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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IT may be remembered that in 1889, H. P. Blavatsky wrote that the early years of the next century would see many of the accounts of the Nations made up, and verily she was a true prophet in this matter. For one very clear result of the present gigantic War is to bring Asia into new relations with Europe, and to establish her in her old place of power in the shaping of the world's destinies. We sometimes forget that all the old Empires of the past were Asian, that India, Persia, Assyria, struck the key-note of civilisation for thousands of years, and that China, though she did not make so flaming a trace on the world's pages, wrote a self-contained story of rare internal progress and lofty ethics which have maintained her in her sure place among the great civilisations of the world.

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Asia has been for centuries a Continent to be exploited by the young and virile Nations of the West. These started on fresh lines on the younger Continent of Europe, the fourth and fifth sub-races spreading

westwards, and occupying the lands, some of which had but lately emerged from the seas. The great swamps of eastern Europe, as they dried up into habitable soil, furnished a centre for the young fifth sub-race, from which their families emigrated westwards and northwards, to found future nationalities. They naturally forgot their Asian Motherland, as generation succeeded generation, and as they developed their new type of civilisation, difficulties of communication kept the two Continents isolated from each other, unknowing their relative lines of development. Only, later on, incursions into Europe of hordes of warlike and ferocious warriors from the central parts of Asia made the names of the Huns and others names of terror in Europe.

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Then came a new impulse from Asia, which embodied itself in the Saracens, the impulse of Chivalry and Mysticism, spreading westwards and southwards from Persia. Masonry was enriched from the same source, and these all softened and refined the rougher manners of the West, while Arabia took up the tradition of Greece, enriched and developed it, and brought science to Europe, laying the foundations of the modern world. Not only in religion did Asia teach Europe, though it is true that Asia had the genius of spirituality, and that Europe merely copied and spread, but originated no great religion. In literature, philosophy, science, and art, Asia was the Mother of all progress, while as regards tolerance, that true mark of greatness, Akbar was discussing religions among wise men of different faiths, while Mary was burning Protestants and Elizabeth executing Roman Catholics. Scarcely for two centuries has Europe been taking the lead, while Asia, sated with

great achievements, slept for a while to rest, and let the reins of Empire slip from fingers tired of power.

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But now Asia is awakening, and Japan first raised her head, and fought her way to high position among the Nations of the world, concluding alliance with the mighty western people whose genius for colonisation and rule was laying deep and firm the foundations of a world-wide Empire. Persia stirred uneasily, feeling the breath of Liberty, and, though hardly entreated by Russia and Britain, she has her eyes fixed on a fuller National life. And China, that vast unknown land, that land of far-reaching possibilities, took her fate into her own hands, flung off her Empire, established a Republic, and is feeling her feet, intent on working out her own salvation.

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How could this great wave of new life sweep over Asia and leave untouched the blood in India's veins? She, mightiest, fairest, wisest of all Asian Peoples, how should she lie supine, continuing to sleep, when lesser Nations were stirring? And so has come unrest, and movements of new life, a sense of growing strength and consciousness of National Unity. Slowly she has been awaking to Self-realisation, and measuring her resources, and, quietly learning from the younger Nations methods of Self-Government, has been pursuing the new ways of modern peoples. As a Nation, she sprang to her feet at the cry for help that rang across the seas from the little northern Island that had taught her the great lesson of Liberty and that found herself confronted by a mighty foe, and she flung

her sons into the carnage of War, poured out the blood of her people and the hoarded treasures of her Princes, and proved her worth and her strength on the stricken fields of modern War in Europe. Never again can India, who has fought and died for the common Empire side by side with England, sink back into the old position of Ma-Bap, and stand with folded hands submissive to the Sahab's nod. When Britain called on India for help, she treated her as an equal, and never again can she, in fairness and in honour, treat the Indian Nation as a subject race. By her sword, drawn for England not against her, India has won her Freedom, and the chaplet of Liberty has been wrought for her on the fields of Europe, sodden with the outpoured blood of Indians and of Englishmen. Well, verily, is it for both Nations that full National Self-consciousness has flowered while the two Nations are fighting side by side. There was a time when there was a danger that it might be realised in opposition instead of in union, when South Africa strained India's patience and strength almost to the breaking-point. South African oppression did much to awaken the sense of unity in India, but, thanks to all good Powers, Lord Hardinge's sympathy and Mr. V. Gandhi's patience tided India over the danger, and turned anger into gratitude.

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All this change and the near approach of Self-Government in India is making the thoughtful feel the need for preparation, and for pressing on more rapidly the religious, educational, social and political reforms which are too interlinked and interwoven for separation. The Theosophical Society has been one of the most effective workers in the field of religious and educational reform. By emphasising the doctrines of

the great religions apart from their special *differentia* in forms and ceremonies, it has proved itself the most valuable of peacemakers; in northern India, where it is weakest, religious animosities are far stronger than in the southern parts of the great peninsula, and faiths which antagonise each other in the Panjab and the U. P. live peacefully side by side in Madras, Mysore, the Deccan and Bombay. The example of the Central Hiṇḍū College stimulated the founding of schools under National control, and the teaching of religion and ethics in schools and colleges has become widespread, partly by the examinations organised by the C. H. C., and partly by the separate examinations started by Theosophists in Bombay and elsewhere.

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Hard on the heels of this work trod the crusade against child-marriage, and that in favour of foreign travel and of close social intercourse between Indians and Europeans on a footing of perfect equality and mutual respect. And thus the good work has gone on, and Indian Nationality has drawn inspiration and hope from the labours of Theosophists, and the liberalising tolerant spirit is spreading everywhere, as a permeating influence, a spirit rather than a form.

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An interesting movement has begun in Madras, which aims directly at civic education, at the training of men and women in the methods and means of Self-Government, by the full and free discussion of all public questions, and the training of those who take part in it in the forms of Parliamentary procedure. A Madras Parliament has been formed, and is being joined by the leaders of public opinion of all parties, and interesting

debates are expected, as keen brains and clever tongues are numerous in Madras.

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The following letter from Captain Powell, R.E., giving an account of Dr. Haden Guest's admirable work in France, will be read with interest:

"Almost as soon as War broke out, Dr. Guest decided to start a Hospital in France. Though the generosity of Dr. W. Kirby the necessary funds were forthcoming; a staff was got together, stores bought, and in a very short while a complete Hospital of 80 beds was in working order at the Hotel Majestic in Paris. This Hospital has been visited by a large number of officials, military, civil and other, and its efficiency has been well spoken of. Returning to England, a second unit was formed and sent out to Limoges, where a Hospital of 150 beds was established, stores to the amount of ten tons being taken out by Mr. Pemberton, a New Zealand F.T.S., in one consignment.

"During Dr. Guest's absence in France, the movement had been vigorously pushed forward by a band of workers at the T. S. Headquarters in London, and a good deal of interest and sympathy was aroused throughout the country. Mr. Herbert Brown, a City Miller, took up the cause with great enthusiasm and took me down to the City to appeal to the Millers' Association, and also to speak on the large Baltic Exchange. A fund for another Hospital of several thousand pounds was thus started. Later Dr. Guest went himself to the Baltic Exchange, made an eloquent speech, as a result of which the fund leapt to over ten thousand pounds, and the Hospital was assured.

"The call for help from France came soon.

"On Sunday morning, October 25th, a telegram was received saying that urgent assistance was needed immediately for large numbers of wounded. That afternoon a party of surgeons and nurses with emergency medical stores was despatched to Calais, whilst a day or two later a large consignment of provisions and stores of every kind were sent out. The Hospital accommodates 200 beds and has been reported upon as working excellently under the efficient direction of Major Stedman, R.A.M.C.

"A short time before the Calais Hospital had been formed, Dr. Guest felt that the movement was growing at such a rate that it should be placed upon a basis broader than the scope possible to the energy and capacity of a private individual. Accordingly, before many days had elapsed a strong and influential Committee was formed with its Headquarters at the Offices of the British Red Cross, 83 Pall Mall, to co-ordinate the many offers of British help to the French sick and wounded. This Anglo-French Committee deals with the establishment of Anglo-French Hospitals under the British Red Cross Society and the S. John's Ambulance Association. The scheme was approved by the French Ambassador, and by the Medical Department of the British War Office. The Committee, as formed, consisted of:

The Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Claude Macdonald, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

Sir Henry Norman, M.P.

Dr. Haden Guest

Dr. Wm. Butler

later other names have been added.

"Mr. Herbert Brown, who had shown indefatigable energy and enthusiasm in this work, also made an appeal on the Liverpool General Exchange. A large and influential meeting was arranged under the Presidency of Lord Derby, and Dr. Guest again depicted in graphic terms the appalling suffering existing in France at the present moment and the shortage of Hospitals, the need of which could scarcely be exaggerated. The result of the appeal was that £7,000 was subscribed on the spot, and before very long this sum had been raised to £12,000, suffcient to establish another Base Hospital. The money has been handed over to the Anglo-French Committee.

"Dr. Guest has also had given to him by a private individual a sum of several thousand pounds with which yet another Hospital has been started at Nevers, Mr. Pemberton again convoying out a huge quantity of stores of all kinds."

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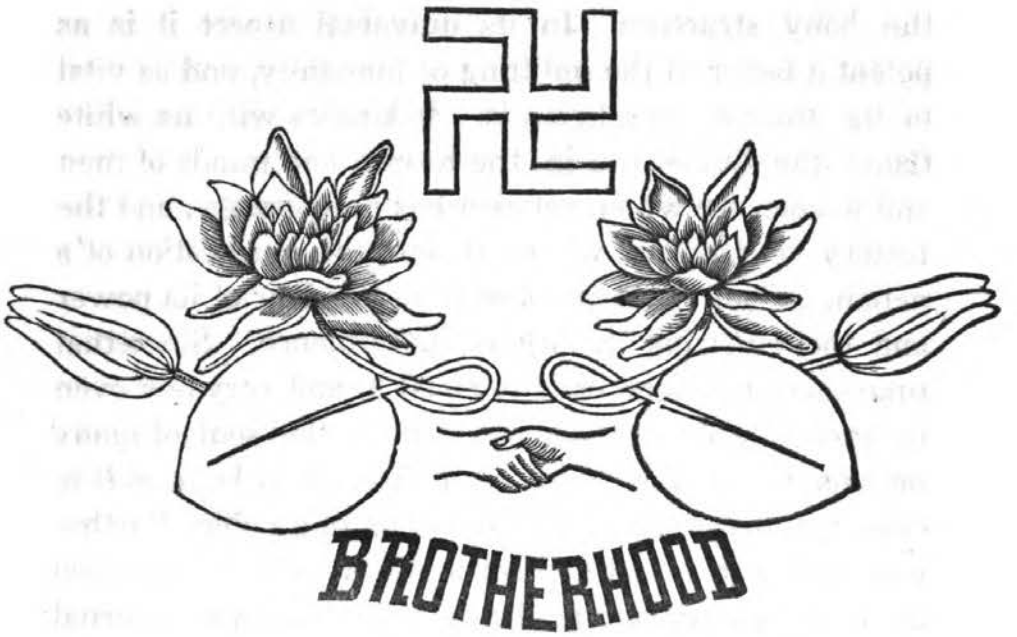
The 17th February was kept as usual at Adyar, the passing away of the President-Founder, the birthday of Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, and the burning of Giordano Bruno, being all commemorated on that day. The statue of the Colonel, the picture of Mr. Leadbeater, and the bust of Bruno were all honoured with offerings of flowers, and Dr. English, Mr. Jinarajadasa and myself, all spoke a few words of love and gratitude. It is well that these gracious annual ceremonies should testify to our belief that we are all one living body, and that for us "death is but a recurring incident in an immortal life," and that deaths and births are but milestones on our way.



THEOSOPHY, BEAUTY AND ART

By ALICE E. ADAIR

THERE is no field of human activity where the Theosophical Society might give more real help than that of Art. It has been left practically untouched in the past; and, considering the importance that is to be attached to it in the evolution of the sixth root race, this is surely a mistake. A useful movement has recently been established in England, the International Brotherhood of Arts, Crafts and Industries, but its work is directed into certain definite channels. My appeal is a less ambitious, but a more personal, one, and is made to each unit of our body, whether he may consider himself as having artistic tastes or as being totally devoid of them; for I believe that art is a universal necessity, the life-blood of the Superman, as science is

the bony structure. In its universal aspect it is as potent a factor in the uplifting of humanity, and as vital to its growth, as religion is. It kindles with its white flame the divine fire in the hearts and minds of men and women for whom religion has no message; and the history of Greece, where it was the inspiration of a nation, is sufficient proof of the splendour of its power and the enduring quality of its influence. Since that time there has been none to equal it, and very few even to approach it; yet deep-hidden in the soul of many nations burns the hope of a Greater Athens still to come; a dream ever haunts them of a nobler Parthenon that yet may be. But only as art is recognised as a living force, not as the mere perfection of external forms—as soon as an art movement becomes formal, not formative, you may know that its death knell is sounded—only as it is prized as science is prized, only as it is cherished and reverenced as religion is cherished and reverenced, shall we call to earth a reincarnation of the Spirit that was Greece, the apotheosis of Beauty in life. Is not that a goal worth winning? Is it not an end worth striving for?

Well, you may begin at once if you will; no subscription is necessary; no great expenditure of energy is required; only a little time at no settled period, a little patience, a little thought and a mental attitude of pliancy, and the miracle is worked. The reward is an access of joy in living quite incommensurate with the effort expended. The first step consists in putting some plain questions to oneself and answering them honestly; the next step is immediately to put into practice, in whatever form is most attractive, the conclusions that have been reached. There one alights

at once upon the delight of an artistic outlook on life—one does what one finds attractive. The artist does things because he loves doing them, not because he feels he ought, or because some one else thinks he ought, to do them; hence he finds joy in his work and the joy makes it beautiful.

"Is art an essential factor in the progress of the world? What do I really know about it? If I am ignorant why am I ignorant; and am I justified in so remaining when the expenditure of a small amount of effort at occasional and convenient moments will bring some enlightenment?" These are the questions I submit to you for consideration. To the second of them I believe the answer will almost invariably be: "Very little," or, "Nothing at all". And it is the purpose of this article to offer suggestions for lines of thought, rather than exhaustive replies to the others, and so to lead each person to take the first step towards "getting understanding".

To the first question: "Is art an essential factor in the progress of the world," Theosophy gives an unequivocable "Yea". It also provides a thread by means of which we may find a way through the maze of conflicting opinions and confusing statements that are rife in relation to beauty and art. Theosophy reveals the evolution of man to us as the gradual unfolding from within him of a twofold power, intellectual and emotional, and so enables us to bridge the psychological gulfs left by our western philosophers in their effort to isolate and to establish the supreme importance of the thinking principle. In this effort the significance of man's emotional nature was almost entirely obscured, and there can be little doubt that this point of view has

indirectly impeded the growth of art in Europe for many centuries.

Theosophical study also teaches the distinction between emotional and mental power; the one is related to the energising aspect of life-force, the other to its formative aspect. Desire-emotion-will energy vivifies matter; mental energy builds it into stable forms; thought gives shape to ideas; emotion colours and vitalises them. Hence, when we speak of a man of striking personality as having "colour," we mean that there is in him a large reserve of emotional life-energy; and hence, also, the more dominating influence of a fine character than of a keen intellect.

Theosophy also discloses beauty as an attribute of God made manifest in matter—a universal principle. It is omnipresent. There is beauty in the ordered revolution of the spheres, there is beauty in a dew-drop and in a grain of sand. We ascribe beauty to the beating of the wings of the eagle as it soars upward towards the sun; to the pearl that lies hidden in a shell in the depths of the ocean. The scientist finds it in his laboratory, the mathematician in the perfect relations existing in the phenomenal world, the philosopher in pure heights of abstract reasoning, the religious in the state of ecstacy, and the artist everywhere.

