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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THERE is no break as yet in the dark cloud of War that lowers over Europe, lit up only with flashes that herald the bursting shells. From every side comes the grim news of unparalleled slaughter, and the ablest scientific brains in each country are dedicated to the one ghastly work of wrenching from Nature new ways of killing her children. Science, hailed forty years ago as man's greatest benefactor, has become his bitterest enemy, devising methods of torture ever more excruciating, ways of slaying ever further reaching, and causing agony more long drawn out. Science is the modern Ṭapas, and it forces Nature to obedience; as Rāvaṇa won boons from Mahāḍeva enabling him to triumph and to rule, so does grim intellect compel all natural forces to work at its command horrors undreamed-of in more ignorant days.

And what is the lesson that Humanity is to learn from this welter of horror and of death? Surely that Intellect unillumined by Love must ultimately bring our race to naught. Many years ago it was that a Master warned the modern world that knowledge had outstripped conscience, and was undirected by morality. To those clear eyes, wise and compassionate, there was nothing admirable in the spectacle of turning knowledge to the service of competition, and of stimulating the brain while the heart was unfed. For human happiness and human misery lie in the right and wrong use of the emotions, and intellect will work as readily for the spreading of misery as for the spreading of joy. Knowledge and Love should walk hand-in-hand in evolution, for knowledge without love has no compass for its guiding, and love without knowledge may become a destroying torrent instead of a fertilising stream. Hence is Wisdom—the blending into one of Love and Knowledge—the highest achievement of the man who stands on the threshold of Immortality.

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The next step forward of the human race sets its foot on the path which ends in the Temple of Wisdom; and He who is Wisdom Incarnate shall lead the children of men into that path of peace and joy. How in those coming days which shall dawn as the clouds of War are scattered, shall we look back upon the terrors of these nights of sorrow, those days when the Dead shall be the Reborn, and the world shall have burst out into more splendid life, as the vine-stock cut back by the sharp pruning-knife of the gardener bears its splendid weight of purple fruit. The measure of her present grief shall

be the measure of her future joy, and brimming over as is the cup of her woe to-day shall be the over-flowing chalice of her bliss to-morrow. Crucified is she in her anguish upon Calvary, but splendid shall be the morn of her resurrection.

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Alas for those, who in the present horror of great darkness that has fallen upon the world, cannot pierce it with the eye of either knowledge or intuition, and thus realise "the far-off heritage of tears". If, as the old Hinḍū taught, "the universe exists for the sake of the Self"—the Spirit—is the womb in which is maturing the mighty Man-Child who is the Self made manifest, God in human form, then all the slaughter of gallant lives in the splendour of their strong young manhood, all the life-agony of bounding youth confined in mutilated form, all the maimed bodies, armless, legless, eyeless, who have offered up all physical joy on the altar of the Country, and who come back from the altar mutilated but smiling, ruined in body but radiant in Spirit, knowing that highest and holiest sacrifice of ungrudging, nay joyful, renunciation of all that makes physical life a delight—then all these are seen as the shortening of evolution, the climbing straight up the mountain-side to the perfection of Divine Manhood instead of limping upwards by the long winding road that turns round and round on its way to the summit. These men have done the work of a dozen lives in one, and have risen far up the mountain-side by one splendid leap. But if it be otherwise, if this one life be all, if there be no permanent element in man fed by the sacrifice of the temporary—the hidden Ḍeva, who grows by feeding on the mortal lives—if, as

a French materialist wrote, beauty and religion and morality are bye-products only of evolution, if patriotism and love and sacrifice are all heroic follies, then indeed is this War a tragedy, and the death of the noblest ensures the decadence of the Nation who bore them.

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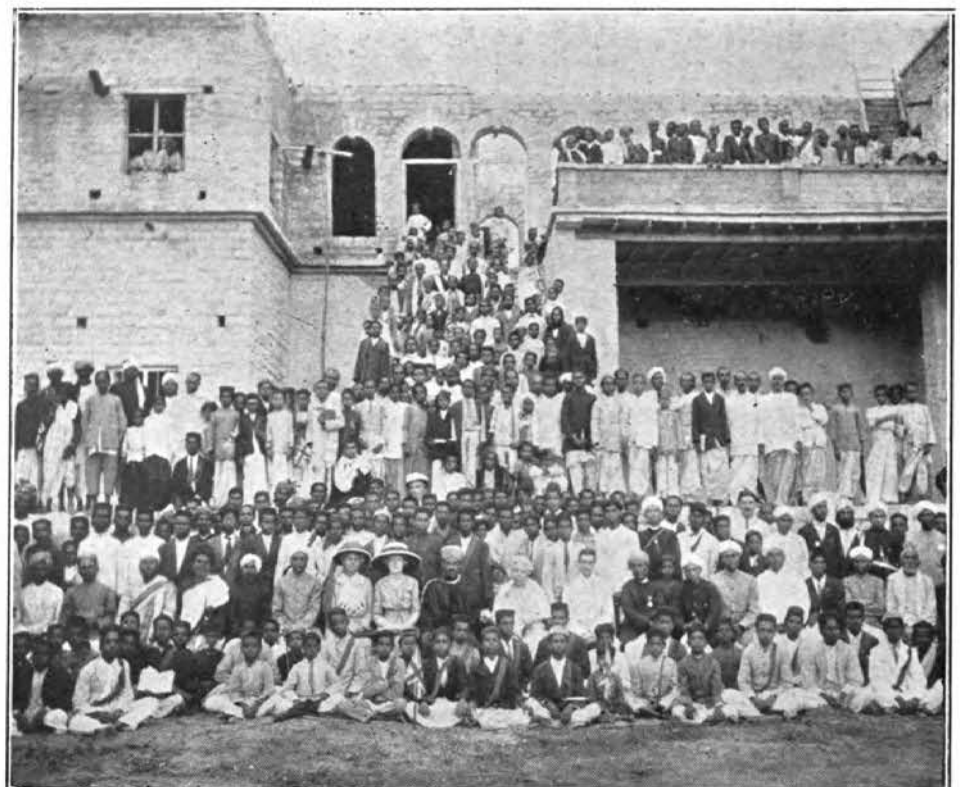
But if the other view be the true one, then will the sacrifice of these lift the whole Nation to a higher level of evolution, and set its face sunward. Britain and India, Australia and New Zealand, Canada and South Africa, France and Russia, Serbia and Italy, shall rise triumphant when this death-grapple is over, and shall lead the coming evolution of Humanity. It may be that the physical bodies of the children of these Nations may suffer somewhat from the early death of these trained young vigorous bodies, but that will be a passing loss, and may largely be made up by the training of the bodies of many who will come out of the War uninjured. Even under our eyes, the fruitage of a less awful sacrifice has been seen. The France of Napoleon III was decadent; he had poisoned her life-blood and prostituted her body. She passed through the agony of 1870, was defeated, drained of her treasure, shorn of part of her territory. It is said that that War has left its physical traces in the shortening of the stature of her manhood. It may be so, but how the Inner Life of France has grown! She was ever gallant, daring, courteous and chivalrous; now to these noble qualities she has added a patience, an endurance, a self-control, a discipline, that have set the world a-wondering. The anguish through which she passed in 1870 stopped her on the downward path that was



Madanapalle Theosophical College.

leading her to the tomb, and wrought out her redemption, marvellous and splendid. This is she "who was dead and is alive again, who was lost and is found". No other such miracle has been wrought for thousands of years.

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So we need not fear as we gaze on the battle-fields where noble lives are being poured out like water. It may be that there will be for a while some slight check in physical development, though I doubt it. For there has been evolving, as though in preparation for the holocaust and the renewing, an extraordinary vigour and robustness and stature and strength of Womanhood; all have noticed the change, though unwitting of its meaning. And these, be it remembered, are the Mothers of the coming race, with bodies finely developed and emotions raised and purified by anguish, and tempered by long drawn-out tension of anxiety for the best-beloved. These are they who have gone down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and have seen the beloved go out into the Light while they have turned back to the darkened earth, reft of its gladness. These, the Martyred in Life—so much harder a martyrdom than that of the Martyred in Death—these are the consecrated Mothers of the coming Nations, on whom rest the peace and the blessing of the Most High.

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Coming down from the heights of Pisgah, from which is seen stretching out fair and sunlit, the promised land, let us glance at some of the small events nearer home. Here is a picture taken at the back of the new Madanapalle College, where the big staircase, running

upwards, gave convenient standing room for some of the crowd of boys. On my right hand is the Principal, Mr. C. S. Trilokekar; and I wonder if English friends will recognise in the figure on my left Mr. Ernest Wood, known well as a lecturer in England before he came over here to do such good service to the Theosophical Society and to India alike. If I can obtain some good photographs of the Madanapalle buildings, our readers will be able to see how much he has done in this one place. On his left is the Head Master, Mr. Giri Rau, whose long and patient work under most discouraging circumstances laid the foundations on which the present prosperity has been built. The two ladies on the Principal's right, are Miss Noble, a graduate of S. Andrew's College, Scotland, who came to us from South Africa, and is now Professor of English at the College, and Miss Horne, a very experienced teacher from New Zealand, who is taking English composition for her work among the lads.

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The general work in India, so far as Theosophy is concerned is going on well, and there is an ever-widening recognition of its value religiously and educationally. We have in the Society, of course, men of all shades of opinion, and we include many very orthodox Hinḍūs as well as many who shade off gradually into all intellectual forms of Free Thought; Social Reformers, Political Reformers are also with us. On these two last mentioned lines there are, of course, the widest differences of opinion, and, especially in India, the great lesson of tolerance is being strenuously taught to our members. If the T. S. can succeed

in forming a strong body of public opinion in favour of a real civic equality without regard to a man's religion; if it can persuade the public that no form of religion should give a civic advantage, and no form of religion should entail a civic penalty; then it would add another great service to its many services to India. A citizen should neither be rewarded nor be penalised because of his religious beliefs. Only thus can religion cease to be a cause of civic disturbance.

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We received, too late for this number, an interesting article from Mrs. Charles Kerr about Mr. C. W. Leadbeater and the Australian work. It will appear next month. She gives the most delightful account of his daily life and work, and of the extraordinary progress of the Theosophical Society in Australia under his inspiring and vitalising influence. In vain has a small and active band of conspirators in America, with offshoots in other countries, using all the well-known German methods of slander and bribery, circularised Australia, as they circularised India and other countries, against him. The Australian is a sturdy common-sense creature, with a strong and healthy contempt for all crawling underground methods, and he judges for himself. Christian missionaries in India made useful work here impossible for H. P. Blavatsky, so she left India and built up the Society in Europe; the same persecuting agency made useful work here impossible for C. W. Leadbeater, so he also has left India, and Australia has the inspiration of his presence, with surprising results. The same persecutors, headed this time by the Bishop of Madras, have tried the same plan with me, but I declined to go

because my work lies here, whereas the work of the other two was needed elsewhere. Here in India I stay; here is my earthly home, till I die. H. P. Blavatsky sent part of her ashes hither; C. W. Leadbeater will, perhaps, do the same; for me, all my ashes will stay here, for my past is Indian, as theirs was not to the same extent, and, in life and in death, I am consecrate to the Motherland.

ELEMENTAL FORCES IN STRINDBERG'S PLAYS

By HELEN M. STARK

STRINDBERG, after Nietzsche, the greatest Dionysian spirit of the age, "found the hope, the promise, and even the joy of life in the powerful, cruel struggle of life": he attempted in his plays to vindicate the various lines of force which, emerging out of a whole life-time—or even, as in the case of Miss Julia, out of the family heredity—converge at the critical point in the play, and work according to their natures. Personified, these elemental forces would take rank with the Gods of the Greek tragedies, for the power and the design that lie behind evolution do intrude themselves upon the plans and schemes of men, and they are as implacable and as invincible as when recognised, deified and enthroned upon Mount Olympus.

It is in Strindberg's three ultra-naturalistic plays (*Miss Julia*, *The Father*, and *Creditors*) that we see in all its naked horror the punishment that follows Nature's broken law, a law which ever demands expression, growth, and greater freedom within the new-built forms. Nature is careless of the single life, but she carries her own life through type after type, ever to greater freedom and perfection. She is "red in tooth and claw," but she destroys that she may build better and find a fuller expression for herself in forms. At each stage in her long career of form-building she sets up a standard—"Conform to this or be destroyed," she says. This is the basis of our morality, a relative thing that varies according to the stage of our growth. Strindberg's recognition of these elemental forces is most apparent. "It is not enough to see what happens, we must know how it came to happen." Elsewhere he says: "The Naturalist has wiped out the idea of guilt; but he cannot wipe out the results of our actions—punishment, prison, or fear—for the simple reason that they still remain without regard for his verdict."

In the preface to *Miss Julia* Strindberg clearly states his theme. It is the tragedy of a woman who, disregarding the opportunities of birth in a fortunate class, fails even to meet the demands of decency in that class. Responding to her lowest hereditary possibilities, unbalanced, perverted, erotic, she accomplishes her own destruction. From the opening lines of the play we see symptoms of sex neurasthenia, of an over-ripe creative faculty, undisciplined, perhaps unrecognised. This, seeking an opportunity for expression, easily breaks the only restraint it has ever known, that of fear, and devastates her life. Miss Julia, failing to conform

to the law of her growth, turning back from the wholesome possibilities of transmuted passion that culture should bring, ends her career in a dishonoured death. Jean, up to the crucial point in the play, is her victim. She forces herself upon him, disregarding his hints as to impropriety, and even his very plain statements of what may be expected if she tempts him further.

This is a case almost, if not quite, unique in literature. It is clear that Jean will not suffer on account of this illicit connection, but his escape lies not, as usually in such affairs, in the greater freedom of men, but in Jean's own human status. He is a peasant, thrifty as a weed that grows in the mud; his environment is a befitting root-hold for the simpler human type. He is flowering into a fuller and more complex manhood, but he is too young a soul to be touched by degeneracy or perversion. Jean is on the way up. He knows this even as he knows that Miss Julia's real mistake lay in her descent to a class lower than her own. He says: "When upper class people demean themselves they become mean."

In *The Father*, it is the race-life acting through the mother that demands free expression and she does not scruple to grasp it even at a terrific cost. The father, who in the play is called merely "the Captain," is a material scientist who accepts the phenomena of a machine, the spectroscope, because he thinks he understands it, but rejects those of the human mind and soul because he has made no attempt to understand them. He is an egotist who is in addition an old-fashioned domestic tyrant, doling out the household money, demanding that a strict account be kept of it, and holding the fear of bankruptcy over the wife, yet, when

she asks about his own expenses, he replies: "That does not concern you."

There is much to indicate that the Captain has for years been developing paresis. He flies into rages, he suspects every one, he lives beneath the shadow of an evil premonition, he is losing his strength and his faith in himself. The successful, dominant egotist is the tyrant, the weak and unsuccessful one becomes the bitter and complaining pessimist. He describes himself as an unwanted child who came will-less into the world. His reminiscences of the early days of marriage betray the uxorious husband, a phase that is true to his type. First, he seeks to merge himself in the personality of the wife; later, devitalised, sated, he experiences the reaction which expresses itself as irritability and suspicion: he sees in the wife the cause of every failure. Men do not look upon women as natural enemies unless they, to quote from *Creditors*, "have been worshipping Venus a little too excessively".

But the real struggle, which has been going on for months when the play opens, is over the education of the daughter. In this matter the arrogance of the father is supreme. Discussing the child's education, Laura says:

Laura: "And the mother is to have no voice in the matter?"

Captain: "None whatever. She has sold her birthright by a legal transaction, and has surrendered her rights in return for the man's undertaking to take care of her and her children."

Laura: "Therefore she has no power over her child."

Captain: "No, none whatever."

He declares positively, defiantly: "I will do what I please with my own child," the natural and conclusive

reply of the race-mother being: "How do you know that she is your child?" The idea of fatherhood is of comparatively recent development in the race-consciousness. Man knew himself as a husband long before he knew himself as a father, and in primitive peoples the child took his descent from the maternal line. And ever in the last analysis, the rights, duties and privileges of a father can have no other basis than this, the mother's recognition and nomination of him as the father; whatever may be the legal, the conventional, the purely superficial arrangements of the age and country, it all comes back to this in essence. The honour and dignity of fatherhood is woman's to confer; the absolute seal of childbirth legitimacy is a mother's welcome; the unwanted child is Nature's bastard.

Laura lied to her husband, misled and deceived him, but the inevitable corollary of tyranny is deception; the bondswoman becomes the parasite; she who may not speak in the councils of her master becomes the trickster of the ante-chamber. Seek unduly to impose your thought and your will upon another, and in the degree of his strength, his ingenuity, and his subtlety will he frustrate your unlawful purpose. In reading this play it is well to remember that Strindberg, agreeing with Swedenborg, has said that there can be no true marriage between godless people. Strindberg adds: "In my plays I have written of the marriages of godless people."

Creditors is an investigation into the ways of a man with a maid, at least into two, and these surely the most harmful and unlawful of his ways. Strindberg's reputation as a relentless misogynist rests largely on this play, but it is an unsound foundation, since it is so

clear that Tekla, the woman of the play, is little more than a lay figure upon which in turn two men attempt to fit their masculine conceptions of what her relation to her husband and to the world should be. The one vital spark in Tekla is the commendable but rather feeble desire to live her own life. She is not a likable character, she seems to be cunning, selfish and vain, but tutelage such as produced her can achieve no other result. We know little of her as she really is. Our view of her is an indirect one, we see her as the two men see her, each blinded by his own prejudice in regard to woman. At Tekla's first marriage she "was a pretty little girl; a slate on which parents and governesses had made a few scrawls. . ." After marriage she is forced to deal with life in the only terms she knows, those taught her by her two husbands. Neither Gustav nor Adolph are personalities, they are types. They are "pure cultures" of a group of perfectly correlated mental and moral qualities; well constructed Frankensteins, psychologically correct, inhumanly horrible in their one-pointedness, in the logical completeness in which they develop each his own idiosyncracy.

Gustav is an extreme example of that brutal type of masculinity that sees in woman only an under-developed man. "Have you ever looked at a naked woman. . .," he says, "a youth with over-developed breasts . . . a child that has shot up to full height and then stopped growing in other respects. What can you expect of such a creature?" He it is who boasts of having erased the few parental scrawls, and, instead, written upon the soul of Tekla whatever inscription suited his own mind. Animated by the jealous desire to be

revenged upon the woman who had escaped him, a condition quite characteristic of this type of man, Gustav attempts to arouse Tekla by speaking of his approaching marriage: "I have purposely picked out a young girl whom I can educate to suit myself, for the woman is man's child, and if she is not, he becomes hers and the world turns topsy-turvy." A more primitive man of Gustav's type would have murdered Tekla, for it is the man who believes that a woman may be possessed, that she is a slave or chattel and may be stolen from him, or by him from another man, who in jealous rage has recourse to uxorcide. Instead of this Gustav works by fiendish cunning upon the weakness of Adolph until he destroys him. To Tekla he says: "It has been my secret hope that disaster might overtake you," and he admits that he has planned to trap and ruin Tekla. "You do all this merely because I have hurt your vanity?" Gustav says: "Don't call that *merely*! You had better not go around hurting other people's vanity. They have no more sensitive spot than that."

Gustav displays the tyranny of the strong, hard, selfish man. Adolph's tyranny is that of the weak and sensual man. He is the uxorious husband who first idealises the wife, and seeks in her a master; later, exhausted and devitalised, the victim of suspicion and fear, he would use his weakness to enslave the wife. The end of such a man is easy to forecast. He shall perish miserably, ignominiously, smothered beneath the fallen petals of love's red rose. Adolph becomes contemptible in his supine feebleness and gullibility as we watch Gustav, the casual acquaintance of a week, play his infamous game of cat and mouse with him. With the diabolic skill of a vivisector he enters

the heart and mind of Adolph and plants his poison there; he reveals, defines and vivifies every dormant suspicion that disease and impotency had planted there. In the end we see, as in others of Strindberg's plays and stories, that these two men have been destroyed by inharmonious marital relations, but this has not been accomplished by Tekla's action in a personal or human capacity. She had the wit to recognise the serious danger of the condition, certainly not the strength or wisdom to correct it. In their ignorance and perverted egotism, these men attempted to thwart a law of human growth, but their heads beat against their own breasts. They failed to see in woman the eternal, incorruptible dignity of the individual, and they dashed themselves to pieces against the rising tide of an elemental force.

