ANNIE BESANT AND DADABHAI NAOROJI.

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER combatant has stepped into the field of War, the unfortunate Bulgarian Nation, dragged into it reluctantly against its will by the obstinacy and ambition of its King. Poor man! he is likely to pay for his folly with his throne, perhaps with his life, for in popular risings royal lives are easily lost. Germany, Austria, Turkey, Bulgaria, a Quadruple Alliance, against Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy, with gallant little Serbia and Montenegro fighting beside them. Rumania and Greece have still to come, and then, leaving aside Scandinavia, Holland, and Spain, all Europe will be ablaze.

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For how long? one asks wistfully. Believing as I do that not the passions nor the ambitions of men, but the strong hands of Earth's Guardians guide the destinies of Nations, I cannot but fear that the great strife will not cease until Britain recognises in Asia that for which she is fighting in Europe,

and gives ungrudgingly to India that liberty for which she is standing in the West. I believe that if she acknowledged India's right to Self-Government, and pledged her word to regard her hereafter as one of the partners in her mighty Empire—leaving all details until Peace once more broods over the Nations—then would the end of the War be in sight, and Divine Justice would crown with victory the great Nation that promised to do Justice to another. Judging from the King's appeal, he is in sore need of men ; yet the loyal millions who are here, ready to lay down their lives for his Crown, are left useless by his Government. Even those eager and trustful sons of India who have travelled 5,000 miles from home on the chance of giving service to England's cause are rejected ; while every English hoarding is shouting to men to enlist, "Indian gentlemen" are coldly warned not to go to England to offer their services. It may well be that victory will be withheld until her need forces Britain to accept the help so lovingly tendered to her by her great Sister Nation. For all the forces that work for Righteousness and Justice, for plighted Faith and pledged Honour, the forces which build up civilisation and make Human Society stable—all these are working for India's Liberty, and are using this great War to bring about—among other things—Justice between East and West. Home Rule for India is one of the conditions of the triumph of the Empire in which she has been an apprentice for a brief space, but is now to be a partner.

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For the time is ripening for the coming of the Desire of all Nations, and the Teachers of the world

have ever come forth from the East. Vyāsa, Zaraṭhuṣhtra, Thoth, Orpheus, the Lord Buḍḍha, Shrī Kṛṣhṇa, the Lord Christ, the Lord Muhammaḍ—were all eastern-born. It is ever unto Asia that a Child is born, to the East a Son is given, and none but He, the Prince of Peace, can heal the ghastly wounds made in the West by War. To Him we lift up our eyes, for we know that He draweth nigh, and the East is rosy with the dawn of earth's New Day.

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One of the articles in this month's issue is on "The Union of Democratic Control," and is written by a contributor who is thoughtful and well-informed. The four propositions that are laid down as the "'cardinal points' of policy on which members agree to concentrate their advocacy" will meet with wide acceptance, and if the Union confine itself to these, it may prove to be of considerable service in the re-adjustment of international relations which must then take place. It has been represented as clamouring for peace now, but is apparently not doing anything of the kind, but is merely claiming for the Nation that which each Self-Governing Dominion is claiming for itself, that it shall not hereafter be plunged into War without its own consent. That is of the very essence of Democracy, and except in the excitement caused by War, no one would be inclined to deny it. The first principle that no Province shall be transferred from one Government to another without its own consent is eminently reasonable. But in practice it will be difficult, where the population is mixed. 2, again, is right. On 3 there will be much dispute, though a Concert of Powers is obviously more rational than the unstable equilibrium of a "balance," and 4 may be also

accounted desirable. All these four statements contain the normal principles of the Internationalism of the Future, which shall surely come. None of them explain why the Union for Democratic Control should have hurled at it the condemnatory "pro-German". Perhaps some correspondent will throw light on the problem for us who are living so far away from English life, and who are barred by the Censor from much that we should like to know.

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It is very interesting to see how, wherever Theosophy goes, the inspiration of Service accompanies it. One of our leading Theosophical families in Bombay has some of its members large mill-owners, and has mills not only in Bombay but also in Sholapur, another town in the Presidency. In this is a Theosophical Lodge, composed of the educated mill-officials, and the mill is very popular among the work-people, because of the relations existing between employers and employed, human instead of mere cash relations. There is a class open for all the women in the factory, where reading, writing and sewing are taught for an hour and a half a day, and, as most of them are mothers, there is a *crêche*, with hot water, soap, oil, etc., provided for their children, all, of course, free. There is a primary school for the boys and girls employed, taught in the vernacular up to the 6th standard, and English is taught conversationally. Drawing, carpentry and weaving are taught. Every pupil bathes, before coming into school, and they are taught a short prayer. Drill and some athletic exercises are practised, and cricket is played. Some of the poorer boys have cloths given to them, on condition that they keep them clean. The third class provided for are the

adults, and for them there are eight classes in the evening, two English and six vernacular. Everything wanted for instruction, including sewing-machines, is supplied free. Already more than 500 workers are attending the classes, and it is thought that the number will reach 1,000. Thus is Theosophy spreading its beneficent influence into industrial life, and leading the way along a new line of usefulness, which, as more follow it, will become of incalculable service.

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Writing of some of our Theosophical large employers of labour in India reminds me of a Theosophical employer of labour in England, the well-known Mr. Joseph Bibby of Liverpool, whose *Bibby's Annual* is the delight of hundreds of thousands of readers. His organisation of well-thought-out benefits for his employees was so efficient and liberal, that Mr. Lloyd George's Act much diminished the benefits they had enjoyed; unfortunately that Act made no exception for good employers, and his men lost by it. Mr. Bibby is to the fore also in patriotism, for three of his stalwart sons have gone to the front —a sore gap in that delightful family circle so familiar to Theosophical Lecturers in England. 700 of his employees have also gone to the front, another testimony to the value of his friendly influence with his men. The time has gone by when Theosophy was looked at askance in England, and Theosophists are welcomed and honoured. Here, in India, some of the belated Anglo-Indian papers keep up the old style of ridicule and depreciation, and the missionary press is venomous as ever. But among the Anglo-Indians the hatred is due to the complete social equality which Theosophists show to Indians, and

have always shown since H. P. Blavatsky and Henry Steele Olcott landed in Bombay.

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This pleasure taken in each other's society was a marked feature in the birthday party given to me by the Adyar residents, who invited also to it some Indian friends from Madras. We had a delightful gathering, as are always our Headquarters parties, and the fine Hall, of which our President-Founder was so proud, looked as pretty as ever. A very large and handsome Japanese lantern, which used to be hidden away in a passage, has now been hung in the centre of the hall, in front of the platform, and is very effective, especially at night. Let me here say a word of thanks to the innumerable friends all the world over who have sent letters and telegrams of good wishes for my 68th birthday. I strive to be worthy of the love and trust so lavishly poured out.

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The movement for Home Rule here in India is going forward well. The meeting of the Conference on the League has been fixed for December 25th at Bombay, when the leading Congressmen will be present, and it is hoped, also, the leading Musalmāns. The Congress meets in Bombay on the 27th December, and in a vast country like India an All-India meeting cannot easily assemble except at Congress time.

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English students of Indian affairs will find in the series of articles in *The Commonweal*, entitled, "How India Wrought for Freedom," the history of the splendid Congress Movement, the standing monument, as I have often pointed out, of Indian initiative, courage, and

power of organisation. The story is written chiefly for the younger generation, who do not always realise the magnitude of the work done by "the fathers who begat" them, and how they built, at immense sacrifice, the foundations of the rising edifice of Indian Freedom. It is their work which has made possible the forward movement of to-day.

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I am very glad to see what good work is being done by the Leeds T. S. Lodge in England, and how much their efforts to spread the light are being appreciated in the great Yorkshire town. In the last syllabus received, it is noted that Miss Marie Corelli is giving the first lecture of the autumn course, with the Mayor of Leeds in the chair. Miss Marie Corelli reaches hundreds of thousands by her books, with their inspiring message of the reality of the spiritual life, and her appearance on a public platform is sure to be welcomed with enthusiasm.

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Dr. Haden Guest has resigned the General Secretaryship in England, which he took up, with much self-sacrifice, as a temporary service, when Mrs. Sharpe was forced to retire on account of ill-health. His idea was to resign it as soon as Mrs. Sharpe was well enough again to go into harness, and though that day has not, unfortunately, arrived, he feels that his large work in War and National Service occupy him so much that he cannot discharge the T. S. work efficiently. It was practically put "in commission" early in the War, but as the War drags on, the temporary arrangements prove to be inconvenient. As President, I thank Dr. Haden Guest for the

fine work he has done for the Theosophical Society in England and Wales, and I rejoice to know that he will carry the Theosophical spirit into that work of Social Reconstruction which is so dear to his heart.

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The following is his own statement:

I regret to announce that it is necessary for me to resign the General Secretaryship of the Theosophical Society in England and Wales which it has been for a time my honour and my privilege to hold. It was in my mind to resign months ago but I then thought the balance of advantage to the Society lay with my remaining. Now it is no longer so. The detailed supervision and attention needed I cannot give and my stay in the office hinders another's work. Also I contemplate social work, with which the Society may not desire to be officially linked. The relinquishing of the office is necessarily touched with pain, but what powers I have are always at the Society's disposal and what strength I have at her service.

L. HADEN GUEST

We all affectionately wish him God-speed, for in whatever work he is engaged, he will always be able, candid and strong.

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We shall next month give a description, with pictures, of the fine Theosophical School at Letchworth. Our illustration this month is of India's G. O. M., Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji; the photograph was taken when I visited him in his home at Varsova, near Bombay, to consult him on forming an organisation for pressing on the Government here and on the English people the necessity of Self-Government for India.

BERNARD SHAW AND THEOSOPHY

By H. B. HYAMS

IT is often asked why it is that any great scientist or philosopher or saint should be unable to accept certain truths which Theosophists accept, such as the immortality of the soul, reincarnation and the existence of superphysical planes. That these great men are evolved far in advance of the ordinary Theosophist is evident. How is it then that lesser men can claim knowledge which these greater souls have not?

It seems that there are many paths that life may take in its struggle upwards, and the great intellects of the scientific world have taken a certain path and left others open for the Theosophist, who has in many

earth-lives sought a special knowledge. That knowledge is simply certain truths about the plan of evolution and the understanding of how to put forth strength to help. But there are many other truths, equally or more important for us at our stage of evolution, all of which must be used by the will in the desire to help.

If it is true that a Theosophist is one who has an understanding of the plan of evolution, and who does all he can to help that plan, then Bernard Shaw is a great Theosophist. He is an artist whose works exist for helping the Life Force: he is not an artist for art's sake; he believes that the great artist is "an apostle doing what used to be called the Will of God, and is now called by many prosaic names, of which 'public work' is the least controversial". He uses his art to teach, and tries to reach as great a public as possible by lecturing, by his novels, plays and essays. Even his biography is different from other biographies, being full of his teaching and lacking in everything about the physical Shaw and his mode of living, although he himself superintended the writing of it. The British public call him egoistical, not understanding that his egoistical pose is his method of advertising his teachings.

The Purpose of Life

The purpose of life is described by Shaw as the attainment of consciousness, and it is a definition that all Theosophists would accept, only in their case it would mean so much more, consciousness on the physical, astral, mental, and higher planes. "Life: the force that ever strives to attain greater power of

contemplating itself." Yet this force we are told is "stupid". "Well, the Life Force is stupid: but it is not so stupid as the forces of Death and Degeneration".[1]

The Theosophist with his knowledge of the superphysical worlds finds that this force is not so stupid as is thought. He agrees with Shaw that life is producing a superman, that evolution has been making "more or less successful attempts to build up that raw force into higher and higher individuals, the ideal individual being omnipotent, omniscient, infallible and withal completely, unilludedly, self-conscious: in short, a god."[2]

But the Theosophist does not think this being is to be produced on the physical plane alone. Speaking of Man, Don Juan says: "Here is the highest miracle of organisation yet attained by life, the most intensely alive thing that exists, the most conscious of all the organisms, and yet how wretched are his brains!"[3] A Theosophist does not believe that man is the most intensely alive thing that exists. Experiments in hypnotism show that when man's body and brain are put to sleep, there exists something much more intensely alive than any physical brain. From this and other evidence the Theosophist has come to believe in other states of consciousness, higher than the physical, in which now function the supermen. Speaking of immortality Shaw says in his preface to *Misalliance*:

> Therefore let us give up telling one another idle tales, and rejoice in death as we rejoice in birth: for without death we cannot be born again: and the man who does not wish to be born again, and born better, is fit only to represent the City of London in Parliament or perhaps the University of Oxford.

[1] *Man and Superman.*

[2] *ibid.*

[3] *ibid.*

And again:

> After all what man is capable of the insane self-conceit of believing that an eternity of himself would be tolerable even to himself? Those who try to believe it, postulate that they should be made perfect first.

But the Theosophist does not postulate that we were made perfect in the beginning, his theory is that we all entered life as spiritual germs without knowledge and conscience, but by reincarnating on the earth, life after life, we gathered material for building our characters. Heredity is not the motive power alone that is evolving the superman; intelligence and reproductive power vary inversely: the lower the parents the more prolific they are. Acquired characters are not transmissible: the child of a Saint may be a profligate and the child of a genius may be a dolt. The Theosophist does not expect to have an eternity of himself; he knows that that would be impossible because he is always changing even here on earth. Having thrown aside his physical body at death, he will enter different surroundings and gradually change with those different surroundings.

Another difference between Shavianism and Theosophy is the importance that thought plays in the latter. The Shavian would regard thought as quite useless unless its physical results could be seen in the action of the thinker; but the Theosophist, knowing that thoughts are real things which affect his companions for good or evil, even without visible physical actions of any kind, would be sometimes better able to judge certain questions and be better able to know how to use thought power. Often he would dwell on the good points of any character so as to strengthen it, when the Shavian might be all intent on destroying the bad.

But having recognised these differences between the Shavian and the Theosophist, we find that they have come to the same conclusions with regard to philosophic fundamentals, and progressive reforms.

The Life Force in its attempt to build up higher and higher individuals becomes more and more encased in matter, until it reaches a turning point where the return path is commenced. It is that point in man's evolution when he has built up a self ready to use for helping forward evolution. Up to this time he has been developing all his qualities: he has had duties. Shaw has written some hard things against the Christian self-sacrificer, but it is against the man who would sacrifice himself before he has built his "self". The process of building, and the use of this self, or scaffolding for the finished soul-temple, is shown in the following passages:

> As a man grows through the ages he finds himself bolder by the growth of his spirit, and dares more and more to enjoy and trust, instead of to fear and fight.—*Quintessence of Ibsenism.*

> A sense at last arises in man of his duty to himself: and when this sense is fully grown, which it hardly is yet, the tyranny of duty is nothing: for now the man's God is himself: and he, self-satisfied at last, ceases to be selfish.—*Man and Superman.*

> No one ever feels helpless by the side of the self-helper: whilst the self-sacrificer is always a drag, a responsibility, a reproach, an everlasting and unnatural trouble with whom no really strong soul can live. Only those who have helped themselves know how to help others, and respect their right to help themselves.—*Quintessence of Ibsenism.*

> This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognised by yourself as a mighty one: the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.—*Man and Superman.*

I tell you that as long as I can conceive something better than myself, I cannot be easy unless I am striving to bring it into existence or clearing the way for it. That is the law of my life. That is the working within me of Life's incessant aspiration to higher organization, wider, deeper, intenser self-consciousness, and clearer self-understanding.—*Man and Superman.*

Just as life, after ages of struggle, evolved that wonderful bodily organ the eye, so that the living organism could see where it was going and what was coming to help or threaten it, and thus avoid a thousand dangers that formerly slew it, so it is evolving to-day a mind's eye that shall see, not the physical world, but the purpose of Life, and thereby enable the individual to work for that purpose instead of thwarting and baffling it by setting up short-sighted personal aims as at present.—*Man and Superman.*

The Theosophist believes that the "mind's eyes" that were evolved in the bodies of Buḍḍha, Plato, Christ, and earlier founders of religions, did not die with the death of the physical body, but have lived on through the ages helping the Life Force onward.

The Spirit, The Intellect and The Passions

It is sometimes thought that Bernard Shaw places the intellect above all else. This is not so, though he places the intellect above most of our passions. The intellect says that life is not worth living; then so much the worse for intellect, is a thought that often occurs in his works.

Bohun. It's unwise to be born; it's unwise to be married; it's unwise to live; and it's wise to die.

Waiter. Then, if I may respectfully put a word in Sir, so much the worse for wisdom!—*You Never Can Tell.*

The man who listens to Reason is lost; Reason enslaves all whose minds are not strong enough to master her.—*Man and Superman.*

Above the intellect he places the will or spirit. "The will is our old friend the soul or spirit of man."[1]

In speaking of Ibsen he clearly differentiates between the will and the intellect.

> His will, in setting his imagination to work, had produced a great puzzle for his intellect. In no case does the difference between the will and the intellect come out more clearly than in that of the poet, save only that of the lover. . . . . It is only the *naif* who goes to the creative artist with absolute confidence in receiving an answer to his "What does this passage mean?" That is the very question which the poet's own intellect, which had no part in the conception of the poem, may be asking him.—*Quintessence of Ibsenism.*

The action of the will or spirit is inspiration, and inspiration speaks to a man against reason in his will to live. "He is, in the old phrase, the temple of the Holy Ghost. He has, in another old phrase, the divine spark within him." How this divine spark flares up in the most unexpected men is shown in many of Shaw's plays, notably in *The Shewing up of Blanco Posnet*, and *The Devil's Disciple*. It needs some violent conflict to kindle this spark into some great act, and so reveal the hidden. Often the merely good man, the man conforming to the morals of his day, is shown, by force of the conflict, under quite different colours, while a ne'er-do-well is seen as a great spiritual soul.

However, most of Shaw's characters live mostly in the intellectual plane, and try to steer through life instead of merely drifting. They usually analyse their feelings, and refuse to be "the slave of love or its dupe". Of sexual infatuation he says:

> To ask us to subject our souls to its ruinous glamour to worship it, deify it, and imply that it alone makes life worth living is nothing but folly gone mad erotically.—*Three Plays for Puritans.*

[1] *Quintessence of Ibsenism.*

When we want to read of the deeds that are done for love, whither do we turn? To the murder column: and there we are rarely disappointed.—*Selected Passages.*

The writers of romance would have us believe that all our good actions are done under the influence of love. Says the Devil's disciple:

If I said that I did what I did ever so little for your sake, I lied as men always lie to women. You know how I have lived with worthless men—aye, and worthless women too. Well, they could all rise to some sort of goodness and kindness when they were in love [the word comes from him in true Puritan scorn]. That has taught me to set very little store by the goodness that comes out red hot. . . . . What I did, I did in cold blood, ... I should have done the same for any other man in the town, or any other man's wife.—*The Devil's Disciple.*

All romance Shaw would subject to the searching light of the intellect. The romance of gallantry and chivalry of the past is treasonable to women and stultifying to men; we have outgrown these forms and therefore Shaw speaks of romance as "the great heresy to be swept off from art and life". This romance that he speaks of is that which is holding back the Life Force, but of the romance that is helping forward evolution, his works are full. The critics often complain that there is no passion in Shaw's plays, but that is only because they do not sympathise with its ideals. A disciple of Shaw is put in the melting mood by these plays, while the emotional play of the critics leaves him cold.

This, then, is where the intellect is used in Shavianism: to dominate the harmful emotions and passions, and to steer those that are helping Life in its struggle upwards. Shaw does not belittle love. "How do you know," says Don Juan, "that love is not the greatest of all relations? far too great to be a personal matter."

THE SIMPLIFICATION OF LIFE

Bernard Shaw's works teem with ideas for the simplification of life. He seldom misses a chance to drive home to us the ugliness and complexity of our modern life. In a description of a Palace in Alexandria he writes:

> The clean lofty walls . . . . . with absence of mirrors, show perspectives, stuffy upholstery and textiles, makes the palace handsome, wholesome, simple and cool, or, as a rich English manufacturer would express it, poor, bare, ridiculous and unhomely, for Tottenham Court Road civilization is to this Egyptian civilization as glass bead and tattoo civilization is to Tottenham Court Road.--*Caesar and Cleopatra*, Act II.

