each other in their true characters. In it he accounts for their undue criticism of each other by a lack of sympathy and understanding, and explains that each has its own good qualities, of which no nation, any more than any individual, has a monopoly. The great aim of the Indians, to attain Mukṭi

or spiritual independence, contrasts strongly with the dharma of the West, which gives rather an impulse to seek enjoyment and happiness. The Christian injunction "love your enemies," and the *Gītā* teaching "always work with great enthusiasm, destroy your enemies and enjoy the world" seem to have been reversed in practice. He recommends the natural method, first to enjoy, then to renounce, since no renunciation is possible where there is nothing to renounce. The fall of India is attributed to the sweeping influence of Buddhism, and its failure to prescribe a middle course of teaching, in consonance with the capacity of those who are neither inclined nor adapted to evolve along one road. He asks why a whole nation should be compelled to take the same path to Mokṣha. Another reason for failure is the misconception and wrong practice of the "caste-dharma," a vital point for the nation. Every nation has a national purpose, and it declines when that ideal fades from the hearts and minds of its people. The life and purpose of the Indian nation is Mukṣi, and any interference with this must result in disaster, as has been proved by the effect of the attempts of missionaries and other ill-advised persons to substitute a lesser ideal. The secret of the success of the English rule is its non-interference with the religion. Fashion is a mark of caste among the Westerns, and their great physical superiority is due to their good dress, good food, good climate, and especially to late marriages. Manners and customs differ also. Cleanliness within is religiously observed in India, while a heavy penalty would have to be paid for neglecting the exterior, its dire results being cholera and plague. The ideal should be cleanliness of body, mind and life. Food and the manner of taking it is another contrasting feature, vegetarianism and conscientiousness being the rule of one, while with the other it is merely a matter of enjoyment, notwithstanding injury to health, and without consideration of the barbarity of the custom of wholesale slaughter for the eating of animals, a custom which is a very decided barrier to those attempting to lead a spiritual life. Flesh is recommended for the laborer and the soldier. In the West the open and universal worship of Shakti (woman) differs from the East, where it is restricted to holy places and stipulated times. The men of India are taught that they should exercise full control over the passions, but the chastity of the woman is universally observed.

G. G.

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DR. STEINER'S NEW BOOK.

*Initiation and its Results*, by Rudolf Steiner, Ph. D., translated by Clifford Bax. Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, London. Price 3s. 6d.

Dr. Steiner has a personality of his own; he is a leading figure in the front rank of Theosophists. The perusal of the volume under review—which is a sequel to his *Way of Initiation* published last year—confirms our view that he has his own theories as regards occult development, and that he represents a somewhat different and new phase in the Theosophical Society. It is indeed a good sign that within our fold divergent views on even important matters of practical value can stand

side by side, and not only stand but be made use of. It means the growth of a certain tolerance and the overcoming of sectarian dogmatism.

The volume is said to be an advanced text book of occultism, and it is remarked, "it has not until now been deemed expedient openly to publish such far-reaching revelations of the occult"—a statement whose accuracy we fail to realise in perusing the book. Certainly some things said are strange, and many of the startling details we come across in print for the first time. For instance, the very first chapter on "The Astral Centres" is full of such statements and details. It is said that for the development of clairvoyance—for perceiving the thoughts of others, for gaining knowledge concerning the sentiments of others, and for gauging the capacities and talents of others—three respective centres are to be developed: (1) in the vicinity of the larynx with its sixteen petals; (2) near the heart with its twelve petals; and (3) in the pit of the stomach with its ten petals. The methods of developing these are given, and we are surprised to find that they wholly hinge upon the acquirement of certain *moral* qualities. We have understood from our leading writers that the possession of psychic powers is not necessarily a sign of a noble, lofty and spiritual nature; that these psychic powers could be obtained by any one if he worked along the proper lines, which had little to do with the development of the moral character. Just as an athlete is not a spiritual being because he has developed sinewy muscles, so also a psychic with his numerous powers belonging to the astral body need not necessarily be a Yogi of holiness and wisdom. Now in this book Dr. Steiner contends that—we will take only the one example of the sixteen-petalled lotus—if one wants to develop the power of reading peoples' thoughts one must work at this centre in the vicinity of the larynx. It has sixteen petals, of which eight "have been developed already during an earlier stage of human evolution, in a remote past. . . . The manner of their activity, however, was only compatible with the dull state of consciousness. . . . As consciousness then grew brighter, the petals became obscure and withdrew their activity. The other eight can be developed by a person's conscious practice, and after that the entire lotus becomes both brilliant and active." For the development of these eight petals eight qualities are to be incorporated in our constitution. Here is the list: (1) the proper manner of receiving ideas; (2) control of resolutions; (3) control of speech; (4) regulation of outward action; (5) endeavor to live in conformity with both Nature and Spirit; (6) right endeavor; (7) effort to learn; (8) power to look inward. It is said: "He who thinks or speaks anything that is untrue kills something in the bud of the sixteen-petalled lotus. Truthfulness, uprightness and honesty are in this connexion formative, but falsehood, simulation and dishonesty are destructive forces." And again: "So long as one has to give special thought to matters already described, one is yet unripe. Only when one has carried them so far that one lives quite habitually in the specified manner can the preliminary traces of clairvoyance appear." Side by side with these we must give another quotation which modifies them in a way: "There are certain instructions by the fulfilment of which the lotus may be brought to blossom in another way. But such methods are rejected by true occultism, for they lead to the destruction of physical health and to the ruin of morality." The above eight steps are said to correspond with the Noble Eightfold Path of Buddhism.



This is an instance to show the trend of the book and the way in which the subject is treated. We recommend all earnest students to read it carefully and try to understand Dr. Steiner. That the book has information to give we need not hesitate to affirm, and as impartial students we ought to hear all sides, and not only hear but try to get at the underlying truth thereof. That Dr. Steiner's book has something to teach and that it puts forward facts which open a new vista before us are enough temptations to cause us to ponder over his work. And after all it may come to pass that what seems on the surface so unusual and so strange may be only a mask which hides the same great and noble truths familiar to us under another form.