Strindberg was no misogynist; he needed woman too ardently to have been that. His demand for the feminine complement was imperative. A self-sufficient man survives the disappointment of a tragic failure in marriage, woman is only an incident in his life; but Strindberg knowing by intuition the possibilities of a true marriage, and desiring passionately to enter into it, sought among women endlessly, measuring, weighing and judging relentlessly. "I chide woman because I love her so well," he said. Though these plays deal in the frankest manner with the facts of physical life, none who read them can doubt that they were written by the impelling force of a great idea, and not for the purposes of frivolous or prurient entertainment. They differ from the popular play of amorous escapade and half expressed indecency, as a cold mountain torrent differs from a fetid pool iridescent with the

phosphorescence of decay. Strindberg's plays do not present that play-time of passion, the dalliance hour of sex, but depict with an awful completeness the inferno of those who degrade and misuse its power. Strindberg is misunderstood by many—even sometimes by himself in uninspired moments—because all his work is so deeply coloured by his own personality. He formulated a law of human growth, and embodied it in a detail of personal history. We see in Strindberg a chapter in the history of the soul-development of a prophet. It is the stage in which the light of great genius is dimmed by rebellion, bitterness and ill-adjustment, but these are the first dark steps upon the path that leads to the mount of Wisdom, and the crown of Compassion.

Helen M. Stark

IDEALISM

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

[An Address given at one of the Sunday morning meetings at the Theosophical Society's Headquarters in London. The Address was preceded by the reading of the first chapter of Mr. C. Jinarajadasa's little book, *In His Name*.]

I HAVE read you this morning a very beautiful piece of writing. But it is also one which, being highly pregnant with meaning, is somewhat difficult, perhaps, to understand at first hearing. I wish, therefore, in the few minutes at my disposal, to try to explain a little of what this chapter seems to me to mean.

You will remember that the little book from which it was taken is addressed to an aspirant for discipleship, and that this aspirant is spoken of as already occupying a kind of middle ground between the ordinary life of the world and that of the pledged servant of the Master; you will recollect, moreover, that the name given to this intermediate stage was that of "Idealism". The would-be disciple is already an "Idealist".

It is the meaning of these words, as they are presented in this chapter, that I wish to study this morning.

If we were asked which is the more real, what a thing *is*, or what we think about that thing, we should probably say the former. And ordinarily we should be

right. When we speak of the sun "rising" in the morning, for example, we need only be a little instructed to realise that this motion of the sun is only apparent, and that the real motion observed is that of the earth. Here our thought is less "real" than the fact of the case. But there is a certain type of thought which is more real than fact: and this type of thought we speak of as an "ideal".

What do we mean by the word "ideal" in this sense? A complete answer to this question would need many volumes; but I think that we shall be safe in saying that, in every use of the word "ideal," as representing a higher reality than that of fact, there is a certain great world-theory involved; the theory, namely, that what are called ideas are, in the order of creation, prior to, and so more real than, phenomena: in other words, that the creative impulse of God, which brought the worlds into being, passed, as it descended into matter, first through the plane of Ideas or Archetypes, and only afterwards reached this lower world of physical things. The theory would maintain, therefore, that all forms and objects in this latter world are merely imperfect copies, or embodiments, of those archetypal Ideas, or Ideals; and that, in this sense, the Ideal is literally more real than so-called facts.[1]

The person who perceives this superior reality is the "Idealist". And this is what was meant by that word, in the present chapter, when it was said: "For an Idealist, material forms exist only to body forth Ideas."

[1] The reader will, of course, recognise in this the famous Platonic theory of Ideas, the parent of all western Idealism. In the great controversy between the Nominalists and the Realists, which divided the thought of the Middle Ages, the Realists were those who maintained the view of the substantial reality of Ideas.

Idealism is thus, from this point of view, a truer form of thought; and it is in this sense that it may be thought of as an intermediate stage between the thought of the ordinary world and that of the real world of the Masters; for the Idealist is one who is beginning to see, through the outer form, the deeper truth and life of which the form is only an imperfect copy or representation. And the student will see that this is one way, at least, of expressing Viveka, the first of the specific qualifications for discipleship.

But the Idealist is the truer thinker in another, and very important, sense. For it will be seen that he is doing, in his thought, exactly what the evolutionary process itself is doing. He is not only going *back*, through the copy, to the original; he is also going *forward* to that which, in the course of time, is to be.

All evolution consists in the revealing of God's thought in and through matter. Thus, as a man evolves, more and more of the Ideal Man shows through him; more and more (as an Idealist would say) of the Idea, of which the outer man is the expression, finds embodiment and articulation in him.

To idealise, therefore, is to think along the lines of natural growth, to see the flower in the seed.

In the sense, then, that every moment in growth negates all moments that have gone before by the asserting of a fuller reality, the Idealist is here again the truer thinker. And it is, perhaps, particularly easy to see, from this point of view, why, in the judgment of the writer of this little book, Idealism stands as an intermediate stage between the life of the world and the life of the disciple.

The reason is that the disciple is the apprentice World-Helper; and the whole work of world-helping consists in smoothing the way for, and bringing nearer, that which each thing in nature is destined to become; in other words, in drawing the future of things into their present. We can see this readily in respect of every kind of self-improvement; for, clearly, all effort at a higher way of living and thinking is the affirmation of the truth of what we shall be against the inferior reality of what we are at the moment. We assert the future against the present. And so it is with the helping of the world also. The Idealist is, by virtue of his Idealism, the embryo World-Helper, simply because his mode of thought represents one of the essential pre-conditions of such helping. By passing out of the thought which builds upon the present to the thought which builds upon the future, he has already set himself on the side of Those whose whole purpose and function presupposes this changed outlook.

What, then, does he need in order to become the accredited World-Helper, to pass out of the intermediate stage which he occupies into the stage of actual discipleship?

This little book tells us.

Although, we are told, we must continually dream of the higher, yet "we must be true in our measurements of the lower". We must be Idealists, but we must base our Idealism on facts.

What does this mean?

The secret of it is, I think, contained in the thought of a few moments ago: That Idealism is, from one point of view, a thinking along the natural lines of growth.

We have to recognise that, although the ideal be a higher thing, in one sense, than the fact, yet that an ideal can only be approached *via* facts, and, further, that the two terms, if we examine them, are fluid, and melt readily the one into the other. Thus, that which to-day we look upon as a fact was yesterday an ideal. That which to-day we regard as an ideal will, we hope, to-morrow become a fact. The whole of History, indeed, consists in the melting of ideals into facts, and the careful thinker will have no difficulty in seeing, therefore, that—taking the evolutionary process as a whole—we can no more disregard the passing fact than we can disregard the ultimate ideal. The two are inseparable, and truth in thought will thus consist in seeing not merely the goal at the end of the journey, *but every step of the road which leads up to it.*

This is the higher stage of Idealism, which belongs to the world of discipleship and of the Masters.

The uninstructed Idealist, not yet ready for discipleship, will be tempted to see only the goal and to ignore the steps between; and so he becomes the impatient dreamer, the visionary, the sentimentalist, and fails to be of much practical use to the world. It is true, of course, that it is in many ways better to be a man of ideals and to disregard facts, than to be a man of facts only and to disregard ideals. But best of all it is to be both: to see the ideal, and to recognise it as the real, and yet to recognise, and allow for, every step on the way to it. That is the third stage, according to my reading of this chapter, which, in the opinion of the writer, brings the Idealist right into the real World-Service and makes him a disciple.

We shall see this more clearly if we try to think, for a moment, how necessary is this dual vision. Think how it would fare with us, for example, with all our imperfections, if those great Ones, to whom we look for help, were to see only the goal and not the necessary steps which lead to it! We cannot but assume that Their vision extends to heights of growth and unfolding far beyond anything that our loftiest imagination can reach; or that our highest "Ideals" are far below the level of Their "facts". Ill, therefore, would it fare with us if the long evolutionary process of the transmuting of ideals into facts—which is the evolutionary path before us—were not recognised by Them as necessary. The help we crave is that which will enable us to take the several steps as they come; we know full well that we cannot leap to the goal.

And it is Theirs, by virtue of Their office as World-Helpers, to accede to this demand: to give us the next truth that we need, to help us over the next difficulty, to wed the acceptance of our lower facts to the higher wisdom of Their ideals.

This, then, is the task of the true Idealist: to realise both facts and ideals, means and ends, at once. In the words of the writer: "The Disciple must live consciously in two worlds all the time."

It is his task, and it is also his burden; and it is perhaps because the burden is so heavy, that this stage is seen as a higher stage than the other. For it is easy to dream dreams of perfection. It is very difficult to follow out patiently, one by one, the steps by which perfection is to be attained.

Perhaps there is only one thing that can make such a dual vision easy, and that is love; for it is the peculiar

mark of love that imperfections do not chill it but rather inflame it. And, viewed in this way, the highest Idealism and the truest thought work out as vision informed by love. To think lovingly is to think truly. To love is to see the ideal through the fact. To combine the fact with the ideal is the practical work of love.

The disciple is thus the one who, while holding to the ideal, can love the actual. And this is the third stage, in which the two former are gathered up.

That to think lovingly is to think truly, is not a new doctrine. It is one which has always been taught. But I do not think that the basic, the *ultima ratio* of it, has often been more strikingly or more beautifully expressed than in the concluding words of the chapter that I have read.

Loving thought is true thought, because Love is the expression of Unity, and Unity is the final, the basic truth of all. The doctrine of an ultimate Unity has often been expressed as an abstract philosophical formula. The striking feature about the concluding words of this chapter is that they express the Unity not as a dead philosophical abstraction, but in terms which make it leap and vibrate with life:

"There is in the Cosmos but One Person, and we live but to discover Him.[1]

"He is yourself, for you are an expression of Him. But you cannot see Him as He is; His light would blind you and make you dumb. That is why for love of you He moderates His light, and looks at you through the faces of those you love; you love them for His

[1] I have always considered this sentence one of the most impressive single sentences with which I am acquainted.—E. A. W.

beauty in them. He helps you to discover the lovable in them that you may know of His love for you.

"More of Himself He shows in those castles you build in your ideal moods; more still of Himself He will show you in your Master. That is why as you grow in Idealism you shall always find your Master, for the Master it is who will guide you out of the unreal world into the real."

E. A. Wodehouse

ON A ROCK-BOUND COAST

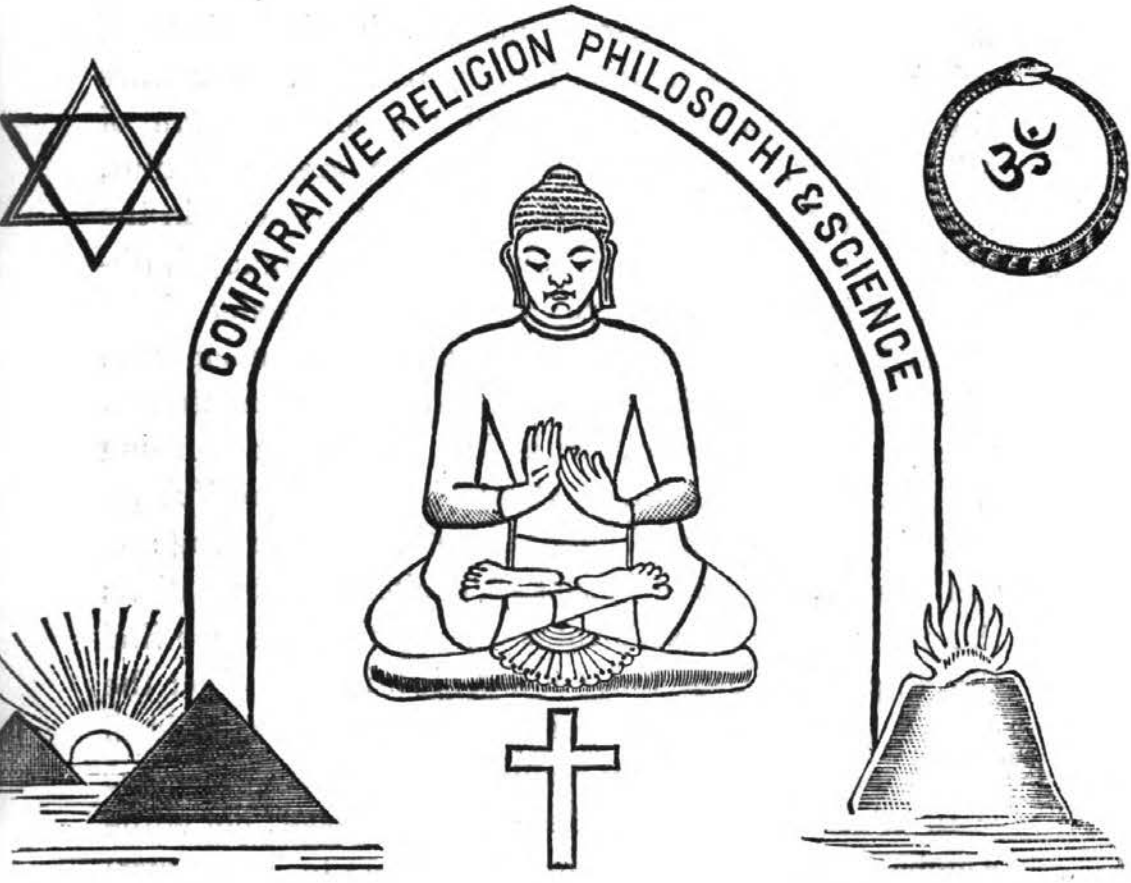
O wind-swept Silences!
In age-long rest
Ye seem to brood apart, inviolate,
The fretted life of man
Your passing guest
While of some guarded realm ye stand, the Gate.

O Majesties, rock-throned
In palaces
Builded by Time's lean myrmidons of years
That knew no resting-place;
Your solaces
Succour and save those whom Life's terror sears.

O Presences, revealed
Within the shrine
Of amethyst and lazuli and pearl
Lit by all Heaven's lamps,
Whose thurifers entwine
Gold chains of stars whereon night's censers twirl.

O Mighty Hands of God,
Artificer
Of sea-bound shores remote and desolate,
Man feels Your moulding too
And, if he err,
Knows YOU outstretched to clasp him soon or late.

E. M. G.



THE POET VILLIPUTTŪRĀR

By V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

IT will be acknowledged by every student of Tamil literary history that a good deal of attention was bestowed by the ancient and mediæval poets on the translation and popularising of the classical works of Samskrit in the Tamil land; and in almost every treatise the translation has been so skilful and so ingenious that it has ceased to be a mere translation, and risen to the

dignity of an original classic. But of the numerous examples of such achievements, two will always remain, as they have hitherto remained, in the minds of scholars, the very acme of literary triumph. These are the *Rāmāyaṇa* of Kamba and the *Mahābhārata* of Villiputtūrār. Kamba was perhaps a greater genius, but in depicting character, in describing scenery, in the delineation of pathos, in exuberance of fancy, Villiputtūrār is not inferior to the great translator of the *Rāmāyaṇa*. As a scholar he was perhaps even superior. The *Rāmāyaṇa* is like a natural and magnificent stream, noisy and voluminous, with full floods and surging waters; while the *Mahābhārata* is like a beautiful but artificial water-course, calm, smooth, easy-flowing and picturesque. The one dazzles us, excites our admiration; the other charms us, pleases us. In the one we find the impulsive brilliance of a genius, in the other the classic dignity of a man of culture. Both were ideal translators and successful restorers of Samskrit influence in the Tamil land and in the Tamil language; but while Kamba owed his extraordinary powers to his natural genius, Villiputtūrār seems to have acquired them by his application.

As in the case of the majority of Tamil worthies, we are unable to say when exactly Villiputtūrār lived; but a number of evidences, internal and external, enable us to arrive at an approximate estimation of his time. In my article on the Iraṭṭayar, I have pointed out how Villiputtūrār was their contemporary, on the one hand, and of Aruṇagirinātha on the other; and how, as the twin-poets lived in the time of Rājanārāyaṇa Sāmbava Rāya (1337-60) and Aruṇagirinātha in the time of Prauḍha Deva Rāya II (1422-49), all these writers should be

attributed to the period between 1350 and 1430; and I showed how this conclusion was confirmed by the fact that Kālamēhappulavar, who was a personal acquaintance of the Iraṭṭayar, had for his patron Tirumal Rāya, the son of Sāluva Goppa, the Viceroy of North Arcot, about 1430. It will be concluded from this that Villiputtūrār belonged approximately to the same period. He had, like the Iraṭṭayar, the Chief of Vakkapāhai for his patron, though curiously enough he does not mention them at all. He was, however, a rival and afterwards the admirer of Aruṇagirināṭha; but he does not make any definite reference either to Sambandha Āṇḍān or to Kālamēhappulavar who, as we have seen from other sources, belonged to the same age. It is this almost complete absence of mutual references among these writers that makes the dates of their existence problems and themes of controversy. In the case of Villiputtūrār, particularly, we should be interested to know the details of his life; whether, for instance, he was younger—as he probably was—than the Iraṭṭayar and, if so, how much younger; whether he lived after the death of Aruṇagirināṭha or not; whether he ever met Kālamēha at all; and so on. But the desire will probably remain eternally unrealised. The late Pandit Satakopa-Ramanujachariar says that one of the contemporary chiefs of Villiputtūrār was a certain Vīra-Pāṇḍya; but a reference to epigraphy shows that, between 1360 and 1500, there were a number of Vīra-Pāṇḍyas. Mr. Sewell points out,[1] from a Ramnāḍ inscription, that a Vīra-Pāṇḍya ruled about 1383. Dr. Caldwell[2] mentions two

[1] Sewell's *Antiquities*, i, 302. The inscription is in the Tiruttarakōsamaṅgai temple, 8 miles S. W. of Ramnad. It is dated S. 1305, *Rudhirōtkāri*.

[2] See his *Tinnevelly*. From two inscriptions at Shrī-Vaikuṇṭham in Tinnevelly and from *Mack. MSS*.

Vīra-Pāṇḍyas as having respectively ruled in 1437 and 1475-90, while Dr. Kielhorn mentions[1] a Vīra-Pāṇḍya Māravarman whose inscriptions are found at Teṅkāsi, Kālayār-Koil and Tiruvāḍi, who came to the throne, according to his calculation, between March and July, 1443, and ruled at least till 1457, and who was the contemporary of the celebrated Arikēsari Parākrama[2] (1422-65) of the Teṅkāsi dynasty. It is difficult to say which of these Vīra-Pāṇḍyas was the contemporary of the poet, though the sovereign that ruled about 1383 is the most probable person. It will now be clear that all that we can definitely say about the date of the poet is that, like his famous contemporaries, he lived between 1360 and 1450. A more exact demarcation is possible only with the discovery of further materials.

Villiputtūrār was a native of the Magadai Nāḍu or "the middle country" of tradition, practically identical with the northern part of the Trichinopoly and the southern part of South Arcot districts. His father was a Vaishṇava Brāhmaṇa of the name of Vīra Rāghava. Early in life, Villiputtūrār, it is said, established a name as an all-round scholar and a genuine poet, capable of singing all the five types of poetry with equal felicity. For some unknown reason he left, in course of time, his native village,[3] and settled at a place called Saniyūr in the same district. To his great grief, the eminent scholar saw very many unripe

[1] *Ep. Ind.* vii. See also *Indian Antiquary*, February 1914, p. 35, where I have summarised all the epigraphical discoveries regarding the Pāṇḍyan dynasty.

[2] *Ibid.*, 35-6.

[3] According to the *Tamil Ency.* he was born in this place. Still another version is that he was a native of Shrivilliputtūr which, I think, is incorrect and based on a wrong interpretation of his name. Mr. Purnalingam Pillai says that Panayūr has also been said to be the poet's birthplace, but I am not aware of any such tradition.

scholars and giftless versifiers posing as great literary luminaries, and wandering unchallenged and in haughty insolence throughout the country. Inspired by the desire to exterminate this odious race and to purify literature, he undertook, on his own initiative, a severe, if not terrifying form of censorship. Going on a tour to different places, he used to engage scholars in controversy and punish the defeated by depriving them of an ear. In the course of this cruel pilgrimage he came to Conjiveram, where he met a Vaishṇava scholar of the name of Anantabhaṭṭa, and challenged him to a disputation. The two scholars then prepared themselves for a tough battle. Each of them held a sharp instrument attached to the other's ear so that the least hesitation on the part of one to explain the poetic utterance of the other might be promptly chastised by mutilation. In this attitude they tried each other. Anantabhaṭṭa was eventually defeated, and was about to be chastised in accordance with the agreement when, it is said, he cleverly pointed out to his victorious opponent that, in trying to cut off the *ear* of an Ananta, an earless being, he was making an impossible attempt. The astute scholar meant that Ananta (*i.e.*, the serpent) had no ear and that the attempt to cut off a thing which did not exist was a feat open to ridicule. Villiputtūrār, it is said, was satisfied by the timely pun, and chivalrously left the vanquished uninjured.

