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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

NINETY-NINE Indian Lodges telegraphed their joy over the failure of the foul charges brought by Mr. Naraniah in the late suit, and written resolutions from other Lodges have rained in, all striking the same note of happiness over the clearing of the two honoured names. Members have realised that the most important matter was to prove the charges false, and this first solid gain has been registered. The next step forward has been the stay of the execution of the order of Mr. Justice Bakewell for the delivery of the boys on May 26th; the Court of Appeal granted a stay of execution until July 7th, so that I might see the boys and take legal advice in England.

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One 'legitimate' but not very chivalrous action may be taken as soon as the stay expires; Mr. Justice Bakewell indicated pretty plainly at an early stage of the proceedings that he would favour action taken against me personally if I did not produce the boys. If an

application be made against me for 'contempt,' it may be used to hinder me in the Appeal. This would probably be regarded as fair fighting from the legal standpoint; and one has to be upon one's guard not to judge an opponent unfairly, and ever to remember that while a person conducting his own case may fight as chivalrously as he pleases—since he alone can suffer thereby—a counsel must do all he can to win for his client, and has not quite a free hand. Moreover, with ungenerous and suspicious clients, his path cannot always be a path of roses. I heard the other day of a man who twice changed his counsel, because that gentleman was courteous and friendly to the counsel on the other side! Dishonourable people always suspect dishonour in others, and if they happen also to be ill-bred, the mutual courtesy of well-bred people must naturally arouse suspicion in their minds.

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The news from Benares will sadden the many well-wishers of the Central Hindū College. The handing over of the College to the Hindū University, and the placing of members of the University Committee on the College Board in order to facilitate the transfer, have proved disastrous, for the new members had done nothing for the College, and cared nothing for its liberal traditions. Hence the persecution of the Theosophical honorary workers, culminating in the attempt to drive my friends and myself away. Illiberal orthodoxy has made an unholy marriage with unbelief in order to injure Theosophy. The whole plot has its centre in Benares, and its chief sub-centres in Allahabad and Madras. It was in Benares in December 1911 that Mr. Naraniah was stirred up to fury, and resolved to take action against

me. It was in Benares that what Mr. Justice Bakewell called "the little conclave of seekers after truth" got hold of my servant behind my back, and arranged the ludicrously impossible story which they offered to Mr. Naraniah, which collapsed so ignominiously at the trial. The trial, in fact, is a mere offshoot of the cruel policy started in Benares, carried on by *The Leader* in Allahabad and *The Hindu* in Madras: these papers sedulously reprint each other's articles and strengthen each other's hands. I must ask my friends not to accept as accurate any reports concerning me which may appear in *The Hindu*. It distorts what I say, and then comments on its own distortions, conveying wholly false ideas of what takes place.

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All through the year 1912, Babu Bhagavan Das wrote vehemently against me, using the Indian Sectional Magazine as a weapon; then he poured out accusations against me when the Commission in the late suit went to Benares—irrelevant attacks which would have been stopped in any Court, though the Commissioner was powerless to prevent them. Among other things he said that a student of the College had been asked, in relation to admission to a certain group, if he would shoot anyone whom I ordered him to shoot! The three persons who were present with this student—one P. N. Sapru—state positively that no such question was asked, and that this student made a wholly false statement when pressed by Babu Bhagavan Das in the attempt to obtain something from him to harm me. The reason for all this is now obvious: all this 'evidence' was not used in Court, but *The Hindu* and *The Leader* have printed it; it was all given that it might be published in order to injure,

not for the purposes of the suit, with which it had nothing to do.

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Meanwhile the honorary members of the College staff had been assailed by *The Leader*, diligently helped with anonymous copy from Benares. Their lives were made bitter to them by petty aggressions; they had to listen to all the accusations poured out against myself; when I went to Benares with the Commission, a great crowd of professors, masters and students came to me, complaining that Babu Bhagavan Das was circulating the statement among them that I was mad, and begging me to take action. What could I do, assailed on every side? I offered my resignation as President of the Board of Trustees. My colleagues in the country did not wish me to go, and the hostile Allahabad and Benares members—faced by the resignations of the members of the staff, the indignant resolution of the Girls' School Committee, and the protests of a few old friends who were present at the Board meeting—decided to side with the majority, and to ask me to remain President until the Hindū University takes over the College. I have agreed to do so, but I can do little to save the great institution which the new-comers have revolutionised, having gained the co-operation of the hostile Benares elements. We shall be swamped by the ordinary paid teachers, and shall sink to the level of the ordinary Indian College. Fifteen years of labour have been destroyed, out of hatred based on theological and political reasons.

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I may add that the last outrage, which brought about the resignation of the members of the Staff, was

the publication in *The Leader* of a very private letter addressed by Mr. Arundale to a group of a few intimate friends. It was obtained in some surreptitious way, and sent with an anonymous letter to *The Leader*; the letter contained a threat as to action by the Managing Committee, and its style was quite unmistakable. The anonymous scribe defends himself on the ground that "every pickpocket considers his proceedings entirely confidential when he abstracts a purse from a person's pocket in a crowd; but the heartless and honourless policeman considers it his duty to violate that confidence!" That is to say that a private letter, written by a man to intimate friends, unveiling his inner religious feelings, is to be treated as on a par with a thief stealing a purse. To such shifts, in excuse of conduct recognised as dishonourable by every gentleman, are our persecutors reduced. It is natural that they should hide under anonymity. The group which is attacked was one formed in 1909, with the idea of helping me in my work, and of leading a life of self-sacrifice. But these two things are anathema just now to my opponents at Allahabad and Benares, who are united by hatred of a personality instead of by love to one. We shall see which of the opposing groups lasts the longer. In Babu Bhagavan Das's admirable book on *The Science of the Emotions*, hatred is said to be the root of all vices and to be disintegrating, while love is the root of all virtues and binds together. We shall be able to watch the working out of his theory in practice.

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Note also Mr. Arundale's reward for ten years of self-sacrificing service to the Central Hinḍū College, during which he has poured out his time, his money,

his strength, in unwearying labour. He leaves it a far poorer man than he came to it, for he has given freely of his little capital; he leaves it with the love of his students and the passionate loyalty of his staff, twenty-three of whom resign in protest against the publication of the above letter. Miss Arundale, his adopted mother, who has built up the College Girls' School, and has been associated with him in all his sacrifices, rightly associates herself also with him in the wrongs inflicted on him, and declines to be fêted while he is insulted. Such is the tragic ending of ten years of loving service rendered by these two noble English Theosophists to the Central Hindū College. It matters not. The authorities of the College and the Indian public, so far as it is represented by *The Leader*, may be as grossly ungrateful as they will. The work lives, and will soon embody itself in another form. We are driven from the outworn body, so we take a new one, for the Eternal Spirit of Love and Service, expelled from one body, clothes itself in another.

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Five of our band of workers open a Theosophical School in Benares on July 7th, and will keep alive our ideals there. Two more go to Madanapalle to work. Mr. Wodehouse takes in charge a large group, to enter English Universities, and they, with Miss Arundale, left India on May 15th. I have bought near Shānṭi Kuñja a splendid plot of ground, through the kindness and help of Babu Govinda Das for the future Theosophical College. The Indian Section membership is increasing by leaps and bounds under its new General Secretary, the late Headmaster. Moreover, the Girls' School goes on uninjured, and the Vasanṭa Āshrama

promises to find boarders who will attend its higher classes; its new land makes it a very pleasant dwelling-place.

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There are many signs that Indian ladies are beginning to move on their own initiative, and are trying to fit themselves for a wider lot than has been theirs for many centuries. Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Van Hook and I had the pleasure of being present at the Second Anniversary of the Hinḍū Ladies Lukṣhmi Vilāsa Sabhā, and we found assembled a large company of the wives of well-known Madras gentlemen, who belonged to this useful Society. It has sixty-five members, and, among other activities, it conducts the education of young girls. The privilege of presiding and of giving away the prizes was allotted to me, and it is always a pleasure to be allowed to co-operate with any women's movements in India.

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Miss Lind-af-Hageby has been making a very fine speech in the King's Bench, in her libel action against Dr. Saleeby and the *Pall-Mall Gazette*. She defended her anti-vivisection views against medical attacks, and closed her eloquent speech with the words:

> Right at the bottom of my heart and my soul there is a profound spiritual conviction that that which is morally wrong, spiritually retrogressive, cannot in the long run be scientifically right. And I believe that ten, twenty, thirty, hundreds of years hence, it will be found that that which is spiritually right and spiritually beautiful will be physically useful and right.

Brave and true words. But in the world in which we are living to-day, the morally wrong is but too often triumphant, while the spiritually beautiful is but an object of mockery.

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A large proportion of the misery of the world is caused by the sorrow of those who have, as they erroneously suppose, lost by death those whom they dearly love. Most of this sorrow is preventable, for it arises from ignorance of the facts of Nature, and can be dispelled by accurate knowledge. Students of Theosophy possess this knowledge, and it is surely their privilege as well as their duty to endeavour to disseminate it as widely as possible. Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, who is constantly receiving letters on this subject from all parts of the world, has been deeply impressed by the universality of this unnecessary suffering, and begs his fellow-students, especially those who are Secretaries of Branches, to co-operate with him in an effort to relieve it. With this object in view he has written a new pamphlet "To Those Who Mourn," which he is anxious to circulate as widely as possible. We suggest that each member should purchase a dozen or twenty copies and keep them by him, so that whenever any friend of his sustains a loss by death, he may immediately offer to him in this form the help and consolation which he would otherwise give by letter or by word of mouth. It is suggested that each Lodge should buy a hundred or more for the same purpose. No profit is being made upon this publication, its object being simply to spread as widely as may be the Theosophical information on this most important matter, and to reach those who are at present unacquainted with our teachings. The success of this effort depends upon the hearty co-operation of members all over the world, and it is earnestly hoped that this will be at once forthcoming.

DISCRIMINATION

By JANET B. MC.GOVERN, F. T. S.

"INTELLIGENCE consists in discrimination between the essential and non-essential," said a British philosopher. A life of wide and varied experience has confirmed the truth of this man's axiom. The individual who succeeds in any line, or on any plane, is the one who has the clear-sightedness to perceive and the strength of will to follow one-pointedly the essential, without troubling about the non-essentials, the side issues, the 'hampering futilities,' with which those of smaller mental calibre and less comprehensive sweep of intellectual horizon burden themselves. This idea is clearly suggested in the much misunderstood New Testament parable of Mary and Martha. In this

parable, as in His other teachings (*e.g.* His arraignment of the Pharisees, His driving the vendors and money-changers out of the Temple, His attitude toward the woman taken in adultery, etc.), the message of the Founder of Christianity seems ever to have been to lay stress upon the necessity of discrimination. This was also the teaching of His great follower, the Christian Mystic S. Paul, with his vigorous emphasis upon the fact that it is the "letter which killeth and the spirit which maketh alive"—an aspect of discrimination unfortunately too much over-looked to-day both in Christian Churches and in mystic and occult organisations.

Again, when in the course of centuries the 'letter' had well-nigh crushed out the 'spirit,' the message of discrimination was reiterated in a manner acceptable to the modern mind—a mind the intelligence of which had rebelled against ecclesiasticism and empty form—by those scientific idealists Huxley and Spencer,[1] to whom the world—that of the West at least—owes the modern ethical ideal, which is that of *social service rather than of personal salvation.*

"The criterion by which any action should be judged," says Spencer, in effect (I have not the book before me) "as to whether it is good or evil is whether it quickens evolution or retards it". This presentation of an ethical standard—with its inferential inclusion of that which in oriental terminology would be called avoidance of working for personal fruit of action—appealed to the logical, Anglo-Saxon mind, with its

[1] The statement so frequently, and so glibly made, that "Huxley was a materialist" requires for refutation only the personal intelligent reading of some of Huxley's later essays—instead of the acceptance of the views (often second-hand, at that) of those incapable of discriminating judgment, or of the ability to form a dispassionate opinion.

See particularly *Collected Essays*, vi, 279-302, *et seq.*

inherent love of fair play and the 'square deal,' and set the pace for the dissemination of modern teachings given out under other names—among the latter those of the Theosophical Society—all founded upon justice, upon the law of cause and effect—on which Spencer himself laid so much stress—rather than upon the mediæval and ecclesiastical one of placation of a wrathful Deity.

Discrimination, ethical and intellectual, between the true and the false, the essential and the non-essential, has perhaps never been more clearly taught, certainly in the modern world, than by Darwin, Huxley and Spencer, those giant pioneers in what may truly be called the great Theosophical Movement—a movement which includes other phases of the Theosophia (Divine Wisdom) than that promulgated by the Theosophical Society.

Without the pioneer work of the men mentioned above—and also perhaps that of certain of the German philosophic writers, Hegel, Fichte, etc; also of men like Mrs. Besant's old friend and co-worker, Charles Bradlaugh, who devoted their lives to social service without hope of 'heaven' or other form of personal reward—the teachings of Mme. Blavatsky would have fallen on ears more deaf than was the case when these were given to the public. One can only wish that those "who profess and call themselves" Theosophists, would prepare themselves for the study of works more restrictedly labelled 'Theosophical' by reading first either some of the works of Spencer, and Huxley, or else taking the advice urged by Spencer, and devoting as much time as practicable to the study of scientific subjects—and this not empirically, but practically,

by laboratory experiment, etc. Whatever the particular branch of science studied, the result is the same, the broadening and training of the mind, the shaping of it to deal with the abstract rather than with the personal and petty, the development of the scientific courage which looks things in the face, and investigates in order to understand what they *are*, rather than accepts them for what, on the time-worn authority, they are said to be. Or—to put it in technical Theosophical verbiage—scientific training develops and exercises 'higher Manas'.

Discrimination recognises the folly and the falsity of putting intellectual development and spiritual development in antithesis to each other. As a matter of fact, unless either be perverted, one is the hand-maiden, the co-developer, of the other. The scientific mind, which thinks in the abstract of things having to do with a 'bigness,' incapable of being grasped by the petty-minded, has neither time nor inclination for those things with which the little-minded occupy themselves—scandal-mongering, personal gossip, back-biting, sanctimoniousness, and other things which betoken 'arrested development' of head as well as of heart.

From a purely moral or ethical standpoint, scientific training, which demands original investigation, logical deduction and ratiocination, rather than mere memorising, has justified itself to the extent to which it has been introduced in modern education—for instance, in America those sections most lacking in the social service of the more favoured classes to those more unfortunately situated are just those in which antiquated, rather than scientific, methods of education are in vogue. The scientific mind recognises the desirability of the

"sacrifice of the individual for the good of the whole," and, when occasion requires, its owner is usually found willing to put his theory into practice and throw himself into the breach.

For the Theosophical student a scientific training is a particularly desirable pre-requisite. Because one who has studied any branch of science recognises the necessity of approaching all subjects with an open mind, unbiassed for or against any particular deduction, of " seeing things steadily and seeing them whole," of fixing his attention upon *ideas* rather than upon persons, of not confusing principles with their exponents, and consequently of not swinging to an extreme either of hero-worship or of personal condemnation—an error into which many well-meaning, but indiscriminating Mystics and would-be Occultists fall.[1]

Practical scientific training is at once the antithesis and the antidote of neurasthenia, with its attendant self-centredness. The scientific temperament is too absorbed in the vast, impersonal laws of Nature to have time for self-absorption, the danger point of the occult student.[2] The scientific temperament—whether congenital, or that developed as the result of scientific training—recognises the necessity for moderation in all things, holding largely with Herbert Spencer that "nothing in itself is evil; anything carried to excess is evil"—the same idea as that expressed in other words in the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*, vi, 16-17.

The desirability of scientific training has been dwelt upon at length, because through it may be developed more speedily and more surely than by any other

[1] For most sensible remarks regarding hero-worship and the apotheosis of personality, see those of Col. Olcott in *Old Diary Leaves*, iv.

[2] See work on *Mysticism*, by Professor Selemann, of Berlin University.

method that discrimination which is the essential pre-requisite in spiritual development, as it is in intellectual. True discrimination can be attained only by that mind which is sane, balanced, not to be driven off at a tangent by any personal enthusiasm; impersonal, self-reliant, tolerant of all views, neither accepting nor rejecting any, whatever the weight of authority, until brought to the bar of its own judgment.

Discrimination, in its most comprehensive sense, includes all virtues, as it is the pre-essential of all. Consequently to attempt to deal with it in all its phases, however cursorily these might be touched upon, would be out of the question in one paper.

Comprehensively it may be said that the chief aim of discrimination is to distinguish between the true and false, the genuine and the sham, so as not to be led astray by appearances or by pretensions—to see down "beneath the skin," and not be cozened by surface appearances. The man who has attained to discrimination knows that the sins of the Spirit are worse than the sins of the flesh, that carnal weaknesses, of whatever nature, weigh down the balance less heavily than do those subtler and more dangerous forms of vice, self-righteousness, spiritual pride, intolerance, sanctimoniousness, mischief-making, self-hypocrisy, and other forms of moral cowardice. While the Christ spoke gently to the woman taken in adultery, He lashed with the "whip of scorpions" the self-righteous Pharisee, who stood afar off and thanked God that he was not as other men.

The man who has attained to discrimination differentiates between shadow and substance, letter and spirit. He knows that it is not the form which makes the reality, but the indwelling Spirit, and that those

who make the greatest protestation regarding form are those who usually have least conception of Spirit. He knows that the T. S. member who gossips to lecturer or teacher—or to other members—regarding the disqualifications of an absent member is, as a matter of fact, far more disqualified for genuine spiritual work, far lower in the scale of spiritual advancement, than that absent member of whom he gossips. Better to forget the sequence of 'rounds' and 'races' or other technical detail than to forget the Christ-spirit. To magnify non-essentials, to distort trivalities, is the infallible index of the little mind, of the unevolved soul, incapable of grasping the essential, or of taking an interest in anything broader, more abstract, than the obvious, the personal and the trivial. "True knowledge of God causes a man to use few words," is a saying attributed to Pythagoras, the wisdom of which it might behove many would-be 'strivers after perfection' to ponder to-day; also the lesson taught by S. Francis of Assisi, who, when a young disciple of his wished to hear him preach, walked with him through the streets of the town, with only a smile, a nod, a simple cheery word for the poor and the downcast, and when his disciple asked S. Francis when his sermon would begin, the latter replied: "My son, I have preached." It is lives not lips that preach the most effective sermons ("flowery speech is uttered by the foolish," *Gīṭā*, ii, 42), and little use is it for us to talk glittering aphoristic generalities about "loving all humanity," "being hands and feet for the Master," etc., with one breath, and with the next to back-bite our next-door neighbour, or to gossip of his short-comings, and, most cowardly of all, to beg that our "name be not mentioned" in connection with our remarks regarding

him. We say behind his back what we have not the moral courage to say to his face, and then, with self-hypocrisy, flatter ourselves that we have done this for the sake of 'peace'. Whatever we have to say or do, discrimination, as well as honesty, bids us say or do, simply, straightforwardly, "in the open light of day". For the Occultist, above all others, moral courage, even more than physical, is an essential.

Better *one* homely, human virtue, if this be practised simply and *genuinely*, without ostentation and cant, than all the virtues of Saint and Archangel, if the possession of these causes the possessor to become guilty of the "great dire heresy of separateness," of cant, of self-exaltation and Phariseeism.

The name does not make the reality, discrimination bids us remember, as is forcefully pointed out in that genuinely occult treatise, *Light on the Path*: "The self-righteous man makes for himself a bed of mire." And again:

> The pure artist who works for the love of his work is sometimes more firmly planted on the right road than the Occultist who fancies he has removed his interest from self, but who has in reality only enlarged the limits of experience and desire.

Discrimination bids us remember that there can be such a thing as criminal blindness to the wrongs and the degradation of others; that while it is far more agreeable for the would-be Occultist or Mystic to go about with his eyes closed to everything except the beautiful, yet such an attitude is, if one has the moral courage to be absolutely honest with oneself, simply æsthetic selfishness, a shirking of responsibility, wholly unworthy of one who would in truth help to "hold back the heavy karma of the world".

A moral cancer is never cured by covering it up, and declaring that it does not exist. Rather must it be bared, that the surgeon's knife may be applied to its core. As has been aptly said:

> What makes a city great and strong?
> Not architecture's graceful strength,
> Not factories' extended length,
> But men who see the civic wrong,
> *And give their lives to make it right.*

Nowhere has this lesson of æsthetic, but none the less criminal, blindness been taught more powerfully than in *The Servant in the House*, that splendid sermon-drama, in which is pointed out the futility and the selfish folly of adorning the edifice above, as long as the drain underneath the church is carefully covered up instead of being opened that the foulness might be exposed to the light of day and destroyed. In the climax of the drama—after the drain has been opened, priest and drain-man clasp hands, as ever in truth they must in any real service of mankind.

It is the Yoga of Service that is needed to-day, service which calls men of clear-eyed vision—with whom love of humanity is something more than a phrase—to "put their shoulders to the wheel," to right existing wrong; as it also calls to the mothers of the men of the coming generation to blind themselves no longer to rotten conditions, but sanely to know, in order that wisely they may guide those who will be the citizens of to-morrow. "Be thou the outward cause," (see *Gīṭā*) was no idle admonition from Shrī Kṛṣhṇa, and perhaps never before in the history of the world has there been greater need of spiritual men who are also 'men of the world' in the truest sense of that phrase.

From the foregoing follows naturally the correlative—obvious to the discriminating; unfortunately, however, sometimes lost sight of by those who have over-accentuated one phase and thus lost the sense of proportion—that "the Masters are served" quite as much by the Yoga of Service as by that of Devotion or of Knowledge. The "cup of cold water" to the "least of these, my brethren" is quite as essential to-day as it was two thousand years ago.