B. P. W.

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#### OUR PRESIDENT'S LONDON WORK OF 1909.

*The Changing World and Lectures to Theosophical Students*, by Annie Besant, P. T. S., Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, London, W., the *Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras, and Theosophical Publishing Society, Benares. Price 3s. 6d. or Rs. 2/10.

Amidst all her multifarious duties our President has found time to bring out this excellent volume of fifteen lectures, eight of which were delivered before huge public audiences in London. Reading these lectures we cannot but see that the world has been changing in religion, science, art and social conditions, and that the great message our President has delivered about the coming race to be ushered on the stage of the world by the advent of the Supreme Teacher of gods and men must necessarily affect the thought of this generation. The position our Theosophical Society occupies and will occupy in this mighty task has well been indicated. We cannot speak too highly of these edifying lectures; they will ever stand on record as embodying a clear exposition of the history that is in the making and of the future that awaits us.

The second part of the book comprises seven lectures delivered to Theosophical students, all of them containing much of valuable thought; these our students should not only read but ponder over. The first, "The Sixth Sub-Race," speaks of the practical importance of the correspondences between Root- and sub-Races, enumerates the qualities necessary for men of the coming sub-race, and also refers to the type of bodies necessary for its pioneers. "The Immediate Future" shows the position of the Theosophical Society in relation to the sixth sub-race. We may record what our President has said, we believe, for the first time in print regarding the important facts that the two Masters will be the Manu and the Bodhisattva of the sixth Root-Race. She says: "Now those exact facts were unpublished at the time, but they passed from one to the other among the more advanced students of that period. Coming into the Society in 1889, this particular fact did not come within my knowledge until 1895.....In 1895 they were re-communicated to myself by my own Master, and have since been passed on to the older members." The third lecture seems to us to be one of the most important ones. Speaking on the value and danger of the Catholic and Puritan spirit within our ranks our President has given some priceless thoughts which we hope all our members will take to heart. She has said that both these types are quite necessary and have their place in

the Society; that both have their respective dangers, but also their respective value. She defines the Puritan type as consisting "in an attitude of protest and criticism rather than of ready acceptance of the prevailing thought of the time." The Catholic spirit "is reverent of tradition, which is willing to submit to reasonable and recognised authority, which is willing to take a great plan and co-operate in it, and realise that the presence of the architect of the plan, if He be a person highly developed, say a Master, is enough to give it authority, and that there is no lack of freedom or dignity in accepting the plan of a greater, and working it out to the utmost of one's ability." This lecture should be read and re-read by all of us. "The Sacramental Life" is the fourth lecture, and tends to impress on us the fact that "all life is sacramental, rightly understood; that every outer action should be connected with a spiritual truth." Then follows "Address on White Lotus Day, 1909," which contains some food for thought. It says that the chief mission of the Society is to prepare the way of the Lord and that we must incorporate within ourselves the virtues of reverence for greatness and recognition of high spirituality. It is suggested that many will not be able to recognise the Christ when He comes, as was the case when He came last time. "If you can develop that in yourself which is like a Master, then, and then alone, will you know a Master when He comes"—and we must quote the plain and startling statement: "Masters dare not come yet, because even in the Theosophical Society They would not be welcomed." In "The Nature of the Christ" our Christian readers will find a lucid exposition of this much discussed problem. The last on "The Theosophical Student" is another very thoughtful lecture, in which it is urged that a Theosophical student "must seek to understand what is meant by Revelation, what by Inspiration, and to distinguish revealed from inspired literature and both from the records of observation."

Space forbids our speaking at length of this admirable volume. We cannot polish the gold of wisdom that it contains, nor paint the beauty it manifests. We recommend the book to every one, Theosophist or non-Theosophist, and feel sure that the reader will find himself a better man after his reading than he felt himself to be before.

B. P. W.

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#### WISDOM IN A NUT-SHELL.

*The Great Secret*, written down for all earnest seekers after truth, by Fred C. Ramsay. T. S. School of Arts, Brisbane, Price 7d.

This little booklet expounds two great aims, how to master fate and how to escape from its bondage; the first being attained by the great power of right thinking, and the second by the relinquishment of earthly desires. "Man is a creature of reflexion; as he thinks so he becomes" and "I am Brahman" are its two great axioms. Reflexion on the conviction "I am Brahman" means liberation from all illusion and escape from all bondage. The booklet provides an hour's fair reading.

G. G.

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

### THE HINDUSTĀN REVIEW—(September)<sup>1</sup>.

"The Problem of Missionary Enterprise" is a valuable and interesting contribution from the pen of our friend Mr. George S. Arundale of Benares. The "abominable falsehoods" appearing in the *School Guardian* (wherein its editor remarks with regard to the Srinagar Mission School: "1,400 boys—mostly Hindūs and a large proportion of them high caste—are being changed from superstitious, cowardly, idle and untruthful beings into manly Christians") have prompted Mr. Arundale to write this excellent article. After referring to the impudent and absurd outward and visible form of missionary enterprise, the writer proceeds to examine the nature of the forces which have been at work to produce the success which missionary enterprise has achieved in certain directions. He answers: "Principally three: enthusiasm and sincerity among the workers; apathy among the Indians; self-interest among the converted." As to the first Mr. Arundale admits that there is praiseworthy sincerity in some of these people as regards the work of their Master, and it is but human nature that all Christians favor the converted Indians, though these chiefly belong to the very low castes. The second is the chief cause, and in it "we see not only the true cause of whatever success missionary effort has achieved, but also the key to the problem which confronts us." This apathy does not touch the lower classes of the population only, but permeates the whole race. The Indian parent suffers others to perform a duty which is one of his most sacred and responsible trusts. But the time has come for the people to begin to take upon themselves the education of their own children in their own ways. "Let Indian parents take warning, therefore, lest neglect and carelessness bring a heavy retribution upon the generations of the future; let them make a determined effort to exercise effective control over the education of their own children; above all, let them insist in no uncertain voice that their own faith and the faith of their ancestors shall be given its due place in the training of character."