The "shiny black and shiny white, and the stiff shirt front" of the nineteenth century man's dress has often been ridiculed by him. "A fabric which drapes in graceful folds and is beautiful in colour, ... tertiary colours which soften and actually take on a new beauty as they wear," is the contrast he puts forward for our dress. He speaks of our towns thus:

> Even if Man's increased command over Nature included any increased command over himself (the only sort of command relevant to his evolution into a higher being), the fact remains that it is only by running away from the increased command over Nature to country places where Nature is still in primitive command over Man, that he can recover from the effects of the smoke, the stench, the foul air, the overcrowding, the racket, the ugliness, the dirt which our civilization costs us. If manufacturing activity means Progress, the town must be more advanced than the country; and the field labourers and village artisans of to-day must be much less changed from the servants of Job than the proletariat of modern London from the proletariat of Cæsar's Rome. Yet the cockney proletarian is so inferior to the village labourer that it is only by steady recruiting from the country that London is kept alive.—*Three Plays for Puritans.*

He has written and spoken against vivisection, corpse eating, slaughtering of pheasants for sport,

tea-drunkenness, smoking and other modern complexities in our search for pleasure.

During our pursuit of beauty and happiness among outward things there comes a time when we despair of success. All our hopes have turned into ashes; we have reached the turning point of the outward path; the scaffolding for the soul-temple is completed. At this stage of our evolution we understand the words of Shaw: "Happiness and Beauty are by-products." "Folly is the direct pursuit of Happiness and Beauty." We understand that, "it is always a case of 'The ideal is dead: long live the ideal!' And the advantage of the work of destruction is, that every new ideal is less of an illusion than the one it has supplanted." We give up seeking happiness for our selves and work simply to do the world's will. "Happiness is not the object of life; life has no object: it is an end in itself; and courage consists in the readiness to sacrifice happiness for an intense quality of life." In seeking to do the world's will, man finds that the more he simplifies his own physical wants, the better he can do this work.

In *Misalliance*, the play that future critics will place first in importance, there are a few words spoken by Nina, which foreshadow to what simplicity of character the future man will attain:

> Sooner than that [become his wife], I would stoop to the lowest depths of my profession. I would stuff lions with food and pretend to tame them. I would deceive honest people's eyes with conjuring tricks instead of real feats of strength and skill. I would be a clown and set bad examples of conduct to little children. I would sink yet lower and be an actress or an opera singer, imperilling my soul by the wicked lie of pretending to be somebody else.

This idea of acting being perilous for the high evolution of a soul is found in Mr. Leadbeater's account of the Sixth Root Race in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* and also, I think, in Well's *First and Last Things*.

CHILDREN

In the preface to *Misalliance* Shaw has given us, perhaps, his most important work, because it treats of the education of the child, who will be some day father of the superman. He voices the rights and liberties of the child. He says:

> The people against whom children are wholly unprotected are those who devote themselves to the very mischievous and cruel sort of abortion which is called bringing up a child in the way it should go. Now nobody knows the way a child should go. All the ways discovered so far lead to the horrors of our existing civilizations, described by Ruskin as heaps of agonising human maggots, struggling with one another for scraps of food.

To quote more from this long preface is impossible because every page of it is vital to the understanding of the problem. Freedom for the child to evolve in its own way is the chief thesis: the kind of freedom that is given in the Theosophical school at Letchworth, the lack of compulsion except that which comes from the child's own reasoning powers. No reincarnationist would wish for more. He believes that a child should do some work for the community and for itself, if it can be shown that both would be the better for it.

H. B. Hyams

THE UNION OF DEMOCRATIC CONTROL

By W. D. S. BROWN

WHILE the belligerent nations are being exhorted from pulpit and platform to "take up the sword of justice" against one another in the form of high-explosive shells and in the name of God, a comparatively insignificant band of men and women in England (and possibly in other countries) has united to help a distracted public to try and understand something of what justice applied to international relations really involves. At first sight this appears an almost hopeless effort, so blinded are the suffering masses by the cruelties in which the militarist creed of force has found ultimate expression, and by the official use made of such cruelties to strengthen the desire for vengeance. Nevertheless the Union of Democratic Control, as this body has named itself, soon recognised that, unless something was done to grapple with the subversive practice of secret intrigue known as diplomacy whilst disastrous results were still being brought home to the life of the people, there was every probability that this War would be concluded by a repetition of the artificial partitions that have hitherto invariably paved the way for another war. With this end in view, the failing of indefiniteness, so commonly found in similar movements, has been effectively precluded by the formulation

of four "cardinal points" of policy on which members agree to concentrate their advocacy. These cardinal points are unmistakable in their object, and yet admit of an unlimited scope of treatment. No unprejudiced person can regard them as unconstitutional, however undesirable or difficult of realisation they may seem; in fact they have all been virtually supported by public utterances of responsible members of the Government. They are worded as follows:

1. No province shall be transferred from one Government to another without the consent, by plebiscite or otherwise, of the population of such province.

2. No treaty, arrangement or undertaking shall be entered upon in the name of Great Britain without the sanction of Parliament. Adequate machinery for ensuring democratic control of foreign policy shall be created.

3. The foreign policy of Great Britain shall not be aimed at creating alliances for the purpose of maintaining the balance of power, but shall be directed to concerted action between the Powers, and the setting up of an International Council, whose deliberations and decisions shall be public, with such machinery for securing international agreement as shall be the guarantee of an abiding peace.

4. Great Britain shall propose as part of the peace settlement a plan for the drastic reduction, by consent, of the armaments of all belligerent powers, and to facilitate that policy shall attempt to secure the general nationalisation of the manufacture of armaments, and the control of the export of armaments by one country to another.

Considering them in order, the first point goes to the root of the whole matter by assuming that a country should be governed in the interests of its inhabitants, and not exploited by a few financial and political jugglers. One of the many catchwords that are now being dropped into the open mouths of the thoughtless is "re-drawing the map of Europe," as if years of injustice could be redressed by a few alterations in frontier lines. Europe provides sustenance for a number of human families, many of whom are widely different in their ideals and mode of life. Is the next settlement to be based on the size of the armies and navies remaining to the crippled belligerents, or on the wishes of the peoples actually concerned? Is territory to be bargained over like so much merchandise, or are the victors prepared to become the sponsors for a peace that is something more than suppressed War?

We admit the extreme difficulty of gauging the true wishes of a people "by plebiscite or otherwise," not only on account of the mixture of races within a given area, brought about mainly by the practice of "planting out" by conquering races, but also owing to the pressure that would probably be brought to bear on popular opinion by influential oligarchies. But this is no reason why a move should not be made in the direction of justice by a further application of the democratic principle that a government exists for the people and not the people for a government. Even if a settlement did not give entire satisfaction to all the inhabitants of a country, it could at least be one that did not produce a running sore in the body national.

The second cardinal point, the logical outcome of the first, recognises that the only guarantee

against injustice to weaker nations lies in ensuring that the contracting parties in such settlements are adequately represented by their respective Parliaments and not merely by a few privileged officials. The usual objection urged against this natural extension of democratic government is that foreign relations are mysteries so complicated and subtle that the electorate cannot possibly be qualified to express an opinion on such grave matters. No reason is given why a post in the diplomatic service, the chief qualification for which is the possession of an independent income of at least £400 a year, should confer a superior wisdom denied to the chief legislative body of the nation, a body already entrusted with the most complicated measures of internal administration. Nor does it occur to the defenders of the existing anomaly that, once the people has established its right to a voice in foreign affairs, it will insist on the very desirable simplification of such questions in the form of plain issues.

A more obviously engineered objection is that it would be impossible to consult the wishes of the people on every fresh phase of a negotiation, but of course such a cumbersome procedure is not suggested for a moment. The country does not want to know every card that is played, but it has a right to know the same. The necessity of obtaining the consent of Parliament before any agreement with another nation could be entered into would act as a check on the hasty assumption of ambitious obligations, while the additional responsibility thrown on the individual voter would stimulate a study of foreign policy for which there is at present little or no encouragement. But, we sometimes hear it asked: Supposing the other side did not make its

agreements public? This question presumably refers to agreements made with a third party, for as long as one of two contracting parties publishes an agreement, this is all that is required to make it a matter of common knowledge.

The third point has been publicly endorsed by Mr. Asquith in his famous speech at Dublin, when he spoke of the balance of power as a "precarious equipoise," and pointed to the alternative of an active co-partnership as the aim of our future policy and as a practical proposition already within our reach. When it comes to be recognised that the wealth of a nation lies in the productive capacity of its population rather than in the area occupied, or even in the natural resources of the land, the primitive belief that one nation's gain is necessarily another's loss will give place to the truth that any real gain to one is a gain to all. In the meantime it is desirable that a permanent Board of Conciliation be formed to hear and advise on all international grievances before they reach the acute stage in which they have been wont to burst upon an unsuspecting public.

In national law it is recognised that interested parties are not qualified to give an impartial verdict, still less are they allowed to take the law into their own hands. All that each party can do is to present its own version of the case and submit it to the judgment of a court qualified by experience and the nearest approach to impartiality. It is an indictable offence to attempt to prejudice such a judgment or evade it when once given, even if unfavourable. If an appeal is allowed, this only postpones the final decision. If either party attempted to enforce its supposed rights without

reference to a court of law, it would not be regarded as honourable, still less heroic, even if the case was legally unassailable. Such action would be regarded as a challenge to the common will of the people, as expressed in the law of the land. Why then should it be considered honourable for a nation to take international law into its own hands, and dishonourable to submit, even at the expense of national pride, to the finding of a court that embodied the common will of all the peoples of Europe—possibly of the world?

The Hague Tribunal, like most other efforts for good, has come in for its share of ridicule since the outbreak of War; but the good work it has already done (I am not referring to incongruous discussions on what constitutes "civilised" warfare) will live when war is dead. Have we forgotten that a recent unfortunate incident, involving England and Russia, was disposed of by arbitration, to the eternal credit of both countries, when the yellow press screamed for war with one of our present Allies? Let the passive concert of war that we are now witnessing demonstrate once and for all the necessity for an active concert of peace. I use the word "passive," because every belligerent nation indignantly repudiates its own responsibility for this War, and defends its action on the ground that the sword has been *forced* into its hands. This is one of the few hopeful signs about this War, showing as it does that even the belligerent governments regard war as so atrocious a crime that none of them dare accept any responsibility for it. In this respect they are more humane than most representatives of religion or philosophy.

The fourth and last point follows almost inevitably from the third. When the fear of sudden attack has been diminished by a saner method of political intercourse and an appreciation of the advantage of joint enterprise, the burden of the present scale of armaments will no longer be tolerated, and the continual alarm that a neighbour's preparation for defence is a deliberate threat will gradually cease to jeopardize the progress of negotiations. Never was a more plausible error enunciated than the dictum: "Si vis pacem, para bellum."

In the meantime, the day when private shareholders can fatten on profits derived from the manufacture of armaments must pass. As long as a manufacturing concern exists to make profits, it cannot help stimulating the demand for its wares. In the case of the private armament industry such stimulation can take no other form but that of constant and artificial incentives to war. A nationalised, or, better still, an internationalised production of armaments would at least be free from the bait of commercialism.

In concluding these random jottings, it would be as useless as it would be endless to attempt to answer even a few of the fantastic charges that have been trumped up against this eminently moderate organisation. Perhaps the favourite stone to be cast by the cheap patriot is that of its being a "peace movement," an expression which presumably implies an attempt to make peace at once, since I suppose no one will deny that peace will have to come sometime or another. But, apart from the absurdity of a handful of people trying to conclude peace in the teeth of public opinion, the policy of the Union as such is not concerned with the

date of signing of peace or even with the actual terms, ardently as the writer, and possibly other of its members, long for a speedy cessation of bloodshed. It merely lays down a broad standard by which the people may be able to judge whether the official terms of peace are likely to result in a real settlement or in another armed truce. It is too much to hope that public opinion may anticipate, if it does not follow, the lead of the U. D. C. in urging this standard before the treaty is finally signed?

Of course it *may* be true, as our opponents say, that it is the people of a country who are the first to clamour for war. If so, the U. D. C. can scarcely be branded as a "peace movement," since it aims at enabling the people of a country to decide whether it will go to war or not, *having first been consulted on the matters under dispute.* But so far from repudiating their pacific aims, members of the U. D. C. believe that public opinion, correctly informed, is naturally in favour of justice and against aggrandisement, and is therefore the most potent factor for peace. On the strength of this belief they are prepared to trust the people to make its own choice; if the people demands war, it must face the consequences; if it refuses to go to war, it must also face the consequences—the price of peace.

We are constantly told that this is no time to discuss such matters, as discussion embarrasses the government. This would be perfectly true if such discussion turned on the conduct of the War—a topic that every schoolboy considers himself competent to discuss. But how can a government consider itself embarrassed by an attempt to awaken the public to a

sense of its responsibility for what will perhaps be the most momentous decision in history? Besides, if this is not the time, when *is* the time? Before the outbreak of War, no one was interested in the moral aspect of international relations. Foreign politics, *i.e.*, the prospects of war, were little more than an occasional spice to after-dinner argument. On the other hand, when peace is once signed, the answer will most likely be: "We have heard quite enough of foreign politics lately, for goodness' sake let us settle down again to 'business as usual'." At the present moment all who have the true welfare of humanity at heart are stirred as they have never been stirred before, and cannot shut their eyes to the future, even if they would. It is to such that the Union of Democratic Control appeals for consideration, if not for support.

W. D. S. Brown

SONS OF PROMETHEUS

EMILE VERHAEREN

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

"WISDOM is justified of her children," and fails not to produce her immortal sons of the flame. In Rodin, Strindberg, and Verhaeren, three specimens of the genus Promethean, a deep intimacy of spiritual kinship reveals itself; the differences are of that surface quality, apparent to the merest observation.

The most significant and critical period of Verhaeren's life, from a psychological point of view, was that wherein he underwent a dark and terrible ordeal, reflected with macabre power and intensity in those poems which hurl themselves from the lava-centre of their creator, poems which are unrivalled expressions of the agony of a soul on fire, and of that period succeeding the burning, before the phœnix has risen from the ashes, when all the consciousness of "dust and ashes" possesses the poet's worn and shuddering soul. In *Au bord de la route*, *Les Débâcles*, and *Les Flambeaux noirs*, Verhaeren has written the record of "agony and bloody sweat" together with the no less terrible and more mysterious period of void.

Those who wish to read a transcript of that period, through the medium of prose, admirable alike in

sympathy and restraint, will find it in the chapter, "The Break-Down," from the book written by Stefan Zweig.[1] The description of vairāgya will suffice to show the author's penetration.

> One of those repercussions of the psychic on the physical system. . . . . Fatigue sinks down on his soul. First pleasure in things had died, and then the very will to pleasure . . . The nerves have withdrawn their antennæ from the outer world. . . . Everything remains . . . a dull gnawing pain . . . Travels, dreams, do nothing but deaden the pain.

This period of torture, with its climax in refusal to reply to impacts of pleasure and pain, followed hard on the heels of a "tavern saturnalia," wherein the glorification of the sense-world appeared the apex of achievement, wherein animal heat masqueraded as the divine fire, garishness parodied glory, and fury, in a robe of many colours, reigned within the soul, shouting: "I am King."

But liberation came to Verhaeren through the awakening of the individual; the Genius awoke, the false gods slunk away, the Furies transformed themselves as in the Greek Myth, and those who came to curse and blaspheme, who sought to drive the Poet over the verge of the abyss whose further side is madness, remained to bless. By the road of excess, the palace of Wisdom was reached. In *Les Apparus dans mes chemins* the route of a new safety is traced. The path leads both inward and outward, upward and onward. Zweig describes it in the chapter following "The Break-Down" as "Flight into the World," but it was more than this; it was a sacrificial rite, wherein the individual soul triumphed over the tyranny of kāma-manas, and celebrated a solemn sacrament in the

[1] *Emile Verhaeren*, by Stefan Zweig. (Constable.)

poet's heart. Henceforth, Verhaeren's Genius sings the new day in numbers of ardency and grandeur which, for all their greatness, are but Herald-Songs. Not yet has the full glory of "the Vision Splendid" been vouchsafed, but henceforth he sees the unity of all, and knows that Man is God. But still the prevailing forces are chaotic, rather than cosmic. It is among huge primeval shapes, titanic in proportion, great typal shadowy forms, and glimpses of summits beyond, though these are "seen through a glass, darkly," that he is most truly himself. Yet what a world! Who would not wander through such, with Verhaeren? Such poems as "L'Eternelle" and "L'Utopie" (one of the most marvellous poems of imagery ever written) should be studied by all who would learn to understand that quenchless thirst for the Living God, that search which begins in a darkness that can be felt, and ends by storming the forts of heaven, the victory of him who is strong enough to take its kingdom by violence. The force of imagery in "L'Utopie" fills the mind with shapes and shadows akin to his; with him we wander through those nameless regions where are seen "monuments noirs carrant leur masse, en du brouillard"! "Le naphte en torches d'or y brûle au fond des caves," and we gaze while:

> Le vice et la vertu s'y nouent, en des viols
> Si terribles qu'en tremble et qu'en pleure la vie;
> Aubes, midis et soirs ne s'y distinguent pas;
> Et le soleil, telle une plaie envenimée,
> Tache le ciel et saigne et suppure, là-bas,
> Sous des loques de feu, de suie et de fumée.

In "L'Impossible," he sings the joy of ceaseless effort, and the gospel of freedom, together with the unappeasable thirst of the finite for infinity.

Changer! Monter! est la règle la plus profonde.
L'immobile présent n'est pas
Un point d'appui pour le compas
Qui mesure l'orgueil du monde.
.....
Ton âme est un désir qui ne veut point finir.
.....

In "L'Éternelle," almost the veil of the temple of things substantial is rent in twain, and the vision so long desired, so deeply sought, is granted. The passion of life overflows its banks now. Surely, surely it will find its parent ocean? But still, Eternity speaks to the poet from inaccessible height, though with prophetic hope in her accents:

Prends patience, ami! un jour, peut-être,
En m'adorant plus fort encore, tu comprendras;
Ce que tu ne sais pas, ce que tu dois connaître
Je te l'apporte entremêlé et troublé, entre mes bras;
Tu hésites, à l'heure ou j'exulte de vivre,
Tous les désirs divers également m'enivrent
Et je les suis, mon âme au vent, sans savoir où.

And how perfect the expression of that mingling of light unspeakable, love ineffable, which is the aura of Eternity—

Il fait soleil, dans mon amour, toujours!
.....
Mon seul secret est vivre et vivre, et vivre encore.

The cosmic vitality of Verhaeren, his capacity for plumbing depths, scaling heights, only to behold heights beyond, lifts him to the region where dwell individualised types, where personality is negligible, where Man speaks, the Spirit of Man holds converse with cosmic forces, where the cries and clamour of little

men are hushed. His evocatory power is extraordinary. The glow from his fire is contagious, the "rushing mighty wind" of his native atmosphere blows round us as we read. Yet the poet does not lose, rather gains, individuality, through the identification of himself with those forces that unmake, only to remake. His description of "Le Tribun" serves well for himself, and for all Promethean genius.

> Il monte, et l'on croirait que le monde l'attend,
> Si large est la clameur de ses paroles souveraines.
> Il est effroi, danger, affre, fureur et haine;
> Il est ordre, silence, amour et volonté;
> Il scelle en lui toutes les violences lyriques,
> Où se trempe l'orgueil des hommes historiques
> Dont l'œuvre est faite, avec du sang d'éternité.

It is this "blood of eternity" that sings in Verhaeren's veins. The blood of mighty dead, and of those yet unborn who shall shake the world with a pulse of greatness. All sons of the flame are dowered with the godlike gift, that of evoking an answering greatness, a response of the same substance, however transitory its life. "Those who draw nigh to the fire shall be warm"! There are many (and perhaps not the least among us) who kindle their own flame by drawing nigh to some fiery minister. So Verhaeren's call goes forth, the summons of immortality to the mortal instrument: Come forth! From turbidity, from the fury lurking in *Les Villes tentaculaires,* from the surging molten lava flooding *Les Forces tumultueuses,* from the radiant summer afternoons of *Les Heures claires,* from all these is distilled one fragrant magical essence, and its name is *Life*—"La Vie—Toute la Vie". Suffering is the bread, Joy, the juice of the Vine, and there is the sacrament

for all the faithful. In the ritual of Life all have their part save those who fear to live; fear is the only barrier of exclusion from the Mass solemnised perpetually in Life's "Chapelle ardente".

"Qu'importe souffrir, si c'est pour s'exalter?"[1] seems a natural expression to all Prometheans. Indeed, immolation is so much a law of their life, that one can imagine some fully-grown specimen might even resent any unpunctuality of attack on the part of his particular vulture, "in the region of the liver"! The law of sacrifice is an eternal law; Prometheans are Priests and Servers; their service is neither a fault nor a virtue, but a necessity of their nature.