Villiputtūrār then came to Tiruvaṇṇāmalai, where he is said to have engaged the celebrated Aruṇagirinātha in similar controversy. This time, the proud and insolent scholar was about to be made the victim of his own vow. For, while Aruṇagirinātha composed a series of alliterative verses on Skandha and asked his

opponent to explain them the moment each of them was uttered, Villiputtūrār was puzzled in regard to the 55th verse and asked for it a second time. The astute Shaiva scholar pointed out that that was not a term of their mutual agreement; and Villiputtūrār, unable to answer, had to yield himself to punishment. But the noble generosity of the victor, we are informed, saved the shame of the victim and, we may add, the honour of the scholastic world in general. For he waived the right of taking away Villiputtūrār's ear on exacting a promise from him to the effect that he would assume the same attitude towards his vanquished opponents in future. Villiputtūrār, for his part, showed his gratitude and his reverence by staying to completely hear the poem and compose the commentary on it.

After his defeat at the hands of Aruṇagirināṭha, Villiputtūrār went to the courts of various princes, and showed his scholarly skill, receiving ample riches in reward. With these he returned to Saniyūr and led there a calm and quiet life of ease and honour. While so engaged, the King of the Magadai Nāḍu, Varapati Āṭkoṇḍān,[1] who, as we have already seen, was a great patron of literature, approached Villiputtūrār with the request that he should give an enduring name to the country of their birth by translating the *Mahābhārata* into Tamil verse. A great scholar both in Tamil and in Samskrit, Villiputtūrār readily undertook the task, and completed it in a monumental poem of 6,000 stanzas. The most remarkable feature of this truly grand epic is the unusual extent to which the mixture of Samskrit and Tamil vocabulary has been

[1] The *Tam. Ency.* calls him the King of Vakkapāhai Nāḍu, and says that he belonged to the Koṅgu line, and that he was called Varapati Aṭkoṇḍān Chēran.

carried. In no other Tamil poet do we find such a large number of Tamilised Samskrit words. Not only in the number of such words but in the remarkable skill with which they have been transformed, amended, or altered, so as to suit Tamil grammar and Tamil harmony, Villiputtūrār has no rival. In the history of the languages of South India, of the relation between Samskrit and Tamil, therefore, he will always occupy a foremost place. He has proved in an unmistakable manner that the Samskritisation of Tamil is essentially for the good of the latter, that the holy tongue imparts to the other a dignity and a rhythm which it can otherwise hardly possess. As regards the poem itself, the unique merit of which has reaped the reward of immortality, it is enough to mention that it is not merely a translation, but a condensation, of the *Mahābhārata*. It is therefore a more proportionate, symmetrical and artistic production than the original, so much so that by itself it seems to be an original work. From one standpoint it is an amplification; for it is an expansion of the old classic, the *Mahābhārata* of Perundēvanār. From another standpoint it was itself a condensation, a condensation not of the Samskrit *Mahābhārata* alone, but from the 18th century onward of a more extensive and complete Tamil work by Nallā-Pillai[1] of Madalampēḍu.

A number of anecdotes are current in the country as to the immediate circumstances under which Villiputtūrār performed his work. One story is that while engaged in disputation with Aruṇagirinātha he, in his fanatical orthodoxy,[2] refused to see his opponent in

[1] I hope to give an account of this writer later on in THE THEOSOPHIST.

[2] Satagopa Ramanujachariar; *Tam. Ency.* does not mention it.

person as he was a Shaivite; that the latter in consequence cursed him to become blind; and that Villiputtūrār composed the *Mahābhārata* as a propitiatory offering to the Lord for the recovery of his sight. Another story is that, while coming from an extensive pilgrimage, he happened to go by way of Kālahasti;[1] that, reluctant to even look at the hill of Shiva, he avoided its sight by using his umbrella as the screen; that in consequence he was struck blind; and that, at the instance of Aruṇagirinātha, he sang this poem with the object of recovering his sight. A third story says that Villiputtūrār was a greedy miser who refused to give his brother his share of ancestral property; that the latter brought the fact before the King's notice; that the King, aware of the poet's weakness, made him compose the *Mahābhārata* with a view to teach him an indirect lesson, and that he gained his object; for when Villiputtūrār completed his work and was expounding that part of it which related to Duryōdhana's refusal to give a share to the Pāṇḍavas on the occasion of Shrī Krishṇa's embassy (Udyōga Parva), his brother came to the learned audience and taunted Villiputtūrār, in their presence, with his own behaviour. The poet had to save himself from disgrace by the observance of greater equity towards his brother. A fourth version says that Villiputtūrār and his brother were very great friends, that the well-directed efforts of the King to induce Villiputtūrār to come to his court and sing the *Mahābhārata* failed, and that he sent an old woman, as much advanced in diplomacy as in age, who managed to make herself a servant or member of the family,

[1] *Tam. Ency.* says that it took place in Tiruvaṇṇāmalai immediately after his defeat at the hands of Aruṇagirinātha.

cleverly set intrigue afoot, and caused a misunderstanding, through the women, between the brothers, as a result of which Villiputtūrār parted with his brother, and came to the court. The King, of course, then managed to gain his object. Still another version gives a commercial ground for the whole undertaking. It is to the effect that Villiputtūrār was a debtor to Varapati; that the latter agreed to receive, in place of money, a translation of the *Mahābhārata*, each stanza carrying a certain value; that Villiputtūrār composed the whole work, but finding the king miserly in his calculations, vindictively tore away the latter portion of his MS., saying that the remaining part would, even by a most vigorous calculation, more than cover the debt.

It is difficult to say how far these versions are true, and how far they are myths. The first two of them trace the necessity to write on the part of the poet to his alleged fanaticism, the third to his greed, the next to his domestic unhappiness, and the last to his poverty. Unfortunately we possess no materials regarding the life of the great poet which enable us to make a definite pronouncement about his religious prejudices or his worldly prospects, his spiritual ideals or his material resources. But from the fact that his name is always combined, in a manner of course not favourable, with Aruṇagirināṭha's, and from the scrupulous toleration which pervades the poem, many are evidently inclined to believe in the earlier rigidity and the later toleration of the great scholar-poet. As regards the story of his domestic unhappiness, it is impossible to say anything definite; but it *seems* that the poet was not endowed with the virtues and merits requisite in the responsible head of

a joint family. Indeed, he seems to have loved his books better than his people, and sacrificed affection at the altar of scholarship. A curious and, many will think, an incredible story gives an insight into this aspect of his character, into the extreme censoriousness he displayed in literary matters at the expense of his own paternal affection. The story concerns his son Varadāchārya, the well-known Varandaruvār of Tamil literature, who wrote a preface of twenty-five verses to his father's classic work, which remains to-day one of the biographical materials of the poet. While Varadāchārya was a boy and learning under his father's tuition, he displayed so much originality and independence, it is said, that the father mistook it for impertinence, and asked him not to darken his doors again by his presence! The sensitive boy resorted to another less illustrious, but more tolerant, teacher, and under his guidance, rose to the distinction of a sound scholar. Later on, while Villiputtūrār was first rehearsing his poem before a learned audience for the stamp of public approval and the audience expressed dissatisfaction at his omission of a verse of prayer to Vināyaka Deva — the poet's orthodoxy had avoided Vināyaka and invoked the Lord's grace in a broad and unsectarian manner— Varadāchārya, who was present on the occasion, rescued his father from embarrassment by composing a verse on the spot, and saying, with excusable effrontery, that his father had already composed it, and that he had not mentioned it as, in his opinion, a verse of a more cosmopolitan spirit would suit better a mixed audience like the one before him! The poet, we may be sure, was ashamed of the way in which he was rescued, but his gratitude welcomed back again his long-lost son to his

home. The whole incident illustrates perhaps the grim seriousness of the scholar which defied every natural feeling. However it might be, I think we can hardly put much faith in the theory that Villiputtūrār was a debtor and that he composed the poem in lieu of discharging the debt. We can hardly believe that the King was a creditor to one of his subjects in the position of Villiputtūrār, nor can we believe that he was so very particular and miserly in his dealings. The story is perhaps an invention purporting to give a rational explanation for the incomplete nature of Villiputtūrār's work.

Nothing is known of the later life of Villiputtūrār. It is believed by some that he renounced the world, left the court of Varapati, and spent his days in devotion and meditation at Shrīraṅgam. But as such a retired and secluded life is assigned by others to the period previous to his distinguished career in the Koṅgu court, we are unable to say whether he renounced the world in the last days of his life; it is very probable that he did.

V. Rangachari

THE HOLY GHOST OR THE PARACLETE

By A. GOVINDACHARYA SVAMIN, C.E., M.R.A.S.

(*Concluded from* p. 486)

IT is thus that Jesus Christ's utterances, such as "I am in my Father," "I and my Father are one," have to be understood. So understood, it is possible to bring about a reconciliation between Trinitarianism and Unitarianism. In Hinḍūism, God is manifest in five ways, of which Anṭaryāmin or the Inner Guide, Avaṭāra or Incarnation, and Archā the worshipable Form, are three. The Inner Guide, Anṭaryāmin, has three forms; —one already indwelling in the soul, which corresponds to the idea of the Holy Ghost being the active Divine Principle in nature (Saṭṭāḍhāraka); the second the Holy Ghost re-entering the soul (Anupravesha) corresponding to such passages as *Acts*, ii, 1-4, "And suddenly there came a sound," etc., "and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost," etc.; and a third form, (*i.e.*, Anṭaryāmin) having a beatific presence of its own kind, and bursting before the mental gaze of the contemplating devotee—a Divine Epiphany, so to say. The Avaṭāra, or Incarnation, is a most essential and vital doctrine of Hinḍūism as well as of Christianity. Without it Hinḍūism is not Hinḍūism. The Avaṭāra is Spirit Incarnate, or the

Word become Flesh. Hence such passages as: "Nārāyaṇa took flesh as Rāma," and the eternal Word "Veḍa put on Rāmāyaṇa as its garb," *i.e.*, Rāma is the eternal principle of Holiness appearing as a Persona or Person; and the whole *Rāmāyaṇa* is the story of Sīṭā, Shrī, or Christ, *i.e.*, the story of how Grace operates on mankind to save it; how love can sacrifice and suffer. Without love there is no sacrifice. Sacrifice is by suffering. The key therefore of suffering is love, and the key of love is suffering. I shall revert to this later.

In the preceding paragraph the word "Nārāyaṇa" has occurred. It will be interesting to Christians to know that the etymological meaning of this word "Nārāyaṇa" is "He who rests on waters," Nārā, meaning water, corresponding with *Genesis*, i, 2, that "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters". "Waters" in the Veḍānṭa signifies the material stuff of creation—which is thus the plastic or passive stuff over which and in which Spirit, or the active principle, works, according to the Veḍic passage: "As the spider spins out of itself, so the Spirit brings forth the material out of itself." Hence the question: Whence came the materials of creation? and the Indian Sages answered:

> He, Spirit, created the waters [material stuff] out of Itself [out of its own substance], and placed Its seed therein. Until a resisting medium is improvised, no force can manifest.

In the second sense conveyed in these passages, the Greek notion of God is made manifest, to which, if the Latin or Roman notion of God, as evident in *Genesis*, i, 2, (quoted above), be joined, the whole sense etymologically imported by the word "Nārāyaṇa" is brought out, giving a sense for the Godhead as both

out of and in Nature. Hence the Upaniṣhaṭ passage: "Nārāyaṇa pervades all, both in and outside," *i.e.*, He is the full Divine Principle, intra- as well as extra-cosmically pervading. This Nārāyaṇa is thus the Cosmos-sustaining (*saṭṭāḍhāraka*) Principle with which is coupled Grace, which is Shrī, Christ—in other words, Love. Prajāpaṭi, or the Lord of Creation, acting by the medium of Vāch, or the Sacred Word, as occurring in the *Ṛgveḍa* conveys the same Shrī-Nārāyaṇa sense. Grace is thus an inalienable principle, property, or auspicious attribute, ever dwelling with the Divine Principle; it is also Divinity in the abstract manifested in the concrete, figuratively the "Word made flesh" (*John*, i, 14).

Viewed in another way, Divinity is made up of a Father and a Mother Principle, one yet twain. Shrī or Christ, is the Mother-Love sent into the world, for according to *John*, iii, 16, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son" to save it. "Bride" in the place of "Son" answers equally well. The Nārāyaṇa idea and the Bride-, Grace- or Love-idea are both evident in I. *John*, iv, 16: "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." The idea of Father and Son, and the latter begotten of the Father for the salvation of souls, is an ancient one. For example, *Mahābhāraṭa*, Uḍyoga-parva 48, tells us that the One Existence split Itself into two, Nārāyaṇa and Nara: and in Baḍarī-Nārāyaṇ, in the Himālayas Nārāyaṇa becomes the Teacher, and Naran the Disciple. The idea of sacrifice (or crucifixion) of the Son is evident from the Puruṣha-Sūkṭa hymn (*Ṛgveḍa*, x, 90).

The third way in which God manifests Himself to His devotees is through symbols or consecrated Images (Archā). The conception of God's Presence in Images will appeal to the intelligence of Christians, if they will ponder over the facts of consubstantiation and transubstantiation in their Scriptures. Consubstantiation means the union in one substance, *i.e.*, the substantial presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the bread and wine, in what is appropriately called the Eucharist, for Charis, as I have already shown, is Grace, or Shrī. And transubstantiation means conversion of one substance into another; hence the substantial change of the Eucharistic bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ. With regard to the Holy Images, both these theories are advanced in Hinḍū Scriptures. The Image, or symbol, is praṭīka, or the material base, in which the Spirit is present as consubstantiate, or the material of the Image itself is transformed into what may be called a spiritual substance as in transubstantiation. The Image is the kernel of the Church; it is a representation of it. As the Holy Ghost dwells in the Church, so does the Spirit dwell in the Image.

There are, above all these, three divine manifestations, or hypostates, as they are called, the medium, *Āchārya*, or the Saviour, of whom God makes use. This is the real Epiphany, inasmuch as the foregoing manifestations, which are of a theophanous character, are direct, whereas a vehicle is employed in the *Āchārya* form. In what way this is distinguished from the rest, and how efficiently and effectively the work of Salvation is effected by its means, is exhaustively treated in the spiritual work I have already mentioned, *viz.*, the *Shrī-Vāchana-Bhūṣhaṇa*.

Now the idea of Holy Ghost as Comforter has also its primal parallel in the Veḍānṭa system, in the expression, Hārḍa-puruṣha. (See *Brahma-Sūṭra*, IV, ii, 16.) Hāṛḍa is also Love-Grace corresponding with I. *John*, iv, 16, already quoted.

Now from the beginning when God's Breath was infused into man till that day when Christ says: "Ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you" (*John*, xiv, 20), we note the steady progress of the soul from its rudiments into a full-blown entity, divine-like, marking the course of evolution and its consummation. The universe is God's field (kṣheṭra) as the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* puts it; and God is the tiller (karṣhaka); and the harvest is His, *viz.*, the crop of souls saved. The reaping is the reaping of the fruit of evolution. All the processes of culture indicate the hand of Providence in various manifestations as set forth above—these processes partaking of both the remedial and redemptive character.

Whether God satisfies the Unitarian ideal or the Trinitarian ideal matters not, so long as the principle of Salvation, or Grace is admitted. This principle may be personified as Mother, Son, Bride, or as a Vine to the Husbandman (*John*, xv, 1)—that matters not. The recognition of this principle, in whatever outward garb it is vestured, is the important thing. According to I. *Corinthians*, i, 24, Christ is also the "power of God and the wisdom of God," *i.e.*, the Word, Vāk, Shrī, as already shown. (Also see *Proverbs* about "Wisdom".)

As to such a principle in existence in nature and its mediational character, Butler says in his *Analogy*[1]:

> We find all living creatures are brought into the world and their infancy is preserved by the instrumentality of

[1] See *Ṭaiṭṭirīya-Brāhmaṇa* quoted later on.

others, and every satisfaction of it, some way or other, is bestowed by the like means; so that the visible Government, which God exercises over the world is by the instrumentality and mediation of others. And how far His invisible Government be or be not so, it is impossible to determine at all by reason. There is then no sort of objection, from the light of nature, against the general notion of a mediator between God and man.

From the very dawn of Hinḍū religion, the fundamental idea of Hinḍūism has been sacrifice, which has taken ever so many forms. Shrī sacrificing herself, prompted by Mother-Love and Grace, as told in the *Rāmāyaṇa*, and Bhīṣhma's prolonged suffering or crucifixion upon the bed of arrows, as told in the *Mahābhāraṭa*, cannot have a better parallel than the tragic sacrifice of Christ on Calvary, both illustrating the principle of vicarious suffering and vicarious redemption—the function assigned to the Holy Ghost for all time to come. This Paracletic Principle also appears as Shraḍḍhā, or Faith, in man, personified as Shrī, the Mother of Kāma, or aspiration in man (Kāmavaṭsā, *Ṭāiṭṭirīya-Brāhmaṇa*, iii, 12-13).

As there is no finality of opinion in the respect of the nature of God, the nature of the soul, of immortality and after-death conditions, etc., so no final word can be said about the nature of mediation, which involves atonement, sacrifice, suffering, love. We can only rest our beliefs on probabilities. Bishop Butler has said that " probability is the guide of life ".

As to the various garbs in which any principle may be vestured by different religions and languages, modalities and mannerisms, it is well to remember the passages:

1. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.—II. *Timothy*, iii, 16.

2. God who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways.—*Acts*, xiv, 16.

3. It is far easier and far more amusing for shallow critics to point out what is absurd and ridiculous in the religion and philosophy of the ancient world than for the earnest student to discover truth and wisdom under strange disguises. —SCHOPENHAUER.

4. We laugh at the extraordinary costumes of a generation ago, just as the next generation will laugh at us for the absurd way in which by our style of dress, we disguise the natural grace and beauty of the human form divine . . . so too the forms and fashions of our faith. . . Yet, under all the idiosyncracies and peculiarities of creed and ritual, the essential elements of faith are the same.—C. J. STREET, M.A., in *The Underlying Varieties of Religion.*

The Holy Ghost is the Anupravesha of Hinḍūism. So speak the Scriptures:

Anena jīvan āṭmanānupravishya.

He is the Comforter (Hārḍa) and Generator of all Graces, as summed up in the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*:

Ḍaḍāmi buḍḍhiyogamṭam
Ẏena Māmupayānṭi ṭe

and He abides with us, wherever we may be, in hell, earth or heaven. It matters not whether this Principle, the Holy Ghost, is Itself God, or part of God, or an attribute of God, or an emanation from God direct, or a combined product of Father and Son, or a procession from the Father through the Son. What is of paramount importance for us is to know that the Holy Ghost abides in us, and that we have to realise it in its fulness and glory one of these days; and without fail, every soul is to be participant thereof. In the Holy Ghost, God "left not himself without witness". (*Acts*, xiv, 17.) As Dante sings in his *Paradiso*:

In Persons three eterne believe, and these
One essence I believe, so one and trine
They bear conjunction both with *sunt* and *est.*

And a passage from *Ṭaiṭṭirīya-Brāhmaṇa*,[1] iii, 12, 3,1, coincides with these ideas—thus:

> Brahman, the Self-Existent is austerity. It is Son, Father, Mother. Austerity became first the sacrifice. God enjoys Godship by virtue of Shraddhā, [*i.e*, Shrī, or Christ, or Holy Ghost—the Vicar]. Shraddhā, the Divine Mother, is the basis (or the stability) of the Universe.

The Veḍic Vāk, the Greek Logos (Lakṣhmī), and the "Word" of the Gospel of S. John, will give points of interesting comparisons to a student of religious philosophy.

The Logos, or the Word, becomes flesh, *i.e.*, becomes incarnate. In this connection the *Bṛhaḍāraṇyaka-Upaniṣhaṭ*, VII, i, 1, is worth study, along with the fact in embryology of a chromosome splitting away from the cellular nucleus, and reproducing at the centrosomic centres, daughter cells, which are perfect editions of the parent cell—a full incarnation in religious language, of the prototypic original. It is also interesting to compare with the above Upaniṣhaḍic passage, Constantine's favouring the Homoousians, or those who held that Christ was of the same essence with the Father in the Nicene Council, A.D. 325.[2]

Apart from the question of deriving a Trinity from a Unity, or resolving back a Trinity into Unity, the question of a God co-operating with a Paraclete Principle in the work of salvation, is a Duality which is seen in full evidence in nature, in support of which Bishop Butler was cited, and we might now seek for its scientific support. Take chemistry. Every atom has been demonstrated as possessing polarities, *viz.*,

[1] Referred to; (see also *Ṛgveḍa*, x, 151).