*Other Contents:* "Bengali and Hindustāni Kayasthas"; "The Islām of Muhammad"; "The Theory of Absolute Privilege in our Criminal Courts"; "Indian Cotton Duties"; "Religion and Life"; "Evolution of Swadeshism"; "The Asiatic Society of Bengal"; "The Central Hindū College of Benares"; Literary Supplement, Reviews, etc.

### MODERN ASTROLOGY—(October)<sup>2</sup>.

Bessie Leo's article on "Expansion and Contraction" gives a comforting view of the uses of joy and sorrow. These two forces are inevitable and potent for the unfolding of consciousness and the evolution of bodies. All real knowledge is gained through active experience of alternate joy and pain. Saturn and Jupiter are principally connected with the vibrations of sorrow and joy respectively. Saturn causes continued suffering, its vibrations (astrologically) having a curious effect upon the soul's vehicles, and they gain strength by contraction and solidification. Pain has the effect of turning the soul inward from

<sup>1</sup>7, Elgin Road, Allahabad.

<sup>2</sup> Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E. C.

the external bodies, and the result of each insight gained is permanent. The capacity to vibrate thus acquired has the power to reproduce itself at will. Thus power and strength are evolved by pain. To know the cause of suffering is to discard all bitterness towards it. A dull, narrow, uneventful life indicates limitation and youth of soul. All experiences are welcome to an advancing soul because he knows what is transpiring. Only the strong can assume heavy burdens. Adaptability marks a strong soul, and a life of vicissitudes and suffering is only for the older Egos. Discrimination is gained in this way and evolution is quickened. Joy is pain's natural opposite, and is presided over by Jupiter; great strength is required to work when no necessity demands it, or to serve others and lead a spiritual life amidst luxury. This can only be done by remembering that external possessions are but temporary. Experience of both contraction and expansion is essential to growth because the soul must learn to vibrate in all ways. The necessary equilibrium can be obtained by never losing sight of the world's sorrow in times of elation, nor of its joys when pain attacks. Gradually we learn to control them both and invoke Mercury, the God of Wisdom, which brings peace, the coveted boon of all aching hearts. The secret of peace is balance. Understanding brings peace and leads one to desire co-operation in the divine scheme of evolution. Through many lives we gain the knowledge that life is only valuable in service to others.

*Other Contents:* "The Editor's Observatory"; "Result of Prize Competition No. 12"; "News from Nowhere"; "The Sign Libra"; "The Foundations of Physical Astrology".

#### THE ANTI-VIVISECTION REVIEW—(August) <sup>1</sup>.

This is the second number of a new monthly edited by L. Lind-af-Hageby and it proposes to deal with "every aspect of the controversy, and contain articles on the moral, social, scientific and hygienic bearings of anti-vivisection." It "will be independent, militant, fearless and fair". The number under review contains four full-paged illustrations along with readable articles. "Open Letters to Vivisectors and their Friends" are published, and the column is open to replies. The open letter in this number is addressed to Professor E. H. Starling, M. D., F. R. S., and plain speaking appears to be the motto of the writer, who signs himself "Nemesis." "Knowledge by torture is thus justifiable in your eyes"; "You have never made the acquaintance of a dog. If you had, you could not speak or act as you do"; "Your fame as the Brown Dog's vivisector has gone all over the world"; "You cannot see that vivisection is cruel." These and similar statements ought to elicit a reply from Professor Stirling! There is another short but valuable contribution by Dr. G. R. Laurent of Paris entitled "Vivisection useless in Ophthalmology," wherein we read: "The vivisectors who pretend to do a work of science, do nothing, in fact, but a blind, stupid tormentor's work, and their practice is doubly criminal, for it is at once an outrage to the most sacred rites of morals and a defiance of logic and common-sense, and consequently of the sound doctrines which should precede the study of science."

<sup>1</sup> Clements Press, Kingsway, London, W. C.

*Other Contents*: "Editorial"; "The Congress"; "The Foundation Stone" (Sermon of the Ven. Basil Wilberforce, D. D., Archdeacon of Westminster); "Inaugural Speech to the Congress by the President Sir George Kekewich, K. C. B., M. P.,"; "Réglementation ou Suppression Totale de la Vivisection"; "Homœopathy and Vivisection"; "Correspondence".

THE MODERN REVIEW—(October) <sup>1</sup>.

"The Origin of the Kol Tribes and Sources of Their Ancient History" by Sarat Chandra Ray, says that India has vast fields for historical research. Little is known of the mysterious, prehistoric Kolarian tribes, although their ancestors once ruled and made the history of this country. Historians give but meagre accounts of them. Some of these tribes retain their traditions, which will soon be inaccessible unless some antiquarian investigators undertake their study. The Kolarian is the most important tribe, and the Muṇḍas form one of their prominent sections. These now inhabit the highlands of Chotanagpore. They are almost black, short, with irregular features, scanty beard, thick lips and broad nose. Their history extends even beyond the advent of Āryans into Hindustān, and indicates that they had come in contact with the Samskr̥t-speaking Hindūs of India before settling at Chotanagpore, and also tells of the Seya Sandi Bir (a great desolate forest) as their home. Their cosmogonic legends bear evidence of being borrowed from the Hindūs, as their Ajabgarh, the first land to appear out of the Primeval Ocean, where their first parents were said to have been created, could not have existed till after the Tertiary Epoch when men, though savages, were widely scattered over the earth. It cannot be ascertained whether they emigrated from the Lemurian continent, from Eastern Tibet or Western China, or are genuine autochthones of Indian soil as they claim. Philologists have discovered some affinity between the languages of India, Cochin China, the Malay Peninsula, the Nicobars, the Malacca Islands and Australia. The Kolarian dialect bears a similarity to these and to other dialects of India, indicating some past contact or common origin. They assume that these countries were inhabited by a common race whose language alone survives them. There is evidence that the Muṇḍas and Kolarian tribes originally lived in hilly regions along the Aravalli and the Vindhyan Mountains, gradually spread to Northern India, and then intermingled with the Dravidians, who assimilated some of their characteristic features and language. The inrush of the Āryans caused the Muṇḍas to press southward; one band, the Khasis, settled in Central Assam, the progenitors of the Telangs of Pegu along the Irāwady, and other branches of the Kol race went to the Malay Peninsula, the Philippines and the Nicobar Islands, while still others went to Australia, as is evidenced by the discovery of stone implements and celts such as are found only in India along the trail of the Muṇḍas. The Kolarians left behind were probably the Juangs, who now dwell in inaccessible hills of Keonjhar and Dhekanal. Samskr̥t literature abounds in antipathies to these black aborigines, and writers from the earliest Vedic times make them the greatest opponents of the Āryan Hindūs, most references making the Āryans victorious over them, accounts of the defeat of the lower tribes being

