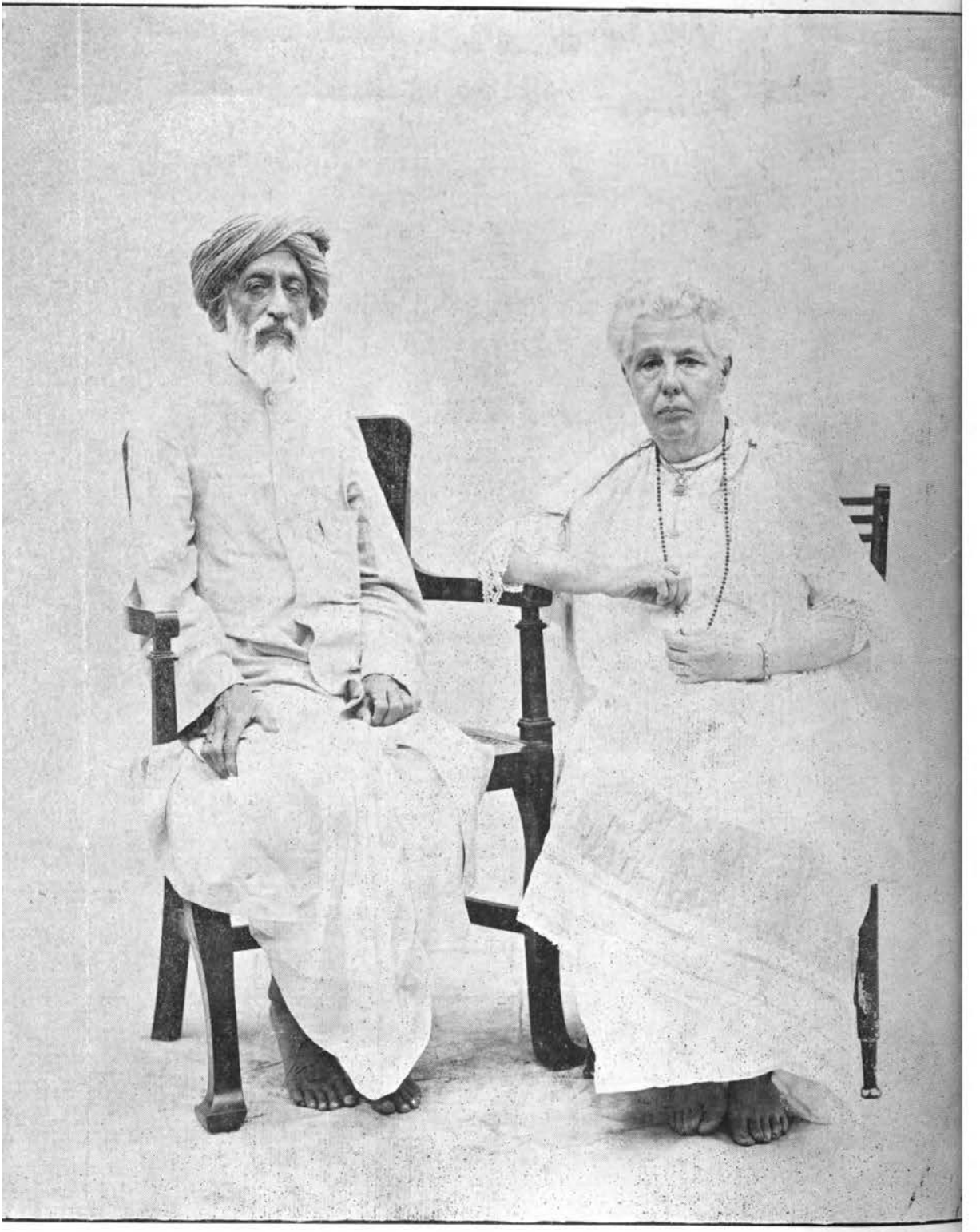

MRS. BESANT AND SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER

VOL. XXXIX No. 2

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

LAST June, as usual, I wrote the Watch-Tower notes. Then, suddenly, the Madras Government, misled by false information and forced on by Anglo-Indian pressure, used against me and against my colleagues, B. P. Wadia and G. S. Arundale, the War measure called the Defence of India Act, and incarcerated us at Ootacamund. It was a strange and painful experience, but one that I am glad to have passed through, though at one time it seemed doubtful whether I should survive it. No one who has not been through the experience can realise its intolerable nature, the constant humiliations from officials, the sense of helplessness while slanders are freely circulated, letters and telegrams stopped and information withheld. It is a modern form of bull-baiting, the bull being safely tied down. Some day, I may tell the story, but at present nothing matters save the winning of liberty for India.

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Now, in our November issue, I can again write to friends all the world over, and I offer my grateful thanks not only to the Indian people, who stood by us so nobly, but also to the British friends, who knew me too well to believe that I had done aught unconstitutional or violent, and who met the statements made with entire unbelief. The internments have done for Home Rule in India what I could not have done in ten years, for it has become the religion of the masses, the great merchant class is accepting it, and the women of India have made its cause their own. Who could have imagined a year ago that Indian ladies in Madras would walk in procession to one of the temples—when men's processions were forbidden—to pray for our release; or that 3,000 women of all castes would join in welcoming me after I was freed, with enthusiasm as great as that of the men ?

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The same phenomena of the embracing of the cause of Home Rule by the merchants and by the women have appeared in all the great cities, and the addition of these and of the village populations to the English-educated class, who had previously occupied the political field, has changed the whole face of India. The Bishop of Calcutta voiced the general feeling when he declared that it would be hypocrisy for England to pray to God for victory over autocracy in Europe, and to maintain autocracy in India.

***

I am glad to find that my letter to the Madras Government that Mr. Chamberlain so totally misrepresented in the House of Commons, making me say the

exact opposite of what I said, is approved by British Theosophists. They realise that we must stand for the liberty of *all*, and not for our own liberty only. That was the spirit of our H. P. B., and "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty".

***

My election as President of the National Congress for the coming year gives me, I frankly say, great satisfaction, for it is the endorsement by India of the great Home Rule campaign, and the proof that India stands by her own, when their service to her has brought on them the anger of the Government. It is just this touch of virile independence that was needed to make Great Britain feel that India was in earnest, and was worthy to be a member of her free Commonwealth of Nations.

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Dr. Farquhar, the prejudiced and unfair writer of *Modern Religious Movements in India,* is once more at his irreligious work of slandering Theosophy, this time in a paper called *The Challenge*, in its issue of August 10th, 1917. It came to me as a cutting, but only now am I free to notice it. The article is on our revered Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, and revives all the old libels, often refuted, against that noble woman. He quotes the shameful book of the Russian, V. S. Solovyoff, translated by Mr. Walter Leaf, as "the one book in existence which gives a vivid and trustworthy account of the lady". Needless to say that he does not mention the crushing answer to the attack by Mme. Blavatsky's sister, and the utter discredit which fell on the assailant in his own land.

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Dr. Farquhar next proceeds to retail the attack of the Psychical Research Society, written by Mr. Richard Hodgson, who, visiting Adyar after the accusations brought by the Coulombs had been thoroughly investigated and disproved, published an account with diagrams supposed to be drawn from facts, whereas they were drawn on the disproved statements of the Coulombs. Dr. Farquhar states that Mr. Hodgson's report " is unanswered and unanswerable ". It has been fully answered, both at the time and later, but this trifling fact is omitted. Nor does Dr. Farquhar tell us that Dr. Hodgson stated openly, after his Mrs. Piper experiments, that had he known at the time what he had learned since, he would never have written the report. At the time he tried to investigate " the psychic phenomena of Mme. Blavatsky" he was merely a conceited young man, sure that his ignorance was more reliable than her knowledge. Dr. Farquhar adds the obvious falsehood that " a law-suit was started in Madras," in consequence of which " Madame Blavatsky and all her closest associates in the ' phenomena ' fled from Madras, never to return "! We were under the impression that Colonel Olcott, her closest associate, lived in Adyar and died there in 1907. Coleman's work is next mentioned, and Dr. Farquhar then says :

> The scholars of the world recognise in the fullest way possible that the work of the three writers on Madame Blavatsky is conclusive. There can be no answer to it. So universal is this recognition, and so complete is the contempt of thinking men for Theosophic literature that it is almost impossible to get them to touch a Theosophic book.

Dr. Farquhar's circle must be extraordinarily limited if he is not consciously saying here the reverse of truth. By the way, Dr. Farquhar contradicts himself, for after saying that Mr. Hodgson was never answered, he

says that I wrote "a most shameful document" in answer to it, and then gives as the answer a pamphlet of mine other than the answer I wrote. It is easy for a man like Dr. Farquhar to slander a dead woman, dead these 26 years; but the Theosophical Society is her best defence, and the name of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky will live when her slanderers are forgotten. Such men as Dr. Farquhar do a terrible disservice to Christianity, for they shew the old persecuting spirit of the Churches, which tortured and hunted heretics while they were living, and defamed them when they were dead.

***

The great work done by the Theosophical Society for Education is becoming more and more widespread. The Theosophical Educational Trust in India has added a third College to its list, this time in Sindh. Mr. Ernest Wood, the Secretary, opened it on October 1st, amid great rejoicings, the people of Hyderabad having collected Rs. 70,000 for it in a few weeks, and a building being placed at its disposal free of rent for two years. A strong Committee has been formed to collect subscriptions, so as to place it on a solid foundation.

***

Miss Arundale's splendid work for Women's Education at Benares is going forward rapidly; I opened the new School buildings on October 8th, and visited the College and the beautiful Boarding House, which has lately been added by purchase for Rs. 25,000. Miss Browning, M.A., the Principal of the College, has returned to work, but it is, unhappily, doubtful whether she will be able to bear the hot climate after the winter season.

***

Our Girls' School at Coimbatore, under Miss Noble, now has a roll of 370 girls, and is in sore need of a new building. A good site has been found, and as Miss Noble is very popular, it is hoped that the townspeople will raise a suitable building, as is being done at Kumbhakonam for our Girls' School there. Miss Parsons, a late Government Inspector of Girls' Schools, is the Principal, and Miss Codd lends her efficient assistance. Our great difficulty lies in finding Indian lady teachers, but it is a decreasing difficulty, as Women's Education spreads.

***

A very interesting departure in village education has been made by some students of Madanapalle College and High School, members of the Servants of the Star, led by their Secretary, D. Rajagopalacharya. The first school was started in a neighbouring village in November, 1916. Three schools are now at work, and two more are projected. On the two first, the Krishna Night School and the Vasanta Night School, the report of the Inspector ran:

> I was very glad to see this little school which is conducted by the students of the Madanapalle Theosophical College as a labour of love. A new, well ventilated building for the school, the funds for which were collected by one of the students, is springing up close by. These young workers have set an example which many of the older generation may well copy. All honour to them for their disinterested work.

The building has since been opened by Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa, and the occasion was one of great rejoicing among the villagers. I may add that the College and School work does not suffer by the lads' labour outside their studies, for the Examination results were very good. I wish that all schools would spread

light round them in a fashion similar to that of Madanapalle, and thus develop character among the students as well as train their intelligence.

***

A very faithful worker has passed to his rest—Dr. English, who has lived here at Adyar for the last twenty-two years. He had reached the ripe age of eighty-three, and had not been able to do much for the last few years, though always eager to help. His heart gradually weakened, and finally dropsy set in. His wife passed over on the voyage from America, when he first joined the work in the East, but he leaves a daughter; the love between them was a very beautiful thing, and they were all in all to each other. But she is a good Theosophist, and feels, not only professes, that death cannot really separate those who love each other. A tie so strong cannot be broken, and they will return together for work in the great cause. We shall all miss his familiar figure, but none can wish that the final sufferings should have been prolonged. He is with the Master he loved and served, and all is very well with him.

***

The Theosophical Convention this year will be held in Calcutta, and the four Convention lectures will be delivered by Messrs. Jinarājadāsa, Arundale, Wadia, and, I hope, Mr. Justice Sadasivier. My address as President of the Theosophical Society, will be delivered on the morning of Dec. 30th. The meeting of the Governing Body of the Society for the Promotion of National Education will probably be held on Dec. 31st.

***

Mr. Jinarājadāsa has unearthed the following old poem of mine, and it may interest some of the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST. It must have been written in 1873.

Never yet has been broken
The silence eternal;
Never yet has been spoken
In accents supernal
God's thought of Himself.

We grope in our blindness,
The darkness enfolds Him:
O fatherly kindness!
That he who beholds Him
May see with the soul.

Still the veil is unriven
That hides the All-holy:
Still no token is given
That satisfies wholly
The cravings of man.

But unhasting advances
The march of the ages,
The truth-seekers' glances
Unrolling the pages
Of God's revelation.

Impatience unheeding,
Time, slowly revolving,
Unresting, unspeeding,
Is ever evolving
Fresh truth about God.

Human speech has not broken
The stillness supernal,
Yet there ever is spoken,
Through silence eternal,
With growing distinctness
God's thought of Himself.

***

I have only just heard of the death of my dear old friend Alan Leo, and, as we go to press, I pen a hasty line of sorrow, and of sympathy with his devoted wife. I shall return to this next month.

THE PRESIDENT'S FUND

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE T.S.

There are thousands of members all over the world who follow with sympathy and admiration all the activities of Mrs. Besant, because they are utterly convinced that all her energies are consecrated to the service of God and Humanity, and that all her many activities are guided by a clear and sure plan of realisation. These members gain from her heroism and unflagging enthusiasm courage for the performance of duty in their own lives; they are therefore eager in every way to help her so that she may do her work as swiftly and as efficiently as she desires. They know that with her all work is holy, and that if while President of the T.S. she is just now active in the political field, it is because she can serve best the world with her gift of spirituality in the domain of politics.

Mrs. Besant has been elected President of the Indian National Congress for the coming year; she will enter upon her office at the next session of the Congress at Calcutta on December 27th-29th. After the session of the Congress, during the year she is its President, there awaits her heavy work, especially of travel; her usefulness will certainly be curtailed if, owing to lack

of funds, she is unable to travel as she desires. Already the work is very heavy, and Mr. G. S. Arundale has become her Private Secretary, and the work will increase month by month, necessitating additional helpers. Her own means, derived from the sale of her books, cannot provide for the expenses of travel for herself and her secretary and assistants.

I wish therefore to start a Fund to be known as "The President's Fund," and request all who desire to contribute to it to send their contributions to me direct. I shall acknowledge each contribution directly to the donor, but no lists will be published.

The contributors to this Fund will of course ask from Mrs. Besant no account whatsoever as to its use: though primarily the Fund is to help her in her travelling expenses, she will be at liberty to use the Fund at her discretion in other ways also.

C. JINARAJADASA,

Theosophical Society,

Adyar, Madras.

(*Note.*—Contributions from outside India should wherever possible be by Post Office Money Order, as there is great difficulty in cashing cheques or drafts just now, owing to restrictions on exchange.)

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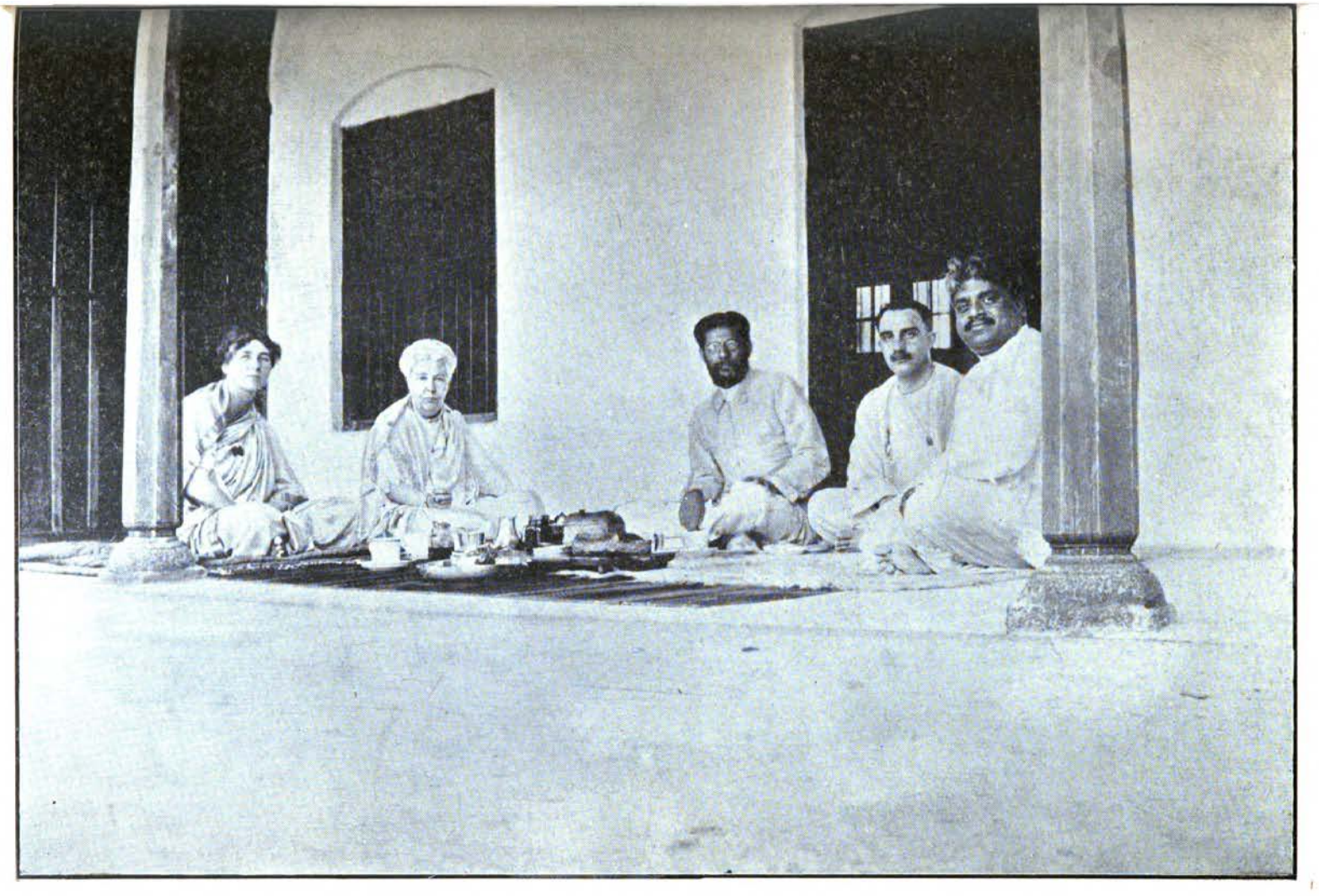

CHOTA HAZRI AT COIMBATORE

The President, Mr. Wadia and Mr. Arundale

At the sides, Mrs. Jinarājadāsa and Mr. Samant (Photo taken by Mr. Jinarājadāsa).

THEOSOPHY AND EDUCATION

By G. S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B.

(Concluded from Vol. XXXVIII, Part II, p. 259)

THEOSOPHY says something more that is very important. It marks out the different periods of unfoldment. It says, to start with, that the first period is from the age of one to the age of seven. Most educational authorities will say from one to six or from one to five; a few people say one to seven. The Theosophist says that primary education should begin at the age of seven years. I do not mean to say that there is no education before seven: I mean that up to seven there is one type of education, beyond

seven another type of education. From one to seven, says the Theosophist, is the period of self-discovery. The young creature (I cannot say the ego, because the ego is not really down in the physical body yet; it is really the elemental who is in charge and who represents the ego at this stage) of the self-discovery period typifies the race; at this period the child recapitulates the racial characteristics, running through, in his pre-natal period, the earlier non-human stages. Herbert Spencer says that the child goes through that which the race has gone through, and that what has to be done at this period is to make the child a good animal. Quite truly so, says the Theosophist; we do not for the moment want to make him a genius or a saint—we want to make him a good animal. This simply means that his body must show forth the best of the animal characteristics, whatever these may be.

From the age of seven to fourteen the ego picks up tendencies, and needs a general education. We do not want him to specialise between these ages, but merely to acquire the general principles of things on a very small scale. In that period the family is typified, and if you will read Mrs. Besant's writings you will see that she emphasises that in this period the individual acquires the family virtues, in this period the foundations of the family virtues have to be laid. That must be done either in the family itself, or else the school must be such a family, and be so permeated with the family spirit that the principles of family life may be strengthened. From fourteen to twenty-one there should be the development, not of general principles, but of self-expression, and hence this interval should be devoted to the beginnings of specialisation. A youth

should be given opportunities to show himself (or herself) for what he is, for he is now the individual. He becomes aggressive, very often unpleasantly so, he becomes self-assertive, dogmatic. All that means that he is trying to find out his special characteristic; the ego is trying to see what kind of service is to be his special contribution to carry him on in the world from the second expansion of consciousness to the third. And so the individual is then dominant.