"By whatsoever road men approach Me, on that road do I welcome them," it is declared (*Gīṭā*), and whether that approach be made by occult knowledge or mystic ecstasy—both all too frequently subtle forms of self-gratification—we may be very sure that neither of these will take us one whit further or faster than will the path of social service, of unostentatious self-sacrifice in the cause of humanity—the 'Great Orphan'. "To live to *benefit mankind* is the *first step*," *The Voice of the Silence* reminds us, "to practise the six glorious virtues the second".

Not only must the path differ for each temperament, but also must it differ for the same ego in different earth-lives, in order that there may be obtained that well-rounded development, which is supposed to be the characteristic of the Perfect Man. For which reason it behoves us to keep 'ever vigilant' against dogmatism and sectarianism, and to remember that 'service of the Masters' may be rendered in many ways, outside of, as well as within, the limits of the Theosophical Society.

Sequentially, the next point which arrests attention is one which though apparently an obvious truism, is also ne which is overlooked with unfortunate frequency

by the individual who would have all others follow his particular path. It is, that "each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life"—this very literally. Higher than blind obedience to any external authority however high, is obedience to the mandate of one's own conscience—whatever external weight there may be against this—an idea excellently brought out in one of the incidents in the Hinḍū epic, the *Mahābhāraṭa*, in which the warrior refuses the command of even a Ḍeva to abandon the cur which has been his companion and servitor, because his own conscience cries out against such betrayal. Mrs. Annie Besant, too, deals aptly with, and lays well-merited stress upon, this point in her *Laws of the Higher Life.*

Each must decide for himself, not in ethical matters alone, but in those also which involve expenditure of time and strength in any direction, as to what is his work, his 'ḍharma,' and proceed resolutely with that, not taking upon his shoulders "the ḍharma of another," whatever may be the opinion of others as to his choice. Thus will discrimination be developed, as well as self-reliance, a note much needed in work and in life to-day. Self-deception is easy, especially perhaps for the devotionally inclined, and but little real progress is made in the evolution of the soul if the idea of the Vicarious Atonement in connection with the Christian Master be abandoned, and in its stead the soul lean for spiritual support upon the external manifestation or teachings of other Master, leader, or teacher, however exalted. Were there less leaning upon the Masters for the comfort of spiritual ecstasy, which Their nearness, real or fancied, affords us personally, and more manifesting through ourselves, in our relations with our fellow-men, of

Their Spirit—of the radiant power of love and gladness, tolerance and compassion—then would we in very truth prove ourselves Their disciples. Not without reason did the Master K. H. some years ago say:

> The best and most important teacher is one's own seventh Principle centred in the sixth. The more unselfishly one works for his fellow-men and divests himself of the illusionary sense of personal isolation, the more he is free from Māyā and the nearer he approaches Divinity.

There comes a time in the evolution of each soul when it must indeed "stand alone and isolated," when "the path that leadeth on is lighted by one fire, the light of daring burning in the heart" (*The Voice of the Silence*). Then does the disciple realise the truth of the injunction: "The way to final freedom lies within thy Self," and this whether he be priest or artisan, ascetic or householder. Also will he realise that the one is as needed as the other. Indeed in the old Laws of Manu the place of the householder was above that of all others. Discrimination bids one remember that it is the inner attitude, spiritual and intellectual, which makes the 'spiritual man,' not the outer mode of life—still less protestation. "*The would-be Occultist is ever self-contained*," discrimination bids us remember—a giver of sympathy without cant or patronage, rather than a seeker after it. That disciple best beloved of the Buḍḍha was he who was "a lamp unto himself, and a refuge unto himself".

Janet B. Mc.Govern

(To be concluded)

THE BASES OF THEOSOPHY

A STUDY IN FUNDAMENTALS—PHILOSOPHICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL, PRACTICAL

(*Continued from p.* 184)

By JAMES H. COUSINS, F. T. S.

CHAPTER III

Theosophy: The Religious and Social Reconciler

IN the foregoing we have seen the great principles on which the first object of the Theosophical Society is based. We have considered the matter in its universal aspect, and have seen how the recognition of a universal human participation in the origin, progress and destiny of the universe—a sharing in the universal karma—has compelled the adoption of the rule of Universal Brotherhood both in theory and practice.

The first obvious effect of the adoption of such a rule of conduct in life must be the manifestation not merely of tolerance but of sympathy towards diverse systems of thought, and a suspension of extreme judgment on the conduct of individuals and nations. If all things are within the compass of the divine operation, then all things are in some degree instruments of that divine operation. They are no more competitors with

one another than the mainspring of a watch is a competitor with the minute hand. Their essential relationship is co-operative. True, in the recognition and exercise of their co-operation they may manifest a spirit of competition; but such competition is far removed from the ordinary acceptance of the term, since it is competition for the attainment of an end that will be mutually beneficial, not destructive of one or both of the competitors.

But the principles that underlie the further development of our thought into the second object of the Theosophical Society—the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science, or the horizontal and extensive phase of human development—go deeper than a simple benevolence. They touch the roots of things, and necessarily overlap some of the considerations already advanced.

We have observed the Theosophical concept of the universe as a unity passing through degrees of limitation into a multitudinous diversity. Within the units there is an illusion of separateness by which they seek to preserve a discrete identity, and an attachment to the personality—the *persona*, or mask—of the true individual. In the stage of human development at which this illusion of separateness held completest sway, man was not far removed from the predatory animals. But, under the influence of necessity, and guided, as Theosophy teaches, by periodical visitations of definite incarnations from the divine planes of the universe, and by the ministrations of transcendent consciousnesses who had attained the status of Divinity in former evolutions, humanity slowly aggregated, and formed the great primitive nations.

Such aggregation was a long step on the Way of Redemption. It finds its counterpart in the individual when the isolated impulses of infancy begin to take on continuity, and instinct slowly yields to the discipline of judgment. From the Unity of the Absolute to the diverse and relative, is the path of the Outgoing, the "fall of man," or, rather, the fall of God. The first act of interdependence was the turning-point: henceforth the face is toward the light; and when a conscious entity arrives at the stage when it deliberately dedicates itself to the work of expediting the progress of the world, then has taken place the true 'conversion'. In the Theosophical concept, the experience of 'conversion' is not restricted—as in the Christian concept—to the purely religio-emotional side of human nature. It is, rather, a natural, inevitable, and at some time or other universally experienced phase of the inner life. Its date may be vividly remembered; or it may be a thing of imperceptible growth, it matters not: its sign is the spirit of co-ordination and synthesis. The young geographer who found death in the African jungle, whither he had gone in search of a fact that would illuminate some of the dark places of human knowledge, was no less truly a religious martyr than Jeanne d' Arc or Bishop Cranmer.

Such a broadening out of the idea of conversion provides a reasonable ground for understanding and dignifying the numerous activities of an altruistic kind which, while seemingly isolated, are seen from this truer point of view to be simply different expressions of one great redemptive urge. Furthermore, in the Theosophical concept, such a limitation of the experience of conversion as is taught in the churches is not merely untrue, but is directly vicious, since it seeks to throw

the whole force of the experience into one department of the individual and collective life, and thus to promote grotesqueness rather than a real advance along the line of nature.

To realise the force of this spirit of co-ordination, and the fallacy of any limitation of it, we have only to think of the effect of absolute specialisation of any function of the body to the exclusion of other functions. There is manifestly a distinction of function between hand and foot; but such distinction bears no warranty for either limb claiming exclusive attention. The fullest and truest expression of the individual can only be effected through the co-ordination and balance of the various functions of the body corporate; and such co-ordination is effected through the sub-cortical centres of the brain under the direction of the cortex, or coherer, which is the instrument of the Manas or Thinker.

Now this physiological differentiation, which is harmonised in the mind of the individual, is but a parable of the Universal Body. Just as the thinker behind the human machine manifests through organs which fulfil different purposes; so the divine Thinker functions through the great groupings of religious systems and national politics, which are to Him as the sub-cortical centres are to the human thinker. To change the figure; we may imagine the Kosmos as a great railway system. From the chief terminus the main-line splits off at various junctions, each junction forming a centre for a district quite distinct in character from other districts. To form any idea of the whole system, it would be absurd to confine one's attention to any single district. We should have to pass from district to district, noting resemblances, differences,

inter-relationships, until at last we comprehended the genius of the whole system which actuated it from headquarters.

It is not difficult to realise that a roughly similar process has been gathering momentum for some time past in the thought of mankind with regard to the great religious systems which have dominated the minds of incalculable millions of human beings. The urge to co-ordination has risen from the lower levels of human life; and the comparative study of religious and philosophical systems has taken its place among the sciences, whence it will permeate all life in time. When Darwin formulated the theory of the origin and differentiation of species, and made way for the enunciation of the 'law of evolution,' there was much tumult in the pulpits of Christendom, and innocent worshippers were taught to believe that the arch-enemy of the race, Satan, had found a formidable rival in the person of the long-bearded, mild-mannered naturalist. After a while, the tumult subsided. Thinkers inside the creeds began to apprehend what the 'Darwinian theory' really involved. An adjustment of formularies took place. The law of evolution could not be denied. The question became how to explain it, with all due condescension, from the standpoint of dogmatic theology. This was not long in being accomplished; and to-day the law of evolution is as freely expounded as if it were one of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, from pulpits that have hardly forgotten denunciations of Darwin and his theory, which in truth was no theory of Darwin's, and has been taught for millenniums in the world's great religions, not excluding the Christian Scriptures.

It is a fact of the utmost significance that the beginnings of that re-adjustment have been coincident with the dissemination in the West of knowledge with regard to the religious and philosophic thought of the East.

The first point of collision between the new spirit and the old is the very entertaining at all of the thought of progress in religious doctrine. The orthodox Christian is nurtured in the belief that in the Bible there is to be found all that is necessary for the present life and for the life that is to come. With this claim no student of the deeper meanings of universal religion will quarrel. But through the identification in orthodox Christian teaching of two widely different things—*truth* as it is apprehended by the clarified spiritual vision, and its *expression* in terms of the intellect—the claim to a complete, exclusive and final revelation of 'the Will of God' is extended to cover its clothing in dogma. But the modern thinker, and particularly the Theosophical thinker, has dabbled in the science of psychology. He has watched the processes of his own mind, and he has learned the truth that revelation from the spiritual planes of his own being is conditioned, limited, and distorted by the instrument of its manifestation. He applies this truth to all life, and discovers that while on the one hand it explains much that hitherto had been inexplicable in Christian dogma, on the other hand it admits within the circle of divine revelation much that hitherto had been excluded. By grasping clearly the human limitations which are inevitably, in the nature of things, imposed on revelation, and by apprehending also the operation of evolution in the instrument of revelation, the consciousness of mankind, he has found a means of reconciliation between the Old Testament sanguinary

conception of Deity as formulated by a lowly developed tribe, and the New Testament ideal of a God of Love; and when he hears the Blessed Lord Kṛṣhṇa say: "He who knoweth Me is liberated from all sin," he does not turn away and call Him a heathen blasphemer, but recognises the same inner universal Voice which said through the lips of the Christ: "Come unto Me .... and I will give you rest."

Here we find the beginning of the end of Christian missions in the East as at present regarded and conducted. To the orthodox Christian the taking of the 'Gospel' to the heathen—by which is meant the entire world outside Christianity—is a matter of urgent importance. Believing that unless they profess faith in the actual death of an actual person, they will be shut out for ever from a place called Heaven, he subscribes to missionary funds, and he reads with joy of the turning of some denizen of "India's coral strand" from the worship of false gods (with a small *g*) to serving the only true God. In all this he is perfectly sincere: it is the logical outcome of the belief in an exclusive revelation of the only way whereby men may attain to a state of happiness after death.

The modern thinker, however, is rapidly giving up this idea. He is beginning to see what is involved in the findings of comparative research into religions. He marks a sharp distinction between *religion* as a rule of life, and *theology* as a mould of thought. In his future attitude towards foreign missions he will differ from the orthodox Christian by regarding it as a matter of minor importance whether a Principle of the universe and of his own soul has been apprehended in the East as Brahmā, or in the West as the first Person in the

Christian Trinity. His missionary efforts on the theological side will be in the nature of an interchange of the significance of main doctrines, their parallels in symbology, their cognates in personality, and the recognition of their essential unity.

In the past the lack of discrimination between the essential elements of the Bible and its accidental or secondary contents has led to enormities of conduct and appalling inconsistencies. In mediæval times nine millions of women were burned to death by authority of the Old Testament command: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and this in face of the spirit and letter of the teaching of Jesus. In England Henry VIII put to death both Catholics and Protestants, the former for not acknowledging him as the supreme head of the Church in England, the latter for not accepting the Catholic dogma. To-day the enormities of conduct are less obvious, the inconsistencies more subtle, but still they are there; and the emancipated mind sees no difference between the devastation of a county by William of Normandy, and the starving of thousands of human beings through the operation of a social system based, not on mutual service, but on mutual spoliation.

Here we come upon another phase of the spirit of co-ordination which is abroad in the world. It no longer suffices to say to the modern thinker, when he appeals for the carrying into practice of the injunctions of the Sermon on the Mount, that times have changed since Jesus uttered His sublime beatitudes, and that present-day conditions render complete obedience to them exceedingly difficult, if not impossible. Gently but firmly he replies that times must change back again, and he is going to see that they do. In private

life, in civic life, in national life, in international relationships, he has begun to exert a deliberate influence towards the evolution of laws and institutions that will give expression to the highest, not the basest, qualities of humanity, and provide an environment calculated to stimulate and develop to its utmost every worthy faculty of the units that constitute the national organism. He will no longer merely pray: "Thy will be done." He is setting about doing it.

It is apparent, therefore, that the Theosophical view of the universe as a Unity passing into diversity, takes due cognisance of the great aggregates that form the stepping-stones between the units and the Whole. We have seen that the Theosophical attitude on the question of religions is one of the broadest toleration, based on a clear understanding of their relationship to one another and to the whole. No Theosophist quarrels with any religion as such. He understands that the dogma and ritual of a sect may form the royal road to a degree of spiritual realisation for persons at a particular stage of development along the chain of lives. But he also knows that no creed can contain the whole of truth, and that no ceremonial can exhaust the "means of grace". And so, in conscious response to the co-ordinating urge, he sympathises with all aspects of religious belief; he preaches and practises a true religious altruism, and seeks to discover wider and purer generalisations through the study of local and national expressions.

But the Theosophist observes also that the great religious systems are, broadly speaking, conterminous with the great races of mankind, and that the sub-divisions coincide roughly with national divisions within

the races. He cannot apply his spirit of toleration and sympathy to one aspect of divine manifestation, and withhold it from another. The work-a-day questions of national and international relationships, which affect the outer life of humanity, will challenge his attention, no less than the problems of comparative religion and philosophy. He will bring himself to the applied science of good government; and here his apprehension of the essential unity behind diversity will materially affect his conduct in the stress of political life.

The Theosophical Society is a non-political organisation. In the ordinary sense of the term non-political means having no politics. In the Theosophical sense it is the other way round. In the Theosophical Society no political policy enjoys an ascendancy, and all policies that make for good government find a place. This does not mean that the Fellows of the Theosophical Society are social invertebrates: on the contrary, from the President downwards, they are to be found among the doughtiest fighters in the many causes that are to-day appealing to the many sides of human interest.

There is, however, a great difference between free political altruism and party politics. The Theosophist who seeks to influence the life of humanity through legislation can bind no one to his ways and means: neither can he consent to be bound to the policy of any party. If he is temperamentally cautious, and gives his allegiance to a 'conservative' party, he will discover that his party has at times enacted laws of a very drastic character. If he is of an iconoclastic disposition, and enters a 'liberal' party, he will find on its escutcheon the plots of reactionary legislation. The Conservative Party in the British legislature has passed

revolutionary land laws in relation to Ireland that would make an eighteenth century Tory's hair stand on end. The Liberal Party refuses to grant political freedom to the women of Great Britain and Ireland. In short, in the political activities of humanity, as well as the religious, we see the interplay of the powers of crystallisation and disruption which we have seen to be the *modus operandi* of evolution. Let us see how far the application of the Theosophical concept to that department of affairs which deals with the regulation of the relationships between human beings in the same or different masses, impels to the exercise of a true and practical altruism.

Reduced to their simplest form, the complex and overlapping activities of humanity may be expressed as a struggle for individual freedom. Whether it be a band of workers claiming either an increase of wages or a decrease of the hours of bondage to a fixed task; or a body of persons sharing the responsibilities of citizenship, and claiming a share of the control of the State through the ballot-box; or a nation resorting to the arbitrament of war in the defence or the enforcement of its will; one impulse is common, the impulse towards full and unrestricted self-expression. And behind the class grouping and the national grouping, there is the personal unit. To-day the world is full of 'causes' springing out of the complicated social structure of modern civilisation, and appealing to the multifarious capacity of interest which is the chief characteristic of the men and women of the time. But in the last analysis there is only one cause, the cause of liberty: there is only one fight, the fight of the single soul to gain possession of itself. It may be a strong man compelling others to his

banner in war for a personal or a moral right. It may be an equally strong man renouncing personal reward in self-surrender to an unpopular but righteous movement. Or it may be a woman. Whoever and however it may be, the end is one: the breaking down of limitations, the expansion of horizons, the realisation of Self.

The first factor in the struggle for freedom is the individual: the second factor is—the other individuals. Aaron's rod, that turned itself into a serpent and swallowed all the other serpents, does not grow on every bush. The unit called Napoleon got a fair distance on the way to personal freedom; but another unit called Wellington, and another called Blücher, were waiting round a corner, and S. Helena ensued.

Since it is impossible for any single individual in a state of relativity to achieve absolute freedom, we must necessarily accept a condition of limited freedom, freedom modified by an admixture of slavery, so to speak. The single will can never impose itself on the whole. The shortest cut, then, towards achieving the fullest possible measure of Self-realisation in a world crowded by other wills intent upon the same end, is to avoid the wastage of friction and opposition by recognising the universal legitimacy of the claims of the others. This is the essence of philosophic wisdom: it is also the *raison d'être* of social altruism. The ideal nation will be the nation of free slaves—or, put the other way round, of bound freemen and freewomen: that is, a nation recognising the great fundamental urge to freedom common to all its units, and entering into a voluntary bond so to order its life that, out of the diversity of human activity, a social organisation will be constructed capable

of giving the maximum opportunity of personal freedom to the maximum number of persons. There can be no real freedom of development—and no possibility of true union in the bondage that makes for liberty—while one nation bears an enforced relationship to another. There can be no freedom—and no voluntary binding that conduces to full national development—while one section of a nation is economically, politically or religiously under the domination of another section.

Hence, in matters of religious belief and conduct; of philosophical research and speculation; of physical science, mental science, social science; the Theosophist will seek for the path of least resistance toward the ideal of voluntary union and service; and his first step will be the sympathetic and interpretative study of human activity as set forth in the second object of the Theosophical Society.

James H. Cousins

(To be concluded)

MAN'S TWOFOLD BURDEN

A SERMON BY

THE REV. C. W. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, M. A., F. T. S.

For thus saith the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: 'I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.'

Isaiah, xv, 57.

For God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of His own Eternity.

Wisdom, ii, 27.

WE may think of man as standing between two burdens, the burden of his mortality and the burden of his Eternity.

Until the second has begun to be felt, the first is easily borne, is not known for a burden at all. Animals, primitive savages, young children, may be careless and happy, living in and for the present, indulging no painful memories, unperplexed by the problems of death—and of life.

But when once the growing youth, the evolving man, has begun to be, even half-consciously, aware of the awful gift of the Father of Spirits Himself, the gift of His Eternity, then both the burdens are felt, and felt with increasing heaviness as growth goes on, felt—as they must be felt—until the end of the Path is reached, until the burden of mortality is laid down for ever, and

the burden of Eternity (no longer now a burden) is perceived as the support of the Everlasting Arms. But now, now in the intermediate stage, there is conflict and unrest. The corruptible body, the uneasy soul, weigh down the immortal Spirit. The Spirit strains body and soul, exhausts and bewilders them, in its struggles towards the light.

Such a man seeks rest and finds it not. Would he rest in the Eternal, he is drawn back, crushed down, by the burden of temporal things, his sins, his fears, his cares. Would he rest in the temporal, live for the day only, be utterly absorbed in the world's business or pleasures, he is drawn away from this by the ceaseless urge of the Eternal within him.

As Francis Thompson has so wonderfully expressed it in his poem, 'The Hound of Heaven':

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a voice beat
More instant than the feet;
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

And so the great poem goes on, and each portion of it ends with a refrain similar to the line last quoted:

"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."
"Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."
"Lo! all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me."

We turn to human life as we know it in ourselves or our friends, or as we read of it in the world's greatest literature.

And we find, sweetness—abundantly, but, echoing through all the music of its sweetness, an undertone of sorrow. A brief sweetness, a passing gladness; there are always fears, uncertainties, perplexities: and everywhere, waiting in every happy home, Death, "the terminator of delights and the separator of companions".

So, in all the books that move men most, that speak most truly their inmost feelings, tears and laughter, comedy and tragedy, fulness of strong life and the memory of death, are strangely intermingled.

Let us in imagination look out over the world, as it rolls beneath our gaze, look back through the long story of its past, hundreds of thousands of years, generations following generations, through immemorial time. And let us, as the great picture unrolls itself before our vision, remember that each one of these innumerable millions of individuals is or was as dear to himself or herself, as much the centre of his or her own little world of life, as you or I. Think of the pains, the heartaches, the disappointments, well known to you in your own circle of kindred or friends, of all that are being felt even in one town like this; think also, no less, of the joys and hopes, the little plans and pleasures. And then think by how many millions these must be multiplied if the tale of the whole world's joys and sorrows is to be told.

Let us realise too, if we can, that this world is but one of several in our system, and that system one of millions starring the immensity of space.