<sup>1</sup> 210-3-1 Cornwallis Street, Calcutta.

given in some of the Purāṇas and the *Mahābhārata*. Foreign writers seldom make mention of them, nor do the early Chinese travellers give any account of the Muṇḍa people. The Muṇḍas have no architectural remains except the crude stone memorials to the dead, nor have they any writing, hieroglyphics or coins. Their early history may only be gathered from themselves, from Samskr̥t writers and from archæologists.

*Other Contents:* "Anecdotes of Aurangzib"; "Revival of the Cane Sugar Industry"; "Swift Retribution"; "An Indian System of Education"; "History of Education in India"; "The Fatal Garland"; "Indian Sculpture and Painting"; "The Value of Tradition in Art"; "A Message America gave me for India"; "A University Training in Journalism"; "Ships and Ship-building in Ancient India"; Notes, etc.

#### THE OCCULT REVIEW—(October) <sup>1</sup>.

Dr. Franz Hartmann tells "An Authenticated Vampire Story" narrated to him by his friend "an experienced occultist and editor of a well-known journal". Some two years ago the friend was living at Hermannstadt, and often came within the vicinity of an old castle, situated in a wild and desolate part of the Carpathian Mountains, belonging to Count B— who, it was reported, had died and become a vampire. The friend of Dr. Hartmann, eager to make enquiries, went to the castle (then in charge of a caretaker and his wife) accompanied by his two assistants, Dr. E—, a young lawyer, and Mr. W—, a literary man. In the hall they saw a very curious oil-painting representing a lady with a large hat and wearing a fur coat. Dr. E— who is "a very sensitive person" saw the picture closing its eyes and opening them and smiling. A circle was formed to investigate spiritualistically, and the lady of the picture appeared and spelled her name "Elga." "Is the lady living?" asked Mr. W—, and the following answer was rapped out: "If W— desires it, I will appear to him bodily to-night at two o'clock." W— was "of a somewhat sceptical turn of mind, being neither a firm believer in ghosts and apparitions nor ready to deny their possibility." He was engaged in writing when at two o'clock he heard the foot-steps of a lady, saw her enter his room—it was the lady of the picture—and "there she silently posted herself. She did not speak, but her looks and gestures left no doubt in regard to her desires and intentions." To investigate, further séances were held and many strange phenomena took place. One is worth noting:

"Mr. W— was at that time desirous of obtaining the position as co-editor of a certain journal, and a few days after the above-narrated adventure he received a letter in which a noble lady of high position offered him her patronage for that purpose. The writer requested him to come to a certain place the same evening, where he would meet a gentleman who would give him further particulars. He went and was met by an unknown stranger, who told him that he was requested by the Countess Elga to invite Mr. W— to a carriage drive, and that she would await him at midnight at a certain crossing of two roads, not far from the village. The stranger then suddenly disappeared. Now it seems that Mr. W— had some misgivings about the meetings and drive, and he hired a policeman as detective to go at midnight to the appointed place, to see what would happen. The policeman went and reported next morning that he had seen nothing but the well-known, old-fashioned carriage from the castle with two black horses attached to it standing there as if waiting for somebody, and that he had no occasion to interfere and merely waited until the carriage

<sup>1</sup> W. M. Bider and Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, London, E. C.

moved on. When the castellan of the castle was asked, he swore that the carriage had not been out that night, and in fact it could not have been out, as there were no horses to draw it."

We had better give the sequel in the writer's own words :

"But this is not all, for on the following day I met a friend who is a great sceptic and disbeliever in ghosts, and always used to laugh at such things. Now, however, he seemed to be very serious, and said: 'Last night something very strange happened to me. At about one o'clock this morning I returned from a late visit, and as I happened to pass the graveyard of the village, I saw a carriage with gilded ornaments standing at the entrance. I wondered about this taking place at such an unusual hour, and being curious to see what would happen, I waited. Two elegantly dressed ladies issued from the carriage. One of these was young and pretty, but threw at me a devilish and scornful look as they both passed by and entered the cemetery. There they were met by a well-dressed man, who saluted the ladies and spoke to the younger one, saying: "Why Miss Elga! Are you returned so soon?" Such a queer feeling came over me that I abruptly left and hurried home.'

"This matter has not been explained; but certain experiments which we subsequently made with the picture of Elga brought out some curious facts.

"To look at the picture for a certain time caused me to feel a very disagreeable sensation in the region of the *solar plexus*. I began to dislike the portrait and proposed to destroy it. We held a sitting in the adjoining room; the table manifested a great aversion against my presence. It was rapped out that I should leave the circle, and that the picture must not be destroyed. I ordered a Bible to be brought in and read the beginning of the first chapter of S. John, whereupon the above-mentioned Mr. E—(the medium) and another man present claimed that they saw the picture distorting its face. I turned the frame and pricked the back of the picture with my penknife in different places, and Mr. E—, as well as the other man, felt all the pricks, although they had retired to the corridor.

"I made the sign of the pentagram over the picture, and again the two gentlemen claimed that the picture was horribly distorting its face.