If one could grasp the conception of Absolute Beauty, I believe it would be by the perfect balance of these two aspects of power—intellect and emotion perfectly poised. Relative beauty results when the same state of poise is established between the two through all the ramifications of these forces in the lower planes of matter. Carrying this thought further we find that emotion is always a "moving forth," while intellectual

effort implies concentration, the drawing to a centre, steadiness. Beauty is not rigidity; beauty is not the result of correctness of form. Pure form represents truth not beauty; and whenever you have rigidity of form, you are looking at beauty's shell, not beauty's self. For beauty is that state of poise produced by the perfect harmony between a form and the life that ensouls it. The state of beauty may exist only for a moment, or it may last for longer periods, varying in extent according to the energy expended in the creative effort. The state of truth is arrived at when a perfect form is formed for an idea, beauty is added with the ensouling life.

Having seen that beauty is everywhere and that it exists as the nexus of the two currents of life-energy which are active in man through his emotional and intellectual powers, and having observed that the unfolding of these powers is part of the evolutionary scheme, we have now to note the specialisation of one or other of these aspects of energy in individuals, specialised, one may suppose, in order that the speed of their development may be accelerated. All human activity is the sum of the exercises which mould the body, the exercises which develop the intellect, and the exercises which train the emotions. In all branches of instruction, both formative and energising agencies are at work, but certain branches emphasise the relative importance of the one and certain branches the other. Science, mathematics and philosophy exalt the powers of the intellect; religion and art the powers of the emotions. Thinking along these lines we see how vital is the place of art in human life. One important point around which surges a tumult of conflicting

and confusing thought is the relation between art and religion and the relative importance of each in man's spiritual unfoldment. The purpose of this article is to arouse interest, not to dogmatise. Some people hold that art is religion, others that it has nothing to do with religion, others again that they are twin sisters. Possibly all these points of view are partially right and partially wrong. Three things are undoubtedly clear: religion and art both cultivate the emotions; each may be helpful to the other; they are often closely associated. But there is a difference in the training that each gives, and there is a subtle distinction in the effect of that difference of training. Both uphold an ideal, but in one it is the Spirit triumphant over matter, in the other it is the Spirit triumphant in matter. One emphasises the Divine Transcendence, the other the Divine Immanence. The revelations of the priest and of the artist are not antagonistic, they are complementary. The Saint realises his divinity by escaping from the limitations of form at the command of the Spirit. The artist finds his divinity in the pouring out of his Spirit into the limitations of form.

The love of beauty is in every one, but in the artist it is the dominating passion of his life. He preaches not, nor teaches, but simply expresses his joy in this love of beauty, in music, in painting or in sculpture. It carries him to heights unscaled by ordinary mortals, whence he draws the inspirational power which ensouls his masterpiece, so that the beauty revealed by a work of art is beauty of a special kind and is fully understood by the artistically educated only. The more highly developed the mind, the more refined the emotional temperament of the artist, the more difficult to

understand are his works. The Venus of Milo and the Pastoral Symphony will never arouse any high emotion in the man who has had no æsthetic training, for the æsthetic appeal to the emotions differs from that made by religion and by human relationships. The fact that an ordinary man feels pleasurable emotion regarding a lovely scene or a beautiful woman does not make him competent to judge the merits of a landscape painting, or of a statue, as he so often thinks it does. The sense of beauty is increased and cultured by art training.

There is more nonsense talked about art, especially painting and sculpture, than about any other subject, simply because people will not, perhaps cannot, or at least do not, realise that, to produce a work of art, nay, even to understand art in its higher branches, requires not so much a special training as a peculiar temperament, which is the result of this emotional development we have been discussing. Towards music and architecture a much more reasonable attitude prevails. No person, just because he can finger out a popular air on the piano, imagines he understands the music of Brahms; nor does he mind in the least admitting that he thoroughly enjoys comic opera, whilst an orchestral concert "bores him stiff". A like modesty and frankness is too often lacking with regard to the sister arts, and the amateur (decidedly amateur) painter is, in this respect, the worst sinner.

This brings us to the practical question: How are we to cultivate æsthetic tastes or, as we have hitherto expressed it, how learn to understand art so that we may all give our quota of help in this branch of the training of the emotions. Honesty is the first qualification. There must be no pretension to knowledge

that does not exist, nor to appreciation of beauty that is not felt. The thing which gives us pleasure is for us the expression of beauty, however others may regard it. Our surroundings should express our own tastes. It is because people gather round them things they think they ought to admire, rather than the things they do admire, that their rooms are often such a quaint jumble. To be perfectly natural in expressing one's tastes is a guarantee that there shall be a certain harmony, even if it be not of the highest order, in our surroundings; "for art can be second-rate yet genuine"; and a real appreciation of second, or even third, rate art is more beneficial to the individual and more helpful to the growth of art than an affected sensibility to emotional currents which are clearly out of range. It is possible, however, to cultivate appreciation for art of a higher order, and one means to this end is to live continually with some acknowledged masterpiece which has in it some element that gives pleasure. One's attitude towards it should not be one of intellectual analysis. If the reproduction of a picture is chosen, it should be the best reproduction available and should be hung where the eye will continually rest upon it in moments of leisure. The pleasure in looking at it will generally grow to a certain point and then come to a standstill. The picture should then be taken down and another substituted. If the first picture is put out of sight for a few months, and then taken out, the increase in the amount of joy with which its reappearance is greeted is the measure of increase of artistic sensibility. In this way, quite naturally and unconsciously, taste will improve; objects that once were attractive become tiresome or distasteful. Silently the great

Master, through his handiwork, has been refining the emotions, cultivating the taste, of the spectator. The same effect may be achieved by a similar method in music.

Simplicity is another qualification; for the grasp of essentials and the elimination of purposeless details are characteristic of all really great art. This quality is easy to acquire; simplicity in dress, in furnishing, in house-decorating, simplicity in living altogether, brings one very near to the secret of art in life, and really aids the development of arts and crafts. As soon as people cease to waste their substance upon meaningless ornamentation, they will have the wherewithal to pay the higher price that beautiful articles must command. The development of taste within the home must precede the acquirement of the higher æsthetic sense of the artist. To be able to impress one's individuality upon one's material surroundings, and to make of them a harmonious whole, is to gain a faint glimmer of the something the artist puts into the mere representation of an object, which distinguishes his work from pure imitation. Simple forms, few colours, but the best obtainable with the means at one's disposal, these are the very first lessons in art.

A third qualification is adaptability, and this is a great stumbling-block in the path of even highly cultured people; therefore is it so urgent a necessity that we should remember that beauty is a living force, and that the artist, as the exponent of beauty, must not be fettered by the traditions and forms of the past, however wonderful they may have been. If, in his hours of exaltation, he beholds some vision of archetypal beauty, must it necessarily be always the same archetype?

Is not the treasure-house of the LOGOS inexhaustible, and may no artist ever bring back to earth a new memory, a new form of beauty? Even when we are not wholly ignorant of the principles of art, we are too ready, generally, to follow in the beaten tracks of our forefathers, too lazy or too timid to leave the safe (?) boundaries of convention; and conventional restriction in art means atrophy and death. It is this mental and emotional obtuseness on the part of the public which leads to such artistic anarchy and revolt as we find embodied in the Futurist movement—curiously enough, in the art world, they, the Futurists, presaged the storm which was about to break over Europe. So that in studying the work of any man or any movement we have always to remember that there are artists who chisel out the features of the dawn, as there are others who immortalise the noonday splendour, and others still who paint the luminous beauty of the sunset. "Great artists never look back." They know that the splendour of one day is not the same splendour as that of another, that forms perish, but the spirit of beauty is deathless and its power never wanes.

The stultifying effect of convention upon the men who are not really great is seen in the rows of pretty banalities that annually line the walls of the Academy, where originality is conspicuous by its absence. A study of the history of art proves the necessity for this open-minded attitude; for it has a decidedly wavelike advance. There are smaller and larger waves, there are deeper and shallower troughs. A forward impulse is given; a movement seems suddenly to spring into life, generally with one great man at the heart of it. It invariably meets with opposition and generally with

ridicule. Gradually the opposition dies down, the new life it brought is absorbed, and later generations wonder what all the fuss was about. It was so in the beginning of the nineteenth century with the revival of classic art; again it was so with the romantic and realistic movements, and most people still remember the storm of ridicule which the advent of Impressionism raised; and since then we have had the Post-Impressionists, the Cubists. and, latest and maddest of all in the estimation of the public, the Futurists.

All the latter, I believe, are but the heralds of one of the really great movements in art; may Theosophists, at least, be ready to give it a sympathetic reception; for the world might benefit so much more if these movements had not to waste their first and best energy in the fight for existence. What the artist demands, and what his work demands, is freedom, freedom to express the life and truth that is in him.

To be honest, natural, simple and receptive, will bring one into touch with the spirit of art; to study harmony of line, harmony of light and dark spaces, and harmony of colour, will teach one something of its technique. This one can do quite easily by intelligent observation in daily life. One may learn what is meant by beauty expressed in harmony of line in passing a cathedral, or a statue, or turning over the pages of a magazine; one may grow to love harmony of distribution of light and dark spaces, also, in illustrations and in Oriental ink painting; and there is an infinite field for observation of harmony in colour in embroideries, in woven designs, decorated pottery, enamelling, stained glass, or Japanese prints, even when good pictures are not available. The purchase of a

gown, the furnishing of a room, the planning of a garden, or even the choosing of an ornament, may be, if one pleases, a valuable lesson in art, so natural, so simple a thing is it in its beginnings, so closely related is it to human life.

It is the intensely human element in art which makes it so valuable an agent in uplifting men ; for its influence reaches from the vilest criminal to the highest crowned head of imperial power. The breadth of sympathy, the understanding of human weakness, the value of the part of the villain, as well as that of the hero, in the piece, of ugliness (so-called) as the foil of loveliness; the revelation of the beauty hidden in a muddy pool, and the unreality of a loveliness that is only skin deep—these are things to which all men feel themselves related. The snowy heights to which religion points by way of self-immolation leave the majority of men cold and unresponsive. The artist uses the things they understand as the material with which he fashions his Temple of Beauty, and they are free to enter if they will. Some say the temple that he builds is for devil-worshippers only, others that it is raised to the Unknown God in his aspect of Universal Beauty. The artist is not a priest, nor even a teacher; he is the witness and interpreter of a divine reality; "others may reason and welcome," it is enough for him to know.

Alice E. Adair

LETTER FROM A NEUTRAL

Rangoon, 23rd August, 1914

MY DEAR SISTER,

It is Sunday afternoon—half-past six. I hear the Church bells ringing, and it is as if for a moment their vibrations were able to give a sense of peace to everything.

Now, in the quietness of my room, I can think again of "the War," but this time I will not think of it in the same way as most people are thinking, but in my own way. I will try to put the thoughts down in writing as they now come to me, hoping that they may give you, and perhaps others also, the same feeling of peace and understanding as they have given me.

There are many standpoints from which one can look on such a catastrophe as this.

1. The point of view of the man in the street, who, stimulated by a mass of uncontrolled lower passions and emotions, will always see the right on his own side, constantly sending out thoughts of hatred to his enemy.

2. One can look on it from an economical standpoint, which means that probably this War had to come on account of the expansion of Germany's energy and the lack of proper channels to dispose of the surplus of her population.

3. A humane standpoint, which makes one feel very, very sad indeed when one begins to think of the horrible suffering of so many young men, and the sorrow of all the wives, mothers and children, bereft of their husbands, sons and fathers.

4. The political point of view, from which people are closely following all the movements of other nations, hoping that their own nation may come out successfully, so that it will be able to maintain the position it occupied before the War.

5. The historical standpoint, from which by studying the past one can make more or less definite conclusions regarding the future. One cannot help seeing that all the powers which our fifth sub-race has been developing have been used for very selfish purposes. The attention of most people is steadily fixed on wealth, power and self-gratification. This is so strong that many, even now, are trying to make money out of the present circumstances, speculating on the duration of the War, etc., instead of sacrificing even that which they have for the cause of Peace. I am afraid that the War will go on till every one gets a good shaking up, and will look into his own heart and change his intentions.

6. Then there is the religious standpoint. I mean the true religious standpoint, which will make people pray to their Gods for peace and goodwill for all. (Not that sectarian standpoint which prays for the victory of one of the parties only, as if the enemy were not entitled to the love and help of God.) From the religious point of view many earnest people will cry out in despair: "Oh, my God, why all this suffering?"

7. Then, at last, we come to the Theosophical point of view which, while including all the other views,

understands the causes of them all. To the cry "Oh, my God, why all this?".... the Gods remain silent .... and no answer will come .... unless we descend into our own lower nature and study carefully all our previous thoughts. And then I know that many of us will soon get a shock when realising that we ourselves have been working a good deal for the bringing about of this horrible catastrophe, from which the whole world is now suffering.

One country after the other arms itself—to guard its independence, they say. They feel proud to be able to speak of "*Das Vaterland*," or of "The Empire," or of "*La Patrie*". God only knows how often people, who are now fighting for the independence of one country have been fighting against that very country in a previous incarnation.

I know, we often cannot help it. Men say it is natural. Quite so from the standpoint of the lower self. One (one's lower self) should feel for the spot where one is born, should feel for the people who speak one's mother tongue, and who have the same customs and peculiarities as oneself. All this builds a kind of wall round a certain group of people, and they get so much attached to this limitation that they cannot see beyond it. But this love for one group should not necessarily mean indifference or hatred for other groups.

When applied to a country as a whole, the combination of these limited ideas is called "National Pride". It is a virtue, which I can admire very much for lack of the presence of greater virtues. But there are nobler motives which should make a nation great, for national pride has a greater tendency to kill than to enlighten

the spirit of a people. It is a well-known fact in history that the circle of love gradually enlarges from one's own family to the town in which one lives, further extending itself from town to province, from province to country, and further to the people of one continent. Here I think of the disdain with which a European can say "Yankee," or the much expressive "Stick-in-the-mud" of the American when referring to his brother the European.

But gradually the love extends itself also beyond these limits, first to those of different nations who hold the same ideas and strive after the same ideals, and then still further to the whole of Humanity, no matter of what country, of what race, of what colour, or of what standing.

It is very hard for most people to realise this just now, while the atmosphere is badly disturbed by the currents of national thought and feeling, prejudices and superstitions; for again and again that old feeling of pride comes to the surface when one hears a brother of another nation boasting of his country, or hears him belittling the good deeds of other nations.

But it cannot be denied that this only belongs to the lower nature, as the law of reincarnation shows us sufficiently that in the course of evolution one ego gathers experiences through many different bodies of different nationalities. I think this is what a Theosophist should realise! He should be absolutely balanced; of course, ever prepared to serve his own country, if necessary, because that is his duty as a human being under the present conditions of existence; but he should refrain from discussing the right or wrong of the one nation or the other. He should not join in the uncharitable

talk and discussions of the people, but rather keep his thought high and his intentions pure, and give as much actual help as he can by sacrificing as much as possible of his material possessions to relieve the suffering of so many fellow-men, and by sending good thoughts to all.

And now, Dear Sister, let us try to put these thoughts into practice. I specially lay stress on this, because I know that when I leave my room presently, I shall be again among men, and shall again have to listen to their discussions, which will jar so much the more after a quiet peaceful meditation.

Dear Sister, in ending this letter I will ask you to join in my prayer for peace. We neutrals can easily and unreservedly do so, but I also hope that those involved in the great struggle will be able to send forth from their innermost hearts that love and goodwill, which are above all separation and which are effective agents in bringing Peace.

O Masters, may we ever keep our thoughts high, our intentions pure, our wills fixed upon helpfulness, and the attainment of accurate knowledge.

We offer ourselves to you, revered Masters of the Wisdom, for such work as we are capable of doing. We consecrate our lives to your holy Service. Peace on earth, goodwill toward men.

PEACE.....PEACE.....PEACE

Yours fraternally,

A. VERHAGE

LILIES

Lilies so fair! Lilies so white!
That tremble in the soft moonlight,
Such peace surrounds no shrine of gold
As you within your bosom hold.

Within the temple's sacred shade
Have weary souls their burdens laid,
But I for holy counsel seek
These priestesses, so pure and meek.