If we will do this—and of course it cannot be done in a few minutes, while preaching or listening to a sermon, it is the work of solitude and silence, of patient meditation, of steadily directed thought—if we will do

this, and (for it is not a matter of thinking only) if we will feel in ourselves something of the greatness, of the awfulness, of the wistful wonder of it all, why, then, we shall, just a little, begin to understand what is meant by the burden of man's mortality. They laughed or wept, they sang and played, they had their friendships and their quarrels, they fell in love, they held their children in their arms, they clutched, with strong hands or frail, at life so elusive, at joy so uncertain. They felt and did these things, these men and women like ourselves, all the world over, age after age. And where are they now? What does it all mean? What has it all come to? So we question, and ponder.

And when our life goes sweetly, and the sunshine is pleasant, and human love is dear, when we are inclined to rest in these things and be content, a shadow steals over the sun, a thin veil obscures the brightness of the sky, a dimness, like the dimness of an eclipse, takes the glory from the daylight. The shadow of our mortality: but it is the shadow of a cloud whose inner side is radiant in the sunlight of Eternity.

The shadow of our mortality. Those bright days, that joy in life—we cannot keep or hold them. Neither could they keep or hold them, those men and women of long, long ago. And in each one of us is centred, as it were, the heart of the mystery of it all. Each represents the race; within each, not far away, to be shrunk from, to be lived through, to be found at last, is the kingdom of hell, the kingdom of the world, the kingdom of Heaven. Here, to-day, an old man steps out into the sunshine and looks round him. He sighs; for he is very old and very weary, and so many have died before him that he knew, and life is not what it was; and,

though he has not, perhaps, many words or many thoughts to express his feeling, he feels the burden of mortality. And every day, in every place, others like him have sighed and wondered, being old and tired. Each one of them may stand for all of them. Not greatly different are the feelings of one from those of the others.

Heart-broken, a man or woman kneels beside a dear form whose life was the light of their hearts; as millions kneel or have knelt the whole world over. And any one of them may stand for all such. In each, in all, is the ache of the empty life, the darkness of the mystery.

A life broken and betrayed. Trust given, to be paid with falsehood, love wronged, friendship outraged, ingratitude and treachery. And each one to whom Life has thus shown a dark face may represent all the rest, all the millions through all the years, the grieved, the wounded, or the embittered.

We cannot see, ever so dimly, even a fragment of this picture, and remain untouched, unchanged. And, sooner or later, we must look on it. For if we see not the darkness which the Master saw, we shall not see the light in which He lives for ever.

We cannot indeed, in one lifetime, taste all human experience; but we can, almost in a moment, feel its echo within ourselves. We can feel for men, and with them, the ache of their mortality and ours, the ache of human sorrows, the still stranger ache of human joys, so clear, so poignant, so transient, the ache of the mystery of it all.

Not, most of all, shall we feel this when we personally are in pain or are exalted by happiness; but rather, when our lives are calm, when the sunset speaks

to us, or the hills, or the waters, when the stillness of the Spirit has fallen on our souls, then we can begin to feel and to wonder.

Why is there this ache in life? Why cannot men rest: why are they not allowed to rest? Why sounds this undertone of sorrow through all the music? Because "God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of His own Eternity." And if you have begun to feel the throb of this pain, to hear that undertone of sadness, if you are distressed by thoughts too vast for utterance, even to yourself, then rejoice and be glad, for you are near to understanding; the Spirit in you is coming to its own, is awakening from dreams; the hunger that makes you restless is your hunger for the infinite, and blessed are they that hunger, for they shall be filled.

The Spirit which has "begun to be an hungred" is ready to "come to itself," ready to arise and go to the Father's House. And it shall not go alone. Indeed only those who have found the way themselves can lead others to that Place of Peace. Therefore, do not shun these moments of quiet thinking, of deeper insight, when the burden of all mortality presses you sorely. Seek them, encourage them, face the darkness, for beyond it is the light, and, when you have seen it, you will be able to help those who still suffer, being blind. Our hunger is our longing for the Infinite, our thirst the desire in us for the Eternal. And unless that infinite and eternal life essentially belonged to us we could not thus desire it.

"Thou hast made us for Thyself," wrote S. Augustine, "and our hearts are restless until they find their rest in Thee."

If you have not yet felt that hunger and that ache, you will hardly understand what is being said. If you have felt it, then do not try to stifle it, do not seek what men call distractions, but welcome it, foster it, let it grow: make and keep in every day a time for quiet thought, a time for seeking the light, a time for feeling the world's pain and mystery. If you do not, your life will be comparatively wasted and futile; you will miss what you are meant to find.

"Faithful," we read, "are the wounds of a friend." And the great Friend of all the souls of men hurts that He may heal, makes restless, almost to madness, that He may give rest, bewilders us that we may seek to understand; "whom He loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth".

As a well-known hymn puts it, very simply and very truly:

Christ leads us by no darker road
Than He went through before;
And all who would the Kingdom seek
Must enter by this door.

If, then, there has come to us in our inner life this tasting of the sorrows of the world, and if we would be wise—let us take and bravely welcome as much as we can bear, to the very last ounce, of the burden of mortality. For the severer the chastening, the quicker it will be done: the sorer the scourging, the sooner will the son be received.

Now we shall begin to understand a little of what S. Paul means by "the fellowship of Christ's sufferings". Myers, in his great poem, makes him say:

Vainly I weary me, and long, and languish,
Nowise availing from this pain to part—
Desperate tides of the whole great world's anguish
Forced through the channels of a single heart.

And I remember a friend telling me how for days he had gone about, feeling continually in himself the sorrows and the sufferings of the world.

But there is the other side of the picture: for I know of another who, passing through the City of London one evening when the streets were crowded with people, and wondering what it all meant, oppressed by the numbers around him and the mystery of their lives, suddenly became conscious of the Infinite Love brooding over them all, watching them all, strong and patient and tender, a mighty Presence, and a Peace beyond all understanding.

The burden of our mortality; the burden of our Eternity. Irreconcilable, and so there is conflict. A problem hard to solve, and there is bewilderment. Could we lay down the second, we might be happy as the flowers or the animals are happy. When we shall have laid down the first, we shall be happy as are the Spirits of the just made perfect.

So we are led to see the Divine Man, the Master, the Christ, as the bridge for us between the temporal and the eternal. Partaking of our nature, of the nature which in us is mortal, having known our weakness and our fears, He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. Partaking of the Divine Nature, as we do, but consciously and fully, as we do not yet partake of it, He rests untiring in the Divine strength. Beyond joys and sorrows as we now know them, beyond earthly pains and pleasures, He abides in the fulness of the Bliss of God. In His having been as we are lies the assurance that we shall be "made like unto Him" as He is, "in His eternal and glorious Kingdom".

The humble Spirit, the Spirit that is not self-seeking, self-centred, self-sufficient, that longs to feel

and know the Oneness, to enter into the All, that would die to selfhood, shall cast off the burden of mortality and be revived. The contrite heart, the heart, that is to say, which is broken by the burden of our Eternity, broken also "by a whole world's woes," shall be renewed into ever-glorious strength.

Of such a one it may be said:

He has outsoared the shadow of our night:
Envy and calumny and hate and pain
And that unrest which men miscall delight
Can touch him not, nor torture him again.

And, slightly altering[1] other well-known lines:

Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invade his safe eternal peace; nor deaths
And lives recur: he goes
Into the Eternal: he is one with Life,
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
Now God is all in all: the dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea.

Rather, the sea is poured into the dewdrop. And now, because that shining sea of Life, which we call God, is seeking to flow into the dewdrop, now it is that we feel the strain, the ache, the burden of our Eternity; and, trying to forget it, we only feel, more heavily, the other burden, that of our mortality.

We cling to life, and it is then that we are full of fears and of loneliness. If we can but let go; then, as, even for a moment, "the aching craze to live ends," we shall find that "life glides to nameless quiet, nameless joy," glides, for a moment, into the Eternal.

Do not cling to joys, or pleasures, or men's approval, or to the love of others. Give love freely, but do not depend upon what may be given you.

[1] A liberty taken simply because the Saṁskṛt phrases would have been meaningless to one's hearers. The sense is not altered by the translation of the idea into its western form.

Cling to nothing. Let go, for underneath are the Everlasting Arms. You belong to the Eternal, and therefore nothing that is of time can satisfy you.

Day by day make for yourself a time of letting go. Think of yourself as stripped of, deprived of, everything that you may now be depending on for ordinary daily happiness; think away the world around; think away the life of your body, your feelings, and your thoughts. Cease to care for, to strain after life, and you shall find the Life Everlasting: for "when all desires that dwell in the heart are let go, then the mortal becometh immortal, and entereth the Eternal".

And again it has been written: "As an eagle or a falcon, soaring into the sky, folds its wings and sinks to its nest, so the Spirit goes to that abode where, sinking to rest, it desires no desire, and dreams no dream."

And again: "For him the sun rises not nor sets; for him who knows this hidden Wisdom well there is perfect day for ever."

But you will have to return again (and it is good and necessary to do so) to ordinary life; again you will find yourself depending on this thing or that, elated and depressed by small hopes and fears; you will have to go on living, to go on being true and patient and brave, or trying to be.

For not in a day is our final deliverance out of time into the Eternal to be achieved.

Yet you will go back a little stronger, a little wiser; you will begin to see life with new eyes, for you will see it in the light of Eternity. The burden of mortality will be easier to bear, the fears will be less overwhelming, the loneliness less lonely, and the burden of your Eternity will be less and less of a strain, and more and

more of secret strength. And you will be drawing nearer to the Master, able a little more to share in His work of helping and saving. For (not, of course, as He can say it, but still to some extent and in some measure) every soul that is beginning to find the life of God within it, can say to the weary and heavy laden around: "Come unto me, and find rest."

Remember this, that if once the Hand has touched you, if once the call has come to you, if but once you have felt the burden of our mortality and the mystery of our Eternity, you can never now turn back and rest quite happily in ordinary life or be contented by its distractions. You must go on and on, until you come out on the other side.

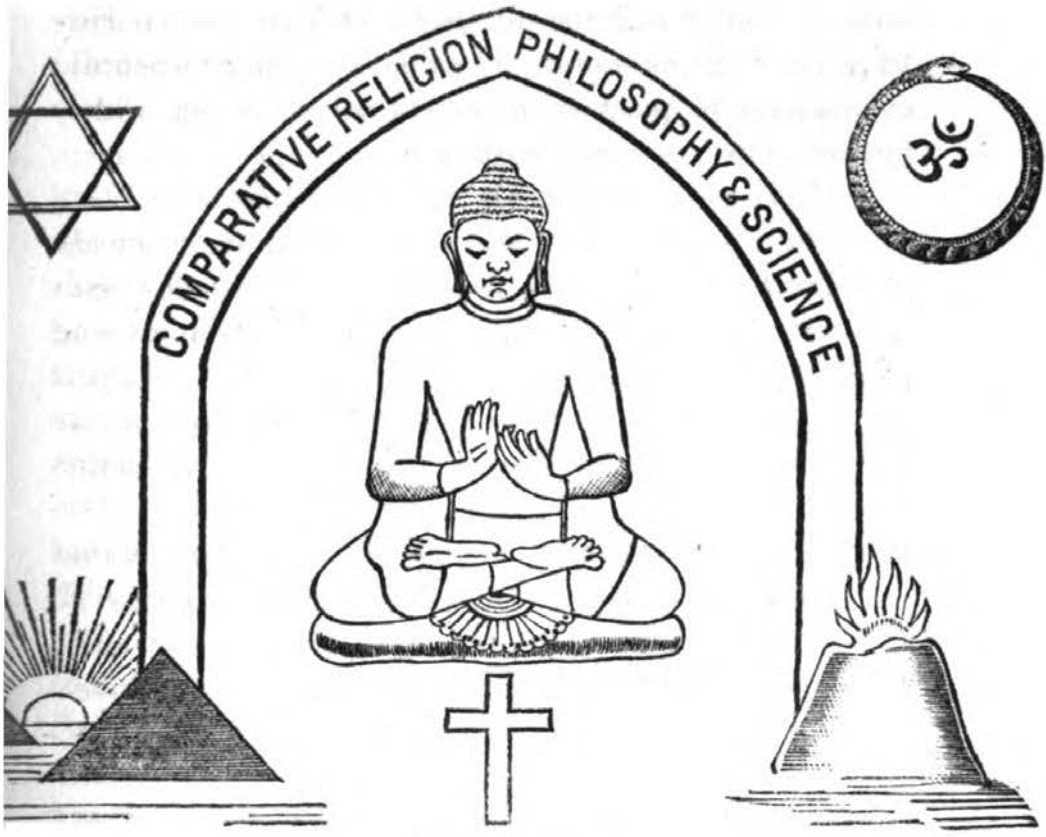
Why, then, should we waste time? Why remain any longer than need be futile, aimless, half-finished? Sooner or later the Life Eternal must have its way and work its will with us. No stern taskmaster, but love and life and bliss, the fulfilment of our nature, the light we have cried for in the darkness, the peace we have dreamed of in all our unrest, soul of our souls, Self of our selves, nearer than breathing and closer than hands or feet, in vain we would deny Him entrance who says:

> Ah! fondest, blindest, weakest,
> I am He whom thou seekest;
> Thou dravest Love from thee, who dravest Me.

And He says:

> Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.

C. W. Scott-Moncrieff



MOTION

By W. D. S. Brown, F. T. S.

Its one absolute attribute, which is Itself, eternal, ceaseless Motion.—*The Secret Doctrine,* i, 32.

IF a child, or a savage, or even a learned professor, wants to know whether an animal is alive or dead, he will probably begin by stirring it up with a stick to see if it moves. So close is the connection in the human mind between life and motion that to see a so-called inanimate object move without any apparent source of power is still apt to cause a certain shock to one's

nervous system. What is the basis of reality for this instinctive recognition of motion as the universal characteristic of life? It is the purpose of this article to endeavour with the help of occult as well as recent scientific conceptions to push back our ideas of motion a little farther than they usually carry us.

This subject possesses the advantage of lending itself readily to abstract treatment. Elementary geometry familiarises us with the idea of a point moving with reference to another point; the course of the moving point is represented by a line, the length of which is the extent of the motion. The next aspect that occurs to the mind is the direction of motion, and, even if this is confined to one plane, it must be defined with reference to an independent straight line. It may be that this natural sequence of thought has some affinity with the occult symbols of cosmogony—the blank disc, symbolising abstract space, apart from which we cannot conceive the idea of motion; the central point of reference; the diameter of extension; and the crossed diameters of direction; but perhaps this may appear to be straining the use of symbolism. The next aspect, that of velocity, introduces the element of time, and is as relative as those of extent and direction, for it demands another point in uniform motion as a standard of reference. And so, by assuming other constant standards of reference, we can define in the abstract every form of motion possible in three-dimensional space; a process of the greatest value in practical as well as theoretical problems, and one to which we shall refer later.

But in dealing with reality one is inevitably confronted by the question—what is it that moves? By definition a point has no magnitude and therefore it can-

not be said to move in reality; only our thought of a point can really be said to move. As soon as we think of motion as an actual occurrence, the idea of some substance in motion appears essential; motion of nothing is equivalent to no motion. Hence science has been obliged to postulate an unknown but nevertheless substantial medium, which it calls the æther, in order to support the theory of light as an undulatory form of motion in apparently empty space.

Starting from common experience, we habitually associate motion with some form of matter that can be cognised, and so the question arises—what do we mean by matter? The ordinary person would probably describe matter as something more or less solid, but the result of the scientific investigations prompted by the discovery of radium has been to divest matter of its impression of solidity and reveal it as a comparatively empty area in which myriads of minute bodies are rushing about. The only remaining properties of the smallest of these bodies yet discovered, which are generally called electrons, are the possession of an electrical charge and mass. Mass has therefore come to be regarded as the only property of matter that distinguishes it as such; in fact the word mass is now preferred by physicists to the word matter, as being more accurate and fundamental. It has even been found that the mass of an electron, as measured by its momentum, is dependent on its electrical charge; which suggests either that matter is a form of electricity or that electricity is a form of matter.

For some time the tendency has been to suppose electricity to be a form of motion; so, if this is the case, we are faced with the apparent paradox of reducing matter itself, or at least its property of mass, to a form

of motion. But this position is not quite so illogical as it sounds, since in some cases the apparent mass of a body may be considerably increased by its motion. Mass is of course generally measured by the amount of attraction exerted on a body by gravity, to which it is proportional; but it is also proportional to the force required to produce a given acceleration in any direction. Now the amount of force necessary to produce a given acceleration in a moving body in a direction at right angles to its original direction of motion is obviously increased by its momentum, though the effect of gravity in the case of a body moving horizontally is diminished. So perhaps it is not altogether illogical to imagine the possibility of mass itself as being the momentum of our unknown medium, let us say for convenience the æther, in some form of extremely rapid motion.

Whatever may be the ultimate nature of matter, its general appearance of stability inevitably brings us to the next question—what is "that which tends to produce motion," as Newton has defined the word "force". Here again we find ourselves running in a circle; for, with the exception of gravity and magnetism, of which we know nothing beyond their effects and, in the case of electro-magnetism, the manner of its production, we cannot trace the cause of motion beyond the impact of other matter in motion. Even the apparently steady pressure of a gas is with every reason believed to be due to the continuous bombardment of molecules in rapid motion.

It may be said that heat, as a cause of motion in the form of expansion, is scarcely impact; but if we accept the latest view of radiant heat as a form of wave-motion in the æther, we can certainly speak of the

impact of waves on bodies such as molecules; so we are again driven back on the *impasse* of mass in motion. For this reason modern physicists prefer the term 'energy' to 'force,' which suggests something that can exist apart from matter—a confusion of thought which has blurred many philosophical conceptions of 'Spirit'.

We know that Occultism regards Spirit and matter as the opposite poles or aspects of the One Reality in manifestation, and so we find no difficulty in the concept of primordial substance or 'space' being active as well as passive, in short—living. So perhaps the child, who is content to say that men and animals move because they are alive, may have already got as far as we shall ever get in this direction. But it is something to have recognised that *nothing* could move or even exist unless it were more or less responsive to life. It is the connection between the more and the less mobile forms of matter that is hard to establish, but science is slowly unravelling the thread, and the speculation of one day is often the axiom of the next.

One link in particular seems to merit increasing attention; it is the phenomenon of 'strain'. If we hold a square sheet of india-rubber at two points in the centre of opposite edges and pull these points apart, we of course stretch that part of the sheet which lies between the two points. But what about the rest of the material? It is evident that it is stretched to some extent on both sides of a line joining the points where it is held, but this area of strain can spread with an increase of pull without the edges parallel to the line of pull being stretched at all.

Suppose the material to have been previously marked by a number of equidistant lines both parallel

to and at right angles to the direction of pull, as on a draughtboard. When the pull is applied, the lines parallel to the direction of pull will approach one another more or less according to their distance from the central line, which represents the line of pull. The lines nearest to the central line will be nearer to one another than those more distant, until the lines nearest the outer edges will have moved very little, if at all.

Conversely, the lines at right angles to the line of pull will have separated, uniformly and to the greatest extent when measured along the central line of pull, and in diminishing extent according to the distance from the centre of the square. The amount of displacement of a line at any given point will indicate the amount of strain in the material at that point in a direction at right angles to the line, and so the displacement of the points of intersection of the lines will indicate both the amount and direction of strain at these points. Thus, if the lines are close enough, we can observe the amount and direction of strain at practically every point of the square.

If now we mark a number of points where the strain is of the same amount and draw a line through these points, we obtain a path of equal strain; and by drawing a number of such lines we obtain a chart showing at a glance the distribution of strain over the whole square. It will be seen that these strain lines converge at both points where the sheet is held, and open out in widening curves on both sides of the central line of pull; and one is instantly reminded of the lines produced by sprinkling iron filings on a sheet of paper above the poles of a magnet.

Now the distribution of a magnetic 'field,' or area of magnetic influence, follows known laws, and by

calculation for any given conditions, can be mapped out in the form of lines of equal flux-density. The closer the lines of force, as they are called, the denser the magnetic flux; and the density of flux is always spoken of in terms of lines of force per square centimetre. Those who witnessed Professor Hele-Shaw's beautiful experiments on stream lines will remember the striking similarity in distribution of lines produced by coloured water forced between the halves of specially prepared lantern slides; but in this case the lines indicated velocity and not strain, as in our elastic sheet.

Which is it in the case of magnetism? Probably a strain. In what? The æther again comes to our rescue. It is impossible within the space of this article to give the reasons which have led modern scientists to favour a static rather than a dynamic view of electro-magnetism, but they are largely based on the similarity of phenomena which gave rise to the electro-magnetic theory of light. Briefly however this theory may be summarised by the conception of light-waves as rapid alternations in direction of magnetic field.

This conception has an important bearing on our present line of thought, as it involves a new idea of motion. We can now regard the motion with which light is said to travel as something more subtle than even the sense in which waves can be said to travel along the surface of water. That which travels in a straight line at the velocity of 185,000 miles per second may be nothing more than a rhythmic change of strain in the æther.

Returning for a moment to our simple experiment with a sheet of rubber; when the pull is released the strain-lines 'close in' and disappear. Not that the actual lines which may have been drawn on the sheet

do so, but the degrees of strain which they represent for a given pull close in as the actual lines would if redrawn at regular stages in the release of the pull. Here is one manner in which strain can be said to move. Again, if we hold the rubber at a third point, let us say in the middle and let us call it C and the original points A and B, and if, while still holding A and B apart at a distance corresponding to the original pull, we pull C away from A until there is no strain between C and B, the imaginary strain lines between A and B will recede into the new lines which have emerged between A and C. Then if C is released, the lines will move in the direction of pull to their original position—another form of strain-motion. If the rubber were thick enough to be compressed without bending, a reversal of strain could be illustrated as a further complication.