"Soon afterwards we were called away and left that country. Of Elga I heard nothing more."

*Other Contents*: "Notes of the Month"; "In Memoriam: George Tyrrell"; "Some Personal Experiences of a Clairaudient"; "The Work of Dr. Francis Joseph Gall"; "On Creation"; Reviews, etc.

B. P. W.

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## ACADEMICAL MAGAZINES.

*Journal of the German Oriental Society, Vol. LXIII, No. 2.*

This is the most scientific of the oriental journals, and consequently it often contains almost nothing which would be of interest to a wider public. There is but one article in this number which we should not like to pass in silence, though it is probably the one which will find fewest readers because of its being crowded with philosophical technicalities. It is a contribution to the history of philosophy in Islām, by M. Horten, and is entitled "The Theory of the Modi of Abū Hāschim († 933)". We get glimpse into the workshop of the early Arabian philosophers which convinces us once for all that the sagacity and subtlety of these thinkers was in no way inferior to that of their Hindū colleagues. The starting point of the modus-theory lies in the discussions on the simplicity of God, *i.e.*, in the question whether the divine qualities are inherent in God, or whether God could not be imagined without them. Some said that there is no difference between the qualities and the being of God; others held that the qualities are not inseparable from God, though not different from Him. As a

mediator between both parties Abū Hāschim came forth with the doctrine that the qualities are modi of the divine being—i.e., that they are inseparably connected with, but neither identical with, nor different from God. And this theological theory grew in importance by its being transferred to two purely philosophical problems—that of the substance and that of the universalia. In the one case the modus was made the link between the accident and the substance, and in the second case the universalia were united with the divine qualities into one category: the modus. The Being of things, as well as all the modi, are, for reasons expounded at length, “neither existing nor non-existing”. Many objections were raised against the new theory (e.g., that it would result in a *regressus in infinitum*), but Abū Hāschim had ingenious answers to all of them. This theory is particularly interesting in that it is not the result of any foreign influence (as is the case with many a later doctrine, after the introduction of Aristotle), but a purely Arabic product which sprung up, as Mr. Horten says, “with mathematical necessity” out of “inner-Islāmic discussions”.

*Other Contents*: “The Suṭṭa-Nipāṭa-Gāthās with their Parallels,” conclusion of Part I, by R. Otto Franke; “Vedic Inquiries,” by H. Oldenberg; “Concerning the Ashoka-Inscription of Bairat,” by T. Bloch; “Sultān Once More,” by C. F. Seybold; “On the Tomb of Abū’lfidā’s in Hamā,” by the same; “Contributions to the Arabic Lexicon,” by the same; “Identification of the Ashoka Pillar N. E. of Benares city described by Hiuen Tsang,” by Vincent A. Smith; “Participles as Finite Verbs,” by A. Berriedale Keith; “Hispano-Arabica I. II.,” by C. F. Seybold; “Talmud MSS. of the Vatican Library,” by Sch. Ochser; “Mu: aidī,” by A. Fischer.

*The Indian Antiquary, June, July, August 1909.*

In the July number there is an interesting article by Sten Konow (Professor of Samskr̥t in Christiania, Norway) on “The Use of Images in Ancient India”. The writer protests against the view of Fergusson, Macdonnell and so many others, that the Indians learnt to worship images from the Greeks. He holds that at least the representations of the goddess Shri in Uḍayagiri, Bharhut and Sanchi are previous to the rise of the Gāṇḍharā School, and he appeals to Pāṇini V, 3, 96 and Patañjali’s commentary on this Sūtra, from which we must conclude “that at Patañjali’s times, and most likely also in the days of Pāṇini, images of the Hindū gods were in existence in India”.

In a note in the same number Mr. S. Siṭārāmaiya denies that the word *brahman* signifies ‘prayer’ throughout the *Rgveda*. It signifies ‘food’ in Maṇḍala I, 10, 4, according to both Yāska and Sāyaṇa, “and this appears to be the more appropriate meaning from the context”. Needless to say that this would hardly appear so to most Vedic scholars. What Sāyaṇa says is of course the echo of Yāska, and if the latter was struck by the conjunction of *brahmā* and *yajña*, this cannot hinder us from believing that a Vedic poet may very well speak of “prayer and sacrifice,” though the latter would, as a rule, include the former. Besides, the meaning ‘food’ is not known from any other passage, so that we have every reason to suspect that it is merely due to priestly interpretation. It should also be noted that ‘prayer’ is hardly a quite satisfactory rendering of the ancient Vedic notion of *brahman*.



*Other Contents:* "The Wala Clay Seal of Pushyena," by Professor E. Hultzsch; "Ashoka Notes," by Vincent A. Smith; "A Primer of Dravidian Phonology," by K. V. Subbayya; "A Ballad of the Sikh Wars," by H. A. Rose; "The Gumani Niti," by G. A. Grierson; "Contributions to Panjābi Lexicography," by H. A. Rose.

DR. F. OTTO SCHRÄDER.

## THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES.

### ASIATIC.

*The Adyar Bulletin*, Adyar, October 1909. The 'Headquarters' Notes' give us the news of the month and report our President's activities in the lands of the far West. Mrs. Besant herself contributes 'The President's closing address at the International Theosophical Congress at Budapest,' a short speech taking up two pages only. Mr. Leadbeater's contribution for the month is a first instalment of an article on 'Protective Shells,' making a distinction between all-round shells and local shields. Kate Browning, M. A., continues her bright 'Adyar Sketches' and deals with the 'Horrors and Humors of Adyar Life'. They are mainly connected with scorpions in the sponge, drowning rats in the water, snakes in the bath-room, frogs, mosquitos, lizards, squirrels, crows and ants. Louise Appel, M. B., B. Sc., B. S. concludes her 'Scraps of Knowledge' and contributes in little space some valuable matter. 'A Vision' by H. Twelvetrees is a parable telling of how the Christ appeared suddenly in a gathering of representatives of all Christian sects and churches, who had come together in order to unite but who ended in division. 'Theosophy the World Over' concludes the number as usual.