There is a natural transition period between *Les Forces tumultueuses*, and *La Multiple Splendeur*. The key thereof is found in their titles. Ever nearer and nearer to the threshold of "Things in Themselves" draws our Poet. Now by the road of Affirmations and Admirations, which leads out from the tenebrous depths of *Les Forces* to *La Splendeur*. The key-note of the former was strength—strength won by herculean effort, through agony outworn, through sweat of torment. The new volume has for its key-notes:

> Admirez-vous les uns les autres
> ....
> Et vous vivrez ardents et clairs.
> ....
> La vie est à monter et non pas à descendre.
> .....
> Nous apportons, ivres du monde et de nous-mêmes,
> Des cœurs d'hommes nouveaux, dans le vieil univers.[2]

[1] From *Les Reves*.

[2] From *La Multiple Splendeur*.

The first poem in *La Multiple Splendeur*, "Le Monde," is a marvellous example of the cosmic spirit using a lyric form. The philosophy is instinctive and intuitive, the philosophy of a creator rather than a logician. The beginning and end of this universal cry is: "Le monde est fait avec des astres et des hommes." We see our world swinging in space, with the gift of flight, winging its way "among flowers, vineyards and gardens of golden ether" with movement obedient to the principles of Rhythm, the outward movement, the free soaring, and the obedience to gravitation shown in the inevitable return from circumference to centre. The earth is seen as a broken fragment of a great diamond, fallen from heaven's universal crown. The stress of elemental strife dims its surface, waters blemish its fiery splendour, and after its subjection to a million rude forces in combat, Man appears at length, Man who shall restore the diamond's pristine lustre once more:

Pareils
À des soleils
Apparurent et s'exaltèrent,
Parmi les races de la terre
Les génies.

The light from the stars of genius, that race with "hearts of flame, and lips of honey," re-illumines earth's dark places, the rude forces are tamed by these god-like spirits, and the poem ends in a peroration of prophecy, wherein the great principles celebrate their triumphant return:

Tout se renouvelait jusqu'en ses profondeurs;
Le vrai, le bien, l'amour, la beauté, la laideur.
Des liens subtils faits de fluides et d'étincelles
Composaient le tissu d'une âme universelle

Et l'étendue où se croisaient tous ces aimants
Vécut enfin, d'après un loi qui règne aux firmaments
Le monde est fait avec des astres et des hommes.

It is in *La Multiple Splendeur* that Verhaeren celebrates his joy in the spiritual science of Universality: we use the word "science," for he begins to *know* this truth whose foundations are "from everlasting," whose progressions are "to everlasting".

The voice of the mystic cries from one of the most haunting and most perfectly wrought lyrics, "La Mort," wherein the poet apostrophises the "sad lady of my soul," telling her that he fears the future, because of of death, and time, by reason of its treacherous mockery. The soul tells him how life and death weave mingled garlands for the brow of man's eternity, that time is but an illusion, that the creative imagination alone possesses the seed of immortality:

Seul existe celui qui crée
Emprisonnant l'ample durée
Dans l'heure où son génie écrit.

In "La Ferveur," Verhaeren reveals his strength and weakness (according to the joyful paradoxical manner of poets) in his deification of the brain; strength, because he refuses to people the dark corners of life's caves of mystery with chimeras, declaring that ignorance and nescience are better than self-deception; weakness, because he exalts the brain as the apex of all, rather than the power behind the brain, the user thereof. Yet this is but the "clearing-house" stage, the voice of those who will not worship idols, and who pass on through ideals to ideas. The old cry of the seeking soul, on fire for The Most High, "Not this,

Not that," and then the inevitable pause of reaction, when the old world has passed away, and the new has not yet emerged from the cloudy porches of dawn. Yet before Vision comes, to every great spirit comes also the awful hour when, on the threshold of the future, he must wrestle with the Angel of the Presence. Amid the fallen ruins of the past, the desolate bareness of the present, the fight goes on. The Poet knows not that God is nigh, he knows naught save that the old beliefs were delusions, yet that he is being driven on toward some new port of affirmation, and he feels the youth of a new race bounding and throbbing within its prophet-messenger.

Nous apportons, ivres du monde et de nous-mêmes,
Des cœurs d'hommes nouveaux dans le vieil univers.
Les Dieux sont loin et leur louange et leur blasphème;
Notre force est en nous et nous avons souffert.

La Multiple Splendeur ends, significantly, with an invocation to "Les Idées."

Plus haut que la douleur et plus haut que la joie,"—
—Larges et fécondées
Aux horizons, là-haut, les suprêmes idées.

It is hard to leave this collection of poems, wherein life and its joys and sorrows ring changes full of the music of the future. Who but the poet knows with such *instinctive* knowledge, the intimacy of the bond between God and Man, and that sacred immanence which is almost a truism to genuis?

J'existe en tout ce qui m'entoure et me pénètre.
Gazons épais, sentiers perdus, massifs de hêtres
Eau lucide que nulle ombre ne vient ternir,

Vous devenez moi-même étant mon souvenir.
.....

Je me multiplie
Si fort en tout ce qui rayonne et m'éblouit
Que mon cœur en défaille et se délivre en cris.
O ces bonds de ferveur, profonds, puissants et tendres
Comme si quelque aile immense te soulevait,
Si tu les as senti vers l'infini te tendre . . .
Dis-toi . . .
Tu as goûté
La douce et formidable joie . . . .
Jusqu'à mêler ton être aux forces inanimées,
T'a fait semblable aux dieux.[1]

This kinship with Deity is the root of the very disintegrative faculty which makes the Poet disdain to worship any forms wherein he does not feel that spiritual exaltation of which the joy-of-life is admiration, and its expression the only ritual of great souls.

This is the message of *La Multiple Splendeur*: the realisation in consciousness of the glory of life universal. Just as an artist may see the foulest pool of stagnant water, irradiated by the reflected hues of sunset, and retain in his memory an impression of the pool as "a thing of beauty," so Verhaeren sees the deepest abysses of life shot with the splendour of which life cannot be despoiled, to all who have the gift of imaginative-vision, the image-making faculty, which creates in a series of progressive truths, whereof Truth herself is the central heart of inspiration.

From *La Multiple Splendeur* we come at last to *Les Heures claires* in which the One is mirrored in the world of two hearts made one. The homing-instinct of the finite to infinity makes of "slight air and purging

[1] From "La Joie" (*La Multiple Splendeur*).

fire" a pathway of return, and these are the two elements of *Les Heures claires*: a flame, still, but now love burns with a clear white and golden radiance, and the airs are those of a summer afternoon. These are among the most beautiful love-poems of our day. Intimacy and reverence have made a missal-book, and the clasp is wrought of purest gold. Jewels and flowers mingle here; radiance, fragrance, tenderness, passionate purity; all gifts the Poet brings to the Beloved, not least among them simplicity and candour of utterance. No rite is left unsung, none is sung unfitly. Human love is a call from Love Universal, and is felt in its supremest moments as a pledge and sacrament of that realisation of Unity which is the Heart of Being.

> Me semble-t-il—Oh! qu' un instant—
> Que je t'apporte, en mon cœur haletant,
> Le battement de cœur de l'univers lui-même.

In "Les Rythmes souverains," and "Les Blés mouvants" we find the same ecstacy of identity, the same fusing of philosophy and devotion which is to be the foundation of the new creed of humanity. "In that new world which is the old," the circle of re-becoming, but with a simultaneous widening of the circumference, together with a heightened consciousness of "the pulse of the machine," the central heart, Verhaeren is the Poet whose inspired utterances ring forth with clearest, most musical tone. He sees the landscape of the new world, though as yet only in the "wizard twilight" of prophetic dawn. The mountain-summits are still veiled in mystery, the outline of many a peak and promontory is, as yet, only faintly and partially glimpsed. The values and proportions of the old world are outworn, the exact scale of the new geography is

not, even now, known to the discoverer of man's latest heritage. But enthusiasm, ecstasy, the true philosophic mind that grows from the present to the future, for whom Time never stands still, whose substance becomes fused into the elixir of life with ever-increasing rapidity, for whom experience spells growth inward, extension outward; of all these letters of the new alphabet, Verhaeren is both learner and teacher. With his flaming wand, he points to the "writing on the wall" of human life—new words, adaptation, old truths re-created.

Fearlessness, an adventurous spirit, an enthusiasm so vast that air cannot chill, earth choke, nor water quench: the Fire of Life. That is the Promethean heritage of Verhaeren. Happy those spirits who can, with him, serve, to kindle, the flame upon the altar of the New Day.

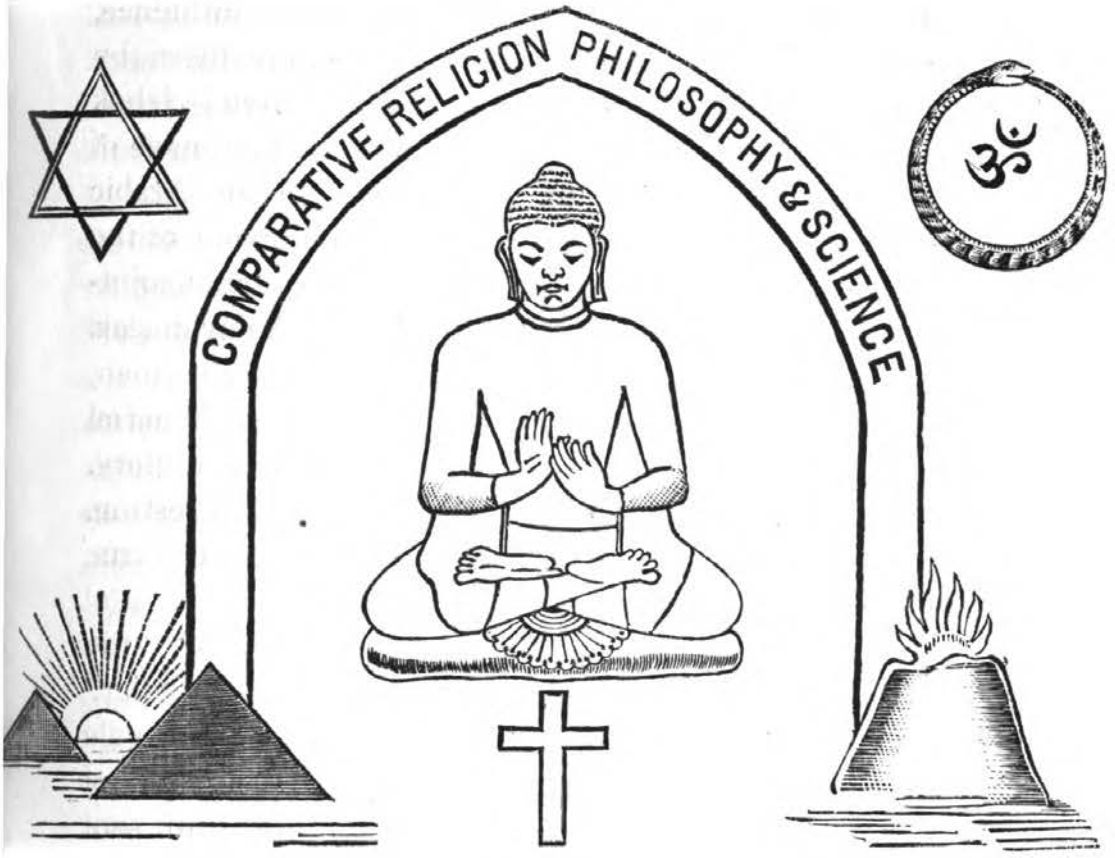
There is no death for those that live in Love.[1]
Ceux qui vivent d'amour vivent d'éternité.[2]

The voice of the Occultist and the Poet. And to those of us who wait an event whose footsteps are even now changing the face of humanity and altering the outline of the earth, these words find an echoing chord the harmonies of which set the "Rythme souverain" of the New Day.

Voici l'heure qui bout de sang et de jeunesse.
.....
Un vaste espoir, venu de l'inconnu, déplace
L'équilibre ancien dont les âmes sont lasses;
La nature parait sculpter
Un visage nouveau à son éternité.[3]

Lily Nightingale

[1] Mabel Collins.
[2] From "Les Heures d'apres-midi".
[3] From "La Foule" (*Les Visages de la Vie*).



ABDUR RAZZAK

By V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

ONE of the most interesting and valuable accounts of mediæval India, or rather that portion of India which was under the extensive empire of Vijayanagar in mediæval times, which foreign travellers have left, is that of Abdur Razzak. Born at Samarkhand in November, 1413, Kamalud-din Abdur Razzak was brought up in a scholarly atmosphere by his father,

Ishak, who occupied the dignity and office of Kasi and Imam in the court of Sultan Shah Rukh. A great legal authority and a man of considerable influence, Ishak laid the foundations of his son's greatness by introducing him to the court and the Sultan. Ishak died in 1437, but the son did not lose the patronage of the court. A commentary he wrote on an Arabic grammar gained him the admiration and favour of the Sultan; and the latter signalised his regard by appointing him as ambassador to the King of Vijayanagar. Razzak was a shrewd observer and an inquisitive man, and the description[1] he has left of the great imperial city of the south, its King and court, its riches and glory, its nobles and fortifications, is uniquely interesting, and has therefore always been of great use to the true student of South Indian History.

The reason which Abdur Razzak gives for the despatch of the embassy by Shah Rukh is singular.[2] He says that there was, in those days, a struggle between Djounah-poor[3] and Bengal, that the King of Bengal was hard pressed, and that an ultimatum sent by His Majesty the Khakan to the oppressor checked his ambition and quelled his spirit. This and similar reports induced the Samurai, the ruler of Calicut, to court the alliance of the Khan and to send an embassy to his court. The King is said to have stated in the

[1] For bibliographical notices of Abdur Razzak's works, see *India in the 15th Century* (Hakluyt Society Publications, edited by Major) and Elliot's *History*, Vol. iv. Both these give not only the history of the work, but the translation of it. Mr. Sewell refers to Razzak's account in his *Forgotten Empire* and besides fixing, with its aid, the topography of certain sites and buildings in Vijayanagar, has pointed out certain inaccuracies in Razzak.

[2] Shah Rukh, the Timurid who ruled part of Timur's Empire from 1404 to 1447 was the only powerful man, after Timur, who "for a while succeeded in subduing the jealousies of his kinsmen and maintaining the power and dignity of the empire". Lane Poole's *Mohammadan Dynasties*, 267-8.

[3] Jaunpore.

despatch that the Khotbah of Islam was already celebrated in his port every Friday or solemn-feast day, and that he would see that these prayers were adorned and honoured in future by the addition of the Khan's name and illustrious titles. The Musalman ambassador who brought the royal messages also asked His Majesty to favour his master with the despatch of an ambassador, a man who would "invite that prince to embrace the religion of Islamism and draw from his beclouded heart the bolt of darkness and error, and cause the flame of the light of faith and the brightness of the sun of knowledge to shine in the window of his heart". The result was the choice of Abdur Razzak. Many said that it was a voyage of danger and would not prove a success; but the confidence of Razzak and the determination of his master carried away all opposition. Provisions and post-horses were immediately ordered, and on January 13, 1443, the ambassador set out by the route of Kohistan.

It is not necessary to give here an account of the early travels of Abdur Razzak—his experiences on the journey, his description of the deserted city of Kerman, of the busy port of Hormuz, etc. It is enough to point out that after the voyage of a few weeks he reached the important and flourishing seaport of Calicut. The description he gives of the city is very pleasing and favourable. He notes at the outset that it was a perfectly secure harbour in which merchants "from every city and every country" met and transacted business. Precious articles from maritime countries like Abyssinia, Zirbad, Zanguebar, were imported in abundance, and ships, laden chiefly with pepper, constantly sailed to Mecca. The town was inhabited,

of course, by infidels and "situated on a hostile shore," but there were a considerable number of Muhammadans who owned two mosques in the city and who met there every Friday. They had for their priest (*Kadi*) a man who belonged to the Schafei sect. Both the classes of people were, to use Razzak's language, adventurous sailors. They were called, he says, *Tchini-betchegan*[1] (son of the Chinese), and their valour was so well known that pirates hardly dared to attack the vessels of Calicut. The prosperity of the city was due, not only to the seafaring skill of its people, but the excellent character of internal Government. Says the ambassador:

> Security and justice are so firmly established in this city, that the most wealthy merchants bring thither from maritime countries considerable cargoes which they unload, and unhesitatingly send into the markets and bazaars, without thinking in the meantime of any necessity of checking the accounts or keeping watch over the goods. The officers of the custom house take upon themselves the charge of looking after the merchandise, over which they keep watch day and night. When a sale is effected they levy a duty on the goods of one-fortieth part; if they are not sold, they make no charge on them whatsoever.

Abdur Razzak compares this condition with the condition in other ports, and points out that, while in the latter, any stray ship driven from its path by wind or wave was an object of plunder, it enjoyed in Calicut the same privilege and treatment as other trading vessels. It is not surprising that "everything that can be desired" was available in the markets of the city.

Concerning the people Abdur Razzak has not much of an edifying nature to say. His grim and orthodox feeling could not enable him to sympathise with them

[1] This is, as Elliot says, a compliment to the Chinese navigators. Many of these even settled in India. Marco Polo mentions a Chinese admiral of the Zamorin's fleet. See Elliot, iv, 103, footnote.

or appreciate their customs. The moment he stepped into the land he considered them to be extraordinary beings, neither men nor devils! Their mere sight alarmed his mind and made him feel that the sight of them in dreams would exercise his trembling heart for years! He had, it is true, pleasant love passages with a beauty whose face was like the moon, but he could never fall in love with a negress. He notes the meagreness or rather absence of dress, except the *lankoutah*,[1] among these "blacks," and what struck him more, the absolute equality, in the matter of costume, between the King, or Samurai as he was called, and the beggar. In one hand they had an Indian poniard and in the other a buckler of ox-hide. In contrast to this universal simplicity there was the magnificence of the Musalmans. They wore showy and costly apparel and "in every particular" led a life of luxury. The Hindus, points out Razzak, were divided into a great number of classes, for example, "Brahmins, Djoghis and others". All agreed in the fundamental tenets of polytheism and idolatry; but each sect had its peculiar customs. He mentions the Nair custom of polyandry and the general Hindu reverence for the cow. The killing of the latter, or the eating of its flesh, were strictly prohibited on pain of immediate death—a single prohibition, says Razzak, in this city of absolute freedom, a prohibition due to popular feeling. Abdur Razzak saw them take its dung when dry and rub their foreheads with it.

The ambassador was given a comfortable lodging by the Samurai and an audience was granted three days later. The keen Musalman observes the meagre dress

[1] Spelt *Langot* by Elliot. For further early references of travellers to this subject, see Elliot, iv, p. 101.

of the Samurai, as well as the peculiar custom of succession which prevailed in Malabar, the inheritance by one's sister's son, and not by one's own son "or his brother or any of his relations". Abdur Razzak also notes that no one reached the throne by means of the strong hand. He saw the Zamorin in the midst of two or three thousand Hindus. The principal persons among the Muhammadans were also present. A seat was immediately given him, the despatch of his master was read, and the presents he brought—horses, pelisses, robes of gold and caps to be worn on the birthday—were taken in procession before the throne for acceptance. Abdur Razzak stops here, and does not give any more description of what he saw or what happened to him in the court. The reason is not far too seek. He seems to have been entirely neglected by the Zamorin. To use his own language of bitter complaint, he "shewed me but little consideration". It is not improbable that the worthy ambassador wanted to improve the success of his warm reception by securing the conversion of the Zamorin and his salutation of the sacred standard of the Prophet, but received a check in the absolute impassibility of the Malabar Chief.

From November, 1442, to April, 1443, Abdur Razzak stayed in Calicut, in this "disagreeable place where everything became a source of trouble and weariness," where, as Elliot puts it, he was a comrade of trouble and companion of sorrow. While in this dejected mood he had one night, it is said, a dream which foreshadowed a brighter future. The happy Khakhan himself appeared before his faithful servant and spoke of the approaching end of his sufferings.

The eager Musalman was trying, through interpreters, to unravel the meaning of this strange vision, when a solution of it was seen in the welcome news of the arrival of a man from the court of Vijayanagar in search of him.[1] The delegate of the Rai brought a letter addressed to the Zamorin asking him to send the Khakhan-i-said's ambassador. The Zamorin was not subject, says Razzak, to the laws of the King of Bidjanagar, but he looked upon him with respect and awe, as he had a mighty empire and powerful dominion, and as he had three hundred ports in his possession, each of which was equal in size and in riches to Calicut. His territories moreover extended from Serendib (Ceylon) to Kulberga and from Bengal to Malabar, and comprised on terra firma a space of a thousand parasongs and a three months' journey. A request from such a ruler was a mandate, and Abdur Razzak had a very early and pleasant audience of dismissal. He left Calicut by sea, passed the port of Bendinaneh,[2] which Major identifies with Cannanore, and reached Mangalore which formed "the frontier of the kingdom of Bidjanagar". He stayed here for two or three days and then started inland to the great city.