Now if a material could be found of greater mass and elasticity, one can imagine that, in a great length of it, a sudden pull or, better still, a rhythmical alternation of push and pull would be local at the moment of application and immediately spread outwards in strain-waves of alternate compression and extension. In the case of sound we know that such waves are set up in the air and ripple outwards in the form of concentric spheres, but the ætheric waves of light, which move at right angles to their direction of propagation, might be induced in a similar manner, but by impulses concentrated on separate points which would radiate outwards as lines between which the opening out and closing in of strain lines could produce the characteristic wave motion.

It is easy to imagine how the variety of strain-motions in the æther can be almost unlimited, according to the proportions and configuration of impulses. In

this connection we may refer to the well-known but none the less beautiful dust figures produced by the eidophone, or those produced on a metal plate held and bowed at different places. The dust, being shaken off the parts vibrating most rapidly, collects in greatest density along the nodal lines where there is no motion.

The strain theory certainly fits in best with the latest conception of the æther as a solid of enormous density, but demands perfect elasticity, a requirement which introduces other difficulties; in fact all attempts which have hitherto been made to define the æther in terms of physical matter have naturally failed, owing to the impossibility of measuring the greater in terms of the less. However, occult investigation distinctly supports the solid theory by the discovery of 'koilon,' and at least does not contradict the strain theory by the discovery of 'bubbles'. May not even the bubble be a centre or focus of strain in koilon, perhaps of great magnitude? Possibly the strain is ever changing its direction or distribution, giving rise to vortical strain-whirls—who knows? As the Stanzas of Dzyan say (III, 10): "Father-Mother spin a Web. . . . . this Web is the Universe." If the bubble be a reflected centre of the Circle whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere, the mathematical point we first assumed as the object of motion may not be so unreal as it seems.

But, it may be asked, what has all this brought us to? First, the possibility of simplification in our view of the objective cosmos. The admonition in *The Voice of the Silence* "to study the voidness of the seeming full, the fulness of the seeming void" acquires a literal meaning. The trinity of living substance, strain, and motion of strain, is within the reach of our present

comprehension and involves only one absolutely unknown quantity—the Ever-Unknowable.

Finally, a few thoughts on the subjective cosmos. The idea of strain as that which gives form to motion appears to throw some light on the mystery of duality without separation. Strain in its simplest physical sense implies the duality of the imposed deformation, and the property of cohesion which resists change in form and restores the material to its original form when the imposed deformation is withdrawn. When cohesion takes the form of elasticity, this restoration to the original form is not immediate but oscillating; a perfectly elastic body free from internal friction would remain in a state of internal vibration.

Strain, in its subjective sense of effort, implies a corresponding duality of will imposed upon habit or automatism, which when the imposed will is withdrawn leaves a change of habit and a permanent accession of power. Man seems to be able to superimpose the strains of his limited will upon the fundamental strains imposed by the divine will, with the result that at first his sub-currents often clash with the cosmic currents, like wavelets tossed into spray on the crests of an ocean swell. But sooner or later the conflicting sub-strains are drawn into line by the restorative continuity of life-substance, and man learns to live in harmony with the great law as the law of his own being. All motion is within space, which is changeless and ever at rest *en masse*, if one may dare to use this feeble figure of expression. When the internal strains of differentiation are withdrawn it is said that motion still remains, but surely it must be uniform, unconscious, and at rest with itself.

W. D. S. Brown

DUTCH SINOLOGY

By HENRI BOREL

Official Chinese Interpreter in the Dutch East Indies
author of "The New China," etc.

FOR a period of more than twenty years a Dutch University Professor has been writing folio after folio of an apparently never-to-be-concluded gigantic work, which ridicules and defames China, and spreads untrue notions and ideas about the Chinese people throughout the whole world.

Formerly this occupation was perfectly harmless, as such a work was only read within the narrow circle of professional sinologues, but in times like the present, when the whole world has its attention fixed on China, and when there is a public demand for books on China and the Chinese, the influence of a so-called standard work like that of Professor de Groot may prove fatal, for it sows the seeds of contempt, hatred, and misunderstanding, and these seeds may grow into most disastrous conflicts in the future.

Professor de Groot's elaborate series of huge folios bears the fine title, *The Religious System of China.*[1] Those who understand the religion of a people know its soul to its inmost recesses.

Fully to comprehend the religion of great and ancient nations such as the Egyptian, the Hinḍū, the Greek, the Chinese, three things are needed: spiritual

[1] *The Religious System of China.* Its ancient Forms, Evolution, History and Present Aspect, Manners, Customs and Social Institutions connected therewith, by J. J. M. de Groot, Ph. D., Leiden, late E. J. Brill (1892-1910).

insight, a philosophical bent of mind, and intuition. Knowledge of the language is, of course, indispensable, but such knowledge by itself is absolutely inefficient. The study of ancient religions has always been fatally handicapped by the fact that the greater part of such students were philologists only, and, as such, thought themselves competent, not realising the fact that, in order thoroughly to understand ancient philosophy and religion, the first necessity is a philosophical bias. Professor de Groot is a living illustration of this fact. His knowledge of the Chinese written language is perhaps unequalled among sinologues, but he is absolutely wanting in spiritual insight, and yet he has set himself the task of writing a standard work on Chinese religion.

Undoubtedly these volumes contain rare ethnographical treasures, but wherever they treat of real religion, philosophy and mysticism, they are woefully wanting. His childish stammerings about religion and philosophy make those who are initiated in eastern religions smile pityingly.

This lack of spiritual insight and philosophical intuition has caused Professor de Groot to wonder and smile at all those things which he could not explain from a 'matter of fact' point of view, and has made him characterise these, to him, incomprehensible things as "superstition, hocus-pocus, and barbarous fetichism". The Chinese themselves, their religion, and their philosophy have been ridiculed by him in an unheard-of manner, and he has passed by the grandest monuments and the loftiest utterances of wisdom and art, without the faintest notion of their marvellous beauty.

Here is an instance of his method: ignoring such architectural wonders as the Temple of Heaven, the

Stūpa in the Yellow Temple, the Temple of the Five Pagodas, the splendid Ph'ai Lous in Peking, the vast structure of cities like Nanking and Peking, this scholar unblushingly decrees that the Chinese have no notion of architecture and sculpture. Worse still! Anxious to enlighten our ignorance, he has scraped some chips from the imposing monoliths along the alley to the Ming tombs, and now is happy to assure us, that they are not made of marble, but simply consist of limestone, as a careful chemical analysis gave the formula $3CaCO_3$ $MgCO_3$.

What would be the chemical formula of the Venus of Milo, and would it be possible, I wonder, to find any $CaCO_3$ or any $MgCO_3$ in Phidias' and Praxiteles' immortal works? And fancy, if we could only get at the correct chemical analysis of the different oils in Rembrandt's colours!

In exactly the same way our learned Professor has scraped off fragment after fragment of China's sublime wisdom and religious symbolism—only to be grasped by deep spiritual insight—and has subjected these to a severe 'scientific' analysis, by which process the true spiritual essence, of course, instantly evaporated.

In his Introduction, he says:

> The reader will be soon aware that, *as with semi-civilised people in general,* so in China, religious ideas and usages pervade social life to its inmost recesses, that these are, so to say, the backbone of the manners and customs, of the domestic and political institutions of the nation and, to a large extent, of its legislation.[1]

What answer is there but a pitying smile from those who, even superficially, know anything about the laws of Manu, the religions of ancient Persia, ancient

[1] *The Religious System of China*, II, i, 818.

Greece? Those old Egyptians and Greeks, were they "semi-civilised peoples"? Should religion be something inside or outside our life, should it pervade all our acts, the whole structure of society, or should it be kept apart for Sundays only? Such a blunder in a standard work on an ancient oriental religion is simply stupendous. Another instance. In the Introduction to Book I. the author states:

> *As in the case of many, if not most barbarous and semi-civilised peoples,* the human soul is in China the original form of all beings of higher order.

Again the philosophical reader wonders and smiles, and yet I give the text exactly as it is printed. The ancient Hinḍūs, the Persians, the Egyptians, those great nations, whose culture is only beginning to be understood by our foremost scholars, these nations were "barbarous and semi-civilised," for they all of them shared this belief of the Chinese!

Wherever, indeed, Professor de Groot speaks about 'the soul' (the distinction between 'soul' and 'Spirit' is everywhere absent) we find 'confusion worse confounded'. He seemingly only knows the narrow western contrast of soul and body, and is blind to those subtle eastern gradations, which define soul and Spirit in their most ethereal sub-divisions. But even if the whole of Hinḍūism were unknown to him, if he only had remembered Homer's distinction between 'thumos' and 'nous,' he would not have mocked so cheaply at what he dares to call Chinese 'superstition' about that high, spiritual principle, which does not die with the body.

Again he writes: "The Chinese therefore are *far from regarding death as a reality*," and he wonders that

those stupid Chinese "*notwithstanding the accumulated experiences of ages* up till now lack *a notion of the reality of death*"!

Most reverend professor! this belief is shared by the best Christians; it is commonly called the belief in the immortality of the soul (Spirit is the better term). To expatiate hereon, unless one is an atheist or a materialist, is useless.

Professor de Groot writes further:

> Many rites and practises still flourish amongst the Chinese *which one would scarcely expect to find anywhere, except amongst savages in a low state of culture.*

Apparently it has no meaning for him that the greater part of those rites and practices are found amongst all ancient peoples, and even now are not yet extinct.

When reading his descriptions, we repeatedly remember what we have read about similar ceremonies amongst the ancient Egyptians; and, for instance, the liturgies and masses for the dead, as described by Professor de Groot, of Chinese Buḍḍhism, resemble closely the ritual of the Catholic Church, not to mention the use of burning candles near the corpse, after death, which the Catholic Church shares with the ancient Egyptians. Professor de Groot's sarcasm, and the arrogantly contemptuous way in which he writes about Chinese ritual and ceremonies, only tend to lower the scientific value of his work.

In the same way a Chinese scholar could mock at the sacraments and the ritual of Christian Churches, at Baptism, the Communion of the Lord's Supper, the signing of the Cross, the use of holy-water, and so on, and, if he went to work like our Professor, he might find a huge

stock of Divines and Fathers to quote from, in order to strengthen his depreciatory arguments. We then could rightly say of him as we say it of Professor de Groot, that he lacked reverence and understanding, that he was wanting in spiritual insight into the inner meaning of the symbols, which hallows and sanctifies those same sacraments and rituals. Without reverence, the essence of which is love, it is impossible, even for the best linguist, to understand any religion, either eastern or western. This is specially true about China, where, in metaphysical philosophy, the ideographic characters, apart from their common meaning, have a quite distinct mystical significance.

At the end of his General Preface, Professor de Groot says:

> This book is intended less as a scientific production than as a store-house of facts, carefully gleaned from actual life and expounded by data collected from the literary relics of bygone ages.

Now, here the Professor gives himself quite away. A "store-house of facts, carefully gleaned from actual life" and . . . . . a "religious system," which can be fathomed only by deep spiritual insight and philosophical meditation! It is just where material facts end, that any higher religious contemplation begins; and how would it be possible to include what is called 'buḍḍhic consciousness' on the higher spiritual regions in . . . . . a "store-house of facts, carefully gleaned from actual life"?

Such a 'store-house' may contain some parts of the outward, exoteric manifestations of religion, but it never can give us its esoteric, mystical, inner self. Professor de Groot's voluminous folios are really a colossal store-house of facts. They give us much valuable information

on ethnographical, judicial and social Chinese questions, but, *from a religious and philosophical point of view*, they are nothing more than a lumber-room, wherein real wisdom, or knowledge of God, is conspicuously absent. For that higher wisdom he should have built a stately temple, not a " store-house of facts ".

In *The Theosophist* (December 1911) an anonymous reviewer writes about the more concise American edition of Professor de Groot's work,[1] and finds it " full of information but disappointing ". The following opinion of this critic may also be applied to the original work:

> Results of careful observation and study put forward, but there is an unfortunate lack of understanding and appreciating an old-world religion in spite of its later day accretions and superstitions . . . . . It is curious that such a person as a Professor of Ethnography in a European University like our author, should not be in possession of such adequate elementary knowledge of various eastern lores as would enable him to comprehend the true spirit of such terms as 'shen' and 'kwei,' 'yang' and 'yin'.

Again this reviewer says:

> The study of a religion is only really fruitful when one tries to understand it *in the spirit in which its true followers understand it*, and for this a learner has to feel *the spirit of the faith* and not only observe the doings of its modern votaries and think over fragments of their existing books.

A modern Chinese man of letters, Dr. Lim Boon Keng, once wrote to me: " We want sinologues in Europe who understand the spirit of China's culture, not only the literalism of its books."

I have already said that Professor de Groot constantly mocks and sneers at China's holiest treasures, its religion, its art, its philosophy. About its great sages and thinkers he writes:

> Thus the position of the ancients has been strengthened, so as to render it impregnable, but in the mountains of reasonings not a single grain of common sense is to be found, and

[1] *The Religion of the Chinese*, by J. J. M. de Groot, Ph. D. The Macmillan Co., New York, 1911.

though these sages have obtained places of worship for themselves in the Government temples of Confucius and are the great disciples of its school of learning, thus gaining the highest laurels ever conferred on the human intellect, *not one of them has ever enriched the Empire with the simplest rudiments of real, useful knowledge.*[1]

Such is the judgment that Professor de Groot, who filled the chair of Sinology at the University of Leiden,[2] and had to lecture on the literature of this grand old nation, passes on its immortal sages! If Chinese philosophy were only as well-known as that of the Greeks, there would have risen all the world over a storm of indignation at such a rude profanation.

Moreover, one asks oneself what the judgment of Chinese scholars and Chinese men of letters must be about such a professor? Is it to be wondered at that one of my Chinese friends among the Chinese literati, a well-known Chinese scholar, wrote me about Professor de Groot's voluminous work, that it was "padded with a lot of rubbish"? The same Chinese scholar, after visiting Professor de Groot's collection of buḍḍhistic and taoistic deities in the Musée Guimet at Paris, exclaimed indignantly at "that terrible collection of puerilities in the name of Chinese religion".

Tio Siao Hun, formerly Professor de Groot's Fuhkienese teacher, who afterwards became mine, and stayed with me for years, characterised the method of his former pupil in this way, that 'Ko Ten' (de Groot) cared more for 'siao shwoh' than for literature (which, in China, means also Philosophy). Professor de Groot, in the first of his last three huge folios (1901, 1907, 1910) writes that he

shall acquaint the reader with a broad class of literary products, called, since the Han dynasty "siao shwoh" or

[1] Book I, Part III, p. 1051.

[2] Now of Berlin.

minor information according to the Chinese, of a lower order.

On this " minor information, of a lower order " the learned professor has built three massive volumes, covering far more than a thousand pages, representing the labour of nine years (1901-1910). If one told this to a distinguished Chinese man of letters it would make his hair stand on end.

These three volumes are, indeed, a veritable sky-scraper store-house of ethnographical facts, but as to religion and philosophy, they contain such a farrago of ' siao shwoh ' trifles and nonsense, that every moment spent on its perusal would, by a *bona fide*, serious, Chinese man of letters, be thought an utter waste of time.

I have tried it. I have asked some Chinese literati to look at the plentifully quoted Chinese texts, most of them from all kinds of ' siao shwoh ' books " of a lower order ". Their exact verdict is unprintable, but its substance was the question: " How, in the name of common sense, could a European ' poh sz ' (professor, scholar) spend years and years on such trash, when he might have made so much better a use of his linguistic talents by making known and expounding to Europe our literature and philosophy ? "

In these volumes we find a surfeit of stories like those told by the street-storytellers, and to be found in popular books for the man in the street, tales for coolies and uneducated people, legends about were-tigers and were-wolves. All these, however, have nothing to do with the religious system of China, of educated China, I mean to say. Every Chinese scholar profoundly despises them. One could write similar works about the superstitions of Swabian, Norman, Irish, or Calabrian

peasant-folk, and such works would afford very valuable ethnographical information, just as do Professor de Groot's volumes. But it would be impossible to call them the *Religious System of Europe*, and it certainly would not do at all to state therein that Shakspere was a dolt, Dante a poetastor, and Goethe an idiot who never gave us " the simplest rudiments of useful knowledge".

Yet a worse indictment can be brought especially against the last volume, which appeared in 1910. (Book II, Vol. VI, Part IV. The War against Spectres. Part V. The Priests of Animism.) Whoever knows a little about China knows what enormous changes the last years have brought; how, in many places, the idols in the temples have had to give place to science; how Fung Shui superstitions are vanishing; how the whole substance and method of teaching have been reorganised on western lines, and so on. Now, in 1910, when this volume was published, one would, if only for justice sake, have expected to find some mention about all this. Nothing of the sort! Professor de Groot deliberately ventures to entitle this volume, swarming with hocus-pocus and sorcery, 'Present Aspect,' just as if, during all the years he dug and tunnelled into his mountains of popular trash, China had stood still, and nothing had happened of those far-reaching events of reform and progress, whose influence begins to impress the whole world. Professor de Groot has always been living some twenty years ago, not seeing, not feeling, the splendid rush of Time's wings, that swept away the accumulated rubbish of centuries and brought light and air into China's darkest corners.

But even so, even taking China as it was when he lived there, twenty and more years ago, Professor de

Groot's comments are libellous, and give a distorted, grotesque image. Even in those times twenty years ago China's cultured literary scholars knew a Wisdom and a Beauty, which have utterly escaped our learned linguist, even though he has scraped off some fragments and has analysed them in his mental crucible. Professor de Groot never scaled the heights of China's immortal sages, but preferred to dig into hocus-pocus and 'siao shwoh'. Even the wonderful symbolism of the *Yih King*, that hoary base of all Chinese philosophy and metaphysics, has been nothing more to him than a puerile collection of superstition and sorcery, of queer dots and lines, a fruitful theme for mockery and sneers. He only saw the layer of foolish comments and the latter day accretions and superstitions; but he failed to fathom the original, pure symbolism of the *Yih King* which, in fact, is a stupendous human effort to render, in graphic symbols, the manifestation of God in the Universe, the unfolding of Unity into Plurality, from the first mystical act of creation. He seemingly has not noticed the striking points of contact between the *Yih King* philosophy and that of the ancient Hinḍūs, evident as that similarity is to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear.

The language of cryptic symbols is a universal one, but knowledge of the Chinese language alone does not give the key to it. Even among those external purely superstitious practises of Fung Shui and divination, our professor might have found hidden treasures of Wisdom and Mysticism, if he only had dug down into the core of them. I remember the fine words of Professor Max Müller:

> But, as we slowly wend our way through the dreary prisons, our eyes seem to expand and we perceive a glimmer of light, where all was darkness at first.[1]

[1] Professor Max Muller's *Lecture on the Veḍas.*

It surely were too easy a method in studying old-world religions, if we thought it sufficient to note down the external deteriorations. The real study—hard, but oh, so entrancing!—begins when, pushing aside the mass of accumulated accretions and deteriorations, we delve patiently down to the real strata that contain the lost treasures of Wisdom. Without realising the esoteric meaning of the symbols that veil them, those treasures will never be found, even by the greatest linguist. Professor de Groot, unfortunately, never possessed the key that unlocks the cryptogram to find the hidden treasure.

It is curious that Professor de Groot, while steadily exposing and commenting on new oddities and freaks of ignorance and superstition, never once asked himself what might be the reason that such an ignorant, "semi-civilised, barbarous people" as the Chinese, whose greatest sages never once gave it "the simplest rudiment of useful knowledge," has managed, not only to exist for centuries on centuries, outliving Troy, Athens, Rome and Carthage, but even now has started new reforms and is progressing? One would say this points to a tremendous internal power, even while granting that it remained latent for some centuries.

Professor de Groot's judgment, though, on this great nation is as follows:

> *Even though it were granted that the Chinese race is not for ever stamped with the total incapacity to rise to a higher level of mental culture,* a complete overthrow and reorganisation of its religion, philosophy, literature, customs and social forms will be required to uproot Fung Shui. In other words: Fung Shui will bear the supreme sway in China as long as China is China, and the Chinese are Chinese.

Well, we now write in 1913. China is China still, and the Chinese are more than ever Chinese, bound

together by one grand national bond of Unity. In fact they are the same Chinese as before, even though they have cut off their queues but . . . . . Fung Shui has been pushed out everywhere by modern science and modern ideas, and its sway over the Chinese mind is rapidly declining. Though without Fung Shui, without queues, without all those (according to Professor de Groot) essential characteristics of the Chinese, the modern Chinaman, in his inmost heart, is as much Chinese as he used to be. His outward appearance, so often wrongly taken for his real being, has changed, but internally he is the same.

When visiting the Musée Guimet in Paris one finds catalogued as 'religion de la Chine' a most curious medley of taoist and buḍḍhistic 'Gods,' collected by Professor de Groot. I happen to know the history of this collection, the greater part of which has been made to order. If only in the possession of illustrated popular books on idols and all kind of devils and bugbears, as for instance the *Sheu Shen Ki*, it is quite easy in China to find woodcarvers who will carve you all those monstrosities. I remember one Ngo Sik in Amoy, who furnished Professor de Groot with them; but surely it is the height of absurdity to pretend that in this way you have represented the 'religion de la Chine'. The utmost you could say would be that they illustrate the gross superstition of the lower orders. Moreover, the greater number of these so-called 'Gods' are purely local. My Pekingese teacher, for instance, had never so much as heard of a certain 'Sing Ong Kong,' a bugbear of the low-class Fuhkienese, with a temple for his worship in Surabaya. Yet this is one of the 'divinités' of the 'religion de la Chine' in the Musée Guimet.