We might divide up the period after twenty-one as follows: from twenty-one to thirty-five, devoted to citizenship and to the family. A man has to support his family, it is his duty to do that, and he has his duty as a citizen as well. From thirty-five to forty-nine is the next period, and in it citizenship is more important even than the family. Children are beginning to grow up; they are beginning to be able to take some of the burdens of the family from the shoulders of the elders. So that at this stage citizenship is even more important than the family. Then from forty-nine he becomes, as it were, a Sannyāsin. He does not lose touch with the world; his family ties cease to be binding, but to the citizenship quality you add the race quality. The man of fifty ought not merely to love his country, he ought also to begin to reach the stage when he is beginning to love the world as well. Some ought, perhaps, to be able to reach that stage earlier, but at least the man of fifty ought to realise that not only does he owe special service to the country to which he belongs, but that he has a duty to humanity at large. And then comes the final stage of all, when the individual owes no special duty to his country, but belongs to the world, symbolising the time when the individual

shall have passed through that third great expansion of consciousness, when he talks of "Our world". He has given himself up for the world, and that has to be symbolised in the lives which we try to make our citizens lead. That is, roughly, something of what we can say with regard to the natal period.

The post-mortem period is very important, because the pre-natal training and the natal training will influence enormously the road that the individual will take after death. The period he will pass in the heaven world depends on the training which he has received in the various periods I have enumerated. Entirely apart from this question of the heaven world, however, there is another question, we are told: the question as to what particular service that child, that youth, that individual has to render, of the specialisation he is taking up.

Think of the Hierarchy: each member must show that he is a specialist in service. The condition of admission to the higher ranks of the Brotherhood is that one shall be a specialist in service along some special line; in the lowest ranks, that one should recognise a certain speciality which is to be developed. Now, each one of you has some special service to render to the world, something no other individual can render. There is something that you can give to the world; and it is the business of the teacher to help you to try and find that out. The ego, the mother and father, the elemental (during the first seven natal years) and the teacher, they form a little committee. The elemental drops out after the age of seven; but the mother and father and the teacher should never drop out. Indeed, as far as regards the teacher, he represents the Master, and the Master

never drops out. But there is always that little committee that ought to know what to do in order to help.

Then there is the child more or less as he is. I said a little earlier that it was an expansion of consciousness which marked the growth of the ego from the beginning of the human kingdom right to the beginning of the super-human kingdom, and I should like to show you how you can bring out that expansion of consciousness, how you can bring about an initiation in a little child. You know how the Theosophist looks forward to Initiation; how he feels that there is to be given him an added power, capacity and strength for service; it is the goal for those who know what Initiation is. But there are intermediate stages, and I shall read to you a little description of an initiation in writing. I do not imagine Madame Montessori knows much about Initiation, but at least she knows what an initiation is to a little child, and if every physical plane teacher could bring his children to this stage, he would be doing incalculable service:

One beautiful December day, when the sun shone and the air was like Spring, I went up on the roof with the children. They were playing freely about, and a number of them were gathered about me. I was sitting near a chimney, and said to a little five-year-old boy who sat beside me: "Draw me a picture of this chimney," giving him as I spoke a piece of chalk. He got down obediently and made a rough sketch of the chimney on the tiles which formed the floor of this roof terrace. As is my custom with little children, I encouraged him, praising his work. The child looked at me, smiled, remained for a moment as if on the point of bursting into some joyous act, and then cried out: "I can write! I can write!" and kneeling down again he wrote on the pavement the word "hand". Then, full of enthusiasm, he wrote also "chimney," "roof". As he wrote, he continued to cry out: "I can write! I know how to write!" His cries of joy brought the other children, who formed a circle about him, looking down

at his work in stupified amazement. Two or three of them said to me, trembling with excitement: "Give me the chalk. I can write too." And indeed they began to write various words: mamma, hand, John, chimney, Ada.

Not one of them had ever taken chalk or any other instrument in hand for the purpose of writing. It was the *first time* that they had ever written, and they traced an entire word, as a child, when speaking for the first time, speaks the entire word.

That is a regular physical initiation. The teacher, in the moment of that enthusiasm, when that expansion is taking place, should try to explain to the child just why he is doing what he does. He should explain, for example, for what purpose the child should write—that service may be done through writing. Similarly there are initiations through arithmetic, through geography. A child's life must be a series of small, tentative initiations, typifying the spirit-tone of the real Initiation, leading up to it gradually, so that when the individual comes to the First Great Initiation he flashes into the buḍḍhic plane and says to himself in an ecstasy: "I am one with everything." He may then recognise that this flash of enthusiasm, when he has realised himself as one with Nature, is the direct result of those smaller initiations which have been taking place time after time, life after life, repeated one after another in various lives until they are unified in the First Great Initiation itself. It is for such constant expansions of consciousness that all teachers should look; the small expansions at short intervals for the young child; bigger expansions at greater intervals for the older child.

It is important to remember that this episode described by Madame Montessori, though in some senses the result of training, is far more an

entry into a new world. The child has entered the world of writing. He knows he can write. He has recognised, with a burst of joy, a capacity of whose existence he has hitherto been unaware, and it becomes now his happiness to express the new power in an infinite variety of ever-increasingly perfect forms. We are told that when an individual reaches the first of the great Initiations, he becomes aware of a new power. True, through many lives he has been gradually preparing to learn to wield that power, but the power comes to him as in a flash, and the important fact to remember is that between the First and the Second of the great Initiations it is his business to learn to express to the satisfaction of the Masters the new power entrusted to him.

If I may be permitted an illustration from the War, troops are carefully prepared for a great push. The land is surveyed, and all obstacles removed which are capable of being got rid of. Then comes the time for the rush to the enemy's trenches. Step by step the men have to tread the intervening ground, but while, from the standpoint of the private soldier, the triumph consists in occupying the enemy's trench, from the standpoint of the General the positions won have to be consolidated before a further advance can be made. All that the new position means must be made effective as against the enemy. Then comes the time for another rush forward, and this in its turn is made possible by the extent to which the strength of the earlier position has been utilised to the full. Such a process is going on all the time, in every phase of life, and it is the basis of education. Our business is to lead the child almost unconsciously to know himself and his

powers, and, out of the abundant joy with which he recognises a new faculty, to give him courage to persevere step by step until that faculty has been completely controlled. The young Initiate experiences a moment of supreme joy as, for the first time, he realises a certain aspect of the Unity. He determines that he will make that Unity a living reality, and the struggle in the lower worlds becomes possible because a sense of the joy he experienced ever abides with him.

This, in the earlier stages, is the way in which Theosophy would modify the existing educational process. Madame Montessori has grasped this reality, and has applied it to the education of young children, but it needs application in all stages of education, and if it were applied, would help maturity to retain the enthusiasm of youth. Such expansions of consciousness are taking place more frequently than we know, and, indeed, in the most varied conditions of life. To many, entry into the Theosophical Society is a very definite expansion of consciousness, which they feel has to be filled in by living as far as may be the Theosophic life. Everywhere expansions of consciousness are taking place. The duty of the ordinary teacher is to recognise their value, while the duty of the Theosophic teacher is to relate them to the major expansions of consciousness to which each one of them is leading. Life is, indeed, but a series of minor expansions of consciousness followed by innumerable fillings in. A field may have been bought, but it has to be ploughed, and seeds sown in it, before its true value can come to its owner. Similarly, the Montessori child who cries: "I can write, I can write," has yet to use his writing power in the service of the world. The expansion of consciousness

connoted by the cry has yet to be completed in the service.

From the increased sense of capacity thus consciously felt, the child gains courage to build onwards to the next stage. But it is obvious that for little children there must be a number of small expansions of consciousness, not too far apart; though as instruction proceeds, the period of preparation for the ensuing expansion of consciousness must gradually be lengthened by causing the pupil to understand how much there is to fill in. The young child must not have too much to fill in. Encouragement means, therefore, the arrangement of training so that the pupil may come upon an expansion of consciousness at the appropriate time. In the very early stages of childhood, part of the duty of the teacher is to draw the attention of the child to that which otherwise he might not recognise as an expansion of consciousness at all. That is the principle underlying the idea of praise as a necessary concomitant to the earlier stages of growth. The teacher should realise that his or her praise is nothing more nor less than the recognition from the outer world, for the sake of the lower bodies living in that world, of an expansion of consciousness the ego himself appreciates but which appreciation he may not necessarily be able to convey to his lower vehicles.

In other words, it is the business of the Theosophic teacher to associate himself with and to cooperate with the ego. The ego needs an ambassador down here, and the ambassador should be the teacher. It is the ambassador's duty to find out what the ego really wants, and to help the child, the ego's machinery, to satisfy its master. It is as if the

ego were saying to the teacher : " I do wish you would help me with my vehicles. You see, I have had to plunge them into a world in which I find it rather difficult to control them. I had to send them there because even those worlds are reflections of the Divine, so I had to know all about them. I also had to run the risk of their getting into difficulties. But I should be infinitely obliged if you, who have got hold of your vehicles, having had them more years in the outer world than I have had mine, would just lend a helping hand. Your vehicles have gone through the stage through which mine are going now, and I should be much obliged if you would help me as far as you can ; only, please do not try to take my place. Remember that my vehicles have their own ego. Your ego must not follow that vehicle-grabbing policy which so many teachers adopt in the present day."

We must never forget that, from the Theosophic standpoint, the young children we see around us have but recently left the heaven world. If we could only realise it, many of them have, probably, a memory of that heaven world which, though in the subliminal region of consciousness, still, to a certain extent, influences the waking life, and might, at all events in exceptional cases, be brought within the region of waking memory. Now, the heaven world may be looked upon as in some way a continuous expansion of consciousness. In that world great ideals and great ambitions are experienced as actualities, and their grandeur and beauty make the egos want to come back into the lower worlds, realising that in the experiences in the lower worlds are to be sought the foundations of the realities they have in the heaven world been unable

to hold. The picture is glorious and real while it lasts, but sooner or later it begins to fade, and they learn that only in the lower worlds is to be found that wonderful secret which shall produce pictures imperishable. But the very beauty of the pictures makes it worth while to come again into the outer world. And the Theosophic teacher, when he is looking at these little children, must realise why he sees them round him.

They have just come from that heaven world, and they have come for a special purpose. It will take them many lives to accomplish that purpose, but the purpose is clear; and they need to be helped to bear the purpose in mind, since it is so easy to imagine that the means are more real than the goal. The child is in the midst of those objects of the senses whereby the goal is to be reached. And there is the inevitable tendency to imagine that perhaps the objects of the senses themselves *are* the goal. The teacher must ever remember that he stands to emphasise the permanent amidst the impermanent. The child comes into a world full of objects of the senses, and his tendency is inevitably to limit himself to form. There are so many objects of the senses, that he desires continuously to be rushing from one to another. The objects of the senses have their value, are indispensable to growth, inasmuch as they are the mothers of interest, but it is the duty of the teacher to help the child to pierce beneath the fleeting form into the eternal reality.

In Time the teacher represents Eternity, and I do not think it possible better to sum up the teacher's duty than by saying that while the teacher should train his pupils to have ambitions and to work for their fulfilment, he must never forget to

provide in the character of his pupils against the despair that comes when a cherished ambition has failed. The more evolved pupil will, sooner or later, learn to work as if he were ambitious, but actually to be free from that type of ambition which can only be satisfied when it reaches the particular goal towards the accomplishment of which its energies were directed. Knowing the truth of reincarnation, the teacher can impress his pupil with the fact that the way to succeed is to strive, and to remember that success must eventually come, though it may not come when we either want it or expect it. The will of man is divine, and therefore omnipotent.

Children should be encouraged to determine that they will become truly great in some department of human activity. One may determine to become a great singer, another a great orator, another a great statesman, another a great teacher, another a great soldier. If the teacher is able to awaken within his pupil the sense of assurance with regard to the inevitableness of the goal, however long the goal may take to reach, the child begins to derive from that sense a capacity of determination and perseverance of inestimable value. It has always been my practice to lay the very greatest stress upon imagination. I have never cared how wild the imagination of my pupils might be, provided it was directed to a noble and uplifting end. Imagination never runs riot when it is accompanied by the perception of the truths of reincarnation and of karma. That which a child wills to become, that he must become, provided his will is trained to be firm and unshakable. From Theosophical Schools should come young citizens full of enthusiasm

and imagination, happily united to a knowledge that every dream can become a reality in course of time, provided that its inspiring influence is used to encourage perseverance from step to step. The youth trained on Theosophical principles should be a most powerful force in National life.

Let me now say a word with regard to the vexed question of discipline. The Theosophical view that humanity is slowly but surely proceeding to a stage in which there will be no need for external rule, in that every one will be a law unto himself, finds an interesting echo in Herbert Spencer's view as to the object of discipline. He says: "Remember that the aim of your discipline should be to produce a *self-governing* being; not to produce a being to be *governed by others*." Carrying this principle further we begin to understand the place of discipline in education. Just as in the earlier stage of the growth of humanity we had divine Kings who imposed growth and happiness from without, so the relation of the parent to the child, or that of the teacher to the child, represents, however inadequately, the Divine King period of the race. In the very earliest stages the parent or teacher determines the results of action, by determining the actions themselves. A little later on the elder gradually leaves the child to the natural consequences of his actions, always taking care that causes are not introduced which would lead to results of an overwhelming character.

From the standpoint of Theosophical teaching this is exactly the stage in which humanity as a whole is evolving at the present moment. In olden times only those natural consequences were allowed to us which we needed for the particular requirements

of that stage of our growth. The law of cause and effect was worked for us. We are now at the stage at which we increasingly take the law into our own hands. Says Herbert Spencer:

> All transitions are dangerous; and the most dangerous is the transition from the restraint of the family circle to the non-restraint of the world. Hence the importance of pursuing the policy we advocate; which, by cultivating a boy's faculty of self-restraint, by continually increasing the degree in which he is left to his self-restraint, and by so bringing him, step by step, to a state of unaided self-restraint, obliterates the ordinary sudden and hazardous change from externally governed youth to internally governed maturity. Let the history of your domestic rule typify in little the history of our political rule: at the outset autocratic control where control is really needful; by and by an incipient constitutionalism, in which the liberty of the subject gains some express recognition; successive extensions of this liberty of the subject; gradually ending in parental abdication.

This is an admirable statement of the relation of teacher to pupil, but, from the Theosophical standpoint, the words "parental abdication" do not altogether express that which actually happens. As in the case of humanity as a whole, the Elder Brethren never abandon or abdicate Their position as rulers and guides, similarly, the parent or teacher down here must never renounce the position of teacher. He may stand aside, but he never abandons his watchfulness. It is not sufficiently remembered that the word "tuition" literally means watchfulness or guardianship. The extent to which the pupil will be able to reach the stage of self-control without the need of external law, depends upon his place on the evolutionary ladder. Some pupils may need more control from without, others less; but the Theosophical teacher ever bears in mind the methods by which the Elder Brethren trained humanity. He remembers that as a teacher he represents the Elder

Brethren, as his pupils represent humanity. And he adds to this knowledge a realisation of the fact that child-history recapitulates in brief the history of the race.

Believing in reincarnation, and understanding, at least vaguely, the Theosophical interpretation of the process of evolution, the Theosophical teacher should have been able to grasp the fact that that which he does not see in the child is of infinitely greater importance than that which is evident. In other words, that which the child appears to be is but the faintest reflection of that which in reality he is. Further, he must carefully bear in mind the fact that the worldly standards whereby we judge capacity, are more often than not faulty in the extreme. They may be fairly satisfactory as regards the average, but they are hopelessly inadequate to measure the exceptional.

This is important when we consider the value of examinations. The Theosophical principle should be only to introduce the external examination when, from the worldly standpoint, it becomes a necessity, when, that is to say, it is the next necessary link between the individual and the world around him. As William James says, the vital thing about an individual is " his emotional and moral energy and doggedness," and no method of measuring these has yet been discovered. Indeed, this energy and doggedness may often transcend defects of body or of the senses. We are told that the blind Huber, " with his passion for bees and ants, can observe them to other people's eyes better than these can through their own ".

This leads us to the conclusion that the body is but the instrument of the soul, an instrument which is

by no means indispensable. What we happen to be in any individual life is of far less importance than what we are eternally. True, in any individual life we have to deal with the characteristics expressed at the time, but the Theosophical teacher must never forget that the child he sees before him is but a partial expression of the Monad within. The Monad is the assurance to the teacher of the child's future perfection. The child imagines the part to be the whole. The teacher, knowing the part to be but part, recognises that he sees but a portion of the whole. The Theosophical teacher has an enormous advantage over those who do not know, for with his added knowledge he is able at least dimly to perceive the process of evolution which has brought the ego to the stage in which he sees it, and he also has some vague perception as to the pathway of the future.

G. S. Arundale

FRANCIS BACON AND THE CIPHER STORY

By F. L. WOODWARD, M.A.

(Concluded from Vol. XXXVIII, Part II, p. 624)

"A small inner space at the west end contains the MS. named." (*Cipher on Spenser's original (1620) monument, "Faerie Queene"; 1679 edition.*)

"Take heed. In a box is MS. Fr. B." (*Cipher on Burton's monument, Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford.*)

"Hold fast to W.S.: G.P.: S.: R.B.: C.M.: R.G.: and Bright T. I keep in use these masques as co'ducing to the ends I have now in view."[1] (*Cipher in "De Augmentis," 1623, London edition.*)

[1] i.e., William Shakespeare: George Peele: Spenser: Robert Burton: Christopher Marlowe: Robert Greene: and T. Bright (see first article). The 1586 edition of *A Treatise of Melancholie* was put forth under the name of T. Bright, "Doctor of Phisicke". Bright was a Cambridge M.D. who died in 1615. Burton, who died in 1640, is said to have got the idea of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* from him. The cipher tells us that Bacon wrote under both these names, enlarging the "*Treatise*" in 1621 and publishing it as *The Anatomy* by "Democritus Junior". Robert Burton was one of those privy to to the cipher work with Dr. Rawley and Dugdale.

In the cipher of *Resuscitatio*, 1657, Dr. Rawley writes: "Most rare is the great gift. There F. is Marlowe, gay for a brief time, but pompous, lofty, high-sounding: now is he Edmund S. for his rare, excellent, sweet singing belov'd: now appeareth as G. Peele, full of odde quips: and then is hee R. Greene, so vivid painter of his minde's conceits: now Shakespeare: and now R. Burton, crowding into a volume quaint thoughts of melancholy and much wisdom he winnowed from many another's pile of waste. . . . and lastly is he our Bacon."

In another passage Bacon himself refers to the "masks" thus: "Next write a comedy, a quaint device for making knowne th' men that do give, sell, or in anie other' waye have put me into possession of their names. Th' title

"*All the Will S.—as well as the delicate poems, as sweet and as fair as M. herselfe, as the plays—are well concealed.*" (*Rawley in "Resuscitatio," 1657.*)

IN the third part of her *Bi-literal Cipher* Mrs. Gallup graphically describes how, as the result of her labours in deciphering, she travelled to England especially to find and consult copies of books not obtainable in America, and to search for traces of the lost manuscripts, references to which she found in deciphering the London edition of *De Augmentis*, 1623. The question must often have occurred to students of literature: "Where are the MSS. of *The Faerie Queene*, the longest poem in the world (35,000 lines), and of the Shakespeare plays, folio and quarto?" Besides eight documents, Irish political papers, signed by one Edmund Spenser, there is not a line of MS. which can be proved to be Spenser's. We have piles of Bacon's letters and manuscript, we know the most intimate details of Ben Jonson's life, but of Spenser and Shakespeare what have we? Meagre stories based on conjecture. Where is the library of Shakespeare, apparently one of the most widely read and learned men of his age? We have not a word in writing to anyone about his great works: there is no mention of them in his will: not a single book remains, not a scrap of writing except a few documents, the signature to which, in the opinion

of th' comedy is: *Seven Wise Men of th' West.* Actors names: Robert, Christopher, William, another Robert, George, Edmund and Frances. The scene is London. Other name' to find parts are: th' pedant, braggart, foole, hedge-priest, boy, see *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. ii., poet, philosopher." (Cipher in *M.N.D.* 1623. Mrs. Gallup Pt. 1, p. 197.)

In some passages N. is added by Bacon. I conclude that this stands for the poet Nash.

of experts, was either guided by another's hand or else written for him by a notary. We are forced to conclude that there never were any, that he could not write.