The first place in the Vijayanagar Empire which Razzak notices was a temple which he reached after a journey of three parasongs and which, he says, "had not its equal in the Universe". That agreeable

[1] It is curious that while Razzak attributes his journey entirely to the influence of the Zamorin at first, he later on makes it appear that he had a letter from the Sultan to the Raja, and that it was to the latter that he was sent as ambassador.

[2] Elliot spells it "Bandana". He has not attempted to verify it. Is it not probable that *Baidur* or *Baindur* is intended? Its ancient temples and inscriptions show that it was a place of great importance in the time of Vijayanagar supremacy. It is mentioned by Duarte Barbosa, in 1514, as exporting rice to Bhatkal. See *South Canara Manual*, ii, 243.

characteristic of the Hindu, the susceptibility to the charms of beauty and art, which always aroused the interest and admiration of Razzak, is clear in the description he gives of this place.

> It is a perfect square of about ten yards by ten, and five in height. The whole is made of molten brass. There are four platforms or ascents, and on the highest of them there is an idol, of the figure and stature of a man, made all of gold. Its eyes are composed of two red rubies, which are so admirably set that you would say that they gazed upon you. The whole is made with the greatest delicacy and the perfection of art.

Passing on from that place, Razzak came across each day some city or populous town, till he arrived at a mountain whose summit reached the skies and whose foot was covered by a large number of trees and thorny underwood, penetrated neither by sun nor by rain. He then came to a town called Belour,[1] the houses of which were like palaces and the women like the Houris in beauty. A grand temple of the place has been described by the traveller with great enthusiasm and admiration. It was, he says

> so high that you can see it at a distance ot several parasongs. It is impossibe to describe it without fear of being charged with exaggeration. In brief, in the middle of the city there is an open space extending for about ten jaribs, charming as the garden of Iram. In it there are flowers of every kind like leaves. In the middle of the garden there is a terrace (*kursi*), composed of stones raised to the height of a man; so exquisitely cut are they, and joined together with so much nicety, that you would say it was one slab of stone, or a piece of the blue firmament which had fallen upon the earth. In the middle of this terrace there is a lofty building comprising a cupola of blue stone, on which are cut figures, arranged in three rows, tier above tier.

[1] Also spelt by some *Beglour*, *Belor* and *Bidrur* (Elliot). The last writer identifies it with Bednur, " which is the capital of a province of the same name, and a place favourable for trade, as the pass leading through it from Mangalore is one of the best roads in the Western Ghats, which comprise the terrific mountain mentioned by our author ". (Elliot, iv, 101.)

Abdur Razzak remarks with admiration that such reliefs and pictures could not have been represented upon it by the sharp style and deceptive pencil.

> From the top to the bottom there was not a space of the palm of a hand on that lofty building which was not adorned with paintings of Europe and Khata (China). The building was constructed on four terraces of the length of thirty yards, and of the breadth of twenty yards, and its height was about fifty yards.

All the other edifices, small and great, were also carved and painted with exceeding delicacy. Abdur Razzak notes the devotions, the music, and the daily feasts in the temple, the rents and pensions assigned on it to all the inhabitants of the town, and its receipt of offerings from distant cities. After a stay of two or three days, he resumed his journey and in April, 1443, reached Bidjanagar. The King had had the grace to send a numerous cortège to meet them and to appoint, on their arrival, a handsome house for their residence.

Abdur Razzak's description of Vijayanagar is very interesting. He writes about it with genuine enthusiasm and without that sarcastic fling which forms an undercurrent in his narrative of Calicut and its cold master.

> The city of Bidjanagar is such that the pupil of the eye has never seen a place like it, and the ear of intelligence has never been informed that there existed anything equal to it in the world. It is built in such a manner that seven citadels and the same number of walls enclose each other. Around the first citadel are stones of the height of a man, one half of which is sunk in the ground while the other half rises above it. These are fixed one beside the other in such a manner that no horse or foot-soldier could boldly or with ease approach the citadel.[1]

The outer citadel was "a fortress of round shape built on the summit of a mountain, and constructed of stones and lime. It has very solid gates, the guards of which

[1] See *Forgotten Empire*, p. 88, for Sewell's attempt at an explanation of the topography of these walls and gates.

are constantly at their post, and examine everything with severe inspection."[1] The space between the first fortress and the second, and that between the second and the third, was filled with cultivated fields, with houses and with gardens. "In the space from the third to the seventh, one meets a numberless crowd of people, many shops and a bazaar." The seventh fortress was the palace of the King. The distance between the opposite gates of the outer fortress north and south was two parasongs, and the same between the eastern and western ones. In the measurement of the present day it would have been seven miles; but as Mr. Sewell says, it was "actually eight miles if measured from the extreme south point of the first line of defence northwards to the river. Razzak evidently did not include the walls of Anegundi, the northern lines of which lie two miles farther still to the north".

Going inside the seventh fortress we can follow, though not quite closely, the somewhat vague description of the worthy ambassador. "By the King's palace are four bazaars, placed opposite each other. On the north is the portico of the palace of the *Rai*." Above each bazaar was a lofty arcade with a magnificent gallery, but the audience hall of the King's palace was elevated above all the rest. The bazaars were extremely long and broad. They abounded in such precious articles as pearls, rubies, emeralds and diamonds, which were publicly sold by the jewellers. They also abounded in roses and flowers. Abdur Razzak notes the elegant taste of the population for flowers. "These people could not live without roses and they look upon them

[1] *A Forgotten Empire.*

as necessary as food." The tradesmen of each craft or gild had their shops close to one another, so that each trade had more or less its assigned place. The whole locality was made charming by numerous streams and canals cut in chiselled stone, polished and smooth. Mr. Sewell says: [1]

> Remains of these are still to be seen not far from the *Ladies' Bath*. There was a long trough that conveyed the water, and on each side were depressions which may have been hollowed for the reception of round vessels of different sizes, intended to hold water for household use.

On the right side of the palace rose a forty-pillared hall, the Dewan-kaneh, the office of the Dewan or Danaik.[2] In a hall or gallery in front of that palatial edifice, the court-house was placed. There also sat the scribes.[3] At the end of the hall stood a line of *chobdar*'s, or hussars; and every petitioner who came on business first offered a present to the Dewan, then prostrated, and then explained his business and got redress.

Razzak's description of the personal character of Deva Raya is of a most favourable and interesting nature. The Emperor "had an olive complexion, his frame was thin and he was rather tall; on his cheeks might be seen a slight down, but there was no beard on his chin. The expression of his countenance was extremely pleasing." He was a lover of splendour and of elephants and took delight in hunting excursions.[4] He was the pink of courtesy. He received Abdur Razzak, for instance, with great kindness, seated him near him,

[1] *A Forgotten Empire*, p. 90.

[2] Spelt also *Daiang*, which is absurd. He is the same as Dandanayaka or Dalavai.

[3] Razzak notes the two modes of writing then prevalent—one on palm leaf by iron style and the other on a blackened white surface, "on which they write with a soft stone cut into the shape of a pen, so that characters are white on a black surface and are durable".

[4] Modern epigraphy clearly bears out this statement.

expressed the heart-felt joy he experienced in "the great King's" despatch of an ambassador, and seeing that the latter was in profuse perspiration from the excessive heat and the quantity of clothes he had on him, had the generous compassion to favour him with the fan of *katai* which he had in his hand. He honoured him similarly with a special audience in the Navaratri festival and with a good habitation in the seventh storey of the gorgeous pavilion erected on the palace arena for the witnessing of the amusements and the festivities of the occasion. A high idea of chivalry characterised him. Once a courtier abruptly asked Abdur Razzak whether the Persians could make certain embroidered sofas which he saw in the assembly. The worthy ambassador was taken aback. He saw that such articles were not produced in his country, but was unwilling to create the impression that it did not know how to do it. He had, in other words, to reconcile truth with patriotism, and so boldly said that they could be made equally well in his country, but it was not the custom to do so.

The king approved highly of my reply, and ordered that I should receive several bags of *fanams* and betel, and some fruits reserved for his special use.

(*To be concluded*)

TREASURE TROVE OF ANCIENT LITERATURES[1]

By G. K. NARIMAN

I. The discovery—Scientific expeditions

THE country of East Turkestan has been one of eternal unrest since the beginning of the second century before Christ. Historical notices especially by the Chinese, supplemented by our find, show that it had as guests one after another Indian clans, Tocharians, Huns, Scythians, East Iranians, Tibetans, Turks, the people of Kirgez and Mongols. The picture of the country as it was in the seventh century, that is, at a time when the majority of the MSS. now discovered were written, is drawn for us by Hiuen-Tsang. He went on a pilgrimage to India in 629. His object was to see the cities between which the Founder of his faith travelled, and to acquire some of the holy books. He chose the northern route and passed through Chotjo, the capital of modern Turfan. On his return he passed through Kashgar, Yarkand, and Khotan. On the eastern confines of Khotan begins the desert, where the sand is kept shifting by the perpetual movement of the wind. The only landmarks visible are the whitened bones of pack-animals. Hereabout lay the ancient kingdom of

[1] The writer states that this paper is "mostly a translation of Luder's *Uber die literarischen Funde von Ostturkestan*".

Tokhara—already in ruins—and beyond was the silence of death. Flourishing life was, however, visible towards Khotan. All along, Buḍḍhism was the dominant religion. Many thousands of monks lived in the monasteries of the countries, the northern side belonging to the school of the Sarvastivadis, Yarkand and Khotan being Mahayanists. The Chinese traveller has noted for us the various characteristics of the people who had nothing in common except their religion. They were various as regards dress, customs, manners, languages and modes of writing. The last was borrowed no doubt from India in each case. A new period of culture began for the country with the appearance of the Turkish clan of the Uigurs. They absorbed the inhabitants and united them into a people known to this day by their name. East-Turkestan in the matter of religion was only a province of India. Then side by side with Buḍḍhism appeared Nestorian Christianity and Manichæism. The ruler of Turfan was the first to embrace it. Soon after came upon the scene a new arrival which showed itself to be stronger than Buḍḍhism, Christianity, or the doctrine of Manes. The first conversions to Islām took place in Kashgar and the first Islāmic dynasties took their rise there. The older faiths continued their existence, but there was no stemming the tide of Islām. From the fourteenth century onwards Turkestan became definitely Muhammadan. China acquired the country in 1758 without altering its religion.

The words of the Buḍḍha, of the Christ, and of Manes ceased to be heard; yet the works which embody them survived. Ruins of monasteries, which are proved to be Christian from wall-paintings, inscriptions,

and the find of MSS., have come to light in the capital of Turfan. In the centre of the city there was a large Manichæan colony. In this part was discovered a wall-painting, which is the most valuable find of an original fresco in the Berlin collection. It is the picture of a Manichæan priest, surrounded by believers, men and women, in their characteristic dress. The building was ransacked by the peasants in search of buried treasures when the German scientific expedition arrived. It appeared just at the moment when the real treasure would have been destroyed. The place abounds in traces of Buḍḍhistic monuments. Without the help of illustrations it is difficult to gain an idea of the architecture of the times—the temples, the sṭūpas, the monasteries. The art of Gāṇḍhāra was transferred from its home by India to Central Asia. Over all a strong Iranian influence is noticeable. The further we come down the stream of time, the more mixed and complex becomes the style and the problems of civilisation studied by Stein, Grunwedel and Le Coq. It will require several decades to study the entire find. Philologists and archæologists will not be the least interested investigators.

The first find of MSS. by a European, which gave the impetus to further archæological search in Central Asia, was a bark MS. which was found by two Turks in 1890 in a ruined sṭūpa. They sold it to Lieut. Bower, who was then the British Resident at Kucha. Bower presented the find to the Asiatic Society of Calcutta. The next year, Dr. Hoernle, the Secretary of the Society, published a report on the MS. which evoked considerable interest. The antiquity of the MS. was noteworthy. Indian MSS., according to the western

standard, are relatively young. The destructive effect of climate and the pest of insects require their continual renovation. The oldest MSS., preserved in Nepal on palm leaves, date back to the beginning of the eleventh century. Only two palm leaves were hitherto known which had crossed the Indian border in 609 and reached Japan through China. They were preserved there in the celebrated monastery of Horiuzi, as venerable relics. The Bower MS. however was a considerable and complete one. It was written in the Gupṭa character, and hence had come undoubtedly from North-West India, and dated at the latest from the fifth century. Later investigations have proved that it must date from the second half of the fourth century. The possibility of such a discovery incited to further research. The Russian Archæological Society asked the Russian Consul-General in Kashgar, and the British Government commissioned the political agents in Kashmir, Ladak, and Kashgar, to look out for similar MSS. Thus have been acquired the MSS. which are known as the Petrovski, the Macartney and the Weber. They are housed either at Petrograd or Calcutta. They belong to a large find made soon after the discovery of the Bower MS. by Turkish peasants in Kucha. For a long while the collection had remained in the house of the local Kazi, as a plaything which amused his children!

Meanwhile there was another discovery in 1892. The French traveller Dutrenil de Rhins found three MSS. in Khotan which he despatched to Paris. In 1897 Senart made known their contents and value. By now we are quite used to surprises from Central Asia. At that time, however, Senart's communication created a

sensation in the Āryan section of the Oriental Congress held in Paris. The find represented a Kharoshti MS. The Kharoshti character till then had been known only from inscriptions in the outermost boundary of North-West India. Epigraphical comparison proved the date of the MS. to be the second century. As to its contents, it was a recension of the Pāli *Ḍhammapaḍa* in a prākṛṭ dialect, which was till then unknown in literary compositions. The manuscript was only a fragment. Another portion of the same MS. was brought to Petrograd.

The impetus given by an accident transformed itself into systematic research. The Russians were first on the scene. In 1898 Klementz set to work on this spot and the next year Radloff started the initiative which formed an International Association for Investigation in Central and Eastern Asia. What surprise awaited the seeker was shown by the results of the labours of Sir Aurel Stein supported by the British Government in the country round Khotan in 1901. Stein's personal travels led to a secondary discovery. He found out and exposed the manufacture and sale by Turks of fabricated MSS.

Stein's success led to the German expedition under Grunwedel and Huth to Turfan in 1902. Meanwhile with the exertions of Pischel there was formed a German Committee of Research which, with State help, in 1904 and 1907 sent out two expeditions under the leadership of Le Coq and Grunwedel. And Kucha and Turfan were thoroughly searched. The result was brilliant. In 1906-1908 Stein set out on his second journey. His most beautiful discoveries he made in the territory of Tun-huang. He came across

a portion, altogether forgotten till then, of the great wall built by the Chinese as a protection against the incursions of the Huns. Here a windfall awaited him in the shape of a literary treasure. A few years before Stein's arrival, a Taoist priest in the hall of the Thousand Buḍḍhas, or Tun-huang as it is called, discovered among the 500 caves a cellar which had been walled up. It contained a huge library of thousands of MSS. To judge by the date of the MSS., the cellar must have been closed up in the beginning of the eleventh century. Stein secured a considerable portion of the MSS. A portion fell to the lot of the French scholar Pelliot, who journeyed to Turkestan in 1906-07. Even Japan was not behindhand. In 1902 it sent a Buḍḍhist priest who made excavations with some success. To preserve the remains of the Tun-huang library from destruction, he despatched them to the National Library of Peking. Thus, in addition to archæological discoveries, there has been collected a huge mass of MSS. and block-prints in the libraries and museums of Petrograd, London, Oxford, Calcutta, Berlin, Paris, Tokio and Peking. Almost every material used for writing purposes is represented—palm-leaf, birchbark, wood, bamboo, leather, paper and silk. The number of alphabets represented is very large. The languages in which these MSS. are written are counted by the dozen, including several of which, till the other day, we had no knowledge.

Among the first find which reached Calcutta and Petrograd, there were fragments of MSS. written in a variety of the Indian Brāhmī character. The language, however, was not Samskṛṭ. The writing was tolerably clear and Hoernle succeeded in deciphering Indian

names and expressions of Buḍḍhistic terminology and Indian medical terms. Next Leumann proved that we had here to do with two different tongues. The merit of discovering the exact nature of the first of these belongs to Sieg and Siegling, who in 1907 proved its Āryan character from the names of domestic animals, parts of the body, terms of relationship, and figures. The name of this language was the Tocharian. It was mentioned in the colophon of a MS. deciphered by F. W. K. Müller. The manuscript represented the Turkish version of a Tokharian translation from a Samskṛṭ original. One dialect of it seems to have been widely common. Caravan passes written in it have been discovered, and dated and deciphered by Pelliot and Sylvain Levi. Further results may be expected from the studies of Mironov and Meillet. There is a vast number of MSS. which represent translation and redaction of Samskṛṭ works relating to Buḍḍhism and medicine. There are also some Buḍḍhistic dramas; they can be traced to Indian models, as is shown by the mention of the Viḍūṣhaka.

The second new language is represented by two groups of texts, and is studied especially by Staiel-Holstein and Konow. The first represents business papers, mostly dated, though the current era is not known. The second group embodies Buḍḍhist texts, partly dated. While the Tocharian fragments are of works belonging to the Sarvastivadi school, the texts of the second language belong to the later Mahayanist literature—for example the *Vajra-chedika*, the *Aparimitayu-sutra*, the *Suvarna praphasa Sutra*, *Samghata Sutra*, and the *Adhyardhashatika prajnaparamita*.

II. New-old Tongues—Resurrection of dead languages—The lost creed of Manes—Pahlavi the religious and secular idiom of mediæval Fran

In 1904, F. W. K. Müller succeeded in deciphering a couple of fragments of paper, letter, and silk, originating from Turfan. He declared the alphabet to be a variety of the Estrangelo, the language as Middle Persian or Pahlavi, and the contents as pieces from Manichæan literature believed to have been lost. This was the commencement of a long series of brilliant discoveries, the results of which have been registered in contributions to learned journals. A heap of dogmatic and liturgical works has been recovered of the religion of Manes, which spread from further Asia to China, and in spite of sanguinary persecutions of centuries asserted itself on the coast of the Mediterranean as a rival to Christianity. It is, though but débris, a priceless possession, because for the first time we perceive here from its own books the doctrine, for a representation of which, up to now, we had to rely on the hostile writings of Augustine, the *Acta Archelai*, the formula of abjuration of the Greek Church and the celebrated Fihrist, a kind of detailed catalogue of contemporary Arabic literature by an-Nadhim. So far as can be ascertained the principles of the doctrine have been correctly characterised: here the ethical and physical elements have been indissolubly united in a fantastic fashion. Kessler was inclined to see in it a preponderating influence from Babylonian sources, and now it can be asserted as certain that at least the immediate basis of Manichæism was the religion of Zoroaster. Apart from the pronounced dualism which is common to both the religions, the names bear

witness to this. Here we find the whole Mythology of the *Avesta* reproduced. A fragment from the *Shapurakan*, composed by Manes himself, makes mention of Mihir, and the demons Az, Ahriman, the Parikas and the Azhidahaka. In a fragment which according to the superscription belongs to a hymn of Manes himself, he is named as a son of God Zarvan, who represents Time in Zoroastrianism and who in later times is exalted as the highest Principle. In a hymn, Fredon is invoked together with Mihir. Fredon is the Thraetaona of the *Avesta* and the Faridun of the *Shahname*. Many of the Zoroastrian angels like Srosh and Vohumano occur side by side with Jesus. For Manes claimed to be the perfector of Christianity. In the fragment discovered by Müller, Manes calls himself the apostle of Jesus, as has already been told us by Augustine. To judge, however, from the fragments, the syncretism of the Christian elements has not been perfectly achieved. There has been no perfect amalgamation. The different layers of belief lie one over another. Thus the description of the end of the world in the *Shapurakan* presupposes the Day of Judgment and has a close connection with the words of the *Gospel of Matthew*. Further Christian influences are evidenced by reference to the history of the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ.

Manes acknowledged the Buḍḍha as also a predecessor of his. Clear evidences of Buḍḍhistic influence, however, only appear in the fragments belonging to later times, like the confession of sins. It is quite possible, therefore, that what we meet with here is a later development of Central Asian Manichæism. Probably here in the ancient soil of Buḍḍhism it took the

Buḍḍhist colour, just as in the West it assumed a Christian tinge.

In their exterior get-up Manichæan MSS. are distinguished by the great care bestowed on them. Many are adorned with pictures, which must be regarded as magnificent specimens of miniature-painting. This taste for artistic book ornament was a legacy from old Iran. Augustine, as we know, turned with flaming wrath against these bibliophiles. Manes' name has been connected from ancient times with painting, and legend ascribes to him the knowledge of secret signs. In Persian he is always known as Manes the painter.