It is clearly evident in Professor de Groot's work, that he mixed more with the lower classes, principally in the Fuhkien province, than with the real literary and philosophical élite of China's scholars. Moreover, when he travelled in China, he only spoke some southern dialects, which are used by a comparatively small part of the great Chinese people, but he did not know the 'kwan hwa,' the mandarin-language, the universal language of the scholars and literati, just as Latin is the universal language of the cultured Catholic clergy. So it may be reasoned that, when he made his notes in China, he only had a very superficial acquaintance with really cultured literati. In the Fuhkien province, especially Amoy, where Professor de Groot used to stay and work, the cultured scholars were, at that time, comparatively few, while information from merchants, lower class monks, and teachers would be mostly worthless and incorrect, as I know by experience. Travelling in the northern provinces, as Professor de Groot afterwards did, is certainly very useful, but one has to know the mandarin 'p'u t'ung' language, otherwise the use is problematical, and Professor de Groot did not know it.

As a "store-house of facts," Professor de Groot's volumes really are invaluable, and no sinologue before him has attained to such wealth of detail. From a linguistical and ethnological point of view, his labours are worthy of the highest respect.

While honouring, however, the linguist we cannot but register a severe censure against the most unjust and aggressive way in which he has made a mockery, again and again, of a great and ancient people like the Chinese; against his pulling down and defaming its

religion, its philosophy and its art, thereby only showing his own lack of mental and spiritual grasp.

China and Europe must learn to understand each other, not only for their mutual well-being, but in the interest of humanity. Professor de Groot has raised serious obstacles against this; he has sown contempt and misunderstanding. Moreover his work is hopelessly out of date, by his own fault. He ought to have followed China's evolution and reform, instead of clinging obstinately to that which has passed, or is passing, away. For the most part he gives not the 'Present Aspect' but the 'Past Aspect'.

One of the most striking refutations of Professor de Groot's judgment is China's art, this wonderful art of porcelains, bronzes, paintings, lacquerware, carvings, and so on. For how would it be possible for a "barbarous and semi-civilised nation," with an "absolute lack of mental culture," to bring forth the superb art, which China, for ages, has given to us?

Henri Borel

THE ANCIENT WISDOM IN SOME APOCRYPHAL SCRIPTURES

By L. J. DICKINSON, F. T. S.

MUCH attention has been given lately to the Scriptures of the Hinḍūs, the Buḍḍhists and the Zoroastrians. The sacred writings of our own form of belief should be examined with equal care. At the same time, we must acknowledge that it is less easy to view the Jewish and Christian books with a perfectly open mind, for we have been so accustomed from childhood to place certain limited meanings on well-known phrases, that it is sometimes rather startling to find what a much wider and deeper significance ought to be given to the old familiar words.

It is, however, impossible to benefit from the study of comparative religion unless we can bring to bear on the Canonical and Apocryphal books of our faith, the appreciative criticism with which have been discussed the Scriptures of the East.

This will not only widen our views, but will help us to spread Theosophic ideas, by enabling us to show that Christianity is based on the same fundamental truths from which spring all the great religions of the world. People are always able, and generally willing, to discuss well-known passages in Scripture, and if we can scatter good seed in the shape of an allusion to some familiar text, with an interpretation that is new to them,

we may reap a good harvest in the shape of further enquiries into the teaching of the Ancient Wisdom.

For instance, there are several passages in the Gospels which are often cited among ourselves as indicating a belief in reincarnation. There is the enquiry about the man who was born blind: "Hath this man sinned or his parents?" (*S. John*, ix.)

And Theosophists all know, though it is not admitted, or perhaps even heard of, by the average church person, that S. John the Baptist was Elias; at least we cannot put any other meaning on the statement of our Lord, who said: "This is Elias, that was for to come," though it is true that the prophet had, apparently, no recollection of his former life. (*S. Matt.*, xi, 14.)

The same idea is conveyed by the answer of the disciples, when Jesus asked them; "Whom do men say that I am?" "And they answered: 'John the Baptist; but some say Elias, and others, one of the prophets.' . . . 'But whom say ye that I am?'" Of course the correct reply was that of Peter: "Thou art the Christ." (*S. Mark*, viii.)

From these well-known passages we may infer that the knowledge of reincarnation was prevalent among the Jews, even if not openly taught.

Somewhat less familiar are the various statements regarding the soul which are to be found in the Apocryphal books, which are less studied by modern English people than they should be.

The teaching in the *Book of Wisdom*, and in *Ecclesiasticus* is magnificent, elevated and mystic. The authors were Jews who evidently were steeped in Greek learning, and who united the purest essence of Greek philosophy with the moral ideals of the Hebrew race.

One can well understand that these books were beyond the comprehension of the multitude. Even the word Apocrypha suggests an esoteric purpose, for (according to the article in the *Encyclopædia*) it is derived from a Greek word meaning *secret* or *hid*; "something embodying an esoteric teaching".

The same Greek word is used by S. Paul in his *Epistle to the Colossians*; in which place it is translated as *hid*: "In whom are *hid* all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." (*Col.*, ii, 3.) It was not till much later that the present meaning of *spurious* became attached to it. Most of the books of the Apocrypha were written by Jews at Alexandria, who had become more or less hellenised, by contact, in that city of learning, with Greek thought and philosophy. But though it is obvious that much culture and breadth of view had been gained in this way, it is also evident that the authors had lost nothing of their national feeling and religion.

Fine, however, as some of these writings are, the Jews who remained in Palestine would not allow them to be inserted in the Hebrew Bible, for the authorities at Jerusalem considered that inspiration had ceased with the last of the prophets, and that no later books could be worthy of a place in the Canon.

But the Apocryphal Scriptures were included in the Greek version of the Jewish Scriptures known as the *Septuagint*. According to tradition this translation was made from Hebrew into Greek by the order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, at Alexandria, by seventy elders who were chosen for their learning. Many of the Fathers of the early Christian Church, especially Origen and S. Clement of Alexandria, regarded the Apocryphal writings as truly scriptural, and quoted freely from

them. Even S. Augustine looked upon them as inspired; but S. Jerome took the contrary view, and excluded them from his translation of the Bible into Latin.

The Christian Church continued to hold diverse views as to their merits, till the time of the Reformation, when the Protestants, following Wycliffe, rejected the Apocrypha, maintaining, that, of the Old Testament, only the books which were composed in Hebrew could be looked upon as the inspired word of God; at the same time they admitted that the Apocrypha was of great value as instruction in the way of godly living.

In 1546, the Roman Church, as voiced by the Council of Trent, definitely adhered to S. Augustine's opinion, and insisted on the inclusion in the Christian Bible of the Apocryphal books, excepting only the first and second books of *Esdras*, and the *Prayer of Manasses*. In fact the Council declared that he who rejected the Apocrypha was anathema.

The Apocrypha now consists of fourteen books, some historical or romantic, others poetical, and full of high spiritual teaching.

Two that surpass the rest in beauty of language, and in grandeur of ideas, are the books of the *Wisdom of Solomon*, and of *Ecclesiasticus*. Their exhortations are addressed rather to the aspiring few than to the multitude, inculcating a life of strenuous endeavour in the search for Knowledge and Wisdom.

There is nothing in either, or in any part of the Apocrypha, to encourage the popular notion that mental development is of small account, or that the Bible is a book which "he who runs may read".

On the contrary, the need of understanding is dwelt upon almost as much as in the *Ṭaiṭṭirīya Upaniṣhaṭ*.

It is asserted again and again that knowledge and understanding are to be desired above all things, and that happy is the man who findeth them, for with them he can attain to Righteousness and Wisdom.

In *Ecclesiasticus* it is even said, that Wisdom "is very unpleasant to the unlearned; he that is without understanding will not remain with her". (*Eccles.*, vi, 20.)

The treatise on the divine Wisdom, entitled the book of the *Wisdom of Solomon*, describes her attributes, and gives instructions how to attain unto her.

The writer begins by addressing himself to the Kings and Rulers of the earth, whom he exhorts to pursue the path of Wisdom. He speaks, throughout, in the character of King Solomon, who, according to tradition, was the wisest of mankind. There seems good reason for believing that the King was indeed a man of great occult attainments, therefore it is not surprising that his name should be given to a work which deals with speculations into the order of the universe, and with inquiries into the relation of finite man to infinite Wisdom. It is pointed out by the great German commentator, Ewald, that the symbolism of numbers was familiar to the author; inasmuch as the attributes of Wisdom are enumerated as twenty-one; and, what is suggestive to us, that the stages to the attainment of Wisdom, or Enlightenment, are seven, beginning with Discipline, and ending with a Kingdom. (*Wisdom*, vi, 17-20.) We can well imagine that this Kingdom is not of this world, but is a realm of knowledge—a spiritual, not a material dominion. Throughout the whole book, the attainment of Wisdom, is declared to be the true object of life.

The belief of the writer in reincarnation is distinctly evident. Still personifying King Solomon, he refers to the cause of his being born into a well-favoured body. Describing how he had sought for Wisdom from his childhood, he says: "I went about seeking how to take her to me, for I was a witty child and had a good Spirit. Yea, rather, being good, I came into a body undefiled." (*Wisdom*, viii, 17, 20.)

Surely this statement, "being good, I came into a body undefiled," is expressive of knowledge both of karma and of reincarnation, for it sums up the essence of the teaching, the relation of cause and effect, and shows us that "what we have been makes us what we are".

There are other passages in this book which indicate that the writer was in touch with some teaching of the Ancient Wisdom. He refers to knowledge of the solar system, which even now is not generally understood; to the precession of the equinoxes, the tilt of the earth's axis, etc. "For he hath given me certain knowledge of the things that are, namely to know how the world was made, and the operation of the elements, the beginning, ending, and midst of times, the *alteration of the turning of the sun*, and the change of seasons, the circuits of the years, and the positions of stars." (*Wisdom*, vii, 17.)

Many ages later, an expansion of these hints was published in *The Secret Doctrine*.

In another chapter we are told that the "Almighty made the world of matter without form". (*Wisdom*, xi, 17.) We are all familiar with the Theosophic division of the principles of man, so it is interesting to note that the *Book of Wisdom* also makes a distinction between the "active soul," and the "living Spirit".

There are frequent allusions to the ministry of angels, who are mentioned by name, in the Apocryphal books. Raphael and Uriel play important parts in the accounts of Tobit and of Esdras respectively.

The connection of different countries with various planetary Spirits is referred to in *Ecclesiasticus*. We read, that: "In the division of the nations of the whole earth, he set a ruler over every people, but Israel was the Lord's portion." (*Eccles.*, xvii, 17.) The 'Lord' is ofcourse, not the Almighty, but the God of the Jews.

In the Canonical books of the Old Testament there is little information about the future life. Job speaks of a "land of darkness," but regions beyond the lower astral seem to be unknown. In the *Book of Wisdom*, however, a direct statement is made, pointing to a knowledge of purification on one plane, and of happiness on another. "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction, but they are in peace; for though they be punished in the sight of man, yet is their hope full of immortality, and *having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded*; for God proved them and found them worthy for Himself." (*Wisdom*, iii, 1.) The Divine Immanence is expressed by the verse: "Thine incorruptible Spirit is in all things." (*Wisdom*, xii, 1.) Indeed, throughout the whole of the books of *Wisdom* and *Ecclesiasticus*, there is nothing of the anthropomorphic tendency of the earlier Jews. They were written by men who adored no tribal deity, but poured forth their worship and their praise to the

Spirit of Wisdom and of Righteousness, in words that are inspiring even to the Gentiles of to-day.

To examine the books of the Apocrypha as they deserve, would demand learning and space that are beyond the reach of the present writer; what can one say in a brief paper? It is not possible to speak of the beautiful story of Tobit, with its vivid descriptions of Nineveh and Persia; or of the *Song of the Three Children*, to which we are indebted for that lovely Canticle of Praise, the Benedicite; or of the picturesque visions of the seer Esdras, who "by fasting recovered the spirit of understanding, and began to talk with the Most High again".

But this slight glance at the books of *Wisdom* and of *Ecclesiasticus*, may show that they contain some profound sayings, which suggest more to a student of Theosophy, than to the average orthodox reader. To us, the phraseology sometimes seems familiar. Wisdom, we are told, "maketh all things new"; and "by means of her, I shall obtain immortality". (*Wisdom*, vii, 27; viii, 13.)

And: "Blessed is the man that doth meditate good things in wisdom, and that reasoneth of holy things by his understanding." (*Eccles.*, xiv, 20.)

Indeed nowhere can we find a more splendid epitome of what the Divine Wisdom is: "The brightness of the everlasting Light, the unspotted mirror of the Power of God, and the image of His goodness."

L. J. Dickinson

ON A FAR JOURNEY

To H.....August 5, 1911

By EVA M. MARTIN, F. T. S.

We sat, we seven, in a quiet room,
And spoke of things mysterious and sweet;
Music's pure magic lifted up our souls
As on the wings of birds, to higher planes;
But Words and Music sank to rest when Thought
Invisibly was born and wrapp'd us round.
Last, Thought passed into Vision, and by you
We were led out on distant journeyings,
Till in some far-back time our spirits met.

We saw a sunny land ring'd by the sea,
Whose streams and mountains glowed with mystic light.
Great buildings stood there, marble-white and fair,
Planned in proportion perfect and complete,
And from the frescoed walls rare colours shone
In exquisite and ardent purity.
Sweet melodies rang out from stringèd harps,
As delicate as when the morning wind
Wanders through groves of lilies and of pines,
And radiant was the air with golden light
That flooded all our hearts with joy. . . . . We knew
That Gods and men together walked the earth!

You were a child with shining, heav'n-lit eyes:
I was half mystic, half gay-hearted boy:
And we were playmates. Oft we stole away
To wander hand in hand o'er the wide hills,
And there, with eager heads together bent,
We spoke of wonders and of mysteries
That made our child-hearts flame with passionate joy.
For we could hear the voices of the grass,
And see the clear, pale colours of the breeze;
To us the faint wild-flow'rs revealed their souls,
And all the myriad wavelets of the sea . . . . .
Roaming together o'er the sunlit hills,
We saw how winds and waves and clouds and stars
Danced in an endless ecstasy of joy;
How all the flow'rs were lyres from which the wind
Drew faery melodies as he passed by;
And all the woods were mighty organs, thrill'd
To chords of rapture at his touch; and all
The rills were mouths of music, silver-tongued.
Then you and I would dance upon the hills,
Swayed by the rhythm of the Universe,
Our happy laughter mingling with the song
Of winds that murmured in our flying hair . . . . .
Often, again, we sought the dreaming woods,
And saw the gentle green-haired dryads creep,
Misty and silent, from their prisoning stems,
To dance in rapturous freedom 'neath the boughs.
The nymphs who dwelt in rippling woodland brooks
And cool, deep wells would raise their heads to watch,
Flinging bright water-drops into the air
Till all the wood seemed full of living gems;
While merry fauns peeped round the thronging trees,
And with quaint steps and laughing sideways looks

Would shyly dare to join the mystic dance . . . . .
And I would tell you of great Mercury,
The Messenger of Heaven (whom I served),
Flying with wingèd feet on tasks divine:
Who brought to earth the million-tinted dreams
And housed them in the sleeping brains of men;
Who led the shivering spirits of the dead
On their strange journey to the realms of Dis;
Who was the God of soft, refreshing rains,
And of the four wild winds that ever dance
In ceaseless ritual of airy joy
About the world; who made the first known lyre
When in his babyhood he took a shell
Perfect in shape, with tints of mother-o'-pearl,
Stringed it, and drew therefrom so sweet a sound
That all who heard were filled with tender fears,
With hope and love, with yearning and regret,
With gladness and with grief unspeakable.

So did we live again those happy days,
Till suddenly the veiling shadow fell—
The past was gone—the present hemmed us in.
But, since our souls had followed eagerly
The light you showed us, and the way you led,
We all were nearer than before . . . . .
And I
Went out and saw the bright, unchanging stars
Watching us now ev'n as they watched us then.

Eva M. Martin

MY OCCULT EXPERIENCES

By JOHAN VAN MANEN, F. T. S.

WITH

Explanatory Notes by C. W. Leadbeater, F. T. S.

(*Continued from p.* 276)

VII. OBJECTIVE THINGS

THE next class embraces a group of visions which, until I have further information on the subject, I am inclined to put down as seeings of actually existing, objective things, whether thought-forms or otherwise.

This statement must be accepted with caution, of course, as I lack the necessary power and knowledge to make such a declaration with authority. They seem to me to be of the nature indicated, and that is all I can say. An Occultist only would be able to pronounce upon them definitely. I am not implying by the above that, for instance, the symbolical visions were not provoked by realities, but it may be that they were based more on contacts of consciousness visually conceived, whereas the visions now alluded to seem to me more based on seeing, apart from contact with unusual currents of consciousness.

14. *The Blue Lotus.* Once, in meditation, I saw the form of a lotus of the softest shade of blue, exquisitely shaped and mounting upwards in a straight line with a steady, regular motion, neither very slow nor very rapid. My eyes were closed, but the form disappeared from my vision when it reached a point a few yards higher than my head. This is strange—as, the eyes being shut, there was no physically limited field of vision. I recognised the form at once for that pictured as Fig. 16 in Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater's book on *Thought-Forms*, and described on page 45 of that work. The problem involved is to my mind rather difficult. I was at the time not engaged in the devotional part of meditation, nor thinking about thought-forms or devotion, and the sensation evoked was primarily one of astonishment at seeing the form without any apparent cause. Yet the similarity was so unmistakable and the impression so clear that I cannot admit any possibility of mistake.

15. *Higher Dimensions.* When residing and touring in the North of England, several years ago, I talked and

lectured several times on the fourth dimension. One day after having retired to bed, I lay fully awake, thinking out some problems connected with this subject. I tried to visualise or think out the shape of a fourth-dimensional cube, which I imagined to be the simplest fourth-dimensional shape. To my great astonishment I saw plainly before me first a fourth-dimensional globe and afterwards a fourth-dimensional cube, and learned only then from this object-lesson that the globe is the simplest body, and not the cube, as the third dimensional analogy ought to have told me beforehand. The remarkable thing was that the definite endeavour to see the one thing made me see the other. I saw the forms as before me in the air (though the room was dark), and behind the forms I saw clearly a rift in the curtains through which a glimmer of light filtered into the room. This was a case in which I can clearly fix the impression that the objects seen were outside my head. In most of the other cases I could not say so definitely, as they partake of a dual character, being almost equally felt as outside and inside the brain.

I forego the attempt to describe the fourth-dimensional cube as to its form. Mathematical description would be possible, but would at the same time disintegrate the real impression in its totality. The fourth-dimensional globe can be better described. It was an ordinary three-dimensional globe, out of which on each side, beginning at its vertical cirumference, bent tapering horns proceeded, which, with a circular bend,

united their points above the globe from which they started. The effect is best indicated by circumscribing the numeral 8 by a circle. So three circles are formed, the lower one representing the initial globe, the upper one representing empty space, and the greater circle circumscribing the whole. If it be now understood that the upper circle does not exist and the lower (small) circle is identical with the outer (large) circle, the impression will have been conveyed, at least to some extent. We may also call the total impression that of a ring. I think it was then that I understood for the first time that so-called fourth-dimensional sight is sight with reference to a space-conception arising from the visual perception of density. I have always been easily able to recall this globe; to recall the cube is far more difficult, and I have to concentrate to get it back.

I have in a like manner had rare visions of fifth and sixth dimensional figures. At least I have felt *as if* the figures I saw were fifth and sixth dimensional. In these matters the greatest caution is necessary. I am aware that I have come into contact with these things as far as the physical brain allows it, without denying that beyond what the brain has caught there was something further, *felt* at the time, which was not handed on. The sixth-dimensional figure I cannot describe. All I remember of it is that it gave me at the time an impression in *form* of what we might call diversity in unity, or synthesis in differentiation. The fifth-dimensional vision is best described, or rather hinted at, by saying that it looked like an Alpine relief map, with the singularity that all mountain peaks and the whole landscape represented in the map were *one* mountain, or again in other words as if all the mountains

had one single base. This was the difference between the fifth and the sixth, that in the fifth the excrescences were in one sense exteriorised and yet rooted in the same unit; but in the sixth they were differentiated but not exteriorised; they were only *in different ways identical* with the same base, which was their whole.

VIII. Phenomena of the Half-Awakened State

Here we enter an entirely new class of phenomena. All those previously enumerated belonged either to the fully awakened state of consciousness or to the dream state. There is a third state which hovers between the two. It is entered immediately before falling asleep and before fully waking up out of sleep. During part of my life I went to bed in the morning and woke up in the evening. I often stayed in bed for some time half asleep and half awake, partaking equally and vaguely of both sleep and waking consciousness. I observed my sensations with considerable interest, as they offered some curious characteristics.

16. *Brain Dramatisations.* The first characteristic seems to me the dramatic form in which consciousness manifests in that state. I was always aware of persons and things, and actions, but I do not remember instances of argument or reasoning or feelings and moods.

17. *Bliss—of a Sort.* A second characteristic is that of perfect bliss. This is difficult to describe, if we wish to avoid the little less or the little more. The feeling is one of perfect contentment in the sensation of sheer existence. There is no thought of past or future, only a sort of clinging to the present state of well-being. One feels that one does not want any change;

one feels mere life as absolutely self-sufficient. There is a complete absence of any feeling of responsibility, and of any duty or relation to anything outside. In a certain sense one might say that one sinks in these moments to the purely animal state, and I should not be surprised if the consciousness of a well-fed cat basking in the sun offered points of affinity with this state. I suppose here we possibly come in contact with a layer of consciousness in ourselves which we have in common with the animal, and which under ordinary circumstances is obscured by the specifically human element of consciousness. This state I know only as occurring after, and never before, sleep.