Where are the original drafts of these huge works? Were they destroyed, as some suggest, in the Great Fire of London? Were they collected, as Dr. Owen believed, and sunk in the river Wye at Chepstowe? Or were they entrusted to the charge of friends for safe bestowal after the author's disappearance from the stage of life: and if so, are they still safe, awaiting the "psychological moment" for display to the eyes of an astonished world? The cipher story tells in detail of their disposal. Of this presently. These writers, under whose name we have shewn that Francis Bacon published—how did they keep his secret so well? He says (*Pericles*, 1619):

> All men who write stage-plays are held in co'tempte. For this reason none say "How strange" when a plaie cometh, accompanied with gold, asking a name by which one puting it forward shall not be recognis'd, or thought to bee cognisant of its existence. For this cause, if rare stories must have a hidi'g, noe other could be so safe, for th' men who had won gold in any way did not readily acquai't any man, least o' these a stranger, with his source of wealth, as you may well understand.
>
> When I, at length, having written in diverse stiles, found three (? Marlowe, Greene, Peele) who, for sufficient reward in gold added to an immediate renowne as good pens, willingly put forth all workes which I had compos'd, I was bolder. (vol. 1, p. 81).
>
> Many of the authors, soe call'd, appeas'd by th' value of gold when the plays were thought of noe valew, disputing fiercely when beholders applaud, each clayming the author his lawrels. . . . (p. 93).

It was Bacon's intention to place the W.S. manuscripts in Shakespeare's tablet at Stratford. Dr. Rawley strongly disapproved of this method, saying that it was

as good as throwing them away, and eventually Bacon changed his mind; but he had already printed the extract given below, stating that they were to be so hidden. In a subsequent edition, therefore, and in other cipher works, he tells us of this misleading statement, and tells how he had made other arrangements. This following passage is from *De Augmentis*, 1623.

Our task, if we may name self-imposed labor a task, is often shared in many these wayes by one most devoted alwayes, th' constant and faithful friend William Rawley. He it is which must fullfil our plann of placing certain MSS. (according to the custome of ancient people) to ensure their preservation, in tombes, graves, or in monuments intending to give unto every man his owne, i.e., it is our design to put our MSS. (of playes, poems, histories, prose—the object of which can be noted as rather being interiour then exteriour—translations et cetera) at least where none will suspect aught in a marble monument and in tombes wherein the cinders of our masks may lie.

With much care we shall carve upon the stones placed to mark their lowly or lofty sepulchres (as the case may at that time be) such cypher instruction as must leade unto true knowledge of all we shall hide within.

Those plays which are finish'd are even now put away, other works are not to be concealed at present. All are in due time to bee plac'd in the graves or in memoriall marble tables or monuments.

Yet having no desire or wish, it must be seene, to have these MSS. discovered and giv'n forth in our daye, should our plans fail, it is our last hope and most urgente request of any or every comming Argonaut that hee take not the precious goldene fleece from this place ot concealement unlesse he be of time far off. By none, of a truth, ought our owne secret request, if it be found, to be disregarded.

By indirection find thy clear direction out . . . to reveal our hidden fleece of gold . . . the same should bee observed in our greater cipher and must be cipher'd on the stones to correspond thereto. This is no doubt a duty somewhat heavy upon that friend afore mentioned.

There cannot be founde a better device than that of the stone of the Stratford Tablet, curiously well cut inside, soe that

wondrous secret receptacle hath beene sette within, that is to preserve a large part of the playes. Although we do not yet know the time,—or long or brief—the hidden playes must rest, we deeme it our duty to shewe plainly our many inventions wh'ch now preserve the worthy workes of years. That stone must be rent from th' wall, backward turned and unsealed. Pass by other such gray tombs to this lying somewhat further on. Gently ope that likewise. A boxe shall thereby appear after much quest. *Thence the plays mayst thou take if th' century shal be pass'd: if it bee ere long, touch none.* All shall in time come to much glory, honour and renown. Trust in wise management in all is firm to life's end. So, whilst these tombes do stand, shall hope for this our work live. FRANCIS ST. A. WHO SHOULD BE REX.

Accordingly, in *Apophthegmes*, 1625, Bacon corrected this error and wrote:

Th' box is but now sealed. And by weak indiscretions twice thus made to say "*The device is at Stratford,*" I, toyling, ever too readie to consider a work done that I know but thoroughly plann'd (i.e., gayning consent to replace th' table lately for Wm. S. cyphered) repeat a false statement, inasmuch as th' losse or fayle doth in fact yet thret. F.B.

The places next chosen for concealment of the W. Sh. MSS. were Gorhambury, and Canonbury Tower, N. London. Dr. Rawley writes many years after, in *Resuscitatio*, 1657:

A sonnet of F's all but perswading me th' MS. were quite as safe if we left no trace thereof, I destroyed the stone Fr. kept—for of any real use in attempting to place it in a dulie design'd niche I can see no manifestation—and concealed a portio' at G.

Was the sonnet this one (No. LV)?

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime.
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.

'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth: your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity. . . .

A forecast, perhaps, of the impending Civil Wars and Puritan desecration of churches, tombs and tablets.

Now to deal with the other hiding-places. Bacon had stated in the cipher contained in the London edition of *De Augmentis*, 1623, (as stated above) that he intended to place the "Shakespeare" MSS. in the Stratford tablet. . . . As Mrs. Gallup says (p. 4, vol. 2) the grave of Robert Greene now lies beneath Liverpool St. Station, London: Kit Marlowe's is fifteen feet below St. Nicholas' Church, Deptford: and George Peele's tomb is not to be found.[1] It remains to consider the tombs and tablets of Shakespeare, Burton, Spenser and Bacon.

Spenser's tomb in Westminster is familiar to all, but the present mural tablet is not that originally set up, which fell into decay in 1778. In the 1679 edition of *The Faerie Queene* is an engraving, the inscription of which gives the cipher rendering: "A small inner space at the west end contains the MS. named." If the cavity spoken of in the original stone was not disturbed, the MSS. still rest there. It is interesting to note that *the sculptor, Nicholas Stone, who set up the stone in 1620* (of which the present stone is a counterpart in all except the date—which seems purposely given wrong to attract the attention of thinking men), *was in the pay of the Bacon family.* The following extract is from his note-book:

[1] Perhaps the Peele MSS. were not buried in his tomb, for we read this note of Dr. Rawley long afterwards (*Resuscitatio*, 1657): "G.P. MSS. is accordingly long since put into surer, close hold then anything I have put away."

1620. In Suffolke I made a tomb for Sir Edmund Bacon's Lady . . . and in the same place I made two pictors of white marbel of Sir N. Bacon and his Lady . . . for the which two pictors I was paid by Sir Edmund Bacon 200 *l.* I also made a monument for Mr. Spencer the poet, and set it up at Westminster, for the which the Countess of Dorsett pays me 40 *l.*

In *The Felicity of Queen Elizabeth*, 1651 (Bacon), as deciphered by Mrs. Gallup, Dr. Rawley writes: "While I did never countenance a sad loss in this our present age, since life could not reach that far distant period [assigned by F. Bacon for the discovery of his secret] *I consented to put Spenser in this honour'd charnell house where kings of th' English people rest.*"

Burton's tomb is in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, and the Latin inscription reads in bi-literal cipher: "*Take heed: in a box is MS. Fr. B.*" As regards Burton, see my note to the first page of this article. In the cipher of Bacon's *Apophthegmes*, 1625, Bacon wrote:

B(urton) pledg'd his word to us the unwonted tho' good shelter o' a wider box should at last receive my book. Onely they two—Wm. Rawley, as yet much in the light wh'ch you winn,—and the same Robt. Burton, shew a weak zeale to ayde me by still worthilie setting th' artful work forth as a mask. . . . I wish one stone to receive eithe' less of much digested matter or one early work laid not away in so low estate yet; for in all my plans, 'tis I that, when a book is lost, am kept at my hard duty lest a part of a story be missing. R(obert) living now will cease not to guard wel that hold. Also a way is plann'd by him w'ch is, if hee rest awhile, true men placed here upon guard, meer watchers afarr off. . . .

Gorhambury or "Verulam House" after Bacon's death fell into other hands, and in 1665 Sir Harbottle Grimston sold it for a mere song. Aubrey says: "*This Oct. 1681 it rang over all St. Albans*" that the same Sir Harbottle, then Master of the Rolls, "*had removed the coffin* [was there any body in that coffin?

F.L.W.] *of this most renowned Lord Chancellor to make roome for his owne to lye-in in the vault there at St. Michael's Church*:" and later (I quote from Harman's *Edmund Spenser*, 1914, Constable), according to Camden's *Britannia*, brought up to date by Richard Gough in 1789, a further annihilation of this strange man's earthly habitat took place through the action of a successor of the same name.

> Gorhambury was granted by Henry VIII to Sir Nicholas Bacon, who was lord keeper to Elizabeth, and here his second son sir Francis built, lived and studied. On his disgrace he conveyed it to sir Thomas Meautys, who had been his secretary, and whose kinsman and heir sold it to sir Harbottle Grimston, master of the Rolls, whose grandson left it to William Luekyn, his sister's son, who took the name of Grimston. His second son William was created viscount Grimston 1719, and dying 1756, was succeeded by his son James, and he 1773 by his son Harbottle, third and present lord. The house taken down by its present owner, though his grandfather preserved it in its original state, with Lord Bacon's study, a venerable long gallery over a cloister, out of reverence for the founder, contained a good collection of portraits and busts of the Bacon family and their contemporaries, and of the Grimstons. A new house is just finished not far from the old site.

Gorhambury now stands a ruin, and I suppose that there are no traces of the panelled chambers in which the MSS. were stowed and so carefully guarded for many years by Dr. Rawley and his friends who were in the secret. Bacon passed away in 1626, as I have related in the last article, and Dr. Rawley lets fall no word in the cipher which suggests that he was aware that Bacon had not really died. "We stil give F. Bacon our devoted service although his own labours have at length ceased and hee sleepes in the tombe" (*Miscellany Works*, 1629). "I thro' awe offered him too firm pledges of faith to fail *my King* in his age" (*Apophthegmes*,

1625). Still, I am convinced that Bacon did not die in 1626, and that the secret was of such importance that it was not permitted to be divulged even in the cipher story, for this might be discovered at any moment.

To continue the description of the Gorhambury hiding-place. In *Resuscitatio*, 1657, we read:

> Go to G., F's outside estate where F. used to reside. . . . At C. MSS. kept must be seene, and you (the decipherer), I have perfect and full assurance, in renown therefor must outgo mee. . . . Bind all as tolde, i.e., suiting in colour, quality outside, and less regard time in placing th' parts (as likewise Fr. accompted of much importance) then theame. . . . *Certain old panels in the double work of Canonbury Tower, and at our countrie manor Gorha'bury, alone sav'd most valu'd Mss.* Thus co'ceal'd, more closely watched, more suited to escape sub'lest inquiry, you shall find th' dramas hee wisht to hide in th' stone he proposed should bee sett up in the Ch. of Stratf'd. . . .
>
> Make guarding custodians at Gorhambury, Cano'burie Tower et caetera yield to you the W. Sh. manuscripts. . . . *Now to reach rare papers take panell five in F's tower room, slide it under fifty with such force as to gird a spring.* Follow A, B, C's therein. Soon will the MSS. so much vaunted theme o' F's many bookes be your own.

It remains to consider the other hiding-place, Canonbury Tower or Canonburie Manse, and, finally, Bacon's own sitting statue at St. Michael's, St. Albans.

> Havi'g therfore addrest myselfe to keep lone, sleepelesse watch on th' work, as by these wrongs much wisedom is taught, doe I not serch for a place wherein the work may be so conceal'd now, for then these may be taken boldly to th' spot. *One soe well chosen was at Canonburie.* F. REX (E). . . . (Cipher in *Essayes*, 1625) *The place now is Canonbury.* (*Apophthegmes*, 1625)

Canonbury Tower has been largely rebuilt, says Mrs. Gallup, and there seems no possibility of the MSS. being found there. They may have been subsequently removed to safer keeping, for watch was still kept by the "company" in 1671.

Possibly some of the MSS. were stowed in Bacon's monument at St. Michael's Church, St. Albans. The figure is well known to visitors to this place. The Master sits in his chair, "not dead but sleepeth," in his favourite attitude, "thus leaning on mine elbow" (see Shakespeare *King John*, Act 1, sc. 1, 193—the passage where the word-cipher begins). The roses on his shoe-buckles, a Rosicrucian emblem, should be noted: the right hand hangs pointing downwards, as if to designate the place where his works are stored. In 1869, when the church was largely rebuilt, the statue was removed out of the chancel and set up in a niche in its present position. Mrs. Gallup notes that there is a large crack in the pedestal. The present inscription is in Latin and runs thus: Franciscus Bacon Baro De Verulã. Sti Albni Vicms. Seu notioribus Titulis, Scientiarum Lumem[1] Facundiae Lex. Sic sedebat. Qui postquam omnia naturalis sapientiae et civilis arcana evolvisset, naturae decretum explevit. *Composita solvantur*. Ano Dni. MDCXXVI. Ætats. LXVI. Tanti viri me. m: Thomas Meautys Superstitis Cultor Defuncti Admirator. H. P. [hoc posuit.? hic or haec posuit. F.L.W.] These letters added, with dates synthesised, make the secret number 287,[2] which plays an important part in the paging and arrangement of Shakespeare-Bacon-Spenser (etc.) Rosicrucian works. But of this subject I hope to write on another occasion. The words italicised by me have a double meaning. The casual Latinist reading the inscription on the tomb might not notice the A in the verb, and would read *solvuntur*,

[1] An error for *lumen*.

[2] It is noteworthy that Mrs. Gallup's book disclosing the hiding-places of the MSS. was published in 1910, two hundred and eighty seven years after the Sh. *First Folio*, 1623, and *De Augmentis* were published.

"the body is dissolved" or "things composite are broken up," etc. But to me it seems that the real meaning is according to the rules of Latin grammar, "let the things put together or composed (works or tombstone) be broken up"; or "may his compositions be solved or deciphered". The words can have no meaning as an ordinary epitaph. Note that the inscription does not say he died, but "fulfilled the law of nature," an ambiguous phrase. Sir Thos. Meautys was Bacon's close friend for many years. The *Resuscitatio*, 1671, title page is a poor engraving of the original monument, but the word *lumen* is rightly spelt. Mrs. Gallup says (introd. to Pt. 3, *Bi-literal Cipher*):

> A curious fact (*sic*) is developed by a study of the letters of the inscription on the pedestal. Parts of the original letters appear in places, protruding slightly beyond the others—above, below or at one side. A long bar over the *a* in *Verulam* (or *Verulamio*) abbreviates the word to *Verula*: but not entirely hidden by the great *tilda* are the letters *mio* of the former inscription. The letters *seu* originally stood lower than at present and were differently formed, the V being shaped U and showing very distinctly. This makes it impossible to determine the date at which these changes were made.

Dr. Rawley died in 1667, having for forty-one years put forth at regular intervals his master's works, all containing the secret story in cipher. He was assisted in the work, he tells us, by his son, and after his death his executor (name unknown) carried it on. Subsequently Sir William Dugdale, the famous antiquary and Garter King of Arms, took part, and he writes in the *Resuscitatio*, 1671 edition.

The question arises: "Why did not Dr. Rawley venture to put forth the Shakespeare plays and claim them for Bacon on the strength of the evidence of the MSS. etc.?" It should be remembered that in his later

years Bacon himself was averse to the fact being publicly stated, as will be gathered from the quotations I have made in previous paragraphs. There were many reasons for not doing so, but I will quote some words of Dr. Rawley himself from the cipher in *Resuscitatio*, 1657.

> It were a vain and idle attempt till saner thinkers then are put in power (or accounted well grounded or justlie esteem'd leaders) have right and authority. *A Puritan is an ill judge regarding a drama*, for a man, it should be known, is embodied principles. . . . The plays perhaps would not, of their own nature or their owne doubble purpose, have occasion'd so great distrust had Fr. claymed no title in our crown. . . . Still we fear to place dramatical writers, even th' true genius you do know, on tryal. *For so long as Puritan ideas prevail,* the drama, as read supra, must put by all those shining garments to don the robes of woe. Whereby it alone ful'y bindeth that our hands, otherwise, would bring upon the stage in F's name. . . . Neverthelesse, I wrestle still with my oft propos'd question of the finall or ultimate disposition. I shall wish my executor t' make of those MSS. of which so frank a story is told—of F. his mind—why he held a device must be found that should protect th' same, as I have said, in mark'd and conceal'd tomb or m't.

Dr. Rawley goes on to say that Bacon's claim was known to "all th' older Councelours," and in France. How could the long-lost honours due to Francis be secured when "enemies of his late majesty do curse royaltie"? Of what use was it to crown one long dead? He answers: "Use the right of doing duty to a sovereign, whether he hold the sceptre and be proclaimed or not." He himself would be satisfied if men should know the truth, and as loyal service to the one who had passed away, set right men's memory of their uncrowned King.

He says he employs his wits to induce writers, historians, next of kin and other "sure men," to promise to "turn others unto our subtile and secret ideas, and thus to gain control over future thought". "My pen

served as one of four,—to set F's principal acts before the power at Court" (p. 67). "From generation to succeeding generation shall our men stand guard till the ending doom."[1] Antiquarians like Camden and Dugdale, scholars like George Herbert and Dr. Donne (whom I believe to have been privy to Bacon's secret) and the "ever memorable" Mr. Hales[2], of Eton College, were the sort of men required for this work, to "make effort for F's advancement in England's histories which may now in many essentialls be completely rewritten and recast".

Sir William Dugdale, who took up the work after Dr. Rawley's death, writes in *Resuscitatio*, 1671:

> Make I prithee a real prophecy to posterity as to my specialty, had ere Dr. Ra. deceas'd, and proove the wondro's parts F. B. plaied giving "author," "poet": W: X: S: R: E. K: or P: R. B. *et al.* . .
>
> Work (wh'ch we have thought might ayde F. B. by W. R's favour) wherein we have at last been successful, men by their fealty gave. Th' honour in which certain such friends (whose spirit was good and great) held him, drove us to write. . . . . DUGDALE, K. of A.

Here Mrs. Gallup's cipher ends in this volume from which I have quoted. She has indeed, with Dr. Owen, and her sister Miss Wells, done a great service to the world in spending her life and health and eyesight in a labour of love, which has brought her nothing but abuse and suspicion from those who are not ready to

[1] I hope that someone better qualified than myself to do so will write an article on Bacon's secret society, which, I believe, included the "best pens" in Europe during his own day, who after his retirement were guided by him on the path of research resulting eventually in the Royal Society (which occult writers tell us he himself founded in 1662), and of his connection with the Cambridge Platonists, the "saintly Dr. More," Eugenius Philalethes (Thomas Vaughan) and others treading the Arahat Path.

[2] See his *Golden Remains*, which contains cipher and two articles of importance to Baconians, one of which is cryptic advice how to take notes on history (in reality, I believe, hints to the word-cipher) and another on *The Weapon Salve* (see Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum*, sub hoc) referring to the Rosicrucians,

accept the Baconian story. She is still labouring, and has, I believe, a rich store of decipherings yet to be published, which we hope may soon see the light. I have to acknowledge with many thanks the kind permission of her publishers, Messrs. Gay and Hancock, of London, to make such free use of her books in quotations. I will conclude with an extract from Dr. Owen's word-cipher (vol. 1), which graphically tells of the vision of the Great Being who urged Bacon to write and strive, together with the prophecy of the man who should arise "in far-off ages" to set forth the cipher story and clear his name before the world.

> One night, when a youth, while we were reading
> In the holy scriptures of our great God, something
> Compelled us to turn to the proverbs and read
> That passage of Solomon, the king, wherein he
> Affirmeth that the glory of God is to conceal
> A thing, but the glory of a king is to find it out.
> And we thought how odd and strange it read,
> And attentively looked into the subtlety of the
> Passage. As we read and pondered the wise
> Words and lofty language of this precious
> Book of love, there comes a flame of fire which
> Fills all the room and obscures our eyes with its
> Celestial glory. And from it swells a heavenly
> Voice that, lifting our mind above her
> Human bounds, ravisheth our soul with its sweet
> Heavenly music. And thus it spake:
> "My son, fear not, but take thy fortunes and thy
> Honours up. Be that thou knowest thou art,
> Then art thou as great as that thou fearest.
> Thou art not that thou seemest. . . .
> . . . Therefore put away popular applause,
> And after the manner of Solomon the king, compose
> A history of thy times, and fold it into
> Enigmatical writings and cunning mixtures of the
> Theatre, mingled as the colours in a painter's shell,
> And it will in due course of time be found.

For there shall be born into the world
(Not in years but in ages) a man whose pliant and
Obedient mind we, of the supernatural world, will take
Special heed, by all possible endeavour, to frame
And mould into a pipe for thy fingers to sound
What stop thou please: and this man, either led or
Driven, as we point the way, will yield himself a
Disciple of thine, and will search and seek out thy
Disordered and confused strings and roots with some
Peril and unsafety to himself. For men in scornful and
Arrogant manner will call him mad, and point at him
The finger of scorn: and yet they will
Upon trial, practice and study of thy plan,
See that the secret, by great and voluminous labour
Hath been found out." And then the voice we heard
Ceased and passed away.[1]

F. L. Woodward

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[1] *Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story.* Orville W. Owen, M.D., 5 volumes. (Howard Publishing Company, U.S.A.) The methods of the Word-Cipher are detailed in the Bi-literal cipher. These five volumes are made of lines fitted together, according to these directions, from the works claimed by Bacon. Dr. Rawley mentions *nine* different ciphers as having been used. (See my first article for mention of six of them.)