[2] (See further on about Homoiousis).

positive and negative natures. In philosophical language these are the active and passive principles, elaborated in the Sāṅkhya system. They co-operate and produce all the phenomena. By means of electrolysis, sodium chloride (salt), the formula of which is NaCl can be decomposed into the elements Sodium and Chlorine. What happens is this. Sodium, or Na, is found to be composed of what are called radicals united to positive charges of electricity technically termed an-ions, and Chlorine, or Cl, composed of radicals united to negative charges of electricity technically termed kat-ions. This is called the process of ionisation, represented by dots and dashes, as shown in the formula :

$$NaCl = Na + Cl.$$

In Veḍānṭa, according to the *Ṭaiṭṭirīya-Upaniṣhaṭ* already cited, Puruṣha, Puruṣhoṭṭama or Nārāyaṇa, *i.e.*, God transcendental *cum* immanent represents the universal active principle, and Shrī the Paraclete, the passive principle. Popularly, or in religious language, the Unit Godhead is constituted of the Mother and Father principles or aspects. The expression " Blessed God " which is equivalent to Shrīman Nārāyaṇa, means that the predicate Shrī, or Blessed, indicating the blessedness of the Deity, constitutes the Paraclete Principle, coeval and co-ordinate with that Deity. The same idea is most prominently brought forward in the *Quran*, no chapter of which opens without invoking the Deity as the " All-Merciful ". The idea of the Son, Christ, being the Mirror of God the Father, is explained much more significantly by the expression Nara-Nārāyaṇa, already referred to. The Mother-Father Principle has also a most wonderful analogy in what are known as gametes

(*i.e.*, cells married together), *viz.*, the female sex-nucleus, the ovum, a cell which is passive, having a preponderance of anabolic or constructive character, and the male sex-nucleus the spermatozoon, which is active, having a preponderance of katabolic or disruptive character. Both rush together and compose the gametes. You frequently hear of marriages between Devas and Devīs celebrated in Hiṇḍū Temples. It is symbolic of the fundamental fact in nature, of the Paraclete working in union with God, the Universal Spirit.

In fine the Paraclete, or Puruṣhakāra, Principle is the Principle of mediation pervading nature. In all its departments we are aware of metabolism, or transmutation of things from one state into another, like the cellular metamorphoses, or from one form of energy into another. Whether it is in the passing from one state into another, or from one form of energy into another, the transitional processes between, connote mediation; otherwise or without the mediatorial process, it is impossible to conceive how one state or one energy has passed into another. Hence mediation is an inevitable law in the universe, both physical and metaphysical. In the regions of the latter, the necessity of human language clothes this idea of mediation with all kinds of figurative and linguistic expressions, Shrī, Christ, Holy Ghost, Grace. For example the Persian Mithraic cult appeared in Rome as early as 67 B.C. This Mithra was the personification of mediation, through whom order in nature was maintained, and through whom victory was attained between the ultimate powers of good and evil. This is the Christ Principle of Christianity. In the economy

of nature, the female is preponderatingly anabolic, while the male is katabolic. The anabolic property is that of construction, and as such is the mother-function, which is mediatorial, and is the function ascribed in theology to the Paraclete, or Puruṣhakāra.[1]

Thus the dichotomy of passive and active principles working together is a universal law springing from God and percolating all nature which proceeds from Him. Were it not for this passive or anabolic factor, the cosmos would have no coherent principle, and without coherency it would crumble into chaos. In such a predicament there would be no talk about such topics as salvation, bliss, or the kingdom of God. The loom of God, therefore, consists of Himself, the Primary, as the warp, and the Paraclete, the Secondary, as the woof—from which, in rhythmic oscillations, are woven and spun forth countless spirit-forms each to fulfil its own unique destiny, by going forth as a fragment, and returning as a whole.

In all this process, is it a gladiatorial combat that is evinced, according to the Darwinian dicta of natural selection and the survival of the fittest—implying struggle and hate? In this verdict, we have had for some years

[1] Thomas Graham, the pioneer worker on the chemistry of the colloids says that (1) colloids and (2) crystalloids in juxtaposition produce all life processes; and the colloid is the dynamic state of matter, and the crystalloid its statical condition, where the connecting link between these lies is the mediatory principle. Taking another illustration from physiolgical psychology, there are two kinds of neurones or nerve cells, the sensory and the motor. Before the impressions received by the sensory are transmitted to the motor, there is a point of junction called a synapse, which is judged to be a psycho-physical substance. This mediatory layer answers to our Paraclete. Philosophically viewed, we have the real world and the ideal world; or the world of phenomena, and the world (so to say) of the noumenon. These are and must be linked, somewhere and somehow, though where the exact link is evades our knowledge. Wherever and however it is, what we are concerned with is that it is and must be. This connecting principle—a principle connecting the spiritual (or inner) and the material (or outer) existence—is the intermediate or mediatory principle, the Paraclete.

a glamour cast over us to make us forget that God is Love, and in that Love-aspect He is the Paraclete, the Mother, the Son, the Saviour; and what is seemingly struggle is but a cloak hiding love, and what seems to be a struggle is but the sacrifice that all love demands. Only the mother who has borne the child in pain knows what mother-love is. In the Paraclete, the Mother, the Son, the Saviour, God sacrifices Himself, as described in the Puruṣha-Sūkṭa of the Veḍas (already cited); and if the sacrifice is willing and self-motived, what is it but Divine Love? The motive power of struggle is love. If not, how would any struggle come about at all? The beginning is love, the end is love, between them is what passes for struggle. The process of struggle is the process of growth, accelerated by the process of salvation, embodied in the Paraclete. The great apostle of evolution, Darwin, who strikes one at the threshold as a pessimist in view of his struggle-for-existence theory, has himself spoken—it is refreshing to know—optimistically in this wise:

> Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such slow progress [*i.e.*, evolution]. To those who fully admit the immortality of the human soul, the destruction of our world will not appear so dreadful.

Finally, nature is full of triplets, or trinities. Those who have studied Hegel are familiar with these relations. The mystery of the Trinity, *viz.*, God, and the Soul, and the Paraclete (or Vicarate) between, is enshrined in the holy symbol, AUM—consisting as it does of the three letters A, U, M, signifying these three entities. It is left to earnest students to pursue this study further in literature that is extant in Samskṛt

and Tamil. The great fact, however, intended to be proved in this paper may be summed up as follows:

> We cannot even conceive of God without attributing trinity to Him. An absolute unity would be non-existence. God, if thought of as real and active, involves an antithesis, which may be formulated as God [A] and world [M], or *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*, or in some other way. This antithesis implies already the trinity-conception. When we think of God not only as that which is eternal and immutable in existence [*i.e.*, Sat], but also as that which changes, grows and evolves [tyat], we cannot escape the result, and we must progress to a triune God-idea. The conception of a God-Man, of a Saviour, [U, or Shrī], of God revealed in evolution, brings but the antithesis of God-Father, and God-Son [or Bride], and the very conception of this relation [*i.e.*, Puruṣhakāra, or Paraclete] implies God the Spirit that proceeds from both.—PAUL CARUS. *Primer of Philosophy*, p. 101.

To the procrustean bed of metaphor characterising the conditions of our language on earth, we are compelled to shape our spiritual ideals. God is Love (*i.e.*, ānanḍa or rasa); and His Love can only be love when it sacrifices and suffers; and this aspect of love is of the paracletic nature. God's Love does not suffer God to remain alone in insular solitude. Hence the Veḍānṭic dictum: "Alone, He finds no joy." Hence He resolves: "I become many," or "I multiply Myself."

God as Absolute (Para) remains unconditioned. The aspect of Him as Love becomes the incarnational aspect (Vibhava, etc.). In this aspect He has sympathy with all human attributes; hence, of Rāma, one of the Divine Incarnations, it is the written in the *Rāmāyaṇa*: "God is more agonised with human suffering." A parallel idea is to be found in *Isaiah*, lxiii, 9: "In all their affliction he was afflicted." Either God is not Love; or, if Love, He must be immanent in His Cosmos and Creation, sharing with it all events, so that

thus He may save it incessantly and inevitably, so as to make it become similar to Himself, *i.e.*, Homoiousis, or Paramam-Sāmyam.

Symbology plays a great part in depicting these spiritual ideals. By necessity again of our concrete existence, we have to reduce all such ideals to procrustean dimensions. Taking God as the Father, He has a Bride, and the Bride is the Mother of the Son who proceeds from that duality or union (miṭhuna).[1] Love is symbolised as the Mother, as shown above. And it is conceived again in three sub-aspects as Shrī (celestial Spouse), Bhū (terrestrial) and Nīlā (one's own home, or heart). Shrī, in the exercise of her mediatorial function, appeals to her Husband or Bridegroom, God, thus: "Lord! is there a single creature who is sinless?" Bhū improves upon this by submitting to the Lord: "Be there sin, but where is thy forgiveness?" Nīlā reaches the climax by saying: "Lord! absorbed in thy Beauty, canst thou think of anything at all and sin the least?"[2]

The idea of God as the Husband and the soul as the Wife, or Spouse, of this Husband, is so familiar in Christianity, that Christians will readily grasp the character of Shrī, or the Paraclete, portrayed above as the Spouse; and the Spouse again considered in a threefold prismatic aspect symbolised as Shrī, Bhū and Nīlā, or the operation of Grace in the triune regions of the Cosmos, *i.e.*, the spiritual (Shrī), the material (Bhū) and the individual (Nīlā).

[1] *cf.* Hence the clause of the Athanasian Creed: "God, of the substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds: And Man of the substance of his Mother, born in the world." This is also symbolic of the soul related on the one hand to nature, and on the other to nature's God.

[2] Read my *Lives of Azhvars* (*Āṇḍāl*).

The keynote of the Council of Nicosa is that the Son is "of one substance (essence) with the Father". According to God viewed as transcendental (Para), as incarnational (Vibhaya), and immanential (Anṭaryāmin), which in Christian terminology correspond to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, respectively, the Nicene Creed is justified of its declaration and at the same time, it admits of being viewed as Trinitarian in about the same way as Shrī, Bhū and Nīlā, inasmuch as Father, the transcendental (Para) is the Primary of substance, whereas, Son, the incarnational (Vibhava) and Holy Ghost, the immanential (Anṭaryāmin), bear a derivative, character, though of the same substance. Thus can Unitarian and Trinitarian views be harmoniously reconciled.

The most ancient of scriptural records that humanity possesses, the *Ṛgveḍa*, voiced the principle of mediation or intercession, discernible in nature. It is enough for the present to call the reader's attention to the note made by Griffith under *Ṛgveḍa*, X, lxxi, 1, "Voice, or Speech, or Sacred Word".

In *John*, i, 18, it is written "the Son which is in the bosom of the Father". So does Shrī ever reside in the bosom of Viṣhṇu, the All-Pervading, and therefore Immanent, God.

A. Govindacharya Svamin

THE SPIRIT OF JAPANESE ART

By U. B. NAIR

IT has been well observed that the average cultivated European student or critic of Eastern Art, who seeks to appraise the æsthetic value of the vast, bewildering mass of unfamiliar material unfolded to his wondering gaze, finds himself thrown into a new world. With Graeco-Roman sculpture, the art of the Italian Renaissance and of early Greece, with Gothic architecture and Byzantine carvings, with the masterpieces of classic Christian art, and even perhaps with such decorative bric-à-brac as a few Chinese lacquers and porcelains, he is no doubt fairly *au fait*: but the strangeness and multiplicity of the wonders of Oriental art in all its phases puzzles and amazes him. Feeling and manual skill are the criteria of the highest productions of creative art. When the stone, metal, or pigment is completely reformed, so that it can never fail to convey unerringly the author's meaning to the simple onlooker, when the re-created material proclaims his message appealingly and entrancingly to all who have eyes to see, it is then that we call it a work of art. This can only be achieved with the aid of the Divine afflatus in the artist—"the ardour of the blood," as the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson happily phrased it. Subjected to this test, many a creation of

Eastern art—Japanese chirography and screen decorations, Chinese landscapes of the Sung period, the figure drawings on Persian pottery and illuminated work, the sculptures of India, Java and Ceylon, the ivories, bronzes and textiles of early Muslim craftsmen—comes under this category, and has to be accepted as a great and noble expression of human feeling.

Some of these, it may be objected to, are fantastic and unreal. But likeness to natural appearances, after all, is not to be taken as the main or only criterion of value. This is true even of early Italian or Gothic art, and especially has Oriental art to be regarded from this point of view. The fact that eastern artistic forms do not always conform to the European standard of representation, prevents their methods of expression being fully grasped by the amateur European observer. Thus the Japanese idea of perspective is altogether foreign to European art. The Japanese painter not only does not draw in perspective, but he also rejects light and shade as appertaining mainly to the sister art of sculpture. It should not be supposed that these peculiarities detract from his merit as an artist by tending in any very great degree to diminish his expression, or deviate from the visual appearance of the scene he pictures. This is because Japanese art is, in reality, far more visual than the art of the West—a statement which may appear paradoxical at first thought. Prior to the fifteenth century, when Europe discovered the laws of perspective, European artists were even more vague in this respect than Japanese artists. The discovery explains that it is possible for the actual retinal image to be reproduced much more faithfully in a typical modern European picture than, let us say, in a

thirteenth century masterpiece by Keion, wherein he delineates, with consummate realism, the turbulent vehemence of the armed crowds in the civil war which gave birth to Japan's new feudalism.

Mr. Roger E. Fry, the well-known art-critic and joint-editor of the *Burlington Magazine*, considers Japanese art as more perceptual, less conceptual. In it, he thinks, "the actual vision of appearances is clearer, more precise, more rapid, and above all, less distorted by intellectual preoccupations". Art, however impressionist, cannot be purely perceptual: it is bound to be—it may be to a very limited extent—decorative and conceptual at the same time. Writes Mr. Fry:

> The graphic arts would seem to result from a compromise and fusion of three elements, one the desire to symbolise concepts, one the desire to make records of appearances, and finally, modifying and controlling these, the love of order and variety, the decorative instinct. In different races and at different periods the harmony of these elements results from their fusion in different proportions. Even with the utmost determination to do so, the artist cannot altogether suppress any of these elements of design.

Japanese art, again, is more perceptual than European. And its recognition of the visual whole enables the narrative artist to display his actors spread out on the ground in their familiar aspect. In European narrative composition, on the other hand, many of the imaginative effects of the story due to space relations is sacrificed to the perversity with which the main actors are made to hide inconspicuously in the background.

> The Japanese had a natural instinct for noting the general relations of objects in space, and, though he never developed this instinct in our scientific manner, he never went as far from visual appearance as the early artists of Europe. No doubt he imagined himself to see his figures from

a height, and not, as we do, on the level of an ordinary spectator; but here he was guided by a sound instinct, for the normal low perspective horizon which we Europeans adopt is singularly unsuited to the purpose of narrative design, as any one who has tried to compose a scene with many figures will have found.

In other words, the artists of the Far East succeeded in obtaining purity, unity, and completeness of expression, but at the expense of a loss of intensity and depth. And although in giving pictorial expression to their thoughts they made no use of light and shade, their method of rendering certain broad effects of lighted and shaded atmosphere—of mist, of night, and of twilight—has been the envy and admiration of modern Europe.

Now, Japan is typical of the whole art philosophy of the Orient. She is still a museum of Asiatic civilisation, and yet more than a museum. It has been, according to the late Mr. Kakasu Okakura, "the William Morris of Japan," the sole privilege of his native Nippon to realise the unity-in-complexity of eastern art ideals like no other Asiatic nation. She mirrors to-day the whole of Asiatic consciousness, and remains the real repository of the trust of Asiatic thought and culture. But what is it, it may be asked, that accounts for the artistic taste inborn in the son of the gay Land of the Chrysanthemum? The peculiar beauty of her natural scenery, her singular geographical configuration, the witchery of her climate—qualities which have cast her art in its own distinctive mould.

The waters of the waving ricefields, the variegated contour of the archipelago, so conducive to individuality, the constant play of its soft tinted seasons, the shimmer of its silver air, the verdure of its cascaded hills, and the voice of the ocean echoing about its pine-girt shores—of all these was born that tender simplicity, that romantic purity, which so tempers

the soul of Japanese art, differentiating it at once from the leaning to monotonous breadth of the Chinese, and from the tendency to overburdened richness of Indian art.

The subtle and ingenious author of *The Ideals of the East with special reference to the Art of Japan*, above quoted, has argued in that brilliant work that the historic wealth of Asiatic culture can be consecutively studied through the treasured specimen of Japan, and Japan alone. The Imperial collection, the Shinto temples, and the opened dolmens, reveal the subtle curves of Hang workmanship. The temples of Nara, on the other hand, are rich in representation of Tang culture, and of classic Indian art, then in its hey-day of splendour. The treasure-stores of the daimyos abound in works of art belonging to the Sung and Mongol dynasties. But as in India, so somewhat in Japan, "the scorching drought of modern vulgarity is parching the throat of life and art". But the rock of Japan's race-pride and organic union has stood firm throughout the ages. She was not swept off by the mighty billows that surged upon her from India and China. The national genius has never been overwhelmed. Imitation has never taken the place of a free creativeness. Yet even Japan, such as she is, finds herself perplexed with the great mass of western thought and western ideals. This was the clarion note sounded twelve years ago by Mr. Okakura: and this is the message conveyed in the newest of new books on the subject by Mr. Yone Noguchi, a Japanese poet and artist now resident in London, issued by John Murray (who published Mr. Okakura's *Ideals of the East*) as a volume in "The Wisdom of the East" series, under the title which forms the heading of this article.

That last great master of the Kano School, Gaho Hashimoto, Hogai Kano, another great modern artist, and Okakura, according to Mr. Noguchi, were the "true life-restorers of Japanese art". The history of this remarkable trio is the history of the renaissance of art in Nippon in recent times. Their efforts were directed to a strong re-nationalising of art on national lines in the great Island Empire in the Far East, in opposition to that pseudo-Europeanising tendency that has for the last half-century been so fashionable throughout Asia. Mr. Okakura was a member of the Imperial Art Commission sent out by Japan at the dawn of this century to study the art history and movements of Europe and the United States. He only found his appreciation of Asiatic art deepened and intensified by his travels, and he always looked askance at the waves of so-called Europeanism that, following political changes, so often beat on the Imperial Art School at Tokyo, of which he was sometime director. Mr. Okakura soon resigned, and six months later, thirty-nine of the strongest young artists in Japan grouped themselves about him, and they opened the Nippon Bijitsu, or Hall of Fine Arts, at Yanaka, in the suburbs of Tokyo. In this Institute, which was a sort of Japanese Merton Abbey, were carried on various decorative arts, such as lacquer and metal work, bronze casting and porcelain, not to speak of painting and sculpture. While entertaining a deep sympathy for and possessing a thorough understanding of all that is best in the contemporary art movements of the West, the members aimed withal at conserving and extending their national inspiration. But, as Mr. Noguchi tells us, the Institute had soon to be closed:

When the Tokyo School of Art was founded (22nd year of Meiji) Gaho was first made warden of the school, and then its director. And he was appointed professor when his investigation bureau happened to close up. However, he voluntarily resigned his professorship when Mr. Okakura, then the president of the school, was obliged to resign his office. Gaho took the principal's chair of the Nippon Bijitsu when Okakura established it afterwards; but this school soon became a story of the past.

Japanese art, according to Mr. Noguchi, has again been cast down from its high pedestal. The invasion of western art spelt the end of real old indigenous art. It "laughed at the indecision of æsthetic judgment and uncertainty of realism of Japanese art". The present Japanese art is, therefore, a lost art: its only lesson for us is that of its sad failure. Unlike the old art of idealistic exaltation, it explains nothing but the general condition of life. It has been driven bag and baggage out of its stronghold of subjectivity, and at too great a cost, for its gain in the objectivity of the West is trifling indeed. A visit to any art exhibition in Japan to-day will show how the minds of present day artists have become unsettled by the western influence which they reluctantly accepted; how under the mingled tempest of Oriental and Occidental, they have lost unity and simplicity, poetry and atmosphere.