18. *A Piece of Mysterious Tapestry.* Several times before falling asleep I saw a quaint picture, somewhat resembling a piece of ancient tapestry. I could never see clearly what it was, but recognised it as the same as the one I had previously seen. It was very vivid, and gradually I formed the habit, when it showed itself again, of trying to the utmost to make out what it really was. I have never succeeded in determining its nature or origin, or its relations to anything else. I saw this, of course, only with the eyes shut, but always when I was on the point of piercing its meaning it would dissolve and nothing would be left. I have also, at various times, seen other ornamental patterns, looking as if in marble or cloth, of a like nature, but never have I found a meaning for them. A friend with whom I discussed this matter suggested that it may have been a purely physiological phenomenon, connected with the nervation of the retina and some stimulation and reaction of these nerves. As to this, I can only record but not explain. This class of visions I only

recall as recurring before falling asleep, never after waking.

19. *A Sheet of the Vâhan.* Once before falling wholly asleep I saw before me one or two pages of *The Vâhan*, as clear as anything. The front page began with an article by an acquaintance of mine, ran on to the next page and was signed with his name. I noticed exactly at what part of the column his name was, *i. e.*, where the article ended. The impression was clear and definite, but up to date no number of *The Vâhan* has appeared with such an article, though the vision belongs by now to ancient history. What I should like to know is, how does such a definite and detailed delusion arise?

That the above phenomenon is not rare is proven by the following extract from an article on 'Psychic Experiences' by John W. Prentice in *Theosophy in Australasia* for March 1913 (Vol. XVIII, No.12). It furnishes a welcome commentary on my own case and adds material for comparison and judgment.

"On one occasion I was shown a page of *The Theosophist* on which an important statement, bearing on a matter that was greatly worrying me, appeared. This dream served to quieten my mind greatly, and when *The Theosophist* came to hand about three weeks later, with the page exactly as I had seen it, I believed that I had developed a most trustworthy power; but since then many such pages have been shown me, and all still wait verification."

The author extracts from this the very common-sense conclusion: "From all this I learnt two very valuable lessons; first, never to place any value on what may be called the practical side of such experience (we

would prefer " never to rely absolutely on the value of," etc.), and in the second place never to discuss them with other people." (We would say: " never to discuss them indiscriminately or broadcast.")

20. *On the Verge.* Another characteristic of this half-between state is that the majority of its pictures are themselves of an ambiguous nature. Very often indeed I was aware of crowds of people moving about, of figures showing themselves, of actions going on, together with the sensation that what happened was not clearly intelligible and that persons and things were not clearly visible. They were, so to say, just on the verge of definite perception, but remained always at an infinitesimal distance beyond the boundary of full recognition. I felt all the time that one last effort would make the whole thing clear, but precisely this effort would either wake me fully up or disperse the picture. My position was that of some dream-Tantalus. The exact meaning, the exact vision, would ever elude my grasp, but there remained always the endeavour to make one more final effort, always without result.

In conclusion, I think that, on the whole, there is a difference between the half-awake consciousness before falling asleep and that after emerging from sleep.

IX. False Dreams

One of the most instructive dreams I ever had was a false one. It was so vivid, was followed by such detailed and profuse physical-plane corroborations, involved such seemingly strong occult authority, that the lesson I received when I learnt that the whole affair was untrustworthy became very precious to me,

and struck a note of caution which I shall always remember in dealing with psychic or superphysical matters.

For obvious reasons I cannot here indicate names; this would be bad taste and indiscreet, as too intimate feelings are connected with the story. I shall therefore indicate my personages by the letters of the alphabet.

21. *A Salutary Object Lesson.* X was a person enjoying the highest respect in a circle of friends, named A, B, C, etc., all of whom regarded X more as a guru, teacher, guide, and a highly evolved Occultist than as an equal. I myself had also a very high regard for X, but had come to the conclusion that I must base my estimate of him on all such good and noble qualities as I myself recognised and saw manifested in him, and not on any claim on his behalf of occult greatness or hidden attainments. X died, and fairly soon after his death I had a particularly vivid dream in which Mrs. Besant visited me—she was unmistakably and most livingly represented—and chid me for having undervalued X during his lifetime. She added: "If you had only known how great he was, and who he has been, you would have honoured him more." My answer was to the effect that I was sorry if I had underestimated him, but that I was not able to do better than to recognise greatness to the extent that I realised it myself, and that it was not possible to appreciate qualities which I only knew by reputation and not by experience. And I asked who then X had been. Mrs. Besant answered that X had been Julius Cæsar and Marcus Aurelius.

Next day I told this dream to A, who congratulated me on having had it and told me it was true. When

I told the dream to B, he told me that already twenty years ago the same message had come to him through spiritualistic channels. Some time later C told me that she had heard a voice adding another incarnation (I withhold details of this for certain reasons) and D told me that Master K. H. Himself had come to him one day at noon (in meditation, I think) and had also given the two identifications which I received from Mrs. Besant in my dream. Now, previously, in my waking consciousness, I knew nothing of the existence of these identifications; only later I became aware that the circle of friends (A, B, C, etc.) had an elaborate list of identifications of various incarnations of X.

Mrs. Besant, whom I met for the first time two years after the experience, denied that she had visited me and given me the above information, and Mr. Leadbeater traversed the correctness of the identifications. Nevertheless there remained the fact that in my dream I was told two names which were known in this connection to some other people; and further that some of these names had been communicated to some of these people at various periods, by various means, and in one case seemingly by one of the Masters.

My own guess at what really happened is as follows: A had his information from his own power to look up incarnations. He was 'occultly' closest to X, and his chief disciple, as it were. He may have regretted that I was not sufficiently strong in the faith, and may have thought: "He does not believe me; perhaps he will believe when A. B. tells him. I wish that A. B. *would* tell him." Falling asleep with this strong wish, he may have assumed Mrs. Besant's form on the astral plane and spoken to me himself, with the result as related

above. This is only a surmise and goes no further than this. At all events, seeing the clearness and vividness of the impression, the outside physical plane corroboration, and the *mise-en-scène* of Master K. H., this experience has been a formidable warning to me, which I am indeed thankful to have received.

Johan van Manen

Explanatory Notes

The thirteenth of the series is correctly labelled as an illustration, but once more it is an illustration at the level of the causal body, and belongs to the type of that to which we have already referred. The impression which it gives is that the writer really saw the earth for an instant from outside—or perhaps saw merely the thought-form of someone else who had so seen it, and had been deeply impressed by it. Such a glimpse of the world from outside is by no means impossible to the ego, but in order to have it he must for the moment free himself from his lower vehicles. I know how impossible such an experience appears to us when imprisoned in the physical consciousness; but the very fact that it seems so impossible is merely an illustration of the limitations so forcibly imaged for us by our author in experience number eleven. The ego also has *his* limitations, but they are not such as to preclude the vision described. To be able to maintain his consciousness for some time at that level—time sufficient to enable him to make detailed observations—would imply

high development and a good deal of special practice; but such a glimpse as is here described comes sometimes at an earlier stage, just in the same way as spasmodic fragments of the lower clairvoyance come often long before astral sight is fully developed.

The blue lotus described in number fourteen was without doubt a thought-form just like that which is imaged in the book upon the subject. There is no reason whatever to assume that it was the thought-form of the seer himself—indeed, the probability is that it came from quite another source. It must be borne in mind that a strong and definite thought, such as this must have been, persists for many hours, and is on its own plane perfectly objective. Any one who has for a moment a glimpse of the astral or mental vision, whichever may be required (a detail which depends upon the method of formation of the object) will be able to see this thought-form as it floats by him, just as definitely as we should see with our physical eyes a bird or a balloon which passed us in this lower world. It is possible that, if our observer had made an effort to identify himself with the thought-form which he observed, he would have been able to trace it to its maker; but naturally this did not occur to him. It is true that the astral field of vision is far more extensive than the physical, and that it is therefore not probable that this form passed suddenly out of it; but it must be remembered that there is for the higher vision what may be described as a field of close attention, and it is quite probable that the thought-form may have drifted into and out of *that*. For one not specially trained in the use of the higher vision, its disappearance from that field of attention would be equivalent to losing sight of it, even though

that sight could be instantly recovered by one who was practised in such efforts.

Our students sometimes forget that the habit of the physical plane is strongly impressed upon them, and that to overcome it when in the astral world needs either a determined effort or long experience. Our ordinary life on the physical plane is possible to us only because a certain number of actions have become absolutely instinctive to us; the heart beats, the chest expands and contracts without our volition, and in the same way we have learnt to balance ourselves when walking. This also we do entirely without thinking, yet every little child has to learn the art afresh, just as it has to learn to co-ordinate the senses of sight and touch, and to reverse in practice the inverted image which is imposed upon the retina. One could imagine a limited form of physical existence which would be possible without some of these instinctive adaptations. A man who was content to remain always recumbent in one place need not learn how to balance himself, nor to reverse by the action of his mind all the objects which are shown to him upside-down by the sense of sight. To most of us such an existence would seem hardly worth the trouble; but there is no doubt that it would be possible.

A great many people live in the astral world with just as imperfect an idea of its possibilities; for they bring into it all the limitations of the physical life to which they are accustomed. Because in this lower world fire will burn and water will drown, because it is unwise here to throw oneself over a precipice, and impossible to force oneself through a wall or a rock, most people fail to realise that in the astral world the conditions are so different that they may plunge unharmed

into the depths of the sea or into the crater of Vesuvius, and that the densest physical matter is no obstacle to perfect freedom of movement. It is precisely in order that the physical instinct may be thoroughly overcome that it is necessary to apply what have been called the tests of earth, air, fire and water to those who wish to join the band of Invisible Helpers, so that they may develop what might be called an astral instinct to take the place, while on that plane, of the deeply ingrained physical instinct. Fourth-dimensional sight is within reach of every astral entity, yet most people have no more idea of such a power after death than they had during physical life. So the fact that this devotional thought-form came into our author's field of sight and passed out of it again may perhaps be explained as an instance in which he imported the restriction of his physical field of view into a world where such an idea is in truth unnecessary, because the limitation which causes it does not exist.

Among the many and varied subjects which our Theosophical study brings before us, the fourth dimension is at once one of the most difficult and the most fascinating. I believe that the little drawing which our author has given is the first attempt in modern literature at an actual delineation of a fourth-dimensional solid. The winged globe in Egypt was a symbol, or perhaps rather a mnemonic, of this same idea (though it was also used to typify the sun with his attendant zodiacal light); but outside of the Mysteries it was never drawn so nearly in the real shape as this. Striking as this drawing is, its value lies chiefly in its suggestiveness to those who have once seen that which it represents. One can hardly hope that it will convey a clear idea of the

reality to those who have never seen it. It is difficult to get an animal to understand a picture—apparently because he is incapable of grasping the idea that perspective on a flat surface is intended to represent objects which he knows only as solid. The average man is in exactly the same position with regard to any drawing or model which is intended to suggest to him the idea of the fourth dimension; and so, clever and suggestive as this is, I doubt whether it will be of much help to the average reader. The man who has seen the reality might well be helped by this to bring into his ordinary life a flash of that higher consciousness; and in that case he might perhaps be able to supply, in his thought, what must necessarily be lacking in the physical-plane drawing. I am not sure that I agree with our author in regarding the sphere as simpler than the tesseract; but that may be only because all our earlier fourth-dimensional experiments were conducted with the latter. Also I am not sure that one can unreservedly endorse the author's remark that the so-called fourth-dimensional sight is sight with reference to a space-conception arising from the visual perception of density; though I remember a suggestion by Mr. Hinton that the density of a gas may be a measure of its thickness in the fourth dimension.

In the same way we owe our author much thanks for his brave endeavour to give us some suggestion of the appearance of figures belonging to the fifth and sixth dimensions. Once more, we can hardly hope that they will convey much to those who have not seen; to those who have seen, they are, at the same time, tantalising and most suggestive. They begin to express just a little of what one has seen, but has never been able to

describe; and yet they do not go far enough to convey anything definite to the student who has not seen. To say that is no reproach, for it is but to say that the writer is a human being working under human limitations; indeed he shows so singular an aptitude for the subject that one cannot but hope that he will some day turn his attention to it more seriously, and produce a book which may help the rest of us to understand as he evidently understands. It is given to but few to be able to grasp these matters at all, and so among those who can there is a certain brotherhood of comprehension—a brotherhood in which it is already evident that Mr. Van Manen may take a high place if he will.

We may take together the sixteenth and seventeenth experiences, because they are in fact only two sides of the same thing—the realisation of purely physical consciousness in a condition of repose and happiness. Many have experienced the blissful feeling between sleep and waking, and it is often accompanied by the knowledge that fuller awakening will put an end to it; so that one is conscious of a desire to prolong it—of a hope that one will not be too soon further awakened. This condition comes only after sleep and never before it, because it expresses the condition of bliss attained by the physical body *through the process of sleep*. Our author is quite right in describing this as animal consciousness, for it is precisely the condition of the animal resting undisturbed. It is the natural joy of life—the joy which habitually attends all life when in repose. It is only we human beings who contrive to make of life a misery; and even we can only do it by getting away from the realities and creating for ourselves wholly artificial conditions. It is quite natural

that, in the blissful life of the physical body, feelings and emotions, arguments and reasonings should have no part. The physical body as such is incapable of these, and they are mirrored in its brain only when the man himself once more takes full possession of his vehicle, bringing along with him the mental and astral bodies, which are their proper vehicles.

The eighteenth experience is not one which has fallen to my lot, but I have heard something like it described by several other persons. It may be purely physiological, as the writer's friend suggested; but I should be inclined to class it rather under the head of that higher physiology which takes cognisance of the astral and mental vehicles. It is true that under certain conditions the eyelids give some such impression as is described; but I think that is only when there is some light in the room. The colours of a man's own aura when seen against a dark background have sometimes very much the appearance of tapestry; and when they are moving slowly, as is often the case when one is just falling asleep, they could be made into pictures as easily as the clouds or the glowing hollows in a fire. Again, every man surrounds himself with a mass of thought-forms, which he is able to see clearly when he uses the consciousness of the mental body or the astral body, according to the type of thought and the level at which the forms were made. But when his consciousness is in a transition state, half on one plane and half on another, it is eminently probable that these also may present the appearance of a confused pattern. As one glides fully into the higher consciousness, these things become comprehensible, but just at that very moment one loses one's connection with the physical

brain and consequently there is usually no coherent recollection.

Vision No. 19 is a specimen of a class by no means uncommon—a clear and definite presentation of something which seems to have no correspondence on the physical plane. Evidently the seer expected that this would prove to be a prognostication of reality; and indeed that was a most natural conclusion, for such forecasts frequently show themselves in precisely that sort of way. Without having actually seen the phenomenon oneself, it is impossible to contradict that hypothesis. It may even yet come true! But it is also possible that what was seen was merely a vivid thought-form. It may be that the friend whose name was seen may have had it in mind to write such an article, and may have thought of it as occupying about that much of space. Or again, it may have been that the editor of the paper desired such an article, or that some third or fourth person thought that it ought to be written by that friend. There are quite a number of possibilities, but without actually seeing the form it is scarcely possible to pronounce upon it with any safety. Precisely this is frequently an embarrassment in attempting to explain psychic experiences—not that there is any difficulty in accounting for them, but that it is scarcely possible, with the amount of information given, to make the right selection among half a dozen ways in which the effect might have been produced.

Our author in his concluding words upon this experience seems to favour an explanation which is, I suppose, not impossible, but is nevertheless perhaps the least likely of all solutions—the idea that the whole thing is simply a delusion, which I take to imply that it

was an objectless prank of the imagination. It is difficult to suppose this, for in such a sense as that there are very few delusions. Some one must have thought of such an article, and must have thought of it with a certain amount of precision; and it is eminently improbable that he could have done so with the set purpose of deceiving our author, for what could he possibly gain by so foolish an action? It is true that certain classes of nature-spirits occasionally play apparently aimless pranks; but after a little experience of them, one learns to identify their handiwork without much difficulty, and this particular joke is by no means in their style.

The twentieth paragraph gives us another prominent characteristic of the visions and impressions which come to a man just as he is falling asleep. He has the idea that a great deal is going on—that much motion is taking place—but the exact meaning of it all eludes him; and when he is on the brink of understanding, he either loses consciousness or finds that the visions slip away from him. But these are precisely the only terminations which in the course of nature can come to that half-awake condition. The man's consciousness is half in his physical vehicle and half in the astral, and consequently everything belonging to the latter world is only half seen and realised. The escape from that intermediate condition must be either forwards or backwards; either the man falls backwards into the waking state, and then the half-grasped astral appearances vanish, or he must pass forwards into full astral consciousness, in which case he severs his connection with the physical brain and loses all memory of what happens. I mean, of course, not that the man himself loses the

memory at the time, for he passes straight on into the fuller consciousness; but when he returns to the physical brain in the morning, he finds that just at that point his memory stops. There is a third way out—the development of continuous consciousness; but that means a great deal of patient experiment and much hard work.

In the case of the twenty-first experience, the explanation given by the author himself is distinctly the most probable. It may be said that, if this be true, no one may safely trust to any astral impression, as it is always possible that there may be a case of personation. That is true; personation is undoubtedly much easier in the astral world than in the physical, and only a trained Occultist is thoroughly armed against it. This is a fact which all students of the Occult have to face, and it is for this reason that emphatic warnings have been constantly given against placing undue reliance upon information conveyed in this manner. We shall all remember the advice given so decidedly by Āryasaṅgha in *The Voice of the Silence*: "Look not for thy Guru in those māyāvic regions." It is of course perfectly possible that any member may meet our President at night in the astral world, and obtain from her valuable information or teaching; but it is also true that the average member has no guarantee that it is really the President whom he has seen, or that, even if it were she, he has brought through the message correctly. It is part of the training of the Occultist to learn how to detect impostures. The only absolutely certain way of doing this is to trace the ego behind the figure which is seen, and to be able to do this naturally requires the unfolding of the faculties of the causal body. Short of that, one

may develop an instinct with regard to a particular person which is usually reliable—usually, but not invariably; but for most members it is emphatically advisable to write and obtain confirmation on the physical plane when the matter is of any importance.

I may mention that I myself well knew and greatly liked the character named X; but he had not the slightest resemblance either to Julius Cæsar or Marcus Aurelius.

Students should endeavour to realise that the mere possession of astral sight no more enables them to judge accurately on astral matters than the physical sight of a newly-born baby gives him an accurate impression of physical distance. Much undeserved discredit has been cast upon occult study by the blind belief of its neophytes in the accuracy of everything which they happen to see and to hear in their earlier astral experiences.

(To be concluded)

C. W. Leadbeater

SOME NOTES ON ORTHODOX AND OCCULT CHEMISTRY

By C. JINARAJADASA, B. A., F. T. S.

THE results of the speculations of physicists and the observations in *Occult Chemistry* so far have little in common. The work of the two groups is like making a tunnel from the two ends; they are both aiming to meet, but till they do meet there is no intercourse at all. At present, it seems to me, the meeting-place is still far off.

This is largely due to the fact that all the results of the physicists are from observations not of the atoms or molecules under *natural* conditions, but from their behaviour under extremely artificial conditions, *i.e.*, under the electric discharge. This is like trying to find out what the human body is like and how it behaves, after cutting it up.

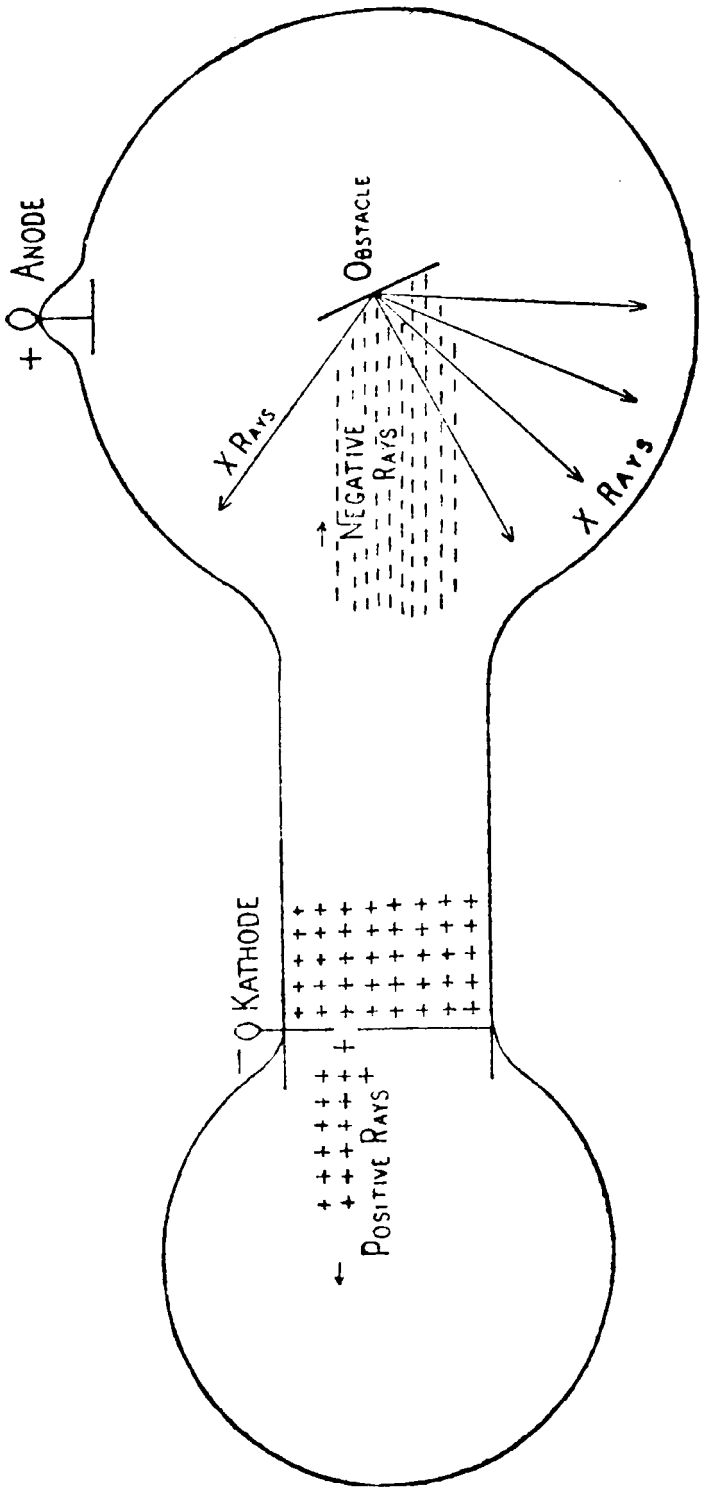
I have little doubt that the velocities and volumes postulated for atoms are fairly correct; Thomson explains the experiments and the lines of argument; from some four different sides of experimentation they come practically to the same result; I think (though I am not sure) that they give $6{\cdot}8 \times 10^{23}$ as the number of particles in a cubic millimetre.