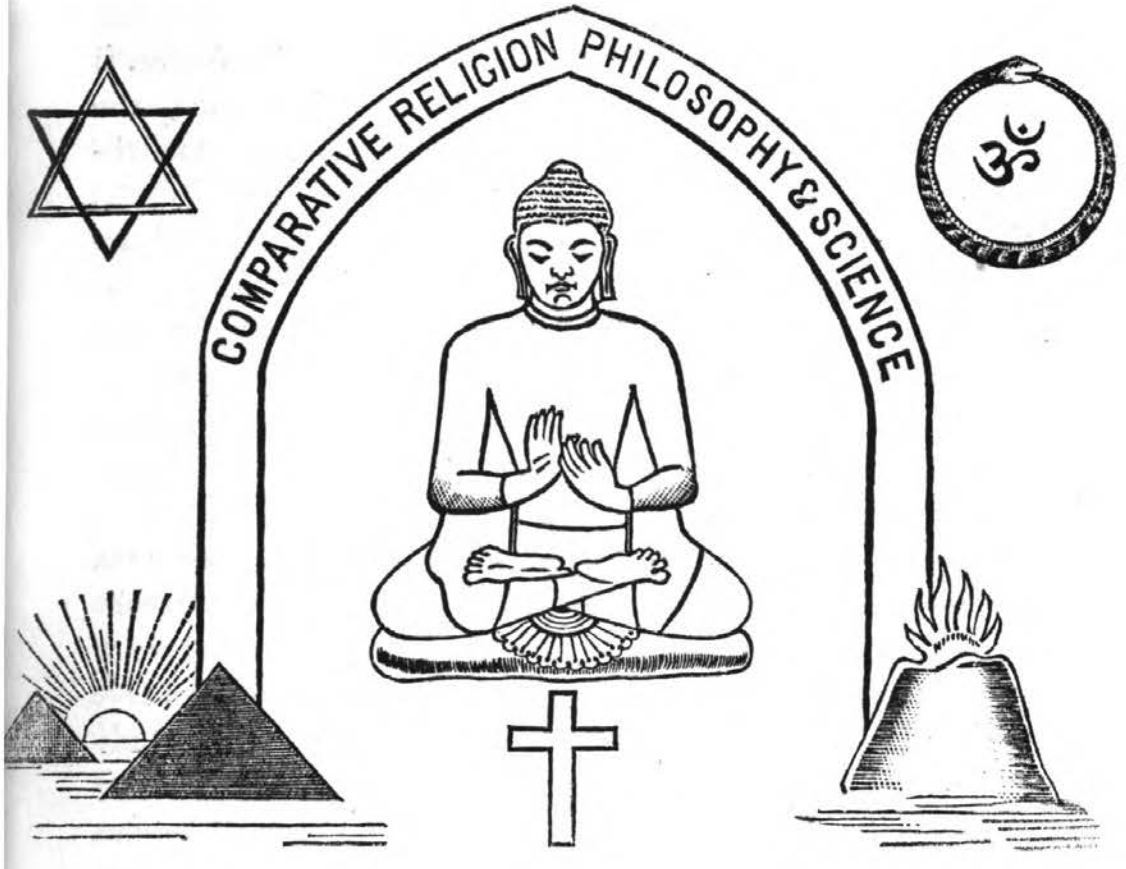
NEMESIS

He comes not back tho' we call,
Nor can our beckonings hold
The Messenger fast fleeing down the years;
Not for the sharp-drawn breath,
Nor pallid face of death,
Will the Beauteous One return to dry our tears.

He is the Inevitable,
And he the Irrevocable,
Who stabs us in mid-heart, shatters the dream.
The gates of pain locked fast
Stand 'twixt us and the past,
'Twixt yesterday and to-day flows sorrow's stream.

But the voice of the Eternal,
With wistful note supernal,
Gathers strange music from a far-off shore;
The dream's reality
And life's totality
Call us and bear us onward evermore.

C.



ORPHEUS AND HIS LYRE

A STUDY OF HIS WORLD-INFLUENCE

By MARGARET E. COUSINS, MUS. BAC.

AS Orpheus was the Divine Leader of the fourth sub-race, which must show forth more clearly than any of the other sub-races the special characteristics of that Fourth Root-Race which will survive in the world for many ages ahead, it is helpful constantly

to review his influence on the world, and freshly to receive again individually the abiding gifts which he bestowed on humanity.

According to *Man: Whence, How and Whither*, it was an Orpheus who founded the Celtic Race, the fourth sub-race of the Āryan Root-Race, and established it in the fastnesses of the Caucasus 20,000 B.C., from which it gradually spread until it is now still the predominant race in the Western world. This Orpheus undoubtedly must have set the rhythm of those qualities which all Celts since then have in varying degree reproduced, namely, love of beauty, enthusiasm, sympathy, romance, devotion to leaders. But the details of his legends and work are lost in the mists of time, and it is with the life of his later namesake who, according to the same authority, came to the old Greeks in 7,000 B.C., and who has become intertwined with the semi-historic Orpheus, his disciple, who lived five centuries before Homer (1300 B.C.), that this study will concern itself.

The Greek legends say that this latest Orpheus was son of Oagreus, king of Thrace, and the goddess-daughter of Apollo, Calliope, the Muse of epic poetry; and thus was both human and Divine in nature. He was wondrously beautiful and radiant in person, a lover of Nature, a devotee and reformer of the Solar Mysteries connected with Phoibos-Apollo, the mystic Iacchus, and an opponent of the Lunar Mysteries connected with Bacchus and Demeter, the god and goddess of earth.

He is depicted as always carrying a lyre, and so magically sweet was his singing and playing that trees and beasts used to follow him, and it was potent even

to pierce through into the world of spirits. He married Eurydice whom he loved passionately, and when she died from snake-bite he followed her to Hades, found her there by the power of his music, and would have succeeded in bringing her back to earth but for his secretiveness and want of faith in her, which prevented him telling her that the condition imposed on him for her rescue was that he should not look on her; and when tested by her reproaches that his love for her had changed, he, fearing she would not come with him, turned to see if she was following him, at which act of disobedience she was withdrawn again to Persephone, and he had to return to earth alone and defeated. His grief for her loss caused him to treat with contempt the Thracian women, who, it is told, in revenge tore him to pieces under the excitement of the Bacchanalian orgies. His dismembered parts were sewn together by Demeter—Mother Nature—but his head and lyre floated down the river Hebrus to Antissa in Lesbos, where Western music is held to have taken its origin, and where certainly the first school of music was founded by Terpander. Such are the outlines of his story, kept green for us in the West by the ever-fresh opera *Orfeo* of Gluck, and in a lesser degree by the popular song settings of Shakespeare's words.

The influence of Orpheus was primarily national. By his restoration of the Mysteries of Apollo to their highest ideal, as they had probably been instituted by the first Orpheus, but which by this time had degenerated into sense-orgies dedicated to Bacchus, this Culture-Hero, as Rhys calls him, brought into being the soul of Greece. His was the spiritual formative power

which gave Greece its national self-consciousness. He found it soiled by superstition and lust, he left it purified and regenerated, having esoterically as well as physically raised the Mysteries from the dark woods at the foot of the mountain to its sunlit peaks. In place of frantic enthusiasm and unrestrained pleasure he substituted an ascetic purity of life and manners linked to the love of the beauty of Nature and Art, especially as manifested in music. He is known to have been the first to use music in the Mystery services of Apollo and the Muses; he was the Initiator into the Mysteries of music itself; the Hierophant of Beauty, true prototype of the Celtic Romance nations who live more in the astral and mental worlds than on the material plane, and conquer their gross passions by their desire for the intangible objects of adoration—Colour, Form, Rhythm and Sound. Such importance did this great leader of the Race attach to music that the Greeks later considered it as intimately allied with the very existence of all social order.

Enriched by his gifts of beauty, Greece continued to shine as the brightest jewel in the diadem of the nations, and even when, unable to combine powerful physical force with the culture of the Arts, she was conquered by the more material nation of her time, then "captive Greece took captive her rude conquerors," and became the dispenser of artistic inspiration to all the Western world. The influence of Orpheus thus became international as well as national.

With regard to the occult school founded by Orpheus for his disciples, it will interest many Theosophists particularly to find that a close analogy between Pythagoreanism and Orphism has been

recognised from the time of Heroditus to the latest modern writers. The Orphic school was first observable under the rule of Pisistratus, in Athens in the sixth century B.C., Onomacritus being its earliest authentic poet. The followers of the school led an ascetic life, performed purificatory rites, abstained from flesh-eating and certain other kinds of food, wore special kinds of clothes, including a saffron-coloured armlet, and conformed with numerous other practices and abstinences. They held a mystical, speculative theory of religion and had a peculiar ritual of worship which prohibited blood-sacrifices. Their philosophy taught the homogeneity of all living things, transmigration of souls, the imprisonment of the soul in the body, and the belief in its liberation through connection with a series of bodies. The Orphic and Eleusinian Mysteries were open equally to men and women, for there was no disqualification of sex recognised in spiritual matters, and the Greek writers state that the finest men and women of Greece were lay disciples of Orpheus and his followers. The Theosophical Society would seem to be in the direct line of legitimate succession to the Orphic school, but its well-attested power of musical theurgy it has temporarily lost, at least in any widespread way, though Mr. Leadbeater certainly understands its laws and has re-taught us many of them, did we but seek to apply them.

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain-tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Henry VIII—Act 3. sc. 1.

Science proves that sound will produce definite forms of matter; it tells of its power also to shatter forms, as in the case of glass shades in concert halls; and it is but a further degree which a magician used to kill his enemy by sounding his note with deadly effect. Music affects animals in different ways. Cats usually stalk out of the room when a piano is played, snakes in India come directly under the charm of music. "By sound," says Mr. Leadbeater, "Orpheus worked upon the astral and mental bodies of his disciples, purifying and expanding them; by sound he drew the subtle bodies away from the physical and set them free in the higher worlds. He showed His disciples living pictures, created by music, and in the Greek Mysteries this was wrought in the same way." To-day music is being more and more used as a power of healing for neurasthenic patients, and the power of a good band on the march to evoke martial ardour and activity no one will deny. These are instances of the touch of Orpheus on the lower vehicles. In *The Inner Life* it is stated that it is through the agency of sound—the mystic chord of the individual—that clairaudients and occultists trace a soul in the astral and mental worlds, an occult fact remarkably allegorised in Orpheus' search for Eurydice.

The art of music which Orpheus consecrated to the service of the Gods is the art of invocation. It

calls the Devas into its presence as surely as the proper striking of a match produces a flame; they are both children of increased vibration, the creations of Light and Rhythm. Orpheus knew the added power of blessing which these messengers of Beauty would give to the performance of religious ceremonies, and the example he set should be followed by all who are seeking to make easier "the path of the Lord". Music is also the art of evolution, calling up the highest and best in each one, "toning up" the bodies, drawing the mind from the personal to the great Impersonal, "harmonising" outer differences, and creating the desired emotion of being in tune with the Infinite. Art and spirituality ought to be one in the outer as they are in the inner worlds.

> Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty: that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

The greatest painters of old were monks; the greatest music is possibly to be found in the Masses of Palestrina and in Wagner's *Parsifal*; and it has been a Theosophist composer, the Russian Scriabine, who has indicated a new manifestation of the possibilities still unexplored in music in his "Prometheus" tone-poem. The perfected Art of Religion will only be reached by those who are followers also of the Religion of Art. Beauty must be aimed at in every detail of the Theosophic individual and Lodge life.

The Holiness of Beauty can be a most potent inspirer of the Beauty of Holiness, as can at once be sensed in those Lodges which make a point of offering to the Lord the rubrics of artistically arranged flowers, perfumes, colours, and appropriate music, all of which invoke the presence and blessings of their respective Devas to reinforce the intellectual search for knowledge

and Yoga. We need a High Priesthood of artists, so that the highest emotions of this particularly emotional fourth sub-race shall be expressed perfectly, for only when we have gained such power over the emotions as to be able to express and reproduce them at will, shall we have learnt the lessons of this sub-race and be able to enter into the next.

Music, which Orpheus chose as his symbol, and which still remains as the harp in the heraldry of the Irish and Welsh nations, represents harmony and the consonance of part with part. Through the five strings of his lyre he brought forth the harmonious relationships of this fivefold world, making melody out of the five senses of present humanity by using only the pentatonic scale, the scale in which the great majority of Scotch and Irish folk-songs are composed.

It is significant that the lyre in those olden days was made in the resemblance of a bull's head, the side uprights of the instrument being called the "horns". It was fashioned thus because Dionysus, with whom the Orphic rites were connected, was called the Bull-faced, and in the degraded ceremonies of Bacchus, the lower aspect of Apollo-Dionysus, a bull was sacrificed every year. This symbol links itself at once to the Zodiacal sign Taurus, which is the recognised sign of the singer, as it governs the throat, and is ruled by Venus, the planet of Beauty. It also represents latent desire which has to become positive and controlled in its opposition sign, Scorpio, before the latter becomes the the Regenerator. In Taurus, thus equated with the symbol of Orpheus, there is found the latent ideal of the Word of Power (coming from the larynx), of creation without sex-desire, of pure love, of lyric sweetness

and beauty combined with strength and steadfastness; but it is only by coming to grips with and conquering their opposites made manifest in Scorpio as strong sexual passions, secretiveness, the stinging word of sarcasm, lack of faith shown by an ultra-critical attitude, that the Orphic disciple realises to the full the qualities of the mystic Bacchus and attains to knowledge of the Taurus sign in its higher octave of manifestation. In the realm of music, when that stage is reached, it will reflect itself in a system of harmony wherein each part will be fully melodic, wherein no part will be merely subservient to another; it will be the old art of counterpoint freed and sublimated, a combination of individualism and co-operation. What inspiring Orphic hymns will be composed in those days, when even our present feudal system of harmony in hymnology produces such an uplifting effect.

A concrete illustration of this Orphic symbolism is to be found in the two large English cities, Liverpool and Birkenhead, the former governed by the sign Scorpio (fixed water, astrologically—a pool of generally dirty water), while the latter, on the *opposite side* of the river, is famous for its enormous cattle-market and bears every evidence of being ruled by Taurus. Liverpool is a very vortex of swirling emotions of an astral nature, and must be classified as unevolved Scorpio. Though a T.S. Lodge has existed there for twenty years, it has no Esoteric Section, but seeks its inner life from the E.S. of the Birkenhead Lodge which, unconsciously true to its astrological influences, is predominantly Pythagorean-Orphic in tone, and is one of the most *beautiful* Theosophic centres of influence in England.

The recently founded Brotherhood of Service is also intimately connected with Orphic influences. Its Āshrama is to be called the House of the Sun, and the laying of its Foundation-stone took place in the sign Taurus, when the Sun was in exact opposition to the Moon. Its symbol is the circle, sun and star, surmounted by the Venus sign, and at the preliminary ceremony of cutting the first sod of earth, the invocation was addressed to the Master of Masters "who dost wait to *strike from thy lyre* the moment of thy return". Its intimate connection with the great Buḍḍhist festival also links it to Orpheus, for the Lord Buḍḍha was the last incarnation of the great Orpheus.

The symbol of Orpheus—the lyre with horns, the star, sun and circle—may be found on the title-page of any piece of music published in the well-known Peters' edition (Leipsig). Thus intimately and continuously does the influence of Orpheus permeate the details of our present-day life.

Orpheus supremely represents the spiritual artist, not the metaphysician of the Indian sub-race, not the scientist of the fifth sub-race, but the articulator of the emotions in their natural language, poetry and music. All art is essentially one, and by his love of nature and his power over it by sound Orpheus taught this. His dismemberment at his death allegorises the separation of the Arts into compartments, each art jealously holding to its own specialised form, yet eventually the mother Demeter, the Buḍḍhi on the higher spiral, will gather them all together into a single all-inclusive new Art-Form. We must remember that that separation arose from the testing in which that spiritual artist (not then fully perfected) failed. His faith in his Inner

Guide was not sufficient, his confidence in his beloved was incomplete, lacking these he trusted his eyes, he attached himself to outer form rather than obedience to the Divine command, and every artist knows that one loses the creative artistic impulse when the lower mind becomes enmeshed in the details of form.

The artist of to-day is still wandering in incompletion, seeking the Eurydice of the soul. Only when Beauty again consciously and fully becomes the handmaid of the Spirit, when Art truly becomes the servant of Religion, when Harmony is breathed forth from every act of the consecrated life, when one is one's own High Priest and Artist, Leader and Server, Musician and Lyre—will the influence of Orpheus on his followers be accomplished, and the Celtic race reach the solar heights to which Orpheus sought to lead it. Then will the sound thereof reach the ends of the earth.

Margaret E. Cousins

THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM
AND
THE LAST OF THE GRAND MASTERS

By LIEUTENANT G. HERBERT WHYTE

(Concluded from p. 76)

THE UNFOLDING OF NAPOLEON'S PLAN

POUSSIELGUE'S report reached Napoleon on February 23rd, 1798, after his return to Paris from his visit to the northern coast of France, and in time for the deliberations of the French Government on March 1st and 2nd, when they finally decided to abandon the projected invasion of England and to send the expedition, which was nearly complete, to Egypt, seizing Malta on the way, if the place had not already fallen.

Previous to this, Napoleon had already made an abortive attempt to capture the island by surprise, with a small force. Orders had been given to the French Admiral Brueys to take his fleet with about three thousand troops from Corfu and to sail, ostensibly for Toulon, but actually for Malta. On February 24th, 1798, the Admiral took his departure and arrived off Malta on March 3rd, none save himself knowing what his orders were. It was a perfect day and the Admiral (I quote

from his report), perceiving "an infinite number of people on the ramparts," decided that nothing could be done with the comparatively small force at his command, and that it would be wise "to respond to the tokens of friendship which were made to me, to maintain secrecy and to give every proof that I had no other object in appearing before Malta than to wait for the completion of the repairs necessary to the *Frontin*" (one of his ships which had conveniently sprung a leak). He continues:

> My appearance has had this good result, that it has calmed the apprehensions of the Knights with regard to France. . . . All the fleet believe that I have only remained off the port waiting for the repairs to the *Frontin* to be completed. The Knights must now therefore remain under the impression of complete security, and a surprise attack might at any time be made with success.

Finally the French Admiral left Malta with the assurance to the Grand Master that his Government intended to remain on the best terms with the Order of St. John. Almost at the same moment, in Paris, they had decided to seize the island!

On March 5th, 1798, Napoleon was authorised to take from twenty to twenty-five thousand infantry and about three thousand cavalry for the Eastern expedition. This number, however, was increased, and on May 19th, when the Armada began to leave Toulon, it totalled thirty-nine thousand troops and thirteen thousand sailors. On June 6th the French fleet hove into sight off Malta and on the 9th Napoleon himself arrived on board the *Orient*.

In the meantime Sicily, well aware of the French preparations and fearing that the blow was intended for her, appealed to England, on April 3rd, for help. On April 20th the English Government decided to send a

fleet to the Mediterranean, and gave orders that this fleet should sail "after the beginning of June".

Nelson, acting under orders from Lord St. Vincent, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Fleet, was endeavouring to find out the object of the French preparations. He had only three battleships and two cruisers, while the French fleet which sailed from Toulon numbered fifteen battleships and twelve frigates. On June 22nd he learned that Malta had been captured by the French, who had then sailed in the direction of Alexandria. As reinforcements had by this time reached him, he at once set sail in pursuit of his enemy.

The Attack on Malta

On the French fleet being sighted, the Grand Master immediately summoned a council of war, and the militia were at once called up. Orders were given for the disposition of the available troops as follows:

His own guard, numbering about three hundred picked men, he divided between his palace in Valletta and the St. Eleno fort which commands the entrance to the harbours. The gunners were of course posted in the forts, and the trained troops in the fortifications. The able-bodied men in the city were formed into twenty-four companies, each one hundred and fifty strong, and under the command of a captain and two subalterns, each of whom were Knights of the Order. This gave him about six thousand men for the defence of Valletta, but over three thousand of them were civilians.

The coast-line of Malta is indented by numerous deep, rocky bays; in a few places there are high cliffs, but for the most part the rocks go shelving down into

the sea. There are only one or two beaches. On the north there is the large island of Gozo, whose high cliffs tower steeply up from the sea on all sides except the south.

The militia, numbering about ten thousand men, very imperfectly trained, and officered by Knights belonging to the sea-forces of the Order, were entrusted with the defence of the coast.