*Theosophy in India*, Benares, September 1909. The Editor writes his 'Monthly Message,' in which he draws an interesting parallel and contrast between a Western and some Eastern rulers who after having finished their worldly duties, sought the jungle. The Western ruler—who is Theodore Roosevelt—went to kill game on a big scale: the Eastern rulers, such as Rājā Sir Dīnkar Rao, went to seek peace and to make friends with all creation. There are a number of paragraphs on other matters as well. C. E. Anklesariā writes on 'The Zoroastrian Fire Temple and its Symbology.' It is indeed a pleasure to see Pārsi philosophy and religion so often represented now-a-days in the pages of our contemporary. 'The Wonders of the Human Body' is a short but telling fragment. Mazharulla Haidari contributes 'The Salām,' containing short legendary anecdotes concerning John and Jesus as handed down by Muhammadan tradition. 'Solitude and Society' is signed 'Seeker.' After having contrasted the enforced solitude of the criminal in solitary confinement with the voluntary solitude of the scientist and thinker, the writer says: "Solitude is the best nurse of thought, it is the cradle of wisdom." A thoughtful essay indeed. Nasarvānji M. Desāi continues his 'Notes of Study in the Zoroastrian Yasna' giving a small instalment. Hedwig S. Albarus, B. A., gives a picturesque description of 'Sacred Kāshī'. A fragment is entitled 'Work: God's Medicine.' George S. Arundale writes on 'The Educational Conference, proposed to be held during the Indian Section T. S. Convention of 1909.' He proposes that such a conference should be held and that at least one

day should be set aside for it. He outlines a full programme for the day and draws up a series of important resolutions for acceptance. 'Have Faith in the Law' is an ethical contribution by Khurshedji J. B. Wadia. Naoroji Aderji writes an obituary note about the late Mr. K. R. Cama, a great personality in the Zoroastrian community in Bombay. Mrs. S. Maud Sharpe writes a short appreciation of Mrs. Besant's recent work in Great Britain: 'Our Wandering President' is the title, with the subtitle 'The Theosophist Parivrājaka'. News and notes take up little space and the 'Reviews' column deals at length with two books. Then comes a review of 'Our Literature' outlining the contents of the principal Theosophical Magazines in English. 'Lodge Reports' and the financial 'Accounts' fill the remaining space of the number.

*The Message of Theosophy*, Rangoon, September 1909. Nasarvānji M. Desāi opens the number with 'Buddha within Buddha, or the Inner God.' Maung Lat writes on 'The Temptation of Buddha.' Aimée Blech's 'The Test' is reprinted from our pages, and we also find part of the interview of Mrs. Besant reproduced which appeared recently in the *Christian Commonwealth*. A short verse by Silacara is entitled 'Virya.' Lastly there are 'Notes and News.'

*Pewartā Théosophie* (Javanese and Malay), Buitenzorg, August 1909. The 'Report of the Semarang Congress' is concluded. The article on Theosophy in Islām, entitled 'Tasaof,' is continued, as is the Javanese translation of *Light on the Path*. Then there are four articles of which we cannot translate the titles.

#### EUROPEAN.

*The Vāhan*, London, September 1909. A. H. Ward continues (and, we presume, concludes) 'The Seven Rays of Development.' This time he speaks of 'The Path of Perfection' and thereby means the path of art. "The virtues of the ray are hope and joy within and grace without; the vices, vanity and scorn" is the summing up. James H. Cousins writes in the Correspondence column a brief note on 'Sun Symbology in Ireland,' and in the same column Mr. H. Twelvetrees suggests that Lodges should take Mrs. Besant's latest book, containing her recent London lectures, as their text book for study classes. The Convention Report is concluded and this present instalment brings the Lodge Reports and the list of Lodges and Centres. 'News,' 'Notes,' 'Reviews' and official matter complete the number.

*The Lotus Journal*, London, September 1909. Elisabeth Severs writes a report of the 'International Anti-Vivisection and Animal Protection Congress,' whilst Miss C. W. Christie contributes a description of the 'Upanayanam Ceremony and afternoon Tea in the Brāhmaṇa quarters of the Adyar Headquarters'. The first half of the report of a lecture by Mrs. Besant, delivered at Glasgow, on 'Signs of the Opening Age' is given, after which Christiana Duckworth concludes her story about 'The Mission of a Midsummer Rose'. 'What is the Theosophical Society?' by C. W. Leadbeater, is reprinted from *Theosophy in New Zealand*, though we were under the impression that we had seen the article first of all in the *Adyar Bulletin*. In the 'Golden Chain Pages' Mercy gives 'A true story'. Then comes 'Our Younger Brothers' Page' on 'Our Pets' with a third instalment (about Canaries) by A. F. 'How a Cat showed Kindness' is a one page story by S. H. O. 'Meeting' is a re-incarnation poem by Barbara Tiddemass, "aged 17".

*Revue Théosophique Française* (French), Paris, August 1909. As usual the main body of the number is filled with translations. First comes Mrs. Besant's 'Spiritual and Temporal Authority,' then C. W. Leadbeater's 'A Vision and the Facts behind it' (first instalment), lastly the second of our own 'Twilight' series. True to the saying that *ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas français*, the Editor, Commandant Courmes, introduces the various translations with a few explanatory notes or detailed headings intended to facilitate an easy orientation in the matter presented. He himself contributes his monthly 'Echos'. The usual supplements bring the continuation of the *Secret Doctrine* and the *Bhagavad Gītā* in French translation.

*La Revue Théosophique Belge* (French), Brussels, September 1909. The 'Adept Letters' are continued, and a translation is begun of Mrs. Besant's London lecture on 'The Coming Christ'. We find also a fragment from the *Secret Doctrine* on 'The duties of real Occultists towards Religions'. The remainder of the number is filled with 'Press Cuttings,' 'Book Reviews' and 'Theosophical Activities'.