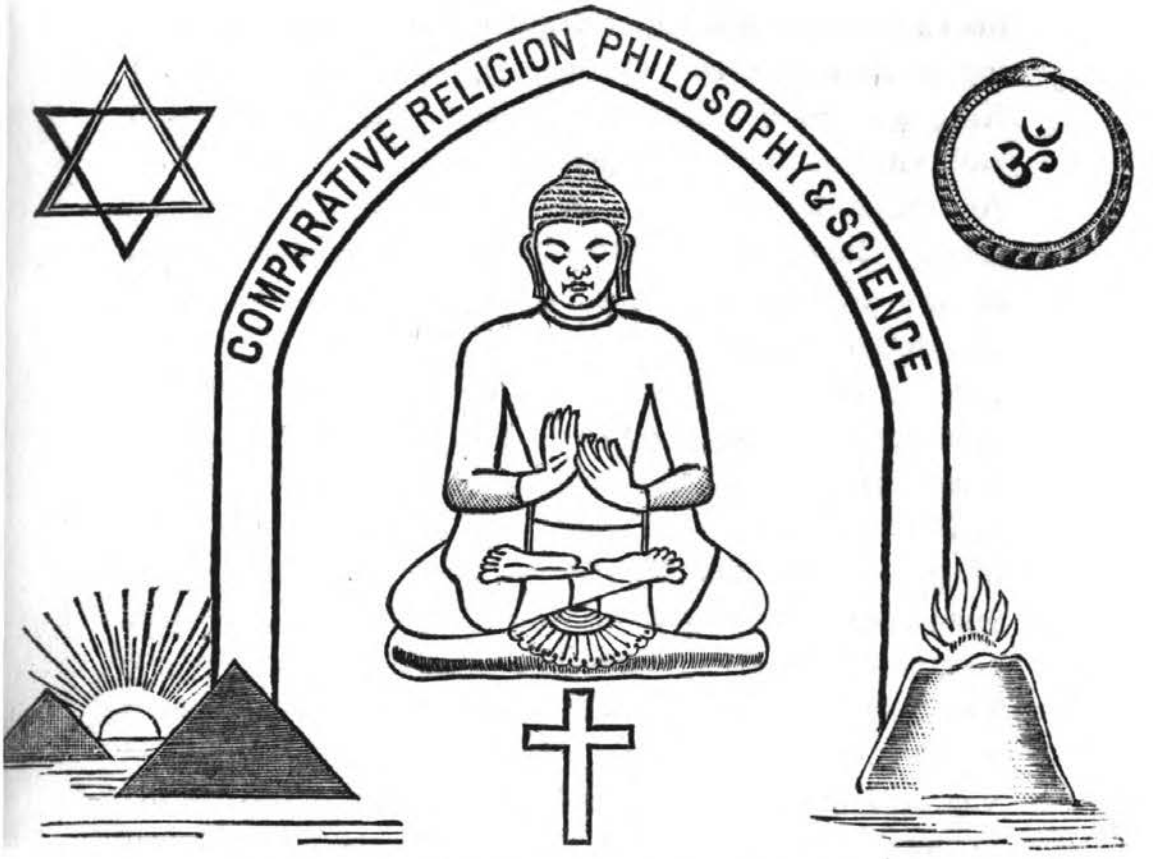
This is my altar where I kneel
To what is tender, pure and real,
This is my temple where I leave
The sins that caused my soul to grieve.

And here I learn that what is pure
And true will evermore endure,
And here confess at Beauty's feet
That without Beauty nothing's sweet.

Far from the tumult, while 'tis late,
These silent hours I dedicate
To this sweet worship. Pause, my Soul!
Then onward to achieve thy goal.

Lilies so fair! Lilies so white!
Breathing serenely through the night!
When shall our fevered passions cease?
O teach me your eternal peace!

D. M. CODD



PILLAI PERUMĀL AIYANGAR[1]

(A VAISHṆAVA POET)

By PROFESSOR V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

AMONG the numerous leaders of Vaishṇavism, one whose name is mentioned with uncommon reverence, and whose works are widely read and appreciated, is Alagia Maṇavāla Dāsa, or Pillai Perumāl Aiyaṅgār, as he is more commonly called. A saint of high piety and a poet of eminent skill, he is one of those

[1] This biographical sketch is based on the *Pulavarpurāṇa*, the *Abhidhāna Chintāmaṇi*, and the writings of the late Paṇdit Satakopa Rāmānujachariar.

great teachers of men in whom genius blends with religion, and capacity with character. The period of his existence and labours is one of controversy. According to some, he was in the service of the renowned King and builder Tirumal Nāik of Madura, who, it is well known, ruled his kingdom from A. D. 1623 to 1659. According to others, he was a disciple of the great scholar Bhaṭṭa, the successor, in the Prabandhic school, of the celebrated prophet of Vaishṇavism, Rāmānuja, and therefore belonged to the twelfth century. It is not possible to enter into a detailed consideration of the arguments adduced by both parties, for the simple reason that both are traditional and are not based on well-expressed or well-known facts. It may, however, be pointed out that, from the nature of the poet's language, his character as a religious leader, and the more common tradition in regard to him among the Vaishṇavas, it is more or less certain that Pillai Perumāl lived at the early period when Vaishṇavism was in full and vigorous activity against Shaivaism. Every word of his writings[1] breathes that spirit of extreme sectarianism which characterised the early days of modern Vaishṇavism; and while literary men will find some of the finest verses in Tamil literature in his compositions, the student of religious history can hardly find a more uncompromising opponent of Shaivaism or a more sincere devotee of Vishṇu. In the annals of polemical Vaishṇavism, he thus occupies a unique and prominent place.

Pillai Perumāl was born in the village of Tirumaṅgai, in the ancient Chola kingdom, some time in the first

[1] See Introduction to *Alagadar andàdi* by the Pandit Satakopa Rāmānujachariar.

quarter of the twelfth century[1] A. D. His father[2] was the great Tiruvarangattu Amudanār, a devoted disciple of Rāmānuja, and the author of the renowned panegyrical poem, *Rāmānuja Nutrandādi*—a treatise considered by the Vaishṇavas as the equal in sanctity of the *Ṭiruvāymoli* itself. Early in age, Pillai Perumāl acquitted himself as an intellectual prodigy. He became deeply versed in *Tolkāpya* and other Tamil grammatical literature, in the works of the ancient Tamil Saṅgams, and of the Alvārs of Vaishṇavism. With scholarship in Tamil he combined erudition in Samskṛt, and in the Vēdas and Vēdāṅgas, the Vēdānta Sūtras and the Bhāshyas, he achieved an equal mastery. A scholar both in Samskṛt and in Tamil, he became, however, even more celebrated for the austerity of his life, his deep devotion to the Ḍeva of Shrīraṅgam. The Chola Monarch of the day heard of his renown, and in admiration bestowed on him an office in the Court. While Pillai Perumāl was in the royal service at Uraiyūr, we are told, an event happened which, on account of its singularly miraculous nature, instantly raised him to a high rank among God's servants. On one occasion, while sitting in the midst of a number of officers, he suddenly took his upper garment and rubbed it with his hands, as if it had caught fire. His co-officers at once asked him what the matter was, and he replied that the ornamental cloths of the car at Shrīraṅgam had caught fire, and he had put it out! Surprised and incredulous, his

[1] Rāmānuja died in A.D. 1137 and Bhaṭṭa is said to be his successor. See the Teṅgalai *Guruparamparaprabhava* for a detailed description of the latter's career.

[2] According to another version it was his grandfather.

[3] The Chola Kings of the twelfth century were Vikrama Chola (1118-1135), Kulottunga II (1136-46), Rajavaja II (1146-71), and Rajadhiraja II (1171-78). It is impossible, with the materials at present at our disposal, to decide which is the particular monarch referred to above.

companions concluded that his brain must have been affected, that their scholarly friend was a lunatic, and in great sympathy, reported the fact to the King. Meanwhile the news came that Pillai Perumāl Aiyaṅgār had actually been present at the car festival and that he had saved the car from burning. The King was astonished to hear this. He asked Pillai Perumāl how he had proceeded to Shrīraṅgam; but the pious scholar replied that his mind alone, and not his person, had gone there! The Priests and authorities of the temple, on the other hand, had seen him in flesh and blood! The King and people now realised the greatness of Pillai Perumāl, his high yogic attainments, and his miraculous all-absorbing devotion. That very night, we are further told, the King had a dream to the effect that he proceeded to Shrīraṅgam, saw Pillai Perumāl performing his devotions on the Kaveri banks, and accompanied him into the great shrine for the worship of the deity; but there Pillai Perumāl vanished! The King saw in this vision another convincing proof of the oneness of the Sage with the God of his heart, and he came to feel that it was unpardonable impiety to hold such a great devotee in service. Immediately after daybreak, therefore, he summoned him to his presence; expressed his unfitness to engage his services; asked pardon of him for any mistakes he in his position and pride might have committed in the past, and declared that he might go wherever he desired. When the great devotee desired to live always in the temple and dedicate himself to the service of Raṅganātha, the King ordered a special habitation to be placed at his disposal, and a daily supply of the necessaries of life to be given him.

Pillai Perumāl Aiyaṅgār was now in a congenial sphere. Assured of a livelihood, and of full opportunity for the exercise of his devotion, he led a life of intense happiness in the incessant worship of his Lord. His devotion then found vent in a number of poems—*Tiruvaraṅgakkalambagam*, *Tiruvaraṅgattandādi*, *Tiruvaraṅgattumālai*, *Shrī-Raṅganāyakar-ūsal*, *Tiruveṅgaḍamālai*, *Tiruveṅgaḍattandādi*, *Alakarandādi*, and *Nūtreṭṭutirupatiandādi*—all of which are collectively known as the *Ashtaprabandha*. The great and conspicuous feature in all these poems is, over and above the deep intensity of feeling which characterises them, the extraordinary skill with which the verses have been constructed. In the art of using the *sleshai* and *tiripu*, of *yamaka* and *andādi*, of *kalambakam* and *ūsal*, he was such a past-master that an admiring crowd of scholars bestowed upon him the title of divine poet. His works, moreover, are saturated with the divine lore of the Vaishṇava Saints and Sages, of the Ālvārs and the Āchāryas, and reflect their teachings and doctrines.

A curious tradition is current among scholars in regard to the circumstances under which Pillai Perumāl composed that portion of his *Ashtaprabandha* which concerned Tirupati. It is based on the fact that the Vaishṇavism of Pillai Perumāl, during this period of life, was of a qualified nature. It was characterised more by intensity than by reason, more by narrow-minded, though all-absorbing, devotion, than by a true spirit of philosophy. In his devotion to Raṅganātha, for instance, he denied the divinity not only of Shiva, but of the other manifestations or incarnations of Viṣhṇu Himself! The tradition goes that, during his sojourn in the Shrīraṅgam temple, he had a vision in

which the Ḍeva Shrīnivāsa of Tirupati, appeared before him and expressed a desire to be celebrated, like Raṅganātha, in his poems and panegyrics; that the deluded devotee, more enthusiastic than thoughtful, refused to do so on the ground that the poet of *Raṅga* could never be the poet of *Kuraṅga* (the master of monkeys, as Shrīnivāsa lived in the company of monkeys); and that the insulted Ḍeva in his desire to be the subject of the poet's praises, and to teach him the identity of the deities of the one hundred and eight temples of Vaishṇavism, subjected him to the pain of a dangerous disease. The suffering devotee instantly came to understand the cause of his suffering, and at once took steps to remove it. It was now that, in his two poems of great beauty and charm, *Tiruveṅgaḍattandādi* and *Tiruveṅgaḍamālai*, he expressed his repentance for his past heresy and celebrated, in his inimitable manner, the glory and the greatness of the "Lord of Monkeys". At the same time, he saw the childish nature of his theological principles, and grasped the idea that the deities of the one hundred and eight temples were, in spite of different names and histories, the manifestations of one God. The knowledge of this new philosophy vented itself in the composition, in the poet's favourite style of *andādi*, of poems on the celebrated Alagar of Alagarmalai in Madura, and on all the one hundred and eight Vaishṇava Avatāras of South India.

Disease and difficulty, after all, merely converted the narrow-minded Vaishṇavite into a broad-minded Vaishṇavite. It did nothing more. It did not, in any way, lessen his animosity to Shiva and Shiva's cult. It did not give him that true breadth of mind, that

philosophy, which could look on Shiva and Viṣhṇu as identical, which could consider them as the different manifestations of the same God. A strange, and certainly not improbable, tradition illustrates this narrow range of his devotion, this bigoted nature of his faith. It is said that the Shaiva leaders of Jambukeshvaram,[1] the great stronghold of Shaivaism near Shrīraṅgam, asked him, in their inordinate admiration of his skill as a poet, to compose a prabandha on their Ḍeva. They felt that a poem addressed to their deity by such a reputed Vaishṇava scholar and divine would be an honour to themselves, their creed and their holy village. The only result of this petition was an uncompromising rejection of the request. With characteristic audacity, Pillai Perumāl replied in the same language in which he had at first replied to the commands of the Lord of Tirupati. A poet of Raṅga, he reaffirmed, could not be a poet of Kuraṅga, meaning this time by the latter term the God Shiva, who had a deer (*Kuraṅgam*) in his left hand, whose vehicle (*Nandi*) was a beast with a monkey's face, who incarnated as the monkey, and whose dress was mean (*ku*=mean and *raṅgam*=dress). The Shaiva priests were highly indignant. They had come to obtain a prabandha in Shiva's honour, and they got only an epithet which conveyed a number of abusive meanings! With an enthusiasm as sincere as it was obstinate, they returned with an oath to make Pillai Perumāl, by some means, fair or foul, compose at least one verse in dedication to their Ḍeva. They had not to wait long for an opportunity for the fulfilment of their

[1] The celebrated Tiruvānaikaval near Shrīraṅgam, the story of the origin of which is given in the *Periа Purāṇa* in the section on Kōcchengatchōla Nāyanar. For a description of the place see *Trichinopoly Gaizr*, Vol. I, 322-3. The famous shrine is well known for its architectural beauty, its *āp*, or water liṅgam, and its inscriptions, many of which belong to the Hoysāla dynasty.

object. A few days after their futile interview with the poet, they saw the holy cow of the Shrīraṅgam temple grazing in their field. They seized it, and drove it away to their temple. The priests of Shrīraṅgam found out its whereabouts, and earnestly pressed the Āgamins to surrender it, as without it the *Visvarūpa-darshana* ceremony, performed every morning in the temple, could not be performed. The priests of Jambukeshvaram promised to surrender it only if Pillai Perumāl Aiyaṅgār applied for it in person. When he was informed of this, he asked them to come to him in person on the ground that he, a servant of the true God, could not place his footsteps on the unholy land of Rudra! The proposal was not a flattering one; but the people of Jambukēsvaram, we are told, were so much bent on the accomplishment of their object that they were prepared to ignore such treatment. Contented with the opportunity they obtained for gaining their end, they proceeded to Shrīraṅgam, had an interview with the learned poet, and restored the cow on obtaining from him the promise of a verse on their Lord. But no sooner was the cow surrendered than Pillai Perumāl sang a verse in which, indeed, there was full reference to Shiva, but a reference which expressed to a larger degree His inferiority to Viṣhṇu than His omnipotence and sole claim to the allegiance of mankind. The Āgamavādins' resentment was naturally exasperated by this conduct; and they promptly engaged their obstinate adversary in vigorous disputation about the relative merits of their respective deities. The Vaishṇava traditions, of course, claim victory for their hero, and narrate with pride how, by his profound erudition in the Samskṛt as well as Tamil

theological literature, he silenced[1] his opponents and compelled their return in shame to their shrine. A summary of his reasonings for the establishment of his contentions is contained in his *Parabrahmavivekam*.

Alagia Maṇavāla died, as he himself, it is said, once prophesied to his disciples, a tragic death through the instrumentality of a cow. While he was engaged in the worship of his God, an old and lame cow fell on him and mortally wounded him. A few days after this mishap, he died, uttering with his last breath the name of the God for whose service he had laboured so hard and so unflinchingly. By the large circle of his admirers, as well as by the world of Vaishṇavism, his death was felt as a serious loss, and enthusiasts were not wanting, to whose instinct of hero-worship he formed a fit subject of apotheosis and worship. Even to-day, a visitor to Shrīraṅgam can see in the south-east corner of its innermost marble-pillared prakara, the spot where, if we are to believe the earnest and credulous priest-guide, the great servant of God had the sight of his Master and Lord, Shrīnivāsa of Tirupati.