Napoleon had with him fifty thousand men and three hundred ships, and his plans for the capture of the island had been drawn up with the assistance of the traitor Knight, Picault de Mornas, who was familiar with the fortifications, and with the help of Barbara and other Maltese who had joined their fortunes to that of France. He arranged to attack simultaneously with considerable forces at four different points; on the north, to take the island of Gozo and land troops in Malta at St. Paul's Bay and Melleha, where there are beaches, on the east at St. Julian's Bay, about three miles from Valletta, and on the south at the great natural harbour of Marsa Scirocco. From these points his columns were to converge swiftly upon the capital, seizing the ancient city of Notabile on their way. As the island is only about twenty miles in length and twelve miles wide, he intended the whole affair to be over very quickly, as he had great apprehensions regarding the possible appearance of the English fleet.

These dispositions having been made, his first proceeding was to send, on June 9th, 1798, an aide-de-camp to the Grand Master, with a letter praying for the hospitality of the Order to the extent of allowing his fleet to enter the harbour for water.

The Grand Master and his council sent back a refusal, with the explanation that it was an ancient rule

of their Order that not more than four foreign ships might enter their harbour at one time, during a period of war.

"Water is refused!" said Napoleon. "Then we will go to fetch it!"

On the morning of June 10th, a formal ultimatum was hastily despatched, and without further ado Napoleon launched the full weight of his attack against the island.

The Maltese militia had to bear the brunt of the assault. They were peaceful country people, and although they were commanded by Knights they were quite unskilled in the art of war; they put up a good fight, but were no match for Napoleon's seasoned troops. Thus Gozo quickly fell, and the landing troops at Melleha and St. Paul's Bay speedily overcame the opposition.

St. Julian's Bay was an important point, as it was guarded by a strong fort. The attack here was directed by Picault de Mornas. The fort was in charge of another traitor, a friend of de Mornas, who handed it over without putting up even the semblance of a fight, and himself joined the attacking forces!

At Marsa Scirocco the defending fort resisted stoutly, but the landing was effected and the fort was speedily isolated. Before many hours had passed the converging French columns had occupied Notabile, on the high ground in the centre of the island, had got into touch with each other, and were driving back the militia upon the capital, which was thus completely cut off.

Another Glimpse of the Grand Master

Sulkowski, Napoleon's aide-de-camp, wrote an account of the operations in which he himself took

part. The Maltese militia, he said, fought bravely to prevent the French from closing in upon the capital, and made good use of the stone walls which surround all their innumerable small fields. But they had to give way and fall back upon Valletta. The fortifications of the city were tremendously strong, and might have been successfully held for a long time, even by a small garrison. But on the approach of the French troops to the Porte des Bombes, the main outer gate, some Knights foolishly attempted a sortie. The French pretended to give way, and led them on into an ambush.

Finally Sulkowski describes how an unexpected incident gave them an unopposed entry into the fortifications. After the failure of the sortie several of the Knights in charge of the troops on the ramparts were observed to be leaving their posts. The Maltese troops, then suddenly left leaderless, felt that they had been betrayed, and in a fury they set upon the remaining Knights, who only saved themselves by flight. In the general confusion which followed, the gates were thrown open and the French troops came pouring in. Sulkowski says:

> This new disaster reached the Grand Master . . . the old sexagenarian, worthy to fight for a nobler cause, only redoubled his energies. He ordered the immediate concentration within the city itself of all munitions and of all food. He turned the cannon on the insurgents and announced that he would defend himself up to the last extremity.
>
> But the people of Valletta did not share his fiery courage. The bombardment terrified them. They broke out into open revolt against the small band of faithful Knights who remained round the Grand Master, and frantically appealed to him to demand a truce, saying that they would not risk their lives and their property for the sake of the Order, but preferred to surrender the city and to ask the French for their terms. This request, supported by the cries of the armed and furious mob, convinced the Grand Master that further resistance was impossible, and he capitulated on the next day.

Thus from Napoleon's own aide-de-camp we have an account of the fall of Valletta which shows how the dispositions for defence made by the Grand Master were completely vitiated by treachery within the Order and by the demoralisation of the Maltese—a very natural state of mind for a civilian population to get into, in face of such an attack as that which Napoleon suddenly launched upon them.

Very splendid is the fleeting glimpse given to us by this French officer of the figure of the veteran Grand Master, whose unflinching courage could not stem the tide of disaster which swept upon him.

THE FALL OF VALLETTA

Let us now review the course of events in Valletta itself on the fateful 10th and 11th of June, 1798. What follows is compiled from several accounts by those who were present. I have already described the disposition of his forces made by the Grand Master, and his refusal to supply water to Napoleon's fleet, which request was merely a subterfuge in order to give some kind of justification for picking a quarrel.

The first open sign of treachery was given by Bosredon de Ransijat, one of the leading Knights of the Order, to whom I have already referred. He addressed a letter to the Grand Master, in which he stated that his military vows only pledged him to fight against the Turks, that war with France would be a calamity, and that he must remain neutral. The Grand Master's reply to this note was to have Ransijat immediately put under arrest.

As the French troops drew near the city, the tumult within grew in violence. The Grand Master and his council remained assembled. One after another reports were brought to them of the treacherous behaviour of Knights, whereby, as already described, some of the main defences of the fortress were surrendered with hardly any opposition.

In the meantime, seeing the critical state of affairs, some of the most influential Maltese met together and drew up a petition to the Grand Master, praying him in the name of the Maltese nation—who were willing to support the Order with their lives, if need be, against the Turks, but not against a Christian power "which had always proved itself to be invincible"—to ask for a truce. They deputed some of their number to present this petition to the Grand Master, who received it almost at the same moment that a report reached him describing the murder of two young Knights by the populace, who seemed to be on the point of rising against the Order. The Grand Master, seeing clearly that the position was hopeless, inasmuch as he could rely neither upon the Knights nor upon the Maltese, and realising that delay meant further bloodshed, as the French were already within the fortifications and had begun to land artillery, decided to ask for a truce. Accordingly, on the morning of June 11th, a deputation was sent to Napoleon on board the *Orient*, requesting a cessation of hostilities.

Thus ended the painful story of the fall of Malta, which marked the downfall of the power of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the proudest Order of Chivalry in Europe. Undoubtedly the citadel, with its marvellous fortifications, might have put up a stiff

fight against even the overwhelming forces which Napoleon launched against it, and had it done so, the results for the French would have been most serious, for the English fleet was following them. But Napoleon's victory was won, as he himself said afterwards, not so much by force of arms as by the undermining of the Order, the treachery of a number of the Knights, and finally by the breaking away of the Maltese people, all of which things rendered the disposition of the Grand Master, and his own personal courage, of no avail.

Terms of surrender were rapidly formulated. The Order handed over the islands with all their rights of ownership therein, and the French Republic engaged to endeavour to obtain for the Order another principality, equivalent to that which they had lost, and in the meantime to pay the sum of 300,000 francs annually to the Grand Master, in lieu of the revenue which he had lost, and a small pension to the French Knights.

Napoleon gave orders that all the Knights should leave the island within forty-eight hours. It is significant, however, that on the list of Knights he indicated Ransijat and a number of others, to whom special exemption should be given, because, in his own note on the document, " almost all have furnished me within the last six months with useful notes".

One of the first actions of the French authorities was to take an inventory of the immense stores of valuables in the cathedrals and palaces, and a large seizure of property was made. Napoleon sailed for Egypt on June 18th, leaving a Governor and garrison on the island. Within eighty-two days the Maltese rose against them, and after a struggle which lasted

for two years and in which they were assisted by the British fleet, the French capitulated and Malta passed into the hands of England, which has held it ever since.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE GRAND MASTER

The Grand Master Hompesch left Malta for Trieste on June 17th, 1798, less than a year after his election. The voyage was a stormy one, and took unusually long, but immediately upon his arrival there he wrote to his representative at St. Petersburg, to the Russian Grand Priory, and to his other representatives, acquainting them with the disasters which had befallen the Order.

The Emperor Paul I of Russia had always shown great admiration for the ideals and the traditions of the Knights of St. John, and as they had acquired considerable property in Russia, a Priory of Russia had been established in January 1797. The Grand Master Hompesch had endeavoured to strengthen these links with Russia by asking the Emperor to accept the title of Protector of the Order of Malta, and the guardianship of certain of their valuable relics. To these requests the Emperor had graciously acceded, deeming them honours. It was natural, therefore, that the Grand Master should turn for assistance to Russia, where the Order had an establishment and the Monarch was friendly.

Unhappily treachery continued to dog the footsteps of the stricken Grand Master. Immediately after the capitulation, his enemies in Malta composed an account of the fall of Valletta in which they accused the Grand Master of treachery to the Order, gross incompetence in his handling of the crisis, personal cowardice, and finally,

of utter depravity, in that he had willingly betrayed the Order to France in return for an annual pension to himself of 300,000 francs. The compilers of this document did not themselves sign it, but appended to it the name of Le Bailli de Tignée, then over eighty years of age and lying at the point of death, but one of the most senior and most deeply respected members of the Order in Valletta. This document was immediately despatched to St. Petersburg, Vienna, and the various centres where the Order had influence, reaching them in advance of the Grand Master's communication; and as it bore the signature of so well known and so highly esteemed a knight as the Bailli de Tignée, it was widely accepted and appeared in the public press. Only a few felt that it was incredible, and stayed their judgment. But the most powerful friends of the Order, the Emperor Paul, the Grand Priory in Russia, the Austrian Emperor, and the Pope, all turned from the Grand Master in scorn and anger.

The venerable Bailli de Tignée, on account of his great age, was allowed by Napoleon to remain in Valletta, but he was soon cut off from all communication with the outside world, for on September 2nd, 1798, the Maltese rose against the French and the city was blockaded from that date until September 4th, 1800, just over two years. After the raising of the siege the Bailli got to know of the course of events and of the document purporting to be signed by him, and although lying at death's door, he lost no time in issuing a sworn statement in which he utterly repudiated any knowledge of, or connection with, the letter to which his name had been fraudulently appended, and which, in his own words, "is full of the most atrocious

calumnies against our lawful chief, the Grand Master of Malta". He continues:

> Though this document bears all the marks of improbability, it has yet acquired some credit, because the calumniators have had the assurance to publish it in print. My sorrow was inexpressible when I learned that so dark a deception, and one so destitute of all credibility, had nevertheless occasioned so unhappy a division in our Order. . . .
>
> Looking at its wants of likelihood and its absurdity, it would not have made any impression upon the public if they did not so readily accept reports which tend to tarnish the reputation of anyone, whomsoever he may be. . . . It will suffice for me to observe that, at the time when I am supposed to have written that document, I was on the point of death, suffering from a mortal complaint, and as a supposed dying man, had received the Holy Sacrament.

But this repudiation by the Bailli came too late. In spite of the inherent improbability of the story related by the unknown authors, and of the obvious marks of illiteracy which it bore, the calumnious document was widely accepted and had an undisturbed circulation for two years, during which time irreparable injury was done to the Order and to the Grand Master, who was branded throughout Europe as a traitor and a coward. He was formally denounced by the Grand Priory of Russia, and their protest was endorsed by the Emperor and by the Pope.

It is hard to conceive how much suffering all this must have brought upon the Grand Master, the Head of the proudest Order of Chivalry in Europe. Yet he bore himself against the storm with high courage and dignity, ever trying, as his letters show, to restore the broken fortunes of his Order.

Very moving and yet very dignified is the following letter to the Emperor Paul:

SIRE,

Trieste, 30 October, 1798.

My profound grief and the surprise occasioned by so unexpected an event, my natural amazement at finding myself assailed by the most atrocious calumnies, which have been able to deceive the members of the Priory of Russia, fill my soul with bitterness and poison all the moments of my life. But what finally overwhelms and bewilders me, is not so much the opinion of your Imperial Majesty, declared in the decree which follows the printed manifesto of the Grand Priory of Russia—but your Majesty's wrath.

I should certainly be crushed under it, had I not the knowledge of the justice and equity of your Imperial Majesty to inspire me with hope and with strength—did I not know your Majesty's largeness of heart, which, refusing to allow itself to be biased by outside opinion, throws off the shackles of opinion and eagerly seizes the truth. These are, Sire, the high qualities in which I place my whole confidence.

I will not even recall to your Imperial Majesty your marked kindness towards me, nor the token of your favour, with which you have deigned to honour me. I will not make mention of my zeal and my eagerness to show myself worthy of them by making every endeavour to further your ideas—endeavours which have raised against me numberless enemies, who are perhaps the source of my misfortune.

In any other situation the goodwill of your Imperial Majesty towards me, and my entire devotion to your wishes, would have sufficed for my support; in the present circumstances, when I am obliged to beg for justice and for equity, inspired by the simple love of the truth, these things carry no weight.

A Prince, oppressed by a horrible tissue of libels, stands at the foot of your throne and, demands respectfully yet urgently to be permitted to justify himself before you face to face. Can your Imperial Majesty wish or be able to refuse me this privilege? . . .

I dare to affirm that my own mind is quite clear regarding my own conduct, in view of the tremendous efforts which I made against the pernicious clique which surrounded me, too numerous for it to be possible for me to rid myself of them, and from whom I could not get free owing to the constitution of the Order, which did not permit me to dismiss any dignitary.

How have my enemies the assurance to assert, and how have those who know me more intimately been able to suppose for a single moment, that I who gloried in being chief

of the flower of the Noblesse of Europe could have conceived the idea of exchanging this destiny for any other advantage, even that of wearing a crown? And above all how could they have brought themselves to believe that I should have been so base as to allow myself to be captivated by the imaginary bait of a principality in Germany! . . .

I am entirely resigned. A gracious word from your Imperial Majesty will give me the opportunity of justifying myself, will give me back life. I shall only live from that moment in order to give your Imperial Majesty proofs of the lively esteem and profound respect with which I have the honour of being,

Sire, etc.,

(signed) HOMPESCH.

This justice was never extended to the Grand Master. He was condemned unheard, and on July 6th, 1799, Ferdinand de Hompesch, the last of the Grand Masters, seventieth in the long and honourable roll, resigned his position.

For a short time the Emperor Paul assumed the title of Grand Master, but he was only so in name, and he died on March 23rd, 1801.

CONCLUSION

Thus came to an end the power of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, which, from A.D. 1113 to A.D. 1798, had been recognised as a leading influence among the nobility of Europe. The ancient conflict between Cross and Crescent had produced an immense amount of sorrow and suffering and bitterness, but it had also brought forth the fair flower of chivalry, of which the White Cross Knights were the chief devotees. Especially did they draw their vitality from the beautiful land of France, where, surely, the ancient spirit of *noblesse oblige* has again been reborn on the

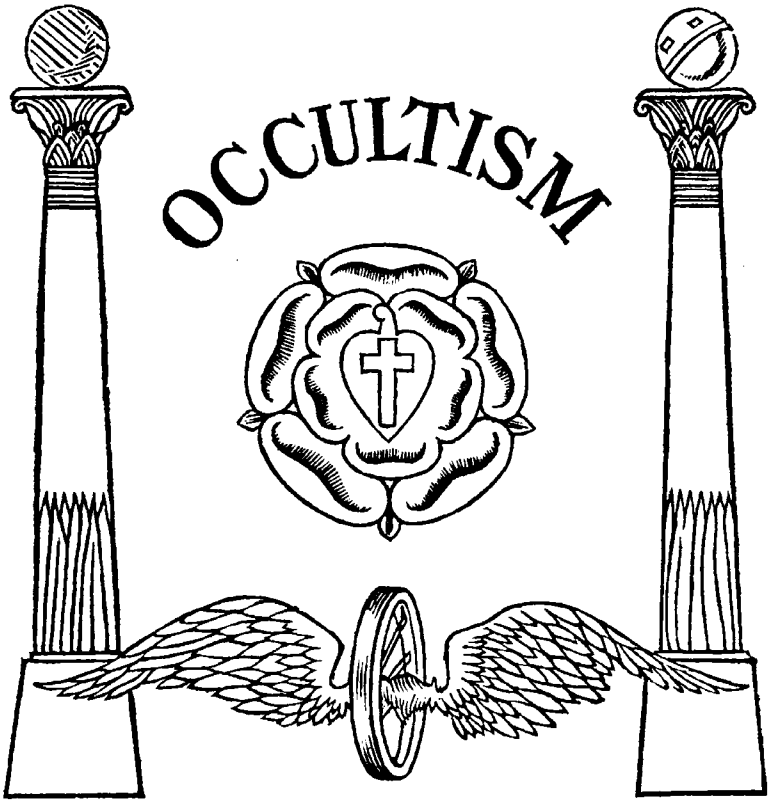
glorious banks of the Marne and the deadly but deathless slopes of Verdun.

It was the power of France, indeed, which gave the death-blow to the Order of Malta, but only when the true life had departed from it, and it remained an empty though beautiful form, devoid of vitality.

For many years before it fell, the inner life of the Order was at a low ebb, although its worldy prosperity continued. The luxury and profligacy of Valletta, the record of crimes and punishments, which still exists, and the traffic in Moslem slaves, are facts beyond dispute. Yet at the same time the lofty ideals remained and appealed to many who became Knights.

Apparently the Grand Master Hompesch had great hopes of revivifying the Order and diverting its energies into suitable new channels. His efforts were doomed to failure. But who can say whether the spirit of chivalry which He loved, and loves so well, may not again build for itself new instruments, greater and more splendid even than that of the glorious Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

G. Herbert Whyte



ANSWERS TO SOME QUESTIONS

A TALK WITH A CLASS

V

By ANNIE BESANT

IF you read the sacred books of the East you will find that it constantly happens that you come across a passage which, on the first reading, seems to be quite of the nature of fancy or legend or allegory.

But if you realise the facts, as you learn them in the Theosophical teachings, you will find that the truths appear veiled to some extent in popular language; the reason for that being that a very large number of these books were written for the sake of helping those who were, generally speaking, unversed in religious knowledge.

Many of the Purāṇas, for instance, were specifically written in order to convey definite knowledge of science and of history to people who were not thoroughly educated, and so you have much put in the form of a story. A simple illustration of that would be where three of the early Avaṭāras of Viṣhṇu were represented as in the form of a fish, a tortoise, and a boar.

To the Western mind, and to the Eastern mind which has been trained in the Western way, that sounds a little absurd at first. People in the West are accustomed to think of God as in the form of a man. That does not shock them; but to realise that God might manifest in any form below the human is to them somewhat revolting. Perhaps that feeling is not as strong now as it was before the evolutionary teachings became so widespread; but in the earlier days to take manhood into God was thought reasonable, and a kind of concession to the greatness of the human race. But to take the whole world into God, with all of its manifestations, mobile and immobile, was regarded as blasphemous to Divinity.

In India that has not been the case. "There is nothing movable nor immovable that can exist apart from Me," says Shrī Kṛṣhṇa. It is therefore included in that belief, that everything is a part of God. Under those conditions it was a perfectly natural and intelligible

thing that the great stages of evolution, as we call them, where there was a great transition from one type of life to another, should be marked by an incarnation of divine life specifically in the typical form of the epoch, or stage, or age, which was thus entered into. So you may notice that these successive Avaṭāras of the animal type marked the distinct stages now recognised by Science as the great progressive stages of the long evolution of forms upon our world.

Hence you have, first, the fish. Of course, Science recognises perfectly that when the whole of the surface of the world was covered with water, the fish (the earliest of the vertebrate kingdom) was the first in the evolution of forms. As the waters retreated, some earth was left, but for a long time the earth was in an exceedingly muddy and slimy and marshy state; therefore you naturally come to the reptile, and so the tortoise was taken as a symbol. Later on when the solid earth formed a large part of the surface of the globe, the mammalian kingdom appears, and that is symbolised in the form of a boar.

To the ordinary uneducated person you could not teach scientifically this truth that the kingdoms of nature succeed each other in a very definite order, but you could put this idea of the divine life taking a new step forward in this symbolical way, which is absolutely true. And it was sufficient to remind them that, in every stage of life, God was the one upholding force.

That wider view of life, which has come to the West by Science climbing up to it by observation, and then by classification and synthesis, was put in all the ancient religions as part of the religious teachings. There was then no distinction made between the

knowledge of God which came through God-illumined men (so-called "revelation"), and the knowledge of God which was found by observing Nature, which is equally a form of revelation, only by a different method. Hence there was no antagonism between the two, and the whole world was enveloped in this divine atmosphere.

Therefore in reading these books, which were intended more for the populace, you have to remember that much of it was put in the form that we should now call allegory or myth. But that does not discredit it, for the old myth is very much truer than history; the myth is the embodiment of a spiritual and universal truth which unfolds itself down here in many aspects and different phases, and those aspects and phases are called "history". But the myth lies below them all and they are only expressions of the myth. Naturally, people who know nothing of that larger analysis of life have translated all these myths as they might translate, say, Æsop's *Fables*.

They have done so with even less knowledge, because they have less literature of other kinds with which they can compare these symbols and ideas. It is on that point that so much of the difficulty of the translation of ancient books turns. When you come, for instance, to the Hebrew, there is practically no early literature there except the Scriptures of the Jews. The result is that, in translating, they have not a mass of literature with which they can compare the words and so get a knowledge of the whole content of the words. Hence it has been said of Hebrew that there is no grammar and no lexicon, thus making the whole of it exceedingly uncertain as regards translation.