From the philological standpoint the Iranian writings of Manes fall into three groups. The first group is composed in a dialect which comes very near to the Pahlavi, the official language of the Sassanian empire. We know this language from a few inscriptions and texts of the Zoroastrian religion, and especially from a translation in it of the *Avesta*. Accordingly, the texts from Turkestan published by Müller and Salemann indicate an infinite advance of our knowledge. The writings on the monuments known up to now are wholly uncommon. They do not give back the pronunciation of the time, and they employ Aramaic cryptograms for ordinary words, so that, for example, people wrote *Malka* while they read *Shah* or King. In the script of the fragments recently discovered this method is avoided, so that here for the first time we find an actual presentment of the proper Middle Persian language.

The second group is composed in the dialect of North-Western Persia, which no doubt was the language of the Arsacides who proceeded from these regions and who

preceded in sovereignty the Sassanians. Andreas surmises that the so-called Chaldeo-Pahlavi, which appears in the inscriptions of the Sassanian kings, is identical with this tongue. He has now in hand a rich amount of inscription material for the investigation of the question, and we may hope in the near future to hear from himself the confirmation of this theory.

The third group occupies the premier position in importance, if not in number. It is written partly in the Manichæan and partly in a younger alphabet, called the Uigurian. Andreas sees in this the Soghdian dialect. It was only an accident which has preserved for us in al Beruni the names of the months current in this language. The discovery of the Soghdian has led to another important discovery. F. W. K. Müller has ingeniously succeeded in showing that in the celebrated polyglot inscription of Kara-Balgassum, which informs us of the introduction of Manichæism into the land of Uigurs, the difficult text in a character which was up to now regarded as Uigurian is in reality composed in Soghdian. He also demonstrates that the Iranian terms in Chinese astronomical writings of the eighth century do not belong to modern Persian but to the Soghdian idiom.

Another find furnishes a proof to the fact that Soghdian was used not only by the Manichæans, but was the common language of intercourse of all the Iranian inhabitants of Turkestan, while to Pahlavi was assigned the rôle of a written language.

Among the MSS. which are acquired in the northern parts are found pages in Syriac writing and language, which have been published by Sachau. They are connected with the hymns of Nestorian Christianity.

The activity of the Nestorian missions, which starting from Assyria and Babylonia spread into the interior of China, is attested further by 12 leaves from a charming little book, the Pahlavi translation of the *Psalms* with the canon of Mar-Abba which to this day is in use in the Nestorian church. The MS., to judge from the characters, must date from the middle of the sixth century. But the translation lies some 150 years before the oldest MS. of the Peshita Psalter, and promises to prove of the greatest importance for the history of the text criticism of the Syriac originals. Then, in Syriac writing, but in a language which owing to certain peculiarities can be designated as a younger phase of Manichæan Sodhein, considerable fragments relating to Christian confessions of faith, legends, and acts of the martyrs are found. The major portion has been edited by Müller. They show that the Christians employed the Pahlavi and the Soghdian languages for the spread of their doctrine quite as much as their Manichæan rivals.

Also the third religion, Buḍḍhism, made use of the Soghdian for its propaganda. The Berlin collection possesses fragments of the *Vajrachedika,* the *Suvarna prahasa* etc. The cave of Tun-huang is, however, a peculiar treasury of Buḍḍhistic Soghdian texts which are written in a particular alphabet of Aramaic origin. Among the texts published by Gouthiot, the most interesting is that of the *Vesantara-jataka*, the gem of didactic story-literature (forgotten in India but known to every child in Burma and Ceylon), which we find here in a new version. Gouthiot has deciphered also the oldest form of this writing as well as language, which was found by Stein

in the desert between Tung-hung and Lop-nor, along with Chinese documents of the beginning of the first century. Above all there can be no doubt as to the character of the Soghdian. It was the language of the Iranian population of Samarkand and Ferghana, and was spoken as a kind of *lingua franca* from the first to the ninth centuries in Turkestan and farther in Mongolia and China. From a Buddhist MS. of Stein's, it appears that it was written in Singangu. An echo of the Soghdian is still found in certain modern dialects in the higher valleys of the Pamir. Especially the Yaghnobi can lay claim to the designation of modern Soghdian.

When it is further mentioned that the Stein collection also contains a document in Hebrew letters, and written, according to Margoliouth, in the year 100 of the Hegira, the most ancient Judo-Persian piece of writing, which at the same time is also the most ancient piece of writing in modern Persian, it must suffice to measure the importance of the Turkestan finds for the Iranist; and yet Turkish philology is in greater debt to the country. Up to now there was almost an entire dearth of its ancient literature. The earliest Turkish book known to us was the *Kutadgu-bilig*, written at Kashgar in 1069. Now we have acquired an ample collection of MSS. and block-prints in the land of the Uigurs, which is 200 years older in language and in character than that book. A splendid number of old Turki texts which, however, represent only a small portion of what we possess, have been edited by Radloff, Thomsen, Müller, Le Coq, and Stonner.

G. K. Nariman

(*To be concluded*)

THE GREAT WAR AND EVOLUTION

By A. M. URQUHART

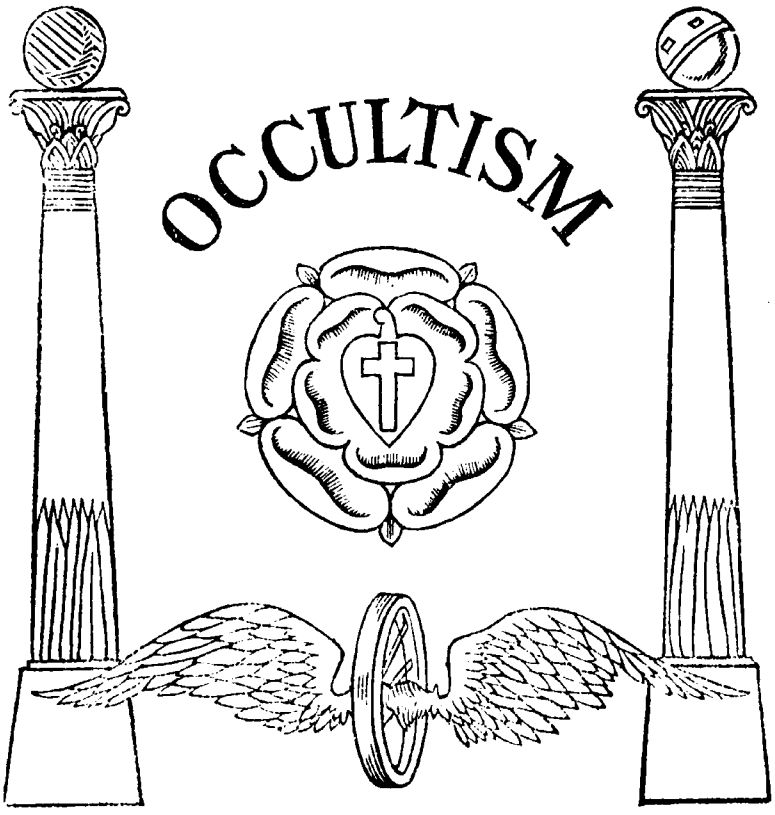
THE part played by war in quickening the evolution of nations and individuals has often been dwelt upon. Poet and painter have depicted the warrior and his steed in the "fierce joy of battle," but the effect of the great struggle on the instrument of destruction, the great world of metal, should not be overlooked. To the student of the occult, the whole fabric of evolution is a sensitive organism pervaded by the One Life, though that Life may to us be deeply veiled in the lower kingdoms. The rare genius of Professor Bose has demonstrated to the world of science the continuity of consciousness in the vegetable and the mineral, so the idea of the "fierce joy of battle" finding its reflection in the latter may not seem so far-fetched.

If all life manifests as vibration, the modern battle-field must be a centre of intense realisation in all the kingdoms of nature. Anyone who has listened to the hum of smooth running machinery, or the purr of a perfectly tuned engine, can realise to some extent the joy of the mineral monad in its activity, limited though it be, and the impetus which it thus gains in its evolution. Think for a moment what is entailed in the process of manufacture and use of modern instruments of war. We have the glow of the melting furnace, the squeeze of the rolling mill, the mighty blow of the steam hammer, the forging, the turning, the fashioning of gun and shell; the thunder, the heat, the vibration of bombardment, the thrill of the rapid flight of projectile and the shattering blow of detonation.

The modern Dreadnought is a veritable little universe, living an intense manvantara of action, laved by the magnetism of the sea, guided by the hierarchy of its crew, and pervaded by their influence, thrilled to the very core by the vibration of its own armament as well as by the blows of its antagonist, and mayhap shivered by torpedo or mine, ere it plunges to its pralaya beneath the waves.

The mineral kingdom is continuously affected by the human in the ordinary social and industrial requirements of the age, but modern war provides a special impetus to its evolution.

A. M. Urquhart



INSPIRATION

By C. W. LEADBEATER

IN all great spiritual movements outpourings of force from higher planes have taken place, and there is no reason to suppose that the latest of such movements will vary in that respect from the older manifestations. Most of our members know that we have already had a remarkable example of such a downflow at one of the meetings of the Order of the Star at Benares, and there

must be many who have felt the same thing in a lesser degree at other meetings.

The whole subject of such inspiration, of such pouring out of influence is one of great interest; one that it is profitable for us to try to understand. We talk habitually of inspiration, but it is not generally at all understood. The Christian will tell you that his Scriptures are directly inspired by the Holy Ghost; many Christians hold only to a general inspiration, which would prevent any serious error, but many of them carry it further and say that the actual words are so inspired. I am sorry to say that they sometimes make themselves ridiculous by carrying it further still, and saying that every word of the English translation must necessarily also be directly inspired by God. In fact, I fancy that many of the people who hold that view believe that the original messages were given in English! The nearest approach to rationality along this line is the theory that the same Holy Spirit who inspired the original writers also descended upon the translators and made them do their work with verbal accuracy.

I am afraid the verbal accuracy occasionally fails us, but there is this much to be said in favour of their idea, that the English translation of the Christian Scriptures is far finer in many respects than the original. If it ever comes in your way, as it did in mine as a student of Divinity, to consult the original and compare it in considerable detail with the translation, I think you cannot but be struck, especially with regard to the Old Testament, with the fact that the original does not seem so poetical, so splendid in many respects, so beautiful and so musically expressed. There is some justification

for the theory that King James's translators were the really inspired people, and those of you who know something of the influence which He whom we now call the Comte de St. Germain exercised over that translation will be prepared to believe that there is a great deal of truth behind that theory of the rendering into such magnificent English of that Scripture which was to have under that particular guise so world-wide an influence. If you will compare the French translation of the Christian Bible with the English, I think you will agree that the former is a poor thing in comparison, and does not give at all the same effect—that our Christian brothers in France lose much by the fact that their Scripture is by no means so poetically and so felicitously expressed—as our own translation. Luther's translation into German is somewhat better, but even that, I think, falls much below the English version. I mean the old English authorised version; the revised version is more accurate in some respects, but in many cases it has lost the old poetry and the old inspiration.

But the reality of inspiration is not as orthodox people imagine it. I suppose we shall do no injustice to our Christian friends if we think that many of them really believe that God the Holy Ghost dictated word by word those very Scriptures, though that is obviously untrue. Yet there is a vast amount of inspiration of different sorts going on, not perhaps from so high a source as the Christians suppose, but perfectly real inspiration nevertheless, even though it does not take just that form.

Any student of Theosophy must be aware that our Masters, the true Leaders of the Society, have

frequently inspired its speakers and writers; but They have not done so, as a rule, by any sort of verbal dictation. Far more frequently They have done it by projecting into the mind of the speaker or writer certain ideas, leaving the man to clothe them in his own words. That is unquestionably an inspiration, because "spiro" means "I breathe," and inspiration is something breathed into one from without; and those ideas in that sequence would not have occurred to the speaker or writer without that interference. Of that kind of inspiration I think we have had a great deal.

Those who have heard lectures of our revered President can hardly fail to have been struck by the wonderful eloquence with which she speaks. That is of course native to her; it is a priceless talent which she holds in this life because she has won it by many lives of assiduous practice in public speaking. But should you hear her as often as I have done, many hundreds of times probably, you will soon learn that besides her magnificent flights of eloquence other and different forms of speech sometimes fall from her lips, and that she is unquestionably sometimes guided from without as to what she shall say. I think she would herself say: "Sometimes I feel that my Master is putting ideas into my mind, and I simply express them"; she would even tell you that there have been occasions when He has actually used her organs and spoken through her Himself. I have myself heard that happen on several occasions, and the change is most marked. When left to herself our President speaks always in splendid flowing sentences. I have heard her say, when asked about her eloquence: "While I am speaking one sentence I see the next sentence in the air before me

in two or three different forms, and I select from those that which I think will be most effective." Now I have no personal experience of that sort of thing; that talent has not been given to me; I have not this wonderful gift of eloquence. We use that expression, "a gift," because as far as this life is concerned it is a gift; but remember that it is the result of work done in the past.

Those glowing periods, those balanced and modulated sentences—that is her style when left to herself; but her Master, the Master Morya, speaks usually in short sharp sentences. In this incarnation, before He resigned His place in the world and became—not an ascetic exactly, but at least one who devotes the whole of His life entirely to spiritual work—He was a King in India, a commander of troops, accustomed to state exactly that He wanted in strong brief military sentences. He does so still, and it is striking indeed to watch the President's style suddenly change into the tone of command, to hear it alter from measured cadences to short strong sentences—a most interesting study for a student of psychology. That is another form of inspiration.

Sometimes a spiritualist says to us: "In what way does such a condition as that which you thus describe differ from mediumship, to which, I am told, you have a decided objection?"

I answer that the difference is fundamental; the two conditions are wide as the poles asunder. In mediumship a person is passive, and lays himself open to the influence of any astral entity who happens to be in the neighbourhood. When under the influence he is usually unconscious, and knows neither what is being done through his organism nor who is doing it; he

remembers nothing when he awakens from his trance. His state is really one of temporary obsession. There is generally supposed to be a dead man in charge of the proceedings, who is called a spirit guide; but I have seen several cases in which such a guide proved utterly unable to afford efficient protection, for he encountered a force far stronger than his own, with results disastrous to his medium.

If one of our Masters chooses to speak through one of His pupils, the latter is fully conscious of what is being done, and knows perfectly to whom he is for the moment lending his vocal organs. He stands aside from his vehicle, but he remains keenly alert and watchful; he hears every word that is uttered through him, follows with reverent interest all that occurs, and remembers everything clearly. There is nothing in common between the two cases, except that in both of them the body of one man is temporarily used by another.

Our Masters not infrequently make use of Their pupils, not always in speaking or writing only, but in quite other ways. In the great case at Benares on the 28th December nothing was spoken by Alcyone beyond a word or two of benediction at the end of the meeting —nothing more than that; but still the outpouring of the influence was clearly felt by many. It is the custom of the Master to pour influence through His pupil, and often that influence may be not such as we class under the term of "inspiration"; that is to say, it will not prompt the pupil to do or to say anything whatever, but it will be simply a tremendous outpouring of spiritual force which may be employed for various purposes; sometimes for the healing of some disease, but more

often for the comforting of some one who is in trouble, for the guidance of some one who is in great difficulty.

Perhaps that is one of the ways in which prayers are answered. Most Theosophists would say that prayer, in the ordinary sense of the word, is not a thing to which they attach great importance—not a thing which they would recommend. I myself feel still as a Theosophist what I always felt as a Priest of the Christian Church—that to pray to God for anything personal for oneself implies a lack of faith in Him; it distinctly implies that He needs to be told what is best for His people. I never felt myself so sure of what was best for me as to think that I was in a position to dictate to the Supreme Ruler of heaven and earth. It always seemed to me that He knew so far better than I did, and that, being a loving Father (as I was absolutely certain inside of me that He was), He was already doing all for me that could be done, and needed no requests from me—more especially as my request might very likely be for something which I wished, and yet which was not at all the best thing for me. Therefore I always felt that anything in the nature of personal prayer was to some extent an exhibition of distrust. I felt that as a Christian Priest; I feel it still more as a Theosophist. I am so absolutely convinced that what is being done is beyond all question the best that can be done under all the circumstances and taking everything into account, that it would never occur to me to ask the Great Architect of the Universes to alter His arrangements in order to suit me. I cannot think, therefore, that prayer is a commendable thing. I should consider meditation

or aspiration a better form in which to express one's spiritual need.

But vast numbers of people do pray; and the Christians, the Hinḍūs, the Muhammadans will all agree in telling us that prayers are often answered. They *are*. It may be that theoretically they ought not to be, but they *are*, and it is useless for scientific investigators to blink facts. If prayers are sometimes answered, how does it happen? because of course we cannot suppose that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe turns aside in His scheme at the request of man. Who then hears these smaller prayers, and to some extent deals with them? Obviously lower entities of some sort. Our Roman Catholic friends would tell us that each man has his guardian Angel, that there are great hierarchies of Angels always surrounding us, and that any one of these may be reached by a prayer, and may do in response to it whatever "in the providence of God," as they would say, he is permitted to do.

There is a great deal of truth in that idea. There are hosts of non-human beings peopling the space around us. As a general rule they have nothing to do with us nor we with them; but it is humanity that loses by that state of affairs, and it exists only because people know as a rule nothing about them. It would indeed be well for humanity that it should sometimes be helped by these greater people; and indeed even now it often is so helped without knowing it. I have given some instances of this in *Invisible Helpers*, and they are only examples; one could find hundreds more in which some external interference in the way of assistance of one kind or another is given.

Some such cases of help are instances of the work of those disciples of our Masters who are working constantly during sleep in the astral world; they see cases where they think some help can safely be given and they step in and give it. Others show the interference of some non-physical being, but there is no evidence to show who the being was. It may have been what is commonly called a dead man, or it may have been one of those other spirits, but the facts that such entities do surround us, and that now and again interference of some sort does take place—these are facts which you can verify for yourselves. Read the published accounts of such interventions. Look round and inquire whether any such instances can be found in the lives of those whom you know. Remember that we do not as a rule lay ourselves out at all for any such assistance, or for any suggestion from non-physical sources. Remember that the world around us is blankly unintelligent on such matters, and blatantly sceptical about them, and that those are clearly not the conditions which would encourage such intervention.

But if you go to Catholic countries where people do realise the possibility of such interventions, you will find that they much more often take place there, simply because the people, believing in the possibility, lay themselves open to it in various ways. The ignorant sceptic always says: "These things do not come to me because of my superior discrimination; I should at once see through the fraud, whatever it may be." That is a foolish attitude to take; and the reason which his vanity gives him for his lack of experience is not the true one. The sceptic erects a barrier round himself by his aggressive unbelief—a barrier which it is not worth

the while of the non-physical entity to pierce; and so he goes unhelped, and consequently does not believe that anyone else can be helped. But such help does come undoubtedly, and sometimes it takes the form of inspiration.

It has often been my own experience, and I think it will be that of many Theosophical speakers, that when speaking on any given subject new ideas are suddenly put into one's mind. I am quite aware that those sometimes come from one's ego, the higher self, who takes an interest in the work which is being done by the lower self, and contrives to flash down a fragment of information; but also sometimes they come quite distinctly from outside and from somebody else. It does not at all follow that the suggestions are necessarily in every respect accurate. They represent the opinion of the person who gives the suggestion, and a person in the astral world is no more infallible than one in the physical world. Here on this plane if you heard a person talking about some subject, and had the opportunity without seeming intrusive, you would probably suggest to him anything that you knew on the matter. You hear a person explaining something to others, perhaps, and you observe some gaps in his explanation which you happen to be able to fill. If you are on friendly terms with that person, so that you can do it without hurting his feelings, you will make your contribution in order that the instruction given may be fuller and better. Just as you would do that in a friendly way on the physical plane, so does the dead man, so does the Angel, from the astral plane.

Many members of the Theosophical Society have passed over into the other world, but naturally they

still retain their interest not only in the Theosophy which they studied, but in their own friends who are studying it. They still come back and attend meetings and lectures, and if an idea occurs to them on the subject under consideration which is not in the mind of the speaker or the lecturer, they will endeavour to insert such an idea. They do not materialise (which would be a great waste of force) in order to get up and speak themselves, but they can without much difficulty put the idea into a mind which is already in sympathy with them, and that is often done. Some entirely new idea, some fresh illustration, is as it were thrust before the mind of the speaker. He may think, especially if he does not know much about the matter, that this is his own cleverness, that he himself has invented this new illustration. It does not matter. The point is to get the point put before the people; the entity does not care who gets the credit of it, naturally enough. So there is a great deal of inspiration about, even now, and there might be much more if people had an intelligent grasp of the subject, and if they laid themselves out for such inspiration.

