

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER year of our Magazine lies behind us—a very stormy year. For me it has been the most painful year of my life, one of practically unbroken suffering, continuing a previous ten months of pain. From January to October 1912, the most cruel slanders against my elder ward were circulated broadcast over the whole world; in October 1912, the suit was begun which has temporarily torn my dear lads from my protection, and forced them to fly for refuge to others—may the Father of all bless those who have given them shelter. The struggle has been useful, for Alcyone's name has been cleared, the Theosophical Society has been acknowledged as blameless, and all the vituperation has now, fortunately, been turned on me. The young life I have protected goes forward unstained, the Society is uninjured, and as for the mud showered on me it matters not. Mud only sticks where it finds mud to adhere to, and all the foul accusations made leave me unharmed, save in the minds of a very few. Nor have I, who have been appointed by the Masters as

Their messenger, any cause of complaint. Suffering is the badge of all who bring to the world the great messages which are the prophecies of the Coming Time; did not the Christ say to the little band of His despised followers: "So persecuted they the prophets who were before you; rejoice, and be exceeding glad"? Has not the poet sung:

Right for ever on the scaffold,
Wrong for ever on the throne.

The world has ever derided and crucified its Saviours, and if suffering were escaped, the seal of apostleship would be missing. At the time of writing, the appeal case is not decided, but all the harm that could be done has been done already, and the worst is over. The coming year can hide within its bosom nothing so bad as the past year has given us; for there is nothing more to say so cruel and so undeserved as that which has been said.

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Out of all this turmoil and tumult what net result emerges? A strength and a solidarity in the Theosophical Society unexampled in the story of its past. At last, it is an army, not a mob, and its front ranks march steadily forward towards the New Era, confident in their leaders and in themselves, with a great host behind them, glad and confident as they are. With this body much more work can be done than in the past. We have put an end, for ourselves, to the conflict between Liberty and Order by wedding them with the marriage ring of perfect Tolerance. Perfect liberty of individual opinion; perfect trust in the leaders who have been marked out by the armour of knowledge and the coronet of suffering—the ancient Sign of the Cross which conquers.

For those who prefer not to follow, there is plenty of other work ready to their hand, work recognised, respected and useful; but the great host sweeps on. In every country we see this band of the Brothers of Service, organised ready to serve. India has been the first to recognise this, India where the battle has raged most fiercely, and for the first time in our history a Theosophical Conference, a Political Conference, and a Social Reform Conference have linked themselves together. When religion inspires self-sacrifice alike in politics and in social reform, India's regeneration is within sight. We have done much in education since the time of the late President-Founder's splendid efforts for the Buddhists, and we must advance now into other fields as well, into all the departments of public activity which are to be remodelled in the new civilisation. And one thing we must specially stand for—the social equality of white and coloured races throughout the Empire. Grades in society, dependent on education, culture, habits, refinement, and the like, these must ever exist; but colour has here no place. At the present time this ignoring of colour distinctions in public and in private is only to be found among Theosophists, but we must help it to spread outside by word and by example.

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It is in this respect that the only serious harm has resulted from Mr. G. Narayaniah's suit against me, and the factitious agitation raised against Theosophy throughout India. It has inflicted an irreparable injury on the Central Hindū College, built up with so much loving labour chiefly by Theosophists, and remarkable as the one educational institution in India in which colour

was wholly disregarded. I myself still hold office, at the request of the Board of Trustees, in order to facilitate the transfer of the College to the Hindū University, but I am doing nothing to hamper the new policy. The Hindūs, for whom I worked, have a right to shape its future, but I cannot take any responsibility for the new departure. Our fine staff of unpaid or subsistence-paid white and coloured workers—including the eldest son of the late Mr. Justice Telang, who gave his father's splendid library to the College, Paṇḍit Iqbal Narain Gurtu, Mr. and Miss Arundale, Miss Palmer, B. Sc., Miss Herington, Miss Willson, Mrs. James, Mrs. Sanjiva Rao, Mr. Trilokekar, and many others—is scattered. This matters comparatively little, for they are working on elsewhere, and carrying into other places the old C. H. C. spirit. What matters most is that the C. H. C. stood for social equality between white and coloured races and equal payments for Indian and English work of similar quality. That was one of the bases of the institution, and it stood out as the only place in India where this ideal was carried into practice. We paid a higher salary to a man holding an English University degree, but the England-returned Indian was on a level with the Englishman. That is now destroyed, and an Englishman has been brought in on a salary of Rs. 500 per mensem and Rs. 100 house-allowance, over the heads of England-returned Indians who have been serving for years on little more than half of this. The universal vicious practice of recognising colour in salary, with all implied therein, is now accepted in an institution which had upheld the social equality of white and coloured races, and the obliteration of race distinctions has ceased. This is what personally I feel most, for this unity of the two races has been the

heart of my Indian work ; it makes it all the worse that this blow is struck by Indian hands, and has been made possible by Indian attacks on me ; it is they who have stabbed social equality, and have again raised up the Englishman on a pedestal, not for his services but for his colour.

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Ere long, I hope, the Theosophical Educational Trust will have repaired the mischief, and have several such Colleges where before there was only one. If we had but money ! A few hundred thousand pounds would suffice to raise a network of Schools and Colleges over India, in which boys of every race and creed would gather, to make workers for the India of the future.

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The other day I attended a great public meeting called by the Madras Congress Committee and the Mahājana Sabhā. It was presided over by Mr. V. P. Madhava Rao, C. I. E., and the speakers were drawn from the most respected public men in Madras, men worthy to be leaders in any civilised country, but shut out from their rightful place in their own. I do not know how other white people feel in such meetings—it is true that they rarely come to them—but my heart always burns hot with shame as I hear the dignified and self-controlled speeches of such men as Messrs. T. Rangachariar and T. R. Ramachandra Iyer, asking for the elementary rights of citizens. The facts—soberly related by counsel learned in the law, of the treatment received by themselves and their clients in their peripatetic search for justice from executive officers—were most painful to listen to, though enlivened by dry and caustic touches of humour which made one laugh even when more

inclined to cry. Ever since the National Congress has existed, it has asked for the separation of executive and judicial functions, but without success. Another matter dealt with was the relation of India to the Crown, through the Indian Government and the India Office; a Standing Committee of the House of Commons for the consideration of Indian Affairs was asked for, in the place of the present India Council; if such a Committee were formed, it should be directed to add to its number—from outside the House—an equal number of Indian representatives elected here by the educated classes. Otherwise it will be the same old story of power without information. This most important resolution was little discussed for lack of time; the Hon. Mr. B. N. Sarma and the Hon. Mr. L. A. Govindaraghava Iyer made weighty and well-informed speeches; the Hon. Mr. T. V. Seshagiri Iyer spoke well but far too shortly. Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar cut his speech down to very narrow limits, but every word told; he is a most effective public speaker, and should make his mark in public life, for he is a true lover of India. The last resolution, on the South African situation, was rushed through. I had the honour to be invited to speak, and was very brief, as the Hall was wanted for another purpose. The Government of India and the Imperial Government are at one in their condemnation of South African proceedings, but both seem to feel helpless before the "self-governing Colony". England gave self-government to the Boers with a haste which has caused much trouble, and the Boers are creating a deep, widespread, and most righteous, anger in India. If England would give to India what she has given to South Africa, India would very quickly settle the question for herself. If the Colonies,

with their narrow prejudices, are to rule the Empire, only one way of safe-guarding that Empire remains: give to India her own Parliament, and she will be a liberalising element in the Empire, saving it from the bourgeois prejudices of the Colonies, and instead of being the sentimentalised-over "jewel," she will become its strongest bulwark. It is noteworthy that the House of Lords—to which statesmanship has retreated—was the House to lift up its voice for the Indians.

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I cannot reconcile myself to the extraordinary latitude permitted to counsel in the lower Courts of this country in the matter of cross-examination. In the High Courts the Judges do not, of course, permit irrelevancy and insult, but sharply check them. I was reading in the *Hindu* a case in which the Editor of the *Carlylean* was suing for defamation. I only know the Editor by some violent abuse of myself, so I am not speaking from any particular bias in his favour. But surely it is outrageous that a man should be questioned as to his religious belief in a libel suit unconcerned with it. "Are you a Theist?" The witness asks the meaning from the Vakil's standpoint. "Do you believe in a God—personal or impersonal?" "I believe in an impersonal God. I am an Entheist. I am not an Atheist. I am not a Theist in the sense in which Brahmos understand the word." (It will be understood that these are the Vakil's questions put into the mouth of the witness as answers, in the usual unjust way.) Surely the whole of this is most unfair, and is intended to create an atmosphere of prejudice which will hinder justice from being done.

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Our Delhi Girls' School issues its tenth annual report, and, under the most effective and affectionate management of Miss Gmeiner and Miss Priest, its steady growth is maintained. Three hundred and six girls are now on the registers and many more would enter but there is no more accommodation available. Three girls went up for the Middle School Examination and all passed, two of them coming out first and second of the Delhi candidates. The Hon. Secretary, Rai Bahādur Sultan Singh, to whom the School owes so much, earnestly desires to raise it to a High School. May his wish be fulfilled.

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The Vedic Mission, founded by Paṇḍit G. Kṛṣṇa Shāstri in 1909, seems likely to be a useful body ; it is intended to circulate Hindū religious publications among the masses, and, generally, to strengthen Hindūism. One very important piece of work is being planned—the purification of the Brāhmaṇa priesthood. It is proposed to work through the Veḍa Pāthashālās of Southern India, usually situated near important temples, though with separate funds and management. “They teach,” says the Paṇḍit, “the Veḍas by rote and turn out characterless priests.” The Vedic Mission proposes to utilise these schools, and to teach the boys “the cream of Samskr̥t and English literature, so that they may grow up into good citizens”. The plan is a very good one, for the machinery is ready to hand ; the Hindū Maths should help, instead of wasting their funds in supporting idle hangers-on. This is work which only Brāhmaṇas can do ; I have often thought wistfully of the ‘temple priests,’ and the Brāhmaṇas who perform family ceremonies, and those who quarrel over the

pilgrims to holy places, but the reform and education of these *must* be wrought from within by Hindū hands. No foreigner, however sympathetic and well-meaning, can interfere without impertinence. I heartily wish Paṇḍit Kṛṣṇa Shāstri success in this gigantic, but most necessary task, and the more orthodox members of the T. S. should help him in every way if he visits their localities. Preparations for the work of the Mission began as long ago as 1882, and much devotion has been shown by its workers. We trust that it may go forward successfully and achieve its beneficent objects. Any subscriptions in aid of its publishing department or other activities should be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. T. S. Ramaswami Aiyar (Dubash, Messrs. Best & Co., Ltd.), Sea View, San Thomé, Madras, S.

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A new departure, pregnant with future good for India, and just mentioned above, was taken at Tanjore, where the Political, Social Reform, and Theosophical Conferences linked themselves as workers for the good of the Motherland, and the President of the Political Conference, the Hon. Mr. V. K. Ramanujacharya, a member of the Madras Legislative Council and the Chairman of the Kumbakonam Municipality, joined the Theosophical Society, and presided over the first meeting of its Conference. Mr. N. K. Ramaswami Aiyar, on behalf of the Theosophical Society, Mr. M. P. Doraiswamy Iyer, Secretary of the District Political Conference, and Mr. V. S. Visvanatha Iyer, Secretary of the District Social Conference, are the gentlemen who brought about this friendly co-operation, and the thanks of all parties are due to them. In the co-operation of all workers who love and serve the

Motherland lies the happiness and prosperity of the country, for only thus can a United India be builded. For the making of such union, uttermost tolerance of varied opinions must prevail.

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Another noteworthy sign of progress is the fact that a Hindū Religious Conference at Nellore was presided over by a Hindū lady, Shrīmaṭi Susheela Bala Mitra, who delivered a very good presidential address. Mr. G. K. Harkare, of the Hampi Math, is the organiser of these Conferences, and is endeavouring to utilise the resources of the Math in religious and educational work.

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It is interesting to notice in an American letter to the *Birmingham Gazette* a reference to my own statement about the new American type of the sixth sub-race. The writer says :

When I first heard this statement I was surprised, but my visit to New York considerably modified the astonishment. Not for a moment would one suggest that the average New York man comes under this category—far from it—but here and there, principally in the professional classes, one sees a face which Nietzsche might well have chosen for his Superman. The lofty brow, the firm, fine-lipped mouth, and the fearless, resolute eye, which characterise this type, indicate an almost entire subjugation of the senses by the intellect. Yet there is no lack of sympathy or kindness.

Yes, that is the type, very well described, and it is increasing in numbers; though, truly, it is not found as “the average New York man”.

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I see that Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox—a woman as charming in her personality as in her poems—speaks of herself quite openly as a Theosophist. “To me, Christ was a very dear and beautiful figure, and

when I became a Theosophist I saw that He was retained and made more real for religion." How many thoughtful people can say the same.

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It is interesting to note that the use of colour in the treatment of disease, put forward many years ago by an Indian Theosophist in a crude form, has been taken up in the West and reduced to a definite system. Electric light, sent through variously coloured glasses, is the agent. I saw something of this in Europe in 1912, and it has now come over here. Dr. James Harris, L.M. & S., L.R.C.S. (Edinburgh) and M.D. (New York), Karuna Lodge, 2/27, Broadway, Madras, is the pioneer. Mr. A. K. Sitarama Shastri was suffering from a carbuncle and was told he must spend at least three weeks in hospital for an operation; he fortunately heard of Dr. Harris, and has been cured by him, only an absence from his office of two or three days having proved necessary. Other members have also received much benefit. How immense will be the gain if, as this treatment is perfected, the use of the knife is reduced. Is the surgery of the future to go along this line?

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A journal in Marathi is to be issued by the Maratha T.S. Federation, and the usual application was made to the City Magistrate, Poona. In regard to security, he remarked: "In the case of a magazine of this kind, printed and published under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, there is no likelihood of its offending, therefore security is dispensed with." It is pleasant to find the experience I have myself had here repeated in Poona.

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Mr. Graham Pole wished to see some of the great temples of southern India, and, at my request, one of my Hindū friends went with him, so that he might see them as a friend not as a globe-trotter. He had one experience of the way in which Indians are treated in their own country, and I am not sorry that he should see with his own eyes the kind of thing which goes on here; he will be able to speak of it on his return to England—I beg pardon, Britain. Both gentlemen were travelling first-class, and wished to stay the night at the Trichinopoly station; two beds in one room were available, and Mr. Pole naturally thought they could use them; certainly he might use one, but for the Indian gentleman, no. Remonstrance was unavailing; the European Station Master was obdurate, and he was probably not to blame, as he was bound by the Company's rules. "Even a Rājā had been refused." Of course Mr. Pole declined to stay, and the two men had to tramp off to the Dāk Bangalow, as there was no carriage, two miles off; that was full, and they had to search for a hotel, and finally found one by 11-30 P.M. The railway companies make their money out of Indians, and yet treat them in this scandalous way. All kinds of invidious distinctions are made, and petty insults are inflicted. Yet people wonder why the English are disliked!

(Concluded on p. 159)



THE MYSTERIES

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

A Lecture at Stockholm, June 14, 1913

MANY and diverse have been and are the religions of the past and the present, the religions living and dead. One great difference one perceives in looking back over the history of the older past and comparing it with the history of more modern days : in the ancient times one does not come across anything in history of the nature of persecution of faith by faith. You find that each religion has its own kingdom, its own area, over which it rules. You find that a nation has its own faith, and that that faith lives in amity with other faiths of neighbouring nations, unless it chanced that the

nations themselves were at war. You find in imperial Rome, for instance, that a great Pantheon was raised, in which the Gods of every nation within the Roman Empire found each his place and each his cult. There might sometimes be jealousies and envies, but there was no idea that one religion was to rule over every nation ; but rather that each nation naturally had its own particular faith and that the people of the nation worshipped their national God.

You find, looking back to those days, that if there were any trouble with regard to religion, then the origin of the trouble was political rather than religious. To leave the religion of the nation was equivalent to treason to the State ; and so now and again you may find a man attacked and banished because of a change of faith. But that was rather because he denied his fatherland than because there was any wrong in thinking along his own lines on a question of belief ; and it is very noticeable that, in some of the most ancient faiths, it was held that, so far as intellectual acceptance of doctrine was concerned, the intellect might have free play, and there was no limit to the area over which the thought might extend.

On the other hand, in comparatively modern days, you find that religious persecution plays a great part in the history of rival faiths. You find many a missionary effort, many attempts to convert other peoples to a religion which is not the religion of their ancestors, and one not unnaturally demands : " Why this difference in the matter of tolerance between the ancient world and the comparatively modern ? why has this idea arisen that all people should accept a particular presentment of truth, that they should not follow an ancestral faith,

but rather embrace one which is brought to them from other lands ?”

And it is not without significance that the tendency to persecute in relation to religion is historically contemporaneous with the disappearance of the Mysteries from Europe. It was in connection with their gradual disappearance that you find arising the spectre of religious persecution, so that one is inclined to put the two phenomena side by side, and to ask whether there may not be a relation between the disappearance of the Mysteries and the appearance of persecution.

When we come to enquire as to the difference between the exoteric faith and the esoteric teaching, when we come to look into the faiths of the past and to study the Mysteries of the past, we find that the faiths were just as different in the older world as they are different in the modern ; but we also find that in relation to every faith there were Mysteries established, to which the most learned of that faith belonged, and in which the teachers of that faith were trained. We find, as we study still further, that though the outer presentment of religious doctrines in the exoteric faith differed with the nation, with the temperament and the traditions of the people, the teaching which made the Knower, the teaching which educated the Mystic, the teaching which gave knowledge instead of belief and enabled a man with full certainty to declare : “I know the things of the superphysical worlds,” we find that that teaching was everywhere one and the same, and that while the various exoteric faiths might differ, the inner heart of them, as found in the Mysteries, was the same. Just as you might, if you wandered round some great cathedral, see the light

pouring out from window after window, and through every window a different colour ; as you might say, looking at that light streaming out through the glass : “ The light in the temple is red,” and another might cry : “ The light in the temple is blue,” and another would declare : “ Nay, but the light is yellow,” while another would asseverate that the light was purple ; so with the exoteric religions of the world, each has its own colour, each has its own presentment, and those who only see the outer religion declare that the religions differ, and that the light of truth that comes through each is not one and the same.

But just as if you go within the cathedral, if you penetrate within the shrine, you see that one white light is there and that the difference of the colour is in the windows and not in the light, so do you see, when you enter into the Temple of the Mysteries, that truth is one though it may be presented in different fashions, and that though the colours of the faiths are various as the hues of the rainbow, inside the Temple of the Mysteries the white Light of Truth is one and the same. And it is, I think, because of that knowledge—which inasmuch as it is knowledge of facts cannot vary, while the language in which the facts are told will vary according to the speaker—it is because in all the ancient religions there was ever at the heart of them the Mysteries, giving the unity of truth and the unity of knowledge, it was because of that, that persecution for religious belief did not stain the older world ; for the teachers knew there was the one truth, although the peoples might differ in their understanding of that truth veiled in garments of dogma, of ceremony, of varied presentment.

So one begins to think, if we are again in modern days to persuade the living religions of the world that they should form a Brotherhood and not a battlefield of warring creeds, that we must find a common place where all the religions may find their origin, where all the religions may find their teachers. We must hope and labour and aspire that that ancient institution of the Mysteries may once more be restored for the lighting and the helping of the world, and we must endeavour so to study and so to live that pupils may be found who shall draw down the Teachers from on high by the passion of their aspiration, by the purity of their lives, by the depth of their knowledge, who may thus show themselves worthy to be taught again by Men made perfect, to draw among themselves as Teachers Those who have knowledge more than the knowledge of men.

Let us think then what the Mysteries were in reality. Let us glance for a few moments at the phases through which they have passed, and let us ask whether in our modern days it be possible to find material out of which pupils can be found to be taught. Never in the higher worlds is there grudging in the giving of the truth; never from above comes the check which prevents the pouring out of knowledge over the world. It is here, here in our lower world, here in these minds of men resistant of truth which they find it difficult to grasp; it is in the challenging, constantly questioning mind of our modern days; it is here that lies the difficulty in the restoration of the Mysteries; it is here that the barriers have been built up which check the free flow of truth.

This is not to be regarded as though it were outside the great Plan of the King of Evolution. There is

naught outside that Plan ; and if sometimes we think that things go ill, it is because our eyes are short-sighted, because we are not able to see the whole, and we judge only by a portion that we see. For in the great evolution of mankind, which lasts through millennium after millennium of our mortal time, in which days are tens of thousands of years, and in which a million years are but as yesterday to those great Minds that see over the whole of evolution ; in the working out of such a Plan, in a gradual development of one stage after another, there is no stage which may be missed, there is no stage that is evil ; each has its place in the long evolution, and the Architect who drew the Plan knows well the building that He is intending to erect.

It was necessary for human growth, necessary for the higher evolution of men, that there should be a period during which this mind of ours should develop the questioning, challenging, rebellious spirit without which it would not have conquered the knowledge of this lower world. It was well enough in days long gone by that child-nations should look up to divine Instructors, and obediently study the lessons given to them by those divine Men. But it was also well that the growing youth should develop the powers of manhood ; and he could not have done it, had he always been kept in the leading-strings of Those greater than himself. So the time came when the Teachers said to the boy : " Go out, my son, into the world and find out for yourself what is the truth ; develop within yourself the mind which is one aspect of the divine Spirit, and conquer by your own unaided strength the knowledge which the world can unveil before you ; yours it is to conquer the lower world, yours it is to discover the laws of nature,

yours it is to find your way while the guide for the moment is hidden."

But just as the father who sends out his son into the world watches over him with tender love and is ever ready to help when advice is needed, so was it with the Fathers of the race, those Elder Brethren who had reached perfection before the younger had climbed the ladder of evolution. They have ever been watching although out of sight, withdrawn from physical vision but ever near and ready to help, and They have guided the nations as much through the times when Their forms were hidden, as They guided them when dwelling in the City of the Golden Gates of Atlantis, or in the White City of Shambala at the origins of our Āryan Race.

But the times are changed and with the changing times a changing method. It has been said, and rightly said, that evolution is not a ladder of ascent but rather a spiral that ever returns upon itself higher and higher as evolution climbs. So it is that the past becomes again the present, but the present on a higher level than the road that humanity in the past has trodden, and the times are approaching when the Mysteries shall again be restored to earth, for the pupils are preparing to-day, and when the pupil is ready, as the old saying runs, the Master appears.

Think then of the times when the Mysteries were established on our globe and realise what was their function and their work. The outer religion, the religion of law, of command, the religion that said "Thou shalt," or "Thou shalt not," that is the outer religion that guides a man to righteous conduct by an authority imposed upon him from without, by moral codes, by

laws of conduct which the man obeys oft-times without understanding their reason, obeys because a great Prophet has said so, because a Scripture has been written giving the precept, because a Church has proclaimed commandments, because a Tradition has declared: "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Such a line of instruction, such a moral code, such a system of laws, makes the good man; makes the man who is the worthy citizen of the State, the man who is the loving husband and father in the home, the man who is ever ready to work for his country, who is looked up to as one of character and of noble life. But that is not the highest. A wise man in days long gone by declared: "The law was a schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ." A time comes in human evolution, when the work of the outer law is over because the law of the Spirit is unfolding from within, when the man no longer walks by an outer compulsion but by an inner direction, when the God within speaks, instead of the God without; and it is the function of the Mysteries to unfold the God within and to change man into the man made perfect, the man in whom the hidden God shines forth with manifested glory.

So we may read with reference to the Schools of Pythagoras that there were many who learned the outer teachings, who learned the civil and the social virtues, and so became the patterns of virtue that were the glory of ancient Greece. But that was only the outer court of the Temple; that was on the worldly side of the threshold of the Mysteries. For we read that there were other Schools, secret and hidden, into which those who had reached goodness might be admitted, and in which the good man was developed

into the God. That was the object of the Mysteries : to take the good man who had conquered all ordinary temptations, who had grown to a point where the world no longer either deceived or attracted, who had been able to develop within himself those essential virtues which are the bases on which everything else is to be erected, to take that man, to let him step over the threshold into the Temple. There they instructed him how the God within might unfold his powers, and how his garments of matter might be constructed so as to be vehicles for the forces of God instead of hindrances to those forces, as they are in the mass of the people in the world.

And then the man was taught, first of all, that he must purify the garments of matter that he was wearing, not only from the ordinary sins of men, not only from the ordinary passions of humankind, but that he must purify garment after garment of subtler and subtler matter, and learn to distinguish himself from the garments that clothed him, and consciously and deliberately to live in the house of matter of which he was the tenant and not the prisoner. For most men live as prisoners in the house of flesh that they wear. They know not that there is a key that can open the gates ; they know not that the key is hidden within themselves and is not held by any one without. They think that death is the holder of the key, and that only when death comes with that key which unlocks the body can the Spirit arise free and immortal and know himself divine.

But in the Mysteries they were taught that the body was not a prison-house but only a dwelling-place ; that the key could open the doors and man could walk forth at his will. So first they were taught by deep

and profound meditation to draw the life away from the outer garments, and for a time to fix it in the inner and subtler garments that the Spirit wears. They were taught to separate the coarser from the finer; they were taught to evolve the finer senses as nature has evolved the physical senses for us through endless ages of years; and they were taught that the real powers of sight and of hearing resided in the spiritual man and not in the bodies that he was wearing, that the bodies had to be shaped into organs for the spiritual powers, and that each body was a barrier until the Spirit had redeemed the matter and formed it for its own purposes and as an instrument for itself.

Those true Mysteries which still exist—those which are ruled by the great White Brotherhood, the only people who have the right to say: “Enter,” or: “Thou art not yet ready to enter”—those true Mysteries have never been withdrawn from earth, but have ever existed in the hands of these Men made perfect who introduced Their neophytes into the realities of the higher worlds, and taught them consciously and deliberately to become familiar with those worlds of subtler matter, as the scientist of our days is beginning to become familiar with the physical world in which we live.

And to-day in those true Mysteries, when the doorway of Initiation is thrown open before the prepared pupil who has been led up to that gateway, the pupil passes out of the physical body, and is initiated first in the astral body, and is tested as to his knowledge how to deal with the powers of that world, how to use its influences for human service. When you read, as you sometimes do, of the tests of the Mysteries, the ordeals

of the Mysteries, realise that those are tests of knowledge and of power, not of the physical endurance which you read of in 'occult' stories, the passing through fire, through water, through all the elements here : those are but the first and early tests on the astral plane for the pupil ; they are not the tests of the man who has to show that he can control the powers of nature, and that they own him as their ruler because he has gained the knowledge which alone is able to control. For in any world, go where you will, be it this mortal world of men or be it the highest world of Nirvāṇa, there is but one thing that gives power, and that is Knowledge. Knowledge enables men to rule and, as has been truly said, for the Spirit there is no veil in any kingdom of nature.