When I say [writes Mr. Noguchi] that I received almost no impression from the annual Government Exhibition of Japanese Art in the last five or six years, I have a sort of same feeling with the tired month of May when the season, in fact, having no strength left from the last glory of bloom (what a glorious old Japanese art!), still vainly attempts to look ambitious. Although it may sound unsympathetic, I must declare that the present Japanese art, speaking of it as a whole, with no reference to separate works or individual artists, suffers from nervous debility. Now, is it not the exact condition of the Japanese life at present? Here it is the art following after the life of modern Japan, vain, shallow, imitative, and thoughtless, which makes us pessimistic; the

best possible course such an art can follow in the time of its nervous debility might be that of imitation.

At the same time, Mr. Noguchi is convinced that the influence of western art on modern Japan has not been all evil. The Japanese works of western art, he admits, are sometimes beautiful, although they are more often marred by effort and pretence. Nature imitates art, said Oscar Wilde. Is not the nature of Japan, asks Mr. Noguchi, imitating the poor work of the western method? Western art, he thinks, may however help to rouse Japan from her present stagnation in feeling and thought. It has powerfully tended to bring the difference in element home to the Japanese mind. It has opened their eyes to the mysteries of perspective and of the accurate perception of colours. And above all, it has served as a useful protest against the Japanese art of the old school. The prospect of western art becoming popular in Japan, however, is very remote. "It may be far away yet, but such an art, if a combination of the east and west, is bound to come," writes Mr. Noguchi.

From speculation as regards the evolution of a "Western Art Japonised," let us now turn to the splendours of classical Japanese art, and seek some sort of general understanding of its general movements and conceptions and the development of its various schools. The bulk of Mr. Noguchi's little volume of 114 pages is devoted to giving his readers a foretaste of the idealism of its different epochs, to helping them realise the humanity and love of the old Japanese masters, and evoking in them a vague and mysterious appreciation of the beauty and significance of their work. Mr. Noguchi lays

special stress on what must be a most surprising fact to most people, namely, the definitely religious origin of Japanese painting, and he describes how it shows a passionate and disinterested contemplation of nature, and adumbrates, with power and precision, the strangest and most mystical intimations of spiritual existence. This is the outstanding feature of the Ashikaga period (1335-1573). This period corresponds with that of the Renaissance in Europe, and is based on a conscious revival of classical Chinese models. Sesshu and Sesson, whose work can be seen to-day in the new wing of the British Museum, are the best representatives of the period. They sat, in Mr. Noguchi's words, "before the inextinguishable lamp of faith, and sought their salvation by the road of silence". Their studies were in the Buddhist temple, luminous with the symbols of all beauty of nature and heaven.

> And their artistic work was a sort of prayer-making, to satisfy their own imagination, not a thing to show to a critic whose attempt at arguing and denying is only a nuisance in the world of higher art; they drew pictures to create absolute beauty and grandeur, that made their own human world look almost trifling, and directly joined themselves with eternity. Art for them was not a question of mere reality in expression, but the question of Faith. Therefore they never troubled their minds with the matter of subjects or the size of the canvas; indeed, the mere reality of the external world had ceased to be a standard for them, who lived in the temple studios.

The branch of Japanese art most admired in the West is the alluring one which has made style in expressive decoration its own. Koyetsu and Korin were the leaders of this school. Of the former, Mr. Noguchi writes with unrestrained admiration. He was the prince of Japanese calligraphers; and on one of his much-admired hangings—designed, no doubt, for some famous tea-master of four centuries ago, who was wont to bury

himself in a little abode of fancy with a boiling tea-kettle beside him—were inscribed the lines:

> Where's cherry-blossom?
> The trace of the garden's spring breeze is seen no more.
> I will point, if I am asked,
> To my fancy snow upon the ground.

"What a yearning of poetic soul!" exclaims Mr. Noguchi, who moralises:

> Praised be the touch of your newly awakened soul which can turn the fallen petals to the beauty of snow: there is nothing that will deny the yearning of your poetic soul. It is not superstition to say that the poet's life is worthier than any other .... But I am thankful for Koyetsu to-day. How to reach my own poetry seems clearly defined in my thought; it will be by the twilight road of imagination born out of reality and the senses—the road of idealism baptised by the pain of death.

Koyetsu's was a remarkable personality. He realised the age of artistic heroism that cares not for the future, for money or fame. His touch breathed a real art into anything from a porcelain bowl to the design on a lacquer box. Mr. Noguchi relates the following characteristic story of him:

> Once he was asked by Sambiakuin Konoye, a high nobleman of the Kyoto Court, the question who was the best penman of the day; it is said he replied, after a slight hesitation: "Well, then, the second best would be you, my Lord; and Shokado would be the third best." The somewhat disappointed calligraphist of high rank in the Court pressed Koyetsu: "Speak out, who is the first? There is nothing of 'well, then' about it." Koyetsu replied: "This humble self is that first."

Utamaro, Hiroshige, Kyosai and Busho Haro are some of the other representative masters, whose art Mr. Noguchi discusses with such fine appreciation. Those who have looked at the reproductions in Mr. Laurence Binyon's *Painting in the Far East* will be familiar with the power and originality of Matabei, the originator of the Ukiyoye School of designers, famous

for their marvellous ingenuity in colour printing. But Mr. Noguchi, who devotes two chapters to their work and has much to say of Shunsho Katsukawa, Yoshitoshi Tsukioka and other artists of this School, curiously enough dismisses Matabei, that great master of genre, in a few words! He does not indeed regard him, but Moronobu, as the founder of Ukiyoye art! and this, albeit the fact that in him, in the opinion of Fry, Binyon and others, the purely national art of Japan rises to a height only equalled by Kleion. Nor of the latter's name even does Mr. Noguchi make mention, although he is justly enthusiastic over Sotatsu, Kleion's contemporary and a great master of flower design.

Mr. Noguchi, as we have said, is a poet; and he sees in Utmaro's ladies, "whether with no soul or myriad souls (certainly ladies, be they courtesans or geishas, who never bartered their own songs and beauty away), the rich-soft passionate odour of rare old roses". They appear to him more subtle than Rosetti's Lilith, the women drawn by lines, or by the absence of lines, with such eyes as only opened to see love. Them he describes in verse, thus:

> Too common to say she is the beauty of line,
> However, the line old, spiritualised into odour,
> (The odour soared into an everlasting ghost from life and death,)
> As a gossamer, the handiwork of a dream,
> 'Tis left free as it flaps:
> The lady of Utmaro's art is the beauty of zephyr flow.
> I say again, the line with the breath of love,
> Enwrapping my heart to be a happy prey:
> Sensuous? To some so she may appear,
> But her sensuousness divinised into the word of love.

Of Utmaro's art itself, he indulges in the following conceit:

She is an art (let me call her so)
Hung, as a web, in the air of perfume,
Soft yet vivid, she sways in music:
(But what sadness in her saturation of life!)
Her music lives in intensity of a moment and then dies;
To her, suggestion is her life.
She is the moth-light playing on reality's dusk,
Soon to die as a savage prey of the moment;
She is a creation of surprise (let me say so)
Dancing gold on the wire of impulse.

The Japanese spirit of art aimed at poetry and atmosphere, not mere style and purpose. And it holds a great inner lesson for us moderns. We will let Mr. Noguchi proclaim it in his own words:

To look at some of the modern work is too trying, mainly from the fact that it lacks, to use the word of Zen Buḍḍhism, the meaning of silence; it seems to me that some modern artists work only to tax people's minds. In Nature we find peacefulness and silence; we derive from it a feeling of comfort and restfulness; and again from it we receive vigour and life. I think so great art should be. Many modern artists cannot place themselves in unison with their art; in one word, they do not know how to follow the law or *michi*, that Mother Nature gladly evolves.

And the ultimate lesson of Oriental art for all humanity is contained in the two words "prayer and silence": or as Mr. Noguchi beautifully expressss it: "There is nothing more petty, even vulgar, in the grey world of art and poetry, than to have a too close attachment to life and physical luxuries; if our Orientalism may not tell you anything much, I think it will teach you at least to soar out of your trivialism." We heartily echo the same cry.

U. B. Nair

AN INSTANCE OF PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT

By C. W. LEADBEATER

PSYCHIC development of all kinds is wonderfully quickened just now by the great inrush of spiritual force which is preparing the world for the Coming of its Teacher; and naturally the opportunities for such development offer themselves most readily to those who put themselves directly in the way of that mighty current of force by working in connection with the expected Advent. I gave recently an instance of

the abnormally rapid unfoldment of the buḍḍhic faculty by means of the power of love; now another case comes before me belonging to a different line, for this time it is the faculty of the causal body which is aroused through the mental vehicle by putting an undue strain upon the physical brain. But I cannot say to our readers in this case, as in the other: "Go thou and do likewise"; for the mental strain is a serious danger. It happened for once to lead to psychic development; but far more often it results in nervous breakdown of the gravest character, or even in brain lesion and insanity. The account sent to me is as follows:

"When I was at College (about 1910) I took up the study of the Calculus, which, as you know, is the mathematics of variable quantities, the study of moving bodies and the like. From a variety of causes I was unable to do justice to the work day by day, and toward the end of the second term, when the day of examination in this was approaching, I was told by the lecturer that my work had been so unsatisfactory that unless I performed some miracle in the forthcoming examination he could not recommend me for a pass in the subject. I fully realised that he was quite right, and set about finding out how I could possibly score a high grade in the examination in order to offset the bad work during the year. I soon found that it would be impossible in the few days left to me really to understand the ground covered, and that the only hope would lie in memorising the formulæ and applying them in a mechanical fashion to problems given in the examination. I therefore set to work, first to understand the definitions used in the textbooks, and second to

learn by rote all the important formulæ. I worked very hard, far into the night, neglected other subjects, in which I felt sure of myself in any case, and resorted to all sorts of devices to gain time and keep awake. Bit by bit I covered all the important ground, but only by memorising, sometimes even visualising the *appearance* of a page or paragraph. The day of the examination I was utterly weary physically, but extraordinarily vivid mentally. I duly appeared, applied my crammed-up facts to the examination, and, as I subsequently found, wrote a paper with only one small mistake in arithmetical computation, or something like that. This was the unexpected performance that the lecturer demanded, and he duly gave me a pass.

"Now the point of this episode comes in the sequel. I found in a few days, as usual in such cases, that all the material which I had stuffed into my head was a rapidly-vanishing jumble; but as it disappeared, and as I resumed my physical norm (chiefly by long hours of sleep), I discovered that I had actually done something, either damage or benefit, to my mental machinery, and that my ability to picture things in my mind was tremendously enlarged. I now found that if I turned my mind upon something I had seen or experienced even years before, the image returned to me, not in the ordinary vague way, but with the most extraordinary clarity in detail, with accompanying attributes of all sorts. For instance, if I was recalling a scene in a wood, I could actually *smell* the damp earth or the burning fire! This amused me very much, as it was quite possible to get back into the past in momentary flashes of the utmost brilliancy.

After a time, however, the power of commanding this strange faculty wore off, and I had to be content with spontaneous outbursts which arose now and then through association. By the sight of a colour or some passing odour this latent power would suddenly put me into another time and place. Fortunately I could always banish the mental image, even though I could not call it up.

"Well, after a time this gradually wore away into a lesser degree of brilliancy, and I was only occasionally edified by this annihilation of time and space.

"But now, just lately, there has been a return, in a new phase, of the old thing. I have had to learn, during the last year or so, the Government regulations of a business which I am carrying on. This had to be accomplished quickly, and I find that with this effort there is a return of the result which followed the previous effort, and, it is pleasant to note, with two new aspects, first that I am much more able to command and sustain any image that arises, and second that I can *magnify* the scene to a certain extent. Thus, if the picture includes a wall in the distance I can occasionally magnify it until the crannies are visible. And, what astonished me exceedingly, if there is a perfume, say, of flowers present, the same microscopic power can be turned on! Now the result is not intensification of the perfume, as one might hastily conclude, but a *roughening* of it. I mean by this that instead of getting *thicker*, in the sense that a heavy oil is thicker than water, the smell loses it smoothness and becomes (if one could feel it) like woollen cloth, or a basin of sand. For some reason I cannot perform this same enlarging trick with sound. At present there is no sign of any diminution

of this curious phase of memory, but I have no doubt that it will fade away in large part, as I am too busy to undertake its cultivation."

What is happening in this case is obvious to anyone who has had experience in the use of the higher faculties. Instead of using his memory in the ordinary way, the student is coming into touch with the Records; and that means that he is to a certain extent employing the faculties of his causal body. We are far from certain as to the exact method of ordinary memory, for the subject has not yet been investigated; but it is clear that a vibration in the mental body is part of what occurs, and that the causal body is not in any way involved. In the reading of the Records it is precisely this latter sheath through which the work is done, and the mental body vibrates only in response to the activity of the causal. For that reason no satisfactory or reliable reading of the Records can be done without definite development of the vehicle of the ego.

From the description which our student gives it is clear that he was using his causal body in the glimpses of the past which he relates. It is also evident that that vehicle was aroused by the undue pressure put upon the mind by his reckless overwork. Most men would have ruined their health for life if they had pushed the strain as far as he did; he happens to be the one in a million who managed to do this thing and survive. The result is that his steady persistence in keeping up high mental undulations has stirred his causal body into activity, and thus endued him with a faculty different from any which he has before possessed.

So far it seems to waken only when he turns his thoughts to the past, and only in connection with scenes already familiar to him; but it is probable that he will soon find that he can extend its working in various ways. When a scene is clearly in mind it might be possible to move backwards or forwards from it, and so recover detailed memory of large sections of early life. Perhaps one could in this way push back recollection into childhood—back to birth itself, and even beyond; there have been those who in this manner have attained full knowledge of previous incarnations. Practice makes perfect; and it is encouraging that the power is much more under control now than formerly. The faculty of magnification is another conclusive proof that it is the causal body which is being used; this feature also might by degrees be largely increased, and when fully at the student's disposal might be used (for example) to undertake researches into occult chemistry.

The description of the "roughening" of the smell is most characteristic. The actual process of magnifying consists not in increasing the size of the object examined, but in lessening the psychic lens through which that object is seen. In ancient Scriptures it is said that the operator makes himself as small as he will, and so the organ of vision which he is using becomes commensurate with the microscopic size of that at which he looks. Consequently the tiny physical particles which call into action the sense of smell become separately appreciable, like the grains upon sandpaper, and so the sense of roughness is produced. It is a thing difficult to put into words, but any one who has used the higher faculty will at once recognise our student's attempt to express it.

He is much to be congratulated upon his result, though we certainly cannot recommend his method for imitation by others. Such development will come easily and naturally when, in the course of human evolution, the mind has grown more nearly to the limit of its capabilities; but at our present stage such pressure is distinctly dangerous. That even this partial unfoldment should have been safely achieved is a sign of the times—a sign of the strength of the spiritual outpouring which even now is flooding the world.

C. W. Leadbeater

AN ESOTERIC ORGANISATION IN INDIA: III[1]

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

I HAVE now to give a very brief description of the general course of discipline to be followed by those who become members of the Organisation, particularly during the early stages.

The first step a candidate has to take is the making of the promises and pledging himself to keep them, as shown in the Appendix to my last article. At the time this is done, the person admitting the candidate, may dispense with the taking of the hand. This is invariably the case when the candidate is a female. In such instances a Yogaḍaṇḍa is handed to the candidate to be held over his or her head touching it during the ceremony. After taking the pledge, he has daily to meditate on the meaning of six stately Samskṛṭ sentences which are communicated to him. These six make two sets. The first set involves meditation upon Āṭma, the Self, in Its threefold aspect; namely, as unembodied, or Nirupāḍhikam; as embodied, or Sopāḍhikam; and thirdly, as negating Its identity with all embodiments. This last aspect is the one expressed in the Mahāvākya of the *Aṭharvaṇa-Veḍa*, "Aham-Ēṭaṭ-Na,"

[1] Copies of this article and the previous one—No. II—may be obtained on application to Ramalinga Mudali, Beach House, Elliott's Road, Mylapore, Madras. The application should be accompanied by a remittance of As. 2, which includes postage.

I-This-Not, the most comprehensive of all Mahāvākyas. It is necessary to draw pointed attention to the real meaning of the term "Ētaṭ" in this Mahāvākya. Now the word "Aham" in it, of course, refers not to any individualised self, but to the source of all such selves, namely Paramāṭmā. Consequently "Ētaṭ" which stands in opposition to it should also be taken not as the definite vehicle of any individualised self, but to the root of all such vehicles. In short it means the "mūla" of all matter, *i.e.*, mūlaprakṛṭi in its most abstract sense. As "Aham" stands for the first of the three ultimate constituents of Para Brahman, represented in the Pramāṇa by "A," so does "Ētaṭ" stand for the second constituent, represented therein by "U". It is the idea of something other than Himself posited by Paramāṭmā by way of hypothesis, as it were, and simultaneously negated by Him. No doubt it is not easy for us to understand how there can be an affirmation and a negation without the least interval of time between them. But such is the final teaching and, considering that this has reference not to the Vyvahāra but the Paramārṭha state, there is nothing unintelligible about it. And it has to be remembered that the self-realisation—Svarūpa-jñāna—of Paramāṭmā is utterly uninterrupted and eternal by reason of His omniscience. Of course it is different with reference to every other entity subject to the limitations of space and time. In this latter case the affirmation and negation must necessarily take place and do take place only in succession. Hence in all Samsāra the necessary order is Pravṛṭṭi (Path of Forthgoing) first and Nivṛṭṭi (Path of Return) next. Meditation under this first head is, as must be evident, entirely based upon the Praṇava, the highest symbol of

Para Brahman according to all the Hinḍū Scriptures. The syllable " A " stands in the first Samskṛṭ sentence for the Self, pure and simple. The syllable " U " stands in the second sentence for the Self in Its embodied state; and in the third sentence a syllable corresponding to " M " stands for the Self negating Its identity with all embodiments. The second set of three sentences prescribe meditation upon the Shakṭi aspect of Para-Brahman as Jñāna-Shakṭi, Ichchhā-Shakṭi and Kriyā-Shakṭi. There is a significant variation in the terminations of the sentences constituting the first set and those constituting the second. In the former the term is "Upāsē"—I sit near, I contemplate. In the second the phrase is "Sharaṇamaham prapaḍye"—I make surrender.

Meditation thus prescribed has to go on for a very considerable period before the next step is taken. Assuming the candidate is able to devote one hour a day for each of these six forms of meditation, he would not be ready for the next step until the expiry of three months. It is only after that he will be given the form of meditation special to him if he proves himself fit for it. For reasons due to the candidates themselves the giving of instruction as to the special form of meditation has had to be deferred in many cases for so considerable a period as one, two, or even three years. This special form will have to be added to the six already mentioned. Thenceforward the Anuṣhthāna will consist of what is called Yoga-Sanḍhyā and Yoga-Gāyaṭrī Japa, both of which must be performed daily before sunrise, it being open to the candidate to devote as much time as he can spare during the rest of the day, for meditation upon the seven items mentioned above. The Sanḍhyā and

Japa are ceremonials that will not take more than five minutes each.

The statement in my first article, as to twenty-four years constituting an entire course of training, requires a slight explanation. The minimum amount of time which every member is expected to devote to meditation in a single day is two hours and twenty-four minutes. That amount of meditation is taken as one day's full work. It is thus possible and open to any member to shorten the term of discipline by devoting to meditation more than the prescribed minimum.

Every member is required to keep a diary in which he should record instructions received by him and all other matters connected with the practice of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā, including any phenomena which may occur within his experience.