It is not to the student of religion that the name of Alagia Maṇavāla Dāsa will be a source of interest in the future. The age of sectarianism, of religious narrow-mindedness is, thanks to education, almost gone, and with it his influence as a polemical controversialist and intolerant fanatic. But while his name as a religionist will, owing to the nature of the time, receive a comparative eclipse, his reputation as a scholar and a poet will gain for him increasing appreciation.

V. Rangachari

[1] In the Jambukeshvaram temple there is "a tope of coco-nuts to which the image from the great Viṣhṇu pagoda was formerly brought for one day in the year. This practice has been given up, owing to quarrels between the Saivites and Vaishṇavites".—*Trichi. Gaizr.*, I, p. 322.

ISLAM

By Moulvi Darwesh Peer

OF all the wonders of the universe, the most mysterious is religion, the foundation of which lies in the distinction between the various acts of men, distinguishing them as good, evil, or indifferent; for, if there be no such difference, there can be no religion.

Now the religious idea differs from every other in this respect: that man's belief in things other than religion depends, or is based, upon a previous conviction of its truth; whereas religious belief, on the contrary, appears to be innate, and is accepted, entertained, and acquiesced in, independently of any evidence of its truth derived through the instrumentality of the external senses.

Another cause for wonder in the religious idea is that, notwithstanding the absence of proof that religion is a reality, the very idea of it alone acts upon men's thoughts, and determines their actions, with a force far exceeding in intensity and enthusiasm that resulting from any other belief, however satisfactory and conclusive may be the proofs of the truth on which that belief is based.

Had the religious idea, or religious sentiment, been the same in all the human races, there could have been but little difficulty in acknowledging its soundness, but strange it is, that in every age, each clan, or tribe, or nation, nay, each separate individual even, formed an idea of his own religion, or rather of the object of it

more or less different from that of others. Each, moreover, was convinced that his own idea was the only true one. As far as my own search after true religion is concerned, I sincerely and conscientiously believe that I have found Islām to be the true religion, and Peace is its predominant ethic. Islām does not recognise him as a Muslim who has not made his Peace with God, surrendering himself in entire submission to His Will and precepts, in which consists the source of all virtue; nor is he a Muslim who has not made Peace with man, which implies doing good to his fellow-creatures, and which the *Holy Qurān* sets forth in the following words: "Yes, he who submits himself entirely to Allah, and he who does good [to fellow-men] neither shall fear nor shall grieve." As it recommends the practice of social virtue, the Holy Prophet breathes into it a spirit of charity and friendship, and opposes all oppression. Islām has breathed a spirit of benevolence, consequently influencing civilisation.

According to the *Qurān*, Islām is as wide in its conception as humanity itself. It did not originate with the preaching of the Holy Prophet Muhammad, but it was also the religion of the prophets that went before him. Islām was the religion of Adam, Noah, and Abraham, of Moses, Jesus, and Kṛṣhṇa; it was, in fact, the religion of every prophet of God who appeared in any part of the world. It is the religion of every human child that is born. According to the *Qurān*, Islām is the natural religion of man. "The nature made by Allah in which He has made all men—that is the right religion" (xxx, 29). And since, according to the *Qurān*, prophets were raised among different nations in different ages, and the religion of every true prophet

was in its pristine purity none other than Islām, the scope of this religion extends as far back and is as wide as humanity itself. The fundamental principles always remain the same, the accidents change with the changing needs of humanity.

The last phase of Islām is that marked by the Advent of the Holy Prophet Muhammad (May peace and the blessing of God be upon him!), and which met with so unexampled a reception in the world.

"Islām" literally means "Resignation," or entire submission to the will and precepts of the Highest. Its primary significance is the "making of peace," and every greeting among Muslims is the benediction of Peace, and Paradise as Islām depicts it, shall echo: "Peace, Peace."—"They shall hear therein no vain words, but they shall hear only the word 'Peace'." Islām is, in fact, pre-eminently the Religion of Peace.

The great characteristic of Islām, then, is that it demands of its followers a belief in the Revelation of religions that prevailed before it; and it created the basis of harmony for the conflicting elements of the religions of the world. All religions in their turn, have Divine Revelation as their foundation, whence they spring; but the great mission of Islām was not merely to preach this truth, nor was there in it any antagonism to previous Revelations, but it widened them to suit the requirements of a later time and age. Thus, as a distinctive characteristic of its own, Islām claims to be the final and perfect expression of the Will of God, which the *Qurān* admits: "Now I have made perfect for you your religion, and completed upon you my blessings, and chosen for you Islām as your religion" (v, 5). In common with other religions Islām is a revealed

religion, but it is in itself a complete and a perfect Revelation, as the *Qurān* is maintained as "pure pages wherein are all the rightful Scriptures," and Muhammad (May peace and the blessing of God be upon him) is the "Pearl of Prophets".

I have said enough on the position of Islām among the religions of the world, and that of *Holy Qurān* among the Scriptures, and I wish to acquaint you with one more peculiarity of Islām. Beyond all doubt, it is an historical religion, and its Holy Founder an historical personage. Every event in the Prophet's life can be read as history, and the *Holy Qurān*, as a spiritual, social, and moral Law of Islām is, in the very words of Bosworth Smith, "a book absolutely unique in its origin, in its preservation. . . . . on the substantial authenticity of which no one has ever been able to cast a serious doubt". Sir William Muir admits that "there is probably in the world no other book which has remained twelve centuries with so pure a text," and Von Hammer states, finally, "that we hold *Qurān* to be as surely Mahomed's word as the Mahomedans hold it to be the word of God". Having a book of Divine Revelation so safely preserved through centuries to guide him for his spiritual and moral welfare, and the example of such a great and noble Prophet, whose varied experiences furnish the best rules of conduct in the different phases of human life, a Muslim is sure that he has not rejected any truth which was ever revealed by God to any nation, and that he has not set at naught any virtue to be met with in the life of any good man. Thus he not only believes in the truth of all Divine Revelations, and accepts the sacred Leaders of all peoples, but he also follows all the lasting and permanent truths contained in those

Scriptures, by following the last and most comprehensive of them; and he imitates all good men by taking for his model the most perfect example, in the person of Him of whom it is said: "There is the full light of day upon all that light can ever reach at all."

To the practical ordinances of Islām may also be added its main principles contained in the very Preface of the *Holy Qurān*:

> This book, doubtlessly, is a guidance to those who are not heedless of their duties, to those who believe in the unseen, and keep up prayers, and out of what has been given them, they spend, and those who have a conviction in what was revealed to them, and revealed to men before them, and of the life to come.

This verse points out the essential principles which must be accepted by those who would follow the *Holy Qurān*. In it we discover three theoretical points of belief, and two practical ordinances. Before I take up these points separately, it is necessary to point out that in Islām mere belief counts for nothing unless translated into deeds. "Those who believe and do good," is the ever-recurring description of the righteous as given in the *Qurān*. Right belief is the good seed which can only grow into an umbrageous tree if it be properly nourished. That nourishment is given by good deeds alone. It may safely be said that the five principles quoted above, in one form or another are universally accepted. Those five principles are theoretically, as already indicated, belief in God, in Divine Revelation, and in the after life, and on the practical side, prayer to God—the source of love to God—and charity in its broadest sense. Thus are indicated respectively the performance of our duties to God, and the performance of our duties to our fellow-beings. These principles, as those of belief and action, are recognised

by all nations alike, and these are the common principles on which all religions are based. These are fundamentally implanted in human nature. I shall now try to analyse them as they are depicted in the *Holy Qurān*.

Of the three fundamental principles of belief, the first is belief in God. The belief in a higher power than man, though invisible, can be traced back to the remotest antiquity, to the earliest times to which history can take us back, but peoples at different ages cherished a different conception of the Supreme Being. Says the God of Islām: "I am with each individual in the appearance which he forms of me in his own mind." The Unity of God is a principle on which the *Holy Qurān* has laid great stress. There is an absolute unity in Divine nature; it admits of no participation or manifoldness. Unity is the key-note to Islām's conception of the Supreme Being. It denies all plurality of persons in the Godhead. His are the sublimest and most perfect attributes, but the attribute of Mercy reigns over all. It is beneficial and meritorious to remember and to praise God at the commencement of work. Thus *Holy Qurān* opens each chapter in the name of the All-Merciful—Ar-Rahman and Ar-Rahim—as the Hinḍū religion invokes Shrī Ganeshāya Namah. To the reader of the *Holy Qurān* the deep and all-encompassing Love and Mercy of God which enfold creation are indicated by the words of Ar-Rahman and Ar-Rahim: "My mercy comprehends all conceivable things" (vii, 155). And the Messenger who preached this conception of the Divine Being is rightly called in the *Holy Qurān* "a Mercy to the whole world" (xxi, 107). The Great Apostle of the Unity of God could not conceive of a God who was not the Maker of all that existed. Such a

detraction from His Power and Knowledge would have given a death-blow to the very loftiness and sublimity of the conception of the Divine Being. Thus ends one of the shorter chapters of the *Holy Qurān*:

> He is Allah, by whom there is none who should be served, the Perceiver of the Unseen and Seen, He is the Beneficent, the Merciful..... High is Allah above that they set up with him. He is Allah, the Maker of all things, the Creator of all existence, the Sculptor of all images, His are the most excellent and beautiful attributes [that man can imagine]; everything that exists in the heavens or in the earth affirms His Glory and His Perfection, and He is the Mighty, the Wise.

Thus, while Islām, in common with other religions, takes the existence of God for its basis, it differs from others in claiming Absolute Unity for the Divine Person, and in not placing any such limitations upon His Power and Knowledge as is involved in the idea of His not being the Creator of Matter and Spirit, or of His assumption of the form of a mortal Being. If the existence of God is universally conceived, it is unreasonable that the doctrine of Islām should be repugnant to anybody.

The Unity of God is, as I have said, the great theme of the *Holy Qurān*. The laws of Nature which we find working in the universe, in man's own nature, and set forth in the teachings of the Prophets, are repeatedly appealed to as giving clear indications of the Unity of the Maker. Consider the creation of innumerable heavenly bodies; are they not, with their apparent diversities, all subject to one and the same law? Think over what you see on the earth, its organic and inorganic worlds, the plant and animal life, the solid earth, the seas and the rivers, the great mountains—is there not unity in all this diversity? Think over your own nature, how your very colours and languages differ from each other; yet in

spite of all these differences, are you not but a single people? Look at the constant change which all things are undergoing, the making and unmaking, the creation and recreation, of things, the course of which is not hindered for a moment—is there not a uniform law discernible in this? If, in fact, you clearly observe uniformity in diversity in Nature, do you not see in it a sure sign of the Unity of the Maker? Then, look at the incontestable evidence of human nature, how even when believing in the plurality of Gods, it recognises a Unity in the plurality, and thus bears testimony to the Unity of God. Turn over the pages of the Sacred Scriptures of any religion, search out the teachings of the great spiritual leaders of all the nations; they will all testify to the Unity of the Supreme Being. In short, the laws of Nature, the nature of man, and the testimony of the righteous men of all ages, hymn with one accord the Unity of God, which is the keynote of the spiritual teachings of the faith of Islām.

The second fundamental principle in the Islāmic Religion, is a belief in Divine Revelation, not only a belief in the truth of the revealed Word of God, as found in the *Holy Qurān*, but a belief in the truth of Divine Revelation in all ages and to all nations of the earth. Divine Revelation is the basis of all revealed religions, but the principle is accepted subject to various limitations. Some religions look upon Revelation as having been granted to mankind only once; others look upon it as limited to a particular people; while others still close the door of Revelation after a certain time. With the advent of Islām, we find the same breadth of view in the conception of Divine Revelation as in that of Divine Being. The *Holy Qurān* recognises no limit

to Divine Revelation, neither in respect of time, nor in respect of any nation to whom it may have been granted. It regards all people as having, at one time or another, received Divine Revelation, and it leaves the door of it still open, for the future as for the past, without which none could ever have attained to Union. Thus the Lord of the Universe, who supplied all men with their physical necessities, brought to them His spiritual blessings. In this case also Islām, while sharing with other faiths the belief in the truth of Divine Revelation, refuses to acknowledge the existence of any limitation as regards time or place.

There is also another aspect of the Islāmic belief in Divine Revelation, in which it differs from some other religions of the world. It refuses to acknowledge the Incarnation of the Supreme Being. That the highest aim of religion is Union with God, has been universally recognised. In accordance with the Holy faith of Islām, Union is not attained by bringing down God to man in the sense of "incarnation," but by rising towards God through spiritual progress, and by the purification of life from sensual desires and low motives. The Perfect One, who reveals the Face of God to the world, is not the Divine Being in human form, but the human being whose person has become a manifestation of the Divine attributes, his personality being consumed in the fire of love to God. His example serves as an incentive and is a model for others to follow. He shows how a mere mortal can attain to conference with God. The *Holy Qurān* fully expounds that none is precluded from attaining this communion.

We will now take up the practical side of the faith of Islām. As I have just said, in Islām actions are

essentially a component part of religion. In this respect, Islām occupies a midmost position between religions which conveniently ignore the practical side and those which bind their followers to a minute ritual. It sees the necessity for developing the faculties of man, by giving general instruction, and then leaves ample scope for the individual to exercise his judgment. Without a strong practical foundation, a religion is likely to pass into mere idealism, and cease to exercise an influence over the practical life of man. The precepts of Islām, which inculcate duties towards God and fellow-creatures, are founded upon that deep knowledge of human nature, which cannot be possessed except by the Author of that nature. They cover the whole range of the different grades in the development of man, and are thus wonderfully adapted to the requirements of different peoples. In the *Holy Qurān* are to be found golden rules for the ordinary man and for the philosopher, for the nomadic tribe and the civilised nation respectively. Practicality is the keynote of its precepts, and thus the same adaptability which marks its principles of faith, marks also its practical ordinances, suiting them to the requirements of all nations in all ages.

The verse taken from the Preface of the *Holy Qurān*, which I have quoted above, forms the nucleus of the teachings of Islām. Taken in the broadest sense, the two principles of action, mentioned in the verse, stand for the fulfilment of man's duties towards God and towards his fellow-creatures. Prayer to God is the essence of man's duties towards God. Prayer is an outpouring of the heart's sentiments, a devout aspiration towards God, and a reverential expression of

the Soul's sincere desire before its Maker. In Islām, the idea of prayer finds its highest development. Prayer, "the Key to Paradise," means the purification of the heart, which is the only way to confer with God. *Qurān* asserts: "Rehearse that which has been revealed to you by the Book, and be constant in prayer, for prayer restrains a man from that which is evil and blameworthy and the glorifying of Allah is surely a great thing" (xxix, 45). Islām, therefore, enjoins prayer as a means of moral elevation. Prayer degenerating into mere ritual, into a lifeless and vapid ceremony lacking sincerity of heart, is not the prayer enjoined by Islām; and such prayer is emphatically denounced in the following words: "Woe to the devout who is careless in his prayers, and who makes a mere show."

Among other paramount duties of Muslims, is the duty of fasting, fasting being considered "the gate of religion". Fasting, however, does not mean to refrain from food, but abstinence from all evil. In fact, abstinence from food is only a step to make a man realise that he can, in obedience to God, abstain from that which is otherwise lawful, and how much more should he refrain from the evil ways forbidden by God? Moral elevation is the object of this institution, and in the words of *Holy Qurān*: "Fasting has been enjoined to you that you may protect yourself from all evil."

The next branch of the Islāmic precepts relates to Man's duty to Man. "The person who violates his brother's right is not a believer in the Unity of God," are the explicit words of the *Holy Qurān* worthy to be written in gold.