Therefore of old was the man who had to pass into the Temple of the Mysteries spoken of as the Gnostic, the Knower. And every Initiation means an extension of consciousness, an extension which is gained when one gate lies behind you ; and the next gate only opens when the knowledge you have conquered enables you to turn the key in its lock. As you trace on, Initiation after Initiation, you find that in each one the pupil, the aspirant, the Initiate, is admitted to another and higher world, and shows that he is able to wield its powers, to use its influence, and always to seek one object and one alone, that he may become of greater service to his fellow-men and may help them who cannot help themselves to a swifter road of progress, to a shorter way to bliss. For the only justification of gaining knowledge is that you may use it for service ; and Those who hold the keys of knowledge will only place them in the hands of anyone when that person has proved himself eager to

serve, and has mastered the desires of the lower self imprisoned in the bodies and surrendered himself to the will of the higher Self that knows no will but God's.

And as we look away from these high Mysteries that are, and that were known in the outer world of the past more than they are to-day, we find that there were many preparatory Schools, Mysteries of the less real kind, which gradually prepared the pupil for the higher Mysteries, and some of these still exist. There are occult Schools scattered over our world to-day, and all look up to the one White Brotherhood as that to which they aspire; they pass along many different lines which have been brought down from ancient times, different ways and different methods and different fashions of instruction, but all realise that they are preparing for the real Mysteries, those over which the great Hierarchy presides. And looking back into the past we find that there were many such secondary Mysteries known to exist, although the method of their teaching remains occult or hidden.

We find for instance that there was a stage in the evolution of religions, in which the pupils were no longer able at will to leave the outer body and go to the Temple of the Mysteries, where alone the higher Initiation should be given.

Some of you may know that in connection with the Egyptian pyramids there were chambers of Initiation which had no door, for no one might enter there who could not pass through the wall encircling the Temple; such needed no door through which to go, because he came in the subtler body into the presence of the Hierophants of these Mysteries. So in Ireland there are still left some towers which have puzzled

antiquarians because there is no way into them; there is no need for a door for the man who has learned to use the subtler bodies, for there is no wall that can exclude him, no door that can be locked against him, nothing that can keep him from going whither he will, nothing which this earth can erect in the way of barriers. So it was the fashion of these Mysteries of old, the grade below the real, just as in the real, that only those who could consciously use the higher bodies could be admitted that they might pass through to the great Way of Initiation.

But the time came when people could not do that of their own free will, and then another method was used. They were thrown into a mesmeric or hypnotic trance, touched with what was called in Greek antiquity the Thyrsus, a rod at first filled with living fire, the touch of which at once broke the links between the higher and the lower bodies, and set the Spirit free within its subtler vehicle in full consciousness of that higher life.

So you will find sometimes in ancient fresco or in ancient sculpture, a priest stands holding in his hand a rod and on the top of the rod a cone. It was a form of the Rod of Power which was used, and was passed along the spinal column up to where that enters the head; as the fiery rod passed up the spinal column the subtler body was drawn together and gradually followed the rising rod until, as it touched the head, the body passed out through the skull and then was set free to reach the subtler worlds. And a little later still that power has been lost, as the world is going on its downward way deeper and deeper into matter. Then only the astral vision is opened and the astral hearing, and living

pictures are shown in subtler matter, which image out the realities of the other worlds. No longer the subtler world is traversed, only a picture of that world is shown; but a living picture, giving much of knowledge, and even down to our own days that is a common way of teaching. When the living pictures made by the great Teachers are thus shown, we have past history reproduced; when the great work of building worlds is imaged in the subtler matter of the astral plane, the pupil studies these pictures as they unroll before him, and understands better than words could tell him the reality of that history of the past.

Then coming still lower down, as even this power was lost by those who were the Hierophants of the Mysteries, there came a stage that you may read of among the Greeks, when that which was to be taught was shown by acting, and not either in the worlds themselves or in the living pictures that imaged them out; when men were taught to act scenes which continued the lessons which had to be learned; when the astral world was shown as a dramatic scene; when the passions were imaged as animals, and when men clothed in animals' skins and wearing animal masks surrounded the candidate for the Mysteries, endeavoured to drive him back, and tried to terrify him. And if within him there was the germ of any vice remaining, then that inner traitor in the citadel of the mind answered to the threat without which was made by the actor who was acting the vice, and the man, terrified, seeing the vice figured as it were in an outer form, shrank back and dared not face his enemy, and so failed in his passage through this test which was to try the purity of the candidate.

So these Mysteries went on right into Christian days, and if you will read your early Christian books, read the writings of the Apostolic Fathers, trace them on from those who were the pupils of the Apostles themselves and through succeeding writers, read S. Clement of Alexandria, read the works of Origen so far as we have them, you will find in the early days of Christianity there were the Mysteries; the real Mysteries of Jesus. There were two lines of instruction; there were first the teachings of those who had been instructed, as both Origen and S. Clement write, by word of mouth, in the secret teachings given by the Christ while He lived and worked amongst men. You remember He said to His Apostles: "Unto you it is given to know the Mysteries of the Kingdom of God, but to others in parables." And the modern Church is content with the parables, and does not seem to feel the lack of the inner teachings which explain the Mysteries of God. And those which were received by tradition, handed down from mouth to ear by generation after generation of worthy and saintly men, those formed the first teachings in the Mysteries, the teachings, as Origen said, given in secret by Christ to His own disciples.

Then there were higher Mysteries, where not human but superhuman lips taught the secrets of the higher worlds, and you find S. Ignatius of Antioch—I think it is, or perhaps S. Irenæus—declaring that the Angels were the teachers in those early Christian Mysteries, superhuman beings who came to those who had been instructed in the knowledge handed down from mouth to ear, and who were worthy to receive that higher teaching, and to come into direct touch with those denizens of higher worlds. So was it also in

Greece and in Egypt, where those whom Christians call Angels, but whom the older religions spoke of as the Shining Ones, were the teachers and revealed the Mysteries of the higher worlds.

Christianity, as much as any other ancient faith, had Mysteries at the back of the outer religion. Men were baptised into the Christian Church, they passed onwards to the Communion, thus utilising the outer forms which the Christ had left for the helping of believers. But you may remember how S. Paul declared: "We speak wisdom among those who are perfect," declaring that he did not give the higher teaching to those whom he said, although baptised and communicating Christians, were only babes in Christ. All this passed away and yet not wholly, for ever the true Mysteries remained; but this difference there was at least in the western world: there was no open road to the Mysteries, there were no intermediate Schools in which men and women might be instructed—only traditions that such things were or had been; and only here and there was a man, who, having been taught personally and individually, grew strong enough to find his own way to those ever-existing Mysteries of the true Brotherhood of the Masters of the Wisdom. But here and there we still find groups of study. You may trace them through old and Middle Age literature, and one word I may give you as a key, for you will often come across it and perhaps not understand quite what it means. When you find among some old books a book which is called a Rosary, you have the name by which the secret books were marked out right through the Middle Ages, in which the alchemist and the astrologer and the searcher after secret wisdom wrote down in glyph and symbol the

truths that he knew but dared not openly teach. For we are coming to the days of persecution, when men dared not say the things they knew for fear the exoteric faith should crush them, and the carnal knowledge should destroy the spiritual truth. But still here and there a group is to be found, for never was the succession quite destroyed even upon the earth; but men did not know where to look, they searched far and wide and found not a teacher. For they who knew dreaded to communicate their knowledge, lest the pupil should only be a spy or a traitor, and should betray the Knowers to death. And you know the terrible tragedy of the Templars—they who had some knowledge of the hidden Mysteries—for under torture there were some who declared fragments of knowledge which were used to condemn. You remember how under torture it was declared more than once that when a Templar was initiated into the Mysteries he had to tread upon the Cross, and this was condemned as a sign of blasphemy, it was taken as a sign of unbelief. It was really the sign that the man relied upon the Cross to raise him up to knowledge, and if his feet for a moment were set upon it, it was in order that the Cross might rise with him upon it, and so carry him upwards to a purer air, where some of the lower Mysteries were revealed. And one way of symbolism, and one great body which has come down from those days of the disappearance of the Mysteries, though most of its brethren know not what they possess—they know symbols only but seldom know the reality which these symbols express to the wise—is the great Brotherhood of Freemasonry scattered over the world, who have kept in symbol what they have lost in knowledge, in order that they, in the days when knowledge

returns, may bear testimony that it has never entirely passed away from earth. And those who belong to that Brotherhood will understand what I mean when I say that the treading on the Cross was no outrage, but the entrance over the threshold of knowledge.

And we find as we look backwards that there was a day when Christian Rosenkreuz came from the East to Europe and founded the first open Rosicrucian Society. I call it 'open' because it is known to history, though foolish people think that it is myth and not history, forgetting that often myth and legend are the history of the great truth that lies behind. For he was a disciple of the Wisdom sent out by the Brotherhood to bring back the light of knowledge to Europe, and it was from that early Rosicrucian Society that the twelve brethren went out who brought back to Europe the bases of science, who brought alchemy and through that made chemistry possible, who taught astrology and so led on to astronomy, laying the bases of the modern knowledge. For real knowledge begins in the subtler and comes down to the denser world, and it does not begin in the denser and climb upwards to the subtler. And from that day began the re-dawn of science in Europe, and the possibility of knowledge gradually and slowly spreading. You can trace onwards Society after Society, all connected, though bearing different names, and ever teaching the same teachings—the preparation of Europe for the Restoration of the Mysteries in the wider and more effective fashion.

Then you come to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, where you have that mysterious Being the Comte de S. Germain, and where you find him working with our H. P. B., then a member of a great Austrian

family still known by the name of Zimsky. You see those two brethren, disciples of the great Lodge, working along hand-in-hand that Europe might grow in knowledge. Then you come to a barrier that was set; for they were trying to change things by knowledge, and the knowledge came into the hands of those not yet fitted to receive it, and the starvation of the people and the misery of the nations, the tyranny and the suffering and the corruption both in Church and State, those were too strong for the teachers who were endeavouring in the world to guide men to knowledge, and the great outburst of the French Revolution poured forth a stream of blood which prevented further teaching along the inner lines. But still to some, here and there, it came, until the day dawned when those same teachers, brethren of the past, began again their work. That which failed in the eighteenth century was begun in nineteenth, and the bases of the Theosophical Society were laid and worked for by them, one hidden—for He had passed over the threshold into Masterhood and no longer worked openly among men—and the other, that noble Russian woman, H. P. Blavatsky, to whom the Theosophical Society owed its foundation and still largely owes its life. Then began the preparation for the Restoration of the Mysteries. And then that Brother whom a Master spake of, “the Brother whom you know as H. P. B. but we otherwise,” he began again, by making a preparatory School within the Society, to lay the foundation of the Mysteries which later will be fully restored in our midst.

For then again, for the first time since from Europe they disappeared, the open way was shown whereon men might walk, and this Theosophical

Society of ours, pointing to the Masters who founded it, pointing to the School made by Their messenger, shows the way along which the pupil may begin to walk, until he comes to the gateway of the true Mysteries ; the way again is proclaimed and the Teachers are ready to teach.

Once more did the cry go out over the outer world which you may read in Hindū Scripture : "Awake, arise, seek the great Teachers and attend ; for the road, it is said, is narrow and sharp as the edge of a razor." That cry has gone out again, and there are ears to hear, ears that are able to hear the call, lips ready to answer. So in our days and our time, in the many nations of this mortal world, pupils are being found, pupils are being trained, in order that gradually it may be possible to restore the Mysteries as they were in the past, the gateways to the true Mysteries of the Brotherhood.

There you have the inner side of this great movement to which you all belong ; and if you look upon the outer world you will see that, in many ways and along many lines, forces are being sent out to prepare the minds of the people at large for a higher and a more spiritual view of life, for a deeper and therefore truer view of human nature. For do not think that the influence of the Masters is limited within the limit of our Theosophical Society ; that is Their messenger to the world, the vessel that They have chosen, into which They have poured Their Life ; but far over the world Their Life also extends ; for just as you may gather together in a reservoir water which shall then be taken from the reservoir and sent far and wide among the people who need it, so it is with this Life ; as the rain comes down from the clouds over the whole earth, and not only into the reservoir made to receive a store of waters, so does

the Masters' Life pour over the world at large, although concentrated here in the reservoir of the Theosophical Society.

It is our glory that we know how we are working ; it is our privilege to be self-conscious co-operators in the working out of the Plan that the Masters are labouring to bring about successfully upon our earth. But we never dare to limit Them nor Their power, Their love nor Their compassion, and They can bring people whence They will, although an open way to-day is shown whereon surely They will be found.

And so, friends, I who have been bidden speak this word to all nations of the earth, speaking to you who are members of this Society that is Their servant in the lower world, I would say to you, that great are the possibilities that are being unveiled before you, great the avenues of progress which lie open before you to-day. It is true that you may come into the Society without any belief in the Masters of the Wisdom. It is true that you need not accept any doctrine, reincarnation, karma, or anything else, before you are admissible to the Society. That is true ; but also it is true that those who know, those who are sent to do this work, those have a right to speak of what they know, and to repeat in the lower world what they have heard in the worlds beyond the physical.

And so it is that the road is open. The outer gate is wide and all who will may enter in. But to the Mysteries it is not so : strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto Life Eternal and few there be that find it. Few at present, but to be more and more numerous as years go on ; few to-day, but to increase to many in the days to come.

For there are great forces pouring down upon our world ; the gates of the heavenly world are open, and life and power pour down upon the world of men. Well is it for you that your karma has brought you to birth in these happy days ; well for you to be in them ; but a thousand-fold the better, if within you the intuition which is the voice of the Spirit speaks, so that you may answer to the call of the Masters and find your way to Their feet.

Annie Besant

PRISON WORK ON THEOSOPHICAL LINES

By B. POUCHKINE (PRINCESS GALITZINE), F. T. S.

A Paper read at the International Congress, Stockholm

THE Theosophical tenets are rather at variance with the current scientific views on criminality. Science regards it as an abnormal deviation from the highway of civilisation. It considers the criminal as a sort of unnatural excrescence on the bodies of civilised nations, that must be done away with by surgical or any other violent means. The 'whence and whither' of these excrescences, their meaning and intrinsic value, are obscure problems for the learned criminologist. He is like a looker-on, gazing at a weird and incomprehensible drama played on the stage by strange actors, altogether alien and repulsive to him. Such was the position of science till some two decades ago.

Lombroso was the first who tried to peep behind the scenes and to get a glimpse of the inner workings of the whole performance. Heredity is what he saw there, and, ever since, heredity is the word of rally of the criminologists; it is quite a rational and right one.

The only flaw in it is that science treats the question of heredity rather too superficially. It deals solely with defects of physical structure, with insufficient development of the brain, with definite tendencies

and physical taints inherited from alcohol-drinking and vicious parents. Theosophy goes further behind the scenes; it probes the deepest springs of human actions and declares that criminality is in no wise an abnormal phenomenon, but is a natural consequence of two powerful factors of life, involution and heredity—but heredity taken in a wider and deeper sense.

Let us consider first the bearing of the theory of involution and subsequent evolution on the problem of criminality. Involution is differentiation, the separation of the whole into many parts; the more man differentiates, the more he hedges himself in with a thorny belt of selfish passions, selfish desires, personal griefs and personal joys. Living only for his own self, and considering himself as the only centre round which circles his life, he naturally becomes greedy, grasping, violent, vindictive, quick to resent an offence and quick to return it. He strives to satisfy his cravings at any price, whatever it may cost his fellow-men. This leads him to crime, and we may safely venture to say that criminality is involution and individualisation brought to their ultimate expression.

I am far from presuming that hardened criminality is a stage through which all souls must necessarily pass. At this point intervenes a new regulating factor, already mentioned: heredity. But in the light of Theosophy it acquires a meaning infinitely more extensive than the handing down of mere physical propensities and particularities from parent to child. It has behind it an endless vista of centuries, includes heredity on all planes, and leads us right up to the primary source of human heredity—the mode of individualisation from the animal.

As we all know, there are two gates leading into the human realm: the gate of love and devotion and that of hate and fear. We may presume, without going very far astray, that men, individualised by hatred and fear, necessarily follow during the earlier part of their human career the impulse that has projected them out of the animal kingdom into the human, and this impulse must wear itself out before man can turn, so to say, round the corner of evolution. The ego accumulates bad karma on his way, and under the pressure of kârmic law he takes birth from parents and in surroundings that may condition the degeneration of his lower vehicles and may drag him ever lower and lower, unless the man, by determined efforts of will, pulls himself out of these conditions. We have used a familiar word: karma. Heredity spells simply karma in its all-embracing and all-exhaustive meaning.

Thus Theosophical tenets, instead of putting the criminal outside the pale of normally developing humanity, allow him to step into his natural place in one of the lower stages of evolution, out of which it is our duty to help him as quickly as possible; the more so that we ourselves have established conditions of life and have set up vibrations that largely contribute to the sinking of the weaker individuals below the surface of civilised and law-abiding existence.

It follows from the aforesaid that the men and women entrusted with the physical and moral care of criminals ought to know and accept the doctrine of evolution, if they want to deal successfully with them. Western civilisation has made a sore tangle of the whole concern. But Theosophy is the lever that turns the current of life into new channels; it sets up new

ideals. The knowledge of Theosophy makes it incumbent upon us to descend with its torch into life's deepest strata, and to throw a light on problems insoluble for the purely materialistic mind.

In this respect the prisons offer an extensive field of work. The doctrines alone of reincarnation and karma would shatter to pieces the building of preconceived ideas erected during centuries by the keepers of the criminals and the prisoners themselves, and would revolutionise their respective attitudes. The officers would cease to consider the prisoner, and especially the old-timer, as an abnormal subject incapable of betterment, save in a few quite exceptional cases, and would look on him as on an entity moving from light to light through a desolate period of darkness and sin.

On the other hand the acceptance of the laws of reincarnation and karma by the criminals would explain away the problems of their incomprehensible life ; instead of the sombre circle in which they deem themselves for ever enclosed, they would see stretching before them a broad avenue leading to a honourable life in the near future and to light and glory later on. Whoever has had to do with criminals knows that the ' why and wherefore ' of their criminal state is tormenting them keenly. I have the testimony for it of an old-timer, a man over thirty, who has been acquainted with prisons from his thirteenth year upward. He writes : " If I only knew what *forces* me to commit crimes and to lower myself to the level of the meanest brute." It is the cry of a soul hungering for an explanation of his miserable existence, and a logical explanation of the cruelty of life would perhaps save him from further degradation.

Another fact, powerful in its influence on the criminal, is that of the existence of the higher ego in man. The prisoner, and especially the old-timer, considers himself a degraded creature, utterly unfit for anything good. He has lost all confidence in himself, and the idea that, in spite of his crimes and evil ways, God still dwells in him and patiently awaits the time of His resurrection, is quite a revelation to him. All his notions about himself are revolutionised and he gains hope—that best of supports.

I have read an inspiring book, which I earnestly ask every Theosophist to peruse: *After Prison—What?* by Mrs. Booth. She is the niece of the founder of the Salvation Army and was a leader of this movement in America, but she left the Salvation Army later on to consecrate herself entirely to prison work.

Here is what she writes :

I believe that in every human heart, however hardened or hopeless the exterior, there is some tender spot, if one know rightly how to touch it; some chord of sweetness that can be made to vibrate to the very harmony of heaven amid all the jangling discords of life; some little spark that by the breath of inspiration may be fanned into a flame and kindle the purifying fire.

Mrs. Booth is no Theosophist, but her intuition has guided her to the discovery of the higher ego in every man. She brings this message into the prisons, and her words: "I trust you; I trust the Good that is in you," have the effect of an electric shock on their inmates, and lift them out of the position of sullen and dogged despair.

She called for volunteers, willing to turn over a new leaf, and to strive towards good living and discipline, and she formed a League with simple rules laid down for observance. The members receive a badge: a white

button with a blue star on it, and the motto: "Look up and hope." The League once started, Mrs. Booth remained in constant touch with its members, visiting them personally, corresponding with them, taking care of their families.

In the fifteen years of the League's existence, over fifty thousand men have enrolled themselves in it. The results are, without controversy, brilliant. They are testified to by the staff of prison officers as well. The warders had not originally much faith in Mrs. Booth's enterprise and predicted her complete failure; but they had to change their mind after all, for, as one of them says: "The change it has made in the prison is amazing, and it has wrought miracles in many of the men."

A most necessary corollary of Mrs. Booth's work is the care she takes of her volunteers after their release. The hardest part of a man's punishment begins *after* he has left his prison. He is free, yes; but he drags chained to him a corpse—his dead past. The outer world meets the ex-convict sternly and coldly.

During his incarceration the old-timer has lost his friends, he is absolutely alone, weakened by prison life, bewildered by the rush of the street traffic—grown unfamiliar to him after many years of seclusion—with just money enough to carry him through the first two or three days, with no home to go to, no friendly face to welcome him back to freedom. It is the critical moment, when crime and vice lie in wait for their victim at every step, ready to seize him in their grip the minute his forlorn heart gives way to despair. Mrs. Booth has taken into account this psychological moment, and has sought to tide over it her 'boys' as she calls the members of her League. She has bought three farms

in different parts of America, and has turned them into homes for released prisoners. "No discrimination as to crimes is made in the welcoming of the guests; that is a matter of the past. The number of terms served, the nationality or the colour of the man makes no more difference than their creed."

What such a home means to them may be judged by the pathetic words of one of them: "The nearest approach to home I ever had was my time in the kitchen of one of the State prisons, where the officer was very kind to me."

And how many of them have never had even this miserable parody of a home!

Out of the six to seven thousand men who have availed themselves of the home, seventy-five *per cent.* have become honourable men, twenty *per cent.* have been lost sight of, and five *per cent.* have resumed the old life.

I must note as a very important feature that there is no sentimentality about the whole business; it is eminently practical, realistic work. The men must each and all themselves work out their own salvation. They are made to realise this very clearly. They see that they must fight their own battle, begin to rebuild their character; they are helped over rough places, but not carried over them.

I have roughly outlined the work done in America; now allow me to say a few words about my own experience in this direction in Russia, very small indeed as compared with that of Mrs. Booth, but still eloquently testifying to the desperate need felt amid the convicts for moral help and support.

Last summer I happened to spend a few weeks in the neighbourhood of a prison for grave offenders in the

south of Russia. Having never been inside one I sought to gain admittance to it—not precisely out of curiosity, for I had been several years interested in questions of criminality, but still without any definite idea of helping its inmates. Admittance was vouchsafed, and on a bright summer day I was shown all over the building and looked into the sorrowful countenances of all the two hundred and fifty prisoners. And only then did I realise what a wicked thing I was doing, and how heartless it was just to stroll in, in a moment of leisure, and have a look at the most miserable and degraded creatures on earth, and to parade before them one's own happy and free life. I saw that I could be excused for intruding upon their sorrow and shame, only if I brought them some help. My old dream of prison work on the lines of Mrs. Booth's Volunteer League revived, and I resolved to make an attempt in this direction. I laid my plan before the warder, and he fell in with it with the greatest readiness, and allowed me to address the prisoners.

I must confess that, when driving to the prison, I asked myself with some apprehension: "What words can I, a prosperous and fine lady, find that would touch the hearts of those miserable, hardened men, to whom I am an absolute stranger, and who see in me a being coming to them from the hateful world of rich and happy people, unacquainted with the brand of public shame?" The gulf seemed too great to be bridged over. But a few minutes later I saw how easy it was to get at their hearts.

Mrs. Booth says that an audience in prison is much like the audiences we meet in the free world, "save that their hearts are sore and sensitive and that that great shadow of suffering, the awful loss of liberty, has

brought anguish, despair and shame to quicken every feeling". I proved to the full the truth of this assertion. My audience responded to the lightest touch. I may add that, as a rule, it is easy to reach the soul of the Russian people. We are over and above all Mystics, and the lower the social class to which a Russian belongs the more is found this strain of Mysticism unalloyed by civilisation. I may mention a striking fact in confirmation of my words. The numerous religious sects in Russia are, with scarcely any exception, founded by men of the people, by simple peasants. Many of them are surpassingly beautiful in their spirituality, and are composed almost exclusively of peasants.

Well, this national feature allowed me to find a ready response in the hearts of my hearers. I spoke to the men thrice, for about three-quarters of an hour each time, and offered them to form a League, closely resembling that of Mrs. Booth.

I laid down four rules :

1. To pray morning and night ; to those who did not care for religion I proposed to think morning and night a kind and good thought, its value being, to my mind, equal to that of a prayer.

2. To refrain from using bad language—a veritable scourge of prison-life.

3. To observe faithfully the prison-rules.

4. To give each other whatever help they can.

One hundred and seven men rose from their benches in response to my appeal. Some twenty more joined later. With some seventy men I had private interviews. It was extraordinary how they trusted me, an utter stranger, confided to me their intimate family concerns and opened their sore and criminal hearts!

What the trust of those men means may be judged from the following sentences, written to me by an old-timer two months later :

It is our innermost conviction that only an outcast and a criminal, such as we are ourselves, can really pity us and suffer for us. If you can convince us of the reverse and make us trust you utterly, our League will expand and gain strength.

The population of the prison consisted at the time mostly of peasants, with a little sprinkling of more educated persons, and about a hundred Tartars. The latter were very much to be pitied. They were for the most part convicted of manslaughter, but they had committed murder in obedience to their own national law of bloody revenge, for the transgression of which they would themselves have been put to death by their elders. Thus they were the victims of two conflicting laws, and considered themselves innocent though punished.

They did not know a word of Russian and suffered terribly from the cold and the food—a sort of sour cabbage-soup—to which their organism could not adapt itself. Many of these die in prison of consumption.

I spoke to the men three times as aforesaid, and spent two days in private interviews. After that I had to return to Petersburg and did not come back any more to that part of Russia ; but since my departure scarcely a day passes without my getting one, two, and sometimes four and five letters from my ' boys,' and in these short months I have gathered many precious human documents. The wish to escape from the old life is intense. I could quote by the hundred words testifying to the longing for a clean, unsoiled life. " Help me, save me, do not let me perish," is the habitual cry. Truly no weariness is so great as the weariness of sin.

All these months my sufferings were so keen, that I was ready to take my life, but it did not happen, because of

what you said to us. I am powerless to describe the influence your words exercised over me.

This comes from quite a young man—a rather striking case. He was sentenced to four years of imprisonment as a tramp, because he would not disclose his name. The law deals rather severely with such subjects, because they have, as a rule, some heavy crime on their conscience, not yet punished by justice. So it was with this young man. Murder was his crime, and he did not reveal his identity for fear of bringing shame on the heads of his old parents, who did not even know where he was and who thought him dead. On the day of the formation of the League, however, he decided to disclose his identity and his crime. He is being tried now and his trial is not yet over.