Before proceeding to notice a few other points connected with the daily routine to be observed by a member, I wish to state the substance of an explanation given in the *Chandrikā* as to the term Rāja-Yoga—an explanation which is quite original. This explanation is put into the mouth of Hamsa Yogī, to whom I alluded in my last article. Next to Nārāyaṇa, Nara and Yoga Ḍevī, this Hamsa Yogī appears to be the most important character in the Assembly of Sages in Baḍarī. He is stated to be a special favourite of the Ḍevī and is in the habit of offering worship to her daily in the lotus tank and imbibing the nectar of Wisdom flowing from the Lotus on which she is seated. The name Hamsa indicates his real identity with Seboua, the gardener, in *The Idyll of the White Lotus.* In short, he stands for intuition and as, in the fable, the bird Hamsa separates the water from the milk, so this Yogī is ever able to

distinguish the false from the true in the immense quantity of dogma current in the world and likewise unearth the gold that lies buried in the ore of Esotericism. He himself in one place says that he is a manifestation of Viveka-Shakṭi, one of the five aspects of the Shakṭi of Yoga-Ḍevī, the names of the other four being: Aviveka (non-discriminating) Shakṭi, Samuchchiṭa (correlating) Shakṭi, Akhaṇda (pervasive) Shakṭi, and Svasvarūpa (innate) Shakṭi. [1]

Now as to his explanation of Rāja-Yoga, Hamsa Yogī says it was vouchsafed to him by the Ḍevī Herself, and that he would not have accepted it even from so great a source but for the high authority of Shruṭi by which it was supported. Hamsa Yogī points out that the manner in which the very important term in question is explained by Paṭañjali and others is more or less open to question. Putting it briefly, his own explanation is as follows: Astrologers mean by the term Rāja-Yoga, a state of affluence and power like that of a King. It is in a sense quite similar to this that the term in question is used in Shuḍḍha Ḍharma Maṇdalam. The object of the discipline prescribed by the Maṇdalam is to ensure to Āṭmā in the human body—the King in the city of nine gates—his inherent royal prerogatives. Normally in the present state of man's evolution that King is only so in name, being in fact a prisoner within his own city. The term Rāja-Yoga in the present case is peculiarly appropriate in letter as well as in spirit. For Rāja comes from a root which means to shine and Rāja-Yoga with reference to Āṭmā, the very nature of which

[1] The English equivalents are hardly adequate. The terms themselves are fully explained in the book.

is Light, is to remove the curtains which shut out and prevent that Light streaming forth in all directions. It is the securing of this royal state to Āṭmā in the body that the discipline of the Maṇdalam intends to accomplish. The attempt to free the Āṭmā from bondage by elaborate and tedious ceremonials, or by practices which involve the torture of the body, is like holding the coronation festival of a King who continues to be kept in confinement in his city. Whereas the method of the Maṇdalam is easy, pleasant and most effective. The excellence of the method consists first in combining meditation on the Āṭmā aspect of Para Brahman, with that on Its Shakṭi aspect. For the uniform teaching of all Shāsṭra from *Sāmaveḍa* downward is that the whole work of cosmic procession belongs to the latter aspect. For example, the opening stanza of *Saunḍarya-Lahari*, ascribed to Shaṅkara, puts this quaintly thus: "Without Shakṭi, Paramashiva Himself is not able to move even a tiny piece of straw." In another place Shakṭi is spoken of as the body of Shambhu. And the great Sages in the hymns to Her call her World-Mother, the boundless ocean of compassion, tenderness and love. And be it also noted, to meditate on the one hand on the nature of the Self, as indicated in the first set of sentences, and on the other hand to make at the same time surrender in thought to the Supreme Power, and to do this day after day throughout life is surely the most infallible way of developing oneself along the path of knowledge and that of devotion simultaneously. Right knowledge coupled with right desire and devotion necessarily lead to right activity. Hence the importance and value of the combination mentioned above.

The second very special feature of the system consists in the use of mystic syllables, or Bījākṣharas, in connection with meditation. They constitute, in the figurative language of Hamsa Yogī, the stalks on which the fruit of Brahm ripens for the Yogī to gather. Another simile of the Yogī in respect to them is that they are like the nipple in the mother's breast through which flows the milk needed for the sustenance of the child. Much detailed information is given about these syllables which, however, it is not possible for me to enter into here. Whether and how far these syllables are in the nature of those "Words of Power" which Initiates are said to receive at each of the four great Initiations, it is idle for me to speculate upon. But this much seems to be fairly certain: that the constant and prolonged use of the syllables during the daily meditation produces vibrations which powerfully affect the different Koshas, or vehicles, of the would-be Yogī. The cause of such vibrations and effects is discussed at length. The discussion is highly instructive and is illumined by apt quotations from Shruṭi. The gist of the discussion, in one aspect of it, may be stated thus. By reason of the very peculiar formation of the letter sounds of the Samskṛṭ alphabet, their mere utterance *ipso facto* acts upon the matter of one or other of the different planes of our world-system and produces certain definite atomic and molecular changes in such matter. This is the case whether the utterance is in the Parā, Pashyanṭī, Maḍhyamā or Vaikharī stage. The potency of the utterance is heightened when it is enforced by the will of the utterer and directed towards a particular object. It follows that such utterance equally affects the upāḍhis of the utterer,

which of course are composed of the matter of those planes. The potency of these letter sounds is but a manifestation of the Māṭṛkā-Shakṭi, one of the six great microcosmic powers.[1]

Now entering a little into detail, let me first take the nine vowel sounds of the alphabet. Their potency, as well as that of the thirty-three consonants, extends even to the Anupāḍaka, or Mahaṭ, plane, the second in our system. It is also on this plane that the Amsha of Ishvara, or the divine fragment which on the Āḍi, or the first plane, constitutes the unembodied human spirit, finds the rudimentary vehicle which is to serve as the basis for its future evolution in the fivefold universe, beginning with the ākāshic plane, the third. Of the vowels referred to, the utterance of the first serves as a channel for the expression of the embodied Spirit as an independent entity, or a Jīvāṭma. The utterance of the remaining eight vowels serves as a channel for the expression of certain of the attributes or powers of such Jīvāṭma.

Passing to the consonants, the effect of their utterance becomes patent only in the fivefold universe. Twenty-five of these consonants make up five groups. The five consonants constituting the first, or the *ka* group when uttered act upon the matter of the ākāshic plane. The five letters of the second, or the *cha* group act upon the matter the vāyu plane. The five letters of the third, or the *ta*, group act upon the matter of the agni plane. The five letters of the fourth, or the *ṭa* group act upon the matter of the ap plane and the five letters of the last, or the *pa* group act upon the matter of the pṛṭhivī

[1] For a brief description of these, see the late Mr. T. Subba Rao's paper on "The Twelve Signs of the Zodiac" in his *Esoteric Writings*, pp. 7-8.

plane. Again when one of the eight vowels is combined with one or other of the consonants in the five groups, such combination will serve as a channel for the manifestation of an avasṭhā, or state of consciousness, of the Jīva. This avasṭhā partakes of the character of Pravṛṭṭi. When, however, one of those vowels is combined with one or other of the remaining eight consonants in the alphabet, that combination will serve as a channel for the manifestation of an avasṭhā, or state of consciousness, partaking of Nivṛṭṭi character. It is these sixteen states of conciousness that are classified under the four main divisions of jāgraṭ, svapna, suṣhupṭi and ṭurīya, each such division being similarly subdivided. As for example jāgraṭ-jāgraṭ, jāgraṭ-svapna, jāgraṭ-suṣhupṭi and jagraṭ-ṭurīya, and so on. Apart from the said sixteen combinations there are innumerable other combinations of vowels and consonants which serve as channels for the manifestation of the action and reaction of spirit and matter upon each other during their long evolutionary journey in the fivefold universe.

Now this subject of the effect of utterances of the alphabet sounds and their combinations has for ages been investigated by Adepts, with the result that the Hierarchy is in possession of a body of knowledge of the very highest value to humanity. And the use of Bījākṣharas as a part of the course of training in the organisation is to enable those undergoing the training to avail themselves of such portion of that knowledge as will conduce to their progress in yoga. Putting it very generally, the main advantage that will ultimately attend the use of these syllables is the power to pass at will from vehicle to vehicle and consciously

to function in any one of them, and to work in the plane corresponding to the vehicle in which one is functioning for the time being. What more could we wish than to be able at pleasure to get away from the prison-house of this physical body, to come into direct contact with the Great Ones, who are ever busy in the higher worlds in carrying out the will of Ishvara, and to learn from Them the mighty truths which They hold in trust for all who wish to become the true servers of the human race. Those who have had such a communion even for a single moment will never more think of their own personal salvation or the experiencing of the bliss which awaits them who touch the buḍḍhic, or vāyu, plane and become capable of using their Ānanḍamaya-Kosha. The only prayer that will escape from their lips will be: "Make us Your humble servants. We seek nothing, we hope nothing, we ask nothing for the separated self."

Turning now to another advantage connected with the use of the syllables in question, it is that they form effective symbols to meditate upon. Of them all the most important is the "Om" sound. Next to it come the three letters which go to make up that sound. These four are symbols of Brahman Itself and consequently meditation with their aid is invaluable to him who is on the Path. For his great work on that path is, if I may be allowed such an expression, the disidentification of himself with those upāḍhis which he had been laboriously constructing for his use in gathering experience during the time he was treading the path of Pravṛṭṭi. And such work of disidentification is facilitated in every way by the fact that the system of meditation he has to follow compels him to keep his

thought ever fixed on the Self in the heart, the Self in all hearts and in all nature.

What has been so far said, of course, touches but the fringe of the interesting and important subject of mystic syllables. Leaving on one side their occult significance, it has been possible only to refer to two or three obvious matters connected with them. Nevertheless enough has surely been said to show that the eulogy of Hamsa Yogī of the use of them is not a mere flight of fancy but rests on a basis of truth and fact, which anyone inclined to do so may verify for himself by following the system of meditation so highly commended by the Yogī.

By way of confirming the sound character of the explanation given by him as to the meaning of Rāja-Yoga and summarised above, the Yogī draws pointed attention to the scriptural passages mentioned by Yoga-Ḍevī when She instructed him on the point. Those passages form part of the sixth chapter of the *Ṭaiṭṭirīya Upaniṣhaṭ*, which purports to contain the instruction imparted by a teacher to a pupil. The sentences relevant here are :

> Through it, the meditation on the Self in the heart, self-government, mental control, are acquired. Thence follow lordship of sight, hearing, speech and knowledge.

It remains now to notice only a few more important matters connected with the daily routine to be observed by the person under discipline. On waking he is told to feel that he hears the voice of a Teacher telling him to pray for the welfare of all the worlds, and it is through such welfare that the best can happen to himself. He sends up a prayer accordingly. Next he offers salutation to Yoga-Ḍevī and prays for illumination from Her with reference to whatever he

has to do during the whole day. Then he repeats the following five precepts which are called the Upaḍesha-pañchakam:

1. अभेदानन्दं सच्चित्रं परं ब्रह्म वेद सः ।
2. योऽव्ययात्मा समचित्तरङ्गः
3. देवीं कल्याणशक्तिं प्रपद्य सर्वं प्रविशति
4. अमृतोऽहं लोकेभ्यः सुखमेधताम् ।
5. ... ...

Undivided Bliss, Truth Its Form, Supreme Brahman.

He who thus knows, possessed of perfect understanding, with a mind which is the playground of equability, and devoted to the Ḍevī, the wondrous Power, enters all.

Immortal am I. May the worlds attain Bliss.

The disciple is then required to take a certain amount of exercise before his bath. And after ablutions he goes through the Sanḍhyā, etc., already mentioned The reason for requiring their performance before sunrise is that the part of the day best adapted for such rites and meditation is between 2 a.m. and sunrise, when the influence of Sarasvaṭī-Shakṭi is predominant. Advice as to diet and recreation very similar to what is contained in the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* is found in this *Chanḍrikā* also. The faithful and honest performance of every duty connected with one's family, profession or business is commanded. The study of the Upaniṣhaṭs, *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* and some of the Purāṇas is recommended, care being taken by the student that he understands the esoteric teachings in them with the aid of explanations to be found in *Kāṇḍarahasyam*, the treatise referred to in my last article.

Finally it may be observed that this work appears to be a fairly large treatise containing some forty

thousand shloka-measures. There seems to be no obstacle in the way of publication of this treatise, as one might expect on the ground that it is private and confidential and thus inaccessible to the general public. Nevertheless, there does not seem to be much chance of anyone undertaking the task. The circumstances of the Organisation preclude it in more than one way from undertaking the publication. Nor is it likely that private enterprise will be attracted to it in the immediate future. It is to be hoped, however, that this book will some day see the light, and contribute to elucidate many myths and statements in the Hinḍū sacred writings which now baffle all attempts to unravel them.

S. Subramania Iyer

WHAT IS DEATH?

By M. L. HALL

IN this time of widespread sorrow one of the subjects of chief interest to us, affecting so many of our lives most closely, is that of Death. For the way in which we regard Death may either bring or spare us untold suffering. Is it not worth while, then, to look into this subject very carefully, and to see if we cannot arrive at a more definite conclusion concerning it than is usually arrived at? For it is the unknown that man dreads; it is the uncertainty connected with Death that makes him fear it. It is not too much to say that if the *truth* about Death were known, it would be feared far less than many a thing that can happen to us in this life.

Now the Church, with all its splendid teachings about Death, leaves one fact out of account; and that is the very fact which would be of most comfort to us now, besides being one of the most real and evident in the life beyond the veil. It is that on "dying" we are not suddenly cut off from the earth and all we love on it; our affections, our thoughts, our aspirations are not transferred in a moment of time to a totally different sphere. When one comes to think of it, that never happens in Nature; or when a swift and apparently complete change does take place, there is always a strong tendency to react, after a time, back to the former

state. Now study of life reveals one truth beyond all others: the presence of all-pervading law. In no corner of the visible universe can one find a lawless condition of things prevailing. Think for a moment what it would mean if one could. All science, all industry, all inventions, all agriculture, would be rendered useless; the universe itself would be unstable. And further study of life, study of deeper, more hidden things, reveals another fact, equally undeniable, equally unchanging: the great truth "as above so below"—as in the phenomenal so in the unphenomenal worlds. What does that mean? Simply that we can know the invisible *by* the visible. If a law holds good to our senses—sight, touch, hearing—the same law holds good in a region beyond our senses. Otherwise it would not be a law.

Therefore, as no sudden stable change takes place in what we call "Nature," why should we expect it to take place at what we call "death"? Evolution misses no tiniest stage; the smallest link in form cannot be withdrawn without rendering the goal which is being laboured for unattainable; so with the Spirit there can be no quick transition; each experience or state recalls the last, resembles the last, while preparing for the next. The intermediate world, or paradise, is not separated from this world by a great gulf; just as the mammals are not separated from the reptiles in the history of the globe. The intermediate world is all around us, touching us; had we but the eyes to see it, and the ears to hear its sounds. Those we call "dead" are with us still.

Could we really believe this, how much it would do for us! Instead of mourning over the shattering

of the form which enclosed him we loved, we would know that the Spirit, the real man, was still near us, indeed in closer communion than was possible before. For form always limits and fetters. The more form is cast aside, the freer is the Spirit within. The destruction of the body is like opening the doors of a prison.

Why should we sorrow, then, for our dead? For they are happier than when they lived in the visible world; they would not return to the body again if they could. One thing, however, troubles them—our grief for them. For they do not watch us dispassionately from the skies; they stand beside us, speak to us, try to cheer us. The link of love which bound them to us when on earth is not broken; they cannot be perfectly happy while we are in sorrow. Love, the strongest force there is and the most eternal, keeps them at our side vainly endeavouring to console us. Should we cease to grieve, they would be free to explore the wonderful world in which they find themselves, with delights and marvels surpassing any on earth. How can they seek delights when they see our tears?

And there is nothing sad about death, nothing to make one grieve. If this be true under ordinary circumstances, much more is it so when death is met in a noble manner. Again we learn from the visible universe: a certain cause produces a certain result. It is an immutable law. Alter the cause in the slightest degree, and the result will be altered in proportion. All our actions, as well as all our thoughts and feelings, are causes producing their definite results. There is no causeless thing in existence. All that happens to us had its beginnning, or birth, in some action, or feeling, or thought of ours. Therefore the more nobly we act and

feel and think the better will be the results for us. Death in a noble cause produces very high results for the one who " dies ". Very few things, to put it baldly, are so remunerative; for it is one of the greatest sacrifices there are; and the greater the sacrifice the higher the reward. Is not to be killed in battle, then, to be regarded as a priceless opportunity rather than as a tragedy?

But the good results do not react only on those who give their earthly life. Sacrifice in any form brings blessing, and those who have—apparently to them—parted with their dear ones in their country's need, share in the great reward. As they experienced the pain of parting together so will they share its resultant happiness. Their mutual self-forgetfulness has formed a bond uniting them, as side by side they climb upwards through the ages. For this one short life of ours is but the tiniest day in the glorious evolution that awaits us, the glory and the strength of which are built on love in sacrifice.

M. L. Hall

THE YOUNG SOUL

A man lay sleeping by a woman to whom he was bound for life,
Suddenly he awoke and remembered the day
And the past days in their ugliness.
And he looked into the void of the days to be.
He said: "How can I love her, for her soul is hideous?
Whatever love I have can only be for her body, and is no avail to her or to me."
Like vampires his thoughts destroyed him, and drank away his joy in life.
They were black and glutted with his heart's blood, they fed upon him and were gorged.
Many, many nights he suffered this.
But then, one night, the moon shone, and it seemed that on the bed,
The soul of the woman came, and sat between them.
It laughed very softly and mocked to itself
Tenderly, and with little sobs between.
"Why do you laugh?" asked the man, for he knew this frail thing was the soul of his wife.
The ghostly one answered: "I am young,
I am weak, I am foolish, and have no great self,
And my true life is apart from me yet,
As the soul of a flower is apart from the flower.
I grope and am dazed.
But I laugh because you have said
That you cannot love her, this woman, my image.
You, the lover of forests, of oaks and of roses,
You who tend saplings, and do not despise them.
Yet the forests you plant you will never enjoy save in visions,
Seen from another zone.
You do not go sighing along your rose garden in April,
Because your roses of June are not yet in blossom.
In May you have faith for July,
And to-day for to-morrow,
So be to this woman, for I, her soul, will grow as the oak grows,

And you, in a future, will see me
As a tree that is strong, and a red rose that has blossomed,
When my time has unfolded, then I too shall be of the angels.
But now is only my March month.
You shall see my beauty, though I have long waiting before me.
But love me, and love her who is my wonderful image,
Fix your eyes on my morning
When I'll reach to the glory beyond and the wisdom above me."
Then the soul, like a mist, was no more,
And the moon, from the window,
Looked like milk in the skies.
The man turned and slept, but his morrows
Were deepened by love and by vision.

VIOLET CLIFTON

THE STREET OF THE GEISHA

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of "The Coming of Jizo," "The Peony of Pao-Yu," "The Land of the Yellow Spring," "Myths and Legends of Japan," etc.)

TOZO, an old Buḍḍhist priest, lost in profound thought, had the misfortune to take a wrong turning and to find himself in the Street of the Geisha. When he had discovered his mistake he was for retracing his steps, but instead of doing so he chuckled to himself, and thought how great was the difference between the Street of the Geisha and the Noble Eightfold Path of the Buḍḍha.

It was a very narrow street, gay with flickering lanterns. Tozo gazed upon them with disapproval. On one he read, "*Kinoya: uchi O-Kata*" ("The House of Gold wherein O-Kata dwells"), and on another, *Niyotsuru*" ("The Stork Magnificently Existing").

"Ah!" exclaimed Tozo, "what lights for the moths of wickedness! How these dancing-girls minister to those things that are not seemly to contemplate. Muhammad knew what he was talking about when he

said: 'O assembly of women, give alms, although it be of your gold and silver ornaments; for verily ye are mostly of Hell on the Day of Resurrection!'"

A merry peal of laughter came from one of the houses, followed by the sound of girls talking rapidly together. "O fools of a moment's mirth," said Tozo hotly, "make you a pilgrimage to Ise, and pray that the Gods may show you the wisdom of silence and the folly of babbling tongues!"

Tozo moved on again, eager to tread a more respectable thoroughfare. The many-shaped lanterns danced in two long lines before him, but by fingering his beads and murmuring a fragment of a sūṭra, the old man was able to set aside all mundane matters. He was about to leave the Street of the Geisha when he met his friend Akira.

"You here!" exclaimed Akira. "Have you not called this street 'The Street of Don't Go Down'? Surely you should be in your temple, either fast asleep or in a doze over your devotions."

Tozo laughed. "My friend," said he, "it is better to find a priest who has strayed by accident into this deplorable street, than one who, like yourself, comes here for a set purpose. Akira, believe me, nearly all the tribulations of this world may justly be placed at a woman's door. When she beckons, when she calls, pay no heed to her importunities. As for the geisha, flee from her bright eyes and chattering tongue, from her little hand that for ever pours out wine, from her seductive dances, for such things are of the Evil One and lead to destruction. Be not moved by a snow-white arm that peeps from a big silk sleeve, nor by lips red as a poppy but pernicious as opium. Rather than

contemplate such things, study and master the Lotus of the Law, for it has been truly said of women—"

Akira touched the old man's hand. "Look," he said, "how dry the skin is. 'Tis ink rather than blood that runs beneath such parchment. You are an estimable priest, Tozo, but allow me to say that you do not show the toleration of your Master toward women. You are bitter and narrow where a woman is concerned, and all because, my dear friend, you have been dead but not buried for quite a long time. *Sayonara*, O pilgrim in the Street of the Geisha!"