*Theosophia* (Dutch), Amsterdam, September 1909. Colonel Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves* are continued. Mrs. Besant's London lecture on 'New doors opening in Religion, Science and Art' is translated. W. L. van Vlaardingen contributes an essay on 'Mâyâ'. Then comes an instalment of Mrs. Besant's *Introduction to Yoga*. A. Terwiel has a valuable symbolical study on 'The Wandering Jew,' with many quotations from H. P. B., Eliphas Lévi, Dr. Steiner, The New Testament, Ragon and Annie Besant. To him "The Wandering Jew is man, the human element standing between the lower and the divine, wandering along the cyclic course around the earthly planes, until the Christ awakes in him and he lives alone for the eternal". And "Ahasuerus is also humanity in its totality". From C. W. Leadbeater we find 'The Mystic Chord' from the *Theosophist* and H. J. v. G(inkel) writes a short note on 'The Theosophical Student' with reference to a recent London lecture by Mrs. Besant on the subject. 'Theosophical News' concludes the number.

*De Theosofische Beweging* (Dutch), Amsterdam, September, contains this month exclusively news, notes, correspondence and official matter.

*Sophia* (Spanish), Madrid, August 1909. 'The Septenary Principle in Esotericism' is a translation from H. P. B. Mrs. Besant's 'The Future of the Theosophical Society' is concluded. Then follows another contribution by Mrs. Besant, the translation of her Adyar lecture on 'Public Spirit, Ideal and Practical.' Manuel Treviño y Villos returns once more to the mystery of that remarkable relation 1:7 and the decimal number that expresses it. There are also some pages of 'Theosophical Movement' and 'Book Reviews'.

*Isis* (German), Leipzig, March 1909. This number also is almost entirely one of translations. First come two articles from Mrs. Besant: 'Hatha-Yoga and Rāja-Yoga, or Spiritual Development according to the old Indian Method' and 'The Search for Happiness.' 'Ikaros' is a poem in blank verse by Franz Evers. From C. W. Leadbeater we find the first half of his 'Nature Spirits'. Some notes about the Theosophical Movement conclude the number.

*Bollettino della Sezione Italiana* (Italian), Genoa, August 1909. First comes C. W. Leadbeater's 'The Sun as a Centre of Vitality,' from this magazine, then a short article by C. Jinarājadāsa on

'The Ether'. A goodly number of notes on the Theosophical Movement are reproduced from the *Adyar Bulletin*. From C. J(inarājāśā) an article is translated from the *Theosophic Messenger* on 'The recently discovered sayings of Jesus'. 'Signs of the Times,' by T. F(erraris) deals with Mr. Stead's 'Julia's Bureau'. There are also some general notes giving Theosophical news.

AMERICAN.

*The Theosophic Messenger*, Chicago, August 1909. 'The Aum VI' (W. V.-H.) opens the number, followed by a poem from the pen of Harriet Tooker Felix on 'The Faith of the World.' 'The International Committee for Research into Mystical Traditions'. (W. V.-H.) is a short article of recommendation of the work taken up by that Committee. He concludes: "We may well believe this work originated in Their [The Masters'] inspiration, has Their blessing and will bring forth rich fruits." 'One-pointedness,' by C. W. Leadbeater is reprinted . . . . . from the *Lotus Journal*. (See a remark under The Lotus Journal; the article appeared originally in *Theosophy in India*). An interesting short poem on 'The Wheels of God' comes from W. V.-H. But what a pity that this is only indicated on the cover, as in so many other instances. We should like to see the initials also under the various paragraphs to which they belong, in the body of the Magazine. There they would be of permanent use and would serve for future reference. Mr. Claude Bragdon continues his remarkable study on 'Architecture and Theosophy'. This third article treats of 'The Bodily Temple' and is as fully and well illustrated as the previous instalments. The signature under the article is wanting. W. V.-H. contributes also a fairly long article on 'Our Practical Occultism' in which there is much matter requiring and meriting serious consideration. G. G. writes a long letter on 'Life in Adyar'. There is also a Benares letter by S. E. P., and S. E. Palmer relates a curious case of 'Indian Treatment of Disease.' Elisabeth Severs contributes a detailed report of the Nineteenth Annual Convention of the British Section in London, after which we find a reprint of Mr. Leadbeater's 'Mystic Chord.' 'The preservation of the Ash Yggdrasil' is a study by Jacob N. Meyer. 'The Jewel within the Lotus,' by E. M., relates a little story about Kṛṣṇa. 'A Note on Brotherhood' by C. W. Leadbeater is reprinted. Then there are unsigned fragments on 'Mercy' and 'The Husbandman.' 'Notes' and 'The Field' bring the news items and occupy some nine pages. The former column contains an excellent likeness of our Vice-President, Sir. S. Subrahmaṇya Iyer. 'Lodge Ideals and Organisation' is a thoughtful essay by Irving S. Cooper. 'Current Literature' and 'Scientific Notes' fill another seventeen pages. They consist of cuttings and reprints from paragraphs or articles in the contemporary Magazines. A long article by Sir Oliver Lodge, taken from the February number of the *Nineteenth Century* is specially conspicuous. It deals with the present stage of the net results of psychical research. Further we have 'Book Reviews' and the 'Children's Department.' In the latter we recommend C. J.'s 'Before Christ 1,500,' a glimpse of the past in ancient Agadé.

*The American Theosophist*, Albany, N.Y., August 1909. This number is one specially arranged for propaganda amongst Christians. It opens with a fragment on 'Religion and Morality' taken from Mrs. Besant's recent London lecture on 'The Deadlock of Religion, Science and Art.'

Then comes 'Three Simple Truths' by William E. Barnhart. The truths are the well-known ones of 'Man immortal, God good, and Karma.' Irving S. Cooper explains next 'Why Theosophy is not anti-Christian.' Then comes a short paragraph on 'Re-incarnation in the Bible.' The Editor writes No. IV of his series on 'The Evolution of Virtues,' dealing with 'Truthfulness' this time. 'The New Theology' is a paragraph explaining Mr. Campbell's position and there is also a two-page quotation from Mr. Leadbeater's *Outline*, on 'What Theosophy does for us.'