Your letter has had an extraordinary effect upon me. You, a stranger, have compassion on me and ask *me—me*, a professional thief—to become an honest man, and you promise even your moral support. All this is so new and so unexpected that I am at a loss what to answer. I have a plan that I was nursing and working out in my mind for the last five years. It is a criminal one, but now I give it up, *because you care*. Remember, at any rate, that whatever happens, I shall never lie to you.

The same man, a thief who has been many times in prison, has given away to poorer comrades all the money and the clothes that have been sent to him on the day of his release. Once he picked up a piece of gold that the warder had dropped without noticing it, and gave it back to him with a joyful smile: “I would never have done this before,” he said.

The following is from men already released: “Only one thing I beg of you: trust me, believe that I will and shall tread the right path.” “I have not forgotten and shall never forget my given word, but the struggle is

wellnigh too much for me, and I turn to you for help as to a friend and a sister.”

And the struggle is, in truth, desperate. The Russian prisoner, if he is a grave offender, on leaving the place of his incarceration, is the most handicapped creature in the world. According to old laws not yet amended, he is deprived of civic rights, *i.e.*, he cannot get a situation in the service of the State, cannot have a trade, cannot enter a guild; for four years he must live only in small country-towns and villages, where life is dormant and it is difficult to earn a living; for the same number of years he remains under the supervision of the police and must put in an appearance every week at the police-station; and last, but not least, for four years he does not get his passport, that indispensable appendage of the Russian citizen, without which it is almost impossible to get a situation. The man is literally thrown out into the street, and needs no ordinary amount of courage and will-power to keep himself above water.

If you add to that, that the man comes out of prison in the bitter frost, often without a farthing and with scarcely any clothes on, is it a wonder that on the first night after his release he commits theft or even murder, in order to get a piece of bread or a coat?

Such are the outer difficulties of the released prisoners. The inner ones are graphically described by one of them in a letter:

I am between three fires: one of them is you. I have given you my word not to commit any more crimes; but how terribly difficult it is to keep it. The second fire is a woman, for whom I am ready to do anything, if only she were happy and contented; my old friends and comrades are the third fire. I was a model thief for many a year, but now they perceive a change in me and say; “You belong to us. Do not leave us.

Have we not suffered with you and rejoiced with you? Have you not spent with us your best years? Have we not shared with you everything we had? Do not go away from us into this other world? *They* cannot understand you and will deem themselves your benefactors. And your pride will suffer."

This struggle is not yet over. This man wanders restlessly all over Russia, in quest of peace, as he writes, and he cannot as yet say which of the three fires shall be the conqueror.

I cannot say much more about my work in prison. Karma has made me face it rather unexpectedly, and after the first steps it had to be carried on exclusively by correspondence. Moreover it is only nine months old, and many are the blunders that I have doubtless made; but nevertheless I have mustered courage to speak of it here, in the hope that some of my brothers and sisters, more equal to the task, may gain if only one grain of inspiration to start similar work in their countries, more wisely and successfully than I have done in mine.

Now, let us turn to ourselves, who are Theosophists, and consider what are the requirements we need in order to become useful workers in this field.

The chief quality, as far as I can see, is the feeling of unity, the intimate conviction that the Universe is an indissoluble whole and that the fiercest criminal, standing on the lowest step of evolution, is just as lawful and necessary a part of it as the perfect man, who has accomplished the cycle of evolution. We must have the definite feeling that *his* sin and shame are *our* sin and shame, not because we have created a civilisation and surroundings against which a weak will cannot successfully struggle, but because we have *de facto* committed the sin and have *de facto* covered ourselves

with shame in one part of our being. We are all *one* in the most practical and real sense of the word; all humanity undergoes the process of manifesting through and by itself the Heavenly Man; that is why we, each and all, take part in the performing of every act, be it a crime or a heroic deed. This Heavenly Man shall be manifested in all His perfection only when every part of Him shall be pure and luminous; and He cannot be perfect as long as a single part of Him, however minute, is soiled and dimmed. And so we can help the criminals only if, while looking into the eagerly listening faces, with sorrow and vice stamped on them, we feel every pang of pain as our own pain, every writhing of shame as our own shame, every criminal impulse as our own crime, not only in words, but in the innermost recesses of our being.

And Love also, gentle, wise and all-conquering, Love fiery, burning out the dross and purifying the gold, must be the motive power in this work.

Three sentences should be inscribed on our banner:

1. Remember that the sin and shame of the world are your sin and shame.—*Light on the Path*, by Mabel Collins.
2. While correcting another's fault, imagine yourself as having committed it.—*The Way of Service*, by G. S. Arundale.
3. Let thy soul lend its ear to every cry of pain, like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun. Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye.—*The Voice of the Silence*, by H. P. Blavatsky.

To conclude, let me plant the sign-posts of Theosophical prison work. The ideal would doubtless be for Theosophists to be entrusted with the management of prisons and reformatories, but we shall have to wait awhile till that becomes possible.¹ Just now I am

¹ Here in India we have a Theosophist as Governor of a large prison, and his reforming work and sympathy with his charges are well known.—ED.

concerned only with immediate practical work. It may be summed up in the three following points :

1. The spreading amid the staff and the prisoners of the theories of evolution, reincarnation and karma.

2. The forming of Volunteer Leagues for self-amendment, based on the idea of the higher ego, and, as a necessary corollary to this work, the founding of homes for released prisoners.

3. The organising by competent persons of bands of invisible helpers for the giving of special help in prisons. The importance of this work is evident and needs no further explanation.

Let me hope that some of my brothers and sisters will shoulder this work. I have only just had a taste of it, but I can already testify that it needs the whole man; it drains the soul, and the heart may well be broken in the task. The anguish and struggle of those souls is a heavy burden to bear. Things cannot be done by halves. Only love freely lavished, confidence and trust ungrudgingly given, will call response from hearts that have never known the one or the other. "Look up and hope," is a motto valuable not only for the criminals themselves, but also for those who would bring them moral help and support.

Robust physical and astral health is also needed in order to stand the terrible vibrations whirling through the prisons. Mr. Jinarajadasa, in one of his beautiful papers, engages us to work with equal readiness and enthusiasm wherever the Master wants us, be it in heaven or in hell. Well, work in prison is decidedly work in hell, and in the worst hell that our earth can produce; but if it be the Master's wish to send thither any one of us, what matters all the rest?

B. Poushkin

THE PROBLEM OF AUTHORITY

By WELLER VAN HOOK, M. D., F. T. S.

MANY strong and earnest souls deprecate the use of authority in the Theosophical Society. They say that freedom must be preserved, forgetting that the very condition of all our lower freedom lies in our recognising and living within some phase of law.

Theosophists talk of the Law and use the term in the special, oriental, technical sense. What is the distinction between the Law and law or laws? It lies for us, obviously, in the fact that the Law is that universal limitation and compulsion in which all types of beings find freedom and outer support in any and all worlds and cycles of being. Can undeveloped men know this Law? Yes, but only in such measure as their development and their type of being make possible in the period and local environment in which they live. As they progress and grow they see and know more and more of the Law, until it can be seen and known in its completeness by the Perfect Man.

Now, the earlier leaders of our Society were given, and transmitted, a great and glorious view of the Law—that view which our Masters wished to express at that time. But times have changed and with their mutation the lessons, the views, of the Law have been changed.

We Theosophists must recognise that the Society, to maintain its life, must always be the channel through

which the world is to receive the new and changing expressions of the Law. We must be able to recognise the one chosen, appointed, by the Masters to be Their mouthpiece in this work. By this recognition our intuition is tested; by our failure to recognise that one as thus appointed and officiating we place ourselves outside the pale of further intuitional instruction of that kind.

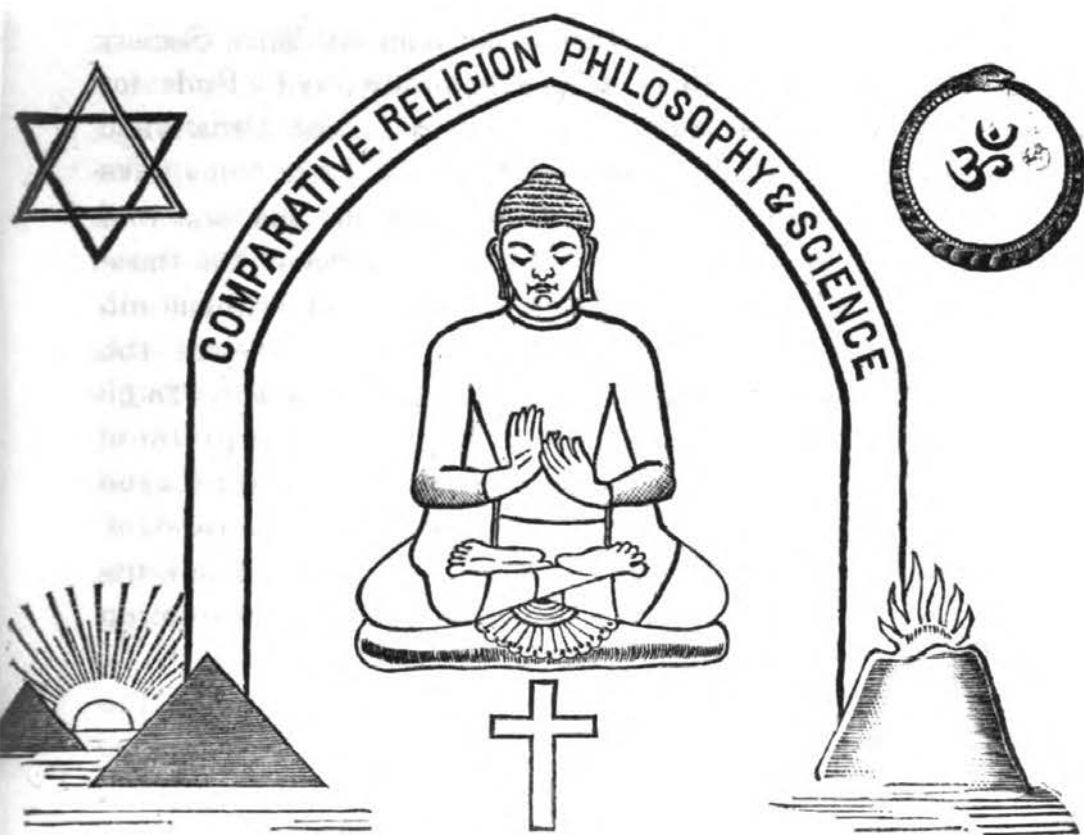
Now this is the rock on which our power is founded, and it is the rock on which are breaking some craft not wisely guided. Our lower philosophic natures revolt at the thought of authority over our very Spirits, resent the notion that that diviner part may not be wholly free. But consider. The first flights of the Spirit are apparently without limit and seemingly entirely free, because the ego has not yet developed power to reach and sensitiveness to feel the limits of its new-found home. Yet we know they are there, and that there are Those dwelling there eternally who fix and hold those bounds and set the rules of life within them.

The very Hierarchy itself, then, is subject to rule and to the orderly succession of authority. And men who aspire to serve the Masters must learn not action only, but subservience and obedience in action. But now comes the very *crux* of all. When, in going down the planes to the lowest material sub-plane, shall our obedience cease, and when shall we oppose our petty judgment to block the progress of this military law? Again the test of intuition: some say, so long as the feeling of agreement remains both strong and true; some say, when lower reason clearly is satisfied; some let their personal desires interfere; and those who feel

the Plan and Law most strongly will carry full obedience to the very physical plane.

The leader and the spokesman of our Society has explained these things carefully, and pleads for that obedience which means more for those that yield it than for Those that would exact it. For They have found those who are determined to find ways of obedience and Their holy work will be done. But those who will not earnestly seek the way, both without and within, must expect to find obstacles before the entrance to the Path and then a less swift ascent. To be sure these obstacles will be cleared away; those disobedient in our field of work will be allowed to serve in another field. And the goal at last will be reached, though we mourn the loss of time for them, and the lost co-operation that the period of the Christ-coming now so greatly needs.

Weller van Hook



CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM

By ARTHUR P. MADDOCKS, B. SC.,
M. Inst. C. E., F. T. S.

STUDENTS of Theosophy are familiar with the idea of the successive waves of the Second Outpouring, and with the gradual development of consciousness by the monadic essence in the different grades of matter, beginning at the lowest, the mineral kingdom. The following notes indicate some of the recent lines of

thought and investigation as to the existence of consciousness in the vegetable kingdom.

In *The Hibbert Journal* for January 1913, there is an interesting article on modern philosophy by Professor Overstreet, of New York, entitled, 'The Democratic Conception of God'; in this Professor Overstreet speaks of the new thought, to which we are coming, that society is guided by the deep, subtle processes of mass-life, the ceaseless action and reaction of each and all. This new conception, he says, of society *making itself*, lifting itself through its very imperfections—through the struggle of these one with another—to planes of more effective realisation, must obviously have profound bearing upon the manner in which we shall view the processes of the total universe. He goes on to show how psychology has swept away the barriers between the human and the lower animal, and quotes A. Forel as stating (in *Ants and some other Insects*) that "the doctrine of evolution is quite as valid in the province of psychology as in the other provinces of organic life". Professor Overstreet continues :

Below the animal is the plant, below the plant is the so-called inorganic. Even now psychology is making groping advances into the region of plant-life (cf. A. Binet—*Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms*) with results that increasingly confirm our suspicion that the region of psychical activity extends below the so-called animal plane of life. We have rid ourselves of the notion of a difference in kind between the human and the lower animal; we are increasingly doing so as between the animal and the plant. The difference between those hitherto separated orders of life is now seen to be one of greater or less complexity in the power to vary reactions to stimuli. As we descend in the scale of life from the human to the lower animal, the power to vary reactions becomes increasingly limited; as we descend to the plant it becomes still more limited. In the *inorganic*, we seem to find a kind of substance that has no power whatever to vary its reactions; actions and reactions are always the same. And yet it is not inconceivable that the inorganic

may. . . . react to stimuli with such infinitesimal variations as. . . . to escape our detection. If this should prove to be true, then the inorganic is fundamentally the same in kind as the most advanced form of life. It is significant in this connection to note that many of the recent discoveries in chemistry and physics frankly cast suspicion upon the long-accepted tradition of the absolute invariability of inorganic matter.

Professor Chandra Bose, M. A., D. Sc., of Calcutta, whose investigations as to the response of so-called 'inorganic' matter to stimulus are well-known, has carried on a similar series of experiments on plants, and has obtained similar results. The facts are given in his book *Response in the Living and Non-Living*, and Mrs. Besant, who saw the experiments repeated in Dr. Bose's house, describes the results as follows, in *A Study in Consciousness* (p. 143):

A fresh piece of cabbage stalk, a fresh leaf or other vegetable body can be stimulated mechanically and will show curves (of electric responses) similar (to those obtained from muscle); it can be fatigued, excited, depressed, poisoned. There is something rather pathetic in seeing the way in which the tiny spot of light, which records the pulses in the plant, travels in ever weaker and weaker curves when the plant is under the influence of poison, falls into a final despairing straight line, and—stops. The plant is dead. One feels as though a murder had been committed—as indeed it has.

Mrs. Besant, in the same book, next mentions some microscopical observations of Mr. Marcus Read, described in the *Pall Mall Magazine* of June 1902 in an article entitled 'Consciousness in Vegetable Matter'. Mr. Read observed symptoms as of fright when tissue was injured, and further saw that male and female cells, floating in the sap, became aware of each other's presence without contact—the circulation quickened, and they put out processes towards each other. Mrs. Besant also mentions some interesting confirmation of Professor Bose's observations, which arose

in the course of M. Jean Becquerel's study of the N-rays, communicated by him to the Paris Academy of Sciences. Flowers, like animals and metals, normally emit these rays, but under chloroform the emanation ceases. Mrs. Besant explains that these N-rays are due to vibrations in the etheric double, causing waves in the surrounding ether. Chloroform expels the etheric double, and hence the waves cease.

A few examples of the sensitiveness of plants to stimuli may be of interest. Sensitiveness to *external* stimuli is termed Irritability by botanists, and sensitiveness to *internal* stimuli—Spontaneity. All plants are sensitive to the sun's rays, and move in response. The roots show sensitiveness to external stimuli, such as gravity, light, moisture and contact—growing *towards* the earth's centre, *away* from light, *towards* moisture, and curving at the tips when they come in contact with anything unsuited to their normal growth. The stems also possess sensitiveness to both external and internal stimuli, growing vertically *upwards* when strong enough and *towards* the light, and being often very sensitive to mechanical contact, this being particularly the case with tendrils. According to Darwin a perceptible curving of the tendril of one of the passion flowers takes place half a minute after the tip is lightly touched. When, therefore, such a tendril comes into contact with a support, it is enabled to attach itself very quickly.

Leaves show a high degree of irritability; they tend to place themselves horizontally under the influence of gravity and light; sensitiveness to contact is shown by leaf-tendrils, and other more obvious cases are the sensitive plant, the sundew and Venus' fly-trap.

The tentacles of the sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) when a fly alights upon one of them, all bend towards the centre of the leaf and entangle the insect ; to drops of rain they are indifferent, to irritant particles they may respond by increased secretion, but when a midge or a small particle of nitrogenous food is placed upon them, they become marvellously active, entangling the insect and covering it with a digestive secretion. The sensitiveness is finer than our most delicate nerves or balances, for a sundew hair will respond to a millionth of a grain of stimulating nitrogenous matter.

The two halves of the broad blade of the leaf of Venus' fly-trap (*Dionæa Muscipula*) shut up like a rat-trap in eight or ten seconds when one of their six sensitive hairs is stimulated, and if an insect is caught in the trap, a profuse digestive secretion is exuded from the glands. When digestion is complete, the leaf re-opens. The delicacy of sensitiveness, the rapidity of movement and the copiousness of the digestive secretion are noteworthy, while it is also significant that Burdon Sanderson has detected electric currents similar to those observed in the neuro-muscular activity of animals, and he concludes that "the property by virtue of which the excitable structures of the leaf respond to stimulation is of the same nature as that possessed by the similarly endowed structures of animals".

Spontaneity is specially marked in an Indian form, the Telegraph plant (*Desmodium gyrans*), the lateral leaflets of which are in a constant state of up and down movement, quite rapid enough to be visible with the naked eye.

Flowers often show irritability ; barberry, for instance, possesses irritable stamens, which, when touched

by an insect which is trying to get nectar, spring suddenly inward, dusting the insect with pollen and frightening it away to another flower.

The leaves of the sensitive plant, which is one of the *Mimosæ*, exhibit phenomena of irritability in their collapse when touched or shaken. Those leaves have a great number of small leaflets, the pairs of which close upwards when touched. On repeated or rougher touching the leaflets of the neighbouring *pinnae* also close together and all the *pinnae* sink down, and at last the leaf-stalk itself sinks down and the whole leaf hangs as if withered. If the stem is shaken all the leaves exhibit the same phenomena. After a short time the leaf-stalk rises and the leaflets expand again.

Arthur P. Maddocks

HYMN TO DURGA

(From the *Siddheshvara Tantra*)

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR AVALON

THIS hymn is quoted in an MS. (dated 1729 A.D.) of the *Ṭārārahasyavṛttikā* in the possession of the Varendra Anusandhāna Samiṭi, copied for me by the kindness of Sj. Akshaya K. Maitra its Director. The *Ṭārārahasyavṛttikā*, otherwise called the *Vāsanāṭṭvabodhinī*, is a Ṭāntrik compilation by Shaṅkara the son of Kamalākara and the grandson of Lamboḍara, as appears from the colophon at the end of the last chapter (XV Patala) of another MS., dated 1526 Shaka (1604 A. D), in the possession of the same Society ; the colophon runs thus :

Lamboḍarasya pauṭreṇa Kamalākara-sūnunā
Akāri Śhaṅkarenaishā vāsanāṭṭvabodhinī

The compilation is of great value as regards the worship of the *Ḍevī Ṭārā*. The tenth chapter contains several hymns to the Goddess under this title. The hymn here translated is there placed after the *Tārāpaj-jhaṭikā Śtoṭra*, which is variously ascribed to Shaṅkarāchārya and to the *Aṭharvaṇīyopaniṣhaṭ*. Probably it has found its way into the MS. by mistake, seeing that the tenth Patala of the *Ṭārārahasyavṛttikā* otherwise deals only with the hymns of *Ṭārā*.

Ḍurgā is the title of the great manifestation of Shakti in warrior form for the destruction of the demonic enemies of Ḍevas and men. According to Chandī, the combined Ṭejas of all the Ḍevas, like a mountain of fire, manifested as the Ḍevī Ḍurgā for the destruction of the Asura Mahisha. As will appear from the hymn, Ḍurgā is invoked in all dangers. She is the Destroyer of distress. For Ḍurgā is Sā yā ḍurgaṭim haraṭi (She who takes away misfortune). The Mother of the world, under this name, is worshipped in Bengal in the Mahāvraṭa known as the Ḍurgā pūjā, which, it is said, will continue as long as the sun and moon endure.

ḌURGĀ

I

Salutation to Thee, O Shivā,¹
 Refuge of compassion;
 Obeisance to Thee, who art in the form of the Universe,²
 And pervadest the whole world;
 Salutation to Thee, whose Lotus Feet are adored of all,
 Guard me, O Ḍurgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.³

II

Salutation to Thee, upon whom the whole world
 meditates.
 Obeisance to Thee, great Yoginī, who art knowledge
 itself.⁴
 Salutation, Salutation to Thee, the Ever-Blissful One,
 Guard me, O Ḍurgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

¹ Feminine of Shiva, "the good".

² Vishvarūpe.

³ Namaste jagatāriṇi trāhi Ḍurge; the refrain throughout.

⁴ Jñānarūpe

III

In want¹ am I and poor, with none to protect me ;
 By the world oppressed, fearful and ever in grief ;
 Thou art mine only refuge,
 O Devī,² the Deliverer.
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

IV

O Devī, Thou art the only refuge
 And the cause of our deliverance
 In the dangers of the ocean and battle-field,
 Amidst fires and formidable enemies
 At the King's Court,³
 In forests and along lonesome paths.
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

V

O Devī, Thou art the only refuge,
 Vessel of safety to those who drown in the ocean of
 dangers,
 So difficult to cross, so greatly formidable.
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

VI

Salutation to Thee, O Chandikā.⁴
 By Thy formidable play
 Destroyer of countless enemies of Ākhandala.⁵

¹ *Lit.* "thirsty", that is, in want.

² The meaning of the term Devī is prakāshāṭmikā, or that which is by its nature Light and Manifestation.

³ As in claims, litigations, prosecutions and other like circumstances which may be fraught with peril.

⁴ The Devī is so called as the wrathful Victrix of all Demons.

⁵ Indra.

Thou art the only refuge
 Who clearest away unnumbered obstacles.
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

VII

Thou art worshipped as the One
 Ever victorious,
 Promulgator of all truth,¹
 Immeasurable ;
 Though opposed to anger Thou subduest anger by
 anger.²
 Thou art the Nādīs, Idā, Pingalā and Suṣhumṇā.³
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

VIII

Salutation to Thee, O Durgā of formidable voice,
 Shivā,⁴ Sarasvatī,⁵ Arundhaṭī,⁶
 Who hast never failed (those who worship Thee).
 Sachī,⁷ Kālarātri,⁸ Saṭī,⁹
 All power and manifestation.¹⁰
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

¹ Saṭyavādīni, *lit.* " speaker of the truth " ; not in the sense in which it is said of man, but as the Teacher of all that is true ; just as She is also the cause of all error.

² Jitakroḍhasakroḍhanakroḍha niṣṭhā.

That is : Her nature is opposed to anger, yet anger angers Her, so that She subdues it with Her anger. The Devī is not niṣṭhā (addicted) to kroḍha (anger) and therefore subdues kroḍha ; yet in so doing manifests kroḍha to signify that She is not kroḍha niṣṭhā. So it is said that war is a step to ensure peace.

³ The three channels (nādī) which go from the mūlāḍhāra to the twelve-petalled lotus below the Sahasrārāpaḍma, through which the Ṭāntrik Kundalinī Yoga takes place.

⁴ See Ante, verse 1.

⁵ The Goddess of speech and learning who is also Her daughter, as is Lakṣhmī.

⁶ Wife of the Ṛṣhi Vasiṣṭha, celebrated for her devotion.

⁷ Indrāṇī, wife of Indra.

⁸ " Night of dissolution," for She is the Destroyer also.

⁹ Spouse of Shiva, daughter of Ḍakṣha, or She is the virtuous one.

¹⁰ Vibhūti, that is the power of Īshvara, or Aishvarya.

IX

Thou art the refuge
 Of all Devas, Siddhas,¹ and Viḍyāḍharas,
 Munis² and the best of men.
 To all those who lie in sickness,
 In peril at the King's Court,³
 Or at the hands of robbers,
 Thou art the Giver of shelter.
 O Devī Durgā, be gracious to me.

X

PHALASHLOKA *

These eight verses⁴ which I have spoken
 Will save from all dangers,
 Whether they be recited thrice⁵ or but once daily.
 By the mere reading of this Hymn is one freed from all
 perils.
 Whether on earth, in heaven, or in the nether world.
 Of this there is no doubt.
 Whoever having abandoned sin,
 Reads either one or all the verses of this Hymn,
 Attains to the Supreme Abode.
 Who is there who, having read it, is not crowned with
 success?
 O Devī, briefly in this best of Hymns⁷
 Have I sung Thy praises.

Arthur Avalon

¹ Devayoni of that name, possessors of siddhis, powers. As to the Viḍyā-
 ḍharas, see *Vahni Purāna, Kāshyapīyavamsha*.

² Sages. A man is so called on account of his thinking. *Mananāt
 muniruchyate*. *Mananam* is that thought, investigation and discussion which
 marks the independent thinking mind.

³ See Ante, verse 4.

⁴ The usual terminal verse which recites the benefits to be got by recital
 of the Hymn.

⁵ *Sic*. The Ninth verse appears to be treated (as this one is) as
 phalashloka, or there is a mistake.

⁶ *Lit*. At the three Saṅḍhyā, the daily rite performed at morn, at noon
 and even.

⁷ *Stavarājā*, that is "King of hymns". Much may be said of Her but here
 it is said in brief.