"*Sayonara*," replied Tozo gravely. "When you have discovered the futility of human desire, and above all when you have had your heart crushed by a woman, come to me and I will show you the Way of Peace."

Akira stood for a moment watching the receding figure of the priest. He pitied the old man, but he did not know that Tozo pitied him and wept. "Well," said Akira gaily, "it is fortunate for this world that we are not all priests, otherwise there would be no Street of the Geisha."

Akira stopped outside a house where the lantern was shaped like the egg of some fabulous bird. He looked at the characters inscribed upon it, and read: "Flower-Bud of Ten Thousand Dreams." When he had perused the inscription several times, he pushed open the slide of a door that set a gong-bell ringing.

Nishimura, the teacher and mistress of the house, came forward. "Ah!" she exclaimed, recognising Akira, "be honourably pleased to enter my miserable dwelling. All the girls are out at present attending various festivities in the town."

"All are out?" murmured Akira dejectedly.

"That is to say all except Kohana." Nishimura laughed knowingly. "Can it be that you wish to see Kohana?"

"Nishimura," replied Akira, laughing, "be pleased to show me Kohana."

"So?" said Nishimura. "Many have called here for a similar purpose. Many have expressed the desire to marry Kohana, and all have offered to pay me liberally for the privilege, but Kohana only laughs. She finds life so funny. Oh! Kohana is a deep one!"

Nishimura invited Akira to follow her. She pressed back a sliding screen, bade him enter a small apartment, took a handful of coin with profuse thanks, and left him.

When Akira sat down the light from the andon was so dim that at first he fancied he was alone. In a moment or two, however, he discovered Kohana peeping at him from behind her fan. She was dressed in a kimono the colour of a mountain dove, and the lovely grey background was relieved here and there with sprays of silk-worked cherry-blossom.

"Kohana," said Akira eagerly, "you see I could not keep away from you for long. Ever since I saw you in my father's house I have loved you."

Kohana laughed merrily. "I do not think I like your love-making very much. Baishu was here last night, and Baishu said quite a number of charming things to me. Let me see, what did he say? Oh yes! He said, 'Kohana'—and he made the word sound as if it were running water—'my heart was like a dark pool before I met you. Now it is like a lake made glad by the sun by day and by the shadow of the moon and stars when the night comes.' Was that not a pretty speech?"

"I do not care for it," said Akira moodily.

"Would you not like to hear what my other suitors said?"

"No," replied Akira.

"Now you're cross, Akira, just because you think I have as many lovers as Kimiko, or the Lady Kaguya herself! I see two ugly lines on your forehead. Shall I sing? Shall I dance? Shall I make tea for you?"

"No, Kohana."

"No, Kohana," replied the dancing-girl in an exact imitation of his tone. "What shall I do for your entertainment? Come, Akira, you are dull company to-night. I have been sitting here all the evening ever so lonely, and now your visit makes me still more miserable. Be honourably pleased to let that strong mouth break into a smile. There, there, it comes now! Quite a nice smile, too. Thank you, Akira."

"You make it so hard for me to speak," said Akira with a tremor in his voice. "You are a sweet bright-winged butterfly for ever sipping the honey of the the world's flowers—"

"Akira, how splendid! Did you really get that out of your own head?"

"There is just one flower in that big garden," went on Akira, "that keeps on looking out for you, keeps on wanting you. There is just one flower, Kohana, that would possess you always, that never wants you to go away to other flowers any more. Do you understand?"

"Perhaps," said Kohana evasively. She took up a beautiful ornamented mirror and from a lacquered box withdrew various toilet articles. She added a shade more colour to her lips, a touch of powder to her

little chin. Then she looked for a long time into the mirror.

"Akira," she said, a little wistfully, "the wings of your butterfly will not always be beautiful. They will became faded, torn, old—Oh yes, they will! You do not know the vanity of that butterfly, my poor Akira. The honey of admiration must come from many flowers yet."

"And then?" said Akira, leaning forward and looking eagerly into her face.

"Oh! do not count on afterwards, my dear friend. When the butterfly can no longer fly from flower to flower, it will just settle down on the dusty road and never wake up again."

"Is such a sad end worth while?"

"Yes, because the getting there is so splendid!"

"Kohana, I cannot live without you. I want you to become my wife. I will go on waiting for you to come to me."

"My poor Akira, I see you suffer. I like you better than others who have sought my hand. Please do not forget that I am a dancing-girl, and although many of us marry, I shall never do so. Let it be good-bye. I shall not change my mind."

Akira looked at her tenderly. "We are not always wise when we love," he said simply, "for love has flood-gates that, when once open, sweep reason aside. I cannot say good-bye, give up hope yet. I must come again and again."

"It will be a sword in your heart, Akira, this coming. Oh! go away and try to forget!"

Akira took the hand that peeped out of the grey and pink sleeve. He caressed it for a moment, then

suddenly he rubbed the fingers against his cheek and went out of the room without a word.

For many weeks Akira came to see Kohana. He found her, as he had always found her, sweet, coquettish, but firm in her resolve. There was a hint of deeper and truer things beneath the merry laughter and her apparently artless but well-studied pleasantries. He wanted the woman, and she always gave him the geisha.

One night Kohana said to her lover: "Akira, if you love me, go away and bury your love in some lovers' cemetery by the sea. It is not only useless for you to continue your wooing, but it is becoming really painful to me. Your pale worn face, your eyes that have seen so many sleepless nights, come between me and the sunshine. You are making grey days for me, and how can a butterfly be happy when the sky is clouded and the wind of sorrow is cold? I fly in the Street of the Geisha. I shall always fly there, Akira, always."

There were tears in Kohana's eyes. Akira had never seen tears in her eyes before, and he was deeply moved. "Because you wish it," he said gently, "I shall go away and never return again. I shall bury the lonely dream which you cannot dream too, you who are called 'The Flower-Bud of Ten Thousand Dreams'. I go, Kohana, without a shade of bitterness in my heart. May the Gods be good to you always, and may you never know, as I know, what *mono no aware wo shiru* ('the Ah-ness of things') means."

Once more Akira pressed back a silk sleeve and very slowly caressed Kohana's arm. "Shut your eyes," he whispered. "It would never do for a joyous butterfly to look upon anything that is sad."

Kohana closed her eyes. When she opened them again she found that Akira had gone. "It is better so," she said, looking into her mirror, "and yet—" tears filled her eyes again. The pretty reflection in the mirror became blurred. She flung the dainty disc aside and leant forward with her forehead pressed against her extended hands. The grey and pink sleeves rested on the matting. A butterfly was fluttering near the flower of sorrow, and finding in those red petals the flower of love.

In the meantime Akira walked slowly down the Street of the Geisha and entered the temple where Tozo lived.

"Well," said the old priest, looking closely at his friend, "have you come to call me a fool, to tell me that the Street of the Geisha is the best street in all the world, the one place where love is and rare enchantment?"

"No," replied Akira wearily, "I have come to find the Way of Peace. Help me to find it, friend."

If Tozo could be sarcastic, he could also be gentle and sympathetic. He uttered never a word of reproach. "Do not fear," said he, "the wound in your heart will heal. By the most blessed teaching of the Lord Buḍḍha you shall indeed find peace. Blot out for ever the Street of the Geisha and set aside all the snares and delusions of this world, thus shall you destroy the power of Karma and finally attain Nirvāṇa."

In due time Akira, having successfully passed through his noviciate, became a Buḍḍhist priest, and taking upon himself all the solemn vows of his calling, entered a temple at Kamakura. He was regarded as a zealous teacher, a faithful friend to the poor, and most

especially was he gentle to all those whose sorrow was the sorrow of unrequited love.

Akira had found peace at last, and the Street of the Geisha became to him as a shadowy street in a half-remembered dream. He loved the great towering figure of the Daibutsu, and whenever he passed that way he looked with joy and gratitude upon that serene face. To Akira it was not a gigantic image of bronze, but it seemed to him, especially in the early morning and in the twilight of evening, that the Lord Buḍḍha himself was sitting there. Often he would prostrate himself before that figure and imagine that he was floating up into the Paradise of Incense, or down below the shining waves of the sea into the Paradise of Perfect Happiness. It was always when his spiritual joy was at its height that he prayed most ardently for a quiet, sure strength, that would be proof against the most subtle temptations of the world.

Once, before the figure of Amida-Buḍḍha, he saw a boy wantonly try to kill a bird. The creature's wing was bruised. He picked it up and held it gently in his hand. "Seek not to destroy life," said Akira to the boy, "for all life is sacred to the Lord Buḍḍha." And Akira went away, nursed the bird for a day or two, and, when it had recovered, set it free with no little joy in his heart. It sped on through a burnished sky of gold, settled on a *torii*, and began to sing.

One day in the spring, when Akira was sitting in the outer court of the temple, watching children play about him, he was surprised to see a woman advance toward him, her face hidden behind a thick veil.

"Akira!" said the woman softly.

"*Anata*?" ("Thou?") replied the priest. He recognised the voice of Kohana, and the sound of that voice had lost none of its sweetness.

"Why do you come?" said Akira presently.

"Because," replied Kohana, withdrawing the veil, "from the moment you left me I learnt that love had come into my heart. I tried to stifle it. I went on living in the Street of the Geisha, thinking that the diversions of my calling would in time check my passion. But my love grew greater every day until at last I obtained leave of absence and resolved to come and find you. Only when I reached Kamakura did I learn that you had become a priest. Perhaps, having made that discovery, I ought to have gone back, but I did not go back. I, a poor little butterfly, flutter at your heart in vain now."

"In vain now," murmured Akira. "O Kohana, you have come too late. I have given all to the Lord Buḍḍha, and there is nothing left for you. Return, little one, not to the Street of the Geisha, but somewhere where you may lead a more useful life."

Kohana resented these words. She could not realise that the man who sat so calmly before her was a priest and no longer her lover. It was hard to believe that hands that had once caressed her were now pressed together like the hands of a sacred image.

"Akira," she said, "then you do not remember the old days?"

"'Tis as a dream," replied the priest, drawing in his breath quickly. "Be pleased to leave me."

"Not yet," said Kohana, "not yet. O how pitifully have we changed places! Must I beg one sweet

human word from you? O Akira, tell me, is there no love in your heart for me now?"

"I cannot answer. Be pleased to go away."

"I must have your answer," persisted Kohana.

"You shall have my answer," said Akira in a strange plaintive voice. "To-night you shall have it. Do you remember that when my love gave you pain and not joy I went away and promised never to return?"

"Yes, I remember. I drove you away."

"No, you did not drive me away. It was enough that you wanted me to go. Kohana, if you love me as I loved you then, be pleased not to come back for my answer."

Kohana looked steadily at the priest. Because she was hungry for love and because it was not like the love of Akira, she said: "I do not know what you mean. I shall come back to-night for your answer."

"You will know then," replied Akira firmly, "you will know then," and such an expression of agony and appeal came into his face as he uttered these words that Kohana withdrew. "He is thinking," she said softly, "how my heart will ache when he tells me that he loves me not. Oh! he's a good cold man!"

Shortly before midnight Kohana came again to the temple. She found Akira sitting in the moonlit courtyard with a strange smile on his face.

"Veil yourself," he said in a tense whisper. "We will make a short journey together. Come, give me your hand."

"Your hand is trembling," said Kohana, as they walked rapidly away from the temple.

The priest did not reply. He looked wistfully up at the Daibutsu in passing and noticed once again the serene smile on that face. When Akira whispered, "Forgive," too softly for Kohana to hear him, it seemed that the smile grew more tender, more full of boundless mercy. They left Amida-Buḍḍha sitting in the moonlight, the moonlight that shone upon the dusty road and on the great clouds of cherry-blossom.

When they reached a small *torii*, near Enoshima, Akira told Kohana that here she should have his answer. "Go," he said, "and sit down by that pine tree. Still veil your face, and I beg that you will also close your eyes."

When Kohana had obeyed, Akira collected a number of stones and made a small tower of them under the *torii*. Then he threw a rope over one of the cross-beams of the gateway, made a noose at the other end and slipped it round his neck. For a moment he stood with the rope fairly taut. Then looking toward Kohana, he kicked away some of the stones. A wind, full of the petals of cherry-blossom, suddenly sprang up, and swayed the body of the dead priest to and fro while the sea made music on the shore.

"May I look now?" said Kohana. "Please, speak to me. I do not understand all these mysteries. Akira?"

There was no reply except the great song of the sea and the rush of the wind playing with countless pink and white petals.

For five minutes Kohana waited with a beating heart. Then she withdrew the veil and opened her eyes. She rushed forward with a cry of horror and sank beneath the swaying figure.

"Oh! your answer," she cried, "your answer! I did not think it would be like that, but I understand!"

Kohana, unable to remove the body, hastened back to Kamakura, and when she had made known the dreadful news, she prostrated herself before the Daibutsu. "O Lord Buḍḍha," she cried, with a ring of triumph in her voice, "Akira is mine and not yours now! He shall be mine for many existences, mine for ever!"

But when Kohana looked into the face of Amida-Buḍḍha, she saw that on his breast rested the shining soul of Akira.

F. Hadland Davis

CORRESPONDENCE

BROTHERHOOD *OR* WAR?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In the "Watch-Tower" of the June THEOSOPHIST you invite discussion of your article entitled "Brotherhood and War"; so, where angels fear to tread, I, a fool, rush in. My task is simplified by the frank admission on p. 208—"War is essentially murder and torture". It is quite refreshing to find some one who recognises that German military science is only "one worse" than that hitherto accepted by the national conscience as civilised warfare. Once more I agree with the philosophical statement on p. 199 —"that War is an evil, and that the problem of its existence is part of the problem of evil"; certainly, it is a very big part. But if, as is reasonable to believe, "evil is ignorance," and "ignorance is to be gradually gotten rid of by knowledge," then why go to the pains of perpetuating ignorance by dwelling on the advantages to be derived from evil?

We should not require to be reminded that the universal principle of compensation secures that pain ultimately drives its victims to seek a remedy, and that even the present carnage may bring hopeful reactions; what we do require to be told is how to replace the current ignorance by knowledge, and, if this is done at all, it will not be done by the preachers and writers who alone can be found to extol the moral value of War, its spiritual uplift, and all the other attractive phrases that have succeeded the cruder glamour of earlier days. The political argument that wars weld the nation together has ever been used by Governments fearful of the healthy instincts of the people and anxious to keep them

in ignorance; time alone will show in the present case how long the people remain welded together and how much nearer to the desirable condition of a Federation Europe will be brought by the international antagonism that is being stirred up by the press. The religious argument—that the torture or death of the body helps the soul—apparently still survives the excesses of the flagellants and the fakirs, but is denied by the very charter of the military Theosophists—the *Bhagavad-Gītā*:

> Unintelligent, tormenting the aggregate elements forming the body, and *Me also*, seated in the inner body, know these demoniacal in their resolves.—xvii, 6.

We are told that, from the view-point of the Self, evolution is hastened; but, if the Self is beyond pain and grief, why this anxiety to save time? According to this view, evolution is more rapid in countries, such as the South American republics, that are continually at war, than in a country like the United States where War is at a minimum; and in this connection it is my fervent hope that the United States will continue to refuse to be goaded into bloodshed by the taunts of self-constituted judges of humanity. The injunction "Judge not" may have a wider application than is given to it in two of the letters in the June THEOSOPHIST.

Again, the claim is made on behalf of War that it has imported art into the countries it has devastated! but the same claim, when advanced on behalf of German culture, is not meeting with much recognition. The fact that nations which were but recently fighting against one another are now fighting as allies seems to me to show the artificiality of all such antagonisms, as well as their counter-alliances. If the peoples, who are the first to suffer, were told the truth about one another by their Governments, no rivalry in legitimate commerce could incite them to become parties to the crime of international murder. Tolstoy saw that the existing ignorance in which the peoples are kept by their Governments can be replaced by the knowledge that every man and woman is free to refuse to violate the elementary instincts of conscience whether in the name of plunder or culture, Empire or God. The cry of the gladiators in the Roman arena—"*Ave Caesar Imperator! Morituri te salutant!*"—may have been Cæsar's

idea of Brotherhood! it is not good enough for the men and women of to-morrow. Brotherhood may be a fact in the realm of Spirit, but, until it has been recognised and embodied in the regions of diversity, it cannot be said to be an accomplished fact.

Because I have not identified either War or Brotherhood with a particular nation, I shall probably be dubbed a "pro-German"—the current coin of patriotic argument. If the word "pro-German" means one who prefers the German military system to the British, I leave the word for the British conscriptionist party; but, if it means one who would like to see both "Berthas" and "Queen Elizabeths" returned to the eighth sphere, then I put in a claim to the title.

London W. D. S. BROWN, F.T.S.

BROTHERHOOD AND WAR

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

As you invite discussion on the subject of Brotherhood and War, I venture to send you some thoughts which seem to me to lead to a different conclusion from that of your article, while based on the four great Facts set forth in it.

I accept these Facts and I agree that "War is an evil, and the problem of its existence is part of the problem of the existence of evil". As you have taught us, the explanation of that problem is to be found in the conditions inseparable from manifestation in material forms—implying limitation and therefore imperfection. Going forth into manifestation separateness of conscious life ensues, because of the density of the forms through which the experiences necessary for the attainment of individuality, and ultimate mastery, must be obtained. The separated self thinks of himself as the centre of his universe, and the Fact—ever existing—of Brotherhood is for him non-existent for the time. Separateness in thought and feeling leads to selfishness, the idea of self-interest, and

all the evils which strife and greed bring in their train, till through the suffering caused by these evils the lesson is learned that the self cannot be served at the expense of his fellows. Selfishness is abjured and separateness transcended.

Every evil which we experience in a divinely ordered world, War among the rest, though brought on us by ignorant or wilful misuse of our power of choice and will, must serve our evolution, and at a stage of our development, be a means to a greater good than could have been possible without it. Is War, therefore, justifiable *for us*? It can only be justified while we do not know a better way—and our race has been in possession of the higher teaching for 2,500 years at least. To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. Sin comes when the separated self clings to its isolation and desire to maintain its self-centred life against the larger life, the dawning higher consciousness of its real unity with all selves in the One. Is it not this isolation, this unwillingness to trust and live in the wider consciousness of the Spirit that leads to international strife and culminates in War?

Ought War ever to be resorted to as a means of defence, in the light of the recognition of the One Life in all forms? Can War or violence ever really be a means of defence or help? It is a natural impulse to meet violence with violence, when we see those weaker than ourselves attacked, but are we not thereby failing to give the real help—should we not have learned ere this that yielding to that impulse is only prolonging the agony of the world? No doubt it is utilised to forward evolution when it comes, but that does not justify us in thinking War, preparing for War, engaging in War. The heroism, the self-sacrifice, the mutual helpfulness shown forth in War, are not the product of warfare, though War may afford special opportunities for their manifestation. War comes because we fail to realise Brotherhood, because we allow thoughts of enmity and distrust to accumulate till their interaction generates the cataclysm.

You have taught us that the forces of separative thought —distrust, hatred, enmity—can only be obliterated when they are met by, and transmuted into, forces of an opposite nature—confidence, love, goodwill. Can violence, overwhelming violence by violence, generate peace? Would it not simply

prove to the vanquished that he had not proved strong enough, that his preparations had not been sufficiently complete, and to the victor bring confirmation of the illusion that his prowess in the field proved the justice of his cause. Neither victor nor vanquished would learn from the struggle the futility of opposing force with force, and the cycle of accumulating distrust, preparation for War, and renewed strife would recommence. How many more wars must be fought before we learn that only by ceasing to think War, and therefore in love and trust ceasing to prepare for War, can we seek Peace and ensue it?

The Master is coming again and even warfare can be utilised to help in preparing the way of the Prince of Peace. The mutual exhaustion of the opposing forces may lead to the recognition that such struggles do not settle anything. Realising the misery and destruction, the suffering and privation they cause, it may be that the possibility of the acceptance of the principle of Brotherhood in action may emerge, as the foundation of a permanent Peace. To work for disarmament, by consent of the Powers concerned, as the basis of a Peace settlement is the most truly practical policy for our time. Even if that end cannot immediately be reached by agreement between the nations, may we not hope and pray and work that at least our country may rise to the height of its opportunity by deciding to put away for ever the thought of War, counting whatever loss might ensue as greatest gain? Have we not to learn the way of the Cross as communities, as well as individually, to realise that turning the other cheek, loving the enemy, giving blessing for cursing, losing the life in sacrifice, if need be, is the only way to international Brotherhood—that our race may become consciously true children of the One Father?