In the first place, Islām abolishes all invidious class distinctions. "Surely the noblest among you in

the sight of Allah is *he* who is the most righteous of you," sounds a death-knell to all preferences based on rigid caste and social distinctions. Mankind is but a family in the words of the *Qurān*, which asserts: "O men, we have created you all of a male and a female, and made you tribes and families that you may know each other; . . . . . " (xlix, 13). Islām thus claims the Universal Brotherhood, which demands equal treatment for all alike, irrespective of caste, creed, and social status. Under the influence of such moral law, it is binding upon all men to behave as sons of the same Parent, so much so that Islām balances in honour and status the master and the slave equally. The following precept lays stress on this equality and the spirit of Brotherhood: "All persons in your possession are your brothers, all of you being of one human race; therefore treat them with kindness, feed them and clothe them in the same manner as you do yourselves." This universal Brotherhood was not a theory, but a dynamic practical force shown forth by the Holy Prophet and his Companions, of whom Khalif Omar's gem of equality serves as the glowing beacon of the moral sphere.

While soundly establishing equality of rights, Islām teaches the highest reverence to authority. Home is the real nursery, where the moral training of man begins, and Islām emphasises obedience to parents, in the following words of *Qurān*:

> And your Lord has commanded that you shall not serve others than God, and that to your parents you shall do good . . . . and when they reach the eve of their life, pray for them, O Lord! Have compassion on them as they have brought me up from my infancy. (xvii, 23-24).

This high reverence for parents is the basis from which springs the high moral of reverence for all

authority. *Holy Qurān* explicitly commands: "Obey God, His Apostle, and those who have established authority over you" (iv, 26). Islām literally requires all men to be humble and loyal to their superiors and elders, thus uprooting the primitive instinct of rebellion or anarchy.

Equality of rights, and the highest reverence for authority, are thus the basic principles of Muslim Society, but I cannot here enter into the vast details of the superstructure raised on this foundation. I shall touch upon the peculiar nature of the Brotherhood of Islām. Every religion, no doubt, has discoursed on Charity as a virtue, but in Islām alone has it been made obligatory and binding upon those who accept the Muslim faith. Here we have a brotherhood into which the rich man cannot enter until he devotes a part of his possessions for the depressed members of human society. Undoubtedly the rich man is not here confronted with the insuperable difficulty of the test of the camel passing through the eye of the needle, but he is subjected to a practical test which not only places him on a footing with his poor brother, but he is subjected to the imposition of a tax. Islām ordains that every man with possessions shall set apart a portion thereof, and it shall be either deposited in the State or disposed of by the Imam. The very words of *Qurān* state: "Charity is offered for the poor and needy, and it includes the redeeming of captives and those in debts . . . . ." (ix, 60). In short, *Qurān* showers in the name of God, His choicest blessings upon those deeds of charity which carve a channel for eternal bliss.

The teachings of *Holy Qurān* were not reserved in a water-tight compartment, thus restricting it to one

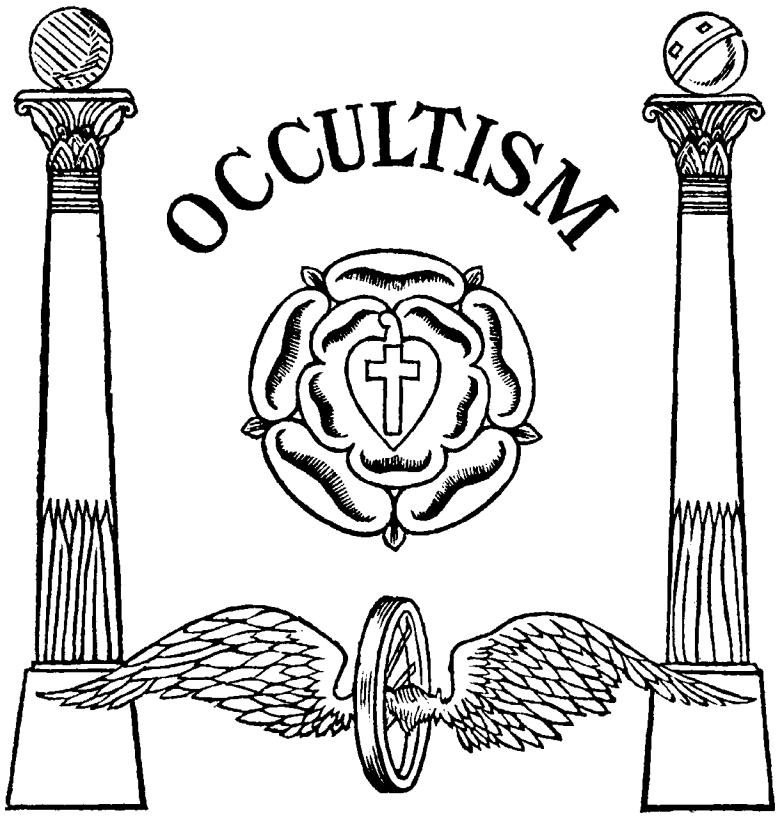
people or one age, but the scope of its moral teaching is as wide as humanity itself. It is an ever-enduring guidance to men in all stations of life—to the savage and to the wisest philosopher, to the man of business and to the recluse, to the rich and the poor alike. Accordingly, while giving varied rules of life, it accords the individual measures which are congenial and suited to his circumstances. Its tradition, a silken thread running through the pearls of morality, is a beacon-light to the less civilised and an illuminating radiance to the highly civilised and the cultured. High and idealistic moral teachings are, beyond doubt, essential for the progress of man, but those who realise the ideal go through the ordeal. But to this class do not belong the vast masses in any nation or community, however high may be its standard of civilisation. Hence, the *Qurān* expounds in a clear and explicit way the rules of guidance for all the stages through which a man has to pass in the onward march from the savage state to the highly spiritual mode of life. They cover all branches of human activity, and require the development of all the faculties of man. Islām requires the display of every quality that has been bestowed on man with but one reservation, that it shall be displayed in an appropriate way. Islām teaches Forgiveness in the following words: "Forgive when you see that Forgiveness would be conducive to good." It teaches men to display high morals under the most adverse circumstances, to be honest even when honesty is at stake, to speak the truth even when truth is hazarded, to show sympathy at the sacrifice of one's own interest, to be patient under the hardest affliction,

to be good to those who have done evil. Midway on the road to eternal success, it commands us to exhibit, while transacting our own affairs, those noble qualities which have been implanted in our nature. It does not inculcate severance from one's worldy connections; it requires men to be chaste, but not by depriving them of virility; it calls them to the service of God, but not as monks; it teaches them to be submissive, but not to lose thereby self-respect; it exhorts them to forgive, but not to acquiesce in the fault of the culprit; it allows them to exercise all rights, but not to violate those of others and, finally, it requires them to preach their religion, but in a conciliatory manner.

Last of all, but none the less important, a tradition upon which I will touch is Salvation, as taught explicitly by the *Holy Qurān*. It is that state of perfection which is indicated by what is called "the soul at rest," by which is implied that it is not only delivered from the bondage of sin, and freed from all weakness and all frailties, but that it has further attained moral perfection, and is braced with spiritual strength. The state of Salvation, as quoted from the *Holy Qurān* implies that: "They shall have no fear, nor shall they grieve." The state of Salvation does not, therefore, relate to the life after death, but is attained in this life, and the man's Salvation in the next life is according to the state of Salvation which he has attained in this life.

Thus, behind the description of happiness portrayed above, lies a deeper meaning: "O thou Soul! which art at rest, return unto thy Lord; pleased and pleasing Him, enter thou among My servants, and enter thou My garden of felicity."

Moulvi Darwesh Peer



TIME AND SPACE

By FRITZ KUNZ, M.A.

THE worlds in which at this stage of our evolution we are compelled to live are called worlds of illusion, and rightly so, by scientists and philosophers and with still greater reason by Occultists—if I may use a term which had once a grand meaning, but which has been seized upon and used in the most inapplicable fashion. The Occultist—one of sound spiritual development, and who may or may not be a psychic—standing as he does in the Spiritual worlds, looks down into the

worlds of illusion, and his dictum is profoundly true. The causes of the illusion seem to be fourfold, and therefore those who have known have called this physical world and the psychic worlds (the etheric, emotional and lower mental) the quaternal worlds. Such definitions roll splendidly from off the tongue, whether one understands them or not; it is the purpose of this discussion to give meaning to the phrase.

It is axiomatic to say that time and space are the causes of the illusion as far as the material world is concerned, and if we arrive at some understanding of their nature we strike at the root of the illusion in which we live. Time seems to be a factor of such subtlety and tenuousness that we have no means of measuring and therefore understanding it. Space, on the contrary, is easily subject to measure, but the measures themselves, being built upon space as it is understood in the material world, give results which are inaccurate. It is only when we use measures which transcend space, that is, pure mathematics, that we arrive at correct results with regard to space. Now this same pure mathematics is arriving at modes of measurement for time as well as space, and probably some Boileau will triumphantly drag down into this world for us a method whereby the "eternal now" can be treated as are points in geometry. To those interested in this the subject of quaternions will be interesting; but here we are concerned only with the elementary and non-technical parts of the subject.

Space, then, is illusory because the mind cannot comprehend it accurately in any great quantity. We are concerned at any one moment with only a very small area when our minds are undeveloped, and as we

continue to expand the mind, we include a greater and greater area or volume. Technicians such as engineers hold in their minds vast works down to minute details; an artist holds in his mind the whole of a splendid painting, when it has once flashed into the psychic worlds out of another. But the untrained mind holds only a room, or part of a room, a fraction of a single scene. Now it is because of this fragmentary nature of the mind's capacity that space is an illusion; if we could hold all space in our mental purview it would not be an illusion.

The second difficulty with regard to space is that we are fastened at one point thereof and maintain what is called, quite accurately, a *point* of view. Sitting in one's own room and reading THE THEOSOPHIST, one conceives of space as determined with reference to a line between the head and the magazine. Each of us is the centre of his own world. Now if, by an effort of the will, the mind can be made to hold two points of view at once, space, as a matter of direction at least, would be annihilated. But when we try to picture our room at one instant as we actually see it, and at the very same moment also as it appears from the other corner, the mind fails to act, and we discover that, in order to gain an approximation of the universal point of view (that is, universal consciousness), we have to employ instants of time in order to take up in rapid succession first one and then another imaginary position. In brief, we see that in the "eternal now" there is room but for one point of view at a time, and, so seeing, we arrive at the conclusion that the difficulty in grasping the nature of matter in space relations is a question of time, and the problem resolves itself into a definition of time.

Time seems merely to be the fourth dimension, but of this fourth dimension in space we conceive at one moment only a point, and the whole line is beyond the power of our realisation. This definition, I think, answers the vexed question. Time is part of space, is of the nature of space, is one of the four axes upon which the world is built, but the difference between the fourth and the other dimensions is that we realise only one point of it at one instant. This may be called a fallacious definition, since an instant is time! But all definitions of illusory things must be so. We define an inch as a twelfth of a foot; but a twelfth of a foot is an inch! The "eternal now" is an instant and an instant, I say, is a point in space; time is the fourth dimension, and it may be measured as any other.

It may be easily demonstrated that space and not time may be made transient. A man imprisoned in a cell which is constantly artificially lighted loses all sense of time. Space becomes irksome to him because he has nothing to do, just as time becomes irksome to those who have all space at their disposal but nothing to do. The gratings rust, his cell walls rot, he grows old—but this element of change is nothing more than the measure of time as well as of space—this measure we call change is a property of matter upon which the four axes or dimensions depend for their illusoriness.

We loosely think that we normally have consciousness of three dimensions, but this is a fallacy. The average brain thinks constantly in two dimensions only, itself and the object of view forming an axis not considered, since the eye is measuring only up and down and across. Only by the application of the mind do we

conceive of the third dimension, depth. Hence the value of art; it presents nature in a form where the mind is not needed, and allows the Spirit to manifest itself without hindrance. Now if the consciousness of the brain can be enlarged to hold unaided the three dimensions of space, it is likely that the application of the mind would bring into view the whole of time. This, in modern language, is the reading of the records of nature, records which exist in the physical as well as the other worlds, though more difficult to read here.

As the consciousness passes into higher states the illusions disappear. An informed man by an effort in the physical consciousness cognises three dimensions. In the psychic worlds he cognises four dimensions. In the Spiritual worlds (Upper Mental, Intuitional and Lower Spiritual) with no effort he has transcended time and space, for here they become static. In the Monadic worlds time and space are not; not only is the drama stilled, but the stage and the actors have vanished. We might picture our consciousness of events in these three or four phases in this manner: in the physical world we are like a man travelling between walls, conscious of our movement but uncertain as to what the next turning will bring forth; in the psychic worlds we are like a man on a field, who is moving, but intelligent of what he will meet; in the Spiritual worlds motion of any unit is like that of an individual in an army, ordered, safe, harmonious and rhythmic; in the Monadic worlds movement and all have disappeared.

As a concrete example of the limitation of the mind in respect to such subjects let us consider a simple and familiar matter. We can all hold in our minds the

conception of one—as *one* apple, or *one* book. This idea of positivity is natural and inherent. But if now we try to conceive of *a minus* quantity, as less-than-no-book, the brain fails to act. When we come to consider nothing or zero, the reasoning power stops acting in the physical world, and in order to conceive of less than nothing we have to think of a debt, or some other moral (or immoral!) value. A man cannot *have* less than no money; yet we constantly speak and think of debts, which are *minus* quantities and moral ones.

If, now, we represent these things by suitable numbers, an apple by $+1$, and a debt by -1, we find that we have arrived at the end of our brain's ability to grasp values. The next step in involution is to take the square root of -1, which is represented in algebraic symbology thus : $\sqrt{-1}$. Now this is beyond our conception, and it may be taken as representing time, for it is one of the four roots of 1, which are, $+1, -1, +\sqrt{-1}$ and $-\sqrt{-1}$. The first three of these come within the possible range of normal understanding, but the fourth is totally inconceivable, and unintelligible. Perhaps it is the algebraic symbol for time, just as the fourth dimension is the geometrical. However that may be, it is obvious that the old definition of these worlds as quaternal is not without foundation.

We have now sketched a geometrical and an algebraic mode of evaluating time, and there yet remains the application of this mathematical method to facts of life, to see whether it gives any clue to right action in this illusion, whether it indicates a procedure which may lift us out of the illusion.

If we assume that at some level of consciousness man is absorbed by a Being whose existence is Unity Absolute, without a shadow of division or cleavage at that level, we must assign that place to the level of the Monad. Then the Spiritual worlds (previously defined) will be represented by + 1, that is, by a number which is the square root of Unity, is itself positive, but *by inference* allows an idea of negativity. The next lowest stage of consciousness will be represented by $\sqrt{+1}$, which is + 1 and — 1, and this will be the psychic worlds. The next step in involution gives the four values, + 1, — 1, + $\sqrt{-1}$ and — $\sqrt{-1}$, and these are the four axes of the physical world, of which any three may be fully realised together with a point on the fourth. The expression of consciousness at these various levels quite conforms to the pure idea which the numbers give. For example, expression of an entity whose life is limited almost wholly to the physical worlds would be the expression of a madman, unintelligible and incomprehensible, like the value $\sqrt{-1}$, a "tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing". The expression of an entity limited to the physical and psychic worlds would be chiefly critical, negative and destructive, with bits of constructive ability fitfully showing amongst dazzling flashes of analysis.[1] This is the state of unequal opposition between *plus* and *minus* values. This is why the psychic worlds are called māyāvic, that they first give a semblance of being real and positive; but the negative lies like a serpent coiled under every blossom, as *The*

[1] It is extremely probable that as man may be cut off from the psychic worlds by the use of certain drugs, so may he also be cut off from the Spiritual worlds by certain other drugs, and so become the incarnation of destructive criticism. This is a more dangerous, because less obvious, form of madness than mere physical distemper.

Voice of the Silence puts it. Then he who had acquired spiritual development would be wholly positive, in so far as he expressed himself at all. Criticism being impossible to him, he prefers to maintain silence where he cannot indicate a wise line of action. He is a Saint or sane man because he is positive and constructive.

But the Individual who has vanished into the Monadic worlds, the man who has transcended the Spiritual, where still there was left the inferential negativity, has become a positive Power, a dynamic Force, a flashing and scintillating pure-flame Star in the flawless Crystal of Ever-Being. So great is His certitude that humanity revolts against it; knowing Himself to be a Son of God, He must give expression to the fact; and we, mad creatures that we are, crawling purblind in the dust storms of an illusory world, hating with lusty hatred that which is in our world only faintly shadowed, we, perforce, tear to pieces the form in which He clothes Himself, jealous that there should be One more Perfect and nearer to Unity than ourselves. But He, having transcended the negative, has no hatred to return, but continues to pour out the force and strength which are His heritage, continues so to do even after mad humanity has made it necessary for Him to return from this world of illusion to that abode where Time and Space sleep in the bosom of the Infinite.