THE RELIGION OF THE SIKHS

III

*Gurus Arjan, Har Gobind, Har Rai,
Har Kṛṣhan, Teg Bahāḍur*

By DOROTHY FIELD

WITH the accession of Arjan to the Guruship of the Sikhs a marked change took place in the history of the religion. Hitherto, as we have seen, the spirit of the sect had been quietistic. Its founder, Nānak, had taught the value of true spirituality, of absolute unworldliness, and of sincerity in religious observance. He had protested against the vain ceremonialism of his day, and had tried to break down the barriers of the caste system. The three following Gurus, Aṅgad, Amār Ḍās and Rām Ḍās, had upheld these principles during a period of forty-three years. Up to this time—including the forty-nine years of Nānak's ministry—the Sikh precepts do not seem to have greatly offended the Muhammadans. On the other hand, the sacred writings show the influence of Muhammadanism very strongly, and were on the whole more offensive to the Hindūs on account of their attacks on the caste system. In reality the teaching was intended to be a reformation of both religions. During the rule of Arjan, however, these things began to change. The tolerant Emperor Akbar who, although himself a Mussalmān, had given lands and money to

the Sikhs and had received their Guru very favourably, died, and gave place to the more superstitious Jahangir. This, combined with the fact that the Guru possessed a very powerful personal enemy, was responsible for a change in the fortunes of the Sikhs. This enemy was a jealous brother. As we have seen, the founder of the Sikh sect passed over his sons and appointed his servant as his successor. Guru Aṅgad followed his example. Amār Ḍās—the third Guru—chose his son-in-law, and Rām Ḍās his youngest son Arjan. Jealousy began to spring up among the elder sons. In Arjan's case the jealous brother was a capable and highly ambitious man, whose vindictiveness haunted the Guru throughout his life and had a considerable hand in bringing him to his death.

During his ministry of twenty-five years, Guru Arjan collected his own hymns and those of his predecessors, and made of them a great volume which was thenceforth to be the Bible of the Sikhs. This labour was a very serious one, and no pains were spared to make the volume as complete and perfect as possible. It contained the services—mostly by Guru Nānak—that are recited by Sikhs in the early morning and at various times of the day, and the disciples were instructed to learn these by heart. The hymns contained protests against formality and hypocrisy in both Hindūism and Muhammadanism. As soon as it was compiled, complaints were made to Akbar—who was then still alive—of its unorthodoxy; but after reading some of it the Emperor declared that he was pleased with the teaching of the Guru, and offered him funds to assist his purpose. “Excepting love and devotion,” he said, “I find nothing in this volume that

is not worthy of reverence." Soon after this Akbar died, and the enemies of the Guru repeated their objections to the sacred volume to the new Emperor Jahangir. Jahangir had a son named Khusro, who had been nominated by the late Emperor as his successor, and who therefore claimed the Panjab and other territory from his father, whom he held to be an impostor. Jahangir sent out an army against him, and the prince sought shelter with the Guru. Arjan at once recognised him as the young man who had visited him with Akbar in the days when that Muhammadan Emperor was so friendly to the Sikhs, and naturally enough assisted him with money and hospitality. This fact, together with the compilation of the *Granth Sāhab*, gave the jealous brother of the Guru ample opportunity for attack. He knew well that Jahangir would be only too willing—under the guise of religious zeal—to punish the man who had befriended his rebellious son. Arjan was sent for and his hymns were read before the Emperor. He was commanded to pay a fine for his crime in giving hospitality to Khusro, and to erase everything in his hymns that was contrary to Muhammadan orthodoxy. Both of these commands the Guru refused to obey. He pleaded that his friendship for Khusro was merely a matter of personal loyalty, and had nothing to do with political rebellion. As for the *Granth Sāhab*—that was God's word, and he was not entitled to alter one syllable of it. Upon this the Emperor ordered him to be imprisoned for his disobedience, and there he was subjected to terrible tortures. He was placed in a red-hot cauldron and burning sand was poured over him. He was only allowed respite in order that he might recover sufficiently to bear

further pain. He finally died, after being allowed to go forth and bathe in the sacred water. To the last he was absolutely fearless, refusing to alter one word of the Scriptures—a concession which would have saved his life. This martyrdom of the Sikh Guru had a great effect upon the position of the sect. Bitterness arose between Sikhs and Muhammadans, and as a matter of self-preservation the adherents of the younger faith began to show martial tendencies. As a matter of fact there had always been something of this spirit in them. A soldier who came to the second Guru for advice was encouraged in loyalty to his masters and was not bidden to lay down his arms. The fact, too, that Arjan, who was of fine physique and who possessed warlike ideals, was made Guru in preference to his more ascetic brother shows in what direction Sikhism was tending. Several of the Gurus watched wrestling matches, went to the chase, or practised arms. Incidentally, their doctrine regarding flesh-eating assisted them in their new rôle. Fine physique was in every way encouraged; unhealthy asceticism, exhausting pilgrimages—so potent a power for the spread of disease in India—and all excess, either religious or worldly, were barred by their tenets. Their outlook was sane and simple, their lives healthy and pure; mentally and physically they were well fitted to carry arms when necessary. Later, a new factor added to their warlike capabilities. By persecution they were driven into the hills, where their passionate loyalty to their cause, combined with every kind of healthy condition, turned them into the splendid race to which the English owed so much at Delhi. The turning-point in their development came with the martyrdom of Arjan, who ordered his son, when

succeeding him, to sit fully armed upon his throne. But long before his death, Arjan had instructed his soldiers thus: "He who practises martial exercises shall become fearless in the battlefield. The greatest merit of a soldier is not to show his back to the enemy. Fight for him whose salt thou hast eaten. Give thy life for thy Sovereign, and great shall be thy fame in both worlds."

Apart from giving a new impulse to the Sikh sect, Arjan did a great deal for the progress of the religion. In some ways he was the greatest of all the Gurus. He combined in an extraordinary degree physical strength and beauty with unflinching religious zeal, and also artistic merit of a high order. His hymns are by far the most numerous, and many of them the most beautiful, of any of the Gurus, and it must not be forgotten that he was responsible for the compilation of the *Granth Sahab*—this being the greatest labour of his life. He was Guru for twenty-five years, and during the whole of that time combined saintliness with remarkable wisdom and practical efficiency, possessing both clearness of insight and sanity of outlook. He was martyred in 1606, and his son Har Gobind took his place.

Har Gobind was thoroughly fitted to carry out his father's instructions. He understood the state of affairs perfectly. He originated no hostilities, but he made himself so strong that the Emperor was afraid of him. When the aged Bhai Budha presented him with a cord necklace and a fakir's hat he renounced them, saying that they were not suited to the altered condition of the Sikhs. "My cord necklace shall be my sword-belt," he said, "and my fakir's hat a turban with a royal aigrette." He then arrayed himself in martial style

with bow, quiver, arrows, shield and sword. So that, to quote the chronicler, "his splendour shone like the sun". Very soon Jahangir sent for him, assuring him that he was not responsible for the death of Arjan, and endeavouring to make peace. It seems that Jahangir was nervous and superstitious, and that though he suspected both the religious and political views of Har Gobind, he was anxious to remain on good terms with him. They got on so well, indeed—outwardly, at any rate—that they went hunting together: and it is recorded that Har Gobind saved the Emperor's life when he was attacked by a tiger. After awhile, however, the Guru's enemies, through the agency of an astrologer, contrived to have the Guru sent to a fort at Gwalior—ostensibly to pray for the Emperor, but where he remained for twelve years. During this time he preached to the imprisoned Rājās and meditated on the Name. Jahangir at last released him—the imprisoned Rājās at his request—and again instituted friendly relations. Not long after this the Emperor died and Shah Jehan took his place. The imperial forces soon contrived to quarrel with Har Gobind, and a battle took place at Amritsar, after which the Guru and his people retired to the margin of the Bais. Here he founded a city and a fort, and it is interesting to notice that a Muhammadan mosque was built as well as a Sikh temple—showing how little enmity the Gurus really bore to sincere Muhammadanism. At this point the Guru was again attacked, and entering the battle himself he fought magnificently and obtained a complete victory. Har Govind had at Court a friend named Wazir Khān, who constantly pleaded his cause with the Emperor. This was partly out of real concern for Shah Jehan, as well as from

friendship for the Guru. He told the Emperor how the Guru had caused a mosque to be built at his city, and for the time being this was productive of peace. But the jealousy of the imperial troops produced further friction. In all there were four battles, in which the Sikhs thoroughly succeeded in establishing their independence and their capability in warfare. Towards the end of his life Har Gobind appears to have become somewhat depressed by the continual hostility of the Muhammadans, and he instructed his son to retain two hundred thousand mounted soldiers as a precaution, though he must never begin a quarrel.

Har Gobind undoubtedly had much opposition to contend with, not only from foes but from friends, who thought that he should have maintained the quietistic sect that Nānak had originated. He did not compose hymns as the other Gurus had done, though when not engaged in warfare he worked miracles, and instructed his disciples. He saw that it was necessary to put the preservation of his sect first, and to show that the Sikhs had sufficient vitality to support their cause by force if need be. He held the Guruship for nearly thirty-eight years, and left as his successor his grandson Har Rai. It is said that at his death the sky appeared rose-red, and that soft singing was borne on cool, fragrant breezes. Hosts of saints and demi-gods came to receive him, and were heard to be singing: "Victory! Victory!" Gobind was borne on a beautiful bier, while the following hymn was sung:

He who knoweth God must always be happy,
And God will blend him with Himself.
He in whose heart God dwelleth is wealthy,
Of high family, honoured, and obtaineth salvation
during life.

Hail! hail! hail! a man hath come
 By whose favour the whole world shall be saved.
 The object of his coming was
 That through him the Name might be remembered.
 He was saved himself and he saved the world :
 To him, Nānak, I ever make obeisance.

Har Rai received the Guruship at the age of fourteen. The aged Bhai Budha—who had been present at all previous coronations—had died during the life of Har Gobind, and his son Bhai Bhani officiated in his place. Sometime after his accession the Emperor Shah Jehan, whose son was very ill, sent the following letter :

Thy predecessor, the holy Bābā Nānak, granted sovereignty to the Emperor Baber, the founder of my dynasty ; Guru Aṅgad was exceedingly well disposed to his son the Emperor Humayun ; and Guru Amār Dās removed many difficulties from my grandfather Akbar's path. I regret that the same friendly relations did not subsist between Guru Har Gobind and myself, and that misunderstandings were caused by the interference of strangers. For this I was not to blame. My son Dara Shikoh is now very ill. His remedy is in thy hands. If thou give the myrobalan and the clove which are in thy store-house, and add to them thy prayers, thou wilt confer an abiding favour on me.

The Guru returned good for evil, did as requested, and Dara Shikoh was cured. This ensured peace for a considerable time, and Har Rai was at liberty to pursue his ministrations. When the Emperor himself became ill, Dara Shikoh intended to take the reins of government, but Aurangzeb, the third son, marched against him, put him to death, and imprisoned his aged father, with another son. The remaining brothers fled and Aurangzeb remained supreme. This fanatical and cruel Emperor then set forth on his famous attack on Hindūism ; he destroyed temples, threw their images into the river, and sought to demolish all traces of Hindūism, everywhere building Muhammadan mosques. He then sent for the Guru, against whose orthodoxy complaints were

made. He wrote a peaceable letter, asking Har Rai to let bygones be bygones and to come and see him. The Guru, however, suspected treachery; and he sent the Emperor a dream in which the murdered Dara Shikoh appeared throned in heaven whilst he, Aurangzeb, was an outcaste and pariah. The Emperor's superstitious dread increased, and he was determined to obtain the Guru at all costs. He sent him a highly flattering letter, which made the Sikhs hesitate. Har Rai, however, declared that he would never look upon the face of Aurangzeb, but Rām Rai his son craved leave to go in his stead. When this youth got to Court, however, he was tried before a meeting of Muhammadan priests. He had previously worked several miracles, which greatly astonished the Emperor, who was then determined to examine his orthodoxy. Before the meeting of priests Rām Rai's faithfulness gave way; when questioned as to certain of Nānak's words he so altered them that they were favourable to the Muhammadans. This greatly delighted the Emperor, who felt that he had secured a friend. Har Rai, however, hearing of his son's perfidy, refused to look upon his face again, and appointed Har Kṛṣhan—who was still a child—to the Guruship in his stead.

Har Rai held the Guruship for sixteen years, and had a more peaceable life than his grandfather. This was undoubtedly partly due to the fact that his son made friends with the Emperor—although the terms on which this was done would have ruined the cause of Sikhism if they had not been discountenanced.

Har Kṛṣhan, younger son of the seventh Guru, obtained office at the age of five years. Although so young he showed great spiritual zeal, and instructed his

Sikhs in their religion. The Emperor soon sent for the boy to Court in the hope that he and Rām Rai, quarrelling over the Guruship, might kill each other. Rām Rai was delighted at the idea of his brother's visit, for he thought that Har Kṛṣṇan would be sure to offend the Emperor, and that then he himself would seize the Guruship. A very subtle letter was sent to Har Kṛṣṇan, telling him that Sikhs in Delhi needed his presence and instruction. The new Guru had refused to look upon the face of Aurangzeb in obedience to his father, but he did not know how to meet this treacherous request. Finally he decided to go, but before he arrived in Delhi he was seized with small-pox and died (1664). He had only held the Guruship for three years, and was but eight when he died. There was no one present whom he could appoint as his successor, but he indicated that one would be found worthy in the village of Bābā Bakale.

Naturally enough, many disciples in the place named claimed the right to succeed Har Kṛṣṇan. Twenty-two of these took offerings from the Sikhs, and greatly impoverished them in this way. Finally, however, a man named Teg Bahāḍur was found dwelling in silence and retirement. It was then remembered that he was the son of Har Gobind and Nānaki, and was thus great-uncle to Har Kṛṣṇan, who had just died. Moreover a prophecy of Har Gobind's was recalled, in which he told his wife that Teg Bahāḍur should become a Guru, have great power, and sacrifice himself for the Sikh religion. Thus Teg Bahāḍur ascended the throne in his forty-third year, and was said to be the very image of Guru Nānak. Meanwhile the frenzy of Aurangzeb was increasing; he thought of the Emperor Akbar

and of what he had done, and how in the end his greatness caused him to be proclaimed a God. Why should not he, Aurangzeb, do likewise? Thus thought the Emperor; and the Guru, perceiving his intentions, determined at last to sacrifice his life for the protection of the Hindūs, for the destruction of the Moghal Empire in India. This again shows the tolerance of the Sikh religion. Har Gobind built a mosque in his city, and the Guru Teg Bahādur showed the utmost sympathy for the Hindūs in their then state of oppression. It was not until this had reached a very serious pitch, however, that the Guru thought of sacrificing himself. At first he endeavoured to carry on his mission peaceably, and preached much against anger and the necessity for forgiveness. When he heard that Rām Rai was speaking against him at Court, he merely moved about from place to place to avoid hostilities if possible. He taught the emptiness of possessions and the vanity of wealth. He worked many miracles, and everywhere tried to inculcate simple faith in God and spirituality. He preached against tobacco, which he called a "vile vegetable," and, like his predecessors, endeavoured to build up health both of body and mind by moderation in all things. In this way he travelled about for some time, but everywhere he met with the bitter complaints of the Hindūs. Aurangzeb paused at nothing to force their conversion to Muhammadanism. The Emperor proceeded in the four traditional ways of Indian policy. He first made peaceable overtures, then offered bribes, then threatened punishment; and if all these failed he would try to cause dissension among the people themselves. After this he would resort to force pure and simple; he would destroy everything—even killing cows,

throwing their flesh into wells and obliging the Hindūs to drink the water. Not satisfied with this sacrilege he would drive the Hindūs to the mosque, and cause them to use prayers contrary to the tenets of their religion. At last Teg Bahādur sent a letter to the Emperor, telling him that he had a large number of followers dependent on him. If Aurangzeb could convert the Guru, then all his army and those dependent on him would also become Muhammadans. Thus Teg Bahādur hoped to divert the frenzy of Aurangzeb from the Hindūs to himself, and this he succeeded in doing only too well. The Emperor was delighted, and thought it would be quite easy with threats and bribes to convert the Sikh Prophet, and thus to make a real advance in his scheme. He sent for him and offered him wealth, land, and appointments, and anything else that he might desire; all he need do was to repeat the Muhammadan creed and prayers, and keep the fasts. The Guru replied that not only had God willed that there should be two religions—Hindūism and Muhammadanism—but that there should even be three; for he himself was an apostle of the new and purer faith, Sikhism. Upon this the Guru was imprisoned and subjected to terrible tortures. He wrote to his wife to have no fear, because the Turks should lose their sovereignty; and during his imprisonment a very significant event occurred, which bore out this remark. Teg Bahādur, from the top story of his prison, was seen looking in the direction of the imperial zenāna. Aurangzeb remonstrated with him; upon which the Guru replied: “Emperor Aurangzeb . . . I was not looking at thy private apartments or at thy queen’s. I was looking in the direction of the Europeans, who are coming from beyond the seas to tear down thy pardas and destroy

thine Empire." These significant words afterwards became the battle-cry of the Sikhs at Delhi in 1857, when this prophecy was gloriously fulfilled. Such remarks as these did not tend to pacify the Emperor, who imprisoned the Guru in an iron cage with a sentry on each side with drawn sword. No tortures, threats or privations, however, moved Teg Bahādur, who was finally taken out of his cage and executed. At the last he repeated his prophecies against the Turks, telling them that he was digging up the roots of their religion by his death. He died in 1675—having held the Guruship for eleven years. He appointed his son, Gobind Rai—who sent him hymns when in prison—as his successor, ordering him to support as fine an army as possible. Immediately after the Guru's death the Emperor repented, and indeed it is said that he never really recovered his peace of mind; he was troubled with terrible dreams and visions, and unceasingly feared for the state of his Empire.

The new Guru vowed that he would make his Sikhs so strong that one of them should hold his ground against one hundred thousand others! The events which preceded the rule of Har Gobind—that is, the persecution and martyrdom of Arjan—were repeated with additional significance before the accession of Gobind Rai, and the consolidation of the genius of this last and greatest of the Gurus is responsible for the subsequent history of the Sikhs.

Dorothy Field



WHY NOT I?

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

MEN join the Theosophical Society for various reasons; some because they sympathise with its objects, some because they think they can learn something from it, some because they want to help the work it is doing. Whatever be their reasons, when they have grasped the principle of evolution, they are usually fired with enthusiasm for it. Seeing the possibility and the desirability of progress, they begin to be anxious to attain it; hearing how sadly the world needs helping,

they wish to enroll themselves in the noble army of martyrs who devote themselves to that stupendous but somewhat thankless task—thankless, because the world still stones its prophets, and the discomfort of the process is but little mitigated by the prospect that a wiser posterity will presently raise monuments to them.

When members have thus decided to hasten the process of their evolution, they enquire as to methods, teachers, helpers, and they soon hear from older students of the existence of the Brotherhood of Adepts, and of the fact that some of these Great Ones occasionally admit apprentices and instruct them in the work which has to be done. The aspirant feels that this is exactly what he would like, and he wishes to offer himself at once for such a position. But the older student explains to him that the offer must come from the other side—that all he can do is to make himself fit for such a post, and wait until the Master calls him.

When he further enquires as to the way in which he can make himself fit to be chosen, he is told that there is no mystery as to the qualifications required. They have been elaborately described in the sacred books of the ancients, they may be found in the teaching of every religion, and they are worked out minutely in modern Theosophical literature. It is easy to learn about them, but difficult to acquire them, and their practice seems out of touch with much that we find prominent in the life of the present day. History assures us that the thing has been done, but closer examination shows us that it has never been done exactly under existing conditions. Whenever in older times a man set himself definitely to live the higher life, he began by retiring to a cave or a habitation far

removed from the world of men. So long as he remained among his fellows he was supposed to be living the life of the householder, who might be, and ought to be, a thoroughly good and honest man, but was engaged in doing the work of the world on the physical plane and not aiming specially at occult development. He participated in that higher life by making it possible for others, by providing for the needs of those who were wholly devoting themselves to it.

Now the hermit who lives in a cave or the monk who confines himself to his cell no doubt resigns what are commonly called the pleasures of the world, but he provides himself with admirably appropriate conditions for the work which he is trying to do. He sees very little of his fellow-creatures; he has cast aside all responsibilities; he has nothing to worry or trouble him, nothing to make him angry. Such a life is possible only for men of a certain temperament; but for them it is ideal in its freedom. That, however, is not at all the method of development recommended to the Theosophical student; he is expected to acquire the qualifications while still mixing with his fellows and trying to help them. Usually he has his living to get; he is constantly meeting other men, who are sometimes pleasant and sometimes the reverse, but in any case bring with them their own vibrations, which are different from his own, and so disturbing. He has his anxieties, he has inevitably many things about which he must think, and under those conditions he cannot expect to make such rapid progress in occult development as a man who has nothing else to do. At the same time, he can in certain ways do more good than a hermit. He can set an example; he can show by his life

that it is possible to be in the world and yet not of the world.

One who desires to be accepted and taught by a Master should endeavour to understand exactly what the Master wants, and how the matter of receiving a man as an apprentice must envisage itself to Him. Every human being has a certain amount of spiritual strength, just as he has a certain amount of physical strength. Most men are ignorant of its very existence, and so let it lie dormant or fritter it away. A Master knows exactly how much force He has, and holds it to be His duty to use every ounce of it to the best advantage for the good of the world. It is that consideration, and that only, which determines whether He will or will not accept any person as an apprentice. There is no sort of favouritism about it. He does not take a person because he is recommended, or because he is the son of somebody who has been accepted before. Sometimes a student thinks :

“I know I am defective, but still I should like to be taught and helped ; why should not the Master accept and teach us all ?”

That is unreasonable, because to do that would not be a profitable investment of the Master's force. Any older student can teach a newcomer, and to ask the Master to do it would be like asking the Principal of a College or the Minister of Education of a country to teach an infant class. The Master is dealing with men *en masse*, in great blocks of thousands at a time, and in quite a different way ; and we have to consider what is best for all, not for ourselves alone. It would be obviously unwise for the man who is Director of Education for a whole country to devote his time to teaching

one little child, or even twenty or thirty. If the Master sees a promising person, we may imagine Him making a calculation in His mind. We may with all reverence suppose that He would say to Himself:

“If I accept that man, I shall have to spend so many hours over him; during that time I could do a certain amount of the wider work for the world. But I think that when he has been brought to a certain point he will be able to do work which will in the long run more than counterbalance what I could do in the time spent over him, and meantime he can be used as a channel; therefore he is a good investment.”

Acceptance depends solely upon the fitness of the candidate. It is by no means only a question of what he will be able to do some day in the future, but also of how far he can be used here and now. Take an example. In the course of His work a Master may wish to produce some physical result—to send out an etheric current perhaps—in a certain town. He is working on the spiritual or intuitional level; how can He most easily achieve that physical result?

Several methods are available. He can project His force to the required spot at the spiritual level, and then drive it down by main force through the intervening planes; but that will waste a great deal of energy in the process of distribution. He can call to some pupil at a distance, give him the force on the higher plane, and tell him to go astrally to the spot where it is needed, and then transfer it to the physical level. That would take less of the Master's energy, but would expend more than is necessary of the pupil's. But suppose the Master had in that town a good student who had brought himself into harmony with

the great work. He would utilise that man ; He would pour the energy into him at the higher level, and use him as a channel for it, leaving to him the transmutation into physical-plane energy and the actual radiation of it in this lower world. The student as an ego would be conscious of the honour done to him, and would eagerly co-operate ; but the personality in its physical brain might not know what was being done, though it would be sure to feel much uplifted and unexpectedly happy. When that feeling comes to the student, he may take it for granted that some blessing is being shed through him ; when he wakes in the morning with a sensation of bliss and great content, he may know thereby that some good thing has been done through him.

It will be readily understood that a man who can often be used in that way is one whom the Master notices and is likely to draw nearer to Himself. Unfortunately men often allow themselves to get into a condition which makes them useless to the Master ; then when He wants a channel in their neighbourhood, He looks at them and sees that they are not available, and so He chooses someone else to bear that blessing. It may be worth while to consider some of the reasons that make a student temporarily useless to the Master, and to try to understand why certain actions produce that particular result, so that we may avoid them.

First let us grasp the relation of our vehicles to one another. We speak and think of them as separate bodies, each functioning in a different world, and we are apt to forget how entirely they are also one. All matter is fundamentally the same matter ; just as all

kinds of substances in the physical world are all built of absolutely identical physical atoms, and the only thing that differs is the arrangement of those atoms, so all kinds of matter on the different planes from the highest to the lowest are built of identical bubbles, and the only thing which is different is the arrangement of those bubbles. So there is a very real sense in which it may be said that all our bodies are really one complex body, the different parts of which are closely inter-related.

We may take an analogy from our physical vehicle. As we see it, it is a form of flesh, and has the appearance of being built only of solid matter ; but we know quite well that it is thoroughly interpenetrated with liquid, so that the slightest prick in any part of it at once produces a drop of blood. The blood interpenetrates the body so thoroughly that if it were possible (which it is not) to remove all the solid matter and yet maintain the liquid in the same position, we should have a perfect outline of the body built up in blood alone. In the same way the body is interpenetrated by air and other gases ; and we could conceive, if it were possible in some way instantaneously to freeze those gases, that we might have a perfect outline indicated by them. But all these different kinds of matter make one body, and it would be impossible to affect one of the kinds of matter which compose it without equally affecting the others also. All the vehicles of which we speak as the causal, mental, astral and physical bodies interpenetrate one another ; so that it is impossible to affect one without thereby influencing all the rest.

If therefore a man desires to offer himself as a channel for the force of the Master, he must have all

these vehicles simultaneously in a calm and responsive condition ; and anything which disturbs such a condition in any one of them will be an obstacle in the way of the Master's work.

One of the commonest of these obstacles is worry. A man who allows himself to feel worried or anxious has his mental body in a condition of unrest which, to clairvoyant vision, gives it the appearance of the ocean when tossed by a tempest. Before a Master could use such a vehicle as a channel for His force, He would have to exert whatever amount of energy was needed to calm that troubled ocean and hold it absolutely still ; and that would be far more trouble for Him than to manipulate the force Himself ; so He will certainly choose some other way.

Another very common obstacle is selfishness. In a man whose thoughts are centred upon himself, all the forces are moving inward instead of outward. Before such a man could be of any use to the Master, it would be necessary that all those currents should be checked and reversed, that their life-long habit of inward flow should be eradicated, and a new habit of exactly opposite nature should be established. It is at once obvious that to attempt to utilise such a man cannot be a profitable speculation. What the Master wants is a person in whom all the forces are flowing outwards towards others. Then there is already a radiation going on, and when He throws His force in, it is easy for Him to strengthen that radiation. Another point is that, unless the man is absolutely primitive and unevolved, along with the selfishness there is always disturbance. The ego knows something about evolution and the laws which govern it, and therefore his will is always

favourable to progress, and so far as he is yet able to guide the personality he guides it in the direction of evolution. When the personality takes the bit between its teeth and runs away, it is always against his will; but the reins by which he holds it are not yet as strong as they will be, and so if he pulls too hard he knows that they will break, which often makes the position very difficult for him. He must make the personality strong in order that effective progress may be possible for it; and yet when it is strong it often uses its strength in directions which he does not approve. Thus wherever there is selfishness there is always at the heart of things a struggle, and that also makes it impossible for the Master to use a self-centred man.