*Revista Teosófica* (Spanish), Havana, July 1909. The greater part of the number is taken up by the Report of the Fifth Annual Convention of the Cuban Section. Besides some other official matter we find the conclusion of Leadbeater's 'Animal Obsession' from the *Adyar Bulletin* and the continuation of 'God-conscience.'

*La Verdad* (Spanish), Buenos Aires, June and July 1909. An appreciative biographical sketch of Dr. Schröder, with an excellent portrait, opens the number. Annie Besant's 'The Brotherhood of Religions' is begun, and W. Walker Atkinson's 'Law of the New Thought' is continued. 'How we live in Adyar' by B. P. W. is translated from the *Adyar Bulletin*. Three excellent photographs are reproduced with it. Emilio Wendt translates (from the German) a chapter of that curious book *Etidorpha*, under the title of 'The How and Why of Things.' Our good friend Notowich is once more fished up out of his well-merited oblivion and the Editor of *La Verdad* has the unhappy inspiration to publish the usual sort of article about him. Nothing of the Barnum and Bailey ingredients are missing, not even the visit to 'a cardinal' and the attempt by him to bribe the author into suppression of his manuscript. But anyhow the legend has taken a somewhat lengthy time to arrive at last at the Argentine Republic. One can only wonder that it did survive time and distance so far. A note describes the cremation of the late Dr. Th. Pascal's body; another note deals with the submerged continent Pan mentioned in the *Oahspe* (It seems, by the way, that heroic endeavors are being made in certain spiritualistic circles to revive this curious book). 'Capital Punishment' is a story with a moral, translated from *Le Lotus Bleu*. 'Notes and Comments' take some fifteen pages. In the second, July, number, we find as frontispiece Schmiechen's well-known picture of Jesus, presented to the reader as 'Jehoshua Ben Pandira'. Lob Nor writes an accompanying note. The translations from Mrs. Besant and Atkinson are continued, as also Ragon's 'The Mass and its Mysteries'. The Editor writes a note on the last Adyar Convention of the Theosophical Society, reproducing three big Convention photographs. H. P. B.'s weird nightmare tale about the 'Ensouled Violin' is translated, as is Mr. Sutcliffe's prophetic-astrologico-historical calculation concerning an expected Avatāra to come. We find further some paragraphs on 'July 14th, 1789-1909' and an article by Mr. Rosa de Luna on 'Espronceda the Mystic'. The 'Notes and Comments' fill the remaining twelve pages.

#### AUSTRALIAN.

*Theosophy in Australasia*, Sydney, September 1909. We first have the general departments, such as 'The Outlook,' 'Questions and Answers,' 'What our Branches are doing,' 'The Magazines,' 'Reviews,' 'Science Jottings' and 'At Home and Abroad'. Gertrude Stanway Tapp's 'Early Christianity' is continued. 'True to himself' is mainly an

extract from the late Father George Tyrrell's article in the May issue of the *Contemporary Review*. 'Small Worries,' by C. W. Leadbeater, is a reprint from the *Adyar Bulletin*. There is a paragraph on 'The Surrender of Personality' and lastly an article is begun, entitled 'A Christian Mystic: S. Elisabeth of Hungary'.

*Theosophy in New Zealand*, Auckland, August 1909. 'From Far and Near' opens the number. *Tempus fugit* is borne upon us in reading two statements in it. "Mr. Leadbeater's book on 'Nature Spirits' will be published shortly" runs the first statement. But the book will be on 'The Occult side of Things' of which one only of the many chapters will deal with nature spirits. And as to the "will be published shortly"—alas! *tempus fugit*, and it will not be *very* shortly. Mr. Leadbeater has much on hand just now and cannot progress so rapidly, as is wished, with the book. The second statement is about "Miss Maud MacCarthy (now studying at Adyar)". Most unhappily for us we have already lost that our charming fellow-student. She is back in England by this time, having other work to take up. Two interesting snapshots from Adyar accompany the number as a supplement. 'Brotherhood as applied to Social Life' consists of notes of a lecture by Mrs. Besant. A first instalment is given. Gamma opens a new series of 'Studies in Astrology'. Then come 'A Japanese Sermon,' 'The Stranger's page: Re-incarnation Stories I,' and another instalment of Marion Judson's 'Sketches in Kashmir: No. 2, Srinagar.' A few questions are put and answered and an article is begun on 'Interpreting Christ to India'. 'The Round Table' receives its monthly instructions and 'Chitra' writes lovingly to her 'Buds'. Then there are 'Book Reviews,' a note on 'Nature's finer Forces' (A. B.), 'Vegetarian Recipes,' 'Activities' and the 'Lecture Record'.

#### AFRICAN.

*The South African Bulletin*, Pretoria, August 1909. The 'Editorial Notes' which open the number deal with a variety of topics. A. S. describes the Budapest Congress. R. H. sends in a note about 'Atom-Numbers'. E. Wood begins an article on 'Concentration.' W. Wybergh answers in a 'Note on Re-incarnation' several points raised by an enquirer. Short paragraphs fill the remainder of the number; their general title is 'About Books and other Things'.

#### OUR EXCHANGES.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the following journals:

ASIATIC. *The Brahmavādin*, July; *The Madras Christian College Magazine*, September; *The Siddhanta Deepika*, August; *The Dawn*, September; *Prabuddha Bhārata*, September; *Sendanil* (Tamil).

EUROPEAN. *The Light of Reason*, Ilfracombe, September; *The Vaccination Inquirer*, London, September; *Modern Medicine*, London, September; *The Animals' Friend*, London, September; *The Health Record*, London, August; *Light*, London, numbers for September.

AMERICAN. *O Pensamento*, (Portuguese), S. Paulo, August; *The Phrenological Journal*, New York, September; *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, New York, August; *The Truth Seeker*, New York, numbers for August.

AUSTRALIAN. *Progressive Thought*, Sydney, September.

J. v. M.