Fritz Kunz

THE INNER SIDE OF THE WAR

By F. HALLETT

IT seems to me that at the present time, when so many countries are engaged in war, it is well to ask ourselves what it means, and to try to understand the inner side of this fearful upheaval of nations. For, of course, there *is* an inner side to this War, as there is to every great event which takes place in the world, if we have ears to hear its message.

We quite realise that, in the outer world, a tremendous attempt is being made by Germany for supreme dominion—an attempt which has only become possible through steadily fostering in its people the spirit of war as a national ideal, which they regard as a "moral necessity" on their part for the development of human perfection, not realising that conflict belongs to youth and peace to age.

It is evident that we must look upon this War quite differently from the manner in which we have hitherto regarded the wars of the past. So much is now involved—it is a world affair, and the magnitude of its importance we should try to grasp from the inner as well as from the outer side. It has been said that "life is formed of the hearts of men"; if we think over that we shall find it is profoundly true, and that it applies very forcibly to the present time, for the heart of the

world is being torn and rent with anguish, that it may eventually emerge stronger and nobler through the pain that it has suffered. For it is quite apparent that this is not merely a war of nations fighting for one side to win, for some to gain renown, perhaps more territory, for hearth and home and so on ; it is much more than that ; most of those fighting are doing so for an abstract principle, that of Right and Justice. This is truly a war between Good and Evil. These are essentially the opposing forces which we see ranged against each other for supremacy in this world of trouble on the fields of battle, and each one of us is either on one side or the other, exactly according to his inner attitude; for by that attitude we help either the Good Powers or the Evil. These are the Powers of Light and the Powers of Darkness to which men and women in the world of matter—by their thoughts, desires and actions—respond, helping one side or the other. These Powers are Intelligences who use us as Their agents in such measure as our inner attitude allows Them to do so. Thus, we see, the Germans, because they have made militarism (which is the spirit of unrest, of destruction) a national ideal, have allowed themselves to be used by the Dark Powers, who hope through them to gain the predominance, and so have blinded their victims to the true value of right and wrong, demoralising the German national spirit.

This is a supreme attempt which the enemies of the All-Good are making against the progress of the world. The inner side of this fight began some time ago before it was outwardly apparent, and it has been fostered and nourished by all the accumulated thoughts of hate, unholy ambition and lust of power, to which any individual may have given way even in a small

degree, all of which have contributed to this Armageddon.

It is, therefore, most important that we should understand, in order that we may do all we can at the present time, both collectively and individually, to create a thought atmosphere which will help the forces for Good and enable them eventually to drive back the Evil. It is absolutely necessary that we should do so, for it is a fact that each one can contribute in this way to the helping of the Allies when circumstances prevent active help on the physical plane.

This is a difficult thing because of its peculiar nature, for to do it effectively we must not allow one iota of hate to cast its shadow upon our souls, not even to go out to the opponents, because, if we do, as I said, it immediately adds to the power of the forces of Darkness, and that such a thing is possible is a very solemn thought for every one to ponder over. It is most difficult to keep balanced, to keep this mind of ours, which is immersed here in the world of illusion, from forgetting that the One Life lives also in those we call our opponents and, therefore, that they too are our brothers.

Naturally, we are filled with horror at the things we hear—at the cruelty, the abominable campaign of lies which has been carried on, and the dishonourable methods to which the enemy stoop in order to gain their ends—we cannot help being horrified, but for the love of God let us refrain from hate and all hate's methods.

What are we?—"Divine fragments?" Then we are essentially fragments of the Love which binds and unites and which is the urge of evolution. If, in the

shock to our mental and emotional equilibrium which this War inevitably causes, we allow the balance to weigh down on that side which is of the lower nature, we shall most certainly throw in our lot with those who are using the enemy as an instrument against the Good, even if our hate be directed against the instrument itself.

What then can we do? Let us first of all remember that not all the Germans are being used by the Powers of Darkness, that many of them are quite against this War; they did not want it and fight unwillingly and half-heartedly, not because they lack the noble spirit of patriotism, but because they are not infected in the same way as others by the ideal of war, and are therefore not being used by those Powers, although compelled by Karma through their nationality to fight on the wrong side. It is they, let us hope, who, when the War is over will carry on all that is noble in the German nation and traditions, and who will achieve such beauty in art, music, and philosophy, as belongs to the German character, and who will use their scientific talents for the promotion of true progress and well-being.

This we surely hope for, believing, as we do, in the Brotherhood of Man which is based upon our divine origin; for that which we are fighting against in the outer world is the spirit of militarism embodied in the German nation, a spirit which is contrary to harmony and beauty of life. It seems, therefore, that our attitude should be quite an impersonal one; nothing wavering, nothing weak, nothing doubting as to the right being eventually triumphant; an intense feeling of strength which, in its cumulative aspect, will be national strength, therefore, of power to overcome this evil force let loose; and an absolute trust and knowledge that the Good will

prevail; in fact, a powerful determination by each one, as a national unit on the side of Good, that the Good *shall* prevail. And this must be without giving way to the littlenesses of spiteful feeling and anger which outwardly manifest in words, and are in reality fostered by them. It is appalling to consider the extent to which that unhappy failing has lately grown; it is a serious thing, because we are in danger of undoing by it the good we may have done as a nation. If we English people allow ourselves to stoop to malicious, hateful and revengeful feelings—even towards the enemy—we are then doing a treacherous thing towards our nation because, being units of the nation, we are by such feelings lowering the standard of national purity, sullying national spirit, which every person in the Empire contributes to and helps to build up.

Thus it seems to me that we should, by every means in our power, endeavour to keep that spirit pure, and instil into others the necessity of doing so, and withholding our minds from anger, send out a strong calm determination to terminate this evil, for as an ancient Scripture says: "Hatred ceaseth not by hatred at any time, hatred ceaseth by Love."

There is a high plane—that of Godhead, where there can never be any differences at all, because all are ONE—where there is no I and My and Thine and Thee, but just Unity-in-Reality, where no personalities can come between and cause separations. Realising that, we should see that even those who appear the most undesirable, aggressive and separate from us down here, have also their home in the bosom of the ONE. Down here, in this world of strife and turmoil, that which is really Unity appears separate, and works

separately, in different bodies for the purpose of the experiences of life, and so It is thrown into all kinds of opposition with manifestations of Itself, solely that It may grow through these buffetings. They are the unreal part, although so very apparent to our personalities in this unreal work-a-day world.

All that is impermanent is unreal—therefore the forces which are troubling us so much at the present time are unreal, although permitted within bounds by the All-Good to work upon men's natures that the trouble thus engendered may draw sweetness from their souls, and that they may grow thereby. But when, as at the present time, these forces of Evil try to obtain predominance and overbalance the Good—then there must be war in the subtle world as well as in this lower world. This is what we see happening now, for there has been a vast amount of trouble in all kinds of ways on the earth for some time past. We are in what may be called a critical stage of the world's history, that is to say, we are at the end of a cycle and the beginning of a new age; we are passing between the two, and the present War seems to be a gathering-up of the forces of unrest, disruption, disharmony, separation, and egoism, in a mighty battle for power in the future. They cannot possibly gain it, but the War was inevitable, for the Peace that shall follow this storm, and which shall usher in the new age, must not be marred by the least fear of strife, because the dominant note of the new age will be Brotherhood. No longer competition, no longer each one for himself; but co-operation and a true spirit of brotherliness in all the activities of life. Therefore some of us who belong to the "Order of the Star in the East" see in this great conflagration a burning-up of

the rubbish heap of undesirable and worn-out customs and conditions, which will lead to the revolutionising of Society and thus become one of the factors in preparing the world to receive the Supreme Teacher whom, we believe, will shortly appear to help each nation to gain these new conditions and who, we are told, will help us all to realise in actuality the beauty of Brotherhood.

It must strike us as significant that the very first signs of this War brought out in a remarkable way all our latent brotherliness which, as a nation, we were submerging beneath the internal strife of party politics. Not only did a sense of Brotherhood arise amongst ourselves, but it brought us into closer and more friendly relations with other countries for mutual help; and these nations are also learning the value and fact of Brotherhood as well. In this way the War has done that which otherwise a century could not have accomplished.

Just as with ourselves, the political parties in Belgium have joined hands; what are called the Liberals and Catholics are no longer at enmity; and in Russia the effect has been remarkable. Professor Paul Vinogradoff, Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford, says in a letter to *The Times* of September 14th, 1914:

> If nothing else came of this great historical upheaval but the reconciliation of the Russians and their noble kinsmen the Poles, the sacrifices which this crisis demands would not be too great a price to pay for the result. But the hour of trial has revealed other things. It has appealed to the best elements of the Russian nation. It has brought out in a striking manner the fundamental tendency of Russian political life and the essence of Russian culture, which so many people have been unable to perceive on account of the chaff on the surface. . . . . The effort of the national struggle has dwarfed all these misunderstandings and misfortunes as in Great Britain the call of the common fatherland has dwarfed the disputes between Unionists and Home-Rulers. Russian

parties have not renounced their aspirations; but they have realised as one man that this War is not an adventure engineered by unscrupulous ambition, but a decisive struggle for independence and existence; . . . . . It is our firm conviction that the sad tale of reaction and oppression is at an end in Russia, and that our country will issue from this momentous crisis with the insight and strength required for the constructive and progressive statesmanship of which it stands in need.

This War has also knitted us with India just at the moment when the Indians were beginning to rebel against the differences of treatment which are made over there between the English and themselves; but they put aside these grievances and nobly offered to do their part in this great War, with the result that an Indian regiment has been allowed for the first time in history an equality with Europeans. This means very much to the Indians, and doubtless will be the beginning of a better future for them.

Thus we feel that this War will indeed become one of the elements which is to prepare the field of God's world for the Master's sowing, for doubtless it will be used in many ways to help the future.

We see the sad blows given to Belgium which are practically its mutilation; although we may have ideas (either right or wrong) as to the Karma which may have brought that about, we also see something beautiful ahead; for it is possible that the influx of these unhappy people into our own land, bringing with them another aspect of the Christian Faith right into our very midst, may have been designed for our mutual helping. The Roman Faith has in it much that is highly spiritual and beautiful; it has elements that we need, and can impart them to us. We have freedom of thought, which the Roman Faith lacks, but which is absolutely necessary in the evolution of the

soul; let them find that freedom through contact with ourselves, so shall both be richer and greater than before, and so can the two be united in sympathy, instead of separated by antagonism. This will also be a step towards the Great Event, for when the Master comes it is said that He will blend all religions; He will show to us how it is that fundamentally all *are* one, but that each religion as it stands alone is nothing more than one note of a mighty chord which, for perfect beauty, must be sounded as a whole—and this, too, is Brotherhood.

It seems also that amongst the many lessons which this War will teach before its close will be the awfulness of its horrors, and its damaging effect on nations and individuals; for when wholesale slaughter and the ruin of cities becomes possible upon the vast scale on which we see it now, through the powers of the intellect being degraded to contriving the deadliest instruments of destruction which the human mind can conceive, it is surely the climax, the height of these possibilities, which will turn nations in disgust from such methods of settling their quarrels and lead to Arbitration in the future, perhaps to a Federation or, even "the United States of Europe". This is what some of us believe and hope will be one of the great accomplishments of this century.

As the chief function of war is to break the bodies of a great number of those who take an active part in it, it may not be inappropriate to say a few words concerning death. We all feel it is a very solemn thing, but perhaps the soldier scarcely heeds that aspect; the excitement and the conditions in which he gives up his life take away that solemnity and make it appallingly

commonplace, and it is hardly likely that he realises such a death to be, what it is, an act of sacrifice, one of the greatest a man can be called upon to give, especially by one in the full vigour of manhood and the enjoyment of life! As we look upon it from the standpoint of this world, it is inexpressibly sad that those young lives should be blotted out. But for those who see death as a constantly recurring event in the life of the soul—that is, a continual dipping into physical life and a continual withdrawing again in order to assimilate during discarnate existence the experiences gained thereby—the sting of death is somewhat mitigated, and it assumes its rightful place in the evolution of man. Things are not so hopeless from that standpoint, not so unjust, not so awful . . . and for this reason I would speak just a little of some conditions after death as taught by Theosophy. As I said, it is a recurring event which every one of us as an immortal being has to encounter time after time.

The teachings given out by the exponents of our religion are vague upon the matter, which is a great pity, because it is of the deepest interest to every human being, as we all *have* to take that journey some time or other. The argument that we are not entitled to know, is painfully and feebly absurd! A great many positively know what is on the other side of death. If the wisdom of God saw fit to withhold this, or any other knowledge, because it would not be good for us, do you think we should by any sort of means gain it? It is impossible! As a matter of fact, there is much that most of us are not yet, ready to know and there is not the slightest fear that such knowledge will ever leak out for any one of us until the appointed time.

When I say that some know what is on the other side of death, I am not referring to spiritualism. Theosophy teaches that it is undesirable and wrong to bring back the dead, as it retards spiritual growth. What some have been able to do is to "grow their own wings," that is to say, to consciously leave the body and investigate that realm of the dead, and become quite as familiar with it as they are with this physical world, and then bring back the knowledge so obtained into the brain consciousness. Theosophy, therefore, is particularly definite as to what happens after death, and I wish to speak a little as to what it says of the next world and its relation to those who die in battle. It is in reality a purgatorial state with seven divisions, the two lowest belonging to the consciousness exceedingly coarse and terrible; only the very worst specimens of humanity could ever be confined to those regions, in fact, I think it is unusual for human beings to be found on the lowest division at all. The third is rather an unpleasant region, for the discarnate beings living therein have certain undesirable characteristics which need eliminating before they can pass on to the higher divisions. The fourth level is said to be the first upon which "existence is altogether based upon the sensation of happiness, though its experiences are themselves subject to very great variety. The higher regions are again all conditions in which happiness is the background of consciousness," but varying according to the different mental and moral attributes of those whose consciousness is confined to them.

Perhaps it hardly occurs to most people that there is a special purpose, a special design and a very merciful one, in sending us out of the world by sickness

and by old age. Let us look for a moment at the different stages of our life here—childhood, youth, manhood and old age. What do they mean to the individual? Childhood is the period when the immortal man within is learning to master his newly made vehicle for expression in this world. He is learning to use it and to store its brain with the knowledge which he gains. Youth, as we know, is an intermediate stage, an advance on the previous one and a time when the body, which has become more or less obedient to its master, is specially trained in healthy exercises that he may be strong for future work—and "pleasure rules the hour"; from this time up to maturity the man is thoroughly immersed in the interests of this world of matter, and in all its enjoyments and troubles. In manhood begins the serious work of the life, the special purpose for which the Ego came into this particular incarnation, by that work to learn and to grow. After the time when the highest point of physical health and strength is reached, which we call maturity, the Ego, that is the Man himself, begins to withdraw His life-forces. Hitherto he has been putting himself outwards into the life of the body; hence, like a fruit, it becomes riper and riper until the stage of perfection for that particular body is reached; then comes an important period which is said to be the most important in the life-cycle of a man, when the Ego no longer puts himself outwards but begins to withdraw; this has the effect of making the strength and force of the body less and less, so that the pleasures of the world are not able to hold it as they used to do. Instead of that, the life becomes more and more mental instead of sensational, and the body,

receiving less of that life-force, becomes more and more feeble; this we call old age. Finally the Ego leaves it altogether and the body is dead. You will have gathered from what I have just said that old age is practically a weaning from earth and earth's interests. A long illness has the same effect—any illness, in fact, but a long illness particularly. If the body which any person is wearing is ordained to die whilst it is still young, then a long illness takes the place of that which old age accomplishes in an older person, that is, it makes a kind of preparation for death, by taking the desires away from the world and fixing them on higher things. This carries the person at death to better conditions than he would have had if he had died in the strength and vigour of manhood and the swirl of worldly interests. For what we call death is only the dropping of the physical body; it brings no sudden change of character, as some people seem to imagine; a person is exactly the same the day after death as he was the day before, only minus the dense body. Therefore one can understand that those whose thoughts and desires are entirely in worldly interests, will, when the body has gone, be naturally drawn to the particular division of the next world which is appropriate to such desires, until they are worn out and the man is able to rise into better conditions, and so on up the scale to the highest division. Every one of us has matter in our subtle bodies which does not accord with the higher divisions of the next world, and which, were we suddenly taken from this life, would have to be worn out in the division to which it belongs. It is this fact, although now not understood, which makes the Church pray for us to be delivered from sudden death.