Pride and conceit are forms of selfishness, and they also set the currents running inward instead of outward. A man who is conceited is never upon the watch for opportunities of usefulness, and so he often misses them. He is intent upon going his own way, and he is therefore not open to the influence from the Master which would set him moving in the opposite direction of helpfulness and service.

Irritability is another bar with which we frequently meet. Just as the mental body of the worried man is in a state of perpetual disturbance, so is the astral body of the irritable man. A healthy astral body should normally exhibit some four or five distinct rates of vibration corresponding to the nobler emotions, and it should show only those vortices which correspond to the principal centres in the physical vehicle; but the irritable man often shows fifty, sixty or a hundred small vortices, each like an open sore in the centre of a little tract containing an assortment of all kinds of

unpleasant and undesirable colours. Through every one of these the man's force is escaping, and so he wearies himself and wastes strength unnecessarily, scattering round him unhealthy disturbing influences.

A man of this kind has no strength left to be employed in the Master's service; and even if a Master should exert the force necessary to reduce his chaos to order, any streams of energy which were sent out through him would be tainted by his ill-temper. I know well that for us, who are living in a century of savage hurry, it is difficult to avoid irritability; the haste and pressure of modern life cause great nervous suffering, which is apt to show itself in this very vice of chronic ill-temper. Just because people are overstrained they are often sensitive to things which in reality do not matter in the least, and should not be allowed to cause disturbance. Under such an influence a man allows himself to be troubled by what another says of him, or by some falsehood which is written about him in a newspaper—things which should not cause even a momentary annoyance to any man of a well-balanced and philosophical turn of mind.

Again, a man who frequently yields himself to depression is quite useless while under its influence. If we turn to the illustration of the astral body of a depressed person in *Man, Visible and Invisible*, we shall find that he has absolutely enclosed himself in a kind of cage. This cage would prevent the radiation of beneficent influences; and even if they were strong enough to break it, they would still carry parts of it with them, and would be polluted by it. Also, to break up such a cage in that violent manner would break up the astral body itself and cause serious harm. The

same thing is true of avarice, though the coloration of the cage is different.

Another difficulty which sometimes stands in the way is ambition. I do not say that ambition is a bad thing in the worldly life, so long as its objects are not unworthy. If a man be a doctor or a lawyer, it is well that he should have the ambition to be a clever doctor or lawyer, in order that he may be able to do as much good as possible for his fellow-creatures in the profession which he has chosen for himself. But if the man's mind is so filled with ambition that there is no room for any other thought, that would be a bar against his being used for the transmission of higher forces. One cannot think of it as a sin ; but the fact remains that it implies the continued presence in the various vehicles of a certain vibration which will be out of harmony with any that the Master is likely to wish to send through.

Sensuality also is an absolute bar. It may be associated with actual wicked thought, or it may simply be a survival from the animal kingdom through which we have passed ; in either case it creates a chronic disturbance and sets up a type of undulations which would be entirely inharmonious with any higher forces.

Those who desire to be ready for the Master's call must cast off these fetters ; they must clear these difficulties out of the way. Though it is simple enough to understand what is required, it is not easy to do it. The mere study of Theosophy presents no serious difficulties ; with a little assiduity one may obtain a mass of information about planes and sub-planes, about rings and rounds and planetary chains ; but that is not enough. What is required is an attitude towards life—

an attitude of benevolent philosophic calm. I had an old nurse who, when anything went wrong, used to say :

“Don't mind; it will be all the same a hundred years hence.”

And really, you know, if one thinks of it, that is true. If some sorrow or sickness comes, it is very hard for the moment, but think how you will look back upon it from the heaven-life. Someone says something nasty about you; a hundred years hence it will not matter what he said. Except to himself it does not matter even now; why should you worry yourself about it? It is the custom to grow angry if someone speaks ill of one; but it is a bad custom. It is the fashion to let the astral body be disturbed under such circumstances, but it is a silly fashion; why should we follow it? If a man has been so wicked as to speak unkindly and untruly, it is he who will suffer for the wrong he has done; why should we unnecessarily allow our astral bodies to cause us suffering also?

What *we* do to others—that matters much to us, because it involves our responsibility; but as to what others do to *us*, what happens to us in the way of fortune or misfortune from without, we may say quite coolly in the words of the Californian philosopher :

“Nothing matters much; most things don't matter at all.”

We must become indifferent to praise and blame, yet keenly alert for any opportunity of being useful. We must regard everything from the platform of universal brotherhood, trying always to see the good in everybody and everything, because to look for and to emphasise the good is a sure way of intensifying its action and evoking more good.

The man who adopts that attitude will make progress, for he will have plenty of force to spare for good work. The ordinary man of the world wastes nearly all his force in personal feelings—in taking offence, in annoyance, in envy, in jealousy; and so he has little left for unselfish purposes. It is the man who forgets himself who will be remembered by the Master. When the Master sees that he has worked steadily and selflessly for some years, and seems likely to be steadfast, He may examine him with regard to his fitness for apprenticeship. A Master takes a fully-accepted pupil into such close relationship with Himself that the standard of fitness must necessarily be high; and that is why the probationary stage is often a long one. Before the Master can take a man as part of Himself, there must be in that man no thoughts and no feelings which the Master could not tolerate within Himself—not because of His disgust for them, but because they would interfere with the work. Sometimes a member says: “I am deeply in earnest, and anxious to serve; I have worked and studied for years; why does not the Master accept me?”

The only reply we can give is:

“My dear sir, *you* are the man who ought to know that. What quality have you within you which would hinder a Master in His work? Besides, the question is never why should *not* a Master accept a man, but why *should* He? What is there in the man which makes him worthy of so high an honour?”

But when, as I have said, a man has worked well for some years, when it seems reasonably certain that he will remain steadfast and loyal, it may be that one day a Master will say to one of His pupils:

“So-and-so is a good man; bring him to me to-night.”

That means that the Master will accept him on probation, and will keep him closely under His eye. The average length of that probation is seven years, but it may be shortened or lengthened according to circumstances. It is well that on the physical plane the candidate should be near someone who is either an Initiate or an accepted pupil, for in that way he may learn much. Through such an one he may receive occasionally a rare encouraging word from the Master; the attitude and daily life of the older pupil may give him many a hint as to what his own should be. It is not often the doing of any one brilliant action that brings a man to the feet of the Master; the message comes usually to one who is working away and not thinking of it.

There are many different Masters, and some candidates find themselves drawn to one of these Great Ones, and some to another. It does not matter; all are members of the same Great Brotherhood and all are engaged in the same glorious work. Sometimes the strongest attraction of the candidate is to one of the more advanced pupils instead of to a Master—because the pupil, whom he has seen and knows, is more real to him than a Master whom he has not consciously met. That usually means that when that more advanced pupil becomes an Adept in some future life, the candidate will wish to be his pupil. But if such a candidate is fit for acceptance before his chosen teacher has taken the Initiation which enables him to accept him, that teacher's Master will accept the candidate provisionally, and look after him until such time as the pupil is able to take him in hand. Meantime the Master

will work upon him principally through the pupil whom he loves; and thus his teaching will come along the line of his strongest affection.

The Theosophical Society is drawing towards the end of its thirty-eighth year; and much fruit of its long labour is even already showing. The results of its work in the outer world are patent to all, but it has not been without certain inner results which are not so generally known. Through it a number of students have drawn near to the Great Brotherhood to which it owes its inception, and have proved for themselves the truth of the teaching which it has given to them. Of our great Founder, Madame Blavatsky, who endured so much of toil and suffering that she might bring the Light to us, it may be said that she has seen of the travail of her soul, and has been satisfied. Yet it seems to us that her crown should shine yet more gloriously—that even more of those who owe their progress to her should be treading the Path which she trod. The Gate stands open as of old; who will they be who shall qualify themselves to enter?

C. W. Leadbeater

HUMAN SALAMANDERS

By THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD

SOME few years ago I was at the fair at Freiburg in Baden, when I saw a man display his powers of resisting the action of fire. He would lay hold for a moment on a red-hot iron bar, and also lick the bar with his tongue. He brought up oil to the boiling point and gulped down a large soup-*spoonful*. Several of the doctors and surgeons of Freiburg examined the man, and avowed that they were unable to explain the phenomenon. Next year the fellow was again at the fair, but not as a salamander, but with a mechanical show representing a mine and the workmen engaged therein. I spoke to him and said that I was rejoiced to see that he had abandoned his tricks with fire. "It was only the swallowing of boiling oil which hurt me," he replied. "The doctors warned me that it would kill me in a few years. But—the people don't care for my bit of machinery—and I shall have to go back to salamandering again to earn a livelihood."

That by some means certain persons are comparatively immune, or can be made temporarily immune, to the action of fire seems fairly well established. The other day a gentleman, long resident in India, told me that this was the case with some of the Muhammadan fakirs or fanatics, and he mentioned the case of some six or seven of these men, who in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, many English officers and civilians,

walked barefooted over red-hot coals a length of some thirty feet, one of whom actually had on socks of cotton or wool, which were not even singed.

There are so many instances of ordeal by fire recorded in history, that were passed through with success that it seems impossible to put them all aside as fables. It would appear probable that some method was known to the clergy in mediæval times by which the hands that took up red-hot bars, or the feet that trod red-hot ploughshares could be made so as not to feel the force of the fire. In 1204, Nicholas, Bishop of Oslo in Norway, frankly informed a pretender to the throne who offered to undergo the ordeal to prove his right, that he and the clergy were able to make it turn out just as they chose. In the twelfth century it was known to lay-folk in Denmark that the hand could be rendered insensible to red-hot iron by means of some juice or ointment, and this is referred to in the laws of Scania. Indeed Albertus Magnus, who died in 1280, gives a receipt for the concoction of a salve to be smeared over the hands or feet which prevents their being injured by contact with red-hot iron.

The ordeal by fire was of pagan origin. Indeed, in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the guard that approach to announce to Cleon that the body of Polynices has been covered with earth, exclaim: "We are all ready to handle burning iron, to pass through flames, and to attest to the Gods that we are not guilty, nor accomplices in the crime, nor of him who conceived or executed it."

As the *Antigone* was first produced in the year 440 before the Christian era, this carries back the ordeal by fire to a very early date.

Among the Romans, the votaries of the Goddess Feronia, when filled with ecstasy, were wont to walk with bare feet over live coals, precisely as do the Muhammadan fanatics in India at the present day.

Enlightened men in many ages condemned it. The Lombard King Liutprand, A. D. 727, regretted that he was unable to forbid it, because the practice was too deeply rooted in the customs of his people for it to be possible for him to eradicate it. Charlemagne, who died in 814, did his utmost to abolish it. Archbishop Agobard of Lyons, who died in 840, called it pretty forcibly "a damnable opinion" that the truth could be thus attested.

In 1176, Magnus, son of King Eric Edmund of Denmark said of the fire ordeal: "The proof is untrustworthy and not always is there a miraculous interposition in it. Often enough it condemns the innocent and declares the guilty to be blameless."

Gregory of Tours (d. 594) mentions a case in which the arm and hand were oiled before immersion in boiling water, which was another form of the ordeal. That a mixture of oil and balsam was employed we know for certain, as Charlemagne in 809 condemned priests to lose a hand should they employ this in a case of ordeal. This test as to innocence by fire was condemned by several Popes: by Nicholas I in 867; Stephen VI in 886; Alexander II in 1070. Although disallowed by the Church, it was nevertheless practised. In 1247 it was made illegal in Norway at the demand of the Papal legate.

The manner in which the trial was made was this: The man who underwent it was required to fast for a certain number of days previous to attempting it. Then he was introduced into a church, and before

chosen witnesses a bar of red-hot iron was brought in. He then took oath that what he said was true, and appealed to the judgment of God. Thereupon he grasped the bar. The moment after, his hand was swathed in napkins, and not uncovered for a couple of days, when it was inspected.

Harald Gille established his claim to the throne of Norway by ordeal of fire in 1129. He was required to walk over seven red-hot ploughshares, and that before rival claimants. His hands were held by two bishops. Magnus—another claimant—said scoffingly: "He does not step very boldly on them." In 1135 the Bishop of Skavanger was accused to King Harald of appropriating some of the royal treasure. He demanded to prove his innocence by the ordeal of fire. But Harald, who probably knew by his own experience how much trickery entered into the test, refused to allow it; and hanged the bishop.

It was permissible for the accused to go through the ordeal by deputy. Remigius, Bishop of Dorchester, was charged before William the Conqueror of treason, in 1085, and one of his servants volunteered to undergo the test of carrying red-hot iron in his place to prove his innocence, and so saved his master. Louis, son of Louis the Germanic, marching against his uncle, the Emperor Charles the Bald, in 876, made ten of his attendants undergo the ordeal of boiling water, and ten more that of incandescent iron, and a third ten to go through that of cold water, to discover whether it were according to the will of heaven that he should engage in conflict with his uncle.

The trial by fire was more severe a test than that by red-hot iron, for it required the man to pass between

two great flaming bonfires. At the siege of Antioch by the Saracens in 1097, it was pretended that the sacred lance that pierced the Saviour's side had been found, and would lead to victory. Peter Bartholomew the 'inventor' of this relic offered to establish its authenticity by the fiery ordeal. Raimund d'Azilas, who witnessed the trial has accurately described it. The bonfire was fourteen feet long and left a passage through it of hardly more width than a man could pass. The piles of faggots were four feet high. Peter Bartholomew entered boldly into the fire, but came out beyond so severely burnt that he died two days later. Notwithstanding this, the sacred lance was held in high veneration, and is now preserved in the treasury at Vienna.

In like manner, in 1498, two friars volunteered to go through the same trial in witness to the heresy of Savanarola, but when it came to the point one of them backed out of his undertaking and then the other declined to enter the fire without his comrade.

The last instance of this description of ordeal occurred in 1703 among the Calvinistic insurgents of the Cevennes. Cavalier was then their leader; at their assemblies some fanatical prophets were wont to point out men whom they declared to be false brethren. These men, without any form of trial or investigation, were at once led aside and shot.

On one of these occasions, a prophet, Clary, pointed out two as traitors and demanded their execution. Cavalier had them bound, but a good many of those present murmured and expressed doubts. Clary, who was in a condition of delirious excitement, cried out: "O men of little faith! Do ye doubt my power? I will that ye light a great fire, and I will carry my son unhurt

through the flames." Accordingly a bonfire was made. An eye-witness describes what followed :

Clary wore a white smock, and he planted himself in the midst of the faggots, standing upright and having his hands raised above his head. He was still agitated, and spoke by inspiration. Some told me that he himself set the pile on fire by merely touching it—a miracle I often observed, especially when one cried *A sac ! a sac !* against the temples of Babylon (the churches). The wife of Clary, and his father-in-law and sisters were there, his wife crying loudly. Clary did not leave the fire till the wood was completely consumed, and no more flames arose. The Spirit did not leave him all the while, for about a quarter of an hour. He spoke with convulsive movements of the breast and great sobs. I was one of the first to embrace Clary and examine his clothing and hair, which the flames had respected, even to having left no trace on them. His wife and kinsfolk were in raptures, and all the assembly praised and glorified God for the miracle. I saw and heard these things.

Here we have distinct and emphatic statements by an eye-witness, that Clary remained for a quarter of an hour standing in the fire ; and that the fire had no power upon him or his garments. This seems precise and conclusive. But another contemporary gives the story a different complexion. He says :

This incident made a great noise in the province ; it was attested in its main features by a great many witnesses, but the information I obtained on the spot went to establish three points : 1. Clary did *not* remain in the midst of the fire. 2. He dashed through it twice. 3. He was badly burnt in the neck and arms, and was constrained to be taken to Pierredon to have his wounds attended to. The Brigadier Montbonnaux, an intimate friend of Clary, and one who lived with him long after the event, confirmed all these three points, but nevertheless considered that he would have been more seriously injured but for miraculous intervention.

This is instructive. It shows us how chary we should be in receiving evidence from those who see what they wish and expect to see.

There is a German poem of the thirteenth or fourteenth century to this effect : A wife assures her husband that no wife can love as she loves him, and

when he tells her that his devotion to her is as warm, she desires him to prove it by the ordeal of red-hot iron. He fills his sleeve with bran, and when about to grasp the red-hot bar lets the bran slip down into his palm. In E. Sullivan's *Beaten Paths from Boulogne to Babelmandele* (1855), he tells how that at Aden when calling for a red-hot coal wherewith to light his cigar, "a waiter, as black as Erebus, held one in his hand without flinching whilst I lighted my cigar".

On the whole, it would appear that there is no reason for supposing that any person can be immune from the effects of an enveloping fire, but that there does exist a certain amount of evidence that hands and feet can be rendered capable of resisting fire for a limited period. Indeed, the ordeal of handling and treading on red-hot iron could not have been continued to be practised through many centuries, if in every case those subjected to it had been burnt. And it is a suspicious fact that almost invariably those passed through the ordeal, whom the clergy conducting the trial desired should succeed.

S. Baring-Gould

PREVISION

By C. SHUDDMAGEN, PH. D., F. T. S.

A VERY interesting and at the same time most important subject is that of prevision of future events. This again is closely interrelated with the seat of causal influences and the time they take in their outworking. It is necessary to consider how these were brought to bear on the motions of matter of the various planes and sub-planes when these were being formed. In studying any of the phenomena of life we are constantly in a state of wonder at the marvellous mechanisms which have been constructed to respond to very slight forces with actions in which sometimes enormous forces and energies are involved. There is in this respect a great similarity between living organisms and our modern complex machinery. Consider a battleship ready for action. It is a ponderous mass of steel quietly resting on the water ; everything about it suggests inertia and helplessness. But at the word of command of the captain, the huge mass moves swiftly through the water and the great guns hurl out tremendous energies. It is evident that the enormous energies involved were but lightly balanced and held under safe control, so that a very little additional energy directed in the right channels caused the loosing and sending forth of energies infinitely greater. These enormous

energies were stored up and carefully adjusted in their proper places for long periods of time, by many intelligences at widely varying stages of evolution.

This striking example is an exaggerated illustration of what takes place in Nature. Many hosts of entities and semi-intelligent forces of Nature are continually collecting and combining the finer energies of higher planes and sub-planes, locking them up in forms which belong to lower sub-planes. In this way the active energies of higher planes are finally brought down to lower ones and there rendered latent to a very considerable extent. Then entities, higher in evolution, frequently take upon themselves the work of unlocking these latent energies and releasing them, thereby assuming great kârmic responsibility with regard to the actions which are brought about in the transformation of energies. For instance the coal whose burning causes the battleship to move represents energies which once radiated out from the sun in the form of light and heat, therefore constituting energies of the etheric sub-planes. These were rendered latent in the process of chemical action taking place in the life-processes of the gigantic trees of many ages ago, and thus finally became latent, locked in the mineral coal. And in modern centuries these energies are being ruthlessly, recklessly, and often wastefully set free at higher levels in driving our huge machinery.

The point which should be noted is that, in general, it is the function of the lower entities and semi-intelligent forces of Nature to bring down energies to lower planes and lock them up there in various forms, thus building the objects of the lower planes. The higher entities have charge, consciously or unconsciously, of

the work of unlocking these energies again, setting them free mostly at higher levels. This they are usually able to do by the use of energy or force of a very much smaller order than the energies or forces liberated. Thus the higher entities in evolution have the power and responsibility of directing the transformation of vast quantities of energies by the intelligent use of almost infinitesimal energies. This again shows how the determinism of the lower planes is determined by higher forces up to that of intelligent Will and forces higher still.

The next point to make clear is that all the vast determinism of lower planes must, long kalpas ago, have been consciously trained for long ages of time by great hosts of beings of various grades, to act in certain ways predetermined by some high Being corresponding to the conception of a LOGOS. In other words Law had first to be established, and that through long ages of conscious effort. All about us we see evidences and illustrations of how habitual actions become fixed in Nature. We are told that we have learned to breathe involuntarily only by ages of conscious effort. It is generally recognised by scientists that matter has the fundamental property of inertia; that is, it opposes resistance to every change which is to be made upon its condition from the outside, and when once set in a certain motion it continues in that state even after the forces which had caused the change have been withdrawn. Thus it requires considerable energy to start a railway train from rest, very little to keep it swiftly moving over a level track, and again a considerable amount to bring it to a stop. This same principle holds true for the smallest atoms and molecules as well as for large masses

of matter. In order that they might at this time be able to move in certain ways and respond in certain definite ways to some of the finer forces of Nature, it must have been necessary kalpas ago to have trained proto-matter to acquire certain powers of motion, to establish in it certain simple automatisms which have persisted and been added to and made more complex throughout the succeeding kalpas. In other words, the limitations of matter of higher planes in the formation of the matter of the lower planes must have been guided first along certain predetermined channels and then subjected to slow modifications ever after. It is thus clear that the reason matter acts according to certain well-known laws, and other laws not yet recognised by science, is because of the automatisms which have been developed within it. And in these automatisms lies the secret of determinism, of karma on the lower planes. The undifferentiated life of the LOGOS was pressed down into limitations (matter and form) and taught to respond in certain ways to impulses of life or force from higher planes, thus setting up unconscious or semi-conscious automatisms. These were then ordered and grouped into larger and more complex units or organisms, and finally brought into consciousness of higher stages up to the self-consciousness of man. As these complex organisms developed they were taught to take care to a large extent of their own lower life activities until they had established many automatisms of a higher order, that is automatisms belonging to the larger, more inclusive organism, composed of many smaller ones.

Now self-consciousness is due to the light which comes from above, from the Monad. It is not that light

itself, but only its reflection in the lower planes. In other words there is an influence from the Monad on the ego in the personality, but the high consciousness of the Monad, which is not yet sufficiently developed to control its lower vehicles, is overpowered by the lower vibrations, and identifies itself with the lower consciousness. It is strong enough, however, to colour the lower consciousness and impart to it the feeling of "I am I," or self-consciousness, as also the innate feeling of immortality. Its perversion in the ego, its identification with the ego, leads to the various forms of egoism. True self-consciousness would really be only reached in human evolution when this identification of the influence from the Monad with the lower consciousness no longer takes place, when the Self in man recognises its independence of the lower self and strives to gain complete liberation from it, complete control over it.

It is clear that free-will and self-consciousness are closely related. Free-will is always exerted with accompanying self-consciousness, but the usual state of self-consciousness does not imply the use of free-will; the latter is a more active manifestation of the man, while self-consciousness is more passive.

Regarding the extent to which events on lower planes are determined for the future, it is a common practice of humanity to accept a certain degree of determinism, though usually not a complete one. For instance men act on the expectation that certain events will take place. If they do not take place, it is because their knowledge of the contributing causes was not complete. There was something of which they were ignorant which changed the course of events; if they had known of it they would have expected what

did happen. But a considerable allowance is always made if there are other persons involved whose complexity of development makes it difficult to predict what attitude they will take towards affairs and conditions, how they will act with regard to them.

These considerations are significant, for human nature has been formed, moulded and developed, by long experience with the laws of Nature and her facts. It may therefore be easily inferred that it is the extent of our knowledge of Nature and of the contributing causes which determines our ability to predict future events. If we can obtain a clear view of the actions going on in any plane of Nature then we have at hand the data from which we could calculate, if we had sufficient knowledge, just what would take place, again barring influences which come from higher planes. To obtain this clear view it would be necessary to have gained the powers of consciousness on a plane higher than the one in which the future events are to be studied. All the motions concerned with the events in question could then be seen, and also all the causes from higher planes which had become sufficiently materialised to appear in the lower plane. The materialising of causes means simply the transferring of energies (vibrations in matter) of the higher planes to energies of the lower plane; this is brought about by sympathetic vibrations, the sounding of the overtones in finer matter giving rise to vibrations of lower octaves, or the fundamental notes, in denser matter. However, even if the state of things is clearly before the clairvoyant observer, there remains always the possibility of causes showing forth in the lower plane at later times. These could only be brought under observation by successively rising to still

higher planes, when the motions of matter on the planes above the one in question, and which are to be causes influencing future events, could be observed and their future effects calculated. The higher the clairvoyant Occultist can go in consciousness the more reliable will his predictions become, and the further can he extend them into the distant future events he may see clearly in the minds of the various beings who are in charge of the evolutions of life and form in the lower worlds. As it seems likely that there is no upper limit to the subtler planes, or to the higher Beings who are guiding the evolutions below, there would always remain a certain element of uncertainty as to the future, even though it may be made infinitesimally small.

Here again comes in a curious law of being. A system of worlds in which all future events could be foreseen would surely become very monotonous to any human being. Much of the zest of living comes from the fact that man has an expectancy of what will happen, and that there is this curious, tantalising, yet delightful uncertainty about it all. On the other hand, if there could be no reasonable predicting of future events, no looking forward expectantly to the conditions of the days and years to come, then there could be no meaning in life, and man would be a mere machine, just as materialism, carried out to its logical conclusion, says he is. Only the element of uncertainty balanced by another one of certainty can impart meaning to life and interest to living.

In the light of the above discussion it may now be seen that the evolution of self-conscious beings is really a continuous journeying along an infinite line from the pole of uncertainty to that of certainty. Man learns

through many incarnations the laws of the lower planes in which he has being; he masters them by knowledge and obedience to the Law. While he is doing this his life on these lower planes has about it the element of uncertainty. When he has learned to use the forces of these planes and has mastered his lower bodies, then he has reached the state of certainty in those lower planes. He may then turn his attention more to the higher planes in which he has consciousness and become familiar with them and the higher forces which act on them. Thus he progressively masters sub-plane after sub-plane, and plane after plane, in ascending order, transforming uncertainty to certainty, ignorance to knowledge, weakness to power. Mastering a plane means gaining the power to look down upon its activities from a higher plane, and being able to direct one's actions in it in harmony with the Plan of the LOGOS. It means also to have the power to foresee the events to come to such extent as may be done from the higher planes in which consciousness has been firmly established.

It may be reverently regarded as a fact that the Solar LOGOS Himself is not fully omniscient and omnipotent. He is probably almost, or practically, omniscient and omnipotent in His own universe, for He has mastered the lower planes to the extent of being able to create them, having formed them out of the root-material belonging to the One Great LOGOS. But there must be some finer forces of the One Kosmic LOGOS sweeping through His universe of which He is not the master. These would affect the universe in subtle ways and introduce influences which in the course of world-periods would bring about results which are not to be foreseen. There must be kosmic planes in which the

Solar LOGOS is working out His wonderful higher evolution, where He is striving for fuller Self-consciousness and greater power of Self-expression, just as tiny man is doing the same thing in an infinitesimally smaller degree in the worlds of his evolving. Thus man need not think that the work of evolution is for him alone; all beings have their difficult work to accomplish in some sphere of consciousness and action. "As above, so below."

C. Shuddemagen

A man may get his food by begging, and the tasteless scraps he receives may be sufficient only for one meal; his bed may be the cold, hard ground: he may have no one to attend to him but himself, and age may have worn his clothes away to rags which are ready to fall to pieces. Alas! even then objects of the senses retain their hold on him.