When you come to Samskṛṭ it is not the paucity of the literature which causes difficulties, but it is that in the early days the whole of the literature was religious, and therefore you have not the same amount of varied comparison that you have, say, in the Greek. Hence for those to whom these languages are foreign, there is a great deal of difficulty in translating them fully and accurately; and because of that, it is of great value that we have the tradition that is embodied in the paṇḍiṭs. It is that which we must have and be familiar with, in order to have a rational and intelligible translation of the old Samskṛṭ. The Orientalists complain that they cannot use that tradition thus handed down orally from age to age; yet without it a true knowledge of Eastern literature is impossible.

* * * * *

Turn now to another subject about which there is a good deal of interest—the fact that each of these different worlds in which we live has its own Protector, who is always there watching what is going on. You will remember how the "Silent Watcher" is spoken of in *The Secret Doctrine*, how He is outside the circle of the world, and how He is always there watching. You will remember how it is pointed out by H. P. B. that He is not taking any active part at all; He is simply there as a Guardian. If it were possible (it always seems an impossible thing to think of) for any error to be made in the working out of that part of the Divine Plan which is in the hands of the four Kumāras, then theoretically He would interfere. That is the whole idea of the Hierarchy; grade upon grade, each standing higher in knowledge and power than the one below it. If any mistake is made by the leader

of any grade, then the leader of the next grade above interferes.

You will remember the very strange remark which has been made; I mention it (though I do not understand it) because it illustrates this. It has been said that the Lord Buḍḍha made a mistake; now that seems to me a very curious phrase to apply in such a case. What is indicated by it, and has sometimes been hinted, is that in His extraordinary love for the world, He gave a little more than the world was ready to receive. That is what is traditionally said to underlie the statement; and therefore Shrī Shaṅkarāchārya was sent, some eighty years after the Lord Buḍḍha had passed over into Para-Nirvāṇa, in order, as it were, to seal up a little of that for which the world was not yet quite ready, and which might therefore cause a certain amount of harm.

I have sometimes thought that it is possible that the lack of the doctrine of the continuing ego in the Southern Church may possibly have come from the spreading of the Buḍḍhist Religion outside of India among a people who were not familiar with the metaphysic and the cosmogony of Hinḍuism. In India itself, the stress which the Lord Buḍḍha laid upon conduct, the exquisite simplicity of His teachings (intended to help the ignorant as well as the learned), could not in any way mislead, because all the people knew the underlying Hinḍuism, and He Himself, being a Hinḍū, took it for granted. Hence there was no need for Him to emphasise the side of the truths which was so familiar to them. He gave what was wanted at the time for the mass of the people, and thereby changed the whole ethical and religious life of India.

It may be that when the teaching passed on among Fourth Race people, while magnificent in its ethical aspect, the omission of that metaphysical side (so familiar in India) led to a certain amount of materialism in the Southern Church. I have sometimes thought that that may have been what has lain under this traditional phrase. I find myself unable to think of a mistake in connection with the Lord Buḍḍha, and I have sometimes imagined that it was a wider view which underlay the crude statement.

To Him the temporary materialism was a trifle that might colour the ethical value which was so enormously above it. After all it did not so much matter, so long as people were living pure and noble lives under the influence of His ethic, that they should blunder to some extent on the metaphysical questions. The meaning of the skanḍhas, and so on, makes very little, if any, practical difference. Any mistake that may have been made by the more ignorant people about such matters would affect the mass of the population not at all in their evolution.

If you take the ordinary Burmese, for instance; they are a simple, gentle, happy type, distinctively Fourth Race, very religious, very charitable, and of the most exquisite moral character. They are the product of the teaching. And if one might venture the suggestion, it may be that in the enormous width of view of such a Being as the Lord Buḍḍha, practical help to evolution may have entirely outweighed the question as to whether their metaphysic was right or wrong.

Metaphysic which depends upon knowledge gained from the senses is always wrong, because it is always partial. You and I may think ourselves very wise in regard

to our Theosophical teaching, but I have not the slightest doubt that we are making tremendous blunders over it, and that when we reach the higher stages we shall see how comparatively poor and incompetent were our views of these widespreading and immense truths. It is because of this that we need such complete tolerance. Our view may be true in a very real sense of the word. It is true of as much as we see, but there is so much more that we do not see, which, when it is seen, modifies that view. Hence the need to realise that in putting forward any doctrine, we must always leave the door open for a wider and fuller explanation, which may very much modify the statement that we are making.

In expounding the idea of reincarnation, for instance, we have taught it from the wrong standpoint, from the standpoint of the circumference, from the standpoint of the personality, and of how reincarnation seems to the personality. This causes people to make all sorts of blunders in considering it, because they are all looking at it from this wrong viewpoint. If we transfer ourselves to the centre and think of the individuality, think of the higher man himself as the continuing, the incarnating being, then our view of reincarnation changes enormously. We do not lose the truth we had in the narrower view, but we do see how it is modified, how the proportion and the relationships are all changed. The way we present it will also be different. But to present it in that form to the ordinary mass of people in the West, where it has not yet been received universally, would hinder its acceptance, and so it is put in the more popular form.

That must be true in our own case also. It must be that the Masters put the great truths in a form

suited to our limited intelligence, in a form which enables us to assimilate those truths at our stage of understanding. It is exactly the same as in giving food to people. If you fed a baby on the food given to grown-up people, it would choke and die. In fact, one reason for the high mortality of infants is that they are fed wrongly; they are fed on food good for grown-up people but bad for babies. So it is in the matter of truth. We want truth in a form that we can assimilate, so that we can grow up by it, just as the baby wants food in a form that it can assimilate; otherwise it cannot grow. If these great truths came thundering down upon us just as they are, they would crush us and we should be broken up by them. The Masters are wise, being as it were educated mothers and not ordinary mothers, and so they are careful in feeding their spiritual babes.

So we get only partial truth. We must all remember that; otherwise there is the danger of building up a new dogmatism in Theosophy, and those who come after us in a generation or two will have the greatest trouble in breaking free from that, just as some of us had in breaking the very narrow conceptions into which we were born. We must not make that difficulty for the future. That is why they call me a "latitudinarian," because I leave plenty of room for people to expand all round. In that way we shall guard our posterity from some of the errors from which we are suffering. I speak of that because I nearly died in breaking my own fetters, and I do not want to have Theosophy fastened down into orthodoxy to harass people three or four generations from now.

Let us return for a moment again to this Protector or Guardian. He is called a Ṭaṭhāgaṭa or a

Ḍhyān-Chohan, and in the Buḍḍhist books you have very many of them. If you think of the word Ṭaṭhāgaṭa as applying only to those whom we call Buḍḍhas, you will be very much perplexed, because we find so very many of them and they seem everywhere. You wonder where They belong, and what office They fill. But when you realise that every world, and all of these divisions that we call planes, has a "Watcher," and that every one of those has a Ṭaṭhāgaṭa (which, after all, only means "he who follows in the footsteps of His predecessors), then you will understand why these large numbers are given in the books.

But He is meant to protect and watch over, and not to interfere with, the normal course of evolution marked out by the Divine Will. Our bit of it in the plan of the world is marked out by our Īshvara and given over to the Head of the Hierarchy. That must not be interfered with; but if there is a danger of any force coming which is strong enough to interfere with or suspend that law, then it is that the Ḍhyān-Chohan or the Ṭaṭhāgaṭa steps in at once, puts things right, and prevents the interference which would mar the harmonious working out of the plan.

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A perpetually interesting question is that of the survival of the early Christian Mysteries. You will find that in the Roman Catholic Church there are a number of ancient traditions which have been preserved and handed down from the earliest times, when the Mysteries were still in the Church. Each great religion, of course, had its own Mysteries, and you know how the early Fathers of the Church speak of the "Mysteries of Jesus," the Mysteries that the

Master Jesus had given to those whom He instructed. By analogy there can be no reasonable doubt that those contained the whole of the great occult truths.

Parts of those have certainly been handed down by tradition in the Roman Catholic Church. I always think it possible that in the very highest members of that Church there may be a secret teaching; there is no doubt that in the library of the Vatican there are a number of secret books which are never allowed to go outside of a very, very small circle. These act as intermediaries and give a certain amount of occult teaching to some of the great Orders of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Jesuit Order is one of them, and that is the reason why H. P. B. showed such a very strong antagonism to it. It has a knowledge of certain occult facts which it utilises to obtain an influence over the minds of human beings and, as you know, that idea of controlling the human will by occult means is distinctly the way of the black magician. I do not mean by this that every Jesuit is on the road to become a black magician; that would be most unfair, for among the Jesuit Order there are a number of the most spiritual and noble men that you can imagine. It is a marvellous Order for its utter self-sacrifice and extraordinary activity of life. But the higher people in it, the rulers in it, have this knowledge. Some of it they pass on, but in a form which would not strike the ordinary Jesuit as having anything wrong about it. Of course he would not enquire whether it was wrong or not, when it comes to him through a superior officer.

There lies the danger. We, on the other hand, are always told to follow our conscience. While it

is true that a warning on this point has been given somewhat caustically: " Take care that your conscience is not the conscience of a fool " (the remark of a prelate in the time of Charles I to one of the Nonconformist people whom he was trying to terrify into conformity), still it is best to follow your conscience whether it is the conscience of a fool or not. After all, if you have only made yourself up to that stage of folly, you must act according to the stage you have created for yourself. You cannot blame the person who acts according to his nature; and it will take him some time to alter that nature. That is another stage of tolerance. If a person acts wrongly or foolishly it is because he has made himself that way, and his action is the outcome of his nature. He ought to change himself, and you should try to help him, but he must really do it for himself.

Hence in Theosophy we always say: Judge morality by your conscience; do not do a thing if to you it seems wrong. The Jesuit does not say that; he has to do what his superior tells him to do—to be " as a corpse in the hand of the superior ". His whole movement comes from there. That brings out some extraordinary virtues; but it also has dangers, and it is the dangerous side that has led to the exclusion of the Jesuits from certain continental countries, because they become dangerous to the State, and the State never knows whom it has to deal with, for the reason that they blindly obey their superiors.

The principal point that I want to mention to you with regard to this occult teaching is the power of thought. The knowledge is becoming now fairly widespread, but some time ago it was not widely known.

But the Jesuits were taught it, and they used it whenever they had a mission anywhere; that is, when they went out to preach Roman Catholic doctrines. On those occasions one or two people would go down to study the physical appearance of the place of meeting. Then they would map out the district in which they were going to work, and carry the map back to their headquarters. Then they go into a dark room—dark because concentration is easier in the dark; a certain number of them form a little circle and hold each other's hands so as to become magnetically joined. Then they fix their minds upon one single thing, that one of the Roman Catholic doctrines that they are going to preach; and they think of themselves as in this particular place where their work is to be done. Then they think of one of themselves as preaching (the whole of the art of visualisation is taught to them) and they fill the whole mental atmosphere of that particular locality with this one thought. Then they go out and preach it.

You see at once the effect of that on the mass of the people they address. Their brains have been played upon by this thought-image and the whole ground has been carefully prepared; hence they are much more receptive. Many more of them come and listen; and many more of them will be impressed with the teaching that is given. It is in that fashion that this occult force is utilised.

I cannot tell you how far that goes, because, not being in that Order, I do not know their secrets. This I happen to know, because I have been told by a Jesuit that this is the way they work. Of course it does make them, in a sense, a dangerous element if the force is turned to evil. If it were turned to the spreading of

some evil thought, not a religious doctrine, then it might do a great deal of harm; and one can hardly tell how far that goes in those cases where they have been reported as entering into a conspiracy against the State, or even to dispose of a person who is in their way.

It is the fact that they act under orders blindly that has caused their exclusion from many European States, in some ways to the disadvantage of the people, because the ordinary Jesuit is a very admirable person, a person of absolute self-sacrifice and unselfishness. The Jesuit missionaries have been the noblest missionaries that have ever gone out into the world. They live a most ascetic life, they give themselves absolutely to what they are doing, and they are full of love. Some of the great saints of the Roman Catholic Church came from that Order.

If they turn to evil, then they finally become the type of person who would be thrown out of the world's evolution, just as the black magician who has gone too far wrong will be thrown out of the world and will be got rid of. Something of that kind is going on in this present War; some of the quite irredeemable people, who are participating in this great struggle, will be thrown out and will pass into avīchi, to wait there until some future planet is evolved, when they will again begin their evolution.

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You know how often the question is asked: Is any given life-period a fixed period? If by that question is meant: Does a person die out of the physical body at a fixed time? the answer is: No. Other causes may be brought in. There are certain causes which work

towards that point; several times in the course of a person's life-period his past karma brings him to what you may call a rather critical stage. According to the force then brought to bear upon him will depend whether he passes out of the physical body at that time or not. But the whole life under physical conditions is a fixed period, and if he passes out of earthly life before that period is fulfilled on the physical plane, he has to live on for the remainder of it under what you may call partly-earth-life conditions in the astral world. His physical body has been struck away before its life-period is over. But the normal period after death only begins when that earthly life-period is exhausted; that is the point you have to remember. Here in India you are very often asked that question, because there are a number of verses in the Shāstras which imply that death only comes at a certain time. Normally death does so come. You remember the verse in one of the books: that before the period comes "a lance will not kill; when it comes a blade of grass is enough to kill". The ordinary person reading that will naturally think only of the physical body. If you take it in a little wider sense and take the blade of grass as a symbol, then you would have the entirely true conception that, when the time comes, the smallest cause will bring about the striking away of the physical body. If that time has not come, then even a violent cause—the lance—cannot alter the life-period; but still it may strike away the physical body.

People sometimes get puzzled over this matter and they ask a mass of questions which lead to very undesirable results. For instance, they say: "Oh well, if a person's life-period is fixed, if the death hour is

fixed, what is the good of nursing him or of bringing a doctor? Leave him alone; if he dies, it will show that it is his time to die; if it is his karma to live, he will live." And you do occasionally get cases where that is actually carried out. Now that is a serious mistake; you are bound to do what you can, for at a critical period you may change the result by your present activities. Yet people sometimes refrain from those activities because of the mistaken idea that the physical life-period is fixed; and it leads to undesirable results.

The fact is that the period of life under physical conditions *is* fixed: the period of striking off the physical body is *not* fixed. At one point or another death may come. There will be times when, because of the karma, death cannot be averted, but there may be other periods when an added force may turn it away like any other kind of karma. There are points that are certain, and there are those that may be varied by exertion.

This illustrates the important fact that because right conduct is so enormously important to people's happiness and progress, it is necessary to use great discrimination in telling them things which, while of themselves true, may mislead them and make them act in a wrong way.

Annie Besant

RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

THE LIVES OF ULYSSES

V

INDIA

THE soul who is called Ulysses in these Lives plays again and again an unusual rôle; whenever a great religious movement is to be started he appears in an executive capacity, and becomes the patron and director of the movement. In the last life, as Vishtaspa, he helped Zarathushtra to establish his reformation throughout Persia; in this life in India we shall see how he played a similar rôle for Buḍḍhism. Even after the three centuries from the passing away of the Buḍḍha, the power of Buḍḍhism was still felt only in the Ganges valley; it was only after Asoka became a Buḍḍhist and took up Buḍḍhist propaganda that Buḍḍhism entered on its great career as a missionary religion.

Ulysses was born as Asoka, the famous Buḍḍhist Emperor of India. His grandfather was Chandragupta, who defeated Alexander's general, Seleucus Nikator, and freed India of the Greeks, and then established himself as the Emperor of India. When Chandragupta died, he was succeeded by Mitragupta Vindusara. The

eldest son of Vindusara was Susina, who was the heir to the throne, and his brother was Ulysses.

One day when the two boys were out hunting together a tiger sprang upon the heir; the younger rushed to the defence of his brother and killed the tiger with a javelin which entered its eye. Susina, the heir, was much injured by the tiger, but he did not die, though he was made practically a cripple.

As Ulysses grew up he was surrounded by the usual palace intrigues of an oriental court, and finally the intriguers managed to sway his father, and Ulysses was sent away from Palibothra (the modern Patna), which was the capital. Ulysses, who was called Piyadasi, was sent away to Ujjain as a Provincial Governor. Here he fell under the influence of an unscrupulous woman, and at her instigation he drove away his Guru Kanishka, who was a pupil of Mars, who was in incarnation at this time.

The next important series of incidents brought Asoka to his kingdom. He was in the Hindu Kush mountains, engaged in fighting Greek soldiers, when events at the capital made him return swiftly. His father was dying and a bogus heir had been substituted by one of the ministers. This heir, however, was killed by an arrow through the throat. Ulysses, on his return, appeared at his father's bedside, but an altercation took place between father and son which threw the dying man into such a rage that he burst a blood vessel and so died. Ulysses thus became king.

When Ulysses became king he married a woman who was extremely good and pious. The woman of Ujjain, who once had influence over him, now that she was no longer able to sway him, tried to poison him.

She was instigated to this by Phocea, who was a pariah hanger-on of the palace. Her treachery, however, was discovered, and she committed suicide. Under the guidance of his pious wife, Ulysses recalled Kanishka whom he had previously dismissed.

Now ensued years of disturbance, for though Ulysses was king, it took much time before he really established himself as ruler. There were many conspiracies against him, one of which was instigated by the father of the woman who committed suicide. But the great incident which changed his life was, as was natural, his coming into touch once again with his Master, Mars. Mars was the teacher of Kanishka, and one day Kanishka took Ulysses to see him. Mars told Ulysses of the ancient bond between them, and then showed him a picture of that ancient life in Atlantis which is described in the first of these Lives. Mars then said to Ulysses: "You shall work under me for all time. You will indeed have much trouble, but you have formed with me a tie which cannot be broken." This interview utterly changed life for Ulysses; it brought out his higher nature, and his natural philanthropy now grew rapidly. He began public works of utility, making roads, planting trees and digging wells for wayfarers, establishing colleges, and founding hospitals for men and animals. After a devastating plague he issued an edict that there should be stores of medicine everywhere.

He had at first great difficulty with the Brahmāṇas, as he tried to put a stop to their corruption and in several instances he actually deported them. Soon after this Asoka was converted to Buḍḍhism and became a zealous propagandist. He now issued edict after

edict, many of which have been discovered and deciphered by orientalists. (The texts of these inscriptions are given in *Asoka* by Vincent A. Smith, and Asoka's strong philanthropy is clearly shown in them.) Ulysses was somewhat over-zealous at first in his propaganda, and the people began to murmur. He was then advised by Mars to be more tactful. He had bitter fights also with Buḍḍhist priests, as all the time he wanted to reform the Buḍḍhist priesthood; he drove away loose-living monks, though his action naturally aroused a good deal of opposition.

Among Asoka's children were a beautiful boy and girl, Mahinda and Sanghamitta, who as monk and nun carried Buḍḍhism into Ceylon.

Ulysses saw Mars now and then, and at one of these interviews Mars prophesied that, as a reward for what Ulysses had done, he should return to earth and have a chance to do other great, beneficial works for his country, and that from birth to birth he should work under him. A solemn blessing was given by Mars on this occasion. When this incident happened Asoka had been many years king and was getting old. So after this Asoka put his son on the throne, and retired to a country house near a cave, and there spent his last years in meditation. He often wanted to withdraw finally to the jungle, but his Guru would not permit him. However, when he was eighty years old, permission was given, and he entered on the fourth stage of life, and finally died two years later, while meditating under a tree.

During these last two years he meditated on the prophecy given him by Mars about future work under him, but he could not understand the prophecy. Some

time before he passed away he was very weary of life; Mars visited him and comforted him with the assurance of release soon, and then finally showed him the wonderful picture of that event in the twenty-sixth century A.D., when the Manu and Boḍhisaṭṭva of the Sixth Root Race (Mars and Mercury) and their pupils will enter into possession of their territory in California.[1] When Ulysses finally passed away, Mars was with him.

This is the last life on record of the President-Founder of the Theosophical Society, Henry Steele Olcott. He was born this time to usher in a great religious movement, and to devote his fine executive ability and his high philanthropic nature to establish on a firm foundation a world-philosophy. His empires of the past in Persia and India are reborn in that Empire of the Spirit which is the Theosophical Society. Not one nation or people alone, but the peoples of all lands, Hinḍūs and Buḍḍhists, Zoroastrians and Christians, high-caste Brahmāṇas and outcaste Pañchamas, alike honour his memory and show him gratitude. And, as of old, the link between him and Vajra, H. P. Blavatsky, and their common Guru, the Master M., was the greatest thing in his life. A greater record of humanitarian work was his as President of the Theosophical Society than was his as Vishtaspa or Asoka, and yet greater deeds await him in the life that is opening before him in the new birth which he has taken.

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[1] *Man: Whence, How, and Whither*, p. 342.

THE HOME-COMING OF THE PRESIDENT

By L. G.