In connection with this, Mr. Sinnett has given us some interesting information concerning those who die in battle, and the compensation (if it be a compensation, for of course it follows a law, the law of sacrifice) which is accorded to the man who gives up his life in such a way. He says:

> Every one who has suffered the grief of hearing that some one beloved has been killed, will be eager to know how such a death affects the person passing on, when he awakens on the astral plane. The effect is very remarkable and definite. Practically every one engaged in the War on our side, is animated by the full conviction that he is fighting for the Right. He goes into the fighting line knowing quite well that his life is at stake, but willing to sacrifice it if need be, not merely, as the common phrase goes, for King and Country, but for the sacred principle of Good at war with Evil. A life-sacrifice accomplished under those conditions, has a wonderful effect on the astral plane. Of course it would be ridiculous to assume that every man killed under those conditions, is normally, by virtue of the characteristics of his life so far, exempt from the failings which, had he passed away under ordinary conditions, might have kept him for a time on the lower levels of the next world. But the life-sacrifice accomplished on the battle-field with the surrounding emotion above described, has the effect of sweeping out of the astral vehicle all the lower orders of matter that would otherwise have entangled the personality in lower conditions. He is ready for a more or less immediate transfer to happy levels of the fourth sub-plane. It is true that for a little while he is immersed in a mental atmosphere of such bewildering excitement that he does not know where he is. His astral aura is in such a whirl that it makes a sort of shell round him, within which he has the delusion of being still in the midst of the fighting. But that whirl can be arrested, that shell can be broken up, by those who with larger experience are busily engaged in doing relief work on the astral plane. And in doing such work their energies are reinforced by those who, from this plane, devote their *thoughts* in a systematic manner to the task of liberating astral friends whose progress may be retarded in the way I have described.

It is very important that people should study and understand the conditions after death, and act upon the knowledge thus gained; for a great deal of pain and trouble would be saved thereby, as only those who

give up their life in a sacrificial act are able to blot out that which would otherwise keep them tied in a lower division and thus deterred from quickly passing on.

Therefore, whichever way we look at it, we see in this War an agent which is to act as a purifying element, both on this and the other side of death, and also to be a factor in helping to prepare the world for the Master's Coming, if only we will do our share in stemming the tide of antagonism, and bringing harmony wherever we go. For it is arousing the careless, it is making the selfish think of others, it is inspiring the unselfish to sacrifice themselves, it is quickening everything—it is as the vitalising breath from a furnace passing over the world and forcing a sluggish growth!

If we have hitherto shut our eyes to the importance of the times in which we live, it is impossible to do so now; for no one can be inert or thoughtless, or selfish any more; we are compelled to awaken, and virility must take the place of inertia, and sacrifice of selfishness. Thus may the Master's message of Brotherhood fall on fertile ground and build up a better civilisation in the future.

F. Hallett

THE CHOSEN ONE

By M. ROCKE

AS the foil for the beauty, as the night for the stars, as the levelled sand for the waves, as the mine for the diamond, as the scabbard for the sword—so is the chosen one to the Chooser.

Great he must be, one who is above his fellows, fit to be the setting for the Jewel, and yet in colour so subdued, so unobtrusive that even the beauty of the Gem is enhanced by the comparison—if, indeed, aught could add to the Divine Beauty.

One only out of many choice ones could play such a part as does the chosen of the Lord. It is to be even now, from time to time, tuned to the One to come, filled with His influence, the shining sea flooding the dew-drop —One only in whom intellect is overshadowed by the greater and diviner intuition.

We long to see a Master. Should we know Him? We look for brilliant intellectual domination, pronounced individuality, sparkling genius; that which is arresting, stimulating, striking. But deep calleth unto deep and the Chooser selects His likeness.

It is the dew-drop, crystal-pure and achromatic, which is ready to reflect the sun—colourless as is the prism, focussing all colours equally, but ready to flash into rainbow radiance at contact of the sun. Not

characterless, but selfless. As is the master-touch unrecognised by many, who fail to see in that which is so effortless the genius of accomplishment.

One only with the power of utter selflessness could be taken for such high service, otherwise must the Supreme Force shatter or disastrously elate. One only with a bigness beyond that of others, would be big enough to bear the strain; One only with a strong humility, else would the greatness of the destiny to come over-power with despair in time of stress; One only whose "life is hid with Christ in God".

As the background for the picture, the rails for the train, the channel for the river, the sky for the sunrise, the clouds for the rainbow, the vacuum for the air—as the rod for the lightning, as the accompaniment for the voice, so is the chosen one to the Chooser.

Serenity, silence, the inner vision, and the courtesy of a rare gentleness are His signs. We, who are lesser chosen ones, in that we are living in these days which shall see His appearing, were wise to imitate the Chosen One, as we too prepare for the coming of the Great Chooser.

M. Rocke

THE GHOST OF HIRAM-BARKER

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of *Flower of the Snow, The Vengeance of Miné, The Coming of the Boats, The Wooing of Sam Clutterbuck,* etc.)

I

WE had always been interested in Max Dudley at the club, and yet, had we been asked to explain our interest in him, we should have found it extremely difficult to offer anything like a reasonable explanation of our partiality for him. Dudley was not exactly a sociable man. There were days when he buried himself behind a newspaper and never spoke a word; but even at such times we were conscious of his very marked personality. He possessed extraordinary piercing grey eyes, and once having seen those eyes it was impossible to forget them. They had a way of looking through you—cold, steady, grey fires that seemed to plumb the depths of your being. There was, in short, a magnetic attraction about Dudley. His will was dominant, and there was never any truckling to those flattering courtesies under which lesser men sought shelter. We often talked about him in the club. We wondered if his almost perpetual melancholy was the result of some unfortunate love-affair. It was certainly difficult to imagine Dudley falling in love, but

it might have been possible years ago. Though we discussed him frequently, he remained to the last an enigma to which we could find no key. One or two of the more daring members had tried to pump him. But they came away from the ordeal sick with some indefinable dread. There was some curious magic about those eyes of his. They read others, but never yielded up any secrets of their own.

One night Dudley came into the club. His face was more pallid than usual. There was a slight nervousness about him which we had not observed before. He sat down in a big red chair. I remember that we stopped talking when he came into the room. We were expecting something, but we did not know what. The clock ticked, a coal fell from the fire, some one coughed.

"Well, I suppose we can talk," said Malcom presently. "What are we waiting for?"

No one answered him. We were all watching Dudley, his thin, white hands stretched out on either leg and his head thrown well back.

Suddenly Dudley leant forward. "I don't often inflict a story upon you fellows," he said in his slow, precise way, "but I'm going to tell you rather a strange yarn to-night."

The tension was at an end. We breathed again as we murmured our thanks.

II

"I must tell the story in my own way," said Dudley. "I shan't deviate more than I can help, but I must trouble you with a short preamble, a few preliminaries before I begin the story itself.

"I suppose the majority of you fellows are materialists. If you consider the spirit-world at all, you do so with a very big grain of salt. It's something vague, intangible, something that you never allow to interfere with your business. You live in this world and regard another world as quite possible, even desirable, but nevertheless a world that does not possess the vital importance of this one. I don't blame you for being materialists, half-hearted materialists. You can't help it, because you haven't realised the latent power that is in you, the search-light that might, if you possessed the necessary knowledge, be turned upon those forces that seem to you to be connected with the miraculous, but are in reality not supernatural but supernormal. Spiritualism has been connected with a good deal of charlatanism simply because professional mediums are expected to produce spirit phenomena. Now spirit phenomena should never be presented in exchange for cash. A good deal of rot goes on in the séance-room—dummy hands and arms, drapery, perfume-sprays, and various pneumatic appliances. But there is something valuable connected with spiritualism. It isn't all table-turning, talks with a dead grandmother, and high falutin'. I have always been interested in the occult. It's part and parcel of my temperament. Had I lived in the old days I should assuredly have been burnt. As I happen to live in the twentieth century, I am permitted to go scot-free, and even to have the privilege of sitting in this club and chatting about it.

"My sister, Margaret, was at one time engaged to John Hiram-Barker. I had always disliked the man, and my dislike, as it turned out afterwards, was well founded. Without wishing to go too fully into the

matter, I must explain that for certain reasons the engagement was broken off. Margaret was well rid of of the man in my opinion; she was blind to his most palpable faults. She could never see that the man had been trifling with her affections, and that it was a dastardly game without rules which he had been playing nearly all his life. From the moment I discovered what manner of scoundrel Hiram-Barker was, I was fully resolved on vengeance of some kind. Every day Margaret's silent sorrow fanned my desire to administer something more terrifying than a horse-whipping to one who had wrecked and blighted my sister's life. Only those who are mealy-mouthed will tell you, with a simper, that vengeance is not sweet. It is sweet sometimes, for there are occasions when we must strike a blow, when we must tear up, root and branch, evil with evil. I am not the kind of man who will take an injury quietly, and almost apologise for the injury itself. Not a bit of it! I make my plans; I go slow; I wait; but in the end I get the blow home.

"Well, I was resolved on vengeance, but on what kind of vengeance I did not determine all at once. I brooded over the matter for several days. Then suddenly I had an inspiration. I would put my occult knowledge to practical use and risk the consequences. You will say: Why didn't you resort to more ordinary, more tangible, methods? My answer is, like the answer of certain politicians: Wait and see!

III

"Just before the Christmas of 1890 I wrote to Hiram-Barker asking him to spend a few days with us. In the ordinary way it would have been worse than

useless to have written to him. In the ordinary way he would have very properly refused the invitation, for at Christmas, of all times of the year, we do not seek out unpleasant, and perhaps disastrous, situations.

"Have you ever tried to make a stranger look at you in a theatre, in a street, anywhere? It is a simple, elementary experiment well worth trying, and it will be successful in the majority of cases, provided you have the power of concentration. You must believe in yourself as you believe in nothing else, and then a great many things suddenly become possible that were impossible before. It is child's play to make anyone look at me, to make them perform certain actions, to read their thoughts. When I wrote to Dudley my invitation was really a command that he had not the strength of will to resist. The letter was a stout chain, and even while I was writing it I knew that it was slowly but surely pulling my victim toward me.

"Hiram-Barker arrived late on Christmas Eve, and Margaret had gone to bed. He was shown into my smoking-room, where, I remember, I was poring over a book. I could see at a glance that the man meant to bluff it.

"'Well, Dudley,' he said rushing forward in his beastly breezy way, 'nice to see you again. Margaret all right? I'm afraid I messed things up rather—eh, what? You're looking awfully fit, a bit stouter than you used to be. Seems funny to be down here for Christmas. Had to come, somehow. Couldn't resist it. Are we going to let bygones be bygones, and . . . er . . . have goodwill and all the rest of it that happens to be friendly and seasonable?'

"'You can take a chair, Barker,' I said, 'and when you've taken it, it would be, perhaps, as well to understand each other before we go any further.'

"'Oh, certainly,' replied Barker. 'Anything you like, my dear chap. But if you'll allow me to say so, you're confoundedly serious.'

"I told Barker that I had never been so serious in my life before. I saw him struggling to be genial, facetious. I saw him trying his utmost to conceal his real feelings, his dread of me.

"'Do you know, Dudley,' he said at last, 'you're rather a queer sort of fellow. You don't mix enough with others. You're getting too introspective and just a trifle uncanny. Yes, that's it, uncanny. I hope you don't bear me malice over the affair with Margaret. If it's a question of making it up, why. . . .'

"'No,' I replied quietly, 'don't make any mistake on that point. It certainly isn't a question of making it up. Margaret is to be heartily congratulated on not having the misfortune to marry you.'

"Hiram-Barker winced at that. He had a retort ready, but he knew better than to give it utterance just then. He knew that he was dealing with an enemy, and that it was his best policy to keep calm and play his cards carefully.

"'Don't you think,' said Barker after a pause, 'that you could run to a ghost story? They're awfully fashionable just now. Scarcely a Christmas number without one. Start off something like this: It was a dark winter's night, and the wind howled horribly round the ancient walls of Spook Castle. . . .'

"'I'll trouble you to keep your mouth shut for a few minutes,' I said. 'You'll not want a ghost story when I've finished with you!'

"I then placed a piece of note-paper upon the table.

"'It is possible for me,' I said, 'to make that paper move perceptibly by simply concentrating my will upon it.'

"'Indeed!' exclaimed Barker. 'Then you don't want to borrow my watch or hat for the present? I hope, however, to see before long two kicking rabbits in either hand, coils of coloured paper round your feet, to say nothing of a bowl of goldfish. Fire away, Dudley, and for Heaven's sake, *talk*! No conjuror can perform a trick without considerable gagging. It's all part of the business.'

"I took no notice of Barker's remarks, but confined my attention to the paper on the table. Five minutes, ten minutes went by; then the paper moved across the table-cloth.

"The experiment, simple as it was, impressed Barker. I saw him staring stupidly at the paper.

"'Awfully clever,' he said at last. 'Can't think how you do it. But do you mind switching off on to something else? My nerves are a bit shaky to-night.'

"Then it was that I told Barker why I had invited him down, and what I proposed to do to him. When I informed him that I intended to draw his soul from his body, his eyes protruded, his jaw dropped. He sat before me a huddled heap of a man, protesting feebly, waving his hands about as if to ward off a blow. I explained to Barker that when the soul is driven from the body, it is attached to its material case by a thin, ethereal cord, which, if broken, would cause instantaneous death. It was this reference to the cord that affected Barker most deeply. His head suddenly shot

forward. I saw his facial muscles twitch, a dry tongue dart out and lick the parched lips.

"I touched an electric button. A small disc began to revolve briskly, and it was placed in such a position that a spot of light played intermittently upon it.

"'Has your experiment anything to do with Margaret?' groaned Barker, keeping his eyes almost unconsciously fixed upon the revolving disc.

"'Yes, it has,' I said hotly. 'You have wronged the best woman in the world, whose only mistake was that she loved, and still loves, a man wholly unworthy of her. No, don't interrupt. I have not finished yet. My sister's future is at stake. Yours shall be at stake now. I shall have your ghost to play with, just as you played with Margaret's heart—and I shall play with it! I could almost break that thin white cord and send you forth to answer God's reckoning! But I shall not break it. I must not.... I see you are attracted by that little disc over there. You may be surprised to learn that you cannot withdraw your eyes!'

"Hiram-Barker tried, but completely failed to do so. It held him as a snake's eye holds a sparrow. He cursed under his breath. Sweat poured down his face. He sobbed like a child. He begged for mercy. He groaned. Still the disc went on revolving, and still the electric light fell upon it. Barker gave one convulsive movement, and then lay still in his chair.

"Now, when Barker was in a light hypnotic trance, I went over to him. I placed my hands about an eighth of an inch from the top of his head, and drew them slowly down over his face to the middle of his body, and then sharply turned my palms outward. This pass I continued for something like twenty

minutes, and by that time Barker was in a state of unconsciousness infinitely deeper and more potent than sleep. At last, being clairvoyant, I could see the aura round Barker's body. I could see dark and luminous lines intersecting each other in the form of a series of waves. An hour went by, and still I made the passes I have described to you. I never faltered. I never grew weary. Vengeance, however morbid you may regard my interpretation of it, sustained me. I was performing a great psychological feat. I was about to play with the ghost of an enemy.

"Suddenly the aura, that had been continually thickening with my passes, broke, and stood, a pale, phosphorescent glow on either side of Barker's body. Gradually these clouds, I can think of no other name for them, grew more distinct. Then they united, and I saw, faintly at first, an exact replica of Barker. It was Hiram-Barker's ghost !