Ignorance will lead the moth to fly into the flame of the candle, and the fish may nibble at a piece of meat fastened to a hook without being aware of the bait prepared for them; but we men who know thoroughly the many traps and snares that fortune has set for us nevertheless refuse to give up our desires. Ah, in what a forest of error do we wander!

The Satakas of Bhartrihari

AN OCCULT CENTRE IN ITALY

By MARGUERITE POLLARD, F. T. S.

THERE are cities in the world which seem to be centres of perennial life. Civilisations come and go, but always on the same spot there is a great centre of spiritual, intellectual or artistic life. This fact was noticed by Madame Blavatsky in a passage of *The Secret Doctrine*, where she says:

Tradition asserts, and archæology accepts, the truth of the legend, that there is more than one city now flourishing in India, which is built on several other cities, making thus a subterranean city of six or seven stories high. Delhi is one of them, Allahabad another; examples being found even in Europe e.g., in Florence, which is built on several defunct Etruscan and other cities.

The traveller in Italy is struck by the peculiar creative potency of the old Etruscan centres. The greatest mediæval towns of Italy, the towns that are most important at the present day, all lie within the limits of ancient Etruria, all stand upon the sites of cities built by the strange people who, in their worship and in their divinations, employed the most sacred and divine element—Fire.

The occult forces seem to have been specially potent at Florence. Etruscan remains are still to be seen at Fiesole, just above the City of Flowers, and in the fine museum of the town, but we know little of the glory of those ancient days. Rightly to estimate the

importance of the centre we must put ourselves back into the Florence of the Renaissance.

At the Renaissance, Florence was the great intellectual and artistic centre of Italy, the leader of the cultivated world. All that was greatest in art or literature in that age of artists and poets was the work of her sons. Most of the great men of the time were born within her walls; practically all came there to study and to absorb into themselves that strange creative potency which, even now, after all these centuries, may still be felt. Here the great Occultist and visionary artist Dante was born, and would have lived and died had destiny so willed. None ever lamented exile more bitterly than he. Here Giovanni Boccaccio, an Occultist of another type and master of a totally different literary field, studied and lectured and wrote. Here too Giotto painted and built.

Hither came Georgius Gemisthos Plato, the Greek philosopher, magnificent in mind and body, to found an esoteric school, the Platonic Academy, and to hand on the ancient wisdom to eager disciples. Chief among these disciples was Marsilio Ficino, young and ardent, to whom Plato and the Master Gemisthos were as Gods. It was he who led the discussions in the loggia and in the little temple in the cloisters of the Badia at Fiesole; he who kept a lamp ever burning before Plato's bust. If Ficino was the chief chelā of the Master Gemisthos, there were other disciples of rare ability in the school, for the Greek philosopher gathered round him the flower of the genius of Italy. Of that famous company was Leon Battista Alberti, "architect, painter, author, mathematician, scholar, conversationalist, aristocrat, and friend of princes". Too many-sided to produce

much creative work, Alberti was immensely important as *an influence*, and the arts of architecture and painting owed much to his manuals and study of perspective. There is always something elusive about the artist who is also an Occultist; often he exists for posterity as the inspirer of a school. This is specially noticeable in the case of Leonardo da Vinci, traditionally among the Gods of Art, whose works are rapidly disappearing at the present day, but whose influence over the artists of his own age was profound. In the history of literature Alberti is important for his plea for the use of the vernacular instead of Latin, as had been customary until then in all literary works of importance, with a few remarkable exceptions. His physical accomplishments were no less extraordinary than his mental gifts. It is said that he could jump over a man standing upright, throw a coin on to the top of the highest tower, and ride the wildest of horses.

A no less remarkable member of the Academy was the fascinating Occultist and scholar, Pico della Mirandola. Pico's boyhood was spent in the study of philosophy, and in 1486, so sure was he of his intellectual position that he challenged the whole world to meet him in Rome to dispute with him in public upon nine hundred theses. But the Pope forbade the contest, fearing it would redound more to the credit of philosophy than to that of the Catholic orthodoxy of the period, for Pico was steeped in classical culture and aimed at a reconciliation between Christian and Pagan ideas. As many-sided as Alberti, Pico della Mirandola was an ideal Theosophist and Occultist. Everything he did was full of curious interest. He wrote commentaries on the Mosaic law, and amorous poetry; he

travelled far; he investigated the hidden laws of nature; he gave a practical example of his love of humanity by establishing a fund to provide for dowerless girls; and he revelled in the study of philosophy. He was great enough to appreciate the ideals of men as different as Lorenzo de Medici and Savonarola, and both claimed him as an intimate friend.

Two other illustrious members of the Platonic Academy were Luigi Pulci, the original epic poet, author of the *Morgante Maggiore*, and Agnolo Poliziano, author of *L'Orfeo*, of the epic poem *La Giostra*, and of a translation of the *Iliad* and various shorter poems.

Poliziano had the honour of being tutor to the sons of Lorenzo Il Magnifico (another member of the Academy), and the young Michelangelo, whom he influenced in the choice of the subject of his relieve of the battle of the Lapithæ and Centaurs. One of his descriptive allegorical poems inspired Botticelli, also a disciple of the school, with ideas for his masterpieces, the 'Birth of Venus' and the 'Primavera'. Poliziano was remarkable for promptitude in action, for on the fatal day of the Pazzi conspiracy, when Giuliano de Medici was stabbed in the Duomo, Lorenzo would certainly have also been murdered had not Poliziano slammed the doors of the Sacristy in the face of his pursuers.

Such was the remarkable company of Occultists and artists who, under the instruction of the philosopher Gemisthos and the patronage of the Medici family, revolutionised the thought of Europe at the Renaissance, and rendered possible all the marvellous productions in art and literature that are the glory of the age. That Florence is still a powerful centre for creative artistic

activity is proved by the number of literary people who migrated thither in the last century. Much of the best work of Robert and Elizabeth Browning was produced there. Thither too for inspiration came Shelley and Landor, Hawthorne and Ruskin and many more. A place of inspiration it will always be as long as "the golden Arno" flows through the city, so beautiful with the domes of Brunelleschi and the Campanile of Giotto, with its myriad statues and paintings, and its memories of by-gone glorious days.

Marguerite Pollard

ATTEND THE MESSENGER!

The main thing is that the messenger is perhaps even now at your door—and to see that you are ready for his arrival:

A little child, a breath of air, an old man hobbling on crutches, a bee lighting on the page of your book—who knows whom He may send?

Some one diseased or dying, some friendless, outcast, criminal—

One whom it shall ruin your reputation to be seen with—yet see that you are ready for his arrival.

Likely whoever it is his coming will upset all your carefully laid plans;

Your most benevolent designs will likely have to be laid aside, and he will set you to some quite commonplace business, or perhaps of dubious character—

Or send you a long and solitary journey; perhaps he will bring you letters of trust to deliver—perhaps the prince himself will appear—

Yet see that you are ready for his arrival.

—EDWARD CARPENTER

THE DEATH CLOUD

A STORY OF 1922

By GEORGE C. WALLIS

THE first inkling of the danger came to me at dinner of the very day that I shall always remember as the happiest of my life.

It was a hot August day, the air tremulous with heat; a faint haze hid the river valley winding down towards the great city; Helen had made me let my work slide, so that I could read and talk to her whilst she swung in the hammock under the oaks. And that afternoon I had taken my courage in both hands and told her something that she knew quite well without telling.

What matter that Helen was the only daughter of Professor Rudman, chemist of world-wide repute; that I was only his private secretary? We were both young; we had seen much of each other; she was as dainty and sweet an English maid as you could find 'tween Thames and Tweed; and I was gifted with the bump of self-conceit.

I can see her now, as I saw her then, lying back in the hammock, her shapely head pillowed in the cup of her clasped hands, her dark hair contrasting vividly with the fairness of her skin and the fripperies of her white dress. Her grey eyes were laughing when I began

to speak of my love, but it was with the sheer joy of life, and not at me, I knew. I looked awkward, perhaps, but when I had said my say, she put out one hand to me and let me hold it, and there was something in her eyes that I liked better than the mirth that so often made them bright.

“I won't answer you to-day, Douglas,” she said. “Let me have till to-morrow to think about it. What will father say? I know you are working for your degrees, and you will get them, but we are very young, you know.”

“We shall never be younger,” said I.

Well, the remainder of that afternoon was interesting, but it has nothing to do with the story I began to tell. Only, as Helen slipped away into the house, she whispered, quickly :

“I think you will be happier to-morrow, Douglas, than you have been to-day !”

I would have caught her and kissed her then, forestalling the march of time, but she was too elusive and escaped me. And to-morrow, when it came, was quite different from our expectations.

At dinner Professor Rudman was unusually talkative and didactic. He had mounted his favourite hobby-horse—of which we were both heartily tired—and was railing in set terms against what he called “the inordinate and iniquitous growth of cities”. He roundly asserted that man was never meant to live in towns, herded in sombre streets, in “brick boxes with slate lids”.

He said that city life destroyed individuality of mind and physique of body, kept man from knowledge of God and Nature, and made him a dependent being, a

slave of machinery. Civic life, he reiterated, was slowly eating away the virility of the race; in a few generations, living as we were doing, the country would be denuded of its remaining labourers, and humanity would be represented only by the pale-faced crowds of garishly-lit cities. And then would come to these degenerates, no longer vitalised by fresh draughts of human life from the open country, disaster and ruin, the break-down of civilisation. All the labour unrest we were suffering from, the chronic strikes that dislocated trade, were but the results of modern urban life.

"London, down there," he emphasised, with a wave of his hand towards the window, "is a gigantic cancer, eating out the life of our nation. The pulse of its activity, so often boasted of by the singers of progress, is but the throbbing of disease. The nation will never be well until it cuts out these cancers—until the great cities are destroyed."

We had heard the Professor voice these fierce sentiments many times, but I had never known him quite so fervent, never seen his eyes blaze with such energy of denunciation as they did that evening.

"He has long been obsessed on the subject," was my thought; "now he is becoming a monomaniac."

Helen laughed merrily.

"You are a silly old dear," she said with affectionate sauciness. "What harm has London ever done to you? Just think of the Green Park in the spring—it's every bit as fresh and beautiful as the country, and a lot tidier. Besides, the country is so very badly sanitated, and that is unhealthy, you know!"

"If you were not your mother's daughter, Helen," said the Professor, rather roughly, "I should tell you

that you were talking nonsense. The Green Park is not London. I was thinking of the miles of mean streets where humanity withers away as fast as it breeds, where, at this moment, thousands of underfed, distorted, disease-racked men, women and children are stifling in the oppressive heat. Humanity is crowding into the cities, festering there, poisoning the sources of its being. I tell you that there could arise no greater saviour of the race to-day than the man who could turn back the tide of labour to the open fields—the man who could destroy the great cities utterly. And the need will bring the man.”

The Professor's voice rose as he went on, ending with a note of prophetic exultation. His eyes blazed with the passion of a zealot.

“I hope not,” said Helen, impatiently, rising from the table. “I daresay you would like to blow London to little bits with that aerial gun of yours, if only you could. Do be sensible, there's a dear old dad, and talk about something else. Douglas, will you come and turn over for me?”

Rudman sat back suddenly, his jaw dropping, his eyes glaring, at the mention of the gun. Helen did not see him, for she was looking at me. He did not say anything, however, and shortly afterwards went out.

Feeling decidedly uneasy, I turned over the leaves for Helen whilst she played some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder*.

“Don't worry about dad,” she said, presently. “He has been in his laboratory too much lately. Ever since mother's death he has given himself up to his research work and his hatred of cities. I was hoping that this gun he has perfected and the new explosive he has

invented would have diverted his mind, but I am afraid he is worse than ever. Be patient with him for my sake, Douglas."

"For your sake—for the sake of to-morrow," said I, with meaning. "When you come back from the Rickworths, shall it be?"

Helen was going to an evening garden-crush at a friend's, near Hampton, later on, returning at noon to-morrow.

"If you can wait so long," said she, teasing me with her eyes.

I bent forward. I would have cheated to-morrow of its due then and there, had not the telephone bell rung. It was the private wireless 'phone we had between the house and the laboratory. I picked up the receiver. The Professor wanted me to go across at once. Helen went to dress for her journey.

The laboratory was a grim structure on the slope of the hill below the house, a round building, with a slit in the movable dome like that of an astronomical observatory. But Professor Rudman's science was of the elements, not of the stars; and the long black tube that swung in his workshop, projecting its muzzle through the adjustable slit, was not a telescope, but a gun. He had invented a new and most powerful explosive and had been subsidised by the Government to make experiments in high-angle, long-range fire. The day of the aeroplane had come, and already Government was vieing with Government in the perfection of artillery to fight effectually the new warships of the sky.

At the present moment, I knew, the Professor had succeeded in throwing shells higher and more accurately than anyone else. Was he now ready to make his

formal report to the War Minister? I wondered, as I opened the door of the laboratory.

Rudman met me in the passage way. As I stepped away from the door he came forward and shot the bolt of the lock, taking the key out and dropping it in his pocket. The action was so unusual that I looked startled.

"It's all right, Douglas," he said, though his eyes were still burning with the fire of fanaticism in a way I didn't like. "I don't want any interruption to-night, that's all. I've something more important to tell you than you are aware of. Come along."

I followed him, vaguely uncomfortable, to the circular room where the gun swung on its mounting wheel. The strip of sky revealed in the dome was already sprinkled with stars.

"Sit down there, Douglas," said the Professor. "I am coming to the point at once. You are making love to my daughter. Yes; I am not blind. I am not blaming you, remember that; neither is Helen, I imagine. I have no vulgar prejudices concerning class or position. You make a pretty pair, and it is the way of all flesh. Now, don't interrupt. I have no objection to sanctioning your engagement, and as soon as you get your degrees you can be married. I have only one condition to impose."

"Name it, Professor!" I cried. "You take my breath away."

"Only one condition do I insist upon, Douglas," he continued. "One only, before I allow you to become my son-in-law. And that condition is that you help me to save the race—to assist me in my great work of destroying the cancerous growths that men call cities."

"But—but—" I began, puzzled.

"It is very simple," said the Professor, pointing to the long gun. "There is the weapon to our hands. With that I shall begin my task to-night. To-night the first and most decisive blow shall be struck, the greatest blot on earth's surface shall become a charnel place; shall be no more a city.

"You thought that I was experimenting with the gun for aerial warfare? That was merely a blind, a ruse, to enable me to pursue my real work. In the fight for the preservation of the race one must be cunning as well as determined. From here to London Bridge is about seventeen miles. The gun has an effective range of twenty. The city is at my mercy—and I shall be merciless."

He spoke exultantly, throwing out his words in a fervour of passion.

For Helen's sake I controlled myself, hid the pity that I felt for the fanatic before me—the great man whose brain had given way through constant brooding upon one idea. I did not yet realise the truth.

"You can send a few shells into London, and do a lot of damage, no doubt," I said, slowly and judicially, "but you can no more destroy it than you could destroy a haystack with a pea-shooter. The police would certainly come to interview you."

Rudman gave a low, confident laugh. The fire died out of his eyes and he spoke with a saneness of tone that was worse than his declamation.

"Not so fast, my dear Douglas. You jump to conclusions. There will be no police here. I shall fire shells into London, certainly, but they will not be the paltry fireworks I have been using. No, I have

made other experiments, and I have discovered a new gas. . .

“It is not an element, but a new compound. Those twelve cylinders over there are full of it in a compressed form. Each of them, fired from my gun as a shell, will liberate sufficient gas, mixed with the air, to cover from one to three square miles with a dense vapour that will be death to everything that breathes.

“The gas is of a slightly lower specific gravity than the air, so that it will roll along the ground, a destroying flood. Every man and animal that breathes it once will die. The wind is now settled in the south-west, and I shall fire my twelve shots to fall along a line just on this edge of the city. By to-morrow night the death-cloud will have rolled across the hideous, festering place and left in its stead a silent wilderness. London, the greatest of the great cancers, will be no more . . .

“And then, with your help, Douglas, I shall go further with the good work. Paris, New York, Berlin, Chicago—all of them must go. Mankind will wonder, then fear, then return to the peaceful hamlets, the healthy fields, the life of Nature.”

With my help! Was the Professor really mad, deluded, or was he in sober earnest? Did those cylinders actually hold potential death? I had never taken my eyes from his face as he talked, and I felt that he was speaking the truth.

“If you want a demonstration that I can do what I say,” he resumed, “I can give you one. Here is a rat, caught in a trap that I set before dinner. I will introduce but one small atom of the compound from this phial into the trap. Ah, the creature is quite dead, see !”

He squeezed a drop of something brown from the tiny phial, letting it fall between the wires of the trap. The interior was instantly filled with a dense, black vapour. When the Professor lifted the lid, tilting the thing, the vapour sank to the floor and the rat fell out with it, a dead animal.

Fear gripped me, and perplexity. What could I do, locked in this place with a fanatic who had the key in his pocket? True, he was old and I was young, but he was remarkably strong and active for his years—and he was Helen's father. It would clearly be wrong to warn him that I must oppose him, I felt, and yet, even as the thought came to me, I blurted out:

“But what you propose, Professor, would be wholesale murder! You cannot mean what you say. You cannot expect me to help you!”

“But I do mean it and I do expect you,” he cried, changing his attitude abruptly. “Murder? No. Say, rather, the sacrifice of a few millions now in order that thousands of millions yet unborn may live freely and happily. And you must agree to help me, or you will not leave this building until the work is done. Indeed,” he added, with a cunning afterthought, “you will not leave it in any case till then, for I can see that you would betray me. You will stay here with me until the day breaks, until the city's millions have crowded into her congested ways, and you shall see the gun fired, watch the black cloud grow in the distance, sink down, and sweep eastward out of sight.

“See this wheel, with degrees marked upon it? The place at which the tube now rests trains the gun on the spot I have chosen for the first shot, the radius of the others. A little lower, and the shells would fall too

far. A little higher, and they would fall too near here for safety. All is ready; I have left nothing to chance.

"I had wanted you to help me, to discuss arrangements for future work, but if you will not help, I can only wait and watch you."

Fool that I was, I had missed my chance! I ought to have pretended agreement, to have lulled any suspicions he might have had. I ought to have gone out and sent for help.

"If any aid could be had!" was my next thought, remembering the strike of the transport workers, dockers and railwaymen, declared for that very evening, and also the sympathetic strike of the tramcar and motor drivers and the telegraph and telephone operators, threatened for the same time. If I would have help I must get out and summon it at once. An hour later would be too late.

I made one effort to appease my captor.

"Though I cannot bring myself to assist you, Professor," I said, "you might let me out to go and warn Helen. I promise not to speak to anyone else until I have brought her safely back home."

"Helen is nothing to you now," he replied, coldly. "She is quite safe, for the cloud will begin to form well beyond Hampton, and the wind will not change for twenty-four hours at least. No, Douglas; I can read you like a book. You want to betray me to the authorities. You think me mad, whereas I am quite sane. I am simply a determined man bent on carrying out my ideas, and having the power to do so. You will stay here; if you attempt violence—well, I have a toy pistol charged with a minim of my new gas. One shot from that and you are a dead man. Sit there."

I was powerless in face of that threat. I sat in the chair he indicated and allowed him to pinion my arms and feet. When that was done to his satisfaction he turned from me and busied himself with preparations for the great event. He loaded the gun with one of the cylinders and oiled the working parts of the mechanism. After that, for a long time, he sat at his desk, making and verifying calculations, occasionally flinging a scrap of commonplace conversation across the room.

The suspense was awful: the fingers of the clock seemed to race round the dial, and yet each minute held an age of vivid imagination, of impotent anger, of vain regret.

At last, as midnight struck, he pushed his papers aside and came over to me, examining my fastenings.

"I think you are safe," he said. "I am going in now, to have a light supper and a short nap. I shall be back before daylight."

He locked the door behind him and I heard the retreating footsteps die away. I heard something else, too. A faint flicker of light in the distant sky made a pin-point of fire on the polished tube of the gun, and from the west came a series of dull, deep bangs of sound. The strike was an accomplished fact, then. Those were the rockets sent up from the various Labour Headquarters at midnight—the signal for all men who were still at work to "down tools," to come off duty.

I began to strain at my cords. The Professor was only an amateur, after all. In fifteen minutes I had one sore wrist at liberty. Two minutes later I had got at my pocket knife and stood up, free. I stumbled to the door, intent on picking the lock or forcing the bolt-socket off; then I went back to the gun.

To tamper with the gas tubes would be folly. I must try and damage the gun. But there was a cylinder in that, too. There was only one thing I could do—change the trajectory, spoil the aim.

I seized the controlling lever. If I pushed the gun down, the deadly shells would carry further, perhaps beyond the city. Despite the oil, the slides were stiff, and I had to jerk the gun to a more upright position in order to get momentum to force it down. As it moved under my hand the door was flung open and the Professor rushed in, snarling. I turned at the sound, and he did not see what I was doing, but he saw that I was free, and the toy pistol was in his upraised hand.

I spun on my heel, dropped to the floor, seized one of the Professor's legs and sent him sprawling, and dashed out into the night. He was up again at once, so I did not dare to stop, but ran on like a madman down the drive and into the road. As I ran I knew that the odds were against me.

This was what I had to do, I realised, as soon as I had made sure that the Professor had given up the pursuit and gone back to the laboratory. I had to warn the local constable and persuade him to get help to put the Professor under temporary arrest. Then I had to send a warning to Helen and to London, or failing that, to try to get Helen out of danger myself.

To try! That meant a walk of five miles if no vehicle could be hired, if no trains were running; and I remembered, with a queer sensation in my throat, how I had left the gun. I had left it with its range shortened, so that if the Professor fired his shots without noticing the marked circle, the shells

would fall within a mile or so of the house. Would he act sooner than he had intended now that I had escaped, or would he deem himself safe in his locked building?

The constable was on his rounds when I called at the house. I left a hurried scrawl for him and went on to the nearest garage. Not a car was in. They had all gone out, said the attendant, and had probably been abandoned by their drivers wherever they happened to be when the rockets went up. I asked to use the telephone for a few minutes.

“No bloomin’ good, gov’nor,” said the man, with cheery truculence. “You can’t get through nohow. The hull bloomin’ lot ’as come out this time—railway and car men, wire and wireless opyrators and all. I’m off in a jiffy myself. We are going to make you gents sit up, and no error!”

With a sinking heart I realised that I must walk that five miles—walk it with the knowledge that if I did not reach Helen in time she would probably fall a victim to her father’s madness.

“*You’ll* sit up, and very soon, if you don’t clear out of this neighbourhood,” I said to the attendant. “If London is lost because of your wretched strike you will wish you had been more reasonable. You are worse than fools!”

I left him, gaping, at that, for I had no time to waste on an explanation that he wouldn’t have believed, and swung into the road again.

That walk is a nightmare of memory. I was in good trim, physically, but my nerves were all in rags with the fear that hung over me—the fear of the Death-Gun, the fear of the Death-Cloud that at

any moment might come rolling down the sleeping valley.

It was nearly three o'clock when I came upon a big Daimler car standing empty on the road, its lamps still burning. This was a lucky find. I turned the compressor, jumped in and set her going. She glided forward a few yards, then stopped and began to roll back down the road. I put the brakes on, got out and lifted the bonnet. Everything seemed in order. Glancing up the road in my perplexity I saw a dark stain on the ground where the car had been standing. I glanced at the gauge and understood. The driver had thoughtfully emptied his petrol before leaving the car.

So much good time lost. I pressed on through the unlit country, bent only on saving Helen now, and wondering how I should do it if once the black gas came pouring over the land. I saw three more cars on the road, but I did not stop to look at them.

It was half-past three when the Rickworths' house, a dark pile against a gloomy sky, came into view.

"Thank God," said I, "I shall at least see Helen."

And at that instant, as though in mockery of my thanksgiving, came the deep roar of the gun. There followed a faint scream in the air, and something crashed and burst with a loud report near Feltham Hill. The Professor had recovered from the shock of that fall, had locked himself in his laboratory, and had decided to act whilst he had time. London was doomed unless a miracle occurred.

I dashed up to the porch, plying bell and knocker frantically. Footsteps sounded in the hall, and as the bolts rattled back came the second shot, and the second

cylinder of gas sank to earth. The third shot roared as they let me in.

The Rickworths thought me crazy, I daresay, for all I could do was to ask for Helen. I ought to have told them the danger ; to have told them the idea that had just leapt into my mind. If I had, they would probably have suffered more than I hope they did. Even if I had explained to Helen, she would have wanted to let someone take her place—and the aeroplane was only a small one, would only carry two.

The fourth and fifth shells fell whilst I was insistently asking for Helen, saying that I had come from her father, refusing to tell them why the gun was being fired, learning that their car was not in its garage. Cloyed with sleep, Helen came down at last in a pale dressing gown, anxious about her father. I had no hesitation concerning my course of action, cold-blooded as it may seem.

“Helen,” I said, taking her hand, “can you trust me—absolutely? Trust me, I mean, so much as to do exactly what I want, no matter how strange it may appear? I will explain later.”

I knew what her answer would be.

“I can trust you, Douglas,” she said, without hesitation. “Tell me at once what I must do.”

“Put on your dress and borrow the thickest cloak and wraps you can, and come to me at the hangar, ready for a flight. Quick!”

She looked startled, half opened her lips, then turned and went upstairs without a word. The Rickworths—father, mother, son and two daughters—were simply swept off their feet by my impressiveness.

“I am going to borrow your little monoplane,” I said. “I can work it, I have had lessons in aviation. Helen and I must travel quickly—matter of life and death—no trains, no cars—I have had to walk here—the strike, you know.”

That was all I told them. Not a word about the death that was even then rolling down upon us. We got the aeroplane wheeled out and the engine going as the eighth shot was flung from the gun. By the time Helen was in her place beside me the tenth shell screamed in the sky. As we rushed down the long field and felt the machine lift under us the eleventh shot came. Before I spoke to her we saw the flash and heard the roar of the twelfth and last—saw, as we rose, a mass of denser blackness spreading wide and far across the dim valley, rolling swiftly eastward. Its black, sinuous tendrils were already almost under us, clutching with soft embrace the walls and hedges of the villas around the house we had left.

Away towards doomed London the sky was now pink with light.

I could have shouted aloud with joy in the revulsion of my feelings now that I had saved Helen; now that she and I, at least, were safe and free from the fear of that billowy sea of death below—I could, but for the thought of the helpless city and of the people whose aeroplane I had stolen so that we might escape.

My lessons in aviation had not given me any great confidence in my powers, but after some experimenting I managed to turn the machine Londonwards.

“We are going over Bushey Park,” said Helen, gripping my arm. “What has happened? What is that thick cloud on the ground behind us? Why did

you come for me? Tell me the truth, Douglas, whatever it is. I will be brave."