There is no religion higher than Truth—can there be any true religion, any really practical policy, lower than the highest truth we are able to glimpse and strive to follow?

JAMES A. ALLAN

Glasgow

REVIEWS

The Basis of Morality, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 6d.)

The subject dealt with in this little volume is one which is of real and practical interest to the majority of thinking people. Only those whose sole aim in life is to work for and eat their bread and butter can feel indifferent to the great question of what makes right right and wrong wrong. Is it sufficient to follow our conscience, or must we seek justification for our actions in the teachings of the sages, the spiritual geniuses of the race? Should the student of the science of human relations calculate the relative utility of two courses of action before deciding on either? And if so what is his criterion of utility? What is the goal towards which he must direct his activity in order to make it "good"? All these questions are here discussed. Each of the five little essays is short, but in it the author lays bare the heart of the matter in the way so characteristic of her writings. The question is a complicated one and much vigorous discussion has raged round it from time to time through the ages. The ordinary reader finds himself bewildered in trying to follow the various arguments. But if the question interests him, let him read this little book. It will point out to him the main issues clearly and concisely, and give him a basis on which to build his further study and a guide to lead him through the tangled mazes of controversy.

A. de L.

War Articles and Notes, by Annie Besant. (Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 1s.)

This little volume contains a collection of extracts from various writings of Mrs. Besant, published during the first eight months of the War. These extracts have been taken from articles which have appeared in *New India, The Commonweal,* and several Theosophical journals; they have been grouped together under suitable headings, and present in turn the views of the author on the deeper issues raised by the War; Great Britain and the War; India; Germany; the Allies; America; and the Future. Mrs. Besant's views on the War are well known to our readers and, indeed, in the volume before us many quotations are made from THE THEOSOPHIST. Throughout all the book, from however many different sources the quotations have been gathered, the same main idea runs clear and defined: that the duty of the strong is to *protect* the weak, not to tread them down; that it is better to lose everything for "a scrap of paper" so that honour still remains. Germany stands as a retrograde force in the evolutionary progress of humanity, while the Allies represent the forward movement. The future lies before us, full of possibilities: "The old individualistic system is passing away and the Social State is beginning to glimmer through the smoke of the battle-fields." Indeed we feel that Europe may look forward, and exclaim with Browning: "The Future I may face, now I have proved the Past."

This little book should be very popular. It is well arranged, and gives many people an opportunity of reading the scattered opinions of the author, which they otherwise would not have had. As most of the passages are taken from Indian papers, it is especially useful for European readers.

T. L. C.

Contemplations. Being Studies in Christian Mysticism. By Walter Leslie Wilmshurst. (John M. Watkins, London. 1914. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Wilmshurst's name is familiar in the literary world, and we may expect anything from his pen to have interest and value. The collection of essays before us, most of them written

for the magazine of Christian Mysticism known as *The Seeker*, of which he has since become the editor, fulfil these expectations. The work of revivifying Christian teachings by mystic illumination is one that is gaining rapid ground and seems to be one of great importance, bringing back to that religion the light and inspiration which materialism had almost extinguished. Mr. Wilmshurst is not one who tries to fire his writings with his own Mysticism; he is a learned and careful student, and all his opinions are weighed and balanced. He is one of those who believe that although our Lord, an historical Jesus, stands behind the Gospel stories, His presence in the world being their inspiration and cause, yet with study " the records themselves gradually reveal less and less a historical narrative, and more and more a series of symbolical pictures imaging forth, under the guise of the biography of an individual, the drama of the soul's career, and providing for all who aimed at the knowledge of the supreme verities a prototypal and archetypal chart of man's inner life and destiny ".

In many ways the essay on " The Raising of the Dead " is the most interesting of the collection. Mr. Wilmshurst takes the view which we as Theosophists hold, that of the fall of the Spirit into matter and the substitution of distorted vision for the direct perception of Reality, the raising from the dead being the reascent of the Soul towards spirituality. He also refers to the fall called by Mystics " the dark hour," and known by Occultists as the crucifixion or descent into the underworld, in both cases followed by a resurrection. He gives us many interesting interpretations and references to symbols in the Scriptures but, one might say, almost too many, so that one has often a sense of digression and a longing to unravel the particular question in hand a little more quickly. There is always that danger in dealing with mystic symbols, because they abound for reference when one begins to look below their surface meanings. None the less, taken separately, all are of value.

The most entertaining and engrossing chapter is that dealing with " S. Winefride's Well and Legend " (the Lourdes of Wales), which is reproduced from *The Occult Review*, whilst to Theosophists, the last essay on " The Superphysical World " will be of particular interest. The

author follows in theory Mr. A. J. Balfour, whom he quotes, as to the conclusions drawn by scentific thought during the last four centuries, namely, he holds that it has not been so much an epoch of discovery as of disillusionment. He traces this process of disillusionment from the first discovery of the earth's globular shape, down to the latter day discovery that the atom (that which is not further to be cut) is capable of being split, its very name being a misnomer, and there is no guarantee that we are not to be still further undeceived. But, he tells us :

> Notwithstanding the shadow-play of unrealities, despite the exposed trickeries of sense and the revelation of fresh, and possibly equally fallacious, aspects of the material world, the human consciousness may stand firm and unblenched.

Truly, but we as Theosophists would not recognise in this unchanging centre of consciousness the mind of man, nor would we use the mind and Spirit interchangeably as, for instance, in the following :

> Here, then, in the separation of the real from the unreal, of the infinite and eternal from the finite and temporal, is the starting-place for any exploration of the superphysical world. Mind, spirit, has vindicated its own reality : has established an independent empire of its own.

Mr. Wilmshurst recognises the existence of what he terms "the superphysical plane" where, he says, "realities themselves are present," but he makes no distinction between the psychic superphysical and the spiritual superphysical, and maybe should he be consciously removed from his physical body to the astral plane, he would find himself still undergoing "the process of disillusionment".

D. M. C.

The Spiritual Powers and the War, by A. P. Sinnett (Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 6d. net).

Mr. Sinnett has, in the volume before us, given us his views on what may be termed "the other side of the War"—the deeper side, the War viewed from a higher standpoint. It is, in his opinion, a conflict between the powers of good and evil, and the result is certain. Good must in the end win, however terrible the struggle, and in the present crisis the Allies stand for the right. The author draws a parallel between the conditions of the present time and those obtaining in the past ages of the Atlantean civilisation. Some of the "evil

germs brought over from the Atlantean period have given rise to a new harvest of evil power, to the growth of a dark host immeasurably more dangerous to humanity than their predecessors who were dealt with in the Atlantean catastrophe". The subject of National Karma and suffering is then discussed; and despite the terrible atrocities which have been committed by Germany, the Allies are urged not to retalliate in like manner. The future the author contemplates with hope. After the War is over, Right will triumph and "there will be a joyous termination to all these horrors".

Mr. Sinnett is always interesting, and this book should be widely read, dealing as it does with the most absorbing topic of the time, in a manner which must appeal to the thoughtful.

T. L. C.

The Religions of Antiquity: As Preparatory to Christianity, by Charles Newton Scott. (Smith, Elder & Co., London. 1914. Price 2s. net.)

Some forty years ago, Mr. Scott published a book entitled *The Foregleams of Christianity*, An Essay on the Religious History of Antiquity, which was revised in 1893, and as, quoting the Preface, "during the last twenty years much new light has been shed on the ancient religions of the world by important discoveries of many kinds," he has thought fit to re-formulate his opinions in the present volume, which is intended to be a recast of the former one. He is still the staunch champion of his own religion, for which he claims paramountcy, and though Theosophical students will not see eye to eye with him in this respect, the book is none the less interesting for a student of comparative religions. It is clearly thought out, and supplemented copiously with notes of much interest and value in themselves.

For the author the Catholic Creed of Christianity is the harmonising of the elements of truth scattered in anterior religions and philosophies. These elements are severally and gradually revealed in the successive phases of Fetishism, Pantheism, Polytheism, Anthropomorphism, Dualism, Monotheism, and Theism, Christianity being the synthesis and culmination of all these. We would point out, however,

that it is valueless as an argument in favour of a religion's paramountcy to urge that it raises man "above himself, above his grovelling life and his narrow horizons," that it leads him "through patience, resignation and hope, to serenity," that it carries him "beyond temperance, purity and kindness, as far as devotedness and self-sacrifice," for no religion would be worthy the name that could not do that much for its followers, and an unbiassed investigation of the history of other religions would show that nowhere and at no epoch have men not had the inspiration of some religion so to uplift them. If Christianity alone has done this, then where Christianity has not penetrated men must only be grovelling and narrow, knowing nothing of serenity, devotedness and self-sacrifice. Equally weak is the argument that " if the voice of the Church has not been proved to be infallible for scientific or political purposes, in no period, however dark, troubled or corrupt through oppression by the world, has it failed to form saints, or, for the sincerely intent on advance in spiritual life, to be the voice of God". In what is Christianity availed? Do not even the Publicans (the other religions) so? Buḍḍhism, Hinḍûism and Muhammadanism also have their saints, only Mr. Scott has not perhaps heard of them. His acquaintance with religions other than his own seems to be rather superficial, and his otherwise interesting work is detracted from by his religious bias. One does not read long before one is aware that the writer is a Roman Catholic, staunchly upholding the "True" Church and the authority of the clergy, and also affected by that gloomy teaching which has cast out loveliness and joy from many a life and home—the theory that the object of Christianity "must be rather to vanquish and gain on the world... than, for its purpose, to make it pleasanter or even better". On the whole, Mr. Scott might have made more out of those years of " important discoveries of many kinds," and he might, by putting his religious bias aside, have made the most important discovery of all—that the poor old world was not created to be a sacrifice to one particular religion, but that all religions were given it to make it " pleasanter or even better".

D. M. C.

The People's Books[1] (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price As. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Robert Louis Stevenson, by Rossaline Masson.

"Genius we are familiar with in Edinburgh, and with genius that compels personal admiration we are not unfamiliar. But with genius that inspires love?" The genius of Robert Louis Stevenson was of that rare quality which does inspire love. The author of this little *Life* feels it and her work is well calculated to infect her readers with the same feeling for R. L. S.

A. de L.

Thought Forces, by Prentice Mulford. (G. Bell & Sons, London. Price 1s.)

Among the numerous writers on "New Thought" Prentice Mulford stands out a giant among pygmies. Even through its most sentimental and flabby representatives this New Thought movement has helped many a half despairing soul out of materialism, hardness of heart, or uncertainty, into a life full of hope and aspiration; it is no wonder, then, that a man like Prentice Mulford was the salvation of thousands. Even now, when the ideas which were startlingly new to the ordinary person have spread so as to be more or less familiar to the majority, his vigorous presentation of them has lost none of its value. He is bracing, health-giving. The thirteen essays included in this volume are selected from the series known as the White Cross Library. A common theme runs through them all, as the title of the book suggests, but they are nevertheless very varied in contents. Many facts regarding the reality of thought and the enormous importance of its control and culture are brought home to the reader vigorously.

A. de L.

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[1] This admirable and cheap popular series is obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

Theosophy in Scotland. Volume V. (28, Great King Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.)

Among the features of greatest value and interest in this volume are some of the editorial notes, where we find many strong and deep thoughts among the comments on passing events; particularly we have in mind the remarks written for the September, 1914, issue at the outbreak of the War in Europe, which are original, telling and illuminating. Speaking of the causes of the War, the Editor says:

> But we, striving to be members of a *universal* brotherhood, cannot stand apart in comfortable self-righteousness and throw all responsibility on the agent through which these disturbing forces work. The cause of war is to be found in *us*—in the as yet imperfect humanity of which we form a part—in *our* ignorance, *our* suspicion, *our* distrust. . . . .
>
> The cruelty and the gentleness, the meanness and the generosity in us, are part of the same qualities we recognise when magnified by the lens of national events. These are the same indivisible qualities—we share them inevitably. Ours the blame, ours the praise—we cannot stand apart.

Also on the subject of War, there is a good article written by one, Jacques L. Buttner, M.D., while on his way to answer the call of his country. "A Vision of Battle" (reprinted from *Lucifer*), by Hume Nisbet describes the after-death experiences of a soldier killed in the battle of Salamis, presumably a memory recalled from a previous life. "The Notes on the Presidential Address to the British Association," by Jessie H. Elder, gives a few of Professor Bateson's views on Mendel's theory of heredity—that the artistic qualities of man are due "not to something added to the make-up of an ordinary man, but to the absence of factors which in the normal person inhibit the development of these gifts". Other articles of interest are: "From a Student's Notebook—Atlantean Flora," by C. N. Stewart; "The Opening Doors—A Study of Maeterlinck," by A. L. Little; "The Miracle" (being an appreciation of Algernon Blackwood's book), by C. G.; "Scriabin," by Jessie Pinkham; "*Le Sacre du Printemps*," by Margaret N. P. Baily; and an interesting series entitled "Notes on Racial Rhythm," by Isabelle M. Pagan. On page 20 we also find a good portrait of Mrs. Annie Besant, the President of the Theosophical Society.

D. C.

BOOK NOTICES

The Political Outlook, by Annie Besant. (New India Political Pamphlets, No. 2.) (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras.) This pamphlet consists of a complete and masterly survey of the present political status of India. Mrs. Besant points out clearly the most important political changes which Indians should strive to bring about, chief among which is that India "shall, in a common Empire, have a footing of equality with the other Self-Governing Dominions". She draws up a scheme of constructive work, touching in turn on the religious, educational and social, aspects of reform. This is the only work of such a brief nature, which will give students, both Indian and European, a complete grasp of India's political situation.

The Story of Chatta. An Incident in the Life of Lord Buḍḍha. Translated from the Pāli, by C. Jinarājadāsa, M.A. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, Price 1 Anna or 1d. or 2c.) Those who read, and loved, the story of "Chatta" in Mr. Jinarājadāsa's first, and perhaps most popular, little work *Christ and Buḍḍha* will find additional charm and delight in this pamphlet, which gives a fuller account of Chatta's meeting with the Lord Gauṭama, and of his swift passing over into Ḍevachan by virtue of the Three Refuges and Five Precepts. The translated verses are of extraordinary beauty, and Chatta's "Story" is told with simplicity and grace of style.

An Epitome of Āryan Morals. Compiled by request of the President-Founder of the Theosophical Society, for the use of Āryan Youth. (Adyar Pamphlets No. 25.) (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price As. 2 or 2d. or 4c.) This pamphlet consists of a collection of Samskṛṭ texts, arranged in four sections—I. Principles; II. General Precepts; III. Special Precepts; IV. Conclusion. Specially interesting is the precept No. 36 from *Manu*—"Of all pure things, purity in acquiring wealth is pronounced the most important in this world. Hence the means used for gathering riches should always be pure; especially so, in the case of those public men upon whom the people have to wait for the redressal of their wrongs," etc. Going from the general to the particular,

the precepts are selected with a view first to laying a basis of philosophic principles in the mind of the student, then to guide him in his relations with life, and finally to give him practical hints for daily conduct. It will prove useful and inspiring to all English-speaking youth, whether Āryan or otherwise.

Seeing God. Personal Recognition of Divine Love, by the Venerable Basil Wilberforce, D.D. (Elliot Stock, London. Price 1s. 6d. net.) This is a little book of spiritual comfort, persuading us of the "allness" of Divine Love, of the Fatherhood and Motherhood of the God within us. "Cosmic beauty is the first 'seeing' God," and by continual mental progression and expansion, we may reach a level of intuitive perception, which the author calls "God-consciousness". The little book is marked by the deep, quiet, far-seeing qualities which are the well-known characteristics of its author.

SUPPLEMENT TO

THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th May to 10th June, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. Nadir H. Mehta, Peking, 5s, Entrance Fees ...	3	12	0
Mr. F. A. Belcher, Toronto, 19s. 9d.	14	13	0
Count Maurice de Prozor, £2, for 1914-15 ...	29	14	0
Presidential Agent, Ireland, £2, dues of 2 new members and Annual Dues of Mr. and Mrs. Consius, for 1914-15	29	15	0
T. S. in England and Wales, £78. 12s. for 1914-15	1,179	0	0

DONATIONS

Mr. V. Ramachandra Naidu, for White Lotus Day, Feeding Expenses	5	0	0
Rs.	1,262	6	0

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Treasurer, T. S.

Adyar, 10th June, 1915

OLCOTT PANCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th May to 10th June, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

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Secretary, T. S., Shanti Dayak, Moradabad (Food Fund)	7	0	0
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Rs.	17	0	0

A. SCHWARZ,
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Adyar, 10th June, 1915

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Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, JULY 1915

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of June:

THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. VIII (JUNE) No. 6

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½″×6½″. Wrapper. Pages 36.
Price: As. 4 or 4d. or 8c. *Post Free.*
Annual Subscription: Rs. 2 or 3s. or 75c. *Post Free.*

CONTENTS: 'From the Editor'; Address by the President on White Lotus Day, at Adyar, 1915; 'A Member of the Theosophical Society,' by C. W. Leadbeater; 'The Fortunate Isles' (Poem), by F. K.; 'Notes of the Convention of the Theosophical Society in Australia,' by C. E. R.; 'The Christ,' by X. Y. Z.

2

THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Journal of National Reform

Edited by Annie Besant

Single Copy: India, As. 2. *Postage Extra*; Foreign, 3d. or 6c. *Post Free.*

India: Yearly, Rs. 6; Half-yearly, Rs. 3-8; Quarterly, Rs. 2; Foreign: Yearly, 10s. 6d. *Post Free.*

Principal Contents:

No. 74.—Vernacular Education, by Education; American Japanophobia, by F. Hadland Davis; Some Useful Suggestions, by M. S. K.; The War and the Cartoonist, by M. P. Chalayil; Teaching the Blind, by U. B.; Agricultural Indebtedness, by C.D.S.; The Affairs of the West: Arabia, the Khalifate and Persia, by H. N. Brailsford.

No. 75.—The Change, by Annie Besant; Mr. Wacha's Warning, by M. S. K.; The Hindu University Bill, by An Indian; The Deaf and Dumb School at Tinnevelly, by An Indian Lady; Permanent Settlement, by G. Joseph, Bar-at-Law; My Two Serious Blunders, by A Student of Politics; Malabar Problems in Council, by U. B.; The Affairs of the West: The Cost of the War, by H. N. Brailsford.

No. 76.—Strange Census Figures on Civil Condition, by V.; A Persian Patriot on Herat: I, by Pestanji Dorabji Khandalavala; Social Legislation Under Hindu Governments: III, by Professor S. Krishnaswami Aiyangar, M.A., M.R.A.S., F. R. Hist. S.; Our Politics, by A Student of Politics; War in Vaidic India, by P. S. Acharya; Belgian Artists, by N.; An Oriental Exhibition: Is it Practicable? The Affairs of the West: Reprisals, by H. N. Brailsford.

No. 77.—Milestones in History: 1815-1915, by T. L. Crombie, B.A.; Waterloo: 18th June, 1815, by C.D.S.; The Improvement of Village Life: The More Useful Line of Study, by M.S.K.; Individual Liberty in India, by K. K. Srinivasa Chariar, M.A., M.L.; A Persian Patriot on Herat: II, by Pestanji Dorabji Khandalavala; The Siddha and the Superman, by C. S. Bharati; Social Legislation under Hindu Governments: IV, by Prof. S. Krishnaswami Aiyangar, M.A., M.R.A.S., F.R. Hist. S.; The Affairs of the West: A Coalition Cabinet, by H. N. Brailsford.

THE RITUAL UNITY OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND HINDUISM

By C. JINARAJADASA

No. 54 of *The Adyar Pamphlets* Series

7½″×5″. Strong Wrapper. Pages 21.
Price: As. 2 or 2d. or 4c.
Postage: India ½ Anna; Foreign ½d. or 1c.
Annual Subscription: Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c. *Post Free.*

In this pamphlet a detailed comparison is made of the Hindu ritual, based on the sacrifice of Prajāpati, the Lord of Creatures, and the Christian doctrine of the "Word made flesh" and the Atonement. The esoteric significance of the Roman Catholic ceremony of the Mass is given. It is a valuable essay for students of comparative religion.

THE THEOSOPHIST

VOL. XXXVI (JULY) No. 10

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½″×6½″. Handsome Wrapper in Blue and Silver. Pages 120.
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