OUR preparations to receive the party began when the news of their release came to us at Adyar. There were flags to be put up at Headquarters, bunting, greenery, arches, pandals, and the like. We went to bed, on the 20th of September, some of us, at about midnight, after a day of this sort of thing, with the usual feeling of having walked forty miles! However, the thing was done. My own bedroom was surrounded by a body-guard of Boy Scouts and Guards of Honour who had come down from Madanapalle School to assist at the home-coming of the President; and from twelve to three I was intermittently aware of the presence of the body-guard. However, there was not time for much sleep, as at three in the morning it was time to get up and get ready to go in to town to receive the President and her company.

The early morning hours were filled, drowsily and vaguely, with preparations and departures. Jutkas rattled about, and motor-cars muttered and grunted. Finally our particular conveyance appeared in the twilight of the dawn, and we got in. The road to town (seven miles of it) was a measure of what we should have expected and did, I suppose, vaguely anticipate as the condition of things we must inevitably meet at the

Central Station. For as we approached nearer and nearer to that part of Madras, the number of hurrying figures, all converging upon the station, became greater and greater. At first it was a motor or two, and scattered groups of people going along in the gloom; and then, as we got nearer, bigger groups, more hurrying, more frequent motors and jutkas, and a greater sense of bustle in the growing light of the morning.

At the station it was obvious that we were in for a demonstration that would be unique. Already, an hour before the train was due, the platform was what we then called full, and the road and compound of the station, in the same sense, nearly full. We thought of those hurrying crowds we had passed, and wondered where they would stand and how they would behave, and, idly, where the police would be and how they would act.

However, there was business to be done. Three or four of us went to a hospital across the road and got from the generous authorities a wheel chair in which we hoped to place the President, as she was weak and worn with all the strain of the internment and the journey through the night from Coimbatore. We wheeled it into the station yard, Mr. Dandekar and an attendant pushing stalwartly at the back, and Mr. Jinarājadāsa and myself skirmishing lightly on either side. By dint of a vast amount of requesting and gentle prodding and cajoling we managed to work a way through the surging mob to a place somewhere near the supposed stopping-point of the Presidential carriage. The heat and the bustle and the confusion were already enormous. Standing up on the chair one saw a vast, tumultuous pavement of head—bare heads, turbaned heads, heads

in caps, in fezzes, heads in Pārsī hard varnished hats, soft felt hats, heads bearing baskets of fruits and garlands to offer to the "Mother"—nothing visible but heads all up and down that long platform, out into the station yard and into the wide street, as if the heads of all India had suddenly been put together physically for a new sort of census.

And as the train was yet to come, after a half-hour, one pictured to himself the surging sea of people flooding into the road outside.

And then, after a long and sultry wait and two or three false announcements, the train slowly appears, making its way like a plough running a furrow down between those masses of heads. It stops, and we discover ourselves and our chair far from the door. However, with the aid of the Scouts and the Guard of Honour, and with the assent of the good-natured crowd, we edge our way to the carriage and almost to the door. The train roof is swarming with people who have climbed up the better to see. The platform is a solid mass of men, and at last the mass becomes almost congealed so that we can get our little vehicle no further. We see the President, smiling but a little weary in appearance, in the safe hands of the Committee, who have made a ring around her; and we abandon our chair (since we cannot move it further) and make the best effort we can to clear a way for the party of returned patriots which passes along through the cheering populace towards vehicles which are "somewhere about". But the curiously strong currents in the crowd carry us various ways, and only after a long interval, seemingly, do we find ourselves near our motors, and begin to find one another. There, seen far

away over a part of the crowd, stands Mr. Arundale, heavily be-wreathed in flower garlands. He is rescued and put in a motor. And presently, moving slowly through the people, appears the carriage containing the President, snowy-haired and calm, and Mr. Wadia and others. As the people catch sight of her, out in the road great cheers and roars of welcome arise, and Home Rule flags and banners appear and wave somewhat crazily, but with unmistakable joy. There is a blare of music from a group of *Bhajana* who have come specially to give religious honours to the "Mother," and slowly the procession takes shape and winds itself out upon the road like some huge, uncoiling serpent. I find myself at the neck of the creature and can see his vast extent. Here and there in the crowd rides a careful, clever, mounted policeman, and, like protruding vertebrae on our serpent, motors and carriages at intervals stand up out of the level of heads.

And then the memorable seven-mile journey began. At all stages perfect order reigned. The police had little to do, but such things as they did were tactful and skilful. They smiled and went with the stream and directed it only at sharp corners. At all cross roads we added to our numbers, and, as we approached the centre of the European business district, more and more varied became our make-up. We emerged on the other side of this, and came to a series of halting places. More garlands and more cheers. Offerings of fruit, of holy water from the temples; of silver vessels (some on the touch-and-return basis!). Bands and musicians. Triumphal arches and mottoes of welcome and sentiments of veneration. More additions to our procession. Suddenly a specially loud roar of welcome.

Sir Subramania Iyer! This is the venerable leader who stepped forward to fill Mrs. Besant's place when she was interned. His motor comes into line, and then we go on and on the miles out to Adyar.

As we approach the Headquarters of the Society, the procession, dropping a few people, but easily making up for them by recruits, becomes more and more a unit in feeling. Close to home our car makes a detour and we run to Adyar before the procession to give news of the close approach of the home-comers. Shortly upon the end of the great Elphinstone Bridge appear the leaders of the crowd, and then the high, conspicuous carriage and the temple canopy that indicate the President, and behind, the motors and carriages and masses of pedestrians in this magnificent parade. They are lost for a moment in the trees on the home side of the river, and then they appear, with music and cries of "Vaṇde Māṭaram". The leading groups swarm over the Adyar lawns and gardens and form a chorus in which appears the saintly form of the heroine of this singular, historic and impressive drama, in whose home-coming we see the return to India (and therefore to the world) of the inalienable right to Liberty, won back, not by blood and violence, but by the irresistible might of the Will and Wisdom of one of the eternally Freed.

The carriage rolls along under the carriage porch, and slowly, a bit wearily, but evidently happily, the President descends upon the soil of Adyar. She pauses for a little time in the Hall, which is, quite literally, packed with the crowd, and then passes on and up to the rest and quiet of her room.

There ensued days of festivities, addresses, garden parties, offerings, dinners, plays, and I know not what other forms of rejoicing as the expression of every class of the people of Madras. Torrents of telegrams of welcome poured in upon the President, and dozens of meetings all over India were held to celebrate her release. But nothing could possibly measure up to the enthusiasm and joy of that vast gathering that had the privilege of receiving the President and her party and escorting them to Adyar and Home.

L. G.

MRS. BESANT'S WORK IN AMERICA

By A. P. WARRINGTON

[THE following four articles were also written for the President's birthday memorial book, referred to at the beginning of Mr. Bernard Shaw's article in THE THEOSOPHIST of October, 1917.—ED.]

WERE it not that some pilgrim, toiling along life's highway and feeling the futility of his efforts, might take courage and press onward with greater hope and confidence, it would almost seem futile to assemble mere words to try to represent the life and work of the Great Ones of earth. For who has ever found the words adequate to describe those who give their lives to humanity in noble self-sacrifice? Who is informed enough to know of the true nature of their deeds? Who wise enough to evaluate their power for good? Who clear-seeing enough to perceive their occult force in readjusting the inner causes to the outer effects?

When one of the really Great is under consideration—one who has dedicated his whole being for lives and lives to the helping of mankind—such a one stands out as an embodied unit of cosmic consciousness, filled with ideas and plans, and working away at problems not ordinarily lying within the ken of his fellow beings; and therefore at times he acts in ways even outside the range of general human sympathy or tolerance.

It is not until time brings poise and makes its inevitable readjustments, that the true perspective is gained of the great man's work. Indeed without that perspective even an approach to the proper understanding of him can hardly be made. And even when this perspective is gained, who is there that can truly understand, save the one who has reached a like stage in greatness? For, as is well known in the realms of justice, no one may be judged save by the minds of his peers.

Feeling thus, I realise how any attempt to comment on the work of Mrs. Annie Besant in any land is destined to be a feeble effort, by whomsoever made. Not only do all the limitations here apply as to lack of perspective and understanding, but, in her case, the problem is made still more difficult by the knowledge the present writer has of the rare place she holds in the pantheon of the world's leading spiritual workers. When one reaches the stage of evolution upon which she, after lives of heroic struggle and suffering, has set foot, such a one becomes, as stated, something more than a personal figure; he becomes an influence, an influence subtle and pervasive and, at the same time, dominant and forceful. Such an influence is rarely at first acknowledged. Indeed, when finally recognised, resentment is its normal reward, being still misunderstood.

It is an influence of this nature that I believe Mrs. Besant has become in life to-day. Her matchless eloquence, of which the people of all the world know; the volumes of her writings circulated wherever a book is read; the orders or societies founded by her—all put forth for one sole end of leading the human mind to higher ideas of conduct—these are but outer tokens of her influence. Her real power lies deeper. Just as

in cosmic structure the planets we see represent only a densification here and there of the all-pervasive cosmic substance, so are these outer things only objective evidence of an inner fullness. It is not until one realises the force of such an influence in the all-penetrating world of causes that one can gain some hint of the mode whereby it exerts its power.

For it is here, in the realms of the inner worlds, where all things have their causes, that Mrs. Besant exerts her greatest power. Trained and guided for many lives in the understanding of the mystic laws of life, in how they may be utilised for harmony and beauty wherever discord and ugliness appear, she works in fire, where the uninstructed work only in clay. Where the latter proceed by slow, material modes with individual people and things, such a cosmic personality starts from within along lines of vast groups of peoples and events. To do thus is obviously only a matter of having the vision and living up to its powers with a far deeper knowledge of the laws of life than exists outside the small, rare circle of earth's true occultists, of whom the greatest historical example was the Man of Gallilee.

As far as Mrs. Besant's work in America is concerned, I fancy it has been much the same as in all other lands—an influence pervasive and persistent for good. Americans have had at long intervals the privilege of hearing her golden words, and have had constant access to her invaluable publications.

Perhaps the most notable appearance of this remarkable woman before the American people was at Chicago, in 1893, in connection with the Congress of World-Religions. The eyes of the whole world were

focused upon this stupendous event, and among the speakers of international fame there was none who drew a wider attention or greater applause than Mrs. Besant. I speak of the event as stupendous, because it marked the first step of a widely public character ever taken to foster a mutual understanding between a large number of the great religions of the world. This incident and Mrs. Besant's part therein attracted special attention in America, and taken with the few country-wide tours made by her, wherein she spoke invariably to large audiences, and with the added touch she has had with the Americans through her written works—these all have had their constructive influence upon the formative American character, to what extent no one may ever quite know.

I recall an incident showing the effect of just one of her works upon a retired officer of culture and standing, and who, therefore, was a man of many friends and acquaintances. He was not a Theosophist, and apparently knew nothing of Theosophical literature. On one occasion he announced to a club friend with great earnestness that he had just made a remarkable discovery—the discovery of an epoch-making book. He seemed profoundly impressed with the importance of the book, and was somewhat felicitous of himself for having found it. The book was Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity*. As we know, this is only one of her many "epoch-making" books, works distinguished for their breath of view and superb tolerance, and setting a new pace in making the highest human ideals practical in all departments of human relationships.

The note of human brotherhood that runs all through her work is brought down and applied in a

practical and wholesome way, not merely in one walk of life, but in all. The fact that she has shown by such skill and practical modes how the most difficult of all human ideals, the living of the principle of brotherhood, may be wrought out in religion, in systems of government, in education, in social matters extended to their fullest scope, marks her as a publicist of the profoundest usefulness to humanity.

It requires no argument, therefore, to prove that one of her genius, spending a whole life in devoted, unremitting energy for the upbuilding of the kingdom of brotherhood on earth, is a person who will be marked by history as one of the Great Ones of earth. Nor does it need to be explained that the American people, alert and keen, and readily absorbative of all nobly presented idealism, have not been slow to grasp something of the spirit of this noble woman, and that they will in time absorb it into their formative institutions in increasing measure, as her influence widens under the zealous propaganda of her devoted followers.

When future generations attempt to evaluate the work of Mrs. Besant as a world tribune, and when at that time America stands forth as one of the brilliant and inspired nations of the earth, due credit will be given to this great woman for the ideals she has impressed upon this youthful and promising nation at a time when its future greatness and grandeur were not dreamed of by its most ardent patriots.

Long live the great woman of seventy ripe and full years! May the days yet remaining to crown her wonderful life be filled with the choicest products of her superb genius.

A. P. Warrington

A PROPHET OF THE NEW DAY

By GEORGINA AND ROBERT WALTON

GREAT is the leader who has power to clothe a noble ideal in stirring words, to outline for men and to hold up before them their higher tendencies, to objectivise for them the inner urge to the heroic, to be, in short, the voice for a people's soul.

Great, too, is the man who is a living slogan for his kind, *doing* the things which others *say*, birthing a dream in deeds. President Wilson in his war message sounded for a nation the one call that it would answer, crystallised in living words the aims of the Entente Allies. The prophet of deeds, the silent Avaṭār, has glorified humanity on the battle front, where nothing less than inspired action is expected of man.

But the voice and the deed combined, the will and the hand, the heart and the mind! These are truly the mark of the master leader, as rare as is "the Holy Flower that opes and blooms in darkness". The words of such are not forgotten, nor their deeds. They change men's lives, and strike the spiritual key-note of an age. They gather vagrant dreams into a living whole. We greet them in the past. But . . . where are they to-day? Who will stand out like a pillar of fire when the present has become the past? Let us take the historical view, so that our vision may be clarified of

non-essentials. For it is not merely the glamour of the past that reveals men as heroes; but, rather, the lapse of time sufficient to permit the great bulk of their heroism to stand free of the petty and distracting details in the foreground. And from that view, nay, from a nearer view, one stands in our midst to-day whose heroism is too ardent to be hidden, whose wisdom solves too much to be ignored, whose eloquence turns ridicule to tears. Annie Besant, living here and now, will be awarded place in the world's Pantheon. The one-pointedness of genius is hers, with this difference: that the One towards whom she points includes and harmonises all. Where others have sponsored a single cause, she has touched life on every side, standing at the centre and working towards the circumference. Her cause has been the uplift of humanity. Hardly a brotherhood movement (and all good movements are brotherhood movements) but looks to her as an apostle.

She has given intelligent expression to countless activities, and has furnished propaganda for many movements which she felt would further her high purposes. The Freethinkers are probably still using her early writings to advertise their views. Who can evaluate her aid to free speech and a free Press? It can well be seen how permeating must be her influence. Who can measure what the big, new movements in education, in social betterment, in religious freedom, owe to her? In the United States, and it is of the United States we would speak, countless women know of her through the Annie Besant Study Clubs, included in the great Federation of Women's Clubs—a union which numbers over a million souls. Women look to Annie Besant. She kindles their imagination and their

will, in this period of their transition from subordinate to co-ordinate rank. She is the apotheosis of the new woman, the super-woman, not unsexed but strong, tender and wise.

Her books are found in the hands of many leaders; sermons from widespread pulpits embody the essence of her thoughts. She is known through her works to myriad thousands who have never come into touch with the greatest synthesising movement which her life symbolises—the Theosophical Society.

One degree removed from this immediate following is an ever-increasing number of Advanced Thought devotees, who are fed by their leaders with diluted (and oft-times polluted) extracts of Theosophy, largely as expressed by Mrs. Besant. In time the pollution will be thrown off; the impetus to loftier things will remain.

Her ideas have permeated the literary, intellectual, philosophical, scientific and religious worlds—often much stepped down, to be sure, as electricity is through a transformer, but subtle and powerful in the ultimate effect. Even the old theology is being displaced from the shelves of the book stores by the vast and rapidly increasing literature of modern spiritual and religious movements.

This broad American Republic is in a spiritual ferment. Never perhaps have a great people been more open to a new expression. They are thrilling with the possibility of human perfection; in the less evolved it is called human achievement, but they hold the balance only in numbers. They believe in the ideal and seek its exemplar. Particularly is this true in the Western States where men are fearless in experiment. There must be an answer to this demand.

A great incarnation is a culmination of racial or world tendencies. It also may be an embodiment of the type for a new racial expression. Surely Mrs. Besant is both. She sounds the key-note of advance in philosophy, science and religion; and they are one. She gives to the coming race here and abroad the model for the synthetic life; she furnishes the Ariadne thread which will lead from this seemingly blind labyrinth of life on to the Path of Return. She is one of those rare ones of earth in whom the mystic and the occult meet in action, flaming heart and brilliant mind. Her task is to be a prophet, not of men's grasp, but of their reach. Thus complete recognition of her and of her message lies in the future. She is liberated woman; therefore, a world made free. The latest race will recognise her as its own, and mould itself to the heroic life. Her books will live long after she has left us. Her radiant message will echo in ears attuned to receive it. It will embue the world with a new vitality, an old wisdom, and a mighty dream. Happy he of the historic vision, who can see and heed to-day what to-morrow will acclaim.

Georgina and Robert Walton

A VOICE FROM HOLLAND

By W. B. FRICKE

YOU ask me, as one of the oldest Theosophical workers in Holland, to write a few lines to say what we, as members of the Theosophical Society, and the country in general, have to be thankful for in regard to Mrs. Annie Besant's world-wide task of sounding the message of a better future for the world and its humanity. For such I take to be your request—to send you a short article to appear in a volume to be published on the occasion of the seventieth birthday of this wonderful worker in the cause of the guiding Hierarchy of this world.

A volume such as you contemplate issuing cannot be anything but a huge bundle of longer and shorter wordings of praise and gratitude. Even her greatest opponents will have nothing to say against her, though they are unable to see her work as we do; and so it will be difficult to say things which others are not able to write better.

Yet I will say that hundreds, nay thousands, in this country will ever think of Mrs. Besant as the harbinger of light. By the many public and private lectures she has given and the books she has written, which are spread all over the country, she has helped many on the road to the Path. Therefore I am glad of this

opportunity to give expression to the feeling of deep gratitude that will ever be with us for all she has given by her speech and literature.

There is, however, one thing I may contribute as an example of her great insight into the world's movements, as well as the great help she gave.

In the year 1912, when she was on a short visit, she gave a public lecture in The Hague before a large audience, amongst which were some of the most influential people of this country. She finished her lecture with the following remarkable words, which did not then seem to have such a deep meaning as they have since been proved to contain. She said:

> And a Nation? You will realise that you can make your Nation by thought, not only by thoughts but by concentrated, continuous, one-pointed thought, which builds a great national ideal. It is as if the Dutch Nation slowly builds up the great Peace-Ideal for the welfare of the world, an ideal before which all Nations will ultimately bow down, and to which all will tender homage. It seems as if this Nation here builds up that ideal that will in later times rule the world, and in this way it brings nearer a possibility that would be put off without your help.
>
> Some of you may say: Holland is so small, surrounded by such mighty neighbours, that it desires Peace as a matter of course, because war would be its destruction. If Germany went through Holland and Belgium to fall on Northern France! How could Holland resist that? Of course it desires Peace!
>
> But that is folly! If you look back in history you see that Holland is not smaller now than at the time when your fleet sailed up the Thames and brought a great scare to the capital of England. Holland now is not smaller than when it withstood the power of Spain, the mighty power of Pope and Emperor, and despised their cruelty, to gain religious liberty for itself, notwithstanding all the forces that were brought to bear against it. Why? Because it had a great ideal, because its sons and daughters nursed a fiery love for freedom of thought and esteemed life of little value. With such a history of the past you should not be so humble now, that you should think not to be able to exercise a great power because

your country counts only few square miles. Thought makes the force of a Nation. It was thought that broke the might of Spain, because thought united the people to concerted action. There exists nothing that a great ideal cannot conquer. You have often seen how Germany was a loose collection of bickering States. How came unity there, you will say? Through Bismarck and Moltke? No. By the songs of the poets, by the ideals held high by her patriots and literary people.

So with Italy. Italy was a number of small republics; how did Italy become a unit? How could Italy's King ascend his throne in Rome, the ancient capital? By the sword of Garibaldi? No. By the ideals held high by its writers, who sang the praise of Rome, who sang of liberty and unity.

And when the work of thought had been accomplished and the ideals were common property, the sword of Garibaldi the warrior could succeed in its work. Thought precedes action. And Nations are great in proportion to their thoughts. So I will say to you: Create it, then, by your thoughts, and it will be strong. What you did in former times to break the yoke that burdened you, by the war for liberty of thought, you will do again—break the yoke of war that weighs so heavily on the Nations. Love Peace, follow Peace, and yours will be the glory to lead this Peace, however small your Nation may be.

Now at the time nobody in general knew what we know now: that the greatest war that ever was would burst out in the way it did, as foretold by Mrs. Besant. Nobody knew that through this whole war Holland would indeed be the centre of all the great Peace organisations that work for a permanent Peace after the war. Nobody knew that Holland would escape the actual struggle!

It is wonderful, but there has been and is in Holland an atmosphere of Peace that absolutely shuts off all action that may lead to actual war. Mrs. Besant's words, shortly after the war commenced, were spread broadcast over the country, and it is my opinion that her words did influence not only the public at large but a great many prominent people, and have in this

way contributed largely to the official attitude of our country.