It will frequently happen to you, if you are writing an article, that these new ideas will come into your mind. You have no means of knowing whether they are your own ideas sent down by the ego, or thoughts sent down by some other agency; but after all it does not matter; there is no question of plagiarism here. Whoever gives them, gives them voluntarily. Any man preparing a subject should prepare it meditatively, with his mind open to new impressions; and he will often get those impressions. What of our poets? A poet is generally a man who is open to impressions.

Whence those impressions come matters but little, so long as the ideas themselves are good. They may come from other poets who have passed over; they may come from Angels; they may come from his own higher self. What does it signify, so long as the thoughts are good and beautiful? They are sent down for him to utilise, but it must not be forgotten that it is his responsibility to see that the ideas *are* good and true.

If a man accepts every idea which comes to him, he may truly claim that he is acting under inspiration, but he will often find that the inspiration is not a reliable one, because he cannot as a rule know the source from which it comes. There are cases in which a man does know perfectly well. Those of us who have the privilege—the stupendous privilege—of communication with some of our Masters soon come to know at once Their touch, Their magnetic influence, and so to recognise at once when an idea comes to us from Them. Such ideas we should of course accept with the deepest reverence; but be very sure of their source, for there are those who are eager to deceive, and diabolically clever at the work of misrepresentation.

Remember, too, that anybody, with the best possible intentions, may put before you ideas which are not correct. A man is no more infallible because he happens to be dead than he was when he happened to be alive. He is the same man. He certainly has now the *opportunity* of learning more than he knew before, but not every man takes his opportunities in that world any more than in this. One meets numbers of people who have been for twenty years in the astral world, and yet know no more than when they left this physical life, just as there are many people who have lived

through fifty, sixty or seventy years of human life, and have contrived to imbibe remarkably little wisdom in the process. The advice or suggestion of those who have taken advantage of their opportunities is worth a great deal, whether it is given from the astral world or the physical world; but the two admonitions stand absolutely parallel, and you must attach no more importance to communications from the astral world or from any higher plane than you would to a suggestion made on the physical plane. You ought to be equally willing to receive them both, and you should attach to them just such importance as you feel they intrinsically deserve—that and no more, whencesoever they may come.

Inspiration is not so infrequent: neither is that other form of influence of which I spoke—the spiritual force which is poured through a man who is in connection with a Great One. That also takes place quite often; and it is not only our own Masters who make use of physical people in that way. Other entities of all sorts may have their channels, through whom their force is poured out, and a great deal may be done in the world either by those who are dead or by those who belong to other systems of evolution than our own—those whom the Indians call Ḍevas, though the Christians know them as Angels.

To take the ordinary sceptical or indifferent attitude would in many cases shut one off from the possibility of learning a great deal about these higher matters. When we come back to the more childlike attitude, which is at least receptive, though it may not be critical, we shall certainly find that there are possibilities of which now in our self-sufficiency we hardly dream.

Inspiration is a mighty reality, and so is the possibility of the outpouring of helpful force. Those who come into daily contact with it know well how constantly these things take place; and the blank prejudice against them, the sceptical attitude taken by so many people is a source of wonder and pain to those who know, because it would seem as though men were intentionally of malice prepense shutting themselves away from one of the most interesting aspects of life—from one that may often be useful and helpful beyond all expectation.

Keep, then, an open mind with regard to such things. Inspiration may come to *you*. Helpful force in some measure may flow through *you*. Be ready to be utilised in that way if your karma is so good that you can be so utilised; and when you see evidence that the same thing is happening through others, again keep an open mind, and do not shut yourself up in your own prejudice against the possibility of being helped and guided. That I think, is the best that we can say with regard to it.

Of course the other side needs emphasis too. Do not too readily believe that which comes. Take everything on its own merits, no matter though it appears to you to come from a great Master—from a source to which you look for inspiration and for help. Even then, weigh it always on its own merits, because these higher planes are full of pitfalls to those who are unaccustomed to them. It is always possible that a higher power may be imitated by a lower one; it is possible that there may be some one who is jealous of the influence over you of a greater soul, some one who may take the shape for the moment of that greater soul, and

endeavour to mislead you. Therefore the one and only safe ground is to keep your mind open. Do not rashly reject, but also do not accept merely because the message comes to you with a high name attached, or with an influence which seems to you to be beautiful. Most things from other planes seem beautiful to us down here just because they come from a higher level, and bring with them something of its greater luminosity, of its more delicate vibrations, and of all the glamour of the inner world. As S. Paul said long ago: "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind: try the spirits and what comes from them, whether they be of God." See for yourself by all means, but do not shut out the possibility of influence by prejudging the whole question and saying that inspiration is an affair of thousands of years ago and can never take place now and here in the present day.

C. W. Leadbeater

AN ESOTERIC ORGANISATION IN INDIA: IV[1]

By Sir S. Subramania Iyer, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

A QUESTION has been raised by a learned Correspondent, as to my identifying Nārāyaṇa the Aḍhiṣhthāṭā of Shuḍḍha Ḍharma Maṇḍalam with Him who is spoken of in Theosophical literature as the One INITIATOR. Attention was also called to the fact that, in the same literature, that INITIATOR is sometimes referred to as Sanaṭkumāra. The Correspondent further wished that the statement that Nārāyaṇa was the One INITIATOR be reconciled, if possible, with the view of *Sūṭa Samhiṭā*, *viz.*, that that Initiator was Ḍakṣhiṇāmūrṭi.

An answer to the questions thus raised is desirable, and that answer is that the mighty Being, who is the Head of Shuḍḍha Ḍharma Maṇḍalam, is the sole INITIATOR on this globe, though He is called according to circumstances by one or other of these three names among others. In H. P. Blavatsky's eloquent description of this wondrous Being, she observes:

> He is, as said, the "Nameless One" who has so many names and whose very nature is unknown.[2]

The *Mahābhāraṭa* again and again speaks of Him as Nārāyaṇa. *Chhāṇḍogya-Upaniṣhaṭ* refers to him as

[1] Copies of articles Nos. II, III and IV can be had from Ramalinga Mudali, Beach House, Mylapore, Madras on a remittance being sent to him of As. 3, which includes postage. As. 2 for No. IV alone.

[2] *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, first edition, p. 208.

Sanaṭkumāra, and *Anuṣhthāna-Chanḍrikā* expressly states that Ḍakṣhiṇāmūrṭi is no other than Nārāyaṇa. It would seem that it is, in the aspect of His position spiritually and otherwise, in relation to humanity as a whole on the globe, that the name Nārāyaṇa is applied to Him for reasons which will appear more fully in the course of this article. The next title, that of Sanaṭ-kumāra, is used apparently with reference to the aspect of His relation to a limited number of highly evolved human beings. Lastly, the term Ḍakṣhiṇāmūrṭi indicates His position as the Teacher to that still smaller class of egos—the most advanced in spirituality.

As denoting these differences in His position, the Aḍhiṣhṭhāṭā, according to *Anuṣhthāna-Chanḍrikā*, uses three distinct kinds of Muḍrās or symbols with reference to the three classes of persons He has to deal with. The names of those symbols respectively are Samuchchaya or Brahma Muḍrā; Eka Aṅguṣhtha or Viveka Muḍrā; and Chiṭ or Āṭma or Mauna Muḍrā. The reader will remember that, in the appendix to my second article, mention is made of Brahma Muḍrā and its import is explained. It is the one constituted by the disciple clasping the hand of the Guru who admits him into the organisation on behalf of the Head of Shuḍḍha Ḍharma Maṇḍalam.

Now, as to the next, the name Eka signifies a singling out and specialisation which mark the first great stage in the progress of those who have begun to practise Yoga Brahma-Viḍyā. The name Aṅguṣhtha is in pursuance of the Shruṭi saying:

अङ्गुष्ठमात्रः पुरुषोऽङ्गुष्ठः समाश्रितः ।

Puruṣha is of the measure of the thumb; by it He is recognised.

The meaning is that a Yogī, at this particular stage of his growth, possesses, as it were, a body of the size of the thumb, seated in Ḍaharākāsha or the space in the heart. In one instance, the pupil was made to develop this thumb-sized body and thereby learn how to construct a Māyāvirūpa or vehicle to be used for a temporary purpose and discarded and disintegrated when that purpose was served. The name "Viveka," in this context, points not so much to general discrimination, as to the special knowledge by the Yogī of the state of his progress at that stage. The third and the last symbol is represented by the circle formed by the thumb and forefinger touching each other. Its first name Chinmuḍrā implies and involves the fundamental idea of the unity of all the apparently separated selves, among themselves on the one hand, and with the Supreme Self on the other.

The other name Āṭma Muḍrā goes further and denies all real phenomenal existence to Brahm; the term "Āṭma" being taken to mean "*aṭ*," movement, and "*mā*," no. The name Mauna is meant to teach that the nature of the Absolute, the One Reality, transcends all speech.

Let me now turn to the specific statements in the three works mentioned in regard to the three names of the Aḍhiṣhthāṭā. All the 49 verses, constituting the 49th chapter of Uḍyoga Parva in the *Mahābhāraṭa*, are devoted to an explanation of the nature and functions of Nārāyaṇa and Nara, they being identified with Kṛṣhṇa and Arjuna. It will suffice to quote here but the following passages as summing up their general relation to our humanity as a whole.

एष नारायणः कृष्णः फल्गुनश्च नरः स्मृतः ।
नारायणो नरश्चैव सत्त्वमेकं द्विधाकृतम् ॥
एतौ हि कर्मणा लोकानश्नुवातेऽक्षयान्ध्रुवान् ॥

This Kṛshṇa is known as Nārāyaṇa, and Phalguna as Nara; the same Being acting as the two. The two by their work make the world imperishable and stable, and dwelling therein protect it.

The passage in the *Chhāndogya-Upaniṣhat* runs thus:

आहारशुद्धौ सत्वशुद्धिः सत्वशुद्धौ ध्रुवा स्मृतिः स्मृतिलम्भे सर्वग्रन्थीनां विप्रमोक्षस्तस्मै मृदितकषायाय तमसः पारं दर्शयति भगवान् सनत्कुमारः तं स्कन्द इत्याचक्षते तं स्कन्द इत्याचक्षते इति ।

When the food is pure, the intelligence, the mind, ("the saṭṭva") becometh pure. When the mind, the soul, the subtler astral and causal bodies, become pure, the memory of past births is attained with clearness and certainty. When the memory, the knowledge of endless past and future, is attained, then the knots of the heart, the egoistic attachments of self, unravel and become loosened of themselves under the touch of the Universal Self. And then, to such a self, the Great INITIATOR, the Lord Sanaṭkumāra, unveileth the Light that is beyond the Darkness, the Lord who slayeth Ṭārakāsura, the enemy that prevents selves from crossing beyond "initiation[1]".

The *Anuṣhṭhāna-Chandrikā* statement is as follows:

नारायणः कुमारश्च दक्षिणामूर्तिरेव च ।
ज्ञानोपदेशकर्तारश्चैते श्रुतिनिरूपिताः ॥
नारायणस्तु भगवान् एक एव सनातनः ॥

Nārāyaṇa, Kumāra and Dakṣhiṇāmūrṭi are shown by Shruṭi to be the bestowers of Wisdom. Bhagavān Nārāyaṇa is all the three, (and) the ancient.

There is a passage to the same effect in *Kāṇḍa-rahasyam* which it is unnecessary to quote here.

That those who come to be initiated, as stated in the Upaniṣhaṭ text quoted above, must be highly evolved

[1] *The Science of Social Organisation or the Laws of Manu*, by Babu Bhagavan Das, p. 299.

egos is patent from the very description of them in it. As regards the spiritual greatness of those, who have the privilege of being taught by the Aḍhiṣhthāṭā, in the character of Ḍakṣhiṇāmūrṭi, that is manifest from the very fact of their needing nothing more, by way of instruction, than the exihibition by the Guru of the Mauna Muḍrā which, by itself, puts an end to all their doubts, as stated in the well-known *Sūṭa Samhiṭā* Shloka, which runs thus :

चित्रं वटतरोर्मूले वृद्धाः शिष्या गुरुर्युवा ।
गुरोस्तु मौनं व्याख्यानं शिष्यास्तु छिन्नसंशयाः ॥

There sit at the root of the Banyan-tree, disciples and Guru, the former old and the latter youthful. The Guru teaches by silence ! and the doubts of the disciples scatter and vanish ! What a wonder !

Turning again to the *Chhāṇḍogya* text, the term Skanḍa, by which name also the INITIATOR is there stated to be known, points to the advent of the Great Being, millions and millions of years ago from the planet Venus (Shukra), in order to take charge of the evolution of the several kingdoms, from the elemental to the human, on this planet. He has, it would seem, to continue to hold this stupendous charge, until the evolutionary life completely passes on to the next globe in our Chain. It was on His advent, as just stated, that He became the Lord of the World and in it the sole representative of the Ishvara of our solar system whose name, *par excellence*, is Nārāyaṇa. The reason why the sacred books call the representative also by the same name, is that He rules over and protects the world in His charge, with a power and capacity similar to those possessed by the Ishvara Himself, with reference to His universe. Here it is worth pointing out that to

think of the Lord of the World, as having little more to do than to look after the spiritual needs of the human race, is to take a very mistaken view of His actual position in the World and the nature of His authority and power. In a word, He is the head of the Hierarchy, and is the One exercising the highest sway in everything that concerns the globe. For example, it is in obedience to His command, old continents sink into the sea and new ones emerge out of it. The rise and fall of nations and civilisations are likewise controlled by Him. Take now the devastating War which is raging in the West. The attention of none is more keenly fixed on its progress than His, which reminds one of the observation in Uḍyoga Parva, from which quotations have already been made.

तत्र तत्रैव जायेते युद्धकाले पुनःपुनः ।

These two (Nārāyaṇa and Nara) are ever present wherever there is a battle.

It should be added that manifold are the purposes which this terrible conflict between good and evil is being made to serve, under the Lord's vigilant guidance. One of the most interesting of such purposes, in the cause of humanity, is to provide for the speedy reincarnation of the many heroic souls who have sacrificed their lives on the altar of the battle-field, in the discharge of their duty to the countries to which they belonged. Such speedy reincarnations are in order to hasten the evolution of the sixth sub-race, now taking place particularly in parts of America and Australia. It is well known that, among the great characteristics of this sub-race, will be co-operation and unity, in contrast with the competitive and individualistic nature of the peoples in the West, which, at the

present day, has been the cause of so much misery and unhappiness, among the lower classes there. It is scarcely necessary to say that only such heroic souls, that are thus to reincarnate speedily, will make true pioneers in the building up of a community, the social life of which will demand from them much self-abnegation in the interests of others. In this necessity for providing such pioneers at the present juncture, in connection with the evolution of the sub-race referred to, will be found the clue to the fact, that the very flower of the population in the United Kingdom, France and the Colonies rush to the front, there but to find an untimely end. This flow of the most precious life into the thick of the fight, there to be consumed by fire and sword recklessly, as it were, is assuredly not without a design, on the part of the Lord. For it is He who is pulling the wires from behind the scenes, in the great drama that is now being enacted on the blood-stained soil of Europe.

Now turning for a moment from that West to this part of the world: the growth of the spirit of nationality here is in pursuance of the Lord's plan for the betterment of the three hundred and fifteen millions concerned. Surely, in such circumstances, that spirit is bound to grow and fructify, in spite of the blind self-interested attempt of those who are trying to crush it.

From all that has been said above, it must be clear there is nothing that affects the welfare of our world which is not in the consciousness of the Lord, whose aura of tremendous power ever surrounding it, flashes forth at any given spot for purposes of His own in the likeness of the beautiful five-pointed silver star.[1] Such,

[1] THE THEOSOPHIST, Vol. XXXVII, October 1915, p. 18.

in brief, is the Mighty Being with whom even the lowliest man, who enters into the organisation in question, comes into a very special relation. It may be very very long before such novitiate will be able to stand face to face with that Great Presence, the Light of which is so dazzling as to make it almost impossible for some to gaze upon it for the first time.[1] Nevertheless, that time is sure to come to those who set their hearts upon the attainment of such a consummation, and ceaselessly labour for it, by utterly unselfish work in the cause of human advance. It is to emphasise this duty of utterly unselfish service, as members of the organisation, that the first and the lowest order bears the name of Ḍāsas or Servers, as fully explained in the *Chaṇḍrikā*, and a routine of daily life on their part inculcated such as would give practical effect to the object in view.

[1] When Initiates make obeisance to the Lord, His appearance is that of a youth of sixteen, which, as the Dictionary tells us, is the age when "Kaumāram" begins. Hence it is He is spoken of as *Kumāra*. Such terms as "Sanaṭ" and "Saṭ," which, latter occurs in the *Anuṣhthāna-Chaṇḍrikā*, are but honorary prefixes. A very striking confirmation of such youthful appearance of the Lord is furnished by the statement in the verse quoted from *Sūṭa Samhiṭā*. In this verse the Guru, who is described as seated under the Banyan-tree, is also described as Yuvā—youth.

It may not be out of place to add a few words with reference to the description "seated under the Banyan-tree". Familiar as such a description is to Indian readers, it is doubtful whether the real allusion is correctly understood by many. The true explanation is probably to be found in the very remarkable observations of H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I. pp. 207—209. In one place she writes: "The *Arhaṭs* of the 'fire-mist' of the seventh rung are but one remove from the Root-base of their Hierarchy—the highest on Earth, and our Terrestrial chain. This 'Root-base' has a name which can only be translated by several compound words into English—the ever-living-human-Banyan." (*ibid.*, 207). These sentences doubtless must seem quite enigmatical to the ordinary reader. But the learned writer's meaning is made fairly plain in the course of the remarks taken as a whole. It is however unnecessary to take up the readers' time except in reference to the words, the "Root-base" and "the ever-living-human-Banyan". The substance of the explanation is this: The Lord constitutes "the Root-base" of the Hierarchy, because it was He who, on His advent from the planet Venus into this globe eighteen million years ago, founded the Occult Brotherhood which has ever since been the nursery from which Adepts, Munis and Teachers, that have ministered to the spiritual wants of our human race, have been produced. Again, He is the "ever-living-human-Banyan," because though most of those Adepts, Munis and Teachers have

It only remains to point out, that the difference in procedure, indicated by the use of the three symbols or Muḍrās, already explained, has its foundation in the existence of the three special *Ṭrimūrṭi* characteristics in the Lord of which He necessarily avails Himself, in the exercise of His functions as the Supreme Teacher. The passages from *Kāṇḍarahasyam* extracted in the foot-note are in point with reference to this question.[1]

Now first, as Nārāyaṇa, He exercises, in the matter, the Viṣhṇu or protective function, and maintains, as it were, the *status quo* by making due general provision for meeting the spiritual needs of mankind. In other words, He arranges for securing to every individual whatever instruction and training each, for

passed away to other spheres of work, yet He still remains the Head of that Brotherhood and will continue so to the end of this world-cycle, creating Initiates who resemble the branchlets thrown off by the parent stem of that gigantic species of Asiatic vegetation, seemingly capable of perennial growth. The words of the *Sūṭa Samhiṭā* verse *Vaṭaṭarōrmūlē* (Root of the Banyan-tree) are almost exact Samskṛṭ equivalents to the English words "Banyan" and "Root-base" used by H. P. Blavatsky. It is sad to think that for all the Occult knowledge which this messenger of the White Lodge brought to the world, the only return she got was vile calumny. Such however seems to have been ever the lot of those who, like her, came to bless humanity.

[1] एतेषां मूर्तित्वमपि—तथा च श्रुतिः। "ब्रह्मा च नारायणः, रुद्रश्च नारायणः, कुमारश्च नारायणः सर्वे च नारायणः" इति। एतेषां नारायणः ऋषिः सर्वेषां तत्तद्रूपेण ज्ञानमुपदिशति। पूर्वं कुमारः ध्यानादिसाधनं आत्मविग्रहं समुपदिशति। दक्षिणामूर्तिः सर्वोपसंहाररूपामुपसंहृतिमुपदिशति मौनमुद्रया। अतः एतेषां ब्रह्मा कुमारः, स च सर्जति ज्ञानसाधनं; नारायणः ऋषिः। भगवान् नारायणः तत्तद्रूपेण ज्ञानं समुपदिशति, रुद्रो दक्षिणामूर्तिः सर्वोपसंहाररूपं अज्ञानसंहारमुपदिशति। अतस्त्वेषां मूर्तित्वं सिद्धम्।

Shruṭi ascribes the characteristics of Ṭrimūrṭi to them thus: "Brahmā is Nārāyaṇa, Ruḍra is Nārāyaṇa, Kumāra is Nārāyaṇa, all these are Nārāyaṇa. Nārāyaṇa Yogī imparts wisdom to each according to his capacity and qualification; Kumāra antecedentally gives instruction as to meditation, etc., leading to the knowledge of the Self; Ḍakṣhiṇāmūrṭi through Mauna Muḍrā teaches unity reducing all into the One. Therefore, of these, Nārāyaṇa as Kumāra or Brahmā creates the means by which wisdom is attained; Bhagavān Nārāyaṇa, as Nārāyaṇa Yogī, imparts wisdom according to capacity. Ḍakṣhiṇāmūrṭi as Ruḍra Nārāyaṇa, by the reduction of all into unity, destroys aviḍyā, nescience. Thus are established the characteristics of Ṭrimūrṭis."

the time being, requires, with reference to his then capacity and qualification.