After a brief hesitation I told her—as well as I could whilst I jerkily manipulated the aeroplane—the story of the night. I did not—I dared not—try to look at her face, for the wilderness of London's streets was rushing towards me and under me, dimly outlined in the dawnlight.

"Why didn't you tell the Rickworths, Douglas?" she said at last, and I felt her shudder. "We ought not to have saved ourselves at their cost."

"If I had thought of them I should not have saved you," I said, savagely. "I am a selfish, elemental brute to-night. I had to rescue you. Nothing else mattered whilst you were in danger. They would not have believed me, and time is precious. We are now going to try and warn London—to try and save some of her unconscious millions."

"How shall you make *them* believe you? Who shall you tell—the Government?"

"No," said I. "I have no time to waste on them. I am going to the Labour Central Offices—to the Strike Committee. If I can make them see daylight and let the men get back to work, something may be done. If not. . . ."

I could not finish: the horror behind that alternative was unspeakable. I had a blurred mental picture of the onroll of that black tide of death; saw the noiseless breakers of its advance curl upon the houses, fill alleys, areas and streets, creep in at windows and crevices everywhere; saw it submerge the city in its implacable flow, covering all with its pall of silent death; saw the panic and headlong exodus of those who were roused,

the struggling crowds packed in narrow ways and overtaken in their terror ; saw the cloud pass and dissolve as the day went on, leaving a desert of silence exposed to the sun ; saw the millions of the dead . . .

“How far is the cloud behind us now ?” I asked Helen sharply, as I began to descend, the flat roof of the Labour Building showing on my left hand.

“It is already in Wimbledon to the south,” said she. “To the north I think I can see it near Chiswick. It is moving faster.”

With a jolt that nearly threw us out I brought the machine to rest on the broad concrete. I looked at Helen a moment.

“You are mine now, whatever happens,” I said, kissing her. “Now you must come with me. The Labour people may believe you, knowing you for your father’s daughter.”

“And father—what of him ?” she asked, as we went to the stairs leading to the rooms below. It was the first time she had mentioned him since leaving the Rickworths.

“I would have saved him if I could,” said I, lamely.

The National Strike Committee—most of them hard at work even then—proved harder of conviction than we feared. They smiled sourly at us, some of them laughing at the idea of such a gas, others openly charging us with being sent by Government to bluff them into calling the strike off. A few took us seriously, and these I got to come up on the roof. From there, however, nothing was yet to be seen. The wind was still in the south-west, but there was a decided chill in the air, and away to the north a gloominess grew in the sky.

"It's a likely tale, Mr. Harding," said one of the Committee. "You must think we are a lot of simpletons. We have our own men at some of the wireless telephones and they would have let us know if anything like that had been happening. You have lifted it from a novel. It won't do. This strike is going on till we get our terms, make no mistake."

"Crass fools, that's what I take you for!" I shouted angrily. "Do you think I care for your strike? Jump up, Helen; we at least are not going to stay to be suffocated."

The men smiled at what they imagined my outburst of baffled pique, and I forced the aeroplane into flight with a jerk that almost capsized us. I righted, rose, swung round, and so came into full view of the front of the Death Cloud.

Helen cried out at the sight. From Bayswater to Brixton it lay upon the land, a dense, black fog, rolling steadily towards us, eating its way into the maze of streets; coming softly, silently, without warning, upon the sleeping and awakening millions.

"We were too late," I said. "The city is doomed. Even the Committee could not do anything in time. God alone can help the people."

I pulled at the wheel, intending to turn away, but hesitated. The fascination of the silence of that destroying flood held me. It was monstrous, incredible, yet pitilessly certain, that every creature under that blank pall lay dead—that every living thing in the line of its advance must die—that to-morrow London would be no more.

I turned at last, heading for the breezy Downs. The moment the machine came round, Helen cried out excitedly :

“Douglas! The wind has changed! A storm is coming! I pray that it may be in time! Let us descend as soon as you can.”

I have said that only a miracle could save London. Whilst I volplaned to the first level space I found, the miracle of mercy happened before our eyes.

We came to earth in a field near Penge. Before we were safely down the sky had gone black as Erebus, and a piercingly cold wind was driving back the poison-mist. Then came a flash of lightning, a growl of thunder, and the first patterings of the rain.

Standing together by the grounded aeroplane, deafened by the rolling thunder, dazzled by the electric discharges, drenched by the torrential rain of that storm, we found joy in our discomfort.

London was saved at the last moment. The storm, brewed of four tropical August days, was soon over, but it was severe, and it achieved what no human agency could have done. The breath of it blew the cloud back up the valley, scattered and broke it; the deluge of rain completed what the wind began; and when the sun shone out once more, flinging a glorious bow of promise across the heavens, the Death-Cloud was washed away.

It was not until late afternoon that we were able to hire a car and go back. Of what we expected to find we could not bring ourselves to speak. From the Rickworths we had nothing to fear, for the Cloud must have rolled over them within ten minutes of our leaving.

When we reached Ashford it was as I feared—and hoped. Feared, for Helen's sake. Hoped, for the sake of the tall, gaunt man we found in the locked laboratory,

clutching the control lever of the gun even in death. The first shell had fallen so near that he must have been overpowered by the expansion of its gas almost before he had fired his twelfth shot.

“Better so,” thought I, leading the sobbing girl away. “Far better, that he should be gone beyond the power of any earthly tribunal.”

Looking in Helen’s grey eyes that night, I knew that the question I was to have put to her that day—the day that should have been so glad and golden—would never be answered. It would never be asked. The night and morning of fear had cleared our souls of all pretence, and we knew that we belonged to each other, then and evermore.

George C. Wallis

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads. Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil!

Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found? Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

Gitangali, by Rabindra Nath Tagore

TO FREEDOM

Spirit of Freedom ! Thou whose sacred name
Our boasting tongues use glibly as our own,
Grant that our lives may not belie our claim,
Come thou, and in our hearts ascend thy throne,
Spirit of Freedom, come !

Spirit of Freedom ! Loose the chains that hold
Men's souls in torture-cells of selfishness ;
Set free the captives in the war for gold ;
Unbar the stifling dungeons of distress ;
Spirit of Freedom, come !

Spirit of Freedom ! Liberate our minds
From irons of custom, prejudice and fear ;
Thy wings shall bear us o'er the cleansing winds
Of Doubt, until the haven of Truth appear ;
Spirit of Freedom, come !

Spirit of Freedom ! Breathe in every soul
The Love which fetters not, but makes more free,
Love which, through one belov'd, enfolds the Whole,
True Love whose bond is Faith—not slavery ;
Spirit of Freedom, come !

Spirit of Freedom ! Well we know thy voice,
"My yoke is light," yet deaf we are to thee,
Thou stand'st before us, bondage is our choice ;
Slaves to our selves, we seek not liberty :
O breathe within our souls thy healing Breath,
So that our ears may hear, our eyes may see,
And, knowing, we may leave the ways of Death
And in thy Service *live*—for ever free !
Spirit of Freedom, come !

F. G. P.

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Mysticism in Christianity, by the Rev. W. K. Fleming, M. A., B. D. (Robert Scott, London, Price 5s. net.)

This is a volume of 'The Library of Historic Theology,' an important series of works on matters concerning Christianity. It is at once valuable in itself and significant as a sign of the changing attitude of modern Christianity towards that inner and vital religion regarded until lately by the *Times* as "an exploded superstition". As a historical treatise it is full of value for the student, vindicating the place of Mysticism in the Christian Church.

The first chapter seeks to answer the question, "What is Mysticism?" and gives a number of definitions, none of which, except Pfleiderer's, seems to us to be completely satisfactory. Let me add one: "Mysticism is the realisation by the human Spirit of his unity with the Universal Spirit." This will be equally true of all forms of Mysticism in every faith. It may be put in many ways, but the essential fact would remain the same: "The answer of the God within to the God without"; "The realisation of the Divinity of the Self"; "The disappearance of the sense of bondage by the realisation of unity with God," and so on. Practical definitions, showing the effect of Mysticism on the individual would be: "The substitution of the Inner Ruler for outer form, or law"; "The substitution of inner knowledge for outer dogma". The root-meaning of all these is the same. The Mystic is the man "who is made, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life". He is God's Free Man. Ewald's "craving to be united again with God" misses the all-important truth that we are never separated from Him, that we have only to "become what thou art". Pfleiderer's is good: "Mysticism

is the immediate feeling of the unity of the self with God." We do not seek union with That from which we are separate; we seek to realise a unity which is eternally ours. Our author fears the "snare of Pantheism," for he takes Pantheism as connoting only the immanence, not also the transcendence, of God. Yet Hindüism, profoundly pantheistic, ever declares: "I established this universe with a fragment of Myself, and I remain." If this were understood, the "snare" would vanish. Dr. Fleming claims that "in Christianity Mysticism found its fittest home, its best discipline, and its freest and most congenial range of vision and endeavour". But is not this claim vitiated by his objection to going beyond Christ into the "vacant ground" "of the Godhead"? The Mystic's passion is not sated until he finds himself one with "God," in the fullest sense of that most variable word. The "unification of the believer with his incarnate Lord" seems to be the goal, according to Dr. Fleming, of the Christian Mystic. "S. Paul discourages for all time the attempt of some later Mystics to 'get past' Christ to the 'vacant ground' of the undifferentiated Godhead. He points us instead to the 'fulness of Christ' as the medium by and through which the Godhead makes possible and practical communion with man's nature."

When we are through the first two chapters, the book becomes most interesting; the sketch of the various streams of influence from the outer world into early Christianity, "bringing it into relationship and harmony with the best and deepest thoughts of the day"—Christian Platonist, Neo-Platonist—is ably done, and it is frankly admitted that through Augustine, Stephen bar Sudaili, Dionysius the Areopagite and the mediæval Mystics, "Neo-Platonism found in the Church a congenial, and, it may be added, a lasting home". John Scotus Erigena, the great Irish Mystic, translated Dionysius into Latin, and so sent him forth on his mission of reviving Neo-Platonism in Europe. Through Erigena "Greek Mysticism began to turn into mediæval Scholasticism". Chapter VI on 'Three types of mediæval Mysticism' is very illuminative in its grasp of a large subject and its presentation with great clarity and insight; and we are then led on to a study of the German Mystics of the Middle Ages, a study which shows wide and deep reading and power of condensed but graphic exposition. A saying of Eckhart's is given: "Were one in a

rapture like Paul's, and there were a sick man needing help, it would be far better to come out of the rapture and show love by serving the needy one." "Laziness is not holy abstraction," is a caustic saying of the great Mystic Ruysbroeck. English and Italian, French and Spanish Mystics are next treated concisely but effectively in two chapters, and then follow chapters on Post-Reformation Mystics in England, a chapter on Puritan Mystics, and one on Jacob Boehme, Law and Blake. Last comes 'Modern Mysticism,' closing a most useful book. We heartily recommend it to our readers.

A. B.

Christ and Buddha, by C. Jinarajadasa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

Here is a new edition of what will be a Theosophical classic. It will be pure joy to lovers of literature to read this author's English prose, but it is a mystery how anyone could obtain such mastery over a foreign tongue. This fascinating little book is a rare bit of literary mosaic. You cannot omit or transpose a word of the text without danger to the outline or damage to the colour scheme. These pages can tell us much that is helpful and interesting about their author. For example they tell us that he can have spared no pains to become master of his art, for Mr. Jinarajadasa is more than a writer, he is an artist—a literary artist. He has the gift of style. He writes with simplicity and distinction. This must be the result of care and labour perhaps of many lives, and the Society thanks him for holding up a high standard of literary excellence in an age which abounds with mediocrity.

The leaves of this little book are fragrant. They breathe out the pure perfume of Theosophy. The spiritually minded in all religions will find nothing in these pages to oppose their creed and much to explain it. Those who already possess the first edition of this little work will be charmed to hear a new tale has been added, although we must not spoil our readers by telling them too much :

In the time of the Lord Buddha there were two brothers who were called Great Wayman and Little Wayman Great Wayman listened to Him and accepted Him and became a disciple. A little later on, by the advice of his brother, Little Wayman too put on the yellow robe and became

a personal follower of the Lord. But strange to say where spiritual matters were in question Little Wayman proved a dullard. He could not commit anything to memory and he could not concentrate his thoughts sufficiently to meditate Great Wayman, his brother, was heartily ashamed of him . . . and one night he brutally told him to leave the Order and give up his attempt to be a disciple of the Lord But this was not to be, for the great Lord Buddha, as was His wont, at early dawn looked over the world with His miraculous powers to find what soul needed His help most that day. And this was the way He helped Little Wayman”

But no !we are not going to tell curious little children or even inquisitive grown-up people any more. We congratulate the author and we hope we may also venture to congratulate ‘Little Flower’.

There’s a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,

runs the hymn. True, but to the child mind that sounds a long way off. It must help them to realise it, however, when they find that in foggy London there is such a ‘friend for little children’ as Mr. Jinarajadasa.

K. F. S.

Tantra of the Great Liberation (Mahānirvāṇa Tantra). A translation from the Sanskrit, with Introduction and Commentary by Arthur Avalon. (Luzac & Co., London, Price 10s. net.)

The Tantras have hitherto played in Indology the part of a jungle which everybody is anxious to avoid. It is therefore a matter of congratulation that at last somebody has made up his mind scientifically to explore the jungle. For Arthur Avalon—so we are informed on the back of the title-page—is not satisfied with having produced the voluminous work under consideration and a smaller work to be noticed elsewhere, but is already engaged in printing a third book called *Principles of Tantra (Tantratattva)*, and in preparing no less than six further works of the kind. That these books are likely to become a great boon, everybody will admit who knows to what an extent mediæval and modern Hinduism are penetrated by Tantrism.

The *Mahānirvāṇa Tantra*, though unknown in the South of India (as many other Tantras) has a very great reputation in the North. The writer of these lines knew a Samnyāsin (of the Brahmācāri sect) who declared this Tantra the foremost of all. Likewise the first English translator of this work, M. N. Dutt, opens his preface with the words: “The

Mahānirvān Tantram is the most important of all the Tantras that are to be found now." It is the great esteem in which the work is held, together with the wish to do it greater justice than the above-mentioned Indian translator has done, which have induced Mr. Avalon, according to his preface, to open his series of Tantric publications with this famous Tantra.

To have done with them quickly, we shall begin our review with the few objections we have to the book.

The system adopted for the transliteration of Sanskrit words is not good, because it ignores the fact that Sanskrit is not pronounced everywhere as it is in Bengal, and because of the equivocalness it involves, for the layman at least, in the case of the Anusvāra. The Praṇava is pronounced *ōm*, and not *ōng*, in the larger part of India, and *sangharsha*, e.g., may be understood as *sam-harṣha* or *sam-gharṣha*, which are two very different things. It is to be hoped that the system approved of by the Geneva Congress of Orientalists (1894) and since followed by all scientific journals will be also used in future by Mr. Avalon.

We have not discovered, in the present translation, any serious error, but it contains a large number of small inaccuracies which might have been easily avoided. For instance, "Destructress of all worldly bonds," in the first Sloka of the eighth chapter, if re-translated into Sanskrit, would be *sarva-kāṣhāya-nāshini* or something like it, but not *bhava-mochani*, as the original has. In the same verse the word *hitāya* has been wrongly left untranslated. In the third verse the last sentence should run: "Speak, O Omnipresent One! of these, and kindly explain also the mode of life which should be observed therein," and not (though this is practically the same): "Speak in Thy kindness, O Omnipresent One! of these, and of the mode of life which should be observed therein." In the fourth verse we should read, "and also four stages of life," and not (though a foot-note could correctly explain the passage in this way): "in each of these were four stages of life". For *Ādye*, in Sloka 6, the nominative *Ādyā* should be substituted or (why not?) *Primordial One*. And so forth.

On the other hand, the translation is sometimes not free enough. When translating from poetry into prose we must never lose sight of the fact that the poet is often compelled

by the metre to express his thoughts in a different order from that he would have used in prose. One example will suffice. Chapter viii, verse 7, is translated thus by Mr. Avalon: "I have already spoken to Thee of the incapacity of men born in the Kali Age. Unused as they are to penance, and devoid of learning in the Vedas, short-lived, and incapable of strenuous effort, how can they endure bodily labour?" We would translate as follows: "I have already spoken to Thee of the ways of those born in the Kali Age. These men, short-lived and incapable of enduring labour and trouble, do not perform Tapas nor study the Vedas, nor do they undergo any hardship [for the sake of sacrifices]."

As compared with its predecessor, the present translation is distinguished by its elegance, and by the profound and comprehensive knowledge by which it is backed.

The foot-notes are all to the point and contain many a valuable hint.

The most admirable part of the book, however, is the Introduction, which contains no less than one hundred and forty-six large pages, a complete survey of all the manifold subjects treated in the book. The only thing we miss, and for this M. N. Dutt's Introduction to his translation of this Tantra may be still consulted with advantage, is an account of the extent and development of Tantric literature. Of course, not every item in Mr. Avalon's Introduction is brand-new information; certain subjects dealt with therein have often been treated before, though not, perhaps, from the same standpoint; but we should like to call attention to the following chapters which contain, indeed, much new matter and on that account must be welcome to both the general reader and the orientalist: 'Chakra,' 'Sahasrâra Padma,' 'The Three Temperaments,' 'Worship generally,' 'Yoga.' The ill-famed *pañcamakâra* ("five m's") are explained on pp. 111 to 120: in their literary meaning they play a part merely in the second or *vîra* stage of development and merely as a sort of homœopathic antidote, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, as a means in order that the candidate "may be raised to the universal life by the vehicle of those same passions, which, when flowing only in an outward and downward current, are the most powerful bonds to bind him to the former". In the next

higher stage, that of *divyabhāva*, their names "are used symbolically for operations of a purely mental and spiritual character". Another important and most instructive paragraph in the chapter on Worship is that on Mantra (pp. 83 to 90).

We heartily congratulate Mr. Avalon on the publication of this fine book and look forward with pleasure to the works he is preparing.

F. O. S.

Hymns to the Goddess. Translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur and Ellen Avalon. (Luzac and Co., London. Price 4s. net.)

This book contains, apart from one hymn to Kālabhairava, *i.e.*, Shiva, twenty-nine hymns to the Devi, or "God in its mother aspect," worshipped under various names such as Durgā, Tārā, Mahādevī, etc. In about half of these hymns the Goddess is described in general terms, as the "Mother of the whole Universe," etc., while in the other half some special aspect of hers is emphasised. For instance, there are in this latter class two hymns to Annapūrṇā, *i.e.*, "the Devi as She who bestows food"; two hymns to Lakshmi, "the Shakti or Spouse of Vishnu"; one hymn to Sarasvati, the Indian Minerva; five hymns to sacred rivers (Gangā, Yamunā, Narmadā) as manifestations of the Devi; and one hymn even to Maṇikarnikā (addressed as "Mother M."), the celebrated ghat at Benares where Shiva gives liberation to those who are cremated there. In our book, however, the hymns are not arranged in this way, nor, it would seem, according to any principle at all.

The hymns are from various sources: three from the *Mahābhārata*, five from the *Mārkaṇḍeya Purāna*, ten from the Tantra literature, ten are ascribed to Shankarāchārya, and two (in the *Bṛhatstotraratnākara*) to Vālmiki and Indra respectively. Of them the first two sets only have been translated before, and, possibly, one or two of Shankara's hymns.

Very happily, as the form of the translation, a sort of rhythmic prose has been chosen. Only in this way was it possible strictly to follow the original without altogether disregarding its metrical beauty. Here and there, however,

the translators might have been a little more strict, *e.g.*, on p. 94, where two words of the original (*stutim* and *sapadi*) have been overlooked in the first stanza.

There can be little doubt that to the student of literature, generally speaking, this collection of hymns must be highly interesting. But still much more important is its value for the science of religions. For no book has yet been published in any European language which gives us such a deep insight into the mind of the Devi worshipper as this. Now we see clearly the vast difference, on the whole, of this kind of religiosity from that of Christianity, for instance. The one prominent feature in the religious attitude of the Shākta is admiration for the dazzling grandeur of the Devi, and he believes that She is most pleased when he most completely enumerates Her attributes and exploits. He meditates upon Her physical beauty (the swelling breasts being never forgotten), he extols Her heroism in destroying the Asuras, and he praises the moral excellence She manifests, *e.g.*, in the treatment of her enemies (p. 103):

O Devi! Thou hast slain them with the desire
That they should not always sin so as to merit hell,
But that by death in battle they may go to Heaven;

and again, overwhelmed by Her higher, impersonal aspect, he confesses:

Although men must meditate upon Thee,
Yet cannot their mind comprehend Thee.

Prayers for one's own moral improvement are also met with sporadically, *e.g.*, in Shankarāchārya's 'Yamunāṣṭaka' (p. 78 fl.), each stanza of which begins and ends with the words:

May the daughter of Kalinda ever cleanse my mind of its
impurity.

And one hymn there is, the most beautiful of all, where the worshipper unbosoms himself in a way not much different from that of the contrite sinner of Christianity, *viz.*, the hymn entitled: 'May the Devi grant me Pardon'. One would like to believe that this admirable poem is by the great Shankarāchārya to whom it is attributed; but he died at the early age of thirty-two, while the author of our poem says of himself (in stanza 5):

I am now more than eighty-five years of age.¹

¹ Is it the renowned Shankara, or again somebody else, who so awkwardly endeavours to excite the vanity of the Goddess in the tenth stanza (p. 66) of the famous 'Waves of Bliss' (Ānandalahari)?

The hymns contain also, as is natural, a large amount of mythological matter. All allusions of this kind, and many other things, are duly explained by the translator in his foot-notes.

The Introduction, we are afraid, will miss its object in most cases, because the average reader cannot possibly know all the untranslated Sanskrit terms used in it. It has, moreover, been printed with too great haste.

In the Preface there are some pertinent words for those who might feel inclined to belittle the 'heathenish' standpoint of the hymns. "Idolatrous Hinduism," so Mr. Avalon informs us, has been defended by great men like Shankarāchārya as "the first of the several stages of an ascent which gradually leads away from them". We have further the satisfaction to read that Mr. Avalon, in preparing this work, has availed himself of "the assistance of the Tantrik gurus and pandits". It cannot be doubted, indeed, that the study of the Tantra, more than that of any other shāstra, demands absolutely the help of the "authorised custodians of its traditions".

Hymns of the Goddess occupies a prominent place among the documents, so far published, of the history of religions.

F. O. S.

Tāntrik Texts, edited by Arthur Avalon. *Vol. I: Tantrābhidhāna with Vija-Nighantu and Mudrā-Nighantu*, edited by Tārānātha Vidyāratna. *Vol. II: Shatchakra Nirūpaṇa and Pādukāpañchaka*, edited by Tārānātha Vidyāratna. (Sanskrit Press Depository, Calcutta, Luzac & Co., London.)

We have much pleasure in adding to our notes on Mr. Avalon's translations a few words on the first two volumes come to hand just now of his Tāntrik Texts.

In the first of these volumes the editor has collected under the general name Tāntrābhidhāna, *i.e.*, Tāntrik Dictionary, seven small texts of the dictionary class. One of these, *viz.*, the Ekākṣhara-kosha, gives the common lexicon meaning of the syllables of the Sanskrit alphabet, while in five the Tāntrik employment of the latter is explained. For example, when I say *kha*, this may either have the meaning "aperture, sky," etc., known to every student of Sanskrit, or it may, be a secret designation, *e.g.*, of the Goddess Sarasvatī. On the

other hand, I may, for example, come across a sentence containing the words *vaka*, *vahni*, *trimūrti*, and *shashāṅka* with which I can do nothing though they are quite familiar to me from the dictionary. Now, availing myself of the alphabetical index in *Tantrābhidhāna*, I find that *vaka* is a secret symbol for the letter sh, *vahni* for r, *trimūrti* for i, and *shashāṅka* for the nasal (Anusvāra), so that I get sh+r+i+m=*shriṁ* which is the so-called Lakṣmī-vija. Vijas (monosyllabic Mantras) are very frequently expressed in this covert way in order to make a book unintelligible to the uninitiated.

The seventh and last text in this volume is the *Mudrā-nighaṇṭu* of the *Vāmakeshvara-Tantra*. This gives a short description of the *Mudrās*, or mystical gestures, used in worship and *Hāṭhayoga*.

We may then say without hesitation that this first volume is an extremely useful book, which nobody who has once consulted it will like to be without again.

The second volume contains also an important text, *viz.*, the *Ṣaṭ-chakranirūpaṇa* of *Pūrṇānanda Svāmī* which forms the sixth chapter of *Shrītattva-chintāmani*, a hitherto unpublished work of that author. This chapter contains a description of the six famous *chakra* or centres: *Mūlādhāra*, *Svādhiṣṭhāna*, etc. The text appears together with an excellent commentary, probably by *Kālicharaṇa*, and with notes by the commentator *Shaṅkara*, and it is followed by *Pādukāpañcaka*, a small devotional text, with *Kālicharaṇa*'s commentary, and by *Vishvanātha*'s *Ṣaṭchakra-vivṛti* which is a very considerable help for the understanding of the first text.

The editing has been done with great care.

F. O. S.

The First Fifty Discourses from the Collection of the Medium Length Discourses (Majjhima—Nikāya) of Goṭama the Buddha. Freely rendered and abridged from the Pāli by the *Bhikkhu Silācāra*. First volume. (Probsthain and Co., London. Price 7s. 6d. net. each volume.)

Students of comparative religion, especially those who are attracted to the noble truths of *Buddhism*, will be grateful for this compact collection of translations, the work of an English *Buddhist*. Some of the discourses will probably be already

familiar to many, but it is to be hoped that their present form will appeal to a larger circle who may have felt a little of our modern impatience with the lengthy manner of expression peculiar to the time and country. Of course it is scarcely possible for any process of abridgement to preserve in full the cumulative effect so characteristic of the Buddhist Sūtras, but evident care has been taken that no link in a chain of argument should be wanting, with the result that the essential force of the dialectic method is retained. In fact one is sometimes inclined to wish that the scheme of curtailment had been carried further, as there still remains much reiteration unrelieved by the original touches of local colour and human nature. The English too might well have been simpler and less pedantic; for instance such a word as 'mentations' is neither beautiful nor expressive.

The contents are mostly ethical and psychological, but here and there are passages of great interest to the candidate for the steeper path of Yoga. Perhaps the precepts which took the first Bhikkhus by storm have now become such household words that we are apt to decry them as platitudes, but until they have been incorporated into the life of the people it cannot be said that we have outgrown them. Among the many pearls of wisdom to be found in these pages few are more striking than the chapters entitled 'The Parable of the Snake' and 'The Bait,' and it is instructive to note that in the former chapter Nirvāṇa is spoken of as "the Full Awakening".

W. D. S. B.

Life's Response to Consciousness, by Miriam I. Wylie.
(Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc., New York.)