Positive and Negative Rays: Positive repels positive electrically.

Negative repels negative electrically.

The positive (+) terminal in a vacuum tube is called the anode; the negative (—) is called the kathode.

The kathode is made with a slit.



When the current is turned on, it is evident that whatever is positive in the gas will be repelled by the anode and be attracted to the kathode, and anything negative will be repelled by the kathode. The positive particles coming to the kathode will go through the slit; these are the positive rays. The negatives would go to the anode; but if an obstacle of metal (say platinum) is placed in their way, they give rise to a series of waves called X rays or Röntgen radiation.

Positive rays consist of positive corpuscles

Negative „ „ negative „

X rays, according to the accepted theory, are only *waves* in the ether and not corpuscles; but Bragg holds that X rays are also corpuscles, made up of one positive and one negative.

The Effect of Magnetism on these Rays: Negative rays are easily deflected by an ordinary magnet.

Positive rays are deflected only by a strong magnetic field caused by a current of electricity running round coils.

X rays are *not* deflected by magnetism.

Since a gaseous element in a vacuum breaks up under electric discharge into positive and negative particles (as evinced by the streams visible at the anode and kathode respectively), the conclusion is that the atoms of the gas are composed of positive and negative particles held together, which are dissociated by the current.

The size of the negative particles has been measured; many types of experiments converge to give a value of $\frac{1}{1700}$ the size of the Hydrogen atom.

It has been established that whatever is the gas, these negative corpuscles are the *same* in all of them, of the same size, and carry the same charge of negative electricity. Whatever is the atomic weight of any element, the negative particles dissociated from it are always the same, as to size and electrical quality (not certainly as to number.) These same negative corpuscles are thrown off by hot wires, and also by metals exposed to light.

Metals exposed to the X rays throw off these negative corpuscles.

The conclusion is that in all atoms (chemical atoms) negative particles exist.

Thomson's Conception of the Atom: The atom is a group of negative corpuscles plunged in a sphere of positive electricity.

The atom consists of a core and of a shell. Most of the corpuscles compose the core; only a few form the shell. The core is made up of negative corpuscles. Whatever combination the atom undergoes chemically, this core remains unchanged; chemical combination affects only the atoms of the shell, and the shell changes as the atom passes from compound to compound.

(I have not clearly made out whether these atoms of the shell are *positive*; I think they must be.)

The valency of an element is due to the uniting power of the atoms of the *shell*, sometimes one only uniting, sometimes two; the limit is eight. Eight, and no more than eight, atoms can unite.

Every atom has two valencies according as it is associated with electro-positive or electro-negative elements. But the sum of the two valencies equals eight; *i.e.*, an atom of some given element may combine

with five electro-positive atoms and three electro-negative at the same time.

Positive Corpuscles: These are larger than negative corpuscles. They vary in size according to the weight of the element (while negative corpuscles are uniform for all elements).

Summary: The atom (chemical) consists of positive and negative particles. The former vary in size according to the element, the latter are the same for all. The negatives form the core; the positives are ranged outside on a shell. There are not more than eight positive particles in an atom.

Proposed Hypothesis to account for Thomson's Conception: That Thomson's negative particle is *our* ultimate physical atom, *both positive and negative.* That the electric discharge does not affect the positive or negative flow (from the depression to the tail and *vice versa*), though it may enlarge the three large spirals and cause a 'fifth round' spirilla to be active for the moment; in other words that the positive or negative characteristic of the ultimate physical atom is not affected by electricity by way of attraction or repulsion.

But wherever electricity flows, a magnetic field is created; this *magnetic* field however does affect the ultimate physical atoms, causing them to be head to tail, or to be combed out or steadied in their gyrations.

Now our ultimate physical atom is plunged in a field of something, which I presume is the matter of the atomic astral sub-plane. Is not the sphere wall

of the ultimate physical atom *and the sphere wall of an element* made of astral atomic matter? *If so*, then I would suggest that Thomson's positive electricity is this field of astral atoms. Then each ultimate physical atom or group of them is plunged in a sphere of positive electricity.

As to Thomson's positive corpuscle—of which he considers the limit on the shell—is he perhaps meaning by this the funnels of the elements, or (in those elements that have no funnels) axes of force that correspond to funnels?

Now it is established that when an element combines with another it is not due to *electric* affinity, *i.e.*, a positive part of one element is not attracted by the negative part of another. But this combining power is like a *magnetic* affinity, positive attracting negative, etc. Also by Thomson's hypothesis, the combining power is due to the atoms of the shell only.

Suppose that the funnels are connected with the field of positive electricity in which all physical atoms are plunged, and are as it were *holes* through which positive electricity flows, then round each funnel a *magnetic* field would be created, and we should account for valency, which in some way is due to the number of funnels.

As to some of these hypotheses and speculations I am only half clear myself; but they show some of the points that must be tackled by Occultists before they can join hands with the physicist.

What *does* take place in a vacuum tube under electrical discharge?

Alpha, Beta and Gamma Rays

The Alpha particle is an atom of Helium carrying *two positive charges.*

The Beta particle is a single particle carrying with it one unit of negative electricity. This is the "negative corpuscle" of the atom.

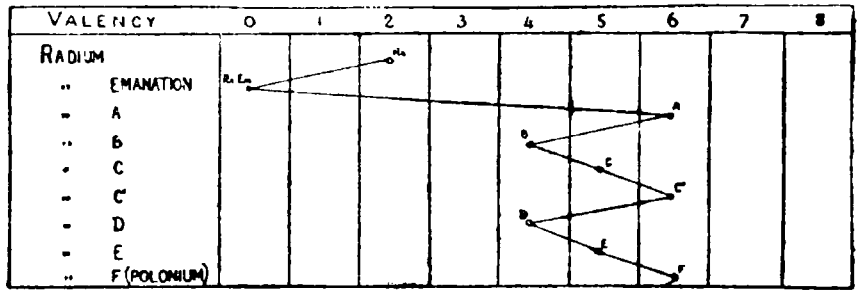
The Gamma emanations are X rays.

The Behaviour of Radium

Radium has valency 2.

As Radium breaks up it emits alpha particles (= 2 positive electric charges), and beta particles (= 1 negative electric charge).

Owing to these losses the *valency* of the remainder changes, as follows:



Transformations

1. An atom of Radium starts with valency 2; one alpha particle is shot out; therefore 2 negative particles are liberated, the valency drops by 2, and it becomes

2. Radium Emanation, with valency nothing. This Ra. Em. is a neutral gas, akin to Argon, etc., and corresponds to a gas *under* our Kalon in the periodic table. This next loses an alpha particle, acquires valency 6, and becomes

3. Radium A. This loses another alpha particle, and valency drops by 2, to Radium B.

4. This loses one beta particle and valency goes up by one to

5. Radium C. This next loses one beta particle and valency goes up one to

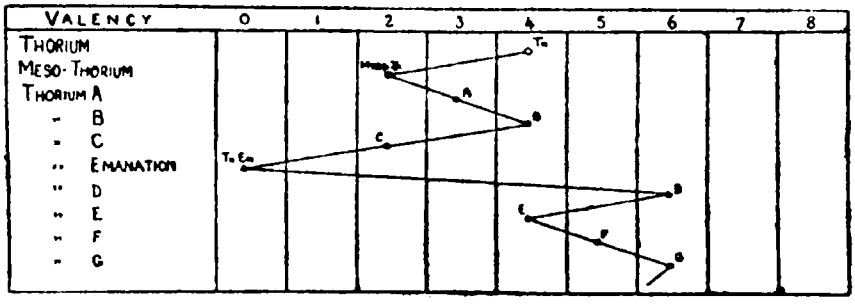
6. Radium C^1. This loses one alpha particle, valency drops by 2 to

7. Radium D. This loses one beta particle, and valency goes up one to

8. Radium E. This losing one beta particle and, valency going up by one, we have

9. Radium F. This is called Polonium. Thomson suggests that perhaps in this way Radium will break down to lead.

THORIUM (VALENCY 4) TRANSFORMATIONS



1. Starts with valency 4. Loses one alpha particle, and valency drops 2, to

2. Meso-Thorium. Loses one beta particle, valency goes up by one to

3. Th. A (if this is its *real* label I don't know). Loses another beta particle and valency rises by one to

4. Th. B. It next loses one alpha particle, and valency drops by 2 to

5. Th. C. It again loses one alpha particle and valency drops by 2 to

6. Thorium Emanation, which will be akin to Argon, etc. Next it loses another alpha particle, and valency goes up to 6,

7. Th. D. This loses an alpha particle, valency drops by 2 to

8. Th. E. This loses a beta particle, valency goes up by one to

9. Th. F. This loses a beta particle, valency goes up by one to

10. Th. G. This loses a beta particle, the valency goes up by one, and so on, breaking down to lead.

C. Jinarajadasa

No matter whose good guidance we follow, no matter what the penetration and courage of our minds, we shall ere long find ourselves lost, baffled, peering into the beyond; no less than ever did the straining eyes of the astronomer and with far less prospect of future triumph. The astronomer may always hope for a bigger telescope, a finer lens, a more sensitive camera, but when we have peered our deepest into the atom we shall realise that our next need is of bigger minds.

Harmsworth's *Popular Science.*

THE ELEMENTAL CLOCK

A REAL GHOST STORY

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

Author of Ghostly Phenomena, etc.

IN my two recently published books, *Some Haunted Houses of England and Wales*, and *Haunted Houses of London*, I narrate two true stories of hauntings by clocks, the one in Hampshire and the other in London, and it may be of interest to my readers to know that the lady who told me the latter story was killed in the taxicab disaster in P— Square a few months ago.

Prior to her husband's death—he died from the effects of a very extraordinary accident—this lady had heard a phantom clock in the house strike Thirteen, and she heard the same phenomenon, as well as a gong, a few days before her own demise.

She mentioned the incident to me at 'The Blue Bird,' and on my return home I said to my wife: "Mrs. L. has heard not only the clock again but a gong, and you may depend upon it she will meet with some fatal accident," which she did.

I merely state this case as a prelude to my announcement that psychic clock phenomena are far more common than is generally imagined, and as an

illustration I append the following instance, which is one out of the many that have lately been sent me.

My correspondent, Miss Emma Beale of Westow Hall, Norwood, writes:

"Dear Sir,

"I have been reading your . . . . and think you may be interested in an experience I had last summer in Bruges.

"My mother and I took a small but very ancient house in the Rue S. Louis, not a hundred yards from the Pontine Theatre. I can't exactly describe all we felt on entering the house, but we both agreed it had a very strange, depressing atmosphere, quite unlike that of any other house we knew.

"My mother slept in a room adjoining mine, and over us in a good-sized attic were the servants—a Flemish cook and a German housemaid—each of whom had come to us with an excellent character.

"There was only one other apartment, a spare bedroom, on our landing; beneath us was the ground-floor, comprising a dining and drawing-room, and under that the basement, a most horribly gloomy dungeon-like place consisting of kitchens and cellars, the latter leading goodness alone knows where, for none of us ever dared venture there for fear of rats and wells. In the hall of the house stood a clock, just such another as you describe in your book, with this exception, that whereas yours had pillars on either side of the face, the pillars in this one were lower down.

"The first night of our residence in the house, nothing happened; but on the second I was awakened about one by a curious flapping sound that seemed to come from somewhere downstairs. Terrified lest it

should be burglars, though why they should come to such a little house was perhaps a trifle extraordinary, I sat up in bed and listened. Flap! flap! flap! the noises were repeated, and sounded nearer. Indeed I could now hear something ascending the stairs, bump, bump, bump!

"For some seconds I hesitated as to whether I should make a dash for my mother's room or bolt my door, and I ended by doing nothing, for when I tried to move I could not, I was petrified, tongue-tied, paralysed. I suffered agonies; a cold perspiration burst out all over me; when and where would those sounds stop? Nearer and nearer they drew, indefinable, inexplicable, and all the more terrifying because they were inexplicable. My suspense became intolerable; I expected the door to fly open every instant, and something hideous to enter. But what? Oh, what? Three more steps, two more steps, one more step, the flappings were on the landing, then they ceased and I heard only a soft, stealthy, cat-like pattering that crept closer and closer to my room.

"Then, when my heart was on the verge of bursting, and my hands were 'ice,' the door was slowly pushed open and a long, narrow, coffin-shaped object came crawling surreptitiously towards me. Sick with fear, yet too fascinated to move my eyes, I watched its advance, recognising with a fresh thrill of astonishment and horror that it was the clock—the gigantic ebony clock—from the hall. It was propelled along with innumerable short black legs, closely resembling the legs of a mammoth centipede, whilst attached to its face and waving mystically in the air were two enormous antennæ. The spectacle was so repulsive, so wholly

suggestive of the nether regions, that I was seized with a violent fit of shuddering, my skin itching as if a regiment of black-beetles had suddenly besieged my back. Crawling up to the side of the bed, the clock halted, and as I peered down at it, I saw to my unmitigated horror that its glass face had been replaced by a human countenance—that of a woman in a nun's headgear—the eyes wide open and full of the most diabolical hatred, the mouth drawn down, the lips dark and venomous. It was a frightfully malicious and evil face, the face of a woman possessed of a bestial, elementalish spirit, entirely antagonistic to the human race. It remained by my side for some seconds, and then disappearing under the bed speedily began to rock it up and down. I could no longer contain myself, and bursting the fetters that had hitherto held me spell-bound, I shouted for help at the top of my voice.

"The bed was instantly still, and on my mother running into the room to enquire what had happened, nothing was to be seen, the clock had vanished and we could hear it ticking away as usual in its customary place downstairs. Several days afterwards, as my mother was ascending to her bedroom, she felt she was being followed, but on turning quickly round saw no one. A few minutes later, being then in her room, she heard a rustling of the bed-valance, and on looking to see what had caused it, perceived a long black leg, very thin and nude, protruding from under the drapery. Terrified out of her wits, she recoiled, and in doing so tripped over what she could only describe as a 'quivering box'. She came to the ground with a bump, upon which there was a loud laugh, and a figure dressed like a nun popped its head over the far side of the bed and grinned

malevolently at her. It was then I arrived on the scene, when the manifestations promptly ceased.

"We should have left the house there and then had we not been bound by an agreement which we couldn't afford to get cancelled. But we were so frightened that we always kept together, not daring to venture anywhere alone, and keeping a strong light burning in our room, from dusk to sunrise.

"For some days we were left undisturbed, and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves that the ghosts had gone for good, when there was a grim recurrence of the hauntings. It was during the afternoon, about twilight; my mother was ill in bed at the time with a bad sick headache, to which she was subject, and I was sitting by her side knitting, when we were almost startled out of our senses by a terrific crash, just as if every atom of crockery on the dresser had been dashed to pieces on the stone floor. My mother clapped her hands to her head in great agony, and moaned out: 'Oh dear! oh dear! what can have happened! Those wretched women have done something terrible; they will cost us a fortune; do go and ask them what it is.'

"Not thinking anything about ghosts just then I obeyed. The basement was in darkness and absolutely silent. Thinking this was very queer I called out—there was no reply. I called again, still no answer; and then feeling a stray current of air blowing from the direction of the back door leading into the Rue Gabrielle, I ran and shut it. This done, I hastened to the kitchen, and glancing fearfully at the dresser, saw by the aid of the firelight that the cups, saucers, plates and other articles were all in their customary places and that there were no signs of any débris. Much puzzled,

I was about to retrace my steps, when I perceived something moving in the farthest corner, and thinking it was the Persian cat, an unusually large animal, I advanced to stroke it. Judge then of my horror when instead of the cat a tall, hideous figure, black and nude, sprang up from the floor, and with a dreadful grin glided swiftly towards me.

"I have vivid recollections that it shot out a pair of long, spidery arms with cruel, crooked fingers, and that the gleaming face that was thrust into mine was that of the nun's in the clock; more I cannot say, for by a blessed act of Providence I fainted. The servants, who had gone to the post, arrived at this juncture, and on my recovery I found them bending anxiously over me. They had seen nothing, only heard the sound of some hard substance rattling up the stairs, and the loud flap of a door. I looked at the clock as I passed it on my way to my mother's room, and as I did so—it laughed!

"The following day the cook came to us with wild eyes and white face; we could see she had met with a severe shock. She tried to speak coherently, but broke down, and it was some minutes before she could make herself understood. We then gathered that what had happened was something like this: the cook and housemaid had been sitting sewing by the kitchen fire, which had gradually burnt low, when they were much startled at hearing a clock begin to strike from close behind them. They instantly glanced around, but saw nothing—only the reflection of the fire-flames on the wall and door. Thinking this was extremely odd, but putting it down to their imagination, they resumed their work, to be disturbed again by a very violent ticking proceeding apparently from immediately above their heads.

"They looked up and there was a grandfather clock suspended horizontally above them, in mid-air, but in the place of the glass face was a head, the distorted semblance of a woman's head, black and ghastly. The countenance was particularly discernible, every line and ligament standing out with damning clearness, a leering mouth with uneven, yellow teeth and thin lips, a fleshless nose with gaping, cavernous nostrils, large drooping ears, matted hair and obliquely set eyes—green and devilish. Anything more truly Satanic could hardly have been conceived. It hovered overhead for fully a minute, and then with a piercing screech and loud vibration of the pendulum, slowly descended.

"Going on the Napoleonic maxim of '*Sauve qui peut,*' the cook had then taken to her heels, trusting that the housemaid would do the same.

"This we found had not been the case; for on entering the kitchen in a body, we discovered the unfortunate German extended at full length on the stone flags in a dead faint. She and the cook both gave a week's notice next morning. Before they went I had another experience.

"One morning, when I was in the dining-room, waiting for my mother to come to breakfast, I heard a faint scratching on the carpet, and making sure it was my little pug 'Tommy,' I snapped my fingers, calling him by name, and as the noise did not cease I peremptorily ordered him to be quiet. The scratching continued, I grew angry, and turning sharply in the direction of the sound, perceived to my astonishment that a violent agitation was taking place underneath the carpet, which appeared to be subjected to very powerful gusts of wind. Too fascinated to remove my eyes from so peculiar a

phenomenon, the day being particularly calm, I sat gazing at it in open-mouthed wonder, and as I did so the carpet suddenly opened and a strange, dark thing slowly began to rise.

"Overwhelmed with terror and unable to move a hand or foot, or even to articulate a syllable, I was constrained to sit there in deadliest anticipation, whilst more and more of the object came into view. It was the same horrible figure that had persecuted us all along, the phantasm I had encountered in the kitchen, the phantasm that lived in the clock.

"The entrance of my mother, who came bustling in to breakfast, saved me from fainting; had she been a second later I should have succumbed.

"The phenomenon disappeared.

"My nerves were so shattered by this last manifestation that my mother decided to give up the house, and we took our departure on the very morning the servants left, the clock, as we thought, bidding us farewell with a few extra loud ticks.

"We tried to find out the history of the house, but could only discover on very flimsy authority that a Madame Gotilde, who was suspected of poisoning her husband and children, had once lived there. But what psychic connection there could be between her and the clock is difficult to say—perhaps you can tell us."

* * * * *

The lady finished her letter here, adding as a P. S.:

"We have just received a note from the owner of the house, expressing utter ignorance as to there being a grandfather clock there at all.

"'It's not mine,' he writes; 'it was not there when I let you the house, it's not there now. You must have

been dreaming.' Did you ever hear anything so remarkable, Mr. O'Donnell? What can you make of it?"

Candidly, very little—very little indeed beyond this, that the clock was merely a type of Vice Elemental, attracted to the house by the vicious lives of former occupants. It was quite possible that the present owner had not seen it; it is not everyone that possesses the psychic faculty, and furthermore the hauntings may only have been periodical!

Elliott O'Donnell

[Next month will appear a story from the pen of this gifted writer entitled 'In the Wood,' which will be followed by 'A Prehistoric Ghost'—ED.]

ANTISTAR

OR THE THEO-SOPHIST

(*With Apologies to Plato and Socrates*)

By CHARLES LAZENBY, F. T. S.

"WELL met, my friend Inestor; whither do you hurry so quickly this fair morning?"

"Ah, Pulchritude, I am glad to see you. I hurry to write upon my tablets a discussion I have just heard between Antistar and the wise Socrates."

"By the Gods, that must have been well worth the hearing, Inestor. May I not accompany you while you go over the arguments and thus keep them clear in your mind?"

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure, and since by stating the facts in language I shall serve to impress them more clearly on my memory and also because in some quarters, Pulchritude, you are looked upon as a particular friend of Antistar, it will be the more pleasant to me to describe what took place. Let us sit on the bench in the park while I talk."