Next, as Kumāra, the Lord exercises the Brahmā (or creative) function. By showing the "Light beyond the Darkness" and by causing "the Key to Knowledge" and "the Word of Power" to be communicated to aspirants, the Lord enables them to take the four great Initiations of Parivrāt, Kutīchaka, Hamsa and Paramahamsa, and thus to complete the treading of the narrow path which leads to liberation.

In all such cases the Initiate, for the first time in the course of his long evolution, is made able to use and function in his Buḍḍhic vehicle or Ānanḍamaya-Kosha; and this carries with it the power of uniting his own consciousness with that of another and thus, for the time being, of sharing fully the experiences of that other, as if the two were one. This is essentially creative capacity, so far as such capacity is possible for a jīva in a universe, subject as he is in it to the vibratory limitations (तन्मात्र) inherent in the atoms of the system, and imposed upon them by the Ishvara unalterably for the lifetime of the universe.

Lastly, the name Ḍakṣhiṇāmūrṭi marks out the aspect of Ruḍra in the Lord. By teaching the final truth of non-separateness, the Lord destroys Aviḍyā or nescience, the last fetter which has to be dropped before the goal of human evolution is reached, and one becomes, according to Buḍḍhist nomenclature, an Asekha, he who has to learn nothing more in this Chain and, according to Hinḍū nomenclature, a Jīvanmukṭa or the liberated. That it is to render this most exalted service to humanity of destroying nescience the Lord çontinues an exile on earth, is told

by H. P. Blavatsky in words so impressive and felicitous as irresistibly lead me to conclude this article with them.

> He is *the* "Initiator" called the "Great Sacrifice".
>
> For, sitting at the threshold of Light, He looks into it from within the circle of Darkness which he will not cross, nor will he quit his post, till the last day of this life-cycle. Why does the solitary watcher remain at his self-chosen post? Why does he sit by the fountain of primeval wisdom, of which he drinks no longer, as he has naught to learn which he does not know—aye neither on this Earth, nor in its heaven? Because the lonely, sore-footed pilgrims, on their way back to their Home are never sure to the last moment of not losing their way in this limitless desert of illusion and matter called Earth-Life. Because he would fain show the way to that region of freedom and light, from which he is a voluntary exile himself, to every prisoner who has succeeded in liberating himself from the bonds of flesh and illusion. Because, in short, he has sacrificed himself for the sake of mankind, though but a few elect may profit by the Great Sacrifice.[1]

S. Subramania Iyer

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[1] *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, first edition, p. 208.

ANGELS AT MONS

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

THERE has been, and is likely to be, a good deal of discussion in regard to the appearance of angels at Mons and other psychic phenomena in the War zone. As usual we have had the doubting Thomases and a type of sceptic who made up his mind beforehand never to accept cumulative evidence of unquestioned veracity. As usual we have had those whose one and only gift in life is to accept the incredulous, the supernormal and the superstitious with a belief which nothing can surprise or shock. Finally we have had those who have kept an open mind, prepared to believe or disbelieve that there is, or is not, some strange divine power made manifest on the battle-field. Between them we have had a most interesting controversy.

If the psychic phemonena which thousands of soldiers, English, French, Russian, claim to have seen in Europe during the present War were the only examples of their kind we might, perhaps, be tempted to dismiss them as hallucinations and of no spiritual significance whatever. As a matter of fact they are very far from being solitary examples. History, religion, myth and legend throughout the world repeat, not the same story with the same detail, but precisely the same

belief. This belief in direct spiritual aid during a great crisis is so palpably evident that it amounts to a psychic law, which must operate under certain given conditions. We may, with no lack of reverence, regard prayer as a kind of telepathic message to the spiritual world. It is no less a message from an agonised soul, from an aching heart, without a single word being spoken. It is not necessary to speak to angels: they can read our thoughts, understand our dearest desire without our halting speech. We know that such a desire, if it is worthy and sufficiently intense, is answered. We may see nothing, hear nothing of the divine being who is instructed to answer that imploring cry for help, but the fact remains that the burden is lifted from our shoulders, and we find the night of sorrow give place to a day of joy.

Now in the great retreat from Mons the British and French armies were in a most perilous position. It seemed that nothing could check the oncoming Germans, that nothing could prevent them from taking Paris. What were the thoughts of those rapidly retreating soldiers? What were the thoughts of those in England who had been told on a certain terrible Sunday that the British army had been wiped out? One thought and only one thought dominated us all—the retreating soldier at the front, the civilian in his home—and that thought was a cry for divine assistance. The same thought was uppermost in our brave subjects in India, Canada, Australia and throughout our great widespread Empire. What a message that must have been. What a prayer must have rushed up from tens of thousands of soldiers and civilians, and, quicker than a flash of lightning, entered Heaven.

It is only in the time of a grave crisis that a whole nation is moved to its depths, for joy laughs in the market-place, but sorrow weeps in all the world. It is only on the very moment of pending disaster that our prayers become united, and because united irresistible by the will of the Most High who has ordained it so. A child asks the Almighty for a fine day. Who shall say that some angel hand does not keep back the clouds for that little one? We too prayed when our soldiers were retreating from Mons. We prayed almost with the agony and bloody sweat of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, that the cloud of defeat and utter ruin might not fall upon England and her Allies. The prayer was a miracle of compelling power, and the answer to that prayer was a miracle of divine mercy.

There are many accounts of the sudden appearance of angels in the hour of our greatest need, but I shall only give those which have been carefully verified. A lance-corporal became aware of a bright light in the sky. It increased in intensity, and presently he saw three angels arrayed in golden garments and with their wings outspread. Another soldier also refers to divine beings in a luminous cloud, and as soon as the apparition appeared, the enemy received a check, and their horses, utterly panic-stricken, refused to advance. On another occasion angels were seen on the edge of a quarry, and as soon as the Germans saw them they hastily retreated. It is also recorded that celestial bowmen, not to be confused with Mr. Machen's story in *The Evening News*, were led by one who rode upon a white horse. It is claimed that a German prisoner saw this shining leader, inquired who he was, and

admitted that, mortal or immortal, he had been proof against the most persistent attack.

All the witnesses did not see precisely similar apparitions. Some saw S. George, others S. Michael and Joan of Arc, while it is recorded of the Russians that some saw the spirit of General Skobeleff, while to others was vouchsafed a vision of the Virgin Mary, bearing in one hand the Infant Christ, a divine spectacle which was followed by " a great image of the Cross, shining against the dark night sky ". Some English soldiers, whose psychic powers were not so fully developed, saw their dead comrades rise and continue fighting. The diversity of the phenonema is not surprising. Mr. Arthur Shirley, Editor of *The Occult Review*, explains this point by observing that the spirit " is clothed upon by the imagination of the beholder to an almost limitless extent ". This seems very feasible, for the spirit can adapt its manifestation in accordance to the race before which it appears. Had the Japanese been fighting with us in the West we should not have expected them to see S. George or the Maid of Orleans. The guiding hand would have been made manifest in the spirit form of the Empress Jimmu, Hideyoshi or some other great Japanese character of the past. So far from destroying the evidence of spiritual phenomena, its very variety is in keeping with what we know of psychology.

Why, it may be asked, have these spiritual visions only appeared to English soldiers and their Allies? Has not the German army been in grave peril too? Undoubtedly, and I would not go so far as to admit that it has not received help from some spiritual power. There are, however, spirits of Light and Darkness,

Good and Evil, and so long as the Germans continue to act as fiends they will continue to attract the power of fiends.

We devoutly believe that we are fighting for a righteous cause, that we are out to cut away the canker of militarism and tyranny, to destroy that malign power that stops at no kind of barbarity. We believe this, and it would seem that the good angels believe it too. But those of us who look forward to a universal brotherhood and a complete cessation of race hatred cannot be content with angels only on our side. Because we believe that the Almighty is the Father of us all, we hope to leave the gun and the sword behind some day. We hope to forgive, even as we have been forgiven, and to call our enemy to-day our brother to-morrow. Then we shall have the vision which Mr. Barry Pain has so finely described in the following poem:

I dreamed that overhead
I saw in twilight grey
The Army of the Dead
Marching upon its way,
So still and passionless,
With faces so serene,
That scarcely one could guess
That they in war had been.

* * * * *

No longer on their ears
The bugle's summons falls:
Beyond these tangled spheres
The Archangel trumpet calls;
And by that trumpet led
Far up the exalted sky
The Army of the Dead
Goes by, and still goes by—
Look upward, standing mute,
Salute!

F. Hadland Davis

CORRESPONDENCE

THEOSOPHY AND THE WAR

[A LETTER from Dr. Kappf, General Secretary of the T. S. in Germany, has been sent round the Theosophical press, charging the President and Vice-President of the T. S. with unbrotherly and unconstitutional conduct in their writings on the War. We cannot print his letter, because it attacks England, and such attacks here would be a breach of the law, but his attack is based on the view that the condemnation of German policy and action is a breach of Theosophical principles, and that officials have no right to express such views. To this thesis of his the Russian General Secretary has answered as follows :—ED.]

A letter from Dr. S. Kappf (of the 16th June) asks me to state what my standpoint is as to the policy of the President and the Vice-President which he qualifies as "unbrotherly" and "unconstitutional". He asks me also to propose what I think could be done for the protection of the constitution of the T. S.

To this I must answer :

(1) that I do not see any breach of the Constitution of the Theosophical Society in the fact that the President and the Vice-President have expressed their views on the matter of this war. I think that the President and the Vice-President are not only individuals occupying a high office in this Society, but also human beings, who have a right, as much as we, to hold and to express their personal views on any question they choose. The T. S., as a body, is an unpolitical body, but its members are free, for individuals are citizens, who have a right and a duty to hold political and social opinions, as well as to express them ;

(2) that I do not see any breach of the principle of Universal Brotherhood in the fact that the President

and the Vice-President of the T. S. have stated their standpoint, judging severely the policy of Germany in this war. Stating one's view is *NO* animosity. As Theosophists, we must not hate, but we must fight and struggle, and see the truth. No brotherly feeling can and must make us blind and we must, while remaining calm and ready to forgive, be able always to see and say that white is white and black is black. Brotherhood does not mean sentimentality or untruth. We must be true to the end, true in all circumstances of life. It is very difficult to say an unpleasant truth, especially when a whole national group is concerned, but we must have the courage to say it when the hour of Karmic expiation has struck. Those of us, who see the higher realities on higher planes, have a special duty to help us by telling us what they see. We ought to be very grateful to them for this. Common patriots feel offended, when their country is blamed, but we must rise higher, we must transcend our nationalities and see the right where it is, independently of our racial ties. If our country happens to be wrong, we must have the courage to see it and say it. If another nation does wrong, we have the right to say that it is wrong, and I think that it is more brotherly to say that it is so, than to avoid the necessity of saying an unpleasant truth.

It is of no use to take the matters in a metaphysical way, and to say that war being a horrible thing, we all are wrong and so we have not the right to blame especially any nation or individual. We certainly have all sinned, preparing this frightful struggle on earth, and certainly this is a just, although a terrible expiation, but it is *not* true that in this war we are all alike wrong: this war has been incited and begun by Germany *not* by other nations, and the methods of war, used in Belgium and Poland, have been used by Germans, not by other nations. Those methods are so vile and inhuman, that no nation has yet ever dreamt of such a breach of honour and humanity. It is a fearful example as to what extremes can go a barbarous civilisation, founded on a materialistic ground and on selfish passions. It is not the sin of Germany alone certainly, but Germany has gone to the extreme and has prepared itself, more than any other nation, to be the instrument of the Dark Night, which now is struggling with the Rising Sun. How did it prepare itself? By cruelty, conceit and sensuality: cruelty to children, to women, to animals (vivisection), by roughness of life and speech, by the roughest tamasic and rajasic food, by greed and self-adulation.

When this terrible struggle will be over and Germany shall have learned its lesson, and we also shall have learnt ours, all nations shall be once more friends, united by a deeper tie, and we shall try together to build a better life in a better

world, but now we must understand with what and whom we struggle, we must SEE the force which goes through the darkened vehicles of Germany, and when speaking, we must call the white—white, and the black—black.

(3) For the protection of the T.S. that its "life and reputation might NOT be "imperiled," I propose to all members to cultivate mutually the most chevaleresque courtesy in speech and action, an attitude full of love and confidence, and this quite especially towards those, who being our leaders, give not only their thoughts and love, to the Master's work, but also their very life.

The Italian General Secretary writes:

Since you request me to do so, I consider it my duty to give you, with all sincerity, my opinion on the questions raised by you, and I will try to be as brief as possible.

In my opinion, then, Mrs. Besant has not only exercised what is her right, but has also accomplished a duty in publishing with all frankness her ideas on the present world conflict.

No one who is capable of thinking can shun in times such as these his duty to himself, namely of forming his own opinion as to the present conflict, as to its fundamental principles, its significance, its possible consequences. And the more elevated is the intellectual and moral development of the one who is judging the matter, the more clear and precise will be the form of the final judgment emitted.

In the present case "judgment" implies the taking of a side. Neutrality is impossible in such a world-wide crisis. Only Egoism of the crassest type or an equally deplorable Apathy could presume to avail themselves of "neutrality" as of a mask that seemed convenient.

Now, above all, in the Theosophical Society we have ever considered unlimited freedom of our personal convictions as one of our most precious privileges, and we have striven to maintain this. How then could we, in the present instance, deny to our President the right to formulate an opinion and to take sides, a right enjoyed even by the humblest amongst us?

The fact, moreover, that Mrs. Besant rendered public, in THE THEOSOPHIST and in other periodicals, the standpoint she took up, I consider not only as her right, but also, as above said, almost as her duty to the many thousands of persons who feel it useful to know, in so grave a contingency, the view held by so eminent a personality, not indeed in order to follow her blindly, but to instruct themselves more fully in the matter.

THE THEOSOPHIST is the "official" organ of the T. S. only in so far that sometimes it contains official documents concerning the whole Society; but for the rest (as is officially set forth in each number, and as Mrs. Besant and her predecessors have never been tired of repeating), neither THE THEOSOPHIST nor the T. S. are in any way to be considered responsible for what is otherwise printed in the pages of the said periodical. The responsibility of each signed article rests only with the author; and this holds good whether it refers to what is written by Mrs. Besant or by any of her collaborators.

It is therefore clearly established that the "life" and "neutral constitution of the T. S" can neither be compromised nor hurt by publication in THE THEOSOPHIST of the President's personal opinion, and it is anyhow futile to speak of an "unprecedented breach of constitution," as mentioned in your circular.

In the same circular of your's you further stigmatise Mrs. Besant's actions as an "incitement of national animosity" and as a "gross breach of the principle of Universal Brotherhood". I will permit myself, in this connection, to make you a demand to your conscience: Would the German Section have formulated similar accusations and have protested against what Mrs. Besant has done, had she, peradventure, pronounced her opinions against England and its Allies? I fear, not. But, in any case, even assuming that the protests of the German Section are directed more against the principle than against the actual opinions of the President, I cannot consider justified the terms above quoted that you have employed. Mrs. Besant has often pointed out, notably too in some of her recent writings, the good characteristics of the German nation, and has ever laid stress on the fact that even in the event of a war, which has become inevitable between two peoples, hate is one of the ugliest products of the conflict, and that an open and loyal strife can and should be carried on without adding thereto the hate between the combatant individuals or peoples. She is therefore very far from inciting people to reciprocal hatred, whereas indeed the ordinary press usually takes pleasure in fomenting and increasing its cruelty.

You speak furthermore, in your letter, of a "gross breach of the principle of Universal Brotherhood". Now I ask only: Which is the more brotherly action: to let pass without remark the errors of your brothers, or rather to call their attention to these their faults and to their inevitable consequences? And which of these two is, in such cases, the duty of the elder brothers?

With this, one would enter upon the special merits of the question contained in Mrs. Besant's remarks, but it does not appear to me to be here the place to discuss them. Moreover it is probably of little importance to you to learn that I myself personally, though born a German, divide almost entirely Mrs. Besant's point of view in this matter and this not only at the present time, but since the very first fatal days of August 1914.

I can well understand—(and it is an interesting aspect in connection with our studies) how the great bulk of the German people, and even many among the more intellectually and morally developed, find it extremely difficult to withdraw themselves from the influence of the Collective German Group-Soul, which (like the Group-Soul of all other nations involved, each according to its nature) is pushed by the force of the present circumstances into a condition of exceptionally intense affirmation and activity, and must react almost irresistibly on its millions of individual souls which represent the cells of the great national organism. Nevertheless, I should have thought the wider outlook, obtained by Theosophists in the course of their special studies, should have rendered them capable of considering this state of things from a loftier standpoint than that of mere nationality.

Mrs. Besant, according to her own affirmations, which we can well believe, has expressed her opinions not on the basis of predilections or of national interests, but on the firm foundation of higher principles, important to the evolution of Humanity; nor has anyone the right to suggest that she acted from any lesser motive.

I would ask you, in fine, to consider that one of the worst consequences of this world struggle will be the continuation of national hatred for several decades to come. Let us take great care to do all that is possible for us, to bring nothing of such feelings within the Theosophical Society, which both by its constitution and by its principles is perhaps the only body of beings constituted to act as a barrier against the flood of feelings of hostility and of hatred.

The General Secretary in South Africa writes:

I have duly considered your circular letter of the 16th July but am not sure whether you desire a reply from me personally or as General Secretary of the T. S. in South Africa. I am not authorised to speak for the whole of the constituency and there may be a few who might dissent from my view of the matter, but I think that in giving my own thoughts I shall be reflecting these of the majority of the F.'s T. S. in South Africa.

In the first place many of the F.'s T S. and others outside the T. S. quite naturally expected from the President and Vice-President an expression of their view on the question of this great War and its ultimate bearing on the fate of nations; an expression as individuals and not as officials, for they are not entitled to make any official pronouncement on the questions at issue neither are they at liberty to in any way bind others to their ideas. Therefore in order to meet this desire they published their views, fully understanding and stating that they were only making known their private opinions and were not speaking for the Society as a whole, and in order that the majority of the Fellows might be reached their views were published in " official organs ".

Under existing conditions and considering the issues at stake it would have been unwise, almost impossible, for our leaders to have stood aside and made no statement whatever on the question: such a course might have *looked* like neutrality but it would not have been such in reality, rather would it have been the opposite.

I must differ with you in regard to the statement concerning " national animosity and their ceaseless attacks towards our country ": to me it appears that the attacks are not against any people or any nation but against the principles which appear to underlie the methods of those who, as far as can be seen, are responsible for the War. Principles which themselves strike at the very root of Brotherhood and methods which are a direct violation of Brotherly action.

I feel quite sure that our Officers are not acting with the idea of favouring one nation in preference to another, but that their whole attitude is against evil and selfishness by whomsoever displayed and that it would not matter to them one iota which nation was acting upon wrong principles and using unbrotherly methods, the condemnation would be equally severe. Surely all must know how in the past our President has dealt with no sparing hand and has condemned with unflinching severity the methods of the British in their treatment of the Indians. It is no national feeling which draws from our President the policy and action of which you complain but the higher and wider one of humanity and brotherhood.

With reference to the second paragraph of your letter you will gather from the above that it is not my intention to take any action upon the lines suggested by you as I do not consider that there is any such danger as your words imply.

Your circular and this reply shall be sent to the Editor of the " Official Organ " of this Section with a request for its publication should he see fit.

Theosophists will be interested in reading these views.

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER 1914

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In regard to my letter, written in November 1914 and published under the above title in THE THEOSOPHIST for March 1915, relative to your comments on the War, I will be glad if you will permit me to apologise for the language I use therein. I would like it clearly understood that I do not imply by this that my attitude towards the utterances is in any way changed but that I sincerely regret that I should have expressed my views in language that could hardly do other than offend. Especially do I regret, apologise for and withdraw the sentiment and the words of the final sentences.

I might perhaps be permitted to add that this apology is entirely spontaneous, and is not in any way the outcome of anything that may have occurred since my letter was published. As a matter of fact since before my enlistment in the Australian Imperial Force early in May last I have been entirely out of touch with Theosophists and THE THEOSOPHIST. As my letter has appeared in other journals, I may say that carbon copies of this are being sent to all who received copies of my original letter.