Not yet do we know how all will end. But it seems well possible that indeed Holland will remain the leading power for the Peace that all expect; and if it is not possible to trace exactly and exoterically what Mrs. Besant did by her words—and maybe even by some deed—to give a lead to Holland's attitude in these great times, I think that on the higher planes, more than ever we wot of, this course of events can be traced back to that moment when she, in fuller knowledge, was a mighty factor in Holland's present Karma. So she not only explained our past but brought us a message from those Great Ones that guide the Nations. She inspired the members of the Theosophical Society with that great ideal, who in their turn spread it over the country, thus forming a nucleus out of which a stream of thought would spring to feed the Nation with a feeling of the Divine Consciousness, manifesting as Wisdom, Power and Love. Therefore we cannot show our gratitude to our spiritual teacher better than by living up to the ideal she gave and the message she brought. Our Nation may be small, our faults may be many, but still we will send out the thoughts of Peace and Goodwill, so that as a Nation we may fulfil that Ḍharma which she held up before our eyes in living colours: to think Peace, to will Peace, till Peace is there, turned into action, that we may hold up this great ideal as our forefathers held up their ensign of liberty. May her life be spared for many days to come and the world be the richer for her teaching.

W. B. Fricke

THEOSOPHY AND SPAIN

By JOSÉ XIFRÉ

IN the Great Journey, causes sown each hour bear each its harvest of effects, for rigid justice rules the world.—*The Voice of the Silence.*

HAS the hour of Spain's deliverance struck at last? My noble and unhappy country, will she take the place to which her history gives the right in the present world cataclysm? Or will she continue to remain passive, if not indifferent, in the presence of the human butchery? Who can answer these questions with certainty?

Spain, which for centuries has been subject to the ill-omened influence of the House of Austria, appears as dead to all intellectual and more especially to all spiritual progress, but she is only asleep, and her awakening is probably near. One need but read the newspapers to realise that the country is at present passing through a time of great crisis—the most serious crisis which she has known for more than fifty years, and one which will decide her future, the rôle she is still to play in the history of our race. Her future depends on the choice she will make. Generosity, courage and chivalrous feeling are the characteristic traits of the nation. Unfortunately the ignorance of the masses, fostered by religious fanaticism, has blunted these noble qualities.

For half a century indifference, egoism and materialism have reigned in Spain.

But in spite of all, we Theosophists, that is to say a handful of devoted servants of the Masters—we still hope, convinced that the results of the causes we have been sowing for three decades and more will be made manifest in her hour of need. . . . And the hour has struck.

All the elements of spirituality are present in Spain; they are more powerful than one could suppose; they are beginning to show themselves; and the already strong desire of the people to throw themselves into the world-conflict may become irresistible.

And Theosophy will have largely contributed to the spiritual regeneration of Spain.

My heart, the heart of an old Theosophist, leaps with joy, and forgets all suffering in view of the enormous progress made by my country. The Theosophical work has borne fruit. The number of members increases, not only in the Peninsula, but also in the Canary Islands and in Africa. The unity among our brethren is complete, and their devotion to Mrs. Besant, that noble woman who occupies the position of President of our Theosophical Society, is unswerving, as is also their admiration and respect for the unique acquirements of this great Ego.

I bless the memory of H. P. B., without whom I should not have been permitted to witness the dawn of the redemption of my native land by Theosophy.

José Xifré

BOOK-LORE

Psychology of the Unconscious, By C. G. Jung, M.D., of the University of Zurich. (Kegan Paul, London. Price 21s.)

Within the last few years the trend of psychology has been largely into the domain of the subconscious. The startling results that have been achieved along this line of research are well known to the readers of the work of Myers. Another line of research is associated with the names of Freud and Jung; the contributions of these two latter are most important, and we have a good summary of them in this work of Professor Jung.

It is being recognised now that consciousness is a most intricate and complex series of forces, only a few of whose effects are manifest in the normal life of the individual. If we were to take the simile of a steamer at sea, the modern thought about the individual could be represented by the analogy of a ship moving in the water; we only see the hull and a certain number of passengers walking about, yet the movements of both are due to the rapid workings of complex machinery hidden below, guided by individuals, the stokers and the engineers, who are as full of thought and action as the passengers. It is the recognition of this hidden part of the individual that has opened up many mysteries; the method of delving into the hidden man is called " psychoanalysis ".

All the work done in this domain is readily comprehensible to the Theosophical student who knows of the complexity of the individual man; Theosophy long ago stated that " the ego " is made up of many principles, such as the physical body, the etheric double, the astral body, the mental body and the causal body, and others. Each of these bodies has been stated by Theosophy to have a life of its own, called either the physical, astral or mental; and as each of these " elementals "

has within it the experiences of the elemental essence of past ages, the Theosophist can well understand what gives rise to the subconscious streams which are one part of the individual's normal consciousness. Psychoanalysis is only a method of discovering the contents of these past experiences and memories of the elemental essence, including now and then a few memories of the past lives of the ego himself. Now both Freud and Jung in their psychoanalysis discover in the subconscious a tremendous momentum towards sexual expression; and this is not unnatural when we recognise how large a part sexuality has played in the history of humanity. To Freud this subconscious momentum is mere sexuality, whereas Jung conceives it as having a wider scope, which he calls *libido*. This *libido* is a certain push or urge to life or self-expression; it is well known in Indian philosophy as *Rāga*, desire, or *Ṭṛshṇā*, the thirst for life. As this urge begins in the child, it expresses itself at first in the desire for food, associating the mother closely with its needs; later the urge develops a sexual need, and later still the need for an "ego principle" or self-realisation. Jung's thesis, broadly speaking, is that as the individual tries to find himself, he is confronted by strong sexual tendencies of all his past ancestry, and that they tend towards incest with the parent. The individual therefore puts up barrier after barrier to these subconscious incestuous surgings, and both hysteria and religious worship and art are alike the result of a battle with these past tendencies. In other words we have a phallic explanation of everything in life to a more extreme degree than we have ever had it.

In reading Professor Jung's book one is amazed at two things: his wonderful erudition and his obsession in dragging in everything he has found as a proof of the phallic theory of the subconscious. All balance and proportion are lost sight of in his one *libido* to prove his thesis, and he even drags in fantastic philological equations that all sane philologists know to be utterly fallacious. There was a period in comparative mythology when we had the craze of the sun myth; now we have the craze of the sexual *libido* myth as explaining, not only all the highest religious teachings of the world, but also the fantastic imaginations of lunatics.

Needless to say the work is full of learning and must be read by every one who specialises in Comparative Religion. To one having the Theosophical synthesis, there is as much material in Professor Jung's book to disprove its theories as to prove them.

In a dozen years there will remain of these *libido* theories, as true, just a small fraction, but that small fraction is most valuable for the scientific discovery of the soul. For we are discovering through science the psychological elements that make up the soul of man. It is the subconscious element which Professor Jung deals with, and his mistake throughout in his explanations is due to the fact that he does not recognise the super-conscious element which works upon the *libido* so as to be free from its influence, and live in a realm of art and spirituality—which have nothing whatever to do with the sex impulse.

C. J.

Religion and Philosophy, by R. G. Collingwood, Fellow and Lecturer of Pembroke College, Oxford. (Macmillan & Co. Ltd., London. Price 5s.)

As explained in the Preface this book is meant to be "A contribution to the treatment of religion from a philosophic or intellectual rather than either a dogmatic or devotional point of view". The subject-matter is classified under three groups: The General Nature of Religion, Religion and Metaphysics, and From Metaphysics to Theology; and is subdivided into ten Chapters: Religion and Philosophy, Religion and Morality, Religion and History, On Proving the Existence of God, Matter, Personality, Evil, The Self-Expression of God in Man, God's Redemption of Man, and Miracle.

Those who seek an intellectual exposition of Religion will relish the clear and logical treatment offered to them in this book of 214 pages. The average reader will perhaps find it too abstruse at first sight, but if he has the patience to apply himself to close study he will be repaid for his trouble and will certainly find that his conception of Religion has broadened. While the book is written for Christians, its philosophy is applicable to Religion in general. There is no narrow

conception confining true religion to Christianity, for even "atheism and materialism are necessarily religions of a kind".

Thus an atheist may well be an atheist because he has a conception of God which he cannot reconcile with the creed of other people, because he feels that the ground of the universe is too mysterious, too august to be described in terms of human personality and encumbered with mythological impertinences. The materialist, again, may find in matter a real object of worship, a thing more worthy of admiration than the God of popular religion.

The relation of the Christ to those who do not know him as a historical person is described on pp. 160-161 as follows:

Union of life with life can hardly be confined to the definite disciples of any historical person. The life of the Christ is shared not only by his professed disciples but by all who know the truth and lead a good life. As the disciple finds God in the Christ, so the non-disciple finds the Christ in God.

Right action, not the mere belief in the Christian or any other creed, is thus declared to be the touchstone by which we are to judge of a person's spirituality.

The author has a happy way of illustrating his points. Speaking of God's plan he writes: "If God's purposes can be really hindered and blocked by evil wills, then God himself cannot know in advance their detailed history. He knows their ultimate fate; he sees them as a composer sees his symphony complete and perfect; but he cannot know beforehand every mistake of the performers"—a very helpful suggestion. With regard to pain we read:

The attainment of any fullness and depth of experience seems to be necessarily painful as well as pleasant, even for the noblest minds. Aesthetic experiences like hearing music (or, again, seeing a play finely acted) involve a kind of pain which is very acute, and cannot be confused with the pain of hearing bad music or music badly played. There seems to be something of this nature—what we might call a tragic element—in all the highest forms of life. It does involve pain; but it also involves pleasure, which transfuses the pain while it does not for a moment disguise its painfulness! . . . I do not think it serves any purpose to imagine hypothetical worlds in which this or that element of the real would be absent. And it does seem to me that pain is such an element. . . . Pain seems to involve imperfection only in the sense in which anyone who has a thing to do and has not yet done it is imperfect; and in that sense imperfection is only another name for activity and perfection for death.

On right and wrong actions he comments as follows:

It proves impossible to find any class of actions of which we can say that is always right or always wrong. Thus, "never tell a lie" is a good rule, but telling a lie is by no means always wrong. The least imaginative person could think of a situation in which it was a positive duty. Actions cannot strictly be classified at all. What is a lie? Intentional deceit? Then it covers such cases as ambiguous answers, refusals to answer, evasions; or even the mere withholding of information when none has been demanded; and we cannot easily say when such concealment of the truth is intentional.

Every page is full of ideas carefully reasoned out. It is a book for serious study, profitable not only to Christians but to members of any other faith, who need but substitute the name of their own religion for Christianity to feel at home in it.

A. S.

The Way of the Childish (Balamatimarga), by Shri Advaitacharya. Written down by the author of *The Real Tolerance*. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London.)

This is a helpful little book of maxims on the philosophic life; and contains many gems of wisdom, which are all the more genuine for being old, but which, nevertheless, are arranged in an original and attractive setting. The title is apt to be misleading, as it might easily be taken as intended to describe the ideal to be inculcated, whereas it is just the opposite. The phrase is used throughout as a mild deterrent; instead of "preaching" that such and such a thing is "wrong," the teacher finds it more effective to say: "Why be so childish?" The method employed is distinctly Eastern, though applied to problems of modern life—perhaps the least understood in the West; so the choice of the title may after all be justified by the Eastern axiom that the purpose of teaching is to make the pupil think for himself rather than to thrust ready-made information upon him.

The view of life expounded in these pages may be criticised as bordering upon the erotic, but it is intensely human, and after all this tendency is a welcome antidote to the rigid asceticism usually associated with earlier ideals of spirituality; in any case the advice is delightfully balanced, and full of practical common sense and generous tolerance. The booklet presents an attractive appearance.

W. D. S. B.

The Religion of Experience, by Horace J. Bridges. (The Macmillan Company, New York. Price $ 1.50.)

Reconstruction and revaluation will be the watchwords of all thinking people for many years to come. The author of the book before us has already adopted them and has kept

them always before him in his study of the religious world of to-day. We need something in the nature of a religious faith, he says, on which all can agree—something that will bind together all the members of the nation and, in time, all the nations of the earth. If we are to find this unifying principle, we must "discover some fresh standpoint from which the doctrines and disciplines of all faiths may be seen in a new light and re-valued". For this we must go deeper than the creeds of religion and study the experiences of the human soul which represent "those needs in response to which organised religion has functioned". This book is an attempt to bring to light some of these "veritable factors" in religion.

The author hopes that in time all the nations of the earth may be united by a common religion, but for the present he confines himself to the Christian world. Except for an excursion into Greek Paganism, he does not go outside the pale of Christendom.

The first two chapters are devoted to an analysis of the present position of the Churches and an attempt to get at the root of their inefficiency—for inefficient they most certainly are in the author's opinion, though "entrusted with a permanent and indispensable function of vital import to humanity".

The author then proceeds to give us his contribution to the re-interpretation of some of the basic ideas of religion—God, Jesus, immortality, inspiration, the relation of religion to nationality—these great questions are dealt with in turn, the writer confining himself to the psychological and sociological aspects of his subject. We quote the following passage as typical of his point of view:

> The true resurrection of Jesus consists in the appropriation of his long-forgotten spirit and principles. Just as the spirit of Aristotle has risen again from the dead in the minds and wills, the purpose and methods of our modern men of science, so that of Jesus is rising again among those who are seeking to establish a reign of righteousness based on the principles of democracy and freedom of thought. This is the real meaning of the hackneyed saying that there is more true Christianity outside the Churches than within them. Within the Churches we too often find the very temper against which his life was a protest: the temper of authoritarianism, of distrust of human nature, and of superstitious faith in the overruling of the natural order to moral ends by a power external to humanity.

The standpoint here elaborated is not new, and the Theosophist will find no particular inspiration in the author's conclusions. But he will find on the road to these conclusions much honest and useful criticism of the modern tendencies of religious and social activity.

A. DE L.

Main Questions in Religion, by Willard C. Selleck, D.D. (Richard G. Badger, Boston. $1.25c.)

The Rev. Willard C. Selleck has already written of *The Spiritual Outlook* and *The New Appreciation of the Bible*, but deep sorrow coming to him in middle life, he has turned his thoughts toward the more individual problems, partial answers to which are given in this new book consisting of six essays delivered to divinity students.

In the author's analysis of the Great Reality in Religion he calls attention to the fact that Religion is both subjective and objective, and that the world is full of products of the religious spirit. All nations and tribes in all stages of culture appear to have their religious rites. Broadly viewed, Religion is involved with all the great interests of life. After stating that "the nature of Religion is to be sought not in external forms but in the inner workings of the human mind," he sums up the subject in the following masterly way: "Religion is a kind of spiritual gravitation binding the finite soul of man to the Infinite Soul of the Universe as a planet is bound to its central sun."

As to the validity of Faith, the author states that: "Faith may be in every conceivable degree of strength or weakness according to the individual, but it must rest on some evidence and involves judgment." He suggests also that the kind of faith one has will depend upon the kind of life one lives. When speaking of knowing God he writes: "Surely a small part of the knowledge consists of things which can be precisely and conclusively proved, while the greater part consists of things which we believe upon evidence sufficient, in amount and quality, to produce conviction in minds competent to appreciate it."

That God must be apprehended in different ways by different minds is obvious. "One person may see or feel

chiefly His power and glory, another His justice and severity, another His goodness and love," according to the media or channel "through which the eternal world conveys its phenomena to him, sending its messages by the various routes to the central self within". These senses may be considered not only as so many avenues by which the soul goes forth to reach and explore the outward world, but also they are "spiritual windows through which the soul of man looks out upon a psychical world lying partly within but mainly without". In most men some one power is likely to be dominant, thus enabling him "by virtue," we will say, "of the will in him to postulate a superior will, and come to know God as cause, or by the power of thought in one who comes to know Him as Intelligence, . . ."

It is with the essays on Traditional Christianity and Christianity and Democracy that Dr. Selleck reaches the heights in this collective work. Here he says each soul must determine what is true and right, and adds: "Mankind may need some authoritative teaching, but it must be of the sort which is not a substitute for thought but an aid to thought."

Finally the great problem is faced as to whether there is any relation between "this pseudo-Christianity compounded mostly of Greek speculation and Roman statecraft" and the present frightful upheaval in European society. "It is a striking fact that in the present dire extremity of Europe the Christian Church is apparently powerless." He concludes that "it is vain to dwell upon what might have been, except for the sake of learning what ought to be now," and writes: "If a new civilisation is to be builded, the Christian Church for the new age must teach men, individually and socially, this great, simple lesson of co-operative goodwill."

> Christianity may be said to represent the inner, spiritual half of this great process of human development, while democracy may be fairly claimed to represent the external, social half of it, and together, while neither can do it alone, they can and will establish the reign of a true universal human brotherhood.

On the whole *Main Questions in Religion* is a book handled with great skill.

E. R. B.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

RELIGION UNDER REPAIR

The Nineteenth Century and After for September contains an article by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, under the above title, in which he continues his useful work of presenting Theosophical teachings in a form acceptable to the readers of a first-class Review. Mr. Sinnett takes his cue from an article in *The Times* entitled "Sheep without a Shepherd," in which the writer describes conventional religion and its creeds as hopelessly out of date and declares that the Church "must not be content any longer to talk pious nonsense in the hope that it will seem sense because it is pious". This admission of a long-standing popular demand for definite information on superphysical problems, coming as it does from a paper which was once a bulwark of convention, was an open invitation to any who claim to be able to supply such a demand, and Mr. Sinnett boldly steps forward to accept this invitation on behalf of Theosophy—which he speaks of as "the Higher Occultism".

After stating the claim of this philosophy to offer to the world "a comprehensive view of the Cosmos to which we belong," he proceeds to point out the attitude in which its study is best approached.

> The view of Divinity, Life and Nature thus afforded—conveniently to be described as the Higher Occultism—makes its first claim on respectful consideration by its own inherent reasonableness. It is vast in its scope, widely ramifying in all directions, but perfectly coherent, scientifically harmonious; all parts of the whole mutually supporting each other. In one way that is a difficulty for the beginner approaching the study of the Higher Occultism. The comprehension of—not necessarily the whole because the whole is an infinitude—but of a great volume of superphysical knowledge is essential to an adequate appreciation of its parts separately. But eventually when enough is grasped, conviction sets in as an intellectual necessity, and then, among other conclusions, the honest student realises that the Higher Occultism has been a gift to the world from Teachers who are obviously entitled to profound trust. But his perception of this is no longer needed as a guarantee of the teaching. It embodies its own confirmation.

"Occult science," we then read, "does not shrink from the use of the word 'God' except in so far as the word has been degraded by ignoble creeds," but teaches that Divine consciousness permeates all life and that the human consciousness itself is a Divine emanation, though limited by the vehicle in which it is working. Occultists do not attempt to

define Divinity, but regard the Solar System as "a definite enterprise within the manifested Universe," and at the same time recognise the Christ "as belonging to the Divine Hierarchy, in close touch with this world". This conception of grade upon grade of Beings who have surpassed the human stage of evolution and form a chain of divine agency stretching to heights as yet inconceivable to the human mind, is the central theme of Mr. Sinnett's article, and no reader can well escape the contagion of his deep reverence and enthusiasm. The following quotation is typical of the line he takes:

> A profoundly significant phrase, borrowed I believe from some Oriental scripture, runs as follows: "Whatever is, is, has been, or will be Human." Those few words cover the whole sweep of thought concerning the origin and destinies of Man, the meaning of creation, the essence of all religion. Such thought of course melts into the incomprehensible if pushed backward or forward into the infinitudes of Eternity, but is magnificently full of suggestion. That it accounts for all lower forms of life and the earlier conditions of this world is relatively uninteresting. It accounts for the Divine Hierarchy. That upward growth that we can trace from lower to higher forms of human life is nowhere arrested.

He then touches on the subject of the different planetary systems, a subject to which he gives the name of "Vital Astronomy," showing how provision has been made for all contingencies. For instance the laggards from the highly advanced Venus evolution are accommodated on the planet Mercury, whose evolution is again in advance of that of our Earth, while the laggards from Earth are relegated to the backward planet Mars.

In conclusion he considers that already enough people have outgrown the child-state of vague and crude religious intelligence to justify the giving out of the more rational teachings of the Masters of Wisdom. Accordingly he is full of confidence that when the evil forces of war have been overcome, there will be an unprecedented awakening of spiritual life, as outlined in the final paragraph:

> The unseen laws governing the world and human evolution, the conscious agencies through which they are administered, the higher realms of life intimately associated with the physical life on the Earth's surface, will all come within the range of human understanding in a near future and will bring about such a blend between science and religion, that each will be regarded as the complement of the other—the piety of the Church no longer nonsense in the sight of Science, and the critical insight of Science no longer a terror for a Church which will lean on it for support.

W. D. S. B.