Marked intelligence, clearness and force of argument are displayed in this little book, which explains the problems of life and the laws that underlie them. The Law of Continuity is applied to the study of one's self in relation to the Universal Mind, and also to the study of the body-cells in their relation to the individual mind, in a most interesting and convincing way. Facts are culled from modern scientific writers and from Theosophical teachings. Though matter is life in a less evolved form, the dual aspect of life shows the Universe to be alive and vivified with a consciousness that is progressive;

this is incipient in the mineral, semi-conscious in the plant, conscious in the animal, and self-conscious in the man.

The three questions are adequately answered :

1. What does birth mean, and when is man born ?
2. What does death mean, and when does man die ?
3. Where is man ?

Man is born on a plane when he has evolved sufficiently to respond to the vibrations of that plane, and he dies on a plane when he ceases to respond to its vibrations. The body dies as an organism when it fails to correspond with its environment ; the emotional body dies when it wears itself out, and the mental body dies when its vibrations are assimilated. Man is rooted in Spirit and matter ; he comes from God as Spirit and returns to God after his long journey through matter, which is the visible side of Spirit, and composed of intelligent cells.

The Self is a distinct entity, and the conflict for mastery that arises between the Self and his bodies is due to the atoms of the physical body having a degree of consciousness.

The author undertakes to prove that certain revealed teachings are facts : that all is life, and every atom of mineral dust even is a life ; that like produces like ; that absolute life cannot produce a lifeless atom ; that everything lives and is conscious ; that the Universe is worked and guided from within outward, and man is the living witness ; and that no change in man can take place consciously unless provoked by an inward impulse. The cells of the body are studied microscopically with the help of scientific research and their life described. The book is suitable for every Theosophical Lodge Library and should find a large sale.

G. G.

The Principle of Individuality and Destiny, by B. Bosanquet, LL. D., D. C. L. The Gifford Lectures for 1911-1912. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 10s. net.)

Dr. Bosanquet begins his arduous task with the wise statement that the philosopher must have a theory as framework, and an attitude to experience as its informing life. The framework must be the best outcome of the man's thought, thought serious, sustained and concentrated ; the attitude should take as "standard what man recognises as value when his life

is fullest and his soul at his highest stretch". He challenges and rejects the view that the great philosophies are abstractions alien from life, regarding it as "*il gran rifiuto* when life ignores and disowns its own largest and deepest experiences". Our attitude must be sane and brave, based on the highest and the largest in us, and we must regard ourselves not as separate fragments but as parts of the larger whole, holding our powers as trustees for the world. In this spacious and pure atmosphere we feel that the Spirit breathes freely, and we arrive naturally and with full agreement at the idea :

The universe is not a place of pleasure, nor even a place compounded of probation and justice ; it is, from the highest point of view concerned with finite beings, a place of soul-making.

"The universe exists for the sake of the Self," rises up in the mind by association.

What is Individuality ? Individuality is self-maintenance, wholeness, within, and "that which has nothing without to set against it". Ultimately "there can only be one Individual, and that, *the* individual, the Absolute". The Hindū would say, the Self. To human beings the word is applied in a secondary sense, and this must be a positive conception : "There has been far too great a tendency to state the essence of Individuality not as the being oneself, but as the not being some one else." The distinction is a valuable one, fruitful of consequences.

Dr. Bosanquet's argument on the uniformity of Nature deserves careful consideration ; he substitutes Relevancy for Uniformity, and declares that this is present when "every variation is a member of an intelligible system. It excludes spontaneity only in the sense of behaviour responsive to nothing. Variation is a means of adjustment or response, and to establish its existence in a high degree is not inconsistent with, but evidence of, the uniformity of nature in the true sense."

Again his view of pleasure and pain, good and evil, as conditions which are to be transcended by self-completion, and that this is not neutral but an inclusion and harmonising of these 'opposites' is one which is fully in agreement with the deepest eastern thought, however much it may be in conflict with western ideas. The question is not, our author says,

how many moments of pain have you experienced, and have you had moments of pleasure enough to balance them; but has the experience "done its work, and returned you to yourself a complete, or at least a completer, being". "The essence of Individuality is to be a world in oneself." This "carries with it its own mode of self-determination and initiative." "Freedom lies in the direction towards unity and coherence." In other words, each must win his freedom by building up his individuality: "Our actions and ideas issue from our world as a conclusion from its premisses, or as a poem from its author's spirit." We have said enough to show how suggestive and how thought-provoking is Dr. Bosanquet's book, and it is one which will repay close study.

A. B.

Allan Octavian Hume, by Sir William Wedderburn, Bart. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. G. A. Natesan and Co., Madras, India. Price Rs. 2. or 2s. 6d. or 65c.)

This book deals with the work of the late Mr. A. O. Hume both as an officer of the Government and a friend of the people. Mr. Hume served the British Government in different capacities, as a District Officer, Commissioner of Customs, and finally as a Secretary to the Government of India. But whatever offices he held, he held them with credit. As an executive officer he was a brilliant success. He was the pioneer of social progress in India and laboured successfully for police reform, popular education, juvenile reformatories, vernacular press, and reform of the liquor traffic, and the lasting results of his labours show how much may be accomplished by a broad-minded officer who tries to understand the feelings of the people and is in full sympathy with their aims and aspirations. His official career was unfortunately cut short "when he came into collision with the ruling authority". In 1882 he resigned the service.

But apart from his work as a servant of the Crown, his services to the Indian National Congress—for which he has been so fittingly called 'The Father of the National Congress'—will not soon be forgotten by the educated Indian. The chapters on the early organisation of the Congress, its first session in 1885, aggressive propaganda in India and England, the Indian Parliamentary Committee, and the Journal *India*, will amply repay perusal.

The keynote of Mr. Hume's success was his keen sympathy with the people of India and non-observance of all distinctions of race, creed, caste or colour. To one who remembers—and there are many who do remember still—that Mr. Hume belonged to the Theosophical Society when he started the Congress, and that he started it greatly with the help of English and Indian Theosophists working hand-in-hand, it is remarkable to note how most of the Congress-men now-a-days, some knowingly and others unknowingly, seem in the words of a well-known Theosophist to “forget the days of its infancy, when it was cradled and nursed in the Theosophical Society, until it was able to stand and run alone”. Sir William has been connected with the I. N. C. from its earliest days, and I am sorry to note that he too has made this omission.

All the same the author has compressed a good deal of useful information within a comparatively limited space, and the book deserves to be widely read.

B. B. V.

Great Saviours of the World, by Swami Abhedananda. (The Vedanta Society, New York.)

This volume embodies a series of lectures delivered by the author, and contains an authentic historical account of the lives and teachings of Kṛṣṇa, Zoroaster and Lao-Tze. The aim is to show the identity of all the fundamental teachings given by Founders of the great religions, and to prove the similarity in the stories and the miraculous deeds connected with the lives of those Founders. The word “Saviour” is used in its broad, universal sense, as the manifestation of different powers of divinity shown in all prophets and saviours who come to reveal the parts of the divine plan best suited to the times and the changes wrought by an evolving humanity. There is a continual demand for these broad views and intelligent explanations of truths that concern the welfare of all types of humanity, and this interesting volume creates an eager anticipation of the two volumes that are to follow, with the lives and teachings of Buddha, Christ, Muhammad and Ramakrishna.

G. G.

The Development of Will-Power by the Scientific Training of the Mind, by G. A. Mann. (Librairie Internationale de la Pensee Nouvelle, Paris. Price 10s.)

This book, like all the many others on 'New Thought,' gives to those persons who are trying to purify their lives a certain amount of good advice. But the very ambitious title and the large price conspire together to mislead the unwary purchaser who orders books by post. The work is 'slight' in every sense of the word. If, in spite of this, anyone wishes to read it, let him get the original French edition, as the English translation is very poor.

A. de L.

Cosmogony and Thought Force, by G. A. Mann. (Librairie Internationale de la Pensee Nouvelle, Paris. Price 7s. 6d.)

This great subject appears to be quite beyond the range of the author's ability to handle in a way that would at all compete with other well-known writers along this line. He attempts clumsily to prove that man is not an isolated being but an emanation from God, with force and will-power at his command to wield for his own physical and mental well-being.

G. G.

The Woman Thou gavest Me, being the story of Mary O'Neill, written by Hall Caine. (William Heinemann, London.)

The London libraries have ensured the success of this book by attempting to refuse to supply it. Such a refusal may be effective and righteous against a frivolously prurient book, but is absurd when directed against the work of a master-craftsman like Hall Caine, whose books are ever instinct with a high purpose, and who "has a conscience in what he does".

The book is a great book—great in its extraordinary insight into a woman's heart and mind, great in its courage in grappling with a perhaps insoluble problem, great in its remorseless analysis of social hypocrisies, and its unveiling of terrible realities. The story is simple and poignant: A girl babe where a boy was looked for, born of an unhappy marriage; the child sent to a convent school and brought up ignorant of all that marriage means; taken from her convent and married to a profligate, bought by her father's wealth; ignorant as a baby, brought suddenly face to face with facts, and driven frantic

with horror ; a husband and wife but in name, tied and dragging at their bonds ; the nominal husband slipping readily into the loose habits of his youth, and gradually establishing another in his home ; the nominal wife striving passionately to be faithful in the face of infidelity ; the arrival on the scene of an old boy-playmate ; the unconscious awakening of the woman's heart ; the awful struggle between love and fidelity to the marriage vow and the final breaking down ; the coming of a child and divorce of the woman for a single breach of conjugal fidelity by the man whose infidelities were constant and patent ; the terrible struggle to guard and keep the child ; the return of the lover, a heroic figure, to claim, to protect, the martyred woman ; the heart-rending conflict between the claim of the inviolability of the marriage tie as seen by the Church, and the right of marriage after divorce as given by the State ; the cutting of the Gordian knot by death, ending the tragedy of life. Such is the story.

How many girls have Mary O'Neill's experience, flung ignorant into marriage ; the subtle insight into the horror and terror of the childish bride, and the graphic portrayal thereof, should make many a parent pause ere pushing off the frail craft of innocent girlhood into the tossing unknown sea of matrimony. The misery of a life-time may follow the shock of a moment.

Mary O'Neill is emphatically a good woman, bewildered with her position, striving to live nobly and purely in a home befouled by vice ; her solitary yielding to an overwhelming passion, her heroic courage in facing the tragic consequence, her patient endurance of suffering, her thankfulness as death opens an avenue of escape from the insistent pressure to marry the man she adores—all this is tragedy of the old Greek type, elemental passion and inevitable doom.

I say again—a great book. But how much will its root-problems be discussed ? should marriage be indissoluble ? should divorce be permitted ? Hall Caine presents the problem as life presents it. He does not answer it, but leaves it to each reader to answer it for himself. I follow his example.

A. B.

The Malthusian Limit, by Edward Isaacson. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This book owes its inception primarily to the law of Malthus, which, the author says, cannot be disregarded. The population can and does increase in geometrical ratio, while the food supply increases only in arithmetical ratio; therefore the time must come when the numbers of the race must be regulated in order to equalise matters. This being taken for granted, Mr. Isaacson then proceeds to consider the condition of mankind as it is at present, and from this falls to dreaming of the world as he would have it. He divides humanity into two classes—the 'fecund' and the 'surplus'. He would have a certain percentage of the people devoting their whole attention to the producing of the future race—these living in communities in the country (the best environment for children), and managing much of the cultivation of the land for the food-supply. The surplus class would carry on the general work of the world under improved conditions. Men and women of this class are on an equal basis. They may marry provided they have no children, but, as compensation, they have access to many forms of enjoyment—physical and intellectual—denied to the fecund class. This, roughly, is the author's dream—confessedly impossible to realise—and from this he draws many conclusions and shows many advantages that would ensue. He fulfils the Malthusian conditions, and improves the race. He then shows the effect this system would have on Socialism and several other questions of the day. He illustrates by the means of diagrams, which are interesting and instructive, some of the theories he advocates. The book is materialistic in tone, and is one with which a Theosophist cannot find himself wholly in agreement. If the author believed in karma and reincarnation, he would find that some of his theories would scarcely work out; but the book is an honest effort to deal with a difficult subject, and the ideal of Mr. Isaacson—materialistic though it may seem—demands from men sacrifices on behalf of the race that at present humanity is far from willing to give.

T. L. C.

Applied Psychology, by John William Taylor. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 5s. net.)

The title of this work is rather misleading, as the subject with which it deals is phrenology, which may be a branch of applied psychology but can hardly merit the more sweeping title. However to the author phrenology appears "the most concise and complete system of mental philosophy and practical psychology in existence". Those who are interested in the study of heads will probably find the book of value. It is profusely illustrated, with the addition of numerous records from actual experience. It is written from the scientific standpoint while the style is popular and easy.

The science of phrenology seems to me substantiated by the Theosophical teaching which regards the human body as self-made, and its weaknesses and its capacities as the result of past activities of which the full expression is limited under kármic law. Limited is each new-born human body, as the result of neglected opportunities; crippled sometimes mentally or physically is the human body, as the result of ill-applied activities. The human brain, the instrument through which the Ego manifests his knowledge and his will may well bear in its configuration and development the marks of his long pilgrimage, so that all who know can see moulded in the body itself its inherited character, its innate capacity. From the Theosophical teaching there seems fair ground for concluding that phrenology in the hands of an expert may supply valuable data indicating capacity and characteristics and so furnishing clues for practical use in life. An Index and many diagrams and interpretations of heads add largely to the utility of the book.

E. S.

Initiation into Philosophy, by Emile Faguet. Translated from the French by Sir Home Gordon. (Williams & Norgate, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The question as to whether it is better in beginning the study of a new subject to take a bird's-eye view of the whole or plod patiently through a certain number of details from the very start is one on which there may be some difference of opinion. For those who incline to the plan of

taking a rapid review of the subject as an introduction, the present volume will appeal as exceedingly useful. It is a book for beginners, written with the purpose of exciting and especially of satisfying their initial curiosity. The story of western philosophy from the time of Thales to that of modern nineteenth century thinkers is briefly told.

A. de L.

Where are you going to ?, by Elizabeth Robins. (William Heinemann, London. Price 6s.)

This is a novel with a purpose. However, let not the prospective reader turn away from it on that account. It is most excellent reading. The moral is so skilfully worked into the plot and so well supported by the characters that one hardly notices it until, having finished the story, he lays it down and ponders its incidents. Then, from his inevitable sympathy with characters which have become real to him, the horrible conditions portrayed leave the reader deeply impressed with the need for reform. The object of the book is to present to a public which has probably neither the inclination nor the opportunity to inform itself with regard to these matters, certain phases of one of the most terrible evils of the day—the white slave trade. The author is to be congratulated on the admirable way in which she has carried out that purpose. She tells of things revolting and horrible, yet there is not one word in the book which is in any way gross or sordid. The atmosphere of refinement and delicacy of feeling which pervades the first part of the story, in which the quiet life of the heroine and her sister is described, persists through the tragic second part, where the girls have fallen into bad hands. We wish this book a very wide circulation, that the ability so generously dedicated to the service of social reform may bear abundant fruit.

A. de L.

THE 'HINDU' AND MRS. ANNIE BESANT

[The following statement has been published by Mrs. Annie Besant in the *Adyar Bulletin* of September.]

When I issued the Supplement to the last issue of the *Bulletin*, I thought that the Appeal case in the High Court would be quickly disposed of either on the preliminary legal points or finally on the merits, and I wished to have that case over before completing what I had to say relative to the suit against me by the *Hindu* for paras 11 and 29 of my original Written Statement in the Narayaniah suit. As, however, the judgment is delayed, I will say here at once what I had intended to say later, and so get rid of the matter, for my statement has been used against the *Hindu* in a way not intended by me. The statement as to the persecution of the Plaintiff by the *Hindu* and Dr. Nanjunda Row for making me the guardian of his two sons referred only to the articles which had appeared from January 1911 to the October of the same year, when the complaint about them was made to me and to others by Mr. G. Narayaniah. On these articles I have nothing now to say, since I have withdrawn my suits respecting them. Para 29 is a different matter; two things were there dealt with: political and theological hatred. The theological, not the political, attack was ascribed to the *Hindu*, and the *Hindu* was bracketted with Mrs. Tingley, who certainly—whatever her attacks on me have been—has never mixed herself up with Indian politics. I stated in my answer to the plaint that the paragraph as to the “propaganda of violence” “was never intended to apply to the plaintiff [the Editor], nor is there anything to show that either the plaintiff or his paper has any connection whatever with the same”. As this will not now otherwise appear, I print it here, in order to add definitely that, while I sometimes disagree with the views expressed in the *Hindu*, I have never seen in its pages any encouragement of the “propaganda of violence” or approval of “the plots of the Extremists”. I regret that I did not write two paragraphs on the two matters, so completely separating them, and then no misconception could have arisen. ‘Anarchist,’ not Extremist, is the right word to apply to the

propaganda of violence and the plotters of assassination, for 'Nationalists' and 'Extremists' in Indian politics are much like 'Liberals' and 'Radicals' in English. Neither term should be held to connote the use of physical violence in political agitation, and personally I now always use the word 'Anarchist' to indicate approval of assassination. I have friends who belong to the Extremist party, men of the noblest type, who would rather die than lift their hand in murder. While India is without representation, they stand aside on principle from all political life, and will not even take part in the Congress, but they sternly discountenance all plots and all violence. I think they are unpractical and delay progress, but from such men Society has nothing to fear and much to hope; for they are idealists of pure and high character, and will be England's most useful friends when she does what they feel to be justice to India. Until she does, they stand patiently aside and wait, with their eyes fixed on the future, when the Queen's Proclamation of 1858 will be really carried out.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

GERMANY

Theosophical courses of lectures were held at Weisser-Hirsch, Dresden, from the end of June to the end of July 1913, at the German Theosophical Summer School. Lecturers and audience had come there from the most different parts of Europe. Russia had sent us Madame Kamensky and Madame Ounkowsky, who both made a very deep impression by their lectures and their music, dedicated to education and art. Madame de Manziarly held a series of lectures on 'Introduction to Theosophy,' and 'Anthropogenesis from the *Secret Doctrine*'; her interesting and spiritual discourses met with a very sympathetic and intelligent acceptance. Madame Perk-Joosten (Holland) took the *Rāmāyaṇa* for her subject and delighted her audience with the beauty and ethics of this eternally young Hindū epic.

The night on which 'Fidus' showed and explained his artistically executed mystical pictures will not be forgotten by any one present; this great painter has really found new ways of spiritual art. 'The Dramas of Wagner in the Light of Theosophy' was the title given to the cycle of Mr. Gorsemann's lectures. Mr. Cordes, the Austrian General Secretary from Austria, Mr. Lauweriks, our own General Secretary, Mr. Ahner and Mr. Flegel from Weisser-Hirsch all contributed their knowledge, and while each night brought its own special note, the whole left an impression of tolerance, sympathy and beauty, showing the possibility of union in spite of the most different opinions. All united in the wish to create a permanent centre for such annual meetings, and the Committee—Mesdames Kamensky, Ounkowsky (Petersburg), I. Manziarly (Paris), Guttman (Gottingen), Mr. Fricke (Haarlem), Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden (Gottingen), Mr. Ahner (Weisser-Hirsch), decided to arrange a Summer School annually near Dresden, to facilitate international Theosophical work, to make it broader and more tolerant. The General Secretaries of all countries are asked to take an interest in this work, and to help the Committee by their collaboration. In future not only public lectures will be given, but there will be also classes for study on such subjects as: education, art, science, social questions, Theosophical doctrines, etc. Music—which exercised so remarkable an influence this year, thanks to Madame Ounkowsky and Miss Viola Thern—and other forms of Art will become more and more prominent factors. The Committee most fervently desires to establish at Weisser-Hirsch a spiritual centre above all parties, and to unite all those who seek truth, and who want to share all they have with others. Mr. Ahner, Hermannstr. 1., Weisser-Hirsch, Dresden, and Miss Guttman, Plankstr. 1., Gottingen, will give information to any who are interested in this matter.

J. L. G.

AUSTRALASIA

Throughout Australasia Theosophy is making steady progress, and is coming more and more into public view. Miss Helen Horne is about to make a tour of the Commonwealth, so that a fresh impetus may be expected.

The Golden Chain has secured wide publicity and approximately eight thousand children have joined. Mr. Prentice is proving to be an acceptable lecturer in Victoria, and by systematic arrangement lecturers from Melbourne are visiting country towns.

A vigorous and successful propaganda work is being carried on in the suburbs by the Sydney Lodge. At Newtown, Mr. Victor Roinel gave a very successful lecture to a large audience composed mostly of strangers. Mr. Braund's work at Armidale is bearing fruit and a number of new members have been enrolled since the formation of the Lodge there. The General Secretary recently delivered a welcome series of addresses at Adelaide; also Rabbi Boaz gave an excellent lecture on 'Theosophy in Relation to Judaism'. At this centre the Guild of S. Cecilia is a special attraction for the young girls. The Adelaide Lodge has lost a devoted worker, Miss Barnes, the late Secretary, having passed away.

A special propaganda tour of Central and Southern Queensland has been undertaken by the workers at Brisbane, and it is hoped to form new centres.

A new sectional activity, taking the form of a midwinter re-union, has been started at the New Zealand T. S. Headquarters, Auckland. Business matters were entirely excluded, and for a few days many members had a most refreshing mental and spiritual time.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the T. S. work at Dunedin is the regular Sunday evening lectures, which are well attended and secure good press notices. Mr. D. W. M. Burn is generally the lecturer. Mr. A. W. Maurais, the pioneer Theosophist of Dunedin, recently gave his farewell address, saying that he thought the time had come when he should leave the platform to younger members; he gave an outline of the movement for the last twenty years. The loving and grateful thoughts of many whom he has helped should sweeten his well-earned rest from public work in the cause he loves.

R. P.

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

(Concluded from p. 12)

PROFESSOR HOMERSHAN COX lately told the world in the pages of the *Modern Review* that he advised the Hon. Paṇḍiṭ M. M. Malaviya to exclude Theosophical influence from the Hindū University. In another article he has "let the cat out of the bag". He objects to all religious education. In this same article, he extols truth. But in that case, should he not have advised the Hon. Paṇḍiṭ to exclude Hindūism from his University? Was it quite honourable to play on the Hon. Paṇḍiṭ's orthodox prejudices against Theosophy, while not telling him that he regarded Hindūism also as an absurd superstition? In a man who objects to all religion, hatred of Theosophy is natural and proper. Here is Professor Cox's view of religious education; he says :

It is well to have a clear idea of what religious education really means, before discussing its advantages or disadvantages. To avoid vagueness I will take one particular religion, Christianity, and consider the meaning of Christian education. The boy who is taught Christianity at school is asked to believe that a virgin gave birth to a child, that a man after his death and burial came to life again, that this man went up from the ground into the sky and disappeared. Every Sunday in Church, Christians assert their belief in these things. They must believe as well many other things of the same kind. The boy is taught that a woman was once turned into salt; that there was a flood extending over the whole earth and covering the tops of the highest mountains. These stories are mentioned by Jesus and as Jesus was God we cannot suppose him to have said what was untrue.

Mr. Farquhar, on the other hand, looks forward to a triumph of Christianity over Hindūism, on the ground that the former shows better results. This is challenged by the *Hindu*, which remarks caustically, but truly :

He would be a bold man who could assert that Christianity produces better men, living up to the standard set by its founder, than Hindūism. We are not unaware of the defects of this argument, but from the point of view of practical utility chosen by Mr. Farquhar, it is surely conclusive. In other words Christianity has failed in large measure to influence its own votaries. Does that not measure its utility as a practical religion? Perhaps in a much better world than this, when nations shall have ceased from the organised and wholesale murder that is called war; when man shall have ceased from hammering his brother man because his skin happens to be a little darker than his own; when racial prejudice, which with the passing of years is increasing in intensity, shall have completely disappeared; when the professions and the practice of Western civilisation shall exhibit greater convergence than at present, then perhaps Hindūism, which is a working religion of a very practical nature, may be induced to accept the high example of the Teacher of Nazareth as its "Crown". Perhaps, however, when that time does come, barriers of religion no less than barriers of race will have disappeared, and all that is best in the old and the new may have merged in a common religion for the whole of humanity.

Well will it be for man when that happy day shall come. Meanwhile Hindūism need not veil its face before Christianity, for if there are abuses within it still unremoved, such as child-parenthood and temple dancing-girls, these are evils less gross than wars and the White Slave Traffic.

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As we are going to press on September 17th, judgment on the question of the jurisdiction of the High Court has been delivered. The Judges must have found the matter difficult, as they took a month to consider their decision. The Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Oldfield

delivered separate and concurrent judgments, asserting jurisdiction for the High Court, apparently over all Indian infants everywhere. But one would like to read the judgments carefully before making any comments on the questions and consequences involved. This, however, I would like to say, that no suitor could have been treated with more courtesy than I experienced in the High Court, and that the learned Judges fully weighed the arguments presented to them. No suitor can ask for more.

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In many ways I am glad that the Court has claimed jurisdiction, for, had it not done so, enemies would always have said that I had won on mere technicalities. Now the merits will be heard. On those, I must, at this stage, express no opinion.

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With the exquisite delicacy of feeling with which I became familiar in the Madras Police Court, an attempt was made in the High Court itself to serve me with a notice in a libel suit brought against me by Mr. K. U. Sham Rau, because I said that his statements about me were false. I refused to take it from the bailiff in the Court to which the Judges were just coming, and was served outside in the passage in the middle of a gaping crowd. They do these things so nicely in Madras. Friends may have seen that Mr. K. U. Sham Rau demanded an apology. I, of course, refused to unsay what I had said. He values the damage to his reputation at Rs. 15,000. It is a nuisance to have another law-suit, but it cannot be helped.

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A pleasanter subject is that I have arranged to deliver a course of lectures on some of the burning questions of the day, under the auspices of the Madras Hindū Association, on October 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 and November 7. Mr. G. Natesan, the eminent publisher, is the Secretary of the Association, and various leaders of the Indian party of progress in Madras will preside. The subjects are: 'Foreign Travel—why Indians should go Abroad'; 'Child-marriage and Its Results'; 'Our Duty to the Depressed Classes'; 'The Colour Bar in England, the Colonies, and India'; 'The Passing of the Caste System'; 'Indian Industries as related to Self-Government'. I must now take up again vigorously my public work, which has been so hampered by the persecution to which I have been subjected since January, 1911.

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The *Indian Review* for October will contain an article by myself, entitled 'United India; the fourfold path'. It recalls Mr. Hume's urgent plea for union among all who were working for any branch of Reform in India, and makes this the basis for an appeal to the Indian National Congress, as the only unfettered representative body in India, to unite the scattered bodies into a single movement, and to place itself at its head. The *Indian Review*, Messrs. G. Natesan & Co., Madras, E., is sufficient address, and it can be sent V. P. P.