Trusting that you will be able to find room space for this in any early number, and that it will not give rise to any further correspondence,

Cairo, Egypt J. M. M. PRENTICE

I sincerely thank Mr. Prentice for his statement; differences of opinion are inevitable in these serious times, but if we can maintain each his own opinion, with kindly feeling to each other, we shall all learn the great lesson of the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*, to fight hard without any hard feeling.

ANNIE BESANT

REASONS FOR CONFIDENCE

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In the mind of many a student of the writings of the clairvoyant leaders of the Theosophical Society, writings setting forth details stated to have been observed in the course of

self-conscious functioning on higher planes, must arise the reflection: " I think, I hope, and somehow I almost *feel* that these things are true—but I do not *know*." Now I believe it is a very good plan, when unable to find corroboration of a teaching for oneself with respect to a fact beyond one's own possibilities of observation, to mentally, and very carefully, and with concentration, reason with oneself with a view to arriving at a conclusion as to the strongest probabilities of the case. There is a great deal of satisfaction to be obtained from being able to decide that the strong balance of probabilities points to affairs being more or less as reported by occult methods of research, even when it is beyond our power to employ those methods oneself in checking what has been told. By the processes of logical inference it is possible to strengthen one's hopes almost to the point of actual conviction, perhaps sometimes *quite* to that point.

Take the question of trained students leaving the body and working on a higher plane and bringing back the memory of what they have done, and reporting the results to those who are hopeful of doing all this themselves in due course, and let us see where the employment of this process of logical reasoning will bring us. Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater state their ability to leave the body as above mentioned and bring back the recollection of the higher plane activities. There are only three possibilities open with regard to this: (1) Either they are not telling the truth. (2) They are under constant glamour. (3) They can and do leave the body. Possibility No. 1 can be dismissed. Possibility No. 2 being something to which these keenly intelligent students cannot possibly be blind, they would naturally devise tests for themselves individually very early on in their investigations in order to satisfy themselves on this important point. No one who has read Mrs. Besant's *Autobiography* for instance, could doubt that she would devise a variety of tests with a view to satisfying her clear and critical mind that her absence from the body *was* a fact, or that she would very easily find a way of checking in the waking consciousness the accuracy of certain facts she remembered having seen when out of the body. Therefore the balance of probabilities points to possibility No. 3 with tremendous emphasis.

Let any student of occult mysteries ask himself whether, if he found himself out of the body one night in his particular neighbourhood, he could not think of numerous ways of arranging to test the accuracy of a number of simple facts of observation if he were one of those fortunate ones who brought through the unbroken recollection into the waking consciousness. The mere fact that he was out of the body could of course be easily established for his own satisfaction by going to some

unfamiliar portion of the country and examining some characteristic feature, and checking the facts physically the next day in the body. I think we may feel sure that people of the level of intelligence of the clairvoyant leaders of the T. S. do not neglect to take steps to satisfy themselves on important points connected with at any rate their observations on the astral plane, before coming out with the direct statement that they can consciously leave the body, function and observe on the next plane, and bring through the accurate recollection next day. Outward tests, for others, it should be recollected, the T. S. does not allow, in respect of superphysical adventures, but that these trained clairvoyants take steps to satisfy themselves as far as possible when they feel any sense of conjectural uncertainty as to the reality or otherwise of an experience, we can feel reasonably sure, I think.

Then again, with regard to the Akāshic Records, how far it is possible to be misled in this direction I do not know, but one reflection which occurs to me is this: If the clairvoyant leaders of the T. S. feel confidence regarding details of a distant past which they believe themselves to have read in the Ākāshic Records, it is reasonable to suppose that this confidence is based on the making of experiments in the reading of Ākāshic Records of events which they were able to check by reference to verifiable history and which were found to be accurate.

With regard to the question of Masters, here again of course the main fact that such elevated beings do exist must be an obvious fact, a necessity of logic, once Reincarnation is granted. Let us take Reincarnation for granted, I believe many students feel they can now, and then, balancing the probabilities of the case, see if they do not point to the T. S. being broadly what many believe it to be, an agency in which certain Masters take an interest.

Firstly such beings as more or less or exactly correspond to what have been termed Masters exist, as the flowers of vast processes of evolution they must. Secondly, since they exist and have reached such a moral and ethical altitude, interest in their younger brothers, love and helpfulness, must necessarily be a part of their constitution. Thirdly, for the foregoing reason it is obvious that high beings of this nature are, owing to their very ethical qualities, interested in the progress of us, these younger struggling brethren. Fourthly a careful consideration of the nature of the teachings of Theosophy and the fact that it contains a mass of such luminous teachings, that it is to its literature that we can look and find more information on the greatest truths with which

this earth has been blest within our knowledge than we can find elsewhere, all this tends to inspire the feeling that the balance of probabilities strongly points to the Theosophical movement as being the one in which we would expect Masters to have particularly concerned themselves.

Now again there are three possibilities regarding the beings said to be behind the T. S.: No.1 is that they are entities either on or off the physical plane, at any rate able to function in the superphysical, who, however, while possessing much knowledge of occult things, deliberately assert themselves to be occupying a status in evolution which they have not reached, for some misleading purpose, but able to inspire wonder on account of what they can undoubtedly do, and possessed moreover, of great power of casting glamour; *or* No. 2, they are beings with or without physical bodies, able to function as stated, who *really believe* that they occupy the important occult status claimed for them (much as a Devachanee might be imagined as regarding himself as working out a great system in Devachan, with himself fully convinced he is the Founder of a Root Race), but who in point of fact are self-deceived (as the Devachanee might be regarded as self-deceived), but who as they could not be regarded as deliberately trying to mislead could not be branded as *sinister*. If the beings especially under consideration were in category No. 2, they would be much like very exalted "Spirit Guides" convinced of the great mission it was their task to carry out, but unconsciously overestimating their importance in the scheme of things.

Possibility No. 3 is that the Masters at the back of the T. S. are broadly what the leaders of the Society state them to be: Beings who deserve all the love and faithful service that can be shown in the great work which is their concern.

In thinking these things over and trying to decide where the finger of strong probability points, it is well to remember the work, ideals, and actual objects of T. S. activities, the nature of the teachings it promulgates, and what has once been said about gathering "figs of thistles".

Clairvoyance may, or may not be, of assistance in estimating whether certain entities are Masters or not; it seems to me this depends on the clairvoyants, and their level of occult attainment. What a magician of the undesirable sort might do in the way of casting glamour over half-fledged clairvoyants is something enormous, I imagine; but where we have some one like Mrs. Annie Besant, the President of the Society, with a clairvoyance so trained as to be able to conduct experiments in chemistry and test their accuracy by repetition of the experiments, where a great and balanced intellect like

hers is concerned beside which one feels oneself a veriest pigmy, an intellect to whom all the tests and safeguards that would occur to less minds must suggest themselves with probably a great many more and better ones besides, in a case like this, I say that *probabilities* point in a direction which it is of considerable comfort to look to.

As we grow in love of service, in Wisdom to direct that service, and as we live so truly that the false shall more and more jar owing to its difference from our very constitution, then to the aid of the reasoning mind which balances probabilities will come with greater distinctness the voice of high intuition which recognises Truth when it sees it by virtue of its consonance with itself.

J. CHILLINGHAM DUNN

A CORRECTION

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

The July number of THE THEOSOPHIST published some photographs of the fine Theosophical headquarters at Louisville, Kentucky, and credited me with being one of the workers responsible for the enterprise. The modesty of the real promoters probably caused the error. I had no connection with it except that I received an invitation to reside there which I was obliged to decline because I am almost constantly on tour. I had the pleasure of giving the first course of public lectures in the building, which is undoubtedly the finest structure in America used as a T. S. headquarters. We also had our general propaganda office there for several months.

L. W. ROGERS

REVIEWS

The Path of Life, by Stijn Streuvels, translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. (George Allen and Unwin, London. Price 5s. net.)

Very few people in England probably knew that there was such a language as the West-Flemish or had ever heard of Stijn Streuvels, before Mr. Teixeira de Mattos introduced him to the English-speaking public. In Holland and in Belgium, Streuvels is considered as one of the most distinguished Low-Dutch authors of our time and the translator of *The Path of Life* goes so far as to call him "the greatest living writer of imaginative prose in any land and any language". This will, I fear, seem exaggerated to those who cannot read his works in the original, for although Mr. Teixeira de Mattos' translation is an excellent one, and is as close a rendering as one could possibly expect (it certainly cannot have been an easy task), a great deal of the local colour, as also the poetry, of the Flemish soul is necessarily lost, when the essentially Flemish peasantry types express their feelings in English words.

The West Flemish is a very interesting, very beautiful dialect spoken by perhaps a million of people inhabiting that part of Belgium called West Flanders and which for over a year has been the principal theatre of War as far as Belgium is concerned. Bruges, Ostend, Poperinghe Ypres, Menin, Courtrai are West Flemish towns, but the dialect is so subtly subdivided that an inhabitant of Ostend and and one of Courtrai will each of them have a whole vocabulary of his own, which the other will not understand. Its richness, for it is one of the richest dialects of the Netherlandish language, consists in its possessing such a considerable amount of words expressing physical sensations and human characteristics. It has a word which renders our feeling when we hear silk torn, a word that tells what we feel when

we are in deadly fear and our hair "stands on end," in fact there is hardly any physical sensation which cannot be expressed by an appropriate West Flemish word, and no type of man or woman in whatever condition of life which has not a denomination of its own.

Stijn Streuvels is a nephew of Guido Gezelle, the poet-priest, whose fame must have crossed the channel now that so much more is known about Belgium, for he was one of her greatest sons. Streuvels' real name is Frank Lateur, and until ten years ago, when he began to come into his own, he lived at Avelghem near Courtrai and the River Lys, and was a village baker.

The stories and sketches we are dealing with belong to that period. In these pages the author lays down scenes of the every-day life of his country folks, at first sight nothing very exciting, nothing very thrilling, but so absolutely true and so carefully observed into the very details, that the pictures gradually unfold themselves before the reader's eyes, and the men, women and children whose doings are told of, seem to live and breathe and move.

His descriptions are like some of the best pictures of Flemish *Primitifs*. He paints minutely, but the lightest dash of the brush has an intense significance. When he tells us of three little children who are caught in a thunderstorm, everything seems to vanish but the three little ones and their agony. While reading the tale of the naughty little boy who is punished and shut up in the loft, one actually dwells in that loft and goes through the poor sinner's emotions. And in "Spring" a longer story, he tells us of a little girl who is being prepared for and makes her First Communion, and for the time nothing seems so important as the "great day". One lives the child's pure innocent life, feels her wonderful devotion, enjoys her beautiful new frock and the festivities held to celebrate so important an event. And the little girl's humble, very human home, her kind fat mother, her little brothers and her peasant father, who kills and skins rabbits for the First Communion feast, it is all there before one, and one cannot but admit the genius of an author who can so masterfully work opposites into a single piece of pregnant beauty. A sharper contrast arises when one is made to realise that

the so pure and innocent maiden of eleven is already doomed to fall a prey to the hard-hearted and debauched farmer, for as the father says: "When you live in a man's house and eat his bread you've got to work for it and do his will: the Master is the Master." The whole story is a real gem and so are various other sketches, and Mr. de Mattos is to be congratulated for the good work he has done by enabling the English readers to get acquainted with this, for them, unusual and interesting piece of literature.

D. CH.

Flaxman, Blake, Coleridge and other men of Genius Influenced by Emanuel Swedenborg. Together with Flaxman's Allegory of the "Knight of the Blazing Cross," by H. N. Morris. (New Church Press, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

The sketches included in this volume were written with the object of showing how some of the great people of the last century were influenced by the philosophical and theological writings of Swedenborg. They are written, simply and pleasantly, for the young. The "other men of genius" alluded to in the title are Hiram Powers, Henry Septimus Sutton, Emerson, James John Garth Wilkinson and the Brownings. The book is illustrated with portraits of the various persons whose life story is told and other pictures connected with them. Perhaps the most valuable portion of the whole work is the reproduction of the outline drawings of "The Knight of the Blazing Cross," an allegory by Flaxman, hitherto unpublished.

A. de L.

The Magic of Experience, by H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc., F.C.S., with introduction by Sir W. F. Barrett, F.R.S. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Redgrove introduces his book as a contribution to the Theory of Knowledge, and while admiring the sound value of many of his views, we consider much of the first and longest of the book's three sections could have been effectively dealt with more shortly. Treating of Idealism, it devotes most of

its space to a comparison of sense impressions and mental images in human perceptions; these may be briefly described as follows. Sense impressions, the author tells us, arise from contact with the physical world through our senses, and consequently are controllable or mentally changeable only within the limits of weight mass and volume characterising the object. Mental images, however, are on the contrary usually changeable at will, and constitute our perception of things with which none of our senses at the moment are engaged. Where mental images are not controllable, the brain is in a dream state, or diseased, as in hysteria and madness. The remainder of the section treats of matter, its constituency and existence within the Divine Mind, and the Universe as an idea of that Mind.

The succeeding two parts are more readably put together than the first section, which as far as clarity of expression goes, falls short of the standard. The subject of the second section is Mysticism, for which, we gather, the author has but a tempered enthusiasm. As far as he deals with it, however, we are quite in agreement with him, and it may be well to give here the three main points he states. The first is that Mysticism must be followed as a mode of life rather than admired as a system of Philosophy; the second that psychic experiences where they appear, should not necessarily be regarded as arising from a Divine source, and he quotes in illustration the writings of August Strindberg with which most of us have some acquaintance. The third point he raises is Asceticism, and this we should have liked to see more fully dealt with. The topic is only briefly touched upon in saying the natural life is the best one. This is not very adequate treatment for a subject so far reaching, and a more full examination of it would not have been misplaced. For instance, we should like to have had Mr. Redgrove's remarks on the wide variety of perfectly natural lives found in the world at the present day, the diets sustaining the different individuals and the relation, if any, of diet to a capacity for psychic experience. Perhaps, though, we are grasping. The section closes with the testimony of Emanuel Swedenborg upon Mysticism, with comments upon the value of that philosopher's analytical mind in classifying the visions he beheld for so many years.

In the third section, "The Nature and Criteria of Truth," is found the author's own views of this life and the heavenly one, again with a long reference to Swedenborg. The latter's genius sounds a strong note throughout this book.

Before closing we quote the following passage.

> To be reasonable is really to transcend oneself; it is to lay aside all that pertains to self in the bad sense of this word; to desire not that this theory shall be true and that false. . . . . .

Altogether, the book has given us pleasure, and the sincere manner in which the subject has been dealt with should commend itself to the student of psychology. The author's pious hope of the book becoming a "popular" one, we fear will not be realised. Our feeling is that Humanity is not yet ready for it.

An excellent introduction is written by Sir W. F. Barrett.

I. ST.C. S.

From Existence to Life: The Science of Self-Consciousness. (Price 5s. net.) *The Way.* (Price 3s. 6d. net.) *Illumination: Spiritual Healing.* (Price 3s. net.) *Inspiration: The Great Within.* (Price 2s. net.) By James Porter Mills. (A. C. Fifield, London, 1914.)

In the pages of a Theosophical magazine it is not so much our business to talk about the literary merits of books, as to reckon as nearly as we can their usefulness from the standpoint of Spiritual Science, and the service which they may render humanity. In this light the above series of works, of which three have attained a second edition, deserves our attention, for evidently they have been the means of bringing light and inspiration to many. The books deal with the subject of mental, or spiritual, healing, and the outline and theoretical side of Dr. Mills' system is to be found in the first-named—*From Existence to Life*; the later volumes are elaborations on particular sections of this work. The author treats his subject in an entirely scientific fashion, basing it in the first place on a knowledge (which as a medical man gave him his first suggestions for treatment), of the two nervous systems, namely, the sympathetic and the cerebro-spinal. For the accustomed religious nomenclature he substitutes scientific terms, thus

defining those experiences hitherto associated with religion in terms which can be comprehended by practical, unreligious and critically-minded people. This is rational since, as the author points out at the outset, the body has been constructed for the use of the mind, and it has been constructed on scientific principles. His method is "to de-hypnotise the mind from the belief in its sensuous enmeshment and to awaken it to the consciousness of its original inheritance, Omniscience". This is Mendel's "unlocking" process applied to the soul instead of to forms, the process of getting rid of inhibiting factors.

There are points on which Theosophists will not agree with the author, as for instance, the statement that "the babe, when first ushered into the objective world, is the man in blank," and elsewhere, that "he has only just emerged from a state of oblivion into his first and relative Self-Consciousness. He is now entering upon his career from a state of ignorance of himself, the universe and his Creator, on his way towards the knowledge of all, through knowing his Creator." Very well, that this knowledge of all is before him Theosophists also believe, but that this wonderful mechanism of nervous apparatus and body has been built up—which, as the author declares, can itself give him all knowledge—and that such vast knowledge is to be the fruit of a life of sixty, or seventy years, they refuse to accept. All psychic phenomena, genius and infant prodigies, are thrown wholesale and indiscriminately on to the sub-consciousness. A very sweeping statement also is made on the subject of "spirits" and spiritualistic phenomena, to the effect that:

> Whatever spirits may do through the sons of men, innumerable experiments with hypnotised subjects have proved that there is also a natural scientific interpretation of the phenomena. It is claimed that the feats of the subjective mind compass the whole field of transactions that have been looked upon as supernatural, and that all the phenomena of clairvoyance, clairaudience, spiritualism, etc., may be accounted for thus.

This is a sweeping generalisation, meant to put difficult points, not easily to be explained, all on one shelf safely out of reach, and will not bear any sorting out, but as the points in question do not materially affect the art of healing, and Dr. Miller's practical philosophy, we may leave them on the shelf without more than this passing comment. We think

our readers will find the following extract more in line with Theosophical thought and worthy of study:

> The real use of the senses is to bring things, which already lie in the subjective state, up above the threshold of consciousness, to be translated into self-conscious feeling. The senses are a grand possession; we could not do without them. They are true to their office; it is the judgment that is deceived. When we use the senses rightly, we may perceive Truth through the objective form; but in the kindergarten stage we judge falsely, and so the Master said, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment." Judge according to knowledge, not from a fancied idea of right and wrong. Right Is. See what a great thing it is to judge right judgment.

The Way is an elaboration of the teaching, pointing out the way to regeneration, the key-note of which is that "Infinite Health is within thee". It has the additional interest of showing some of the processes of spiritual healing. Still more so is this the case in "Illumination," where the author's method of curing disease by meditation is more fully set forth. It is an elaboration of a section of his first book, *From Existence to Life*. The basis of the method is to unite the consciousness with the Eternal Principle.

Inspiration, as its name implies, does not deal with the formulated side of healing as the other three works do, but is intended rather to inspire the reader with the thoughts and feelings which give healing. It comprises the report of Dr. Miller's talks to his pupils.

We recommend this series to those who are interested in mental science healing. They are full of lofty inspiration and, though there are points of divergence from our own lines of thought, the method can be easily adapted by Theosophists.

D. M. C.

Science and Religion, by Seven Men of Science. (W. A Hammond, London. Price 1s. net.)

This volume records seven lectures delivered during Science Week, November 22nd—29th, 1914, in Browning Hall, Walworth, London, by seven men of science, as a suitable sequence and counterpart to the five Labour Weeks of the Robert Browning Settlement.

"Science and Religion: are they enemies, neutrals or allies?" was the theme of the discussion, purposing to show that Religion has not been exploded and supplanted by Science, that

the two are on the contrary close allies. The lecturers were : Professors Sir Oliver Lodge, J. A. Fleming, W. B. Bottomley, Edward Hull, Dr. J. A. Harker, Sims Woodhead and Silvanus Thompson, each drawing from his own special field of study suitable facts and arguments for presentation in an interesting, simple form. The lectures were intended to be popular, being addressed to working men and women, teachers and students. They contain in a small space a mass of scientific arguments destructive of Materialism, are fascinating reading, and deserve a wide circulation—especially among the Labour class, for whose benefit they were delivered by the above eminent scientists.

A. S.

BOOK NOTICE

The Age of Patanjali, by Pandit N. Bhashyacharya. (Adyar Pamphlets, No. 57.) (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras.)

This is a scholarly essay written with the purpose of enquiring into (*a*) the probable date of Patanjali, the author of the *Mahābhāshya*, and (*b*) the supposed identity of the author of the *Mahābhāshya* with that of the *Yoga Sūtras*. The writer of the pamphlet believes him to be the author of the *Yoga Sūtras*, and places him about the 10th century B. C. It is tabulated in a way easy to follow and remember; the arguments are logical and the fallacies of judgment of the western Orientalists are commented upon with justifiable criticism. Full references are given, and it is a valuable essay for the careful study and research made in its accomplishment.