"Surely Antistar is a friend of mine, and one whose zeal and enthusiasm for the truth cannot be too highly praised. Often have I been inspired by him to nobler efforts. I hope he put before Socrates the best that was in him."

"You shall hear the matter from the beginning, Pulchritude, and then you will understand my desire to clarify and express what I had heard.

"Antistar and myself were talking idly over a lecture we had heard together last Thursday, when Socrates joined us and with his usual abruptness began to question Antistar regarding the Association of Theosophists of which he and yourself, I understand, are both active members."

"Antistar," said Socrates, "will you tell me simply and clearly what the purpose and aim of the Association of Theosophists really is? I hear so many contradictory statements that I am bewildered, and since my whole life is passed in striving to acquire knowledge, this distresses me. I listened last night as you lectured in the Theosophical hall, and I must confess that I could not understand what you then said in the light of previous lectures I have heard from you."

"My dear Socrates, our Society is built upon the firmest foundation. Our motto is the key to our thinking. You know it. 'There is no religion higher than truth.'"

"Yes Antistar, I know the motto well, and indeed it might be the motto of my own life, since I hold to it so completely. But what I wish you to tell me is more of the practical workings of the Association."

"Clearly, Socrates, you should be a member of the Society, because you have the right attitude of mind. It is formed to give a free platform for all honest opinion, on any and all subjects. There is no creed or dogma which can be imposed upon any member except as he himself with his own knowledge and intuition accepts it. There is no distinction in the Society

between those of one faith and those of another. We make no distinctions of caste, or creed, or colour, or sex, or race. So long as a man has tolerance for the views of his fellows, and recognises that the whole race is united in the Great Life, as one Brotherhood, he is welcome to join and express his opinions."

"Most beautiful and wonderful. It is really a joy to hear there is such a Society, and I am moved to apply for membership. Do you mean to say that you would be tolerant even to the intolerant?"

"Oh yes, Socrates, we have many intolerant people in the Society, and we welcome them as fellows and brothers; we have some twenty-three thousand fellows in our association at present."

"Most truly astounding. I did not know there were so many in the whole human race who were tolerant to the opinions of others."

"Oh, you mistake me, Socrates. I did not say there were that number who were completely tolerant to the views of others, but they are members of the Society pledged to that ideal, even if they do not live up to it."

"Ah, I see. How many are there then, of this twenty-three thousand, who are tolerant?"

"That, Socrates, would be hard to say, and in order that the ideal may be preserved, the wisest in our association shake the Society from time to time on this principle. Those who are true to the ideal remain in it; those who are true to some particular ideal, but not this great one of *Universal* Brotherhood, are shaken out."

"Well, at the present time what number do you estimate to be tolerant?"

"It is totally impossible for me to say, Socrates."

"A thousand perhaps?"

"No, Socrates, I do not believe one thousand members are truly tolerant to the views of their comrades."

"You surprise me, Antistar, and yet I perceive that the Society is healthy if only a few are tolerant in the whole world. I think I have heard that one of your teachers said that if only three members in the race were imbued with this spirit of complete toleration and were members of the Theosophical Society at the end of this century, they would form the nucleus aimed at, the Society would have succeeded, and He whom you call K. H. would have been justified in projecting the organisation?"

"By my word, Socrates, you seem to have a very clear grasp of the subject. Yes, that statement was made by one of our early teachers whom we all revere."

"Well then, Antistar, let me come to a more personal question. Do you believe yourself to be one of the nucleus and to be helping on that ideal of complete Brotherhood which is signified by the word Universal?"

"Yes, Socrates, I do; I have worked for years to keep the Society impersonal and free from any creeds and dogmas beyond the one essential belief in a plan and the Universal Brotherhood of man."

"But, Antistar, this is a new element you have introduced into our discussion, and I feel that I must question you rather more closely. I hope you do not object?"

"Not in the least, Socrates, but I see nothing new in what I have just said."

"Perhaps I misunderstood you. It was more a quality in your voice that I referred to. Will you tell me how you have worked to keep this ideal in the Society?"

"By writing and lecturing and spreading the truth as I see it."

"And of course, Antistar, by giving ample and complete tolerance to the opinions of all others. You would allow Buḍḍhists to express their views, would you not?"

"Assuredly, Socrates."

"Or Brāhmaṇas, or Confucians, or Taoists, or Muhammadans, or Christians, or Zoroastrians, or Gnostics?"

"Most assuredly, Socrates, I should allow these and all others to state their beliefs and opinions."

"By the High Gods, Antistar, you fill me with admiration. Would you also allow Pagans and Jews and Shaivites and worshippers of Isis, and Priapus, and Bacchus to speak and defend their ideals?"

"Most certainly, Socrates, I would uphold the freedom of any of these. In fact the last shaking in the Society turned on the attitude of certain members to ideals in relation to the procreative functions; and since in this field there is a great divergence of ideals, many of my friends could not support the Universal note and so resigned, but I saw clearly that the nucleus of Universal Brotherhood could be found only by giving the right of free speaking and teaching to all members, and so I stayed in the association and am proud that I saw so clearly."

"You are a most delightful and admirable man, Antistar, and you fill me with a desire to emulate you. Now among the Christians. Would you allow an Anglican to become a member and state his opinions?"

"Of course, Socrates, I would most gladly."

"Or a Methodist, or Baptist, or Roman Catholic?"

"Yes, indeed, Socrates. If any of these wished to join and was willing to pledge himself to toleration for the beliefs of his fellow men, I should welcome him with great joy."

"Suppose a Calvinist or Spiritualist or Seventh Day Adventist, or some of the less known but very earnest believers in a definite creed sought admission?"

"It makes no difference, I would welcome them all."

"Would you admit one or more of them?"

"Socrates, you make me laugh. I would admit any number of them on that one condition."

"But suppose, Antistar, that certain members of a particular sect became powerful and began to speak in the Theosophical Society regarding their beliefs?"

"They have a right to speak their beliefs, no matter how high they stand. Members of the Society are not asked to believe anything unless they see truth in that particular form. Then they must believe, because that is the form truth takes for them."

"All this I thought to be true some time ago, and have loved the work of your association, but last night you were speaking very strongly against a certain sect whose members are being protected in their beliefs by the President. Should the President of the Society not protect the freedom of all, or should she only protect the freedom of those whose opinions are established? You yourself have just said you would protect the freedom of Seventh Day Adventists for example, and yet in certain matters the creed of this new sect is similar to that of the Seventh Day Adventists."

"But, Socrates, the President herself appears to share in their belief and carries many with her in this new movement."

"Ah, I see, Antistar, you would have your President without opinions of his or her own, in a different position entirely from the other members?"

"No, Socrates, that is not what I desire; but you put a new light on the subject, I must confess."

"You mean, Antistar, that you would have no objection to the President believing what you believe, but you do object to her believing and stating that which you do not believe."

"I am ashamed to say that that is what I have been doing. I see now, Socrates, that in a matter of belief some members in a Universal Brotherhood are bound to disagree with any opinion expressed by one in authority."

"I do not wish to mock you, Antistar, but last night you appeared to have lost this broad tolerance, and to be hard and almost bigoted against this new sect and their beliefs. I have heard that no officer of the parent Society can show special favouritism to any sect, creed, or group in the Society, but must protect them all impartially. Has the President of your Society done this?"

"You have bewildered me, Socrates, with your questioning, even more than you say I bewildered you. I cannot say that the President has ever committed the Society to any belief, nor, when I think coldly upon the matter, has she ever done more than protect the beliefs of a newly formed group. I shall drop the name 'Antistar,' which I have taken as you know only in the last three years, but I certainly shall not take my stand with them in their beliefs any more than with any other group of beliefs in the Society."

"My dear Antistar, the last thing I should expect from one who had thrown aside trammels would be a

quick acceptation of any creed. I have questioned you in this way only because I wished to have my mind made clear on these points, and I thank you for your good nature."

"Thus, Pulchritude, Antistar has lost his name, and Socrates, though not of your Society, has shown a deep knowledge of it, and from his arguments, which Antistar admits to be true, I am determined to seek admission to it."

"I am glad, Inestor, that you have heard this argument. I have agreed with Socrates and loved Antistar in your presentation. I shall be glad to become a sponsor for you. Farewell."

Charles Lazenby

NOTE

In the *Boston Sunday Post* of January 26, 1913, an interesting account is given of quite a new departure in education. At Harvard University, the subject of Psychical Research is going to be seriously studied. This is "the result of the acceptance by the university of the $10,000 fund, recently donated for purposes of psychical research under the name of the Richard Hodgson Memorial". Dr. Hodgson was always a keen believer in the possibility of communication with those who are dead, and he frequently declared he would manifest his presence to some friend after he had crossed the "great divide". The methods of Research had not at the time of writing been decided, but probably those in vogue in the London Society will be more or less followed. That such a study is to be pursued in a University is indeed a step forward, and the late Dr. Hodgson's friends have done much honour to their comrade in associating him with such a progressive movement in Education.

THE ALTAR HIGH

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

IF, dear child, you were a little boy who was to be a great Initiate, who in other lives before had been one, and would become a Master in the life-time you had just begun, how do you think you would feel if you were brought into the great cathedral where your parents worshipped, and there attended Mass and saw the majesty of the High Altar of God? At the end of the long and lofty church it stands. How exquisitely the lights are tempered! The choir-tones ring through the vaults and pointed arches far above, where the great traceries in stone meet together like giant finger-tips of huge old trees in forest glades. The worshippers are all about, absorbed in sweet devotion. In the chapels at the sides, women kneel, and pray, and tell their rosary-beads, their very souls mingling with the holy sanctity of the incense-burdened air. Here nobles and the lowliest ploughmen touch elbows, side by side.

How stirs the soul of that small boy! How can the tiny child-frame bear the strain of the ocean's inflow to his heart? These men and women about him, who are they? Like a trumpet-call the sound: "They are the children of the King!" And the child? "He is their Leader and their Saviour!"

See how stands the Altar, so high and so majestic! Somehow its builder has made it rise to a dizzy height

by steps and platforms; by lofty candelabra and their candles: by columns and the statues they support, and by the great cross above and the high-poised portrait of the Christ.

Now comes an Altar-boy, white-clad, bearing a long staff with a tiny taper at its topmost point. At one Altar-end the candle-wicks are touched with fire—the tall, tall candles, so wonderful in their ordered ranks fresh-set for each new ceremonial. And like a star each begins to twinkle and to blaze, and soon the whole Altar is aflame with lights, and its darker parts can now be seen in splendour all renewed.

Ah, where now is the gentle Christ-boy viewing the holy scene? There by his tender mother's side he sits, in body, but his overpowering Spirit has borne down, a mighty Angel, and has almost wholly swept the outer consciousness away. He is at one with God and with His Brother of the Sacrifice, with Them who father all religions, and this one called that of Christ, in whose sweet spell of worshipping he now sits enthralled.

Now to him the Altar is the eastern sky with sun-rays shooting zenithward, and the candles are the gentle friendly stars that seem to beckon children, like the Erl-King, from our life out into other worlds.

Who calls the child to earth again when the priest has raised the Host, and when, the service done, the worshippers begin to glide away? It is the mother—the tender brooding thing that flutters all about in her divine solicitude. Back from the view of God in stars and vaulted firmament come the eyes of Christ, and see God in those Mother-eyes—the eyes men love when Mary's name is said, and all mothers then become Madonnas, and each child of all the world of

men may see God in his mother's eyes! What would it be if the Christ-child and the Mother sat hand in hand, wrapped in the solemn spell, until the worshippers went forth, and only here and there some heart-sick or exalted one stayed, world-forgetting, worshipping? Gone is the celebrant, gone the choir, the acolytes. The stars, which are the candle-flames, are quenching, one by one, in twilight darkness, and again the Altar passes to its little rest-period and the Temple walls scarcely are echoing any sounds. Where are the throngs of Angels that, just a little while agone, hovered in the sky above? Over the cathedral, touching the fleecy clouds, still shimmer in the astral light the huge thought-structures of the music and the ritual, and in their midst blaze out the Resurrection-Cross and the golden Grail-cup. And the Angels, messengers of God, are gone, save just a few, and they are such wondrous brilliant ones, who from their flaming auras ever are in joy renewing the beams of gold-light and of azure and of rose that it is their sacred, happy service to shed down in guardianship upon the Christ-child!

And now, again, for a moment, he is gone altogether from this world, the tiny body dreaming against the mother's side. May we wonder where he is, in what communion or in what realm of consciousness?

Now earthly duty calls once more and, to the world recalled, the lady and the little boy, each holding a happy hand with each, walk dream-wise to the outer day.

Weller van Hook

INVISIBLE HELPERS AND OUR SOUL-CULTURE

By A THEOSOPHIST

III

ONE of the greatest difficulties a student of Divine Life has to face sooner or later, is the gradual transmuting of the many affectionate ties and ordinary interests of daily companionships into the one supreme purpose of the Master's service. The more unselfish the student's life may previously have been, and the more whole-hearted the devotion habitually displayed in the service of others, the more those others naturally suffer in the inevitable discovery that in some way they are no longer quite the same supreme centre around which this unselfish service once was wont to revolve. Until the student attains to the stage when divine compassion and love surge through the soul, richly illuminating all kārmic ties with the pure radiance of the Self; until the Unity which is proper to a higher plane can be poured into the hearts of those who suffer, as a healing balm, by those whose forward march causes the suffering; one continuous rending of the inner and outer foundations, upon which the old-established love and affection were built, takes place in the lives of all concerned. This must inevitably be so, for the most sacred bonds of family life and the sweet and holy communion between one member and another,

spring fundamentally from a community of aspirations and ideals rather than from an outward identity of interests on the physical plane. Once a cleavage begins to take place in the former, the latter, even with the tenderest care and utmost patience, seem to lose their savour and become little more than empty husks.

Upon the student this cleavage is twofold in its effects. First, there is the acute distress which a tender heart experiences when it becomes the source of pain to the loved ones; second, there is the intense loneliness of the position. From the very moment the earnest student of divine Life seeks to live up to ideals differing from those which inspire the lives of his intimate circle, all the old sweet sympathy and encouragement he was wont to lean upon are, by the nature of the case, cut right out of his life.

When the time came for my immersion in an elementary degree of this stage of "treading the wine-press alone," I was in addition continually overwhelmed by doubt as to whether I were not merely chasing a chimera. Again and again I asked myself the question: Had these years of effort resulted in the transformation of soul and body into a truer expression of the Higher Self, or was I perhaps practising a subtle form of selfishness and hopelessly deceiving myself? Who could tell me? Did I turn to others for an answer to my query, I knew that those who could understand and sympathise with my high aims were too little acquainted with my outward life for their opinions to be reliable. Again, if I turned to those who had an intimate knowledge of my daily circumstances, the question would have little or no meaning for them. Moreover, I dreaded that a certain weariness of the New-Thought literature

(which latter I began to feel was leading me ever and again round the same beautiful track) might prove to be just the first note of the passing of all my high enthusiasm. Was I after all to discover that others were right in their opinion that I was but the victim of a passing craze? Or, dared I hope that this present darkness might prove, as on previous occasions, to be just the precursor to the coming of a new inspiration, which I might have the high privilege of sharing with those awakening souls who had already begun to lean upon me for guidance in the deep things of life?

Undoubtedly all these questions were 'writ' unusually 'large' in my mind at this particular time, for the anniversary of my birth was at hand, on which day it was my custom to review the past year's progress, and to select some definite ideal as an inspiration for the coming year's attainment.

It must have been in the small hours of the morning one day very early in the New Year, when I happened to be sufficiently awake to notice, first, that a gorgeous full moon was brilliantly lighting up my room, and secondly, that once again all sense of weight had for the time being quite left my body. This state of consciousness was succeeded by one of intense pleasure, when I found myself at the door and ringing the bell of a quaint old-fashioned little house which I knew to be 'The Cottage' where my grandmother used to live. Being the middle one of a very large family of children, I suffered to some extent from the turmoil and noise of my daily surroundings, so that the weeks spent alone with my grandmother in her pretty little home contained most of the happiest memories of my very early

childhood. The door was opened by a neat maid, to whom I explained that I had once lived there when a tiny child, and had now called to ask the present occupant if she would allow me to look over the house to renew my acquaintance with it and also to revive old memories. With a gesture of gracious assent she ushered me into the drawing-room. To my surprise this room, which in the old days was properly speaking nothing more than the tiniest of boudoirs, seemed now to have become a spacious apartment of really beautiful proportions. Sunshine and air poured in abundantly through the large wide-open windows which reached from the lofty and richly-ornamented ceiling to the floor. Beautiful pictures hung upon the white walls, rose-coloured hangings and upholstered furniture gave an unmistakable air of wealth and refinement, while the whole arrangement of the room impressed me with a sense of repose and comfort. Utterly amazed at so radical a change, I turned to the opening door and perceived that the chatelaine at that moment entering the room was none other than my faceless companion and guide of other dreams. She welcomed me affectionately as usual, and we commenced an inspection of the rest of the cottage, only to discover the same extraordinary transformation in the bedrooms, hall, and dining-room that I had already observed in the drawing-room.

"This is indeed a case of *multum in parvo*," I exclaimed. "I cannot understand how you have made such immense alterations inside the house when the outside dimensions are unaltered."

"I am glad you are pleased," replied my hostess. "Come with me into the garden and see my other improvements."

The garden, in the old days as small as it was beautiful, I now saw with pleasure was still crowded with the same fragrant white lilies, primroses, and honeysuckles as of yore, but once again the dimensions of the garden were magnified out of all recognition. Deeply puzzled as to how this had been accomplished in the crowded suburb in which 'The Cottage' was situated, I followed my hostess into the stables. Here, too, the walls, woodwork, floors and fittings, were all of the very latest approved models. Opening the door of the loose-box, my companion showed me a horse enveloped in heavy clothing from head to foot; even its legs were swathed in bandages. Looking at it in amazement, I saw that the poor thing was on the point of falling, as it tottered and swayed to and fro on its feeble legs.

"Why," I exclaimed, "your horse is ill, very ill; something ought to be done for it!"

"There is nothing to be done," was the reply; "we cannot keep it alive, it is dying." Later I found that I was born under the sign Sagittarius.

I rather longed to stay and help the poor beast, but my guide explained that it was well cared-for, and signed to me to follow her up the narrow steep ladder into the upper story. On reaching what should have been a loft filled with corn and hay, I emerged through the usual hole in the floor into a beautiful vinery, filled with vines bearing a large crop of beautiful grapes, nearly all the bunches of which were colouring well, though most of them were barely ripe.

"See," said my hostess reaching up and cutting a large bunch with a smaller one pendent from it, "these are ripe; take them, for they are all now yours."

Expressing my grateful thanks, as well for the luscious fruit as for her extreme kindness in showing me over her house and garden, I bade her farewell. As the door closed behind me, I again became aware of the silvery moonlight flooding my own room, and, in addition, of an ineffable peace and content pervading my whole being.

Passing the whole dream, so full of vivid detail, in careful review, I felt puzzled to know what lesson to learn from it. I finally concluded that my kind and wise guide, whoever she might be, was apparently at the helm of my ship, and that my share in the ship's progress must consists in doing my utmost fully to respond to all opportunities that might come. Judging from the bunches of grapes I had just received, of which my hand still felt the ripeness as of some material thing, I was sure I should not have long to wait.

A day or two later, when seeking a publisher for an article I had written, it happened that I came across Mr. Sinnett's book, *The Growth of the Soul*. In this—my first introduction to Theosophy, and to its Source, the Wisdom Religion of all time—I recognised with heartfelt joy that fresh inspiration which had been promised to me by the gift of grapes, and which, while it explained the past, also revealed to me the entrance to that Pathway leading to Infinity along which a faithful student could travel in search of "The Pearl of Great Price".

A Theosophist

REVIEWS

Vibration and Life, by D. T. Smith, M. D. (Richard G. Badger, Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A. $ 1. 50 Price.)

The author sets forth the theory that certain "refined elementary corpuscles" exist, which build up both mind and body; the soul is the "active vital principle" producing a mind and a body; it is a "vital unit," the vital force differing from the common force, and these vital units are formed from "an unlimited store of this peculiar vital energy," called elsewhere 'soul-stuff'. One is reminded of the Upaniṣhaṭ phrase of millions of sparks proceeding from a single fire. "All organic forms, and all definite inorganic forms as well, are thought-forms." Peculiar atoms exist, with which the vital force is connected, and the aggregate of these is the soul-stuff. They work on the "coarse atom" known to chemistry, and they are divided into positive and negative, or, as the author calls them, male and female.

The theory of memory, the persistence of groups of vibrations in the neurons, is not clearly explained, and Dr. Smith almost writes as though he intended to signify persistence of a *thing*, not merely of a latent power. If he means that a group of vibrations once set up tends to repeat itself under a stimulus similar to that to which it originally responded, then his view might receive much support from Theosophical ideas. Such a group would not have persistence as a material thing, but it would exist as a potentiality capable of perpetual evocation. He speaks of it as "caged in the neurons"—an unhappy phrase, if he means that a potentiality of reproducing the group ever remains.

Dr. Smith's theory of vital units does not lead him to a belief in the persistence of a conscious individuality through death. On the contrary it is "infinitely improbable" that the

same elements should regather to form a new individual, and this would be necessary for the preservation of memory.

Dr. Smith, however, does not regret this, and seems to be rather pleased with the idea that, as individuals, we have had no past, and shall have no future.

The book is, as a whole, suggestive but disappointing; the suggestiveness leads us to recommend it, and the student may perchance improve on the theories offered, and so avoid the disappointment caused by the author.

A. B.

The Mystery Woman, by Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Cassell & Co., London. Price 6s.)

Novels on occult subjects are many, but those written by competent students are but few. Mrs. Campbell Praed is well-versed in Theosophic and psychic lore, and her stories are generally well worked out from the point of view of the Theosophist. In this new novel clairvoyance is the