The Theosophist.

Founded by H. P. BLAVATSKY & H. S. OLCOTT

with which is incorporated LUCIFER, founded by H. P. BLAVATSKY

Edited by ANNIE BESANT, [illegible]

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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

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

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

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

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VOL. XXXV NO. 11

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

LONDON, *June 16th.*

IT is thought that a guarantee fund of £1,000 will be required to put properly on the stage the play of Sensa, dramatised by "Mabel Collins" and Miss Hoffman from the exquisite *Idyll of the White Lotus*. It should form a most attractive play, with its Egyptian setting and beautiful imagery—the temptation and victory of a human soul. It is desirable that the play should be produced for the first time in England, though it has been copyrighted also in America, so as to protect it, and there must be many who will be glad to make possible its appearance on a London stage.

***

June 19th.

We hear from Germany that Herr Sixtus von Kapff, M. D., has been elected General Secretary of the German National Society; he is a renowned physician and a good speaker, and has been the leader of psychical research in Berlin, as well as the founder of the T. S. Du Prel Lodge; he is also the head of an idealistic

society, which numbers among its members some of the Professors of the Berlin University, and has thus the intellectual *cachet*, so necessary in Berlin. The Recording Secretary is Herr Paul Krojanker, and the Treasurer is Dr. Antonie Schiller. The late General Secretary, Mr. Lauweriks, continues to edit the *Theosophisches Streben*, as he can combine this with his professorial duties at Hagen, though it was felt impossible that the General Secretary should be so far away from the centre of work. We congratulate our German brethren on their wise choice, and hope that the movement in Germany will prosper. Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, to whom the rescue of Theosophy in Germany from sectarianism is so largely due, is much satisfied with the election of officers. Countess Olga von Schack, who was so useful in Adyar, is on the Executive Committee.

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I am astonished to learn from *The Church Missionary Gleaner* that Christian missionaries in China refuse to accept into Church membership any converts to Christianity who are vegetarians. It seems incredible that eating dead animals should be made a *sine qua non* of Christianity. In its issue of May 1st, 1914, under the heading 'Broken Vows,' *The Gleaner* says: "One of the difficulties in the way of the spread of the gospel in China has often been the vegetarian vows taken by Buddhists. . . . The breaking down of these stumbling-blocks is always gladly welcomed by the missionaries." This editorial introduction is followed by stories of the removal of the stumbling-blocks: A Mrs. Deng was "in great trouble with a bad foot. She had been in great pain, day and night, for over a year, and asked for

treatment. In years gone by she would never come near the Christians, but the pain had been so great that she was only too willing to accept an invitation to come to the mission house for treatment, even on condition of having to break her fast." Mrs. Deng's mother, Mrs. Wang, "also decided to break her fast," and "broke her last connexion with outward idolatry by partaking of a meat dinner, thus discontinuing her fast of thirty years".

A sister of hers, living here in Chungpa, who several years ago was a catechumen but never gave up her vegetarian vow, and therefore could not be taken into membership, has taken courage and followed her elder sister in also breaking her fast. She—a Mrs. Sie—had been ill for many months. Whenever she was exhorted to put her whole trust in the Lord and give up her vow she replied that she was afraid to break it. But when she heard of her elder sister doing so she at once expressed a wish to do so too. I brought her some cooked meat, and after prayer she took the long feared step, and said she would now really trust the Lord wholly and solely. She was in such a weak condition that one felt the little remnant of life might any time be finished, and therefore we were very thankful to see her enter the fold. Only two days after breaking her fast she died quite peaceably. Her son and daughter-in-law, who had tended her with great care, have also promised to "learn the doctrine".

The picture of the sick woman induced to pollute her body and dying two days later is rather ghastly. The whole proceedings with this unfortunate family, forced out of taking clean food, in the first case by the refusal of medical help until meat was eaten, would be incredible if they were not in a missionary journal.

* * *

Dean Inge's studies in Mysticism have led him to believe that "the philosophic Mystics" can give to Christianity the help of which it stands in need. Materialistic philosophy, while profoundly unsatisfactory,

had presented a clear-cut and intelligible scheme, and unless some coherent and scientific view could be propounded on the other side, there was a danger of falling into scepticism. Mysticism declared that it had found that which religionists were seeking. The Dean appears to have been somewhat sarcastic. "Our generation had welcomed the French-Jewish philosopher who had told them exactly what they wanted to hear. Their delight was increased when they were told that the intellect was only one and not the best line of progress—that something called instinct often provided a short cut to the point we wanted to reach. Thinking was hard work. What a joy to hear that it was mostly waste of time." This is hardly fair to Bergson, who regards intuition as a higher faculty than intellect, and as marking a higher stage of evolution. The strenuous effort needed to accomplish this stage is greater than that of thinking, and Dean Inge will mislead many by his scoffing way of dealing with a serious question. He remarked further:

> Not only was free will rehabilitated, but the primitive spiritism of the savage could come forth unabashed from its lurking places in the minds of the half-civilised. Ghosts once more walked abroad, and were patronised by the highly-respectable gentlemen and ladies who studied psychical research. The medicine man reappeared as a faith healer and made a good income. Christian Science churches and hotels at Lourdes did a roaring trade. Priests were overjoyed at the unexpected boom in their earliest line of business. The pride of the intellectuals had indeed received a blow. They had learned that the ingrained mental habits of 50,000 years were not to be destroyed by the labours of a few university professors.

Dr. Inge was more interesting when he turned to the teachings of Plotinus, and then went on to Eucken, with his assertion that salvation was a "transition from the common experience of life to a new and higher sphere which he called the life of spirit".

"Were the affirmations of the illuminated soul tragic illusions or cosmic realities?" asked the Dean. And he answered:

> The higher life had already been lived by very many. They agreed in what they told us about it. Why should we not receive their witness? The great popularity of Eucken's writings both in Germany and England showed that our generation was ripe for this kind of religion. It was a very good sign if it was so. For this philosophy of life had nothing to fear from scientific or historical criticism. It was broad based on personal experience and buttressed by sound metaphysics. Its morality was pure and elevated; it cared nothing for denominational barriers; it found ample room for science and art, honouring both; and like Christianity, with which it had so much in common, it gave us a valuation of the goods and evils of life and was so a guide to practical wisdom. He would not speak of "the religion of the future," for there would be as many religions in the future as in the past; but that this was the true line of progress in religion, as well as in philosophy, he had no doubt whatever.

In other words, the Dean is accepting Theosophy under another name, and boldly ranges himself on the side of Mysticism.

***

On June 18th, I lectured to the Philosophical Circle of the Lyceum Club on 'The Yoga Philosophy,' and found a crowded and deeply interested audience, over which Mme. Jean Delaire presided. It is delightful to see the welcome given to Hindū philosophy by cultured and highly educated people in England. As in the morning I presided over an Educational Conference, and in the evening lectured in the Queen's Hall on 'Why We Believe in the Coming of a World-Teacher,' the day was fairly filled. A pleasant interlude was welcoming to lunch Mr. Sri Prakasa, the eldest son of Bābu Bhagavan Das Sāhab of Benares, who has just been called to the Bar, and has taken the B.A. and LL.B. degrees at Cambridge University. He goes back

to the Motherland, loving her the more dearly for his stay in England.

***

The Education Conference is occupying three days and is a very important gathering. Among other Societies are represented the National Union of Teachers, the London Teachers' Association, the Association of Assistant Mistresses in Public Secondary Schools, the Parents' National Educational Union, the Association of Technical Institutions, the School Medical Officers Association, the Royal Society of Literature, the Fabian Education Group, the Moral Education League, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the Theosophical Educational Trust, and the Theosophical Society. I had the honour of presiding over the opening session, and a number of distinguished men and women are taking part in the meetings. It is good to see our beloved T.S. taking its rightful place in the public life of England.

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I am glad to see that the Redemption League, started two years ago during my visit to London, is doing good work. The Organising Secretary, Miss Birmingham, lecturing the other day, said that "its ideal was to become a world-wide organisation to combat a world-wide evil, an International League fighting an international traffic"—the terrible White Slave Traffic. Centres are started in Russia, Norway and Holland, and others are to follow. Dr. Anthony says that there are 4,000 men employed in this vile trade in London—a ghastly thought. The second object of the League is to work for moral purity and for the equalisation of the

moral standard of men and women; the third is to found hostels for women and girls where safety and shelter can be found at the cheapest possible rate. The League should spread far and wide, for its work is a noble one.

***

Twelve lectures in ten days, with journeys to Brighton and Folkestone, is not a bad record of work, added to meetings with people at various lunches and teas! Lady Brassey gave a pleasant "At Home" to "Visitors from the Overseas Dominions," at which various interesting people were present, on the afternoon of June 11th, the lecture on 'India's Plea for Justice,' at which her husband presided, being in the evening. There was a splendid meeting in the Queen's Hall, showing that Englishmen were ready to take interest in India, but the London press hardly noticed it. We shall have hard work to reach the people by forcing on the press the dissemination of India's claims, and so educating English public opinion. But *The Times*, *The Daily News*, and *The Daily Chronicle* among the dailies, have inserted statements from my pen, as have *The Christian Commonwealth* and *The Nation* among the weeklies. *The Westminster* and *The Daily Telegraph* have refused to do anything. But we have made a good beginning with the above-named.

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ADEN, *July 5th.*

A flying visit to Oxford, to lecture at the X Club, whose President is an Indian gentleman, Mr. Raju, made a pleasant excursion on June 19th. The lecture was on 'India's Claims,' and I tried to awaken the undergraduate mind to a sense of what England owed to India. Benares friends will be glad to hear of the well-being of

the young men from the C. H. C. who are now undergraduates of Oxford. I was grieved to find that some of our Indian lads, who had learned to love England in Benares, had been driven out of that love by the treatment they had met with in England. On the 20th, I again spoke at the Educational Conference, and in the afternoon went to a pleasant "At Home," given by Lady Emily Lutyens, as a member of the Hospitality Committee presided over by the Lord Chancellor.

***

The 21st saw me at Esher, with that noble warrior of earlier days, the widow of Jacob Bright, who preserves a keen brain and a young heart in a worn-out and helpless body. Her interest in all good causes is as vivid as when she stood beside her husband in the forefront of the fray. From Esher, I motored over to Twickenham to call on the Hon. Mr. G. K. Gokhale, though hardly hoping to see him. I had, however, the privilege of an interview with him, and we chatted for half an hour on Indian questions. It is so seldom that one meets a man in public life for whom one can feel the whole-hearted respect which one feels for Mr. Gokhale, whose one love is India, whose one ambition is service, and who gives himself with the enthusiasm of a youth and the wisdom of a grey-beard to the Motherland. It was a joy to receive a letter from him four days later, saying that he had been able to attend through two three-hour sittings of the Commission without feeling much the worse. He hopes to leave England for home in November, and we all pray that his health will allow him to come to the Congress in Madras.

***

The last few days in England were very full. Meetings of the Temple of the Rosy Cross and of the T. S. Executive; a lecture on the Woman Question at Queen's Hall, packed to its utmost limit; a Brotherhood of Arts meeting, where that rare piece of Dresden china, Maud Mann, was made President, with her husband to shield her from too rough contacts with an inartistic world; a meeting with the haggard builders, gaunt with starvation, but glad at heart to be again at work—what a civilisation is ours, when men may not even work for bread, unless they cringe to the owners of capital!—interviews with the Editor of *The Review of Reviews*, brave W. T. Stead's son and successor, and with the Editor of *The Daily Telegraph*, Anglo-Indian *in excelsis*; with some of my best lieutenants on work to be carried out; and as a final item, a talk with an East End magistrate over a proposed Children's Colony on a piece of land in Essex, generously given by him, and the forming of a little group of Trustees, to hold and administer it. Then a crowd at Charing Cross to say "Good-bye," and the swift journey to Dover, a calm voyage across the Channel, the racing across the Continent to Brindisi, with pleasant greetings of friends here and there, to find the 'Persia' waiting for us, anchored outside the harbour, and so to dinner and bed.

***

Two lectures were asked for and given ere we reached Aden, one in the first, one in the second cabin. It was a very legal steamer, with the Chief Justice of Bombay, Sir Basil Scott, on board, as well as several Madras Judges and the Advocate-General and some Counsel.

HOME AGAIN, *July 11th.*

We landed at Bombay on Friday, July 10th, and there I had a warm welcome and address from the Lodges of India, a big crowd of members and sympathisers filling the Gaiety Theatre to endorse it. Away once more to the station and into the special train for Madras, the dear Indian faces crowded together as we steamed away, and every smiling face and loving hand-touch seem to repeat: "You are again at Home." How strange is the subtle tie of love that binds the heart to one country above all the countries of the earth, that makes the very soil beloved, that thrills through every pulse with the sense of a common life, at the sight of a coloured crowd.

***

On the following day, Sunday, Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar took me to the hostel opened by the Young Men's Indian Association for the students of Pachaiyappa's College, the one specially assigned to our joint care. Then we went to those in George Town, cared for by Mr. G. A. Natesan and Rao Sāhab G. Soobhiah Chetty. Then into the Association building, growing into its new form, and the restaurant, very popular with the members. Lastly I went to the Triplicane Hostel with Rao Sāhab, and so again to Adyar. The Association is growing in strength and popularity, but the demand for hostels is greater than we can supply. The untiring work done by Rao Sāhab G. Soobhiah Chetty and by Mr. Govindaraja Mudaliar is beyond all praise, for they face the wearisome drudgery of detail without hesitation, and no work is too troublesome to be cheerfully executed. Through all

the summer months they have toiled unremittingly, and we all owe them our gratitude.

***

"Wisdom is justified of her children"—some day. But how slow is the justification in coming. Our splendid pioneer, H. P. Blavatsky, lies under a load of obloquy, hurled at her by ignorant and malicious men. But gradually one stone after another is being lifted off, and perhaps, in time, all will be removed. Much has been done to establish her knowledge by the more recent scientific discoveries, and now there appears in print Dr. Hodgson's frank confession of injustice done. (He said the same to me personally, many years ago.) Mr. Scott Craven, writing in *The Clarion*, states that "Richard Hodgson, an official investigator on behalf of the S.P.R., once told me that he had largely modified his opinion since making his report, fuller knowledge having brought him increasing humility." And Mr. Craven remarks: "Whether charlatan or not, if other 'charlatans' will give us literature as inspiring as *The Voice of the Silence* or as *Practical Occultism*, God rain down charlatans on us abundantly." Mr. Scott Craven here suggests a great truth. Men try to measure with their average yard-measures the giants of Occultism; their measures are meant for the ordinary stature of the every-day man. The Occultist's test is what of knowledge, what of encouragement, what of inspiration to noble living, he can give to the world. If he can pass this test, the less we judge him the better, lest in our narrow interpretations of the sin of blasphemy we may stone a Christ.

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I have bought—not with my own money!—*The Madras Standard*, a daily paper founded in 1841. It had been going downhill for a long time, was often so badly printed that a whole column would be illegible, had no foreign news save that copied from other papers, and was generally in the lowest of low water. The purchase was made at railway speed, but in the nick of time, for its first work has been to raise a protest against the acceptance of the Government proposals, conditioning the grant of a Charter to the proposed Hindū University. These terms bind the University into complete subjection to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, making it a provincial Government University instead of a National one under Hindū control. In fact the control claimed is even greater than in the case of the official institution. If these terms be accepted, all the money collected will be diverted from the object for which it was given, and our Central Hindū College, carried on for India by labour and self-sacrifice, will be reduced to the level of the ordinary Government establishment. The plan should be resisted by every legitimate means, by legal action if practicable as well as by popular protests. Better to have no Hindū University than to have a shell, whence the spirit is fled. *The Madras Standard* has raised its voice, and a pamphlet reprinting the articles which have appeared can be had on sending one anna postage by all who have subscribed to the C. H. C. in the past, or more lately to the Hindū University.

REVIVAL OF PERSECUTION IN ENGLAND

By ANNIE BESANT[1]

THERE have been one or two prosecutions under the Blasphemy Laws of late years, and a man was recently sentenced to imprisonment under this obsolescent statute. In view of the fact that men of high repute write books which prove them to be blasphemers and renegades in the legal sense of these unpleasant terms, and yet escape unscathed because they express themselves in refined and philosophical English, it is obvious that when men of little education use the language of their class in criticising Christianity and are thereupon imprisoned, the crime punished is not blasphemy but vulgarity, and the thing supposed to be defended by the punishment is not religion but good manners. On the other hand vulgarity is not an offence which should be punished with imprisonment, and is a

[1] I am writing this month on this subject of pressing importance instead of continuing the series on the 'Building of the Individual'; that will be resumed in our next month's issue.

social disadvantage which is a man's misfortune rather than his fault. To bring his form of expression under the statute, while permitting the essence of his remarks to go unpunished when voiced in elegant language, is class injustice of a serious character, and makes blasphemy prosecutions as hypocritical as they are cruel. A religion, which invites the cultured blasphemer to its drawing-room while it succeeds in imprisoning the uncultured, renders itself contemptible in the eyes of all honest men. Christians who love their faith should be the first to protest against its being dragged in the mud by such despicable procedure, and should earnestly press on their representatives in Parliament to abolish laws which can be used in fashion so repulsive.

During the last few weeks we have had two other examples of the use of old statutes to hinder freedom of opinion and the progress of thought. For the protection of ignorant servants and others who "cross the hand" of gipsies and other vagrants in order to have their fortunes told, a law was passed against fortune-telling, branding as rogues and vagabonds those who practised it. Under this law, Mr. Alan Leo was brought up in the Mansion House Police Court on May 6th last, for casting a horoscope.

The two summonses taken out were dismissed on technicalities, and the Lord Mayor, not having heard the defence, made the most improper remark that he had no doubt that Mr. Alan Leo told fortunes, *i. e.*, that he was punishable under the law as it stood. Another astrologer, brought up a little later, was convicted and sentenced to £25 fine, or alternatively to two months' imprisonment, and it was thus shown that the casting of horoscopes, in the view of a sapient magistracy, is a

punishable telling of fortunes. It is intolerable that the students of an ancient science, followed by many eminent men in the past and studied by many intellectual persons in the present, should be branded as criminal by magistrates, who may be learned in the law, but who are wholly ignorant of astrological science. Detectives in modern London play the part of inquisitors in the Middle Ages, and harmless men are haled into the police court as of old they were flung into the cells of the Inquisition. In modern England, police courts are being used to crush women who are seeking political enfranchisement, and respectable men who are pursuing an ancient and honoured art. They should keep to their proper work of preserving decency against the aggression of the indecent, and policemen should pick up the drunken and incapable, not execute warrants against astrologers.

Mr. Alan Leo is an astrologer of world-wide repute, and has followed astrological studies for some five-and-twenty years. By deep study and cautious work, he has much raised astrology in the estimation of the public, and he edits a journal of wide circulation and of ethical value. The casting of horoscopes is an integral part of astrology, and he is careful to point out to those who seek his help that the horoscope shows capacities, weaknesses and tendencies, throwing light on the character, and enabling the native to meet better the circumstances of life than he could meet them in ignorance of his own strong and weak points. I know personally Mr. Leo's methods, for he long ago cast my own horoscope and has since, from time to time, cast my progressed horoscopes. They are based on careful calculations of the effect of various solar, lunar, and planetary

influences, and are useful as showing the particular types of difficulties which have to be met and overcome at any particular time. I have personally no doubt that a properly calculated horoscope shows the conditions amid which one is working, and the favourable or unfavourable influences present at any given time. These are as much matters of calculation as the temperature favourable or unfavourable to the success of a chemical experiment. To forecast these conditions, brought about by the laws of nature and indicated by the relative positions of the sun, moon and planets, each radiating forth its own influence, is no more to "tell fortunes" than it is telling fortunes to say to an electrician: "Much moisture will be present in the air at that time, and you will not be able to make a spark flash across from pole to pole." All scientific knowledge enables its possessor to forecast the results of special combinations, and there can be no crime—other than an artificial one created by a stupid law—in sharing with other people, desirous of the information, the results of such combinations. Astrological calculations are worked out on a definite and well-recognised system, and are vitiated by any error in calculation or by any overlooking of factors present as would be any other scientific calculation.

In India, the horoscopes of any intending parties to marriages are always consulted. A father, seeking a bride for his son, will receive the horoscopes of the daughters of his friends, with a view to ascertaining the characters of those who seem suitable otherwise, and the girl's father will carefully study the character shown by the horoscope of his proposed son-in-law. If this be fortune-telling, it is fortune-telling of an innocuous

and even beneficial type. Is it fortune-telling to watch other indications of character as shown in conduct before entering on a marriage contract? Or is only this one method, proved by experience to be peculiarly reliable, to be punished under a law passed for another purpose, and stretched to include a scientifically calculated chart of disposition and character? The very wording of a horoscope is enough to differentiate its carefully drawn delineations of character and environment from the seeing by a gipsy of a rich and attractive suitor for the hand of an eager servant-maid.

The attempt to crush out the practice of 'Occult Arts' by police persecution is foredoomed to failure, but if persisted in may cause much temporary loss and annoyance to harmless and innocent people. The growing indifference to law in England—a dangerous and disintegrating feeling—is increased by every attempt to wrest the law away from its legitimate functions, and to make it an instrument of religious and political persecution. Law can only be honoured when it is fairly and impartially administered, and when it becomes a terror to the good instead of to the evil-doer its very foundation is threatened. Let us hope that the police will be instructed to devote themselves to their proper duties, and not to meddle with things which they cannot understand.

Annie Besant

THE MANU ON EDUCATION

By JOSEPHINE RANSOM

Learn the Dharma which is followed by the wise and good, by those ever free from spite and passion, and which is acknowledged by the heart.—*Manu*, II, 1.

IT is not the purpose of this short treatise to take into consideration how much or how little of the *Laws of Manu* are authentic, nor to trouble as to the date of their framing as judged by philological experts, but to try and express something of the spirit of those Laws—as far as one's understanding goes—where they deal with matters Educational.

We must begin with the first chapter of *Manu*, which some think is merely introductory, but in which we find some important instruction concerning human types. Great saints of old, we are told, came to the Manu, and with all due reverence said unto him: "Lord, deign to tell us in order the rules of all the castes, and of all the castes that arise between?" Here we need not at once think of Indian castes, and lightly dismiss the subject from our minds. According to *Man: Whence, How and Whither* (other authorities are in conformity with this assertion), the caste-system was ordained about 8,000 B.C. But the early tribes to whom the Manu presumably issued His directions lived, we are told, some seventy or eighty thousand years ago. Into their souls were woven the ideals which were to persist till

they found fruition in the civilisations that have come and gone ever since. Obviously, then, we are to think, not of present day Hinḍū castes, but of the types of human beings that everywhere prevail to-day. As declared those ancient Wise Ones, only the Manu knew the purpose and meaning of every object in this whole Universe, and gradually men would reach to the same power of comprehension.

In stately phrase the Manu proceeds to recite the order of things—of their forthgoing by means of the activities of the great ministering Lords, of the waking of the worlds when the Divine Being awakes, and of their sleeping when He sleeps. Then Bhṛgu, great seer, takes up the count, and tells of the Manus and their cycles, and of the ages that come and go, periodic; of the creation of mind—from which is traced the establishing of selfhood in all things; of the Ḍharmas that were given unto the four types of mankind—Brāhmaṇa, Kṣhaṭṭriya, Vaishya, Shūḍra. And in the midst of all these important and high mysteries, we find the first statements concerning the importance of the teacher.

For Brāhmaṇas the Ḍharma is study, teaching, sacrifice. The hint is pretty plain that only the experienced, and therefore the wise, should have charge over young people. It will be readily conceded that the true Brāhmaṇa is to be met with in every country, the real teacher who obeys his Ḍharma, reveals his caste and sacrifices his knowledge for the good of the child. "But of these typical Brāhmaṇas the best are the wise, and of the wise those who know their duty, and of those who know it, such as do it, and of those who do it, those who know the Veḍa" (*Manu*, I, 97). Here again, the Veḍa is not to be imagined as merely

that statement of Truth which forms the Sacred Scripture of the Hinḍūs; the Veḍa is Knowledge, the knowledge of the "Essence of Things," the interrelation of all things plainly visible to the spiritual sight of the "Seer".

How high a Brāhmaṇa should be on the ladder of human attainment we may gather from the following verses: "The birth of a Brāhmaṇa is a perpetual incarnation of Ḍharma; for he exists for the sake of Ḍharma, and for the existence of the Veḍas" (I, 98). "When a Brāhmaṇa is born, he is born above the world, the chief of all creatures, to guard the treasury of Ḍharma" (I, 99).

It was the high duty of the Brāhmaṇa, the teacher, to explain the laws of life to the pupils. None other than he might do this work, none but he pure enough to be unbiassed seer of the great God's eternal Laws and explain them in terms understandable to his pupils. His qualifications are rated high in terms of purity and virtue: the earth is his for he is lord over himself, serene and self-controlled. Such, alone, may be styled by the holy name of "teacher".

The Manu makes some very important declarations about pupils—who they are and what they should become. Little is said of child-life till it arrives at pupilage. Presumably children were left to grow in grace and freedom for the first few years of life. At seven, Brāhmaṇas were to begin their studies. The future soldier and the future merchant were to begin at the ages of ten and eleven respectively. At these ages they were invested with the sacred-thread, and this investiture seemed to mark the commencement of the student-life. Evidently the idea was that according to the power and experience of the soul, so should be the

opportunity offered. The Brāhmaṇa mind and soul would be ready to assimilate and profit by teaching far earlier than those of the soldier or the merchant. It is very noticeable that a child or youth allowed to run excessively to games and physical exercise becomes dull of understanding. The virility of the future teacher was not to be expended in that way, it was to go to the making of brain power. The future soldier was to develop his virility into muscle and strength, and the future merchant was taught to keep alert in the affairs of men. Thus early were duties impressed upon the growing child and its faculties trained accordingly. Behind all education lay a plan and children were chosen with care and wisdom to play their parts in it. If any child among these types showed out special faculties then they were to begin their studies much earlier—at four, five, and seven respectively. We note in passing that the Manu counted age from the time of conception not of birth, the former being the beginning of a new life-cycle, the latter but one of the stages in it.

The Manu is emphatic that after the ages of sixteen, twenty-two and twenty-four years respectively, it is too late to take up the student-life. Then the mysteriously potent Gāyaṭrī manṭra may not be communicated. And such benighted beings were to be regarded as not altogether respectable Āryans! It is quite clear that the Gāyaṭrī manṭra affects the nervous system. Its special purpose is to stimulate creative activity on all planes, and in the young child who uses it there probably results an increase of spiritual power which will, magnet-like, draw to itself the activities of the rest of the nature. But when physical activities are already established and the magnet is set

low instead of high, the whole nervous system would doubtlessly quiver to a dangerous arousing of the baser elements, should the Gāyaṭrī's rhythmic vibrations steal along coarsened nerves, compelling them to some coarse expression. Mentally uttered, of course, the Gāyaṭrī is a plea to the High God to illumine human intelligence with divine knowledge. Again, the purity of childhood made the invocation safe and guided aright the budding powers of comprehension into high channels. Ideas would flow in undimmed by worldly experience and mould the lower mind and build a receptive brain; they would not be distorted, and therefore threatening, as might be the case in an older child already warped by contact with the world.