"I watched the ghost glide about the room in frantic despair, I saw, what no one likes to see, the utter rottenness of a contemptible man. That figure, gesticulating wildly, seemed to understand everything I said, and I talked a good deal, straight talk that went home. I learnt in that moment what torture can mean. I learnt what it is to know another man's soul through and through. The thin white cord, that seemed capable of infinite expansion, fascinated me. One touch and it would be all over for Hiram-Barker—just one touch. But I only gazed at the thin white cord. I did not break it.

"As I stood in the room I heard people singing carols outside. Then the town clock struck midnight, and I prepared to retire to rest, 'Good night,

Hiram-Barker. You'll come to presently,' I said, as I walked softly out of the room.

"Margaret told me afterwards that very early on that Christmas morning she awoke with an almost overpowering impression that Hiram-Barker was in her room. She turned on the electric light, but there was no one there, at least she could see no one. Every moment, however, Margaret grew more conscious of his nearness to her. It seemed that he was calling to her, that he was in the gravest danger and distress. She put on her dressing-gown, and her first thought was to call me. I wish with all my heart that she had done so. She felt, however, strongly influenced to go downstairs and into the smoking-room. She answered that strange suggestion.

"When she arrived at the smoking-room door, she paused, and held the handle in her hand for a long time without turning it. Then, suddenly her blood ran cold. Some one, something, was slowly turning the handle on the other side of the door! She was too frightened to run away. She seemed rooted to the spot. Then the door opened, but no one greeted her horrified gaze. She looked timidly into the room and saw Hiram-Barker sitting in a chair, apparently fast asleep. The sight awakened old memories. It was almost a relief to see Barker, the man she still loved, poor child, sitting in that chair. Had she been able to see his ghost, it would have been a very different matter, but fortunately, or unfortunately, she could see no such thing.

"All fear left Margaret now. She came into the room and sat down on a big dump in front of the still glowing fire. As she looked at the embers, she told me that a sense of peace seemed to possess her. And

so, however reprehensible it may have been, my sister gave herself up to reverie—romantic, dreamy reverie.

"My sister confessed to me that she rose from her seat and broke off a piece of mistletoe. 'It is Christmas to-day,' she said. 'He sleeps. He cannot know.' Then Margaret—poor girl, don't think harshly of her—leaned forward and kissed him.

"Margaret re-seated herself on the dump. The red glow of the fire must have shone upon her as she continued her reverie. Had she looked behind her, she would have seen Barker's lips moving in an effort to speak. Presently he made a slight sound. Margaret turned round.

"'What is it?' she inquired gently.

"'I love you, Margaret' said Barker. 'Love has come now. Can you . . . can you forgive me?'

"My sister was under the impression that he was talking in his sleep, but the words were sweet to her, and she answered: 'Yes, dear, I forgive you, because I have always forgiven you, and always loved you—always.'

"I am not quite sure what Barker said then, but I think he replied: 'It is very wonderful. Thank you. I understand. . . Margaret. . . . Margaret. . . .'

"At that moment I must have been dimly conscious of what was taking place. I got up hastily, went downstairs, and entered the smoking-room.

"'Margaret,' I said quietly, 'kindly go to bed at once. I will speak to you about this matter later on.'

"In coming forward to give Margaret my hand, I slipped back a little. The thin white cord was broken. A tremor passed over the body in the chair.

"'Well, Margaret,' I said, 'what is it? Why do you wait?'

"'Because I believe that something very sweet and wonderful has happened. I believe that Mr. Hiram-Barker loves me now,' said Margaret softly.

"'Something very wonderful has happened,' I said. 'Barker is dead. I killed him a moment ago!'

"'Dead? You killed him?' was all poor Margaret could say in the agony of her grief as she left me and blindly rushed to her room."

* * * * *

There was silence in the club for some time. Then, one by one, we murmured our thanks, and then grew confused as we watched Dudley. He was half concealed behind a newspaper, over which tobacco-smoke was rising.

"Hello?" he said sharply, bringing down the paper with a jerk. Did I hear some one say 'Thanks'? Thanks for what?"

"For your story," we said.

"Story?" snapped Dudley. "Story? Why I've been reading for the last hour. I haven't spoken a word. I never tell yarns."

* * * * *

Dudley is dead now. He was the queerest and most interesting man we had in the club, but from that day to this he has remained an insoluble riddle.

F. Hadland Davis

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

The peculiar positions you hold, and the great veneration in which you are held, make it very difficult for me to write anything that will appear to offer open opposition to you, and I would not be found doing so were it not that I feel the force of an inner compulsion urging me to do so. I have read your notes on the present War with infinite regret and feel that to keep silent and not protest to the uttermost would be to prove myself a traitor to all you have taught me, and to be little better than a hypocrite. There is, indeed, much that you have said and done in recent years that it has been impossible to agree with or see any reason in, yet in most cases it has been possible to keep silence because of the conviction that the true inwardness of Theosophy was a spirituality that would come victorious through even the severe strain you were placing upon it, to keep silence when strongly convinced that your actions and conduct imperilled and belittled the T.S. and its neutrality on questions of religion and politics. But this present utterance is so utterly opposed to all that you have taught and written in the past, so utterly opposed to Theosophy and Brotherhood, so utterly opposed to the calm and lofty altitude usually associated with persons of spiritual development, that I am shocked and outraged at it, the more so as a journal of international circulation, of philosophic trend, is made the channel through which it is given to the world. In the past you have not hesitated to express an opinion of Mr. Lloyd George that was not flattering, but you have not now hesitated to emulate his worst offence and have out-Limehoused Limehouse. It would seem that the splendidly tactful, but scathingly severe, rebuke so recently administered by Mr. Johan van Manen has passed over you without any effect.

You have in the past opened to us the splendid teaching of the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*, the message of which is impersonal fighting, the burden of which is the necessity of conducting our lives according to the true inwardness of Ḍharma, yet you deny and negate your message in language but little removed from Billingsgate. You, who have been our teacher, you at least might have realised that Theosophy is not for any nation or group of nations, but *for all*, the Rhineland children as well as the splendid and heroic Belgians. Have you not taught us that war is after all a great instrument in the hands of the Guardians of Humanity, and could you not trust Them to bring out of this most evil cause a result better than mere human prescience could have perceived, without the necessity of your writing to inflame passions and stir up hatred, strife and anger? The message of Theosophy has hitherto been one of Peace and Unity—you have made it one of hatred and war, and I wonder if you realise what you have done and what the consequences must be?

I am a very obscure Theosophist, yet for ten years I have given of my best to spread the message of Theosophy, not without some measure of success, and I do not wish to, and will not, stand by without protest when you deliberately destroy the old landmarks and ancient ideals. I am loyal to the core, I have to do my share of providing for the success of the arms of my people, but I demand that Theosophy should be kept above the dust of conflict, to be ready to do its splendid work of rebuilding when the present hideousness of life is swept away. This War will provide an opportunity, when it is finished, for each one of us to do some of the work of rebuilding Society on better lines, but if it is drawn into personal expressions such as you give us in the "Watch Tower," the T.S. will, as a body, forfeit its high place as an overseer and Master Builder. And then, perhaps, you will realise in fact what you have taught in speech, the all-embracingness of Karma: the words of the Christ apply to the German Emperor, yourself and Judas Iscariot: "the Son of Man indeed goeth as it is written of Him, but woe unto him by whom the Son of Man is betrayed."

Melbourne J. M. M. PRENTICE

REVIEWS

What We Shall Teach, by C. Jinarajadasa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price As. 12 or 1s. or 25c. Leather Edition Rs. 2 or 2s. 6d. or 65c.)

This little book is perhaps more full of charm than any other that the author has written, with the exception of *Christ and Buddha*. In *What We Shall Teach*, the reader is at once brought into harmony with the prevailing thought, by reason of the singular beauty and melodious rhythm of the language. For in the language itself pulsates some of the life that inspired the thought, so that we feel in this tiny volume the One Lover speaking to us. For to see the One Lover—men call Him, "God" "Logos," what matter the name—in everything is what we must all learn, and that in order to teach.

All men, whatever their creed are returning to the One Lover from whom they came. But their journey back to Him may be swift or slow. It shall be your joy and mine to teach them the swift road. And we shall teach them that as they apply Love's Touchstone to all that they are and shall do, their journey shall be swift, with ever increasing speed.

So we must learn, in order to teach, the three great truths of "Love that is Strength," "Beauty that is Joy," "Action that is Life". And at whatever stage of evolution, however humble, we are we may discern the One Lover. "This is a part of the mystery of His loving that He smiles on them wherever they are." We must see the love of the One Lover in all that is, the beauty that because it is His, exists in all things, even in Hell; "for there is no thought which the One Lover does not think, no feeling which He does not feel, and He suffers with us when hell is our lot". And His Beauty and Love may best be known by drawing nearer, and becoming more at one with Him.

Through action that is sacrifice comes life to love that is strength and to beauty that is joy.

This is the way for all to tread, the path the One Lover has made for His Beloved.

This is the third truth that you and I will teach, in His Name.

So, having read, having, as it were, sensed in a measure the Love and Beauty and Sacrifice of the One Lover, discovered to us throughout a few brief pages, we put down the book. How much we have still to learn ere we can teach.

T. L. C.

Varieties of Psychism, by J. I. Wedgwood. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 35c.)

In such a swirl of vague unclassified information concerning things psychic do we live to-day, that Mr. Wedgwood's small manual, going into these matters in detail and arranging them with scientific clarity in their proper departments in natural evolution, should be of untold value as a guide to the student. Though small, the book is extremely lucid and briefly covers more or less the whole ground of a big subject. For, as he tells us, he is but dealing with "the alphabet of a vast Science" which contains in it "the promise of the future of a race".

The first half of the book is mainly devoted to the subject of lower forms of psychism and mediumship. The lower psychism the author describes as "the extreme left wing of negativity" and a relic of man's earlier evolution, whereas the higher psychism is "the extreme right wing of positivity" and "its significant feature is that it succeeds upon, and does not precede, the growth of intelligence". The difference between involuntary psychism and mediumship is interesting, as also novel. "The general principle is that the medium yields himself to excarnate (or even incarnate) entities, whereas the psychic is one able to establish communication with the invisible worlds in virtue of his own faculties."

The second half of the book deals with higher, or what one might call, true psychism, and particularly fascinating is the chapter on 'The Psychology of Psychics,' showing how they are ultra-sensitive in nature, susceptible to varying influences, and often subject to illusion and glamour. True psychism,

we are made to understand, is due to spiritual activity in the psychic nature and is primarily spiritual,; although dangerous if wrongly handled, it bestows on the man who has it in full control a greater power of usefulness to mankind.

D. M. C.

Patanjali for Western Readers, by Daniel R. Stephen, M. A. (Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 6d.)

An excellent little book which should be in the hands of all Theosophists, and of others who wish to make a study and practice of these Yoga aphorisms. It is clearly written, and the meaning of each aphorism is brought out without superfluous elaboration. Its value is not in any sense depreciated because the author, in his preface, is wise enough and modest enough to advise students to buy three or four versions of *Patanjali*, and from a study of them all to write out a version of his own.

A. E. A.

The True Mystic, by the Rev. Holden E. Sampson. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This book contains a series of lectures on Mysticism. The author in his preface disarms criticism "on the sketchiness" of his work by a perfectly legitimate apology. The magnitude of the task he has set himself, and the inherent difficulties of the subject necessarily would tend to a certain jerkiness in style, and possibly also to the somewhat dogmatic statements, without any evidence adduced to prove them, which are to be found frequently throughout this volume.

Mr. Sampson perceives in the true Mystic four tokens, although these are not always uniformly present. These are: Asceticism, Ekstasis, Initiation, Intuition. "There are certain tokens and criteria of the Mystic impossible to define in words and other tokens impermissible to speak of."

The history of Mysticism is briefly traced from ancient times up to the present day, but a great many of the statements made in this account might easily be challenged. One interesting passage occurs in the account of Alexander the Great, the

dream of whose life was, according to our author, "the notable one of uniting corporately the Mystical schools of the East and the West".

> But on his great expedition to the conquest of India he died; and so his great dream was unfulfilled. Yet it was a true dream and the time of its fulfilment was not yet. It still awaits it, and in the present day, the British occupation of India, the open water-way and land-way, and the free intercourse between Orient and Occident, have prepared the way for this dream of Mystical unity between the Mystery-Religion of the East and the Mystery-Religion of the West.

Space forbids a discussion as to the author's views of Initiation, and on the theory he holds as to the Historical and Mystical Christ. He is a great supporter of the Gnostics, and in these later days speaks kindly of the Theosophical Society, which, he tells us, is an "upward movement, has revived many truths of cosmical significance, and has rescued many souls from the downward drift into infidelity and irreligion".

Mr. Sampson claims that the substance of his work came from intuitive and mystical sources. To him therefore his statements must be conclusive, but each reader must exercise his own intuition as to their value.

The True Mystic is somewhat in the nature of a textbook to the subject of Mysticism, which the author has treated more extensively in other volumes. It should prove interesting to many readers who come into touch with such ideas for the first time, while to older students there are many points which will atone for the essentially fragmentary character of the book.

T. L. C.

The Progress of Sydney Lawrence, by Miles Wanliss. (G. C. Fifield, 13 Cliffords Inn, London, E.C. Price 6s. net.)

The Progress of Sydney Lawrence by a new Theosophical writer—as we read the last four words of the publishers' notice, a mild thrill of excitement passed through us. Perhaps this, at last, was *the* Theosophical novel which we are always looking for. But alas for hopes! the first few paragraphs are disappointing, and the last pages bring the full conviction that the epoch-making book is not to be sought for in this quarter.

The plot, if indeed there can be said to be any plot at all, is very obvious, very weak and very commonplace; and there is a marked ignorance of "Society" of the rank to which the heroine is supposed to belong. The book is meant to be bright and amusing, but the wit is of a superficial character, and vulgarisms frequently fall from lips to which they would in the nature of things generally and of art in particular, ever, be strangers.

On the other hand, the author has a decided talent for characterisation; the dialogue, so often a pitfall for the beginner, is not stilted, and there is a feeling for psychological values which is well worth cultivating. We would advise him (?) to study *men* and their way of looking at things more; the style is altogether too feminine.

The story is briefly this: Sydney Lawrence, a self-centred neurotic girl, desires to renounce marriage and devote her life to the cultivation of her mental and spiritual faculties, but is taught through the experiences arising out of a very ordinary love affair that all love is one—human and divine. The theme is neither new nor distinctly Theosophical; indeed we must admit that we have failed to find anything all through which can by any stretch of the imagination be called Theosophy. In spite of its obvious defects, we may say the book is neither better nor worse than hundreds of others, which find a ready sale with an indiscriminating and unexacting public.

A. E. A.

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The Theosophical Society was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1905. It is an absolutely unsectarian body of seekers after Truth, striving to serve humanity on spiritual lines, and therefore endeavouring to check materialism and revive religious tendency. Its three declared objects are:

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

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

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

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is composed of students, belonging to any religion in the world or to none, who are united by their approval of the above objects, by their wish to remove religious antagonisms and to draw together men of good will, whatsoever their religious opinions, and by their desire to study religious truths and to share the results of their studies with others. Their bond of union is not the profession of a common belief, but a common search and aspiration for Truth. They hold that Truth should be sought by study, by reflection, by purity of life, by devotion to high ideals, and they regard Truth as a prize to be striven for, not as a dogma to be imposed by authority. They consider that belief should be the result of individual study or intuition, and not its antecedent, and should rest on knowledge, not on assertion. They extend tolerance to all, even to the intolerant, not as a privilege they bestow, but as a duty they perform, and they seek to remove ignorance, not to punish it. They see every religion as an expression of the Divine Wisdom, and prefer its study to its condemnation, and its practice to proselytism. Peace is their watchword, as Truth is their aim.

THEOSOPHY is the body of truths which forms the basis of all religions, and which cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of any. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and which demonstrates the justice and the love which guide its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place, as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway of a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the Science of the Spirit, teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition.

Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavour to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high, and to work perseveringly, is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

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ADYAR,
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CIRCULAR, MARCH 1915

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