The clothing of students was distinctive. Garments were of hemp for Brāhmaṇas, flax for Kṣhaṭṭriyas and wool for Vaishyas; over these was thrown as covering skins of the black deer, ordinary deer or of goats. The idea was simplicity, cleanliness and appropriateness. The simple undergarment gave covering sufficient while the skin served as protection from cold, rain and so on. Special stress was laid on the staves that students carried, each having a particular wood according to his caste. They were emphatically "not weapons of offence against men," so must have served some especial purpose. As most of the teachers of the older days lived in or near forests the staves may have served as means of defence against the wild beasts inhabiting them. But they may have had other uses, possibly magnetic, which are not specified.

Teachers were supported by their pupils. Purity, simplicity of life, great learning, profound wisdom, unmistakable spiritual attainments—all these were the

possessions of the teacher in return for which their pupils sought out and offered reverently to him the necessaries of life. The pupils had also to maintain themselves. With his staff ready, his young face turned to the sun (the giver of all things), and after having with reverent steps paced round the sacred fire (the mouth of the Gods in whose hands are held mighty secrets about man's being)—the lad went forth to seek alms. "Sir! give alms," pleaded the Brāhmaṇa; "Give, sir, alms," the Kṣhaṭṭriya; "Give alms, sir," the Vaishya. Very likely the arrangement of the words indicated the caste of the boy and the food supplied him would be in accordance with that. The same kind of food would not suit all three types alike, for they would be of different physical calibre.

It was appointed that the boy should first beg of his own kith and kin, to avoid any possible chance of having his feelings hurt and therefrom discover a dislike for this primary duty of the student-life. Babu Bhagavan Das draws a delightful picture of the results of this custom upon the life of a community.

> There is the practice of true socialism, where every mother and every sister learns to look upon every dear student-beggar as her own son and her own brother; for if she gives food to the hungry child or brother of another, is not her own hungry child or brother being helped tenderly at the same time by another? And so the heart of every parent goes out to every child, and of every child to every parent, and affection reigns in the community and love suffuses and softens every life. And burdens are proportionately divided, and not felt but welcomed eagerly, for the capacities of every family are known, and no more students go to any than can be conveniently provided for by it. And, because the Great Father Manu has said that students must not take their food from the houses of the vicious and the sinful, and therefore the children will not come to them and do them the honour of accepting their food if they are not virtuous, therefore every home, for the sake of the children, strives to maintain its standard of dutifulness high.

By this simple device, of every student begging food from every other home than his own, the Great Progenitor binds together in one the hearts of all the families of the community, and consecrates the spirit in them, so it shines forth in the life of matter and joy becomes duty and love becomes law."—*The Laws of Manu in the Light of Theosophy*, pp. 152-153.

A fine picture of a remarkable ideal, evidently once a fact in practice!

Upon the return of the student the food was eaten, the body having been cleansed and the mind made cheerful. Care was taken to see that the students had the right kind of food, it was seemingly carefully apportioned according to the caste of the child; they were not forced to eat indiscriminately,—that would result in disturbing the characteristic balance of the whole physical nature, and, consequent upon that, mind and spirit would have a distorted, deranged mechanism through which to manifest. The Manu further declared that a happy frame of mind when eating conduced to the best results from food. The student was not to find fault with the food, but to rejoice and be satisfied and eat it gladly (II, 54). "For food that has been reverenced ever bestows strength and power; but that which has not been reverenced, if eaten, destroys both" (II, 54). Note, also, these instructions: ". . . Let him also not eat between times; let him not eat to excess, and let him not go with a morsel in his mouth" (II, 56). "Overeating is unwholesome, prejudicial to long life and attainment of heaven . . ." (II, 57). Are not these ancient rules of health, those of modern reformers in matters of hygiene?

Open air was an essential in the old Aryan methods of educating. Delightful glades were chosen as the scene of the school-life, not too far removed from the town whence bodily wants were procured, not too

deep in the forest where wild creatures abounded, but some beautiful spot, open to the sun, with the welcome shade of forest trees near by, and a spring or streamlet of pure water for frequent bathing and drinking. Huts were provided for inclement weather and for various other uses, but "out-of-doors" was the golden rule.

Teacher and pupil having taken up their sacred relationship, the first duty of the teacher was to instruct the pupil in ceremonial purity, and the religious exercises that took place morning and evening. Here we have a vivid picture of that most important of all things in the training of youth—the development of the religious nature. The day opens with the feeding of the deeper emotions—the inner craving after high and holy things—as lively a need in the heart of a child as in the heart of a grown-up. Sentences of deep import are repeated in sonorous tone with accompanying gesture. "Give the child only that which he can understand," says many an educator, impatient of the more hidden depths of consciousness in the child. "Give the child some great things to repeat," said the wise old Āryan instructors, "do not trouble to explain them, embed them deep in the young mind and they will be fructified of the divine that abides within, and bear fruit in wisdom and enlightenment as the child grows older and comes to have a trained brain through which they shall shine."

In the details which mark the hours of tuition, one can readily see that they were directed towards eliminating from the surroundings everything gross or distracting. The child was attuned physically, emotionally, mentally and spiritually to an exquisite degree—

a perfect instrument from which the teacher could draw the surest responses.

All the study was expounded from the Veḍas. We might be tempted to think that the Veḍas are hardly suitable as textbooks for a child; we have vague notions of them as being expositions of pagan lore, of how to worship a multitude of deities, of how to carry out magical practices. The Manu directed the use of three of the Veḍas, and out of them grows directly all the knowledge of science, philosophy and righteousness of the Brāhmaṇa, all the right conduct and glorious chivalry of the Kṣhaṭṭriya, the rules of warfare and wise statecraft, and the principles which guide the Vaishya through the mazes of commercial affairs, and the interaction of nature with all those things wherein men play their parts. All branches of knowledge emanate from the Veḍas—religion, philosophy, science, astronomy, phonetics, geometry, philology, prosody, grammar, etc., etc.

The Manu is explicit about the nature of the senses and the necessity of controlling them. If the mind is controlled, then the senses are conquered—thus He goes at once to the root of the whole matter. One statement has passed into a proverb: "Desire never rests by the enjoyment of lusts, like as a fire of a surety increases the more as butter is poured into it" (II, 94). Also another statement: "If, among all the senses, one sense fails, by that his wisdom fails; as water escapes by one little hole from the leathern bag" (II, 99). One is reminded of Christian parables by the following words: "Where there are not virtue and wealth and suitable obedience, learning is not to be sown, just as good seed is not sown in barren soil" (II, 112).

"Rather a teacher of the Veḍa should die with his knowledge; even if in distress he may not sow it in wild salt soil" (II, 113).

Then comes a quaintly instructive story: Learning went to a Brāhmaṇa and said: "I am thy treasure! Guard me! Give me not to a scorner! so I shall be strongest! But him whom thou knowest to be a pure student, declare me to him, a Brāhmaṇa, a protector of this treasure, not self-willed."

Four grades of teachers were recognised by the Manu: (1) The teacher who invests the pupil with the sacred-thread, and teaches him the Veḍas and the Upaniṣhaḍs—he is called Āchārya; (2) He who teaches parts of the Veḍas, or Veḍāṅgas (sciences)—he is called Upāḍhyāya; (3) He who performs the various rites that mark the early stages of life—he is called Guru; (4) He who performs special sacrifices as priest and ritualist—he is called Ṛtoij. But, goes on the Manu, "an Āchārya (head teacher) surpasses in venerableness ten subteachers, a father one hundred teachers; but a mother surpasses one thousand fathers" (II, 145). Thus did the great Lawgiver estimate the influence of the mother over the child!

The spiritual teacher who leads others into the way of knowledge is pre-eminent in the Manu's estimation. A delightful little story illustrates the point: Āṅgirasa Kavi, a child, taught his elders, and said to them, "Children"—having received them as pupils by reason of his knowledge. They, indignant, asked the Gods about that matter; and the Gods having assembled, said to them: "The child has spoken to you correctly" (II, 151-2).

On the health and conduct of the student the Manu is quite severe. In food, in apparel, in action, in social

matters, inviolate purity and chastity are to be preserved. Any, even involuntary, impurity meant destruction of the student's vow, and a wearisome beginning all over again, as well as loss of time. Obedience to the teacher is enjoined again and again; but it must be remembered that the uprightness, moral integrity, and utter spirituality of the teacher were regarded as so certain that no room was left for fears regarding the students—it was their glory and honour to serve such teachers.

It was open to the student to remain all his life with the teacher, but such a course was not strongly recommended. The normal thing was for the student to return home when the right number of years of study was completed. "The course of study of the three Veḍas to be gone through in the house of the Guru is for thirty-six years, the half of that, or a quarter, or until mastery" (III, 1).

Brāhmaṇas began their studies when eight years old, Kṣhaṭṭriyas when eleven and Vaishyas when twelve, but if any of the three types showed special qualities they began much earlier. Though thirty-six years was considered as the best period over which to extend the student life, yet nineteen was a permissible period; the minimum was nine years. Then came household life and the work in the world. Naturally the difference showed out in all after-life, but all were expected to emerge from the teacher's hands as able, competent, upright, and trustworthy citizens in the workaday world.

The Manu was particular about the manners of the student; perfect, exquisite politeness was expected of them. Physical exercises do not seem to have been emphasised but the whole modern teaching of the benefits of

deep-breathing as a means of preserving health was insisted upon. This was the unfailing remedy for physical and mental disorders. Mantras assisted the beneficial effects of breathing deeply, regularly. The students were expected to do their work standing erect, with the hands folded on the chest. Their studies were pursued morning and evening after the prayers were finished. Holidays seemed to come along pretty frequently, generally for some religious purpose, but sometimes because of natural conditions being unfavourable, or because some neighbour was sorrowing or rejoicing—and in these they shared.

It is quite clear that the education for girls was as complete as that for boys, but differing somewhat. Future duties for the girl were to be different from those of her brother, and her training was intended to fit her for them. As Babu Bhagavan Das remarks: "Manu's ideal is gentle men and gentle women, each filling a distinct place in the domestic and social scheme; never entering into conflict with each other, but ever supplementing the qualities of each other and ever making life's way smoother for each other."

We have now touched upon practically all the main points in the Manu's directions regarding education. How rational and subservient to the good of all was His whole educational scheme! The details of it cannot perhaps be reproduced in our own day, but the broad comprehensive spirit of it can surely be revived and thus bring one step nearer the day when for ourselves education shall become more truly the way of preparation for the bigger life, and not the disablement it now often is.

It will be noted that the Manu left out any question of the education of the Shūḍras, the working population. Babu Bhagavan Das, in discussing this question, points out that they were treated as one treats the child in the home before the student days began. It was the duty of all to care for and protect the worker —as one would a child. The worker is regarded as the human-child for whom all human-adults are responsible. They were trained in their work, made skilled artisans in whatever they were engaged. Food for mind and soul was given them in the dramatic presentation of cosmogonical happenings as well as of history.

We see then how the Manu regarded the Āryan Race as a unit, how He laid His plans so that eventually there shall appear in the midst of men the fruits of the long, long preparation through which He leads His Race age after age. His plan has not failed; His children are still learning the lessons He set them and are not yet ready—save a few—to step out of student-life and be truly efficient co-workers with Him in the leading and guiding of the younger members of our humanity. Mrs. Besant has summarised the Manu's educational scheme in a few words:

> The education of the child should be very largely one that seeks to give him opportunities of manifestation, rather than to impose on him methods of development. And until it is realised [as the Manu realised—J. R.] that the child is an Eternal Spirit, with powers and capacities of his own, not running into a mould but to an individual growth, that the duty of the teacher is to aid the growth and not to try to change it; until that is understood, the whole educational system is going along a wrong road and is based on a false idea.

Josephine Ransom

THE HINDU PROBLEM IN CANADA

By HAMILTON R. MOHLER

NO thinking man or woman, seeing the signs of the times, can fail to understand, that unless the spiritually progressed people of the earth shall unite their forces, and by continued and unselfish spiritual effort counteract the mighty powers of evil now threatening the peace of the entire world, the situation must continually grow worse, until a storm of human passions and resentful retaliation must ensue.

Many are the legal, commercial, and political abuses that enable the existing condition to prevail. The observers of human progress note the strong undertide of spiritual force that is beginning to become so apparent, and which is causing the awakening of the masses to a perception of the great wrongs that underlie the present suffering. Many phases of these many abuses are visible all over the world.

I wish however to call attention to a special instance of this kind that has come under my observation, in which a somewhat unusual form of restraint is found; in which loyal subjects of a great nation, and followers of a pure religious faith—that exacts of its members moral and physical cleanliness, the practice of the virtues of a pure home life, loyal citizenship and valorous service in time of war—are deprived of the right of living with their own wives and children; a privilege not withheld from the Japanese and Chinese who enjoy the same chance for making a living and

maintaining a home that should be extended to all worthy subjects of the realm. I refer to the Hindus of British Columbia and Canada—especially to those members of the Sikh faith, who, subjects of Great Britain, find themselves in the above-mentioned situation.

Numbering as they do about 4,000 souls, as found in various parts of Canada, they endure here conditions which they find hard to understand. Gentle in disposition, and believing in *the real brotherhood of man*—a characteristic trait, that being the result of thousands of years of national thought and spiritual evolution, makes it as natural for them to so believe as it is to breathe the free air of Heaven—they feel themselves isolated and misunderstood. Shut out from the companionship and sympathy of those among whom they are trying to make their homes, they feel themselves to be "strangers in a strange land," yet all the while in the land of that noble ruler (the beloved Queen Victoria) who guaranteed on a certain memorable occasion in the history of the Indian Empire, to care for her "Indian children" as her very own. That she tried to do this, none can gainsay. Yet now that she is gone away to the far summerland, her adopted children find themselves in grievous straits.

Where lies the fault? As a citizen of the United States where we have our own alien troubles, I yet find it hard to understand why our great friend on the other side of the water allows such conditions to exist or why our good neighbour, the Canadian Government does nothing to ameliorate these conditions.

It is not in any unfriendly way that this article is written; nor is it intended as a reflection on a people whom I have ever found courteous and kind—good friends

and good neighbours—yet it seems strange and pitiful that the rights of home and the companionship of wife and children are so long withheld from these darker-skinned brothers of ours. Able addresses on this subject have been given by distinguished leaders before the Canadian Legislature; voluminous printed expositions of every detail, concerning this wrong to a helpless people, have been placed before the public in the form of booklets, pamphlets and newspaper articles, yet nothing is done. WHY? I admit it is a difficult problem to solve under existing conditions, and perhaps that is the cause of the delay; let us at least hope so.

Since I have been here, it has been my privilege to come into personal touch with some of the leaders of these people, and I must say that I have been pleased to find them persons of culture and refinement, and with a broad charity and religious feeling that make them surely anything but undesirable citizens, such men indeed, as every follower of the Christ must love as a brother.

Three years ago at the Canadian Club, Toronto, on the 28th of December 1911, in a notable address by Dr. Sunder Singh, the well-known leader of these people and Editor of *The Sanser* published in Victoria, B.C., gave a very complete summary of the status of the Sikhs in Canada. Āryan in origin, as are the very people who thus deny them their rights, their history, as found in the ranks of labour, of education, of the church, of the home-life or in that of military service, is inferior to that of no other people on earth. Of proven loyalty to Great Britain, they have a magnificent record, clean, unsullied and honourable. The husband of one wife,

the home-life of the Sikh approaches that of the Christian more nearly than that found in the followers of any other eastern religion, yet, prevented by a prejudice as blind as it is unjust, families are separated and the home-life, that very foundation of the British Empire, as it is of all governments, is made impossible.

The law requiring one continuous journey from India to Canada, as there were no lines of vessels making that trip, prevented others from coming and many acts of injustice have occurred as a result, notably that in which Mr. Ram Chand figured. It is the unequivocal testimony of employers of large numbers of labourers in the United States and Canada, that the Hinḍūs are among the best workmen they have ever employed. The Sikhs especially, says an article in *The Toronto World*, have proven themselves in every respect admirable subjects. They are highly civilised, markedly intellectual and their religious beliefs rank them with the most advanced nations.

In 1912 Canada admitted 11,932 Chinese and 2,986 Japanese of whom 1,037 were women; during the same period *one Hinḍū was allowed to land.* Said Dr. E. H. Lawson in 1913 as ship's surgeon on the C.P.R. S. S. *Monteagle* and later on the *Tartar* at the time of the greatest influx of Hinḍūs: "In making physical examination of passengers, though previously strongly prejudiced, I found the Sikhs 100 per cent cleaner in their habits, and freer from disease than the European steerage passengers. Altogether, they impressed me as a clean, manly and honest race."

Sometime ago the Dominion Government passed an order, ostensibly intended to shut out all immigrants

from British Columbia, to remain in force till March 1914. Yet recently in Ottawa, Premier McBride, it is said, caused it to be extended for a period of six months. Meanwhile, immigrants from other nations come in, constantly, *via* Halifax, Quebec or other eastern ports, the Hinḍū alone being debarred. Although Chief Justice Hunter in a test case supported the idea that the Hinḍūs are component parts of the British Empire, and therefore free to travel without let or hindrance, yet as it is now, they with their wives and children are absolutely debarred.

Says W. Dudlick John, B.A., in a recent article: "The Hinḍūs have a just grievance, civic, national, international, ethical and humanitarian. The ejaculatory and non-argumentative phrase, 'We don't want them here,' is un-British and not harmonious with the unity of the British Empire."

But why add more? Is it not too evident that here, in this land of enlightenment and prosperity a crime is being perpetrated against an innocent and blameless people? a crime almost worthy of the days of the Spanish Inquisition.

So much has been written and said on this subject, both at home and abroad, yet nothing has been done to relieve the situation. What will be the final ending of it all? Will justice at last be done?

Surely the progressive spiritually minded people of this land must see to it that the home-life, at least, of these, our brothers, is made possible, that loving hearts of husband and wife, parent and child, be once more united and thus repay in part the load of kārmic debt that must be the result of these unjust conditions.

H. R. Mohler

WHY THE WORLD DOES NOT UNDERSTAND [1]

(*Translated from the Italian by Johan van Manen*)

THERE is no doubt whatever that in the eyes of the world the coming of the Great Master will be considered a failure. It is uncertain, however, if the failure will create a stir, or whether it will simply meet with the indifference of the public. For many years after the Advent, it is certain that the failure will appear to be complete and the New Religion disposed of, in the same manner as all the other curious sects which swarm on this, and especially the other, side of the Atlantic. A limited few will more or less secretly nurse the tiny spark, which will burst into a new flame only when the New Religion has penetrated the masses and been rendered exoteric.

In order that these prophecies may not appear absurd, I will quote orthodoxy, and mention that to those who are accustomed to meditate upon the teachings of Mrs. Besant and to make them their own, two counsels concerning the way to attend and prepare for the Coming of the Christ, are singularly suggestive. The first—not definitely stated, but clearly suggested to the readers and hearers of her two latest lectures—is the warning to prepare ourselves for great difficulties, and to see also the protagonist of the approaching drama being combated, and apparently defeated. The second, repeated again and again, is to study the previous manifestations of the Great Ones of Religion. Further,

[1] *Bollettino della Societa Teosofica Italiana*, Vol. VIII, No. 5, May 1914. This beautiful and suggestive article appeared anonymously. To our regret we are therefore unable to mention the author's name.

we should not forget (a third counsel which I permit myself to add to the two others of so much greater authority) that the New Religion must feed milliards of souls.

From all this, it should be clear that the phenomenon which already has shown itself many times, will be repeated—that phenomenon through which it has become possible to deny even the existence of Jesus, so weak was the immediate echo of his words on the tempestuous ocean of Imperial Rome.

Such a phenomenon is due to many causes : the *oral* teaching, a tradition never violated by the great Beings (which in our present days also would not procure by means of our journalism anything more than an ephemeral survival for the words of the Master) ; the nature of the doctrines taught which are so old to every one's heart, that it seems useless to record them, and at the same time so new that they cannot at once be assimilated by the masses; but, above all, the moral and spiritual elevation of these very doctrines, which will only render them accessible to the legions of the intellectual plebs, when a certain manipulation on the part of less-elevated people has soiled them enough to make them human ; when the mists of the years, of the imagination, and of lies, have veiled the heavenly glow.

The religon of the future therefore, will be something very different from what we hope for, and dream of to-day : it will not be the circle of a certain moral and mental aristocracy, as the Theosophical Society might be, but a true and proper Church, which will have its temples, its altars, its rites, to speak to the milliards of the faithful, in humbler and more concrete forms, *in parables*, which will constitute its dogmas.

And this is no evil, on the contrary it will be a very great good. It is what has happened, and what will happen, who knows how many times more, as long as the lower ranks of our present humanity have not reached a stage of evolution at which they can throw exoteric forms overboard.

A limited circle, the Theosophical Society, will hide perhaps for a few centuries the tiny flame under the bushel. Then there will be born in the New Religion the present positivists, who are simply the Athanasii who have killed esotericism in the Christian Church, and who will excommunicate their precursors —the eternal rebels against exoteric dogma and custodians of the tradition. A myth, consisting of an atom of truth, a molecule of symbol, and a mountain of lies, inventions and legends, will take form; and the masses will believe in it. The rôle of the pioneers will be finished; they will disappear in the crowd, linked together by an invisible bond, silently to continue the work, and to find each other again at the preparation of a new step in advance of Truth.

The undeniable uneasiness of some faithful Theosophists, caused by the recent prophecies concerning the Christ, springs from their not having understood what is being prepared. But no less mistaken is the position of those who believe literally and blindly—I might say exoterically—in the near advent of certain definite happenings. In reality, the experience of history and the works of our leaders, teach us that that which is in process of preparation is *the construction of a myth*—the myth which will serve as the basis for the Religion of centuries to come. That the Christ already hides *now* in that myth, is no article of faith. He will inspire

the future Religion when it comes into existence. But the conception which the hosts of His faithful cherish of His coming, will be so far away from the truth, and, above all, from things as they now appear to the world, that I venture to say that the present details have no importance whatever, in comparison with those more or less fantastic, and more or less twisted conceptions, regarding His approaching coming, which will crystallise later.

It is an error, due to lack of reflection, to believe that the task of the Messiah will be so easy as to permit Him to overcome without strife the obstacles which will arise; to convert *en masse*, not only the few thousands of hearers, but the multitudes who cannot approach Him. If this were so, there would be no necessity to prepare the field for Him, and those who know would not then insist so strongly on the necessity for great and intense labour. In reality, the world will only become aware that He has been there, when His coming has already become involved in uncertainty, when the details have already become legendary. It will be the work of centuries to construct His mystical and symbolical figure. And the religious epopee, profiting by the effacing effect of time on the angularities which hurt and repel so many among us, will help this work. It is wise for the sculptor—to whom the execution of a statue which has to be raised up on the pinnacle of an edifice is entrusted —to use a much stronger and heavier technique, than when his statue has only to be erected on the level ground. The same happens now amongst us: the work is being performed in its broad outlines, without attention to the completeness of the details. This hurts those who see the outline from too near, from a too immediate

view, which therefore is a wrong one. But when the image of the Christ appears on the pedestal of the centuries, with history for its background, in the poetry of the past and the uncertain, then the whole will appear complete and organic, like the statue which glitters on the pinnacle of a temple.

It is difficult for us, living and feeling in this ideal world, to appreciate the necessity of postponing the view of the Christ for perhaps a century or so, and it must be impossible for people living outside our circle, who do not admit that the work is for those who come after us, and who demand that the spectacle shall be dedicated to the actor on the stage itself.

As I have used these rough but effective similes, I shall not be thought irreverent in saying, in order to explain myself more clearly, that we are assisting at the preparations for the theatrical make-up of the Christ. To see a theatrical actor from near-by with his face completely plastered with rouge, powder, and lampblack, is horrible, and yet the make-up is necessary in order that he may present himself before the footlights. The Christ will " make Himself up" for the centuries to come. To us, His coryphees on the stage of the present, this will perhaps seem anti-æsthetic and repugnant, because we shall not understand the necessity for it, and so much the less will the masses understand it, who, though moving on the same stage, do not take a direct part in the action. The spectators, that is the future generations, on the contrary, will be totally absorbed in the plot of the drama, and will see beauty and depth of expression in what to us seems ridiculous.

I have said that this comparison, though audacious, is not irreverent. It may be considered in bad taste, I

do not deny, but it serves to explain an historical process, exemplified by all the great heroic and sacred figures of humanity, who have always been uncomprehended by their contemporaries in proportion as they were destined to throw their shadows further over the succeeding centuries. For the rest, the august origins of the theatre, and the nobility of the art, save me from the accusation of irreverence. *Il n'y a pas de grand homme pour son valet de chambre!*[1] Blessed the *valet de chambre* of this Great One amongst men, if he understands that the human pettinesses—which will constitute precisely the heavy burden to be borne by the humanised Christ—will disappear in his historical transfiguration; and if he does not, after the manner of a slavish soul, seize upon these in order to believe Him small!

Therefore, it is necessary to insist on this: the Christ made flesh will submit to human necessities and thus will perhaps create disillusionment in those who may have clothed Him in pure poetry. And, already this slight discontent is to be seen in many who do not understand a preparation so prosaic, so full of detail, and so rich also in crude externals. They forget that all the great figures of history have had to submit to the inexorable law of matter, and that the distance of centuries has eliminated the prosaic and common elements from their lives, only to preserve their mystic poetry.

The coming of the Christ is, to use a fashionable phrase, an event *en grand stile*. But even the 'grand manner' had recourse to technical artifices, though it knows how to mask these and render them invisible in the completed work. Thus the yearned-for coming will show the grandeur of its style only in the completed

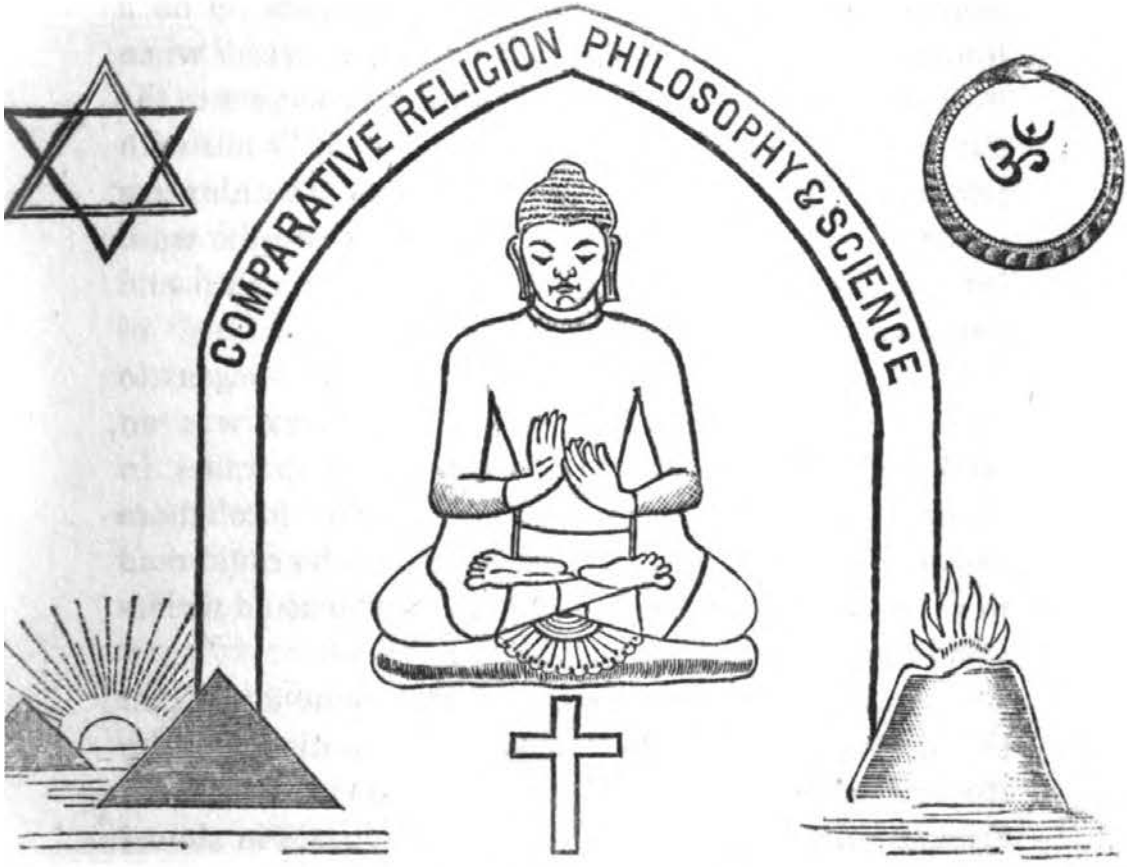
[1] No man is a hero to his valet.

work, after some centuries. Therefore the present world cannot understand that its rôle is not that of those who are willing to understand the development of the entire drama, or of those who are secondary actors. But the drama has as its theatre the whole world, and is destined for the spectators of the distant future. We observe from too short a perspective, from below upwards as it were. A few centuries hence, we too shall be amongst the public and then we shall forget our small part in looking at the whole scene.

For the moment, the drama which is about to conclude on the stage of the world, is still that of some two thousand years ago, and we scarcely yet understand its plot. The public no longer sees whether the make-up of the represented Christ is a falsification of paint and the play of lights. The Actor prepares himself to represent another drama: He will always be the same, and the means for making Himself up in a new aspect, for a new part, will also be the same.

Occultists try and seek to serve the Actor, and do not pay any attention to the paint. The public is interested in the fate of Hamlet and Othello; it believes their adventures real; it follows them intensely; it hisses and it applauds. But he who has donned the costumes of Hamlet and Othello, is not only an actor but a Man, who recites in order to move the simple public, or to make it laugh, who has a home and lives at quite a distance from the theatre.

Let us see to it that He shall obtain a success at the next representation: the public will perhaps applaud the interpretating hero; we shall count on the affection of the Artist.



THE ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET

By HERBERT BAYNES

FEW problems are more fascinating than those which deal with the rise and growth of Reason. Since the days when Plato wrote his *Kratylos*, the famous dialogue on the derivation and meaning of words, some of the best minds in Europe have been occupied with the beginnings of speech and the genesis of thought. How, at the first, were concepts framed and named, and, having been formed, how were they

communicated from one mind to another? One can well imagine how the early dwellers upon earth might converse by gesture, but this would necessarily be a limited conversation. The real problem arises when it is a question of the passing from the concrete to the abstract. When man ceased to make a bird's bill with two fingers in front of his lips and to flap with his arms in order to express *goose*, and began to use the word instead, we have a transition of vast significance and importance. In the same way, when, instead of drawing a picture of the bird, mankind began to write *haṁsa*, *anser*, *chên*, *gans*, *goose*, there was an intellectual development almost without parallel in human history. No wonder our Teutonic forefathers called letters 'runes,' secrets, the man who could read them a *rūna* or wizard, the woman who could understand them, *alruna,* the prophetess.

As is well known, our alphabet came to us from the mother of cities, with Roman civilisation, but the Romans were not its inventors. It came to Rome from Cumae, where, for the first time, it appears in almost its present form. To this once flourishing city it was brought from Greece, but the Greeks had received it in another form from the Phœnicians, and there may be good ground for believing that it came to Phœnicia from Egypt. The word *alphabetum* is used by Tertullian and St. Jerome, and Juvenal speaks of the A. B. C. of Roman girls as an alphabet. And, although we do not find the noun *Alphabêton*, a Greek comedian named Philyllius, who flourished in 392 B.C., makes use of the privative compound adjective, *Analphabêtos*, in the sense of a man who does not know the first two letters.

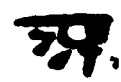
The Roman historians seem to have taken great interest in the question of the origin of the letters. In the eleventh book of the *Annals*, for instance, Tacitus says: "The form of the Latin letters is the same as that of the most ancient Greek." And Pliny asserts that "the original Greek alphabet was nearly the same as the present Latin, as appears by the Delphic inscription". According to Pliny and Solinus the first to carry letters into Italy were the Pelasgi, who had been driven out of Thessaly and, about the year 1476 B. C., had settled and built cities in the district between the Tiber and the Liris.

As to Greek tradition there can be no question, for Herodotus tells us: "The Phœnicians who came with Cadmus (1257 B. C.,) as they brought other knowledge into Greece, so they likewise introduced letters, which, it seems to me, were not in Greece before." Indeed at one time the word *phoinikizein* was used in the sense of *anagignôskein*, to read. But the best proof of the borrowing by the Greeks is found in the names of the letters themselves, which are not Āryan but Semitic. And just as the Tell-el-Amarna tablets have shown that the cuneiform script was the means of communication between the dwellers in Mesopotamia and those in the valley of the Nile, so the Greek alphabet shows that in very early times there was considerable intercourse between Semites and Āryans.

At different times in the world's history both Babylonia and Egypt held sway over those parts of Asia to which the Phœnicians had access and would be likely to visit, and this fact has led Assyrian scholars to look to Mesopotamia as the home of letters, whilst those whose studies have been mostly Egyptian have

found it in Egypt. And though at first sight it may seem strange that an Aryan people should borrow an alphabet from Semites who wrote from right to left, we must remember that the earliest inscriptions found on coins and monuments, both Greek and Latin, are written in this way, and that at least one Āryan language, the ancient Bactrian or Zend, has always been so written.

Now, the oldest forms of Semitic letters with which we are acquainted are the Phœnician characters of the Moabite Stone, the date of which is about 900 B. C. The next question is, therefore, to find out alike the form, the name and the meaning of these letters.

The first is called *Aleph*, meaning an *ox*, and is represented thus  , a form in which one can still trace an ox's head with horns and ears. Other forms are : Hieroglyphics  , Samaritan  , Hebrew  , Aramaic  , Estrangelo  , Palmyrenian  , Cypriote  and three forms of the wedge-shaped characters of Mesopotamia, namely,  ,  and  ; Hittite  , and Samskṛt  , Telugu and Kanarese 

The second letter is called *Bêth*, which means a House, and by its form  we can see at least the roof and one side of such an object. Hieroglyphic  and Demotic  represent a more primitive kind of building. Early Hellenic  and the Roman B have turned the house into a double cottage, but the dwelling best known to the Phœnicians was doubtless a tent, and it is a tent which the form of the letter most resembles.

Both in form and name it is not difficult to recognise in *Gîmel,* the Camel: at all events the head and neck. 

That the Phœnicians meant a tent by the second letter seems clear from their framing of the fourth,  *Dâleth,* a Door; obviously the opening to such an erection.

There may perhaps be some doubt as to the exact meaning of *Hê*  , but Gesenius gives it as Lattice or window, and this is what it is most like.

The next letter, *Vâv*  means a Hook, and represents one of the pegs or pins which fastened the tent to the ground.

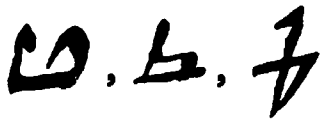
It is by no means easy to say what kind of arm *Zain* is intended to resemble, but it certainly indicates a weapon of no mean calibre:

An enclosed field or one of the hurdles

of a fence is indicated by *Chêth*  , an enclosure.

The next letter is particularly interesting and important. It may be described as the Semitic cerebral *par excellence*, and, though it is not found on the stone of King Mesa, it

does occur in other inscriptions. *Ṭêth* means a Snake, and in its Hebrew, Kufic and Estrangelo forms is easily recognisable as such:

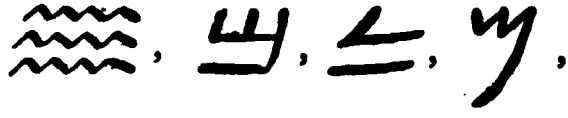
 ; Samaritan  .

In its Hebrew form  *Yôd* is the smallest letter in the alphabet. The meaning is

a Hand, and we can still see in the Phœnician and Samaritan characters, which are both a good size, two fingers and part of the arm:

Kaph also means a Hand but, apparently, in a bent condition, showing three fingers:  ; Egyptian  .

Lâmed is an Ox-goad, and the letter faces sometimes to the right, as in Hieroglyphics  and Phœnician to the left,  ,and occasionally as in Hieratic  and Hebrew  .

Mêm means water, and in nearly every language the letter is indicated by a wavy line or lines:  

Nūn is a Fish  in Egyptian, and reduced to one of the eel type in Phœnician  . In all the Semitic languages this is the meaning of the word by which the letter is known.

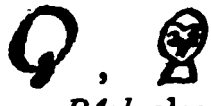
Sâmek is a Prop, in Phœnician supporting a trellis  , in Egyptian  something more substantial.

Ain is an Eye, both in shape and meaning: Egyptian  , Phœnician  .

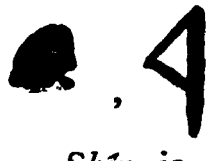
Pê is a mouth  , and in this case the Hebrew character is more like its meaning than the Phœnician,  .

Tsâdhê is a Fish-hook  ,  .

Koph in its Arabic form means the *back of the head*, and this is probably what it meant in Hebrew and Phœnician:  ,

 .

Rêsh also means Head, but most likely a profile, as the character faces to the right in Egyptian and to the left in Phœnician:

 .

Shîn is a Tooth. In Old Greek and Ancient Italic the letter is very like this object:

In Hebrew and Phœnician it seems to be inverted:  , In Etrurian it is sideways,  , not altogether unlike the Roman: ; S.

Tâv, like our own T, is a Cross: in Phœnician  , in Old Italic  , in Palmyrenian  .

Now, it might well be possible occasionally to find resemblances to other things, but that the letters of the alphabet are derived from pictures by gradual deterioration and simplification seems abundantly clear. The next question is: what are the steps by which a picture which represented an object to the eye came to stand as the symbol of a sound? If in Phœnician, Hebrew and Arabic *Aleph* meant an *Ox*, how did it come to stand as the first letter of the alphabet?

The researches of anthropologists have shown that, in order to understand primitive culture or the manners and customs of mankind in its early stages, we cannot do better than study the arts and habits of those of the lowest culture in our own day. What, then, are the means used by savages and such as are both deaf and dumb in order to express thought?

By savage tribes all over the world as well as by children of the civilised who cannot speak, the medium of communication used is picture-writing and gesture-language, which may be described as the two sides of the same mental curve. The Indians of North America have brought this pantomimic intercourse to a remarkable degree of development. Their system of signs is intelligible alike to the deaf-mutes, the Laplander, the Chinese and the dusky dweller of Hawaii. To beckon toward oneself means "come," a gesture which civilised man also makes when he cannot speak. The sign for mounting a horse or riding is to make a

pair of legs of the two first fingers of the right hand and to straddle them across the left forefinger. "To see" is expressed by darting the two first fingers from the eyes. In another dialect of this language of nature, that of those who neither hear nor speak, we find similar devices. The pronouns, for instance, are expressed in the following way: push the forefinger against the pit of the stomach for "I"; toward the person addressed for "Thou"; point the thumb over the right shoulder for "He". And it has been found that in a school for the deaf and dumb a savage from any part of the world can both understand and be understood.

Nor is this all. The pictures first formed in the air would soon come to be cut into the rock, the bones of the reindeer or the bark of a tree. On the face of a rock on the shore of Lake Superior is a picture recording an expedition across the lake led by a renowned Indian Chief name Mjīngun, Wolf, who is represented on horseback. Above the Chief are five canoes and on his right are a tortoise and an arch with three suns underneath, indicating that a landing was effected on the third day. And the tone-artist amongst the Redskins made use of precisely the same means to represent his compositions, so that both ideas and music were originally expressed pictorially.

We know, moreover, that an untaught man amongst ourselves occasionally resorts to ideograms when he finds himself obliged to put his thoughts or claims upon paper. For instance, a bricklayer once made out a bill in the following way: he drew three figures, two large and one small, a window of four panes of glass with a dot in three, two capital Ys and two crosses which

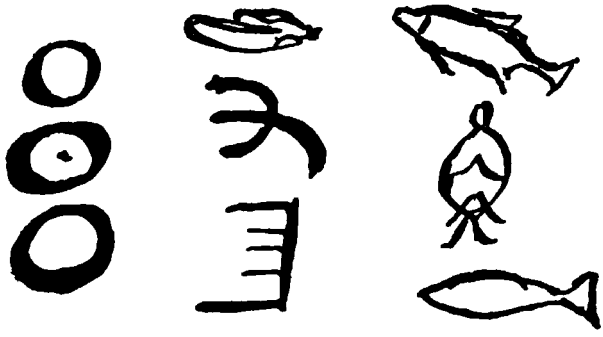
meant that he had employed two men and a boy for three quarters of a day, that two hods of mortar had been used, and that the amount of his bill was ten shillings and ten pence. As soon as it was settled the bricklayer added to his pictures that of a man hanging from the gallows!

Being based upon the gesture-language common to all mankind ideography is intelligible to all, whether found in Mexico or Egypt, in Babylonia or China. Take for instance, the signs for Sun, Hand, Fish:

Egyptian:

Chinese:

Babylonian:



According to Mr. Boscawen these are the oldest forms of these objects in Babylonian, although one would hardly recognise them in their cursive Cuneiform character. A similar simplification has taken place in Chinese. During the Chau dynasty the character for 'Son' or 'Boy' was drawn thus:

whereas to-day it is only this:

Thus the stages of the evolution of writing are the following: the hieroglyphic or pictorial; the hieratic or semi-pictorial; and the cursive or practical, in which there is a mere outline of the original object and not always even that. But we must remember that, though

the picture disappears the sound remains, even after the former has become a mere letter of the alphabet. It is true that the Hebrew names of the letters have slightly been modified in Arabic, Bêth becoming Bâ or Bê, Dâleth Dâdd, and Lâmedh Lâm, but there is no doubt as to identity of origin.

Having traced the letters of the Alphabet back to a Semitic original we have to ask: Were the ideograms invented by the Phœnicians or did they borrow them from the hieroglyphics of Egypt? Professor Sayce considers that the Phœnican characters may be derived from the Egyptian hieratic, his view being that the shepherds and cowherds of Phœnicia and Palestine who came to the Delta about 2,700 years before the Christian era with the traders of Tyre and Sidon, carried back with them 22 characters from the Egyptian system. He admits that the names prove them to have been of pictorial origin and thinks that the Semitic dialect from which the names were derived was perhaps a Canaanite one, spoken in Northern Syria by a semi-nomad people which knew the ox and the camel.

Now it seems to me that there is no need to go to Egypt for an explanation. We have found picture-writing not only in China but also in Babylonia as well as Egypt. And if, as M. Renan held, the Phœnicians were the first to leave the cradle of the Semitic race, somewhere in Mesopotamia, they would probably take with them the hieroglyphs used by the Akkadians. In a recent article on this subject in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society Dr. Hirschfeld writes: "The independent origin of the Phœnician alphabet has not, as yet, been irrefutably disproved, and there is no sufficient reason to deprive the Phœnicians of the credit

of having provided the world with a serviceable mode of writing."

The real difficulty is to find out why the beginning of the alphabet should denote objects implying a pastoral life, the middle a fisherman's or sea-faring occupation, and the end various parts of the body. We have heard a good deal lately about the astral theory and the signs of the zodiac, and there is at least one authority who does not hesitate to find the origin of the alphabet in the contemplation of the stars. When the Chaldæans considered the heavens it was the moon which struck them first, so *Aleph*, "the head of the Bull," became its symbol, *Bêth* one of its stations, whilst *Dâleth* was the gate between the constellation of Taurus and the Milky Way and *Ain* the eye of Taurus, etc. This at all events is the view of Prof. Fritz Hommel: "One should," he says, "particularly observe *Aleph* and *Bêth* as overture and *Shîn* and *Tâv* as finale of this grand astral symphony, which, like the music of the spheres from remote times, even now strikes the ear at the recitation of the alphabet as soon us our senses are but properly attuned to understand it." As Dr. Hirschfeld truly says: "This sounds grand enough, but the theory is poetic rather than convincing."

On the whole I am inclined to think that the Phœnicians began with the Ox, the Tent, and the Camel because, these objects were the most familiar and really represented their wealth; that when they became a sea-faring and commercial people they added the signs for *Sea* and *Fish* and ended by introducing parts of the human frame as being intelligible not only to themselves but to all with whom they might come into contact. The tradition handed down by Sanchoniathon

is that letters were invented by a Phœnician named Tantus about 2178 B. C., and I quite agree with Mr. George St. Clair when writing on this subject: "I have a notion that this god who is the author of letters is not far from every one of us. To his names Teth, Tet, Taartus, Taut, Thoth, Tot, I would add the English name Thought; thought is the parent of language, the idea is the father of the ideograph."

Herbert Baynes

A PROPHET OF PERSIA

By ERIC HAMMOND

Author of *The Splendour of God*, *The Bahai Movement* [*Wisdom of the East Series*]

THROUGH century after century, sages and seers of the Orient have inspired western minds with philosophic food for thought and impulse. The Veḍāntist and the Zoroastrian, the Muhammadan and the Buḍḍhist, each of these has contributed some signal service towards the general uplift of humanity. Nor are these alone. That pregnant phrase "Out of the East comes Light," has proved potentially true. The fountain of Eastern Wisdom has from time immemorial refreshed and revivified the spiritual streams of the world, and the source from which that fountain springs still flows with vital force.

London is naturally a centre towards which leaders of thought find themselves attracted, and their creeds or systems are, sooner or later, stated in that city, by the printed or spoken word. In London, as also in Paris, in New York and otherwhere, a Persian prophet, Abdul Baha, has recently received appreciative hearing. Audiences have welcomed him in churches, lecture-halls and drawing-rooms. Nearly seventy years old, he carries himself with aristocratic dignity and grace. He is possessed of singular courtesy and appealing charm. His countenance discloses the beauty of a soul made perfect through suffering, a suffering borne for the welfare of others than himself.

Of medium height, with clear direct eyes, finely cut nostrils, grey-white hair and beard; wearing garb of Persian pattern, a white turban and "raiment of camel's hair," he claimed and acquired reverential admiration. His message was an earnest urgent appeal for unity. His mission made for universal peace. He bade all men look towards and follow the Light from heaven which shines within.

He said: "War must cease. Let us be united and love one another. We know the evil effects of war; let us try peace as an experiment. If we see that unity brings light, we shall continue it." Again: "Search for truth. Seek the realities in all religions. Put aside all superstition. Many of us do not realise the reality of all religions." And, again: "The guidance of God is that which will always lead people in the right way; close your eyes to racial differences and welcome all with the light of Oneness. This handful of dust, the earth, is one home; let it be in unity. Each man is of a truth a Son of God. Each creed is founded upon faith in God. The basis of unity lies in that Sonship and in that faith, and no external divergence can destroy the one or the other. The garments of God's Messengers differ, but their attributes are the same; they bear the light on high."

These three sayings supply the key-notes of our prophet's purpose, Unity, Peace, and the Light or Guidance. They are characteristic of the Bahai movement.

In connection with that movement we must refer especially to three persons, The Bab, Baha'u'llah, and Abdul Baha Abbas. (1) Ali Mohammed, "The Bab," proclaimed himself at Shiraz as the forerunner of

One whom God would manifest; One who would preach and teach with consummate power, and who would lead heedful listeners into the very heart of God. He, himself, spoke of love from all to all; of perfect equality, as intellectual beings, of women and men; of all-pervading charity and righteousness of life. He was denounced as a heretic by priests and governors and, in 1846, he earned the halo of martyrdom, being shot by order at Tabriz. History records the painful persecution of 20,000 of his followers called Babis. (2) Mirza Hussein Ali, "Baha'u'llah," comes second in succession. Born at Teheran in 1817, son of a Vizier, he was noble, wealthy, and immeasurably generous. Unfailing sympathy with, and affection for, his fellow-citizens endeared him so greatly to them that they called him the Father of the Poor. An ardent disciple of the Bab, devoted to the cause of the Babis, he endured imprisonment with others at Teheran and Baghdad and, being accused of political revolt, he was summoned to Constantinople. No charge could have been more absurd, since these pious people were interested only in holiness of being and in the exercise of charity and universal goodwill. From Constantinople Baha'u'llah and his faithful friends were hailed to Adrianople and, finally, incarcerated at Akka, a small fortress notorious for malaria. *En route* to Constantinople, in 1863, Baha'u'llah announced himself, to a select few, as "The One who should come," the manifestation of Him, whom, according to the Bab's prophecy, God would reveal. His announcement was acclaimed with glad joy and a corresponding access of enthusiasm. Persecution, borne with wonderful fortitude and constant courtesy, added impetus to the movement. The execution of many resulted in the

conversion of many more ; confiscation of property and loss of life confirmed the Babis in their opinions. Their reverence for Baha'u'llah brought about a change in their designation. The " Babis " become " Bahais ".

At Akka, seventy of them were crowded into two rooms. Their bearing, under harsh discipline and discomfort, the complete consistency of their life with the Light which they professed to follow, disarmed prejudice ; the various authorities of the fortress learned to admire and esteem them. Seven years of close confinement were followed by some amelioration of their condition and they were permitted to dwell outside Akka but within eighteen miles of its walls. Meanwhile Baha'u'llah cheered, comforted and taught, and, from the prison city and its vicinity, his unceasing cry for Unity, Peace, and Light, made itself heard in all quarters of the civilised world. Venerable and venerated, he " passed over " in 1892, the mantle of his spiritual insight alighting upon his son, long known as Abbas Effendi, now everywhere recognised as (3) Abdul Baha. The hundreds of Babis of early days have multiplied, now, into millions. Baha'u'llah selected his successor with unfailing insight. Abdul Baha appropriated the burden of the prophecy. Born amid the suffering of his people, upborne by absolute assurance of faith, he supported the Bahais throughout the austerities of their mutilated existence at Akka. Administrative changes, happy for him and them, have at last allowed him to move beyond the limitations that confined him. His adventures in Europe and America have afforded opportunities for personally conveying his message to the West; his message of " The Most Great Peace," of the divine origin and Unity of mankind, and of practical attendance on the guiding Light, " the Glory of the Glory of God ".

Eric Hammond

MYSTICISM AND ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY

By Rev. J. J. B. Coles

THE Initiation of the Apostle Paul into the highest order of Mysteries relating to God, Christ and the Universe, is recorded in the second Epistle to the Corinthians and in the Epistle to the Ephesians.

The risen and glorified Son of Man, the Lord Jesus Christ, who had been raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, was the true inner life of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. It was no longer Paul's old self or his "transcendental ego" that he counted his true life, but the risen Christ in heaven who now lived in him.

The Lesser and Greater Mysteries of the East and West were now surpassed and superseded by a Third Order of Mysteries—and without Initiation into this third sphere, "on-high," far above all heavens, where Christ is at the right hand of God, the "deeper things" of esoteric Christianity could not and cannot be apprehended either by intuition or by intellect, but by the Spirit alone, who searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.

The Son of God, by whom and for whom all things had been created, had by His Cross triumphed over and led captive all the hostile principalities and powers in heavenly places and was (and is now) seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high.

To the Apostle Paul was granted the position of a wise Master-builder, and to him was the special privilege given of making known, by the guidance and power of the Holy Spirit, the great and hitherto "hidden" and unrevealed mystery of Christ and the Church in connection with God the Father's purpose as to the future government not only of the Millennial heavens and earth, but also of the vast Universe of God.

This third sphere of the glories of the Lord Jesus Christ which is specially unfolded in the later Epistles of the Apostle Paul, is the key to the deep esoteric teaching of this great Initiation.

No wonder that writers on esoteric Christianity utterly fail in their attempts to place Confucius, Zoroaster, Buḍḍha and Kṛṣhṇa on a level with the God-Man, the Lord Jesus Christ!

Vain indeed are the efforts to separate His deity (theotes) from His holy humanity—by talking of the "Historical," the "Mythic," and the "Mystic" Christ.

The glory of His Person is wonderful and its nature inscrutable, so that it cannot be explained away by writers on Theosophy, Mysticism, Occultism and Transcendental Metaphysics.

The transcendent glories of the Risen Christ, to whom every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, things on earth and things under the earth, cannot be dimmed by those who have been deceived by the spiritual agents of a revived Gnosticism or of an esoteric Buḍḍhism.

"Ye shall be as Gods," was Lucifer's offer to Eve in the garden in Eden, and we see how potent still is this temptation in the present crisis of a reaction from a gross materialism to a still more dangerous Mysticism,

in the case of some of Eve's most talented and thoughtful daughters.

"The serpent beguiled me and I did eat," was the sorrowful answer given by the woman in that far-off day.

"The Serpent beguiled Eve by his subtilty," "thoroughly deceived her," writes S. Paul—stating a plain fact apart from all allegorical application. But the "Seed of the woman," the Lord Jesus Christ, "beheld Satan as lightning fallen from heaven". May not the time be near when we shall be able to say: "The days are at hand and the effect of every vision"?

J. J. B. Coles

AN OUTLINE OF ESSENISM

By Dr. Raimond van Marle

I. Sources

NO one outside the Community seems ever to have known what Essenism really meant. In a sense this is natural, because secrecy as to the important elements of the sect was sworn before entering the third degree, in which degree only were taught all the doctrines forming their religious system. Even so, we do not understand why there should be so much mystery about the sect which numbered probably several thousand members. We do not know who founded it; we are ignorant of the principles which inspired its foundation, although many theories have been advanced, as we shall see later on. As to the doctrines, certain limited information has come to our knowledge which is to be found in books not dealing specially with the subject but yet devoting a few pages to it. Josephus mentions the existence of books of the Essenes[1] but not a fragment of these remains to us. The theory that the Essenes were the forerunners of Jesus Christ, and that He Himself received education at their hands, still obtains. The documents do not give us any information on this point, but it has been more than once pointed out that a system of asceticism, such as that of the Essenes, might very well be based on Messianic hopes, and that some of the teachings of Jesus, and some of the principles put forward by the Essenes, are identical. This will be spoken of in another chapter.

[1] Joseph. *Bell. Jud.*, II, 8, 6.

The sources of information that we have may be divided into three divisions:

1. Jewish: Philo and Josephus.

2. Pagan: Pliny, Solinus, Dio Chrysostomos.

3. Christian: Hippolytus (Porphyrius) Eusebius, Epiphanius and a few others.

To this little list Weinstein adds several books of the *Talmud*, but though this theory is a very tempting one, and has many points in its favour, nothing is certain. The name 'Essene' never appears in the *Talmud*, but several features of Essenism correspond with what is there said concerning certain persons.

The two really important sources are Philo and Josephus, and over the first much discussion has been aroused. Two documents, however, concerning the Essenes are attributed to Philo: (1) *Quod omnis probus liber* (Chapters xii-xiii); and (2) his *Apology for the Jews* preserved in Eusebius' *Praeparatio Evangelica* (viii, 11). Tideman[1] supposed that Philo's communications about the Essenes were not his own, but part of a greater work on the Essenes from the hands of disciples of Philo. Dr. Z. Fränkel also gives six technical reasons for doubting the genuineness of the Philonean documents. Ohle's attack is severe: he considers that the Essene passage in the *Apology for the Jews* is decidedly false. He finds it improbable that a life such as there described should be mentioned as an example of freedom. In the description, the Essenes are international, and apart from being called "disciples of the Lawgiver" (Moses), there is nothing to show that they are Jews. They are un-Jewish in their disregard of marriage. Philo was too much of a Jew himself, and revered Moses

[1] See Bibliography.

too greatly to praise people who held such views. Communion of property, as practised by the Essenes, runs contrary to Philo's opinions. He respected women, and was in favour of family life, so he could never have spoken with sympathy about people who held on these matters views so much in contradiction to his own.

From certain resemblances Ohle thinks it likely that the Essene passage in the *Apology* was written by the same author as the *Vita Contemplativa* which he considers to be falsely attributed to Philo. The author of *Quod omnis probus liber* may have got his principal information from the same sources as the writer of the *Apology*. There are however certain contradictions in the two books attributed to Philo. One speaks of the Essenes as dwelling in a town, the other gives contrary information; in the one we find that no young people are accepted among the Essenes, in the other we hear of the elders giving instruction and examples to the young. The correspondence of many points in the *Vita Contemplativa*—speaking of the Therapeutæ—and the passages in the two books of Philo which deal with the Essenes, make Ohle decide that these three works are from the hand of one author who perpetrated a fraud in Philo's writings. Ohle even states that in the fraudulent passages, expressions are used which occur in Philo's writings only when speaking of the enemies of the Jews.

There must certainly have been some reason why the author of these documents—be it Philo or not—wanted to express enthusiastically favourable opinions on the Essenes, and Ohle is inclined to think that the author himself must have been in favour of an ascetic life, such as the Essenes led—some member perhaps of an association of monks at the beginning of the third

century. Again, Ohle thinks it unlikely that the Essene passage in the *Quod omnis probus liber* should be from the hand of the author to whom it is attributed, because the doctrine of the Essenes is one of action—which does not fit in with the tendency of the whole book. Ausfield[1] also, has attacked the authenticity of this information, and Ohle tries, by proving that those passages are not genuine, to deny at the same time the existence of the Therapeutæ and of the Essenes.

The critical remarks of Grätz,[2] Harnack,[3] Kuenen,[4] Siegfried,[5] Hanet,[6] Ohle,[7] and Fränkel[8] as to the authenticity of the whole of the *Quod omnis probus liber* or of the two paragraphs dealing with the Essenes bear on the dedication of that work to Theodotus, the veneration for Greek philosophers, the phlegmatic attitude towards polytheism, the objective way in which the author speaks of the Jews, and the literary composition of the book.

Lucius,[9] however, considers that even if all these remarks were justified it would not prove that the book was not written by Philo; he finds much that can be said against such a criticism. He points out other passages in the writings of Philo where love of Greek philosophy is shown; that Philo by his quotations from Greek mythology proves himself not to be antipathetic to polytheism; the objective manner in which the Jews are spoken of, is also to be found in other writings of his.

[1] Ausfield, De Libro *Peri tou panta sporedaion einai eleutheron* (1897).
[2] Bibliography, iii, p. 680.
[3] Harnack. *Theol. Lit. Ztg.* (1887).
[4] *De Godsdienst van Israel.* Haarlem, ii, p. 441 (1869).
[5] *Philo.* Jena, 1875, pp. 28, 137.
[6] *Revue Politique et Literaire*, Paris, 1875, p. 740.
[7] Bibliography, p. 59. Jahrb. fur Prot. Theol., 1887, pp. 293, 376, 1888, p. 314.
[8] Programm zur Eroff. des Jud. Theol. Seminars zu Breslau, 1854, p. 32, Note 8.
[9] In Bibliography, p. 13.

It must be said, however, that there is a great difference between Philo's usual writing, and this treatise which is childlike both in its language and in its ideas, which are hardly ever original, but are rather a compilation of the thoughts of other philosophers and poets.

If this book should date from Philo's early years this would explain all the objections that can be made against its authenticity. The length of the Essene passage, and the detailed description of this sect are, according to Lucius, due to the fact that Philo must have been proud that among his nation such virtuous people were to be found. Philo must have been much in sympathy with the Essenes, for the ethical systems of both had many points in common.[1]

Lucius thinks that at any rate the *Apology for the Jews* belongs to the later part of Philo's life and that the author meant to put forward the best elements which his nation had produced. In this description of the Essenes there are no philosophical elements, but in the second description Philo seems to have gained a greater amount of precise information and brings this more to the front than the personal reflections of the author which occupied the greater part of the other document. As Philo himself states that he has been to Palestine[2] it is quite likely that he should have visited this sect with which he was so much in sympathy.

As has already been said, we find in the *Apology* statements about the Essenes which contradict those of the *Quod omnis probus liber*. In addition to the two which Ohle remarked, we read in the latter work that

[1] Still in favour of the reliability are Tideman, in Bibliography, p. 3, note 1. Wendland. Arch. fur die Gesch. der Philos.—1888, p, 509, 1892, p. 226. Jahrb. fur Protest. Theol., 1888, p. 100. Krell Program. St. Anna Gymnasium zu Augsberg, 1896. Treplin in Bibliography, p. 28.

[2] Euseb. *Praep. Evang.*

the Essenes fled from towns and lived in the country whereas the former tells us that many Essenes dwelt in towns. Again, in the *Quod omnis probus liber* it is stated that there were four thousand Essenes, but the *Apology* speaks of many thousands. This difference seems to me to have more the character of a correction of a previous statement than to be a contradiction which renders both documents unreliable. It is also possible that the two statements supplement one another, and that the four thousand Essenes were those who lived in the country, but that their numbers were swelled by other Essenes who were town-dwellers.

Grätz,[1] Hilgenfeld,[2] and Ohle,[3] do not consider the *Apology* to be genuine, but with the exception of these three, the other authorities do not doubt the authenticity. Plooij, who is one of the most recent authors dealing with the documents we have on the Essenes, considers both the Philonean passages to be genuine. He thinks it possible that previous information has been used and has consciously been incorporated in Philo's writings, producing in that way second-hand information, but without actual copying. Plooij thinks that the hard, critical phrases employed regarding women and their bad influence on men may be interpolated because they do not fit in at all with Philo's opinion about women as we find it expressed in other parts of his writings. Plooij is not certain that Philo had known the Essenes, for he is ambiguous on some points, but in my opinion, it seems scarcely necessary to assume that an acquaintanceship with the sect would have warranted Philo in being sure of all the points concerning it.

[1] In Bibliography.
[2] Zeitschr f. Wissensch. Theologie, 1882, p. 276.
[3] Bibliography, p. 1.

Josephus' information on the Essenes seems to be independent from that of Philo. We find two passages in his writings which tell us something of the sect (*Bell. Jud.*, ii, 8 and *Jewish Antiquities*, xviii, 1) and elsewhere some anecdotes concerning the Essenes are related. Almost all the authorities agree that Josephus had been in personal contact with the Essenes.[1] Ohle, however, tries to argue that even Josephus' information is not trustworthy, pointing out what he thinks to be contradictory in the facts stated by Josephus, and being of the opinion that the two long passages about the Essenes are not in agreement with the shorter ones. He also argues that there was no place among the Jews for such a sect as the Essenes seem to have been. Ohle makes difficulties over Josephus' Greek in the Essene passages as well as over the position he held with regard to the Jews. Kuenen[2] and Tideman[3] are more or less of the same opinion, but Plooij answers Ohle's objections.[4]

The contradictions between the longer and shorter passages on the Essenes may be explained by the difference of time at which they were written and the shorter passages are merely anecdotal and give very little information at all. We do not know enough about the Jewish sects of the post-Maccabean period to be able to say precisely how far a sect such as that of the Essenes could possibly exist in the circumstances. Plooij meets Ohle's objection as to the unclassical Greek of Josephus, by explaining that Greek was always a foreign language to the author, nor does he uphold the

[1] *Vita Jos.*, § 2.
[2] Theol. Tijdschr., 1887, p. 563.
[3] Theol. Tijdschr., 1892, p. 506.
[4] In Bibliography, p. 14.

theory that in a treatise recommending a sect Josephus could not have made use of common religious expressions. Ohle's last argument that Josephus shows too much sympathy with the Essenes whom he must have considered as being not Jews but rather anti-Jewish, is merely an hypothesis; there is nothing to prove that Josephus so regarded them. On the contrary, is it not rather impossible to regard them as anti-Jewish when one notices that they paid their tribute to the temple, and that other Jews entrusted them with the education of their children?

At the same time, Josephus may have been rather partial in his description, since the aim of practically all his writing was directed to interesting the Greek public in his nation. As Lucius remarks, he makes Abraham and Moses into philosophers; doctors of the Scriptures are called Sophists, Pharisees, Stoics; and the Essenes receive from him the name of neo-Pythagoreans.[1]

The religious convictions of Josephus were very similar to those of the Essenes. He believed in the pre-existence of the soul, in the prophets, in the possibility of offending the Sun, in immortality; so that many have thought Josephus to have been an Essene. This is not likely, for he himself tells us in his *Vita* that he was three years in Palestine with the three great sects. Even if he had spent but one year with each of the three, there would not have been sufficient time to enter into the Essene community, since two years of probation were required.

Even if the Essene passage in Philo be an interpolation, it must be a very early one, as Hippolytus read it in the third century; but it seems very unlikely that

[1] In Bibliography.

this information should not be from Josephus' own hand.

In addition to the Jewish sources, we also find some Pagan authors who mention the Essenes. Unhappily it is never much more than just a mere passing reference. Plinius speaks of them (*Nat. Hist.*, v, 17), as also Solinus (Ed. Mommsen 35, 9-12). The Essenes appear also in Synesius' Biography of Dio Chrysostomus. (Ed. Petavius, 1631, p. 39: Ed. Reiskius, I, 1784, p. 16.) Solinus follows Plinius in his description of the Essenes, but this is natural, as throughout his work we find the same tendency. Plinius himself is merely a compiler; the information he gives about the Essenes has more the character of being taken from other sources than from original knowledge.[1] Though in general not a friend to the Jews, his sayings about the Essenes are distinctly sympathetic. Plooij points out that chronologically it is impossible that Plinius should have taken his information from Josephus. Lucius supposes that Dio and Plinius borrowed from the same source.[2] Plinius cannot be the source from which Dio drew, for Dio has given, according to Synesius, a more detailed description of the Essenes than Plinius. The two descriptions, however, seem to belong together. Plooij argues still that these three passages about the Essenes, found in Pagan literature, probably date from the Jewish war (before 70 B.C.), which gives a special interest to them.

The third source of information is the Christian one. In this must be included Porphyrius' *De abstinentia*

[1] Zeller and Harnischmacher thought that Plinius himself might have known the Essenes.

[2] Lightfoot, *St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians and to Philemon*, 1876, thinks that Alexander Polyhistor might be the common source.

ab esu animalium (iv, 11) because of many points of similarity. This together with Hippolytus' *Refutatio omnium haeresium*, ix, 18-28, are the only important Christian sources. Eusebius in his *Praeparatio Evangelica* includes Porphyrius' information (ix, 3), Philo's *Apology* (viii, 11) and the Essenian passage from *Quod omnis probus liber* (viii, 12). The Christian authors seem to follow Josephus (*Bell. Jud*, ii) without giving any additional information. This is also the case with later authors: Hieronymus, *Ad Govinianum*, Nilus (*De monastica exercitatione* c. 3 and *De voluntaria paupertate* c. 39), Philastrius Brixiensis (*Haeresium Catalogus*, haer. 9). They all consider the Essenes to be monks. Other Christian authors quote the Essenes, proving by this knowledge of their existence but not adding anything to our knowledge of them.

The real difference, which Plooij[1] points out as existing between Hippolytus and the other sources, lies in his statement that the Essenes pray in the morning to God. Josephus makes us think of sun worship; of course nothing in this difference shows us that Hippolytus is right. Hippolytus from time to time comes to conclusions, of which we find indications in the Jewish authors, indications which need not necessarily lead to the conclusions which Hippolytus draws. Generally they are not of much importance, but from one of the passages of Josephus, Hippolytus infers that the Essenes took wine—a view adopted by some modern writers on the subject. Usually Hippolytus' variants point to a tendency to exaggerate the facts mentioned by other authors; it is Hippolytus who informs us that the Sabbath was so strictly observed that some members

[1] p. 117.

of the sect did not rise from their beds on that day; that they did not take money with them in order to avoid carrying images; that they did not enter a town because they would have to pass under a gate ornamented with images.[1] These two statements are not true, as Plooij remarks, in the first place because at the time to which Hippolytus refers there was not yet an image on Jewish coins, and the fact that a gate in Jerusalem was called after the Essenes renders the second objection improbable. Taking into consideration how inaccurate Hippolytus is, we cannot attribute much importance to the other variant passages dealing with the degrees of the Essenes, and the doctrine in which he pretends that they believed—the resurrection of the body. This again, is the echo of Josephus' surprise at the doctrine of the Essenes on this point which was just the contrary.

Epiphanius' description of the Essenes is vague and very inaccurate; he counts them among the four sects of the Samaritans. In his description of the other sects we find here and there certain similarities with that of the Essenes,[2] but not enough to convince us that they had anything to do with one another.

As regards the other Christian sources, it remains to be mentioned that Nilus connects the Rechabites with the Essenes; he says that they abstain from wine and live in tents. Philastrius Brixiensis and Hieronymus agree, following Porphyrius, that they refrained from wine and meat.

[1] The origin of this is to be found in Philo *Quod Omn. prob. liber* §12, Plin. *Nat. Hist.*, V, 17.

[2] Clement. Zeitschr. f. Wissenschaftl. Theologie, p. 351, finds a striking resemblance between Ossaeans and Essenes.

Dr. Raimond van Marle

(To be continued)

HOW WE REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES

By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A.

AMONG the many ideas that have lightened the burden of men, one of the most serviceable has been that of Reincarnation. It not only explains why one man is born in the lap of luxury and another in poverty, why one is a genius and another an idiot, but it also holds out the hope that, as men now reap as they have sown in the past, so in future lives the poor and the wretched of to-day shall have what they lack, if so they work for it, and that the idiot may life after life build up a mentality which in far-off days may flower as the genius.

When the idea of reincarnation is heard of for the first time, the student naturally supposes that it is a Hindū doctrine, for it is known to be a fundamental part of both Hinḍūism and Buḍḍhism. But the strange fact is that reincarnation is found everywhere as a belief, and its origin cannot be traced to Indian sources. We hear of it in far-off Australia,[1] and there is a story on record of an Australian aborigine who went cheerfully to the gallows, and replied on being questioned as to his levity, "Tumble down black-fellow, jump up white-fellow, and have lots of sixpences to spend!" It was taught by the Druids of ancient Gaul, and Julius Cæsar tells us how young Gauls were taught reincarnation, and that as a consequence they had no fear of death. Greek philosophers knew of it; we have Pythagoras telling his pupils that in his past lives he had been a warrior at the siege of Troy, and later was the philosopher Hermotimus of Clazomenæ. It is not utterly unknown to Christian teaching, if we take the simple statement of Christ, when questioned whether John the Baptist was Elijah or Elias reborn, "If ye will receive it, this is Elias which was for to come," and He follows up the statement with the significant words, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear". In later Jewish tradition the idea is known and the Talmud mentions several cases of reincarnation.

There are many to whom reincarnation appeals most forcibly, and Schopenhauer does but little exaggerate when he says, "I have also remarked that it is at once obvious to every one who hears of it for the first time". Some believe in the idea immediately; it comes to them like a flash of light in thick darkness and the

[1] See *The Northern Tribes of Central Australia*, by Baldwin Spencer & F. G. Gillen, 1904, p. 175, etc.

problem of life is clearly seen with reincarnation as the solution. Others there are who grow into belief, as each doubt is solved and each question answered.

Now there is one, and only one, objection that can logically be brought against reincarnation, if correctly understood as Theosophy teaches it, and it lies in the question: "If, as you say, I have lived on earth in other bodies, why don't I remember the past?"

Now if reincarnation is a fact in nature, there surely will be enough other facts that will point to its existence. No fact in nature is isolated and it is possible in diverse ways to discover that fact. Similarly it is with reincarnation; there are indeed enough facts of a psychological kind to prove to a thinker that reincarnation must be a fact after all and not a theory.

In answering the question why we do not remember our past lives, surely the first necessary point is to ask of ourselves what we mean by memory. If we have some clear ideas as to the mechanism of memory, perhaps we may be able to understand why we do not (or do) "remember" our past days or lives. Now, briefly speaking, what we usually mean by memory is a summing up. If I remember to-day the incidents of my cutting my finger yesterday, there will be two elements in my memory, first the series of events that went to produce the pain—the misadventure in handling the knife, the cut, the bleeding, the sensorial reaction in the brain, the gesture, and so on; and second the sense of pain. As days pass, the cause of the pain recedes into the periphery of consciousness, while the effect as pain still holds the centre. Presently we shall find that even the memory of the pain itself recedes into the background, leaving behind with us not a direct memory as

an event, but an indirect memory as a tendency—a tendency to be careful in the handling of all cutting implements. Continually this process is taking place; the cause is forgotten, though recoverable under hypnosis from the subconscious mind, while the effect, transmuted into tendency, remains.

It is here that we are specially aided by the brain. We are apt to think of the brain as a recorder of memory, without realising that one of its most useful functions is to wipe out memories. The brain plays the dual function of remembering and forgetting and, but for our ability to forget, life would be impossible. If each time we tried to move a limb, we were to remember all our infantile efforts at movement and the hesitation and doubt and perhaps actual pain involved, our consciousness would be so overwhelmed by memories that the necessary movement of the limb would certainly be delayed, or not made at all. Similarly it is with every function now performed automatically which was once consciously acquired; it is because we do forget the process of acquiring, that we can utilise the faculty.

This is what is continuously taking place in consciousness with each one of us. There is a process of exchange, similar to copper coins of one denomination being changed to silver coins of smaller bulk representing them, then into gold coins of smaller weight still, and later to notes representing a value, and last of all to a cheque-book whose intrinsic worth, except in those countries that have stamp duties, is nil. Yet we have but to write our signature on a cheque to put into operation the whole medium of exchange. It is a similar process that takes place with all memories of

sensations, feelings and thoughts. These are severally grouped into categories and transmuted into likes and dislikes, and into talents and faculties.

Now we know that as we manifest a like or dislike or exhibit any capacity, we are remembering our past, though we cannot remember in detail one by one the memories that contribute to the emotion or faculty. If I write these words in English on this page, I am remembering the first time I saw each word in a reading-book and looked up its meaning in a dictionary as I prepared my home lessons; but it is a kind of transmuted memory. Nevertheless I do remember, and but for those memories being somewhere in my consciousness (whether in touch with some brain cells or not is not now the point) I should not be able to think of the right word to express my thought nor shape it on this paper, so that the printer will recognise the letters to set them up in print. Furthermore we know as a fact that we forget these causative memories one by one; it would be foolish if as I write a particular word I were to try to call up the memory of the first time I saw it. The brain is a recording instrument of such a kind that, though it records, it does not obey the consciousness when it desires to unroll the record, except in certain abnormal cases. To want to remember is not necessarily followed by remembrance, and we have to take this fact as it is.

Here it is that Bergson has very luminously pointed out that "we think with only a small part of the past, but it is with our entire past, including the original bent of our soul, that we desire, will, and act". Clearly then it would be useless to try to remember our past lives by the mere exercise of the mind; though thought can recall something of the past, it is only a fraction of

the whole. But on the other hand, let us but *feel* or *act*, and then at once our feeling and action is the resultant of all the forces of the past that have converged on our individuality. If therefore we are to trace memories of our past lives in our present normal consciousness, we must note how we feel and act, expecting to recover little of such memories in a mere mental effort to remember.

Every feeling and act, then, can be slowly traced to its component parts of impressions from without and reactions from within. So much is this the case with each one of us, that we can construct for ourselves what has been another's past as we watch that other feel and act, provided he does both in an *average* fashion. But if he manifests a mode that is not the average mode of thought or feeling, then he becomes incomprehensible and needs explanation. Since then average feelings and actions can be readily explained as the result of average experiences, unusual feelings and actions must be explained as having an unusual causation. If the present writer were to deliver a lecture in English in India where so many can speak English, each of his listeners would take for granted that he had been to school and college, without perhaps inquiring further when and where. But were he instead of speaking in English to speak in Italian, at once then each would be curious to know how and when that faculty of speaking in Italian had been grown. Furthermore, if an Italian were present in the audience he would know that the speaker must have been in Italy or must have spent considerable time among Italians. Wherever there is any manifestation of feeling or action—as indeed of some expressions of thought too—which has something of the quality of

the *expert*, then we must construct for that faculty a slow growth through experiences that result from experiments along that particular line.

Now each one of us has qualities of an average kind, as also a few of an expert kind. The former we can account for by average experiences. Let us examine some of the latter, and see if we can account for them on any other hypothesis than that of reincarnation.

Now one of the principal things that characterise men is their likes and dislikes. Sometimes these might be called rational; that is, they are such likes and dislikes as an average typical individual of his particular species might be said normally to possess at his stage in evolution. We can account for these normal likes and dislikes, because they are such as we ourselves manifest under similar conditions. But suppose we take the case of an extraordinary liking, such as is termed "love at first sight". Two people meet in the seeming fortuitous adjustment of human events, sometimes, it may be, coming from the ends of the earth. They know nothing of each other, and yet ensues the curious phenomenon that they know a great deal of each other. Life would be a happy thing if we could go out with deep affection to all we meet; but we know we cannot, it is not in our nature. Why then should it be in our nature to "fall in love" with a particular individual? Why should we be ready to sacrifice all for this person whom, in this life at least, we have met but a few times? How is it that we seem to know the inner working of his heart and brain from the little he reveals at our conventional intercourse at the beginning? "Falling in love" is indeed a mysterious psychological phenomenon, but the process is far better described as being dragged into love, since the individual

is forced to obey and may not refrain. Now there are two logical explanations possible; one is the ribald one of the scoffer that it is some form of hysteria or insanity, due it may be to a microbe; the other is that in this profound going forth of one individual, as an expert in feeling, towards another, we have not a first meeting but the last of many many meetings that took place in past lives. Where or when is of little consequence to the lovers; indeed Rudyard Kipling has suggested in his 'Finest Story in the World' that it is only in order that we might not miss the delicious sensation of falling in love with our beloved, that the kindly gods have made us drink of the river of forgetfulness before we returned to life on earth. The principal thing to note in this emotional mood of being in love is that the friendship is not as one that begins, but as one that is continued; and in that psychological attitude of the two lovers we have the remembrance of past lives when they met and loved and sacrificed to each other.

Not dissimilar to this unusual liking that is falling in love is the unusual disliking that is not so very rare in human experience. Certain normal dislikes we can readily account for; but take the case of two individuals meeting for the *first* time, it may be knowing nothing even by hearsay of each other, and then we have sometimes the striking phenomenon of one of the two *drawing back* from the other, not outwardly by gesture, but inwardly by a feeling or an intuition. In all such cases of drawing back the curious thing is that there is no personal feeling; it is not a violent feeling of "I do not like you," but far more an impersonal state of mind where almost no feeling manifests, but may be paraphrased into "It is wise to have little to do with you".

Sometimes we follow this intuition, but usually we brush it aside as unjust, and then turn to understanding our acquaintance with the mind. Not infrequently it then follows that we begin to like him, perhaps even to love him. We forget our "first impression" or put it aside as mere irrational impulse. Now there are many such revulsions that are purely irrational impulses, but there is a residue of cases where after-events show that the dislike was not an impulse but an intuition. For it may happen, after years have passed of intercourse with our friend, that suddenly without any warning he as it were stabs us in the back and deals us a mortal blow; and then in our grief and humiliation we remember that first impression of ours and wish that we had followed it.

Whence came this first impression? Reincarnation offers a solution, which is that the injured had suffered in past lives at the hands of his injurer and it is the memory of that suffering that flashes to the mind as the intuition.

More striking still are those cases where there exis at the same time like and dislike, love and resentment. The writer well remembers a lady describing her attitude to a friend to whom she was profoundly attached in the following words, "I love him, but I despise him!" I wonder how many wives say this daily of their husbands, or husbands of their wives? Why should there be this incomprehensible jumble of contradictory feelings?

The clue is strikingly given by W. E. Henley in his well-known poem,

> Or ever the knightly years were gone
> With the old world to the grave,
> I was a king in Babylon,
> And you were a Christian slave.

The poet goes on to tell us how the king "saw and took," and toyed with the maid and, as is a man's way, finally cast her aside. But she loved him well, but heart-broken at his treatment committed suicide. Now it is obvious that the girl dies full of both love and resentment, and since what we sow we reap, each in the rebirth reaps in emotional attitude the result of past causes. For this time the man loves, and desires to possess her; she loves him in return and yet does not permit him to have his heart's desire.

The pride I trampled is now my scathe,
For it tramples me again;
The old resentment lasts like death,
For you love, and yet you refrain;
I break my heart on your hard unfaith,
And I break my heart in vain.

Henley sees with his poetic vision that the present situation as between the two cannot be the end in eternity; there must be a true loving and understanding of each other at the long last; and so the poem ends with the man's pride in his past, and resignation in the present,

Yet not for an hour do I wish undone
The deed beyond the grave,
When I was a king in Babylon
And you were a virgin slave.

There can only be one ending, that of the fairy tale, since it needs must be in a universe where there is One who loves that,

Journeys end in lovers' meeting
Every wise man's son doth know.

C. Jinarajadasa

(*To be concluded*)

PURIFICATION

A VISION

By A. F. KNUDSEN

IT was in the end of the gloaming and the Brother sat with his face between his hands and his heart was as heavy as a man's heart ever is. At the other end of the house a Sister played on the piano; played to let her heart run out; played heavy chords and sweet, dainty measures struggling with her own emotion.

She had shed tears like summer rain. The man's breast came and went in heavy sobs and then he began and wondered, and he pondered. Why was their little sister being dragged away into the dark where soon a life of misery, maybe of infamy might be hers; for she went down the street with a man whom no man trusted and whom all women feared, a man whose gain was a desecrated woman and whose scorn was a pure man.

There was nothing to do but hope that the purity of her soul would maintain the purity of her body, for she was a dreamer and a poet and as unused to the ways of the world as a timid fawn to the ways of a big city. He pondered what was the karma thereof. What limit would there be to the blandishments of the human hyena; what strength in the innocence of the girl based on absolute ignorance? Was it the blame of the mother who had never told her, never taught her,

and kept her away from boys and men till she was grown up, so that she knew nothing of the mere romance of the flesh, of propinquity and the snares of traffickers in woman.

And as his mind reached out and out and out, his Sister's music faded away. He did not know whether it stopped or what, but the walls of the house faded away and the roof faded away, and a strange, clear light was the world he was in. Time grew heavy slowly, slowly, slowly, and a minute seemed like an hour, and then it seemed as if it was an excruciating pain to wait and watch one second go by. And then time ceased and there was nothing but duration, and the Brother saw himself. He marvelled at himself. The fact that he had had to struggle, had struggled thirty-two years with impurity, and had been disgusted with himself, had stared him in the face. He could dream of purity, but he could not be the dream. The older sister could dream of purity. He could see that she had it not yet. But the younger one seemed to have dreamed of it and been it, and now they all stood in a little group there though their bodies were miles apart and the Brother's was busy and he did not know it, except his brain recorded it.

And the man stood there, and the face that some men thought strong, and some women had thought handsome to their own ruin, was there, and it was black, and it was warped and twisted, and the head was misshapen, and the eyes were misshapen, and the teeth made a horrible grimace. Symmetry was the last word that one would have dreamed of in connection with the face, and it was as darkness compared with the light in which it was. The Brother marvelled, because

he had thought of himself as such a weak and puny struggler to be something of a man. And there he shone and glimmered, and marvelled at himself and took courage and cheer, and he saw that he had attained unto much, but by the same token he saw how much more there was to be attained. He saw there was neither shame nor sorrow—just being; though in the darker background of the misshapen face there was shame, there was sorrow. "O ye Lords of Karma and ye who watch and give out justice to men, what is the justice that the maleficent power of this misshapen character should take away one so fair?" cried the Brother.

Standing there, just a little bit apart from the two who had sorrowed, shimmering in the light, glistening head and shoulders above the Sister, holding her head high above the Brother, a sacred symbol of God's splendour, stood the little sister. The Brother turned with a feeling of resentment; "Oh! that he could break the power of that misshapen face, make the sister see the horror of it and not the power of it, and on the physical plane turn with scorn from the man who thus moved her."

Then a mighty Presence stood there, and a hand of flame touched for an instant of duration the Brother's head. "Look to yourself. Hold yourself pure for her return," He said, "this other is now in my hands." And the Presence seemed to cover miles of ground. It seemed as if the earth was square under His feet, and that His head reached up into the flaming body of the Sun. Majesty! a majesty that belittles and withers all that had ever been dreamed of as majesty. One who looked upon His face thus near would have been

aroused by the majesty, but the awe of majesty was swept away and in its place came a wonderful, overpowering, uplifting, crushing, belittling and exalting, strange reverence, that exalted you because you were so near it and belittled you because you had it not. For the majesty of that mien became a strange thing, a thing that no human tongue has ever made a word for. The human tongue has said "justice," and dreamed it in great terms of magnificence and the human tongue has said "mercy," and did not know what it was talking about; but here it was incarnate, wonderful, inexplicable to be seen but not to be spoken. And He turned to the sister, the beauteous sister, she whose robe was the clearest and brightest, and He said: "Lift up your left hand." And when she lifted her hand up and stretched her arm out straight from the shoulder there was a movement in the wondrous garb that was her, and yet her garb, and great lurid, brick-red flashes flashed out and marred the white and He said: "Canst thou never assume the responsibility and therefore be just to yourself? Canst thou never bind and surrender your freedom for the sake of your honour, but break with those who put their faith in you? Are your pledges to be broken because of your pride, and then do you perpetrate the miserliness of demanding that the others that have pledged unto you be held unto the uttermost farthing? Purify yourself! Purify yourself! This man will humble you before the world and humble you before your Brother and your Sister, and shame you before the mirror of your own consciousness, and the blame is your own pride and your haughty disdain for the pledge of your own word and the pledge of your own thought and the pledge of your own deed. The

sacrilege is your own sacrilege by which you have desecrated your own self as a symbol of HIS SPLENDOUR. He can go with you no further than enough to enlighten you. When you can acknowledge your own bond, his will slip from you."

Then He turned to the dark misshapen soul and for an instant there was a flash of light here and there, but his robes were of darkness, hideous, splotched drab and grey, like a rag that is drawn through the muck and dirt of a wet day. The eye of the Brother trained to symmetry as a sculptor, as a builder, could see not one line of symmetry in the whole of that wonderful make-up. And the Majesty of the Law, for it was no other than HE, the GREAT PILLAR OF THE NORTHERN PORTAL, put His hand on the spot where the top of the head would be were the body present, and He ran it down through Sushumnā and He touched nādi after nādi, and He said: "You have boasted of power and you have power, and your power of speech is as the words of a saint and the flow of exquisite language is like a torrent of prose poetry, as you tell of the mighty things you are going to do, and the wonderful plans that you have and the exquisite beauty that you will accomplish. You have power to start every one of these plans, and now you are at the threshold of your last measure, and the hour-glass of your time runs short, for never once have you talked nobly to women, but you have acted the dastard. Never once have you spoken of reverence for motherhood, but you have desecrated virginity. Never once have you preached of purity, but it has been a trap for the unwary, to sink the one who trusted you into a life of abject shame. You have gone forth from one conquest of your power to another and each

time that you have said, 'Now, I will begin well,' you have failed because of the joy of evil that came with it. The symmetry of your power when you went out to do your work is now gone, obliterated, for since the day of your birth the spoken word has stood as a monument to the shame and the desecration that you accomplished. Each time you have torn a woman down you have hardened your heart, until cruelty is written in jagged letters across the whole of your soul. Then you have talked of aspiration, of your chances, of what you are going to do until the accumulated failure has become worse than failure. You cry out for help and uplift. But it has become self-evident that you never intended to try. Point back in your life and show one soul uplifted by your daily assertion of wonderful things to be done. Show one man whose contact with you has not made him less manly. Show one woman whose contact with you has not left her struggling under a load of slime and shame and disappointment and the obloquy of the world."

And the strange, misshapen frame shook and twisted, but no white light came from within it. No white light, as leaf by leaf of the day's record were unfolded and thrown aside and bent back, so that the one previous to it could be read and understood and laid out before the three silent watchers. And there was no horror, there was no shame, there was no anger, there was no room for anything but marvelling and studying. And so back for twenty years, 240 pages of the tablets, and then as an eight-year-old boy there was a glimmer of something that he had done, some little act for the benefit of another. The rest of the record was hideous. It seemed slimy. It seemed

to give off a noisome stench; at least there is no other way of presenting the thought.

"Yes," said the Mighty One, "not even a good deed towards yourself, not even an effort to uplift yourself, and what seems a stench on this side means that your body is rotten, rotten to the core with the disease of shame, with the disease of impurity, with the disease of desecrated men, because all manhood that desecrates womanhood is itself desecrated tenfold, for man is Power. And so there is just this one chance left to you. This tablet has a small corner left on it and thereon you can write more shame and more degradation and more lack of effort, as you please, and the absence of love and the absence of honour and the absence of truth from these pages of your life are used to shake out the pride and the haughtiness and the mercilessness in the white garment before you, and then the end. When that is done, no more. And then shalt thou sit at my feet for forty score of years and ponder, and thus shalt thou say to thyself: 'Through the mercy of the Great Ones my desecrated power was used, beyond my ken, for one good turn, for one purification in the world and therefore by mercy, and by mercy alone do I face my next incarnation without having slipped backward.' And then shalt thou ponder: 'Shall mercy again know me if I do not make one step forward! because twice does mercy act, and then, once, justice, unmitigated justice.' Justice is your Karma for the next incarnation. Prepare, Prepare, Beware."

And He turned to the Brother whose heart had cried out the appeal. He said: "This man shall purify her, and if the world understands, the world will go forward a thousand years, and if the world does not

understand it will stand still for a decade before it has another chance to go forward. But you can see and you can know. Go out and proclaim that all that man seest with shame and all that man seest with exultation, all that man does with remorse and all that man accomplishes with satisfaction, and all that woman does, and is execrated for, and all that is done unto woman, is purification, purification, purification, on the three planes of human endeavour, for there is only one sin and that is grief. Go, you two, and rejoice; for this little sister, dear to you in the world, is being purified in a wondrous way, for a wondrous task, and the end of her life will be as the gorgeous, purple sunset that she and you looked at when you stood on the heights together some time back, and marvelled that on the physical plane of life there could be such wonderful colour. For until her pride is gone her work cannot supplement your work, and until your grief is gone you cannot dispense the joyousness of the Lord. The heavy hearts of men are those that see not. You that have seen go forth with exceeding great joy."

And the Great Presence withdrew slowly until it stood a great way off, and the Brother could just know it. But the Sister did not know it. But a ray of exquisite light rose hue rested on the left shoulder of each, close under the necks at the collar bone, and He filled their white bodies with utter serenity. They looked up, and a mighty Angel spread His wings, an Angel of wondrous colour. And His wings spread out to the East and the West, and His head shut out the spot where the Great One had stood at the last moment, and strange to say, there was a moment in the infinite sea of duration. But another ocean, not of duration,

was where the Great Lord of Karma stood. The great left wing of the angel was as a scroll and on it was written in characters to be read by all men, no matter of what language. "O Sin, where is Thy Infamy?" And on the right wing was written: "O Pain, where is Thy Sting?"

And the Brother turned to the Sister that had been by his side and she was not, and he was not, and the white light was gone, and it was a darkness, and it seemed as if, perhaps, time had gone on and maybe not. It was perhaps the same night or perhaps another night, and the piano rolled on and on, and with a strange quiver of delight the Brother realised that the Sister, without her brain knowing that she had stood there before the Mighty Presence, was playing the triumphal finish of Parsifal, and he went in but he could not talk. But he told her just enough to sweep away her grief and her pain, and he stood there seeing the marvel of the truth of it all: that every action, reaction, interaction in this universe is held in the unsullied splendour and the purity of God.

But the Brother cannot speak of it. His voice trembles. But he has written this down for many a brother and many a sister in the brotherhood of Christ.

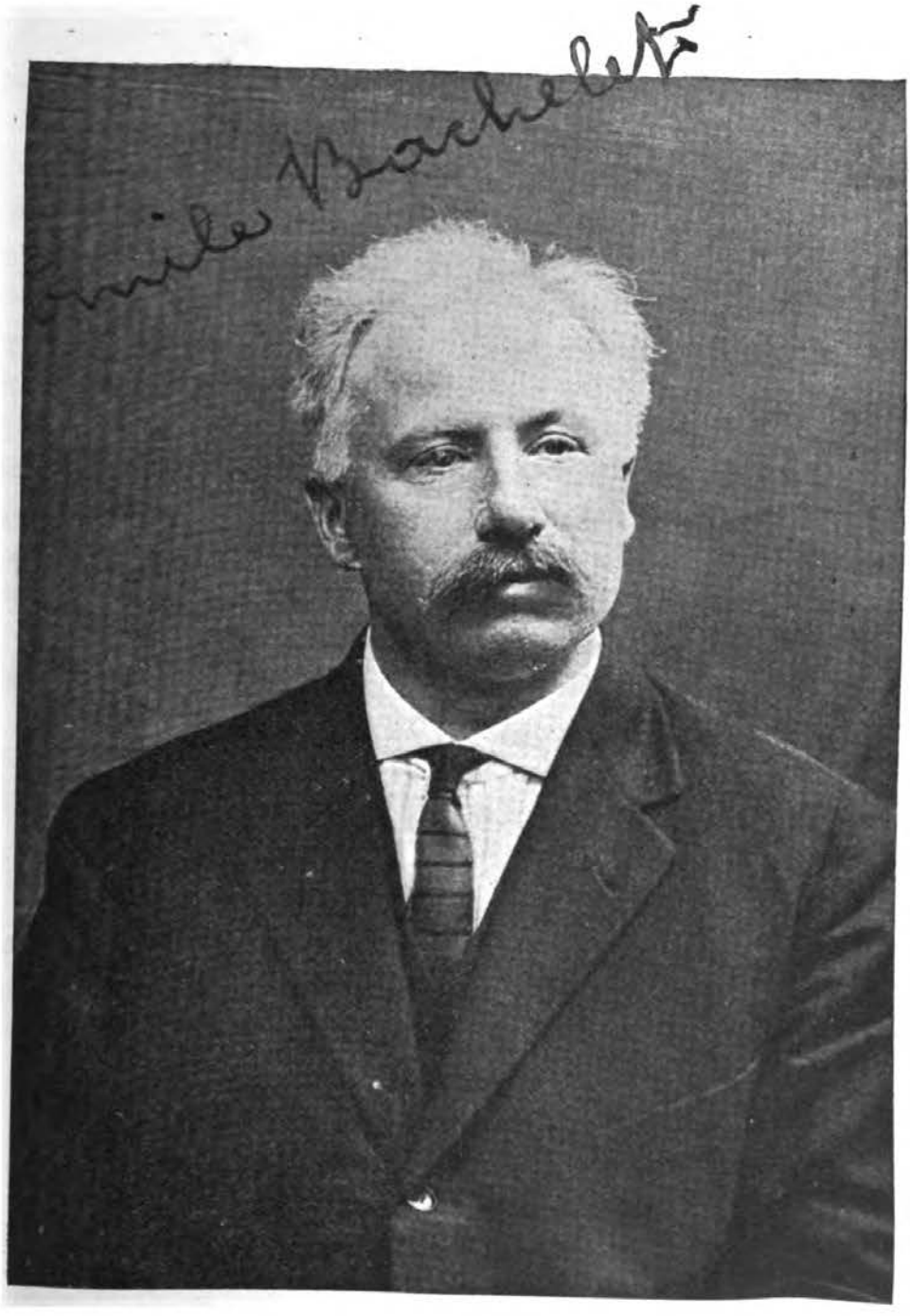
A. F. Knudsen

THE 'FLYING TRAIN'

By ANNIE BESANT

A PARTY of us went to see the remarkable experiments of M. Bachelet, shown by him in his laboratory on Saffron Hill, Holborn. M. Bachelet is a sturdily built man, with a very large domed forehead, and clear steady eyes. He talks English fluently, with a French accent, and explained his preparatory experiments with great clearness. He has been studying electro-magnetism for some twenty years, and has found that some metals, resist the "line of force flowing from a coil energised by an alternating or intermittent current, resulting in the formation of 'eddy currents' in the metal acted on—in a greater or less degree according to the metal used—causing the reverse of magnetic attraction, *viz.*, magnetic repulsion". Hence it is possible to hold any of these metals in the air without any support, and to practically "deprive a heavy body of weight"; that is, to counterbalance and overcome the attraction which causes objects to move towards the earth.

M. Bachelet showed a number of experiments which demonstrated his contention. He made a bowl placed on a copper disc—which rested on a repulsion coil, enclosed in a box resting on an upright support—rise in the air, disc and all. He asked one of us after another to place the back of the hand on the coil with



a disc on the palm; the moment the current was turned on, it passed through the hand innocuously, but the disc jumped off. He sent a current through a bowl of water in which gold fish were swimming, and lifted off a disc which covered the top of the bowls without causing any inconvenience to the fish. He made a ten-pound weight weigh nothing, and then made it weigh twenty pounds. He made discs jump upwards and strike bells, playing a scale up and down. He made a disc cling so firmly to the coil that a strong man could not move it, and then, by reversing the current, made it shoot off, untouched by hand.

Finally, he showed us his 'flying train'. It is a steel cigar-shaped object, pointed at each end; it rests in a grooved track on little projections, and solenoids are placed along the track, which act as "pulling magnets". The lines of repulsive force act on aluminium plates fitted along the bottom of the 'car' and lift it into the air, and it rushes along pulled by the magnets, which are magnetised and demagnetised alternately. It can travel at 300 miles an hour, and it is proposed to utilise it for the carriage of mails and merchandise. Passengers could also travel by it in suitable cars. There are light and guide rails above to keep the car running along the line, and as the projections on which it rests do not rise above the grooved sides of the track, these also help in the guiding.

It is natural that Theosophical students, on learning of M. Bachelet's experiments, should speculate on the powers used of old in controlling matter, as in lifting huge stones, raising the human body in the air, etc. We must remember, however, that M. Bachelet is

working with currents generated in physical apparatus, conducted along wires, with the whole paraphernalia of electrical machines. It may be that he thus produces molecular conditions similar to those brought about by the action of the will, and thus obtains similar results in the apparent destruction of weight and the lifting of bodies. But this could only be decided by careful observation and examination. Every fresh application of the laws of nature is to be welcomed, but we must not jump to the conclusion that similar results are always brought about by identical causes. An electrical current may be set going by a machine or by the human will. It will bring about certain definite results. But the real interest lies in the *modus operandi* of the two methods: we know that a certain apparatus generates a current; but how does the will act on etheric matter?

Annie Besant

THEOSOPHISTS AND POLITICS

By JOHAN VAN MANEN

I

ONE of the lessons to be derived from the most interesting and important articles under the above heading, contributed by Mr. W. H. Kirby and Mr. C. Jinarajadasa to two previous numbers, is that it is dangerous to speak for "Theosophists all the world over". Both contributors have done so in an absolutely contradictory way, and I shall, therefore, in what follows, limit myself severely to my own personal and private opinions without any attempt to strengthen my position by the invocation of any authority of sympathisers with my views, whether there be many, or only few, or none at all, of such within the ranks of our Society.

I used the words important and interesting and did so advisedly. It is certainly important that from the body of the members well-considered, carefully formulated opinions should be published concerning principles of action touching the operations of the T.S. All too little space is devoted in our literature to this aspect of the Theosophical task. Far too little interest is shown by our members in the working, methods, and manipulation of the Theosophical machine. It may be objected that discussions of this nature have their natural place at the meetings of the General Council of the

Society, or of those of the National Sections, but if this is so it must be admitted that actual experience proves that they do not find much place there, or that, if such do occur, inadequate summaries are inserted in the reports. Questions of fundamental principle regarding the T.S., its policy, its place and task in the world, its lines of action, its systematic growth and development, its immediate or remote future, all these cover an insignificant space in comparison with descriptive reports and spiritual exhortations. The reports are there to prove this amply. Here and there in the Sectional magazines a fitful discussion is started, once in a while, generally to die a quick and premature death, and that is all. Mr. Kirby's article, therefore, in boldly attacking a fascinating and compelling problem, now existent in our midst, must be certainly classed as important, in breaking the traditional "voice of the silence" sounding amongst us where matters pertaining to our welfare as a complex corporate entity are concerned, and in grappling with a problem so deep as to involve the activities of the very President of the Society.

But I also spoke of the articles in question as interesting, and that is because they are so human, introduce such a human element into our habitual Theosophical thought atmosphere. The question to which Mr. Kirby has drawn attention is one of a great series of problems which, if taken up in earnest, will link the Theosophical Society at last with the great historical chain of spiritual movements stretching throughout the past of the world. Mr. Kirby's discussion is not the first of its kind. Christianity has had to face it before him; Islām had to find an answer to it, so all other religions; and not religions alone, but sects, divisions, schools of all manners

and sorts. Theosophy *has* at one time or another to face the problem: *in* or *out* of the world; temporal or spiritual power; the inner or the outer man. As I said, all religions have had to face these questions and all have found their answers. These answers may have been wise or scarcely so, but the one thing which is impossible, is to shirk these questions eternally. Devotion to a leader, all-embracing enthusiasm, may stave off the putting of the question, but as certainly as sunrise follows sunset, at some time the problem will stare us in the face and demand its answer.

The wise thing to do under such circumstances is not to think that we Theosophists are, under some special decree of Providence, an absolute novelty, a parthenogenetic creation, but to look for guidance to the past and see how on previous occasions in the world's history that problem has arisen in similar forms and how it has been dealt with; what solutions have been previously found for it and, *above all*, what have been the practical consequences of the acting upon any such solutions arrived at. And here a mere humdrum study of ecclesiastical history—both Christian and Muhammadan, not to speak of others[1]—would be most salutary and would furnish many a severely sobering hint. For the *taking up* of political work by either the Theosophical Society, or its responsible office-bearers, can scarcely be regarded as anything else than the thin end of the wedge, which is to enter the whole social fabric of the world—if our Society has a really great future before it, of which I am firmly convinced—to an extent scarcely to be foreseen.

[1] A study of the Sikh community, for instance, would prove very illuminative.

Now it is evident that if the subject we deal with is to any degree as vital and important as I think it is, it must needs be very subtle and delicate. Its discussion must touch strong convictions and may have necessarily to refer to personalities, bearers of official positions, who in the feelings and affections of many are regarded as altogether above discussion and criticism. It is therefore necessary that at the outset there should be a clear mutual understanding, to avoid avoidable friction and misunderstanding.

I do not believe that even the most excessive devotee can object in any way to the perfectly courteous and impersonal treatment of the problem by Mr. Kirby. His personal respect for Mrs. Besant is too clearly evident —and too well known to his personal friends—to allow any suspicion of petty motives, personal grudges, jealousies or other contemptible grounds for his action. Nevertheless there are many in our Society, I am even inclined to think the majority of its members, who resent as it were even the slightest criticism of Mrs. Besant, because their genuine veneration for our leader makes them put her in a position apart, where disagreement with her views spells only ignorance and where criticism becomes at least temerity, if not worse. Mr. Leadbeater—to whom, I want expressly to state, I look up with a respect and affection greater than for anyone else I know, and who has honoured me with the most prized friendship I possess—has himself in a much discussed phrase in *The Adyar Album* practically expressed the same opinion. Well, all I can say is that *on this point* I thoroughly disagree both with Mr. Leadbeater and with those devotees who hold the view outlined above. Happily I have here a very valuable

supporter in Mrs. Besant herself who has over and over again, clearly and unmistakenly, pronounced her—in my opinion—more rational view. Unluckily, as always, the followers are *plus royalistes que le roi* and that is chiefly where the misunderstanding comes in. Natural, beautiful, mere human nature—yes; but difficult and mischievous also. It is the old pathetic story of the shadow thrown by the light, the vice of the virtue.

My position then is that criticism—subject, of course, to all conditions of courtesy, exactitude, candour, sufficiency of importance, etc.—has a right of existence in our Society and a legitimate place in its activities. But I would go further. I would say that it is desirable and—if not degenerating into mere meddlesomeness—a duty. This criticism which I mean is simply an outcome in the T.S. of what in the outer world is called public spirit: the intense participation by the members in the welfare of the whole Society as a corporate body. I believe that this public spirit is as yet little developed in the T.S. I may be wrong, but I have the impression that the general drift of the spirit of the T.S. is orientated towards another direction. It may be that the ideal of 'service' which has been lately preached so much, so insistently, and so forcibly, has much to do with this. It may be that the whole tendency of Theosophical doctrine, with its occultists who *know* and the masses who do *not* know, must inevitably produce such a spirit. But on the whole I believe that the T.S. as a body has more a tendency to submit, follow, serve, obey than to act, create, lead, command, scrutinise, seek. Now this ideal of 'service' is—except in a very poetical sense—very unpalatable to me. It belongs to the half a dozen or so of words in Theosophical speech

which I have learned to hate cordially, lustily and joyously. Amongst these are: vibrations, loyalty, service, spiritual, magnetism and devotion. I think that these are most horribly abused in our circles—not always, but very often. Against this particular conception of service I have to object that shūḍrahood—even spiritual shūḍrahood—seems at most a very inadequate ideal. If we have to strive for the higher let us, for God's sake, aim at becoming God's Brāhmaṇas, not God's Shūḍras, let us try to co-operate (glorious word!) not serve; to be collaborators and not 'channels'. The Gods themselves will feast when one more Peer enters their abode, but who will cast even a glance at one servant more amongst the many? Our masters are the *Masters*, let us try to become Masters too, not servers. But, it will be objected, these are only differences in words; the essence of both ways, and their goal, are the same. Yes, but why not then use the nobler imagery, that strengthens, upholds, makes strong, independent, virile, instead of the other baser one, leading to passivity, submission and lack of initiative? In a certain way such words are manṭrams, words of power, from which radiate suggestive influences. One has to be careful in their choice and use.

Now criticism, well exercised, will have an excellent effect in dispelling tendencies towards such lethargic passivity, in forcing members—except the ostriches among them—to form some opinion on questions which admit of various views. It will stir that public spirit, now so dormant, in our Society, which will give the opportunity to every individual to ask himself what *he* individually can contribute to solve problems arising, what light *he* can throw on such matters.

And gradually as the several problems already existing, and the thousands already incubating, come up, our membership will begin to be educated up to a proper, intelligent, mature comprehension of the nature and task of our Society, its desirable destiny, and especially its function in, and relation to, the existing civilisations and their cultures.

I think that not a single member of our Society, from the youngest tyro to our highest leader has, after the nearly forty years of its existence, any definite, systematic, concrete notion of this. We are still as it were in the clouds, the fertilising rain has not yet come down, the canalisation and pipe-system for irrigation are not yet ready. Neither strange nor unnatural. But we have sometime to make up our minds to take steps in the desired direction, and then discussion of policy and, with it, criticism will become necessary.

There is one more point concerning criticism that should be mentioned. Very often in our circles it is understood in such a lamentably personal way. Legitimate criticism is not personal, and certainly it should neither be so nor be taken as such in the T.S. Unhappily we cannot very well apply the parliamentary device to bring this out clearly, in never naming a person by his own name, but only by that of his seat.

Suppose I wanted to criticise Mrs. Besant in her function as P.T.S. concerning what I considered some gravely mistaken view or action on her part, and suppose further that the tolerant Editor of this paper opened its columns to me for the purpose, even then it should certainly be understood that not Mr. Johan van Manen was criticising Mrs. Annie Besant. If that

were to be the case the said Mr. Van Manen would crave permission from Mrs. Besant to have a conversation with her. If this were granted he would ask permission to have his say and he would try to say what was suitable and to the point. Mrs. Besant might reply or not, but in any case that would be a matter between Mr. Van Manen and Mrs. Besant and there the matter would finish and no one would be the wiser (except perhaps the critic!). Most likely Mr. Van Manen would be perfectly willing to eat any amount of humble pie before Mrs. Besant and make himself very small indeed. But that would be a thing between the two of them and the public would have nothing to do with it.

But now in our first supposed case. There things would be totally different. There it is not Mr. Van Manen who speaks to or writes about Mrs. Besant, but Member No. 116 (I believe) of the Dutch Sectional Register to the P.T.S. And that makes all the difference. For here the two are to a certain extent equals, units in the common body of the T.S. The one is a member from Amsterdam (if you like) and the other the President for the time being. Their identities count for nothing and only the arguments have force. They do a public work, do not have a private conversation. Assuming as I do—I know there are some who, Rules and Regulations notwithstanding, want to make out that the T.S. is an autocratic body—that the T.S. is a democratic institution (I am referring here to the Society only, not to Theosophy which is, of course, neither democratic nor autocratic), I am necessarily convinced that as a member of that body I am, within my powers and limitations, a custodian of its welfare; that, therefore,

it is my duty to point out what to me seem mistakes in action, or policy, or management. In that light, criticism becomes a duty and is not merely a healthy and good thing in itself—in restricted doses I admit—but one of the moral obligations resting on every member endowed with any Theosophic public spirit or feeling of responsibility.

As hinted at before, I regard it as a very bad sign, and I have grave apprehensions for the future on account of it, that such public spirit has not manifested much more in Theosophical literature and records during the fairly long period that the Society has existed. I regard Mr. Kirby's article as a very hopeful sign for the future and an excellent example of what such criticism should be: courteous, impersonal, to the point, important, frank, timely.

It may here, I hope, be sufficient to devote only a few words to prevent a possible—but I trust, not probable—misunderstanding. I sincerely hope that nothing of the above will be construed—it would be very unreasonable to do so—into a general war-cry and an advocacy to open the sluices of verbal or literary eloquence, setting forth all grievances, annoyances, disillusions, imperfections, etc., etc., which may be raked up within the Theosophical world. I have already said that criticism is only justifiable if its importance warrants its publication. And not only should criticisms and discussions be of enough intrinsic value, but as related to the Theosophical Movement they should surely also fulfil the strictest demands of an even more refined character. They may be strong and hard as steel, but impersonal. Hate, envy, anger, egotism and all the passions should not enter into them. They

must in the best sense of the word be clean ; if possible—but that is very much to ask—also somewhat wise. I would pull out my hair in despair if this article of mine were to be so absolutely misunderstood that it would become a kārmic cause for a shower of futile, poisonous or foolish controversy either now or even in any remote future. But as long as criticism shows good manners, is inspired by genuine friendliness, has the good of the Cause at heart, and does not descend to mere gossip, then let as much of it come as will : the more the better.

A last word on this aspect of our subject. Criticism as described above should never be related to conceptions of loyalty or disloyalty. There is a loyalty to causes and a loyalty to persons, a loyalty to principle and a loyalty to its bearers. These two kinds of loyalty may very easily come into conflict with each other and in such a case the honest critic who aims at doing the right thing finds himself—if he is at all serious and of deep convictions—face to face with a terrible dilemma. His ultimate action is only the outcome of a sore and sad conflict, and far from being judged and condemned as a fosterer of strife, as a renegade or a disloyal spirit, he should in most cases be sympathised with as a brave and courageous soul in difficulties, acting—wisely or unwisely—to the best of his knowledge under stress and pressure, with no prospect of any pleasant return for his action or any gratitude for his words. The lightly spoken word disloyalty spells but too often lack of sympathy and imagination, an imperfect grasp of the working of the other man's mind—and heart—and an absence of loving goodwill, eager to find the good motive underlying an action that perhaps clashes with our convictions. It should never be forgotten that there is

always a great temptation simply to deny the existence of a problem if we have not personally been brought face to face with it. That is why so many in the course of their lives experience the bitterness of being attacked for their attempts at enlightenment, later on in life, in exactly the same way as, earlier, with less mature knowledge, they themselves, in their own youth, attacked others. Here the younger generations constantly visit the sins of the fathers on the fathers themselves.

The argument, further, that greatness and wisdom should shield those who manifest these qualities from all criticism seems to me equally unsound, as unsound as the view that in such cases criticism is always egotism, impudence or conceit. As long as the perfect, unlimited, consummated, absolute man does not dwell amongst us, there must be in all human beings numberless aspects and elements in which they may be equal with, and even inferior—or to say the very least, not overwhelmingly superior—to hosts of other human beings. And this is a justification of criticism without end almost. The shoemaker criticises the shoe, but the other man other matters. We recognise this so fully in greater things that it has become perfectly superfluous to say that every one has a right to think about God what he wishes, and to proclaim his thoughts freely. It would be ridiculous to pretend that what is admissible with regard to the Highest should be *tabu* for the lower, whatever title that lower one might bear; leader, hero, saint, occultist or initiate. And if the spirit embodied in this conviction does not lead to blasphemy—though what is blasphemy to one may be high wisdom to another, Jesus and Socrates were killed for it—or to reckless wounding of delicate feelings—which, however, every founder

of religion has done, and caused to be done a thousandfold more than any of us is likely to do—then I believe that its manifestations will be conducive to growth of discrimination and understanding, of strength and independence, and to the higher welfare and finer self-consciousness of our Theosophical world.

Criticism, in itself, is a good thing, never *as such* base, disloyal, subversive; its manner and its motives may make it so, just as the surgical instrument of the healer may be used to kill.

II

And now some words on the more narrowly circumscribed subject of politics and the T.S. as dealt with in the two articles referred to. I am simply delighted that such a well-known member of our body as Mr. Kirby has found it feasible to give such clear and frank expression to his doubts and objections on the point, and I am equally delighted that they should have appeared in the very Presidential Organ. These are signs of health and vigour which augur well for the future, and which, on the other hand, are timely. For in the past we have had none too much of them. I speak of *discussions*, not of *attacks*; of *criticisms*, not of *denunciations*; of *friends' counsels*, not of *invective by the enemy*. I further totally agree with Mr. Kirby's position, in so far as his article has only a general tendency, and practically only leads up to a question. I equally totally disagree with Mr. Jinarajadasa's article, both with its reasoning and also with its conclusion.

In saying so I must make a reservation, without which my position would not be clearly put. With reference to the weekly paper *The Commonweal* which

forms the subject of a large part of the discussion of Mr. Kirby's article I have had the privilege of assisting, from very near, at its inception and career during the whole first volume just completed. Whether its special pro-Indian policy is wise or mistaken, whether it contains immature and hasty statements or not, whether it sometimes prints misleading generalisations, incitements to the strengthening (instead of the diminishing) of the colour-bar or not; whether all these things and many others are so or not so—I have no hesitation in saying that *The Commonweal* has begun a work which may develop into an undertaking of *immense* value for India, productive of the most salutary influences, and with an almost incalculable future before it. As a non-Indian, non-English, impartial spectator I may perhaps state that I believe that *The Commonweal* has all prospect before it of developing into a very great influence for good, taking all in all, for India—by no means a small section of the inhabited globe. I should on this point say: Politics or no politics, let us first help Mrs. Besant to see *The Commonweal* through and assist it to the high place to which its course is already set. But this goal once attained, Mrs. Besant once dead, the T.S. expanded and changed, Mrs. Besant's followers having become leaders in their turn, *The Commonweal* safe and 'self-existent'—then Mr. Kirby's question would again come up in a practical form, just as now it is more as a matter of principle that it can be discussed. For it should not be forgotten that our present President has, in the field of action, a fairly solid reputation for seeing a thing through when she has once begun it, and though we, mere members in the Society, can very politely bring to

her notice that in this, that, or another matter we have also views and opinions, which are not necessarily identical with hers, there the matter remains, unless some official action is taken in the Council of the Society. If this were to happen, it is not likely—in view of the recent re-election of Mrs. Besant as President with (according to the as yet unofficial but nevertheless authentic data) an overwhelming majority—that such action would lead to anything; and if it did then most probably Mrs. Besant would quietly walk away, *with The Commonweal*, incidentally being followed by—let us put it low—three-quarters of the members of the T.S. So all that can be done is courteously to express our misgivings *and leave the decision* to Mrs. Besant. And that is good. Even the King may be petitioned, so why not the P.T.S.; but right of petition is not right of being granted what the petition asks for. Only, the cordial relations, the mutual trust and co-operation between F.T.S. and P.T.S. will be maintained and strengthened when the P.T.S. is ever willing to grant a hearing, always patient to listen, ever and ever accessible to the member who is moved to lay his difficulties and desires before her. Such a state of things—of course observing certain elementary rules of etiquette or protocol, as simple as possible—would gradually exercise a binding, harmonising, strengthening, adjusting influence in our Theosophical body, and perhaps, in many cases in the past, tensions and frictions might have been either avoided or minimised if public discussion of the points then at issue had not been so very inadequate and limited. For the publicity of such 'petitions' is an essential to their usefulness. Questions of policy do not solely regard the individual who propounds them, but the Society as

a whole. Only publicity guarantees criticism not to overstep its bounds, and, on the other side would prevent any haughty dismissal—which I do not apprehend from the side of our present President—without due and adequate consideration.[1] This then is the reason that I am so glad that Mr. Kirby's article was published, and especially so because it was printed in THE THEOSOPHIST.

Now, then, coming to Mr. Jinarajadasa's article, I have to explain why I disagree so entirely with some of its reasonings and propositions. It is, of course, far from my intention to launch into anything like a refutation of his arguments one by one. In this article I wish only to deal with certain general principles which seem to me to be involved in the discussion to which it refers, to note down some of the thoughts arising within me after having read the two articles. I am no special friend of controversy, which is mostly barren in results. Controversialists forget very often to give their readers some credit for intellect. If one side states his case well, and the other side also, let the reader form his opinion as he will. So I want only to pick out some points which seem to me especially interesting or to require some widening out, some ampler consideration, before we may look upon them as settled.

Colonel Olcott's and Madame Blavatsky's circular quoted by Mr. Kirby, forbidding officers and members of our Society as such to meddle with politics was, though perhaps based on political conditions prevalent in India, directed to *all members* of the Society: "The Presidents of Branches, in all countries, will be good

[1] This is exactly the line of reasoning followed by Mrs. Besant herself in her energetic campaign for the removal of the Indian Press Act.

enough to read this protest to their members." And Colonel Olcott will punish every member or Branch which shall, "by offending in this respect, imperil the work now so prosperously going on in various parts of the world". That is explicit. What is, however, not so clear is how the 'as such' is to be detected. Would Colonel Olcott have excommunicated Mrs. Besant for an earlier publication of *The Commonweal*, or would he now—if still President—cancel her diploma? I doubt it. Not only would he take present circumstances into consideration, no doubt, but, above all—to put it frankly—would he have sufficient authority to force through such a measure? I doubt it again. So that after all Colonel Olcott's circular does not help us very much. There is nothing in our Rules or Regulations—I believe—which by some ingenious and perfectly legal twisting, can prevent any group of our members working for directly political ends. The *Sons of India* pledge appears to involve loyalty to the King. That seems a political element; a slight one I grant, yet the thin end of the wedge is there. As soon as we discuss what loyalty to the King means, how loyalty should best be expressed, there is a double door opening straight into the political arena. So the only thing that, after all, remains as a net result of the circular quoted, is the unequivocal assertion of the Presidential right to cancel diplomas. But if once our Society counts its members by millions, instead of, as at present, by ten thousands, that President would be very unpopular indeed who cancelled diplomas on this ground alone if vast numbers of members were determined to enter politics *as* Theosophists. So, once more, the Colonel's document after all expresses the opinion he held at the time he

wrote it but has little compelling power. Still, I regret that Mr. Jinarajadasa referred to it so *very* lightly. It is all right to say *Le roi est mort, vive le roi !* but the very clearly expressed opinions on a vital point for the welfare of our Society of two such leaders as Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott should—it seems to me—not be brushed aside *quite* so airily as the writer of the second article does. I am not a Conservative, but neither am I an Anarchist. If H.P.B. and H.S.O.'s opinion on such a matter is to be reckoned already antiquated within a few years after their death, then what are we going to expect as to the treatment by future generations of Mrs. Besant's views on important matters? We may set the pace, future members will have to run the race. And it seems as fatal to be bound in cast iron dogmas of the past as to demolish all tradition and authority for the future.

But Colonel Olcott's circular constitutes an official, semi-legal document, and with legal documents all mental acrobatics are possible; so we are here not on a satisfactory ground. Let us see what *spiritual* argument is given for the attitude taken up. Here we find ourselves on a far more satisfactory footing. I quote from H.P.B.'s *The Key to Theosophy*, 3rd ed., p. 156:

> To seek to achieve political reforms before we have effected a reform in human nature, is like putting new wine in old bottles. Make men feel and recognise in their innermost hearts what is their real, true duty to all men, and every old abuse of power, every iniquitous law in the national policy, based on human, social or political selfishness, will appear of itself. Foolish is the gardener who tries to weed his flowerbed of poisonous plants by cutting them off from the surface of the soil, instead of tearing them out by the roots. No lasting political reform can be ever achieved with the same selfish men at the head of affairs as of old . . . . . .
>
> Moreover, political action must necessarily vary with the circumstances of the time and with the idiosyncrasies of

individuals. While, from the very nature of their position as Theosophists, the members of the T.S. are agreed on the principles of Theosophy, or they would not belong to the Society at all, it does not thereby follow that they agree on every other subject. As a society they can only act together in matters which are common to all—that is, in Theosophy itself; as individuals, each is left perfectly free to follow out his or her particular line of political thought and action, so long as this does not conflict with Theosophical principles or hurt the Theosophical Society.

Now here we stand firm. Now I would submit that this argument *is* "for every land and for every age," just as true to-day as at the moment it was written. And here lies the crux of the whole problem. Was H.P.B. right when she wrote this, or is Mrs. Besant right in taking up her latest activities? Mrs. Besant's earlier view of politics, as quoted by Mr. Kirby, support—beautifully, powerfully, commandingly—H.P.B.'s view. Or were they both right, or both wrong? I do not know. I think that none of us *really* know. Mrs. Besant's change of opinion leaves us —happily—the possibility that she also does not *know*, but just does what she thinks best now, as she has always done what she thought best in the past. And there it is precisely that the great usefulness comes in of Mr. Kirby's timely article. He has called attention to a *problem*. Many did not even know that it exists. The whole position is vague. What is 'politics,' what is the 'as such,'[1] has the T.S. to change its Rules and policy with regard to politics or not? The 1890 Rules

[1]Mrs. Besant, the P. T. S., has recently begun a strenuous campaign of political activity, but not 'as such'. The character of her campaign might be conveniently summarised in the word 'pro-Indian'. Though her energetic work is not an activity of the P. T. S. 'as such,' will any one doubt that thousands of the Indian members of the T. S. will follow her cue, of course again not 'as such' but as private individuals? The theoretical distinction seems in this case a practical fiction. Again, recently full reports were sent to the Indian papers about her recent great political speech in London. An enormous amount of attention has been drawn to it in the Indian press. Leaders and references without number were published with regard to it. Can anyone

of the Society declared expressly that "The Society does not interfere with . . . politics". That is now changed, so that an inclusion of politics seems no longer barred. Or is the Society to hold aloof from this kind of activities whereas its members or leaders may be allowed energetically to enter them? Or, again, have we to see in Mrs. Besant a special case, specially gifted, perhaps obeying special commands from on high? And if so, once more, is she an exception *not* to be followed or, on the contrary, a model, a leader, an example, to be enthusiastically emulated? All these problems are before us, and they are quite impersonal problems. They are riddles to which I myself seek as much a satisfying answer as Mr. Kirby. If I have mentioned Mrs. Besant's name it is only out of the sheer necessity of the case; I would have vastly preferred it had I been able to refer only to Mr. X. or Y. For to me this question of politics is only *illustrated* by Mrs. Besant, but has in reality nothing to do with her. It is a problem regarding the Society that interests me. Mrs. Besant will fulfil her appointed destiny as she determines herself, and stands therefore practically outside all our calculations and discussions. She is the strongest amongst us, and most of us are quite content with that and glad that such a strong one is amongst *us*. But others will come, not so strong, not so firm, and then the ordinary member will have not only his *say* but also his *influence*. To prepare ourselves to exercise such influence advisedly and wisely we have now

doubt that such facts, conspicuously linking Mrs. Besant's title of P. T. S. and the subject of politics together, will have any other effect than conveying to the general newspaper reading public in India the idea that the Theosophical Society is connected with politics—and that politics of a very definite sort? The 'as such' pleading is scholastic in its nature and breaks down in actual practice.

already to prepare, by reflection and discussion, to learn to see the needs, and tendencies, and problems germinating in our Theosophical body in order to forecast sagely the direction into which we move and the tasks that will face us. For to me it is a sheer illusion that we should always have Olcotts, Blavatskys, Besants and Leadbeaters amongst us. The Buḍḍha Himself made way for lesser ones, and each and every great spiritual movement had its giant at the top, not at the bottom. Therefore self-consciousness, however painful, must be cultivated in our Society, and not only that consciousness of contented bliss which is nowadays so prevalent. In the spirit of these considerations all the foregoing has been written.

If the reader keeps this well in mind he will certainly not misunderstand that which is now to follow and which contains, so to say, the most personal part of what I wished to express.

THE THEOSOPHIST describes itself on its contents page as "the largest *international* Theosophical Monthly," it is advertised as the *Presidential* Organ, and it is connected with a Society, aiming at the establishment of a nucleus of the universal brotherhood of humanity and making no distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. This latter programme sounds noble and though the word 'nation' is not expressly mentioned it may be thought that the larger or more general idea of brotherhood also includes the lesser attempt to prevent antagonism or friction between the nations. In THE THEOSOPHIST, since the accession of Mrs. Besant to the Presidency of the Society, a very remarkable column has been opened called 'On The Watch-Tower' bearing a monthly message of news and comments from

Mrs. Besant in her capacity as Editor of the journal, a very personal message, bringing readers all the world over (" international magazine ") in direct contact with the President's doings and opinions.

Now, during the past years, Mrs. Besant has over and over again referred in that column to political events and situations, and over and over again I have been most painfully affected by some of these references. I love and respect Mrs. Besant, and I am devoted to the T.S., yet repeatedly I have felt uneasy, if not worse, at the way political allusions were made in the 'Watch-Tower'. And why? Simply because I happen to be a non-Englishman. I am a Dutchman and feel myself as Dutch as an Englishman feels himself English. I have lived for years amongst the English and have amongst them many of my best and warmest friends. I have roamed through or lived in various countries and am not in the very remotest degree a Chauvinist or a narrow-minded patriot. But I can shed my skin as little as a Russian, or a German, or a Frenchman or an Englishman can do. I share my national thought-form to some extent, as every human being shares his national thought-form to a greater or lesser extent. There are mental and emotional grooves from which no man escapes, and happily so. Did not even a Master confess as much in one of His letters? Therefore I have several times on reading a paragraph, condemning wholesale and trenchantly a whole nation for following some course of action, or menacing it with the vengeance of the Gods—and I could cite very strong examples from Mrs. Besant's writings—felt very uncomfortable. For in these references I found not peace but irritation, not occultism but national thought,

and each time I felt strongly that the remark did not proceed from Mrs. Besant, President of the *international* Theosophical Society, or Mrs. Besant the leader, or hero, or sage, but from a vigorous and outspoken person happening to live in an English-born body. In so far as such paragraphs as I allude to have appeared I have been forced to the decision to take them *not* as Theosophy, not as fraternal, not as wisdom, not as inspiration but as echoes from another and a *lower*, purely national world by mistake strayed into the pages of THE THEOSOPHIST. If THE THEOSOPHIST announced itself as a British Theosophical journal, that is, a journal for Britishers only, nothing could be objected by Theosophists of other nations if it commented freely on international politics from a strictly British standpoint though even that would be dangerous and might eventually lead to disharmony. But the journal is international, not national. So also the continuous references to "Empire," "Imperial Problems" and "Empire Building"—frankly these give me a good deal of offence, because they appear in the so-called international journal of the P.T.S. What would English readers of THE THEOSOPHIST say if a brilliant Russian or German or Turkish editor and occultist were to assume the task of conducting the paper and, in the international paper of the Society, were to keep harping and harping again on Russian, German or Turkish imperial problems, and that always with a more or less explicitly suggested occult sanction from the Higher Powers? And if I, who move amongst so many of the old and well-known members of our Society, who have the strongest reasons for personal love and gratitude towards Mrs. Besant, who in many cases am permitted to peep more or less

behind the scenes, who have all the predisposition to accept things with a favourable bias, if I myself feel so, notwithstanding my firm determination not to let my feelings in this matter influence my actions or my valuations, how many more must there not be in our Society who—unless they frankly take the 'Watch-Tower' to be wholly and divinely inspired—must have the same disagreeable sensations, only more intensely so. Mind, I do not complain, I merely record.

Perhaps we may say that, after all, THE THEOSOPHIST is written in English and so is destined for Britishers primarily. But that does not hold good, for there are the United States of America; and then the number of copies despatched to non-English countries is considerable. Also, the various parts of the British Empire —Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, the Straits—each come in from time to time for their share of rebuke, and, on a smaller scale, also the local feeling must in many cases be ruffled.

Perhaps it will not be so clear to all readers what I really mean but a simple and perhaps strong example will bring light. Being a Dutchman I choose a Dutch illustration.

The great Boer war aroused in Holland a tremendous wave of resentment against the English, now happily subsided to a large extent, but still having left a nasty aftertaste. In the general Dutchman's mind from this war emerge two great figures, one standing for good, the other for evil. The good figure is President Krüger, who in the general conception of the Dutch people stands as a glorious hero, and martyr, a man of wisdom and tenacity, a fine example of patriarchal virtue, a beloved leader, a great man, a magnificent

patriot. The bad figure is Mr. Joseph Chamberlain who stands in the same national imagination for a hellish monster of barbarous iniquity, a reptilian brute vomited from the nethermost pit, a loathsome, unclean thing. These two conceptions form as much part of the Dutch national thought-form as those of Shakespeare and Nana Sahib of that of England.[1]

Imagine that a Dutch Editor of an international Theosophical Magazine should have had the bad taste and sorry tact to publish allusions in his paper on the basis of these conceptions. Perhaps he would have believed in them himself, but he could not have mentioned them, in whatever way, without irritating, offending, wounding English readers who in everything else save in politics would perhaps look up to him with veneration. And something similar has happened many a time, even in the moderate doses of political allusions which Mrs. Besant has doled out in her 'Watch-Tower'. It is true, our Society is firmly knit, our love for Mrs. Besant is great, and the politest answer is after all to keep silent. But if with all her splendid talents, with all her high and never-doubted motives, with all her wide travelling and acquaintanceship in many countries, *even* Mrs. Besant has not been able to remain free from giving offence, when touching politics; who then would there be in our Society who could do so without the same or worse results? The question is simply that no man can be so international as to know all the national susceptibilities of all the

[1] These lines were already in type when the news of M. Chamberlain's demise was announced. I take the occasion to expressly state that the example does not in any way involve a statement of my personal opinion in the matter. It is certainly superfluous to add that such popular estimates must always be wrong.

peoples and so to know how and when to avoid the word that hurts or the friction that estranges. Besides —though this is mere tactics—the spiritual leader who commits a blunder in talking politics may by such action have dug out the first spadeful from the ultimate grave of his real, spiritual, authority.

In this connection, and as friend to friend, I add here for a still better understanding on this point a concrete view about the English to those amongst my readers who are English.

At the risk of committing the very offence against which I try to warn others, I must confess that the Anglo-Saxon temperament possesses in the estimation of many non-Britishers one great fault and that is an utter lack of imagination. The Englishman's want of understanding the other man's, the other race's, mind is a perennial source of friction and hurt. And in the Englishman's discussion of other nations this fault is often painfully evident. The Englishman's patriotism seems to the outsider often an immense superstition endowed with enormous inspiring power, and the profound Brito-centric consciousness is at the same time the key to England's greatness and to the hatred she so often inspires. Far from me to enter into this interesting, but dangerous, subject any further; be it enough to sum up my thesis as follows. The conception of 'God's Englishman' is a religion if used nationally; if used in international dealings it may become an abomination and a calamity.

The Theosophical organisation is becoming more and more complex and its working more and more delicate. As soon as politics are instilled into it a most potent influence for disruption is present. With growth

in numbers there will be growth in views, and politics will spell growth in danger.

Another striking illustration of how insidious the dangers are that lurk in any attempt to deal, however slightly, with politics, is furnished by an element in the history of the now moribund Order of the "Sons of India" to which I have already referred. This order, of which even a declared enemy of politics can scarcely say anything but good, and membership in which cannot be regarded but as perfectly innocent, has a pledge and a ritual which contain declarations that its members shall serve "God, the Motherland [*i.e.*, India] and the Empire [*i.e.*, the British Empire]" and shall "be a good citizen of my municipality," etc., "and the Empire". Notwithstanding these expressions I know that this pledge has been signed by Germans, Dutch, Italians and men of other nations. To me this is a mild form of high treason, on a par with the action of the Englishman who, without giving up his own nationality, would sign a pledge "to serve the German Empire and be a good citizen of it". Of course this is only a symbolical illustration, because the practical objections are the reverse of grave, but it shows how easy the introduction of politics in Theosophical work may act as the thin end of the wedge of which the consequences—if once a peculiar set of circumstances arise—cannot easily be foreseen.

In the same general line of reasoning I also deny the value of Mr. Jinarajadasa's argument that Mrs. Besant is "perhaps the only constructive statesman the British Empire possessed in the second decade of the twentieth century". If Mrs. Besant is merely a British statesman I reply: "Woman, what art thou to me?" What reason

would an English member of the T.S., striving after enlightenment, have to pay any attention to "the greatest constructive statesman" of Russia or of Spain? To the Englishman the English statesman has a special value as part of his own national thought-form, but he would remember him as a patriot, not as a Theosophist. Who cares for any constructive statesman, be he ever so great, of a century ago, or of another country? But there are others whose memory does not perish, whose inspiration is immortal. These are the heroes and leaders, the dispensers of truth, the inciters to striving upwards. What is Pericles beside Plato? Dust.

No, I have better names for Mrs. Besant, and higher names. For her to be famed as a British statesman would be on the same lines as if we remembered Spinoza for his spectacle-lenses. Shah Jehan has gone but the Tāj remains—not his kingdom. Puran Bhagat was Prime Minister first, Saṁnyāsī afterwards, not the reverse. For a lightbringer to become a statesman is a fall and not a rise.

There is one other aspect of our question which though difficult to mention in an acceptable way must be spoken of. This is the additional danger of politics where they are taken up by such persons as study occultism, or still more by occultists. What well-nigh unattainable dispassion and self-restraint are not necessary for those—much or little in contact with higher authorities—not to charge their pronouncements with even the slightest weight of such authority. How difficult for the man who shares, or thinks he shares, God's private confidence not to instill into his sayings some indication that the opinions he emits are endorsed, willed, or desired from on High. How difficult again not to attribute to the

Higher Ones one's own thoughts and views. I myself have heard expositions of the Hierarchy—the holiest, noblest, highest, grandest conception of modern Theosophy—in such a way that one might think that the majority of its members were Anglo-Saxons, existing solely for the aggrandisement of the British Empire and for the blessing of God's Englishman. It is an old delusion, which now can return to us in subtler form, for Theosophical conceptions permit not only subtler use but also subtler abuse, than the world's conceptions do. As an international Society we should look up to international Gods, not pray to a French God to defeat the Germans or to a German God to defeat the French. "The God of our fathers" is killed, let us not resuscitate him in a new form or new forms. Politics, applied to spiritual conceptions, might land us in the same dreary jungle of conflicting and warring divinities where the primitive man still moves and which he dreads to-day.

In the above I have chiefly attempted to set out the problem. A definite and final answer is beyond me. I have indicated various elements, emitted some opinions, raised some objections, but the fundamental problem is still before us. Most likely no verbal answer will be found so very soon. Most likely, again, history, that is the course of events, actual happening, will bring at the same time the answer to, and the elimination of, the question through the arising of a new problem out of changed circumstances.

And so we will go on, ever striving to understand, to see the problem, to solve it, only to face a new problem instead. But that is not to be regretted if we always

remain frank and honest and ever alert to chase the will-o'-the-wisp which anyhow will lead us onward. The only fatal attitude would be not to endeavour to understand or to be afraid to speak out, investigate and report our findings. In doing so for its various problems the T.S. has to grow. On the point under discussion I have now done my best, according to my capacities, and with this I leave the inquiry to other and better hands.

As I have so freely mentioned Mrs. Besant's name in the foregoing pages I should like to state that no response to my article would give me such complete satisfaction as the knowledge that the following, concluding paragraph had been rightly understood.

Let no reader, friendly or inimical, after perusing the above, commit the grave mistake of concluding that it indicates another "crisis" in the T.S., or any "grave dissensions" in the Theosophical body. This article is a criticism of friendship, a token of trust, an indication of love for our movement. It is the outcome of trust in Mrs. Besant, so complete, that I regard it as the sincerest tribute I can render her. For it is my firm conviction that, whoever may mistake my intentions, she will unfailingly see them in their true light, will understand my motives and the spirit which has prompted me, and above all will see behind all that I have said my unshaken faith that, though difficulties and problems remain, fundamentally all is well with us.

Johan van Manen

THE PURSE OF FORTUNATUS

A TURKISH STORY

By C. A. DAWSON SCOTT

Bismillah

FORTUNATUS had been sitting in the patch of shadow for uncounted minutes. The lane with its little twist to the right ran between high walls, soft cream-coloured walls behind which were—what? The gardens of rich Turks, the gardens as he fondly imagined, of mystery. Further up the lane were a few houses mostly windowless, but one or two with lattices that looked down on the dust of the quarter. Within, as he knew, were court-yards round and about which was plenty of life, and beyond which lay the rose-gardens, the shady walks and the fountains. Fortunatus licked his dry lips, wondering whether it would ever be his lot to be one, even the meanest, of such a household. Overhead the sky was white with the glare of midday and at the end of the unbroken but irregular walls the water leapt by like a flash of silver, of silver which though molten is cool. Being the hour of the midday siesta the man had the quiet shady lane to himself. Not even a pariah dog stirred in the warm stillness.

Lying there by the side of the road, a scarcely distinguishable heap of ragged humanity, Fortunatus closed his eyes. His fortunes were at a low ebb for in his

pocket was not so much as a piastre, and that after all his wanderings in search of what his name had seemed to promise!

He too must have been asleep, for when the bit of sunbaked mud fell from the wall on to his hand he sprang up with a start and the eyes that he opened were blue and fierce.

"Beggarman!" said a voice from overhead and he saw that above the line of white wall, a head had risen, that of a veiled woman.

Fortunatus had been some time in Stamboul, but whether or no his appearance was against him, he had not hitherto met with any adventures and it was entirely by chance that in an idle hour he had turned into the rich quarter and wandered down this lane. His heart beat quickly, for a shrewd man seeking to line his empty pockets hopes much of the unexpected, of chance.

"Beggarman!" repeated the voice and though it was low-pitched, it had a distinct quality of command. Fortunatus staring with all his might, could make out above the yashmak nothing but a pair of bright dark eyes. He fancied however that the voice had lost the ring of youth. "I want some rubbish thrown into the Bosphorus," and a small hand, henna-tipped and laden with rings indicated the rushing flood at the end of the lane.

"Now?" said the young man, to indicate his complete willingness.

"The bundle of rags must first be rolled together. To-morrow at this hour."

"She is choosing a time when no one will be about," thought he; nevertheless he agreed to return upon the following day.

"And you shall be suitably rewarded!" He heard a tiny scrambling sound and once more the white line of wall ran like a veil across the face of the noon-day sky.

Fortunatus, left to himself and his reflections, turned his back on the water and walked slowly up the lane, until he reached a house, above the heavy gates of which was a small, overhanging lattice. "That is where she lives," he thought, putting two and two together, "and their garden doesn't go down to the Bosphorus. If it did she would herself throw the rubbish into the water. I wonder if seeing me wander past this morning she thought I might be useful?" He glanced keenly about him, but the household was still asleep, even the porter with back to the wall and head upon his chest had forgotten the responsibilities of his post. There was not a soul with whom Fortunatus might profitably engage in gossip; not so much as a dog, sniffing about in search of garbage, that he might kick. Disappointed he went on his way until he reached the bazaar and there after persuading the sherbet-seller to compound him a drink cooled by the mountain snows, he found talk a-plenty. "The house with the lattice over the gates on the left-hand side of the lane? That is Wazdi Bey's. A rich man but old."

"No doubt there are many slaves," said Fortunatus wondering how he was to come at the information of which he stood in need.

The seller of sweetmeats bent forward above his tray.

"Rich men are well served; but Allah is just and often there is one thing denied. Wazdi Bey has daughters but no son."

"Nay, brother," mildly observed the merchant by whose booth they stood, "but one was born to him a week ago."

"There should have been rejoicings, yet I heard of none."

"It is the child of the second wife."

Each man there understood that such an event, joy-bringing to the parents, would fill the first lady of the harem with rancour and jealousy. She had been Wazdi Bey's wife for many years, his only wife, and now in his old age, because it was imperative that he should have a son, he had married a younger woman, a slave-girl from afar off. It was only natural that there should be trouble in the harem.

"But if the first wife," he used the Turkish word, "is old, she will be content."

Even the merchant was moved at that and proverbs fell thick and fast, proverbs that hit off only too bitingly an aging and a jealous woman. "She has everything but that," said the compounder of sweet drinks, "and yet all is naught. A hard lady and a mean."

"Economy," said Fortunatus who felt that his last remark had been lacking in wisdom and who was anxious to efface it, "economy is always good—in a woman."

But the others, who had sold or hoped to sell to Wazdi Bey's first wife, did not agree with him. "Who would be economical with the dust of the wayside or the water of the sea? Her husband's purse is inexhaustible."

The sweetmeat-seller shrugged a lean shoulder. "Inexhaustible—you talk as if this were a city of the Arabian Nights."

"Nay," said Fotunatus dreamily as his eyes dwelt on the rows of scarlet and yellow slippers that edged a

booth, "the old tales are true. There is somewhere a carpet that can transport us to the ends of the earth and a purse that is never empty."

"Wazdi Bey hath the purse then," asseverated the merchant, "gold—gold—gold, untold quantities of it, enough to gild every minaret in Islām." And as the call to prayer rang out from the mosques the men prostrated themselves.

When they rose Fortunatus slipped through the network of narrow streets to that in which stood his cousin's house, and before long was announcing that on the morrow he was to do work for the household of Wazdi Bey.

"The Bey of the bottomless purse?" said the cousin, duly impressed. "But if it is for the woman you work make a bargain or the pay will be small. The Hanem[1] would part with her teeth sooner than her money."

"And if all accounts are true she is one whose teeth are filed?"

"They are indeed sharper than is altogether becoming in a woman."

On the following day when Fortunatus reached the patch of shade beneath the cream-coloured wall, his naturally sharp wits were suggesting to him that if the head wife of a rich Bey wished a bundle of rubbish thrown into the Bosphorus she could easily have sent out one of her servants. Why then had she selected himself, a man of no account, a grey atom of human dust? Could the little transaction be one of which she did not wish her servants to know? Would there be something in the bundle that was compromising and which must therefore be destroyed? Fortunatus glanced

[1] First wife.

down the lane, noting how straightly, but for the one sharp twist, it ran from end to end. And the twist was more a waver, a sudden bulge in the wall, beyond which the Bosphorus leapt and sparkled in the blinding glare. That bulge with its square of heavy shadow gave him an idea. It might be as well before consigning the rubbish to its watery grave to know of what it consisted. He smiled to himself and opening the little knife in his pocket, felt its edge. Not many days ago, he had sharpened it on a disused grindstone and now it cut into the hard cuticle of his thumb until he winced. Ah, it was well to have your tools in order!

"Beggarman!"

Though Fortunatus had been looking up he had not seen the small head and veiled face rise above the wall. He made a hasty obeisance and the low yet commanding voice continued its speech. "The bundle is here. I will watch while you throw it in the water. When that is done you can come back for the reward."

"Pardon, lady, but that is not the way of it. The bundle and the reward are given together."

The voice grew perceptibly sharper. "I do not pay for work that is half done."

The other bowed indifferently and waited. After a perceptible pause, the lady began to bargain. "A piastre?"

"Twenty."

"When the crow opened his mouth too widely, it was filled with earth."

Fortunatus glanced at the sky and seemed as if he were calculating the time. The hint was not lost upon his veiled companion who made a little angry gesture. "I haven't money with me," she said sharply and

began to unfasten a thin chain she wore round her neck. "There—take that," and the links thrown with a certain viciousness fell across his palm. "There is blood on your hand!"

A drop or two had spurted on the ball of his thumb where he had tried the little knife. "But not on my conscience, lady," said he, as after a glance at the chain to make sure that it was of gold he slipped it into his pocket.

"Be not too sure," said the other and her voice rippled as if his words had contained a jest at which she could smile.

Fortunatus heard again the tiny scrambling sound as she disappeared, but before he had had time to more than wonder by what means she came and went, the rough end of a bundle rose above the wall. "Be careful now," admonished the lady in an anxious tone, but the man was deft and as the package fell he caught it in his two hands. For a mere bundle of rags it was heavy, but not heavy enough to suggest that it contained stone or metal, and his curiosity grew.

"Take it down to the water," commanded the lady, "and throw it in."

"It is well weighted."

Her voice under the muslin sounded strangely deliberate. "I would have it sink."

Fortunatus sauntered off with the bundle held between his two arms. What he carried appeared to be an old and grey shawl fringed at the edges. These fringes were tied together at intervals over the folded-in ends of the shawl. From above the lady watched the dusty figure shambling down the lane. As far as she could see he was carrying the bundle awkwardly yet

surely; for Fortunatus kept his elbows still and moved the hand, the hand that held the little knife, from the wrist only. He was exploring as he went. The sharp blade ran through knot after knot and where he held the package against his breast the shawl began to unroll. He pulled it a little and suddenly in the dark opening appeared a tiny curled-up rose-leaf hand. The man's heart nearly stood still. There was no mistaking its look of warmth and life. It was the hand of a little sleeping child! So this was what the woman had wanted thrown into the Bosphorus, what she had wanted to make sure would sink! Fortunatus blessed his curiosity, his wits, and the sharp curve in the way that lay ahead, the curve that for one moment and for one moment only would hide him from his employer's watchful gaze. As he came towards it, he gradually shifted and shifted the shawl, until the face and form of a deeply sleeping boy-baby were exposed to view. "Drugged his milk," surmised the man as with a lightning twist of his whole supple body, he had the child out and lying in the dust of the roadside behind the curving wall. It lay where he placed it, as comfortable there as in the shawl and too fast asleep to be aware of the sudden change in its circumstances.

"I hope she didn't give him too much of it," thought the man uneasily as he re-rolled the bundle and came out of the shadow, his long legs eating up the yards of road that still lay between him and the water. The lady, watching him, saw nothing amiss and her bitter heart knew only satisfaction as she saw him raise the old shawl above his head and fling it far into the racing tide. Her little clutching movement was unconscious, as if she grasped at something that had been taken

from her, something which was of the utmost value and which she would regain. Meanwhile the water had caught the old grey shawl, had swirled it round and about and sucked it under; and Fortunatus watching as if fascinated had felt a shiver run down his spine. "What a woman!" thought he and was glad, as he had been many times before, that his poverty had saved him from the snares of the marriage brokers.

When he turned he found to his surprise that the lady was still at her post and this, as he admitted to himself, made the situation a little awkward. However there was nothing for it but to shamble back, past the baby on its heap of velvet dust, and up to the wall.

"That was well done," said she approvingly and Fortunatus wondered what sort of ruthless, haughty face the yashmak hid. "I would that all rubbish, might be disposed of as easily. But why speak we of rags—another woman's rags," and the words were to the listener as lightning across a dark sky—"if you will bring my chain back at this hour to-morrow, I will redeem it with—with piastres."

Fortunatus did not believe her. He thought it more likely that she would have servants waiting to whom she could accuse him of having stolen it. His story, true and unvarnished though it was, would sound like a fairy tale and with that bundle at the bottom of the Bosphorus he would have no proof—or so she believed. "O protector of the poor," said he with a friendly grin, "this crow does not want to eat earth before the appointed hour."

The dark eyes gleamed. "I would have redeemed the chain," she said carelessly, "though it is a thing of naught. Look at it closely and you will see." With

which Parthian shaft she disappeared from the wall, leaving him to examine at his leisure the glittering links that resembled, but only resembled, gold.

It was with rueful steps that he took his way back to the little heap of dust on which he had laid the child. He felt convinced that expecting his cautious demand for payment, she had come prepared with this "thing of naught" and that she had really meant to redeem it on the following day, but not—not with piastres. She would not want him to talk of the bundle he had thrown into the Bosphorus and a man is nowhere so safe, nowhere so quickly forgotten as when he lies in a Turkish prison under charge of theft. Of this Fortunatus was uncomfortably aware and once more the shiver ran down his spine. In this world life and death seemed to be no further apart than the morning and the evening of a day.

As he stood by the shadow in which the child lay, fat and rosy and mother-naked, he began to see a way out of his difficulties; and stooping, fastened the chain, which he was still holding, about the dimpled neck. It was his witness, the witness of his good faith.

At the touch of the cool fingers the baby stirred a little, curling its ten rose-leaf toes and stretching out its arms. Fortunatus, who had been afraid lest the drug should prove too potent, now began to fear lest his unusual charge might awaken before they reached the cousin's house. Taking off his clean but tattered upper garment, he laid the child on it, and happed the loose ends of cloth about its limbs. He must make shift to carry it as porters carry a parcel, for humanity is curious and how could he explain his right to a naked child?

"What got you for your day's work?" asked Amina, the cousin's wife, and for answer he laid the living bundle in her arms. She was no longer a young woman and her sons were men, but she had not forgotten the feel of a baby. In a trice the old garment was unrolled. "O kouzoum,"[1] cried she surprised yet glad. "Look at the dimples and the creases and the fat rolls of him! I warrant me some girl wept to bring that into the world; and when she saw him could only bless her pains. Where got you such an one, O bachelor?"

Then Fortunatus, having sworn man and wife to secrecy, told all that had come to pass and while the woman brought out the swaddling clothes she had been saving for her first grandchild and comforted the now crying baby with milk, the man lit the long pipe and talked.

"He who meddles with the affairs of his neighbour puts his hand into a wasp's nest," said the cousin.

"I think—a bee-hole. He may be stung but the honey he pulls out will be golden."

"Ay, golden as was thy chain to-day."

But Fortunatus was not easily discouraged and presently when he had eaten and washed himself and put on the finest garment that he had, he took his way back to the house of the overhanging lattice.

Wazdi Bey was in the selamlik when the humble petition of the stranger was conveyed to him. He was not a man of whom it was easy to obtain audience, but the news for which he hoped might come through any channel. Though outwardly impassive he was at his wit's end, for the son of his old age, a baby of a few weeks, had suddenly disappeared. The servant who

[1] Lamb.

had the child in charge was with it at noonday in the thickest shade of the garden and, with her neck in jeopardy, swore that she had not left it, no, not for a moment. Yet it was gone; the little dent in its satin cushions all that remained!

"An eagle has carried it off," cried the woman whose youth had been spent on a mountain slope in Central Asia and who if the truth must be told had nodded at her post. But Wazdi Bey did not believe that eagles would carry off a child from a garden on the Bosphorus, especially so fine and well-nourished, so heavy a child. He had gone into the child's mother and in his kind grave way had tried to comfort her; but what comfort is there for a woman, whose first-born has been torn from her arms, while she is yet thrilling with the delight of him? The Bey thought it would perhaps please her if he had the slave punished and in his even voice he had talked of the bastinado and worse; but the girl had crouched in the darkest corner of the harem and sobbed on, refusing to listen. And when he went slowly away, conscious as never before of his age, his first wife had come to him with sinister suggestions.

His servants were scouring the town, the police were on the alert; but nothing had come of it and Wazdi Bey was seeking to resign himself to the will of Allah. Hope dies hard however, and when he heard a stranger was at the gates he gave orders that the man should be admitted.

Fortunatus stepped into the plainly furnished room, the hard divans of which were covered with a green leather; and he carried himself no longer as a beggar but as a man. Wazdi Bey's tired old eyes scanned the

figure in the clean garment and newly twisted turban with approval. Broad shoulders like those would have been his son's had he lived to manhood.

"That which was lost," said Fortunatus salaaming, "is found."

The Turk did not so much as stir, but the hand on his knee shook a little, like the hands of the very old. "What was lost?"

"Among the jewels was one pearl, a pearl of price. I found it in a bundle of rags."

"You found it?"

"I was bidden to throw the rags into the Bosphorus."

"Who bade?"

"Are we Franks that our women should go unveiled.? I know not."

"And the pearl?"

"A woman warms it against her breast."

The Turk uncrossed his legs and rose. "Said I not, Allah is merciful? Show me the way."

As they went out, he paused to send a message to the weeping girl in the harem, a message not of certainty but hope. The first wife heard it and smiled behind her veil. Wazdi Bey was gone on a wild-goose chase and she knew it, for had she not seen the oblong bundle rise as it shot forward into the water and was not the child who stood between her daughters and a great inheritance, the child whose mere existence had lowered her prestige, lying out there beneath the tide? She went over to the lattice and looked out; and as she did so, her husband passed between the great gates and with him was the beggar that she had cheated and whom she had meant to further ill-treat. Her cruel satisfaction gave place to fear.

In due time the Bey came to the little house at the end of the alley; and as he entered Amina drew the muslin across her face, for though old she was a respectable woman. "Treasure of my heart," said she to that which lay across her knees, "alas, that you should not be the grandchild of whom I have been dreaming."

Wazdi Bey bent his face over the child of his old age and his voice was husky. "This is my son that was lost and now is found," said he and because he was grateful, beyond the power of words to express, he turned to Fortunatus. "The man who preserved the pearl must be its guardian."

"Such an one as I?" said Fortunatus and glanced down at his garment which though newly washed, had been mended. The pacha took a leathern purse from his belt and showed them that it was of a peculiar make. "The greater trust includes the less. When you need money go to my treasurer and he will fill your purse."

Which is why they say in the bazaars that the purse of Fortunatus is inexhaustible.

But Fortunatus, though the ball was at his feet, had an uncomfortable recollection of his first employer. Lifting the chain from the child's neck he offered it to Wazdi Bey. "This, O protector of the poor, was my reward for throwing the rags into the water, the water that is deep and tells no tales."

"A generous giver," said the Turk as he slipped the links one by one through his fingers.

"Who would have bought it back."

"As wise as Shaitan."

"I would not," Fortunatus spake humbly, "I would not that her arm should reach as far as my head."

Under the flowing beard the lips were grim. "Allah is just and she will go in search of those rags, to come back—when they do."

Fortunatus thought of the swirling current and seemed to see another bundle, longer and even more carefully fastened, flung into the eager tide. It would be gone in an instant, sucked down and under. An eye for an eye and a life for a life; and in the women's apartments the second wife would reign as first and there would be peace, for Allah might be merciful not Wazdi Bey.

"May you be the father of many sons," he said quietly, "and may I stand between them and harm."

C. A. Dawson Scott

ENGLAND'S DUTY

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

The letter headed "An Appeal to England" in your last number, in its ultimate,would seem to express pure selfishness and self seeking for the British Empire?

Firstly, in the great world evolution, of what particular importance is it what nation carries out the cosmic progress of this world? It was Rome yesterday, to-day England, to-morrow? the Infinite knows!

The suggestion that on account of the moral and social failings and difficulties which surround England at the present time, she should now weakly surrender Empire, *i.e.*, surrender God's and man's service in this world, would suggest a misconception of the reason why nations and individuals are put in this world.

The same rule applies to nations and to individuals; both are put in this world for the humble selfless service of God and man, *i.e.*, to do His work, without thought of reward, *i.e.*, without thought in respect to the question whether as a nation we shall remain, or not remain, in the proud position in which we at present find ourselves!

By no means, therefore, let us weakly disarm ourselves—and divest ourselves of Empire; but let us, in all humbleness and purity of thought, prepare ourselves in all aspects for carrying through to the best of our ability the service of God and man, which we now find allotted to us!

The writer of the article under consideration would not seem to have arrived at the knowledge that nations and individuals on this earth plane must, and indeed do, live two lives, one the material, *i.e.*, world work and service, and one the spiritual, *i.e.*, the raising of the soul to a higher spiritual

plane in the great cosmic process. World work and service is God's service, just as much as spiritual service! The individual and the nation should do their material, their world work and service to the best of their ability, and at the same time their spiritual life and thought and ideals are quite separate. And as they grasp this fact of two lives, and as they rise higher in ideal and spiritual attainment, so their second life, their material life and service, becomes improved and bettered!

We do not want then weakly, and indeed wrongly, to lay aside our duties of Empire, or world service, but rather to purify and idealise and strengthen our spiritual life as individuals and as a nation, and so fit ourselves to do purer and better world service. Thus striving humbly and selflessly in our spiritual, and in our material lives on this earth plane, we shall rise to better things; and if so be we rise in both planes to the needs of the Epoch, we shall remain humble masters and true servants in the world Empire we now hold; and if not, then our worthier successors will take our place.

SILVER COCKLE

REVIEWS

Esoteric Christianity or *The Lesser Mysteries*, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s.)

This new and cheap edition of a popular work has been issued in order to bring it within reach of the Indian public, where it is not so well known as in the West. Christianity in India very often does not show itself in its fairest and truest garb, and though the Indian admires and reveres much of the Western Scriptures, the exoteric presentment of Christianity does not often appeal to him. Mrs. Besant has shown, by careful study and research, that to Christianity as to other religions there is a hidden side, and that the pearls of truth are just as much the heritage of the West as of the East. Her esoteric presentment of Christianity will not find favour with the extremely orthodox, but it is the spirit of the religion rather than the letter on which she relies. She throws fresh light on the dogmas of the Church, and gives the inner meaning of the sacraments. In three wonderful chapters she differentiates between 'The Historical Christ,' 'The Mythic Christ,' and 'The Mystic Christ'. The closing pages of the chapter on the 'Historical Christ' contain some of the most exquisite writing that Mrs. Besant has ever penned. We sincerely trust that our Indian brothers will read this book widely, as it will undoubtedly tend to dissipate many misconceptions about Christianity, which they may, owing to surrounding circumstances, have been led to form.

T. L. C.

Principles of Tantra,[1] *Part I. The Tantra Tattva of Shriyukta Shiva Chandra Vidyārnava Bhattāchārya Mahodaya.* Edited, with an Introduction and Commentary, by Arthur Avalon. (Luzac & Co., London, 1914.)

[1] In the following review, to avoid confusion, A. Avalon's system of transliteration of Sanskrit words is throughout employed as closely as our typographical material permits, though the reviewer does not approve of it.

This is an English translation from the Bengālī made with the help of a friend, Babu Jñānendralāl Majumdār, by Mr. Arthur Avalon, the pioneer in the field of Tāntrik research, and dedicated by him to the author of the work who is one of the highest living authorities in Bengal on the subject concerned.

Arthur Avalon's standpoint with regard to the investigation of the Tantra Ṣhāstra is clearly indicated in the following sentence of his preface:

> What is, in fact, wanted in this matter, is an accurate statement of the facts; whereas up to now such cursory accounts of the Tantra as have appeared are as a rule mere general statements by way of condemnation of it.

There are still many people who believe that "the chief and practically the sole subjects of the Tantra" are "sensual rites and black magic". To them this book will be a revelation. For it will show them that there is still quite a different aspect of the Tantras which is no less prominent for having been altogether neglected so far. They will be astonished to find that it is possible to deal with the philosophy of the Tantras without even referring to those rites and that magic, and they will grow suspicious with regard to those general statements on the Tantras about which our translator very aptly remarks:

> Allegations as regards "the Tantra"—that is, as regards the whole body of existent Scripture which passes under that name—must be received with caution. There is no European scholar who has read "the Tantra" in this sense even approximately.

Much of this first volume of *Principles of Tantra* is of a polemic character, the book being essentially a defence of Tantrism against three enemies, viz., (1) the members of the Brahmasamāj and other modernised Indians, (2) the followers of Ṣhrī Ṣhangkarāchārya's Advaita philosophy, and (3) the sectarian-minded of the Vaishnavite community. Of these, the first class is easily disarmed by our author, as on the whole it merely echoes European misconceptions; but his fight against the other two is of a more difficult nature and perhaps not altogether successful, though always interesting. Ṣhangkara's Illusionism is rejected both as untrue and unpractical, while against the Vaishnavites it is asserted that "by Vishṇumāyā or Vishṇuṣhakti is not meant Māyā or Ṣhakti subordinate to Vishṇu" but that "in reality the aspect of Vishṇu is but an aspect assumed by Her who is Māyā or Ṣhakti".

The first three chapters deal with the Tantra as a whole, showing the necessity of its appearance, its relation to dualism and monism, the difference between, and similarity of, Veda and Tantra, etc. In this Kali Age in which we live, the Tantra Ṣhāstra is the only direct path to both worldly happiness and Liberation. The Vedas, having become impracticable, we should have to live in hopeless darkness, were there not the Tantra Ṣhāstra holding up its followers by means of its "two assuring arms of Āgama and Nigama" and thus enabling them to pluck without difficulty the precious fruit of the tree of Veda (p. 80). Āgama are said to be all Tantras in which the Devī appears as the disciple and Ṣhiva as the teacher, while Nigama are called those in which Ṣhiva is taught by the Devī, the term *āgama* being explained as the "coming to" (*gam*+*ā*) the Devī, *viz.*, from Ṣhiva, and *nigama* as though it were *nirgama*, the "proceeding from" (*gam*+*nir*) the Devī, *viz.*, to Ṣhiva.

The relation of the Tantra Ṣhāstra to the metaphysic dualism and monism is the subject of the interesting section on "Vedānta and Ṣhangkarāchārya" (pp. 82—93). The path advocated by Ṣhangkarāchārya, says our author, is that of complete dispassion with regard to the world ("attainment of Siddhi in Vairāgya Sādhana"), which is such an extremely rare thing that "it is doubtful whether one man in a hundred thousand has ever been able to attain Siddhi along this path". How far from it were even those of Ṣhangkarāchārya's disciples who obtained a world-wide reputation, one may guess from the fact

> that they disapproved others' views and established their own. It passes our understanding how he who has knowledge of nothing beyond Brahman, can yet resolutely engage in militant discussion with Nyāya philosophers .... Non-dualistic Siddhi is a far cry for him who has still the principle of argument in him. Who will deny that a discussion with philosophers creates an amount of distracting dualistic propensities a thousand times greater than that created by contact with wife and children?

The Tantra Ṣhāstra does not ask of anyone to do away with the dualistic world nor does it ignore the truth of monism: it takes into its arms, "as though they were its children, both dualism and monism" by teaching that "as, to ascend a precipice, one must advance slowly, stepping on the earth itself, (and not try to fly to it,) so also, in order to realise monistic truth, one must progress slowly through the dualistic world".

But not only does the Tantra Ṣhāstra necessarily reject the extreme monism of a Ṣhangkarāchārya, it is opposed also in one important point to the sources of the latter, the Upaniṣhads. Our author states with admirable courage this difference between the Veda and the Tantra (pp. 100 fll.). He says:

> The Tāntric Sādhaka, does not—in this unlike the Vaidik Sādhaka—see a hell in the Sangsāra. The hateful and hideous picture which the Vaidik Sādhaka has drawn of the Sangsāra, full as it is of wife, sons, friends, attendants, and other relations, is enough to create a revulsion in the mind of even an ordinary man.

The Tāntric Sādhakas "have discovered the play of the waves of Brahma-Bliss in this very Sangsāra"; they "move and yet remain unsoiled in the mud of worldly actions". It is particularly the attitude towards womanhood in which there is a vast difference between the Vedānta and the Tantra. Our author refers to it in the closing sentence of his second chapter in the words: "*The great subject of discussion between the Tantra and the Veda is the Mother.*" In the Vedānta woman is the most serious obstacle to Liberation; in the Tantra only through woman is Liberation possible. For woman is love, and love is self-abandonment which is the very condition of Liberation.

> The Tantraṣhāstra, therefore, holds that the *purusha* (male) side is the cause of the bondage consisting of attachment to the *sangsāra*, and that the *ṣhakti* (female) side is the cause of liberation or cessation of attachment to the *sangsāra* (p. 323).

And this is our author's explanation of that seemingly barbaric symbol of Shāktism, *viz.*, the image of the Devī subduing the Purusha under Her feet (*ibid.*). "In conformity, also, with these views we find that, according to the Tantra, alone of the great Ṣhāstras, a woman may be a spiritual teacher (Guru), and initiation by her achieves increased benefit" (A. Avalon's Preface, p. xviii).

Our author believes himself entitled to contradict the Veda in favour of the Tantra evidently because the Veda itself, in his opinion, acknowledges the authority of the Tantra Ṣhāstra. "We believe," he says (p. 111), "that no one is ignorant of the fact that a fundamental part of Tāntrik Sādhana is Shaṭchakrabheda. The first aphorism of the Shaṭchakrabheda comes from Upanishad itself"; and he refers to the seventh Mantra of Praṣhna Upanishad and to several of the Minor

Upanishads, and further, for " the processes dealt with in Tantra relative to killing, driving away, and so forth," to the Atharvaveda.

The fourth chapter deals with Mantras in general and with the Gāyatrī Mantra in particular. We learn, among other things, that " in every Mantra there are two Ṣhaktis—the Vāchya Ṣhakti and the Vāchaka Ṣhakti," the former being the Devatā who is the subject of the Mantra, and the latter the Devatā who is the Mantra itself. Mantras are not mere collections of words, which are " something gross," but are " full of consciousness "; they " awaken superhuman Ṣhakti "; and particularly in the Gāyatrī Mantra there is present " the great supersensual Mantraṣhakti which controls the Brahmāṇḍa ". As to the Gāyatrī Mantra, our author protests against the very common belief " that it is the Brahman without attribute who is the Devatā of the Gāyatrī, so that with the Gāyatrī Mantra only his attributeless aspect should be contemplated ". This, he says, is absurd, because one who is attributeless can never be made the subject, in contemplation or worship, of a mind with attributes.[1]

In the fifth chapter there is an interesting section 'On Formlessness and Form,' being essentially another attack against the Advaita Vedānta. It seems that the latter is made responsible for the fact that " in the various little religions of the nineteenth century Brahman and Īṣhvara have come to mean one and the same thing ". The author might have stated that at the root of the evil is the bad habit of the " adored great man Ṣhangkarāchārya " (p. 82) to use the word Īṣhvara for both the neuter and the masculine Brahman. There is a pathetic truth in his complaint that we (*i.e.*, the Hindus brought up by Advaitic schoolmasters) are ashamed of believing that " He took forms according to His own desire," " because on first entering school it dawned on us that 'Īṣhvara is formless and consciousness itself' ". The vulgarisation of Ṣhaṅkara's " Higher Science " which is by its nature an esoteric doctrine destined for a small minority, must be reckoned among the great calamities that have befallen India.

[1] It seems that A. Avalon has gone a little too far in rendering, in his translation of the Gāyatrī Mantra, (p. 137, n. 1) *bhargo* by " spirit " and *savitur* by " of the Divine Creator of the terrestrial, atmospheric, and celestial regions." " Begging-bowl," in the same chapter (p. 148, l. 21 and note 8), must be corrected to " water-pot." (*cf.* " Brahmā's Kamaṇḍalu," p. 232.)

For it has, in the language of the *Gītā*, induced many people to take to another's Dharma instead of to their own, the latter being the "Lower Science" (apara-vidyā) of the great Vedāntin, in which the personal Īṣhvara is the highest reality or, at any rate, not less real than the things with which we are concerned every day. To what a ridiculous haughtiness the modern adepts of Ṣhrī Shangkara's school are apt to let themselves be carried away, the writer of these lines had once occasion to learn when one of them spoke to him of the personal Īṣhvara as a "pitiable creature"!

In this chapter our author, in his zeal to save religion, goes so far as to condemn wholesale the six recognised systems of philosoply. He refers to Rāmaprasāda's saying of the six blind men who wrote books which they called Darṣhana ('sight, philosophy'), and he quotes the following from his own Gītāñjali: "These six systems of philosophy are a fearful sight. They are mere disputations, like the rumblings of clouds."

The next chapter entitled 'Worship of Devatās' is a defence of Deva worship against those (Advaitins and others) who believe that the karmakāṇḍa is intended only for the uncultured masses and not for the educated. If anybody says this, so we learn, he merely proves by it that "Bhagavān has not yet granted him the power to comprehend the deep and solemn truth relating to the worship of images of the Deity". Only for him there is no longer any necessity for worship and the like who "has become Brahman," *i.e.*, "who, even without *dhyāna* and the like, remains immersed in Brahma-bliss as naturally as he eats and sleeps".

There follow two chapters on the question 'What is Ṣhakti?' These are mainly engaged in combating an idea for which ultimately the Sāmkhya philosophy appears to be responsible, namely the idea that Ṣhakti is something unconscious. It is also denied (against certain Vaishnavas) that the Lord is the "owner of Ṣhakti" and Ṣhakti his "servitress," and further, that it is correct to speak of "the Ṣhakti of Ātmā". The latter is, indeed, often mentioned in the Ṣhāstra, "but in all such cases it is Ātmā alone which has really been spoken of". For, "that which is Ātmā is Ṣhakti, and that which is Ṣhakti

is Atmā". The author's conception of Ṣhakti may be gathered from the following passage:

Ṣhaktitattva is divided into two parts—first, *māyāṣhakti*, that is, Ṣhakti whose substance is guṇas; and second, *chitṣhakti*, which is above guṇas, and is massive bliss. By *māyāṣhakti* has this vast and variegated drama of sangsāra been composed. In this drama *chitṣhakti* appears as Purusha and Prakṛiti who, though free from all attachment in their real aspects, as Jīvas perform this vast Brahmāṇḍa play. Giving birth to all things from Brahmā, Vishṇu, and Maheṣhvara to the minutest insect, and spreading the manifestations of Herself both as gross and intelligent substance (*jaḍa* and *chaitanya*), She pervades the world.

The ninth chapter is entitled 'Ṣhiva and Ṣhakti,' which is a misleading title, as there is much more in it about Vishṇu than about Ṣhiva. The correct title would have been: 'The Trimūrti and Ṣhakti'; for the whole contents of the chapter may be said to be contained in the following sentence found on page 359:

In the creation, preservation, and destruction of the dualistic material world, the Purusha aspects of Ṣhakti are Brahmā, Vishṇu, and Maheṣhvara, and Her Prakṛiti aspects are Brahmāṇī, Vaishṇavī, and Maheṣhvarī.

That is to say: there is one primordial Ṣhakti (*ādyā ṣhakti, mahāṣhakti*) which manifests itself in three pairs of secondary Ṣhaktis. The Great Ṣhakti, then, corresponds to the neuter Brahman of Ṣhangkara's system, but there is this difference that She is "attributeless" only in the sense of "not attached to Her attributes" (p. 361).

To say, therefore, that she is attributeless is only to show one's ignorance. The manifestations of Ṣhakti in the forms of Devas, Dānavas, and men, signify nothing but the spread of attributes belonging to Her who holds the three guṇas.

Her real nature, however, is more manifest in the female than in the male form, and this is the reason why females are called Ṣhakti, and it also accounts for such passages as the one quoted on page 304 from Kubjikā Tantra, *viz.*:

Brahmāṇī creates, and not Brahmā. . . . Brahmā is undoubtedly a mere preta (dead person). Vaishṇavī preserves and not Vishṇu. . . . . Rudrāṇī destroys and not Rudra. . . . . .

The question remains why we hear in the Ṣhāstra so much more often of Vishṇumāyā and Mahāvaishṇavī than of Brahmāṇī and Rudrāṇī.

The reason for this is that from the commencement of creation to the time of Pralaya, Jīvas in this sangsāra are subject to the preservative Ṣhakti. The preservative Ṣhakti rests in Vishṇu, and the presiding Devī over the act of preservation is Vaishṇavī Ṣhakti or Vishṇumāyā.

Towards the end of the chapter there is a curious story narrating how the great Ṣhangkarāchārya became a worshipper of the Devī whom he had long refused to acknowledge. For the truth of the story our author refers to the fact that "we see the Yantra of Ṣhrī (the Devī) established wherever there are Maṭhas, temples, and the like, founded amongst such Daṇḍis (Samnyāsis) as are followers of Ṣhangkarāchārya".

The tenth and last chapter is of rather mixed contents instead of dealing mainly, as the title seems to promise, with the 'Worship of the Five Devatās'. We learn very little, indeed, about the latter, probably because this subject is reserved for the second volume. The system of fivefold initiation is not universal among Tāntrik Sādhakas, initiation into the Mantra of one Devatā only being compulsory with them, and there is always one Devatā, the Ishṭadevatā or favourite deity of the worshipper, to which the latter pays most attention. Initiation into any one Mantra entitles a Sādhaka to all Mantras; so that "the moment a Brāhmaṇa is initiated in the Gāyatrī Mantra, he becomes fundamentally entitled to the five forms of worship". But it is absolutely essential that his worship should follow neither the Vaidik, nor the Paurāṇic (or mixed), but the Tāntric method prescribed for the Kali Yuga.

O Ambikā, when the Kali Age is ripe, should anyone who knows the command of the Ṣhāstra issued from My mouth, perform any rite according to another Ṣhāstra, such a one will be guilty of a great sin.

The Gāyatrī mentions five Devatās, *viz.*, Brahmā, Vishṇu, Ṣhiva, Ṣhakti, and Sūrya; "of these the worship of Brahmā, in the Tāntric form, has been abolished by Devarshi Nārada's curse, and in the place of Brahmā the worship of Gaṇeṣha, who is an avatāra of Vishṇu, has been established".

The book closes with a short section on the 'Loss of Tantras and Treatises on this Scripture'. The author laments that "the store of medicines has been burnt before the appearance of the disease"; still he is able to enumerate some 300 names of works "of which we have information from original books and compilations on Tantra, and which formed a part of the mass of treatises which has now been almost destroyed". This list, though consisting of nothing but names, has some bibliographical value, as the compiler is undoubtedly a trustworthy person.

It remains to say a few words about Arthur Avalon's Introduction which occupies no less than 81 pages. This, like his Introduction to the translation of Mahānirvāṇatantra, is a very remarkable piece of work. It will be found to contain much general information welcome to all interested in oriental subjects. For instance, we find in it (on pp. xxxvii *et seq.*) a rather detailed summary of an article on the 'Antiquity of the Tantra' by Mahāmahopādhyāya Jādaveshvara Tarkaratna which appeared in a Bengālī magazine. The author of this article comes to the conclusion that the Tantra Shāstra is at least two thousand years old, but probably older, as there are, in his opinion, unmistakable references to it already in the Ṣhāntiparvan of the *Mahābhārata*. A. Avalon remarks, no doubt rightly, that the antiquity of the Tantra has been much under-estimated, though some of the Tantras (such as the Meru Tantra with a prophecy mentioning the *ingreja*="English" and *landra*=London) are of course quite modern. Another interesting contribution of the Introduction is what we read on (pp. lxiv *et seq.*) on the geographical distribution of the Tantras. Tradition assumes three regions called Vishṇukrānta, Rathakrānta, and Aṣhvakrānta (or Gajakrānta) respectively, and assigns to each of them 64 Tantras (enumerated on pp. lxv *et seq.*). Bengal is included in Vishṇukrānta, Nepāl in Rathakrānta, and South India in Aṣhvakrānta which, according to one source, extends as far as the island of Java. Still another instructive passage is on (pp. xxx *et seq.*) where we learn that there is a division of the Tantras into those of the "higher tradition" and those of the "lower tradition," to the former belonging Kāmikā, Dīpta, and others, to the latter Kāpāla, Bhairava, and others.

It is a pity that a bulky volume like this should have been allowed to go into the world without alphabetical indexes, the table of contents is so meagre that a subject-index was, indeed, badly needed. At least an index of quotations, in which the work is so rich, and of proper names, might have been easily added. Another drawback, to which we have already called attention on a former occasion, is Arthur Avalon's peculiar system of transliteration leading to inconsistencies like the one on page 384 (notes 6 to 8) where we read in the same line: Om, Ṣhring, Aing.

The value of the book is undeniable, as nothing like it has been so far available to the western student, and we hope that we have succeeded in interesting our readers sufficiently in it to look forward with pleasure to the second volume of the work (dealing specially with initiation and worship) which is now in the press.

F. O. S.

Reflections on the Problems of India, by Ardaser Sorabjee N. Wadia, B.A. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London and Toronto.)

The book is exceedingly well printed and bound, and has an excellent index. It covers some 160 pages but is very closely printed and so, though not bulky, contains a substantial amount of reading matter. So much for the material aspect of the work before us, of which nothing but good can be said.

The contents, however, cannot be so easily and briefly disposed of. In the first place, let us state that the book is good enough to warrant us in being frank and in saying many bad things of it; important enough for us to attack its defects strongly.

As the title indicates, and as the 'Epistle Dedicatory' points out with emphasis, the book only ventures to give *reflections* on the problems of India, not their solution. The author has kept himself strictly to this programme. The result is that the reader feels himself thoroughly shaken up, often thoroughly irritated, by these vigorous and critical reflections and does not clearly see what the net result is of it all. This is not, however, necessarily a fault in the book. A sleeper must first be awakened. Conversation may begin afterwards when he is thoroughly conscious again.

Four essays make up the subject-matter of the volume. They are on: 1. Elementary Education; 2. The Caste System; 3. Industrial Development and 4. The Political Future.

If we were to describe our general impression of the volume we would like to call it a mixture of wisdom and claptrap, held together partly by common sense and candour, and partly by superficial thinking and hasty generalisations. In fact there is much in the book that is very good and much that is very bad. In its method of construction we object to the oriental literary method followed in presenting an

interminable string of quotations in support or elaboration of the author's own thoughts. To a certain extent the work may be described as a book of literary and philosophical quotations on the problems under consideration, lightly strung together by the author's own reasonings. Take these quotations away and the book is reduced by a third in bulk and by two-thirds in authority ; but its readableness and simplicity would be perhaps doubled.

The general purport of the book may be gleaned from its concluding paragraphs: ".... I have denounced Elementary Education ....., I have upheld the caste system ....., I have condemned the Factorisation of India ....., I have railed against the fatuous schemes of *swarāj*." But all this, as he says, not because he loves India less, but because he has more at heart her progress along lines of reality than along lines of empty seeming. He claims "to be a Son and a Servant of India". Her welfare, regeneration, the fulfilment of her life-purpose and the happiness of her manhood constitute these realities and not such external shams as mass-education, the equality doctrine, industrialism and self-government, none of which change human nature nor conduce in themselves to happiness, contentment and peace.

The general trend of the author's reasoning is based on the western aristocratic school of thinkers like Nietzsche, Carlyle, Ruskin *e tutti quanti* who are all lavishly quoted. But these quotations are often recklessly handled and violently transposed from the soil in which they have naturally sprung, into the alien field of Indian civilisation. Supermanism and anti-democracy are natural reactions in Europe; transplanted to India they change in value as the action which produced them in the West has not yet arisen there. They would in this country, be like antidotes administered to a person who had not yet been poisoned.

It is precisely on this point that the Author vitiates the whole of his argument. His fundamental standpoint is that India shall regenerate herself along lines of innate, natural, spontaneous action and growth. This is a legitimate point of view. The East is East; let her remain so. No westernisation of India, but natural, or if you prefer it, cultural self-development! But the author pleads this ideal in a book which is undiluted, pure, distilled westernity. Even his

defence of caste is a western, not an eastern, defence. The author demands from India eastern conduct, guided and ruled by western arguments. The curious thing is that he has not found this out himself.

In spite of all this there is very much in the book which is quite worth reading and thinking over. It is in no sense a bad book, and it is at all events strong and vigorous and able. In places it irritates and thereby stimulates, in other places it criticises neatly and forcibly, in still other places it traces drawbacks and expresses doubts which furnish valuable sign-posts of warning. So there is much in the work with which we agree and much with which we disagree, but that the book itself is a valuable contribution to the literature about India is incontestable. All those interested in the questions of the hour in this great country should certainly study it.

J. v. M.

In the Outer Court, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

Our readers will welcome a new edition of Mrs. Besant's well-known work, which consists of the verbatim report of five lectures delivered in London during the summer of 1895. In some respects this is one of the most inspiring of Mrs. Besant's books, for herein she traces in language poetical and beautiful the qualifications necessary for the aspirant to pass from the 'Outer Court' within the portals of the very 'Temple' itself. Much has to be accomplished within the 'Outer Court,' but the difficulties outlined, though clearly put, are so well explained and so sympathetically treated, that the reader feels encouraged instead of disheartened, and longs to climb the Mountain—to use the author's own imagery—by the shorter path, instead of taking the easier but far longer way. 'Purification,' 'Thought Control,' 'The Building of Character,' 'Spiritual Alchemy,' 'On the Threshold,' are the subjects dealt with. We are told how more and more light comes to us as we are winning nearer the goal.

They who tread it know the peace that passeth understanding, the joy that earthly sorrow can never take away, the rest that is on the rock that no earthquake may shiver, the peace within the Temple where for ever there is bliss.

To those who have not already had the good fortune to read *In the Outer Court*, we can safely promise a book which must surely inspire and make its appeal.

T. L. C.

The Science of Human Behaviour, by Maurice Parmelee, Ph. D. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price 8s. 6d.)

"This book," in the words of the author, "furnishes a basis for the study of the more complex human, mental, and social phenomena," and it is certainly a careful and painstaking attempt to trace volitional action back to its origin in the mobility and plasticity of organic matter. In effect, it is a detailed application of the Herbartian theories of apperception and interest to all phenomena which present themselves to the human senses. For instance the writer defines intelligent behaviour as, "behaviour varied in response to experience". Thus, the exact scientist and the abstract psychologist meet on common ground.

The writer also keeps in view always, the important fact that, while function may determine structure; in action, function is always modified by the limitations of structure, as such, and there can be no clearer example of the truth of this, than the paradoxical position of man in society. He is much weaker, individually, and comparatively, than the animals that prey upon him, yet collectively he lords it over creation.

Altogether the book is a very valuable contribution to the science of sociology.

H. R. G.

The New Realism: Co-operative Studies in Philosophy, by Edwin B. Holt, Walter T. Marvin, W. P. Montague, Ralph B. Perry, W. B. Pitkin and E. G. Spaulding. (The Macmillan Co., New York, 1912.)

The "six realists," who are responsible for this book, give the opinions they hold in common in the first essay and then each in turn presents his more particular way of regarding the subject. An appendix gives their programme and first platform. We thus gain an unusually all-round view of the subject, and many individual points, which are of value in clearing our thought. The book is not one for the many; but

a certain type of mind will find pleasure in its arguments which its authors intend to serve as an up-to-date basis for future discussion. The scrupulous choice of words is naturally insisted upon as a moral necessity before thoughtful men can understand each other and Hobbe's quaint but important phrase is quoted: "The light of human minds is perspicuous words, but by exact definitions first snuffed and purged from all ambiguities." Yet the most definitely used words are merely halting places to mark the thought of a certain period, for as evolution advances each surge of fresh thought, or of scientific research, enriches the content of the sign or word and new words are daily born—exact or indefinite according to the happy or distorted unions that conceived them. Until words have become superfluous and mind answers direct to mind, scholarship, in the sense of a study of the existing terms of a subject, will ever be necessary.

"If realism concludes, as it does, that the knower himself may, in the great majority of cases, be disregarded and the object be explained in its own terms, it is only after due consideration of the matter" (page 41). The plain statement of our authors' new realism is useful as a counterpoise to the extreme idealist view, but we live in the hope that advance in thought will show the two views merely as two aspects of a reality which we are not yet able to grasp sufficiently to formulate.

A. J. W.

Modern English Speeches and Addresses, edited by J. G. Jennings, M.A. (OXON). (Longmans Green & Co., London.)

The compiler of the above, says in the preface that his chief aim is to present to 'foreign' readers specimens of English as it is spoken now. That aim is achieved, but apart from a characteristically pleasant chat by Lord Avebury on 'The Study of Nature,' and an address by Lord Morley on 'Aphorisms,' there is, otherwise, little worthy of preservation.

H. R. G.

SUPPLEMENT TO

THE THEOSOPHIST

VOTING RESULT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL RE-ELECTION

THE total number of recorded votes for the re-election of Mrs. Annie Besant as President of the Theosophical Society up to the evening of 5th July 1914 was 16,611 in favour, 235 against and 37 invalid.

Russia and Bohemia were late in sending their voting result. Russia voted 220 in favour, 3 against, 11 invalid and 15 neutral. Bohemia voted unanimously in favour, *viz.*, 152, hence the grand total comes to 16,983 in favour, 238 against, 48 invalid and 15 neutral, while about 3,970 did not vote: in other words, counting the percentage, 79·9 in favour, 1·12 against, 18·98 invalid, neutral and those who did not vote.

Thus an overwhelming majority re-elected Mrs. Annie Besant as President of the Theosophical Society for a term of seven years from 6th July 1914.

The details of votes of different National Societies are as follows :

Entitled to vote.	National Societies.	For.	Against.	Did not vote.	Remarks.	Per cent voted.
3,911	America ...	3,309	44	543	15 neutral.	85·75
2,280	England and Wales	1,545	9	724	2 invalid, spoiled papers.	68
5,674	India	4,613	70	991	...	82·5
1,162	Australia ...	896	6	260	...	77
560	Scandinavia ...	550	3	7	...	98·75
540	New Zealand...	535	5	...	...	100
1,096	The Netherlands	729	49	302	16 of no value.	72·4
1,327	France ...	1,092	18	204	13 invalid.	84·6
296	Italy	206	7	83	...	72
201	Germany ...	191	...	10	...	95
743	Cuba	612	2	129	...	82·6
85	Hungary ...	84	...	...	1 for another person.	nearly 100
518	Finland ...	377	...	141	...	72·8
234	Russia ...	220	3	...	11 invalid. Arrived late 10-7-14	100
152	Bohemia ...	152	...	...	Arrived late 11-7-14.	100
239	South Africa...	142	...	97	...	59·4
274	Scotland ...	272	2	...	...	100
188	Switzerland ...	158	...	30	...	84
154	Belgium ...	116	12	21	5 invalid.	86·2
552	Dutch East Indies	378	...	174	...	68·4
158	Burma ...	116	1	41	...	72·6
101	Austria ...	101	...	...	...	100
201	Norway ...	152	...	49	...	75·6
	Non-Sectionalised:					
290	South America.	162	3	125	...	57
37	Bulgaria ...	36	1	...	...	100
153	Spain	140	2	11	...	92·8
25	Ireland ...	14	1	10	...	60
19	Adyar of Belgium	17	...	2	...	nearly 90

Entitled to vote.	National Societies.	For.	Against.	Did not vote.	Remarks.	Per cent voted.
	Non-Sectionalised:—(*Cont.*)					
6	Cairo	6	...	...	...	100
2	Singapore ...	2	...	...	...	100
20	Lagos	20	...	...	...	100
3	Helsingfors ...	3	...	...	...	100
53	Unattached Members	37	...	16	...	70
21,254	Grand Total ...	16,983	238	3,970 (4,033)	63 invalid.	...

ADYAR,
14*th July*, 1914

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th June, 1914, to 10th July, 1914, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
The Hope Lodge, Lagos, T.S. Fees of New Members, £2-5-9	34	5	0
The Hope Lodge, Lagos, Charter Fee, £1-0-0 ...	15	0	0

DONATIONS

Mr. Raj Rana Dulbey Singhji of Badi Sadhri, Udaipur, Mewar	25	0	0
Mr. Raj Rana Dulbey Singhji of Badi Sadhri, Udaipur Mewar, for Adyar Library	25	0	0
Mr. A. Ostermann, Colmar, for Adyar Library, ...	14,554	12	0

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. A. Ostermann, Colmar, for Adyar Library Building Fund	40,421	0	9
	Rs. 55,075	1	9

J. R. ARIA,
Ag. Hon. Treasurer, T.S.

ADYAR, 10*th July*, 1914.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th June, 1914, to 10th July, 1914, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Blavatsky Lodge, T.S., Bombay, towards Food Fund	30	0	0
	Rs. 30	0	0

J. R. ARIA,
Ag. Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 10*th July*, 1914.

ADYAR LIBRARY

The Adyar Library has been enriched with two valuable books, presented to it by Messrs. T. L. Crombie and P. S. Jackson respectively. Both works are Tibetan block prints and are of special value on account of their clear print and consequent great legibility.

The first is the famous *Manikambum* of which copies are by no means common and the other is a copy of Padmasambhava's biography which is somewhat better known, though still a most desirable addition to our collection.

To both generous donors our heartiest thanks.

ADYAR,
July 1914.

JOHAN VAN MANEN,
Assistant Director

Printer: Annie Besant: Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras.
Publishers: The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, AUGUST 1914

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of July :—

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THE THEOSOPHIST

VOL. XXXV (AUGUST) No. 11

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(In Connection with Theosophical Conceptions Concerning their exterior form.)

By A. C. DE JONGH (*Mining Engineer*)

NOTE: We regret that owing to some unknown reason no copies of *Bibby's Annual* for 1914 have come to hand.

THE VASANTA PRESS, ADYAR, MADRAS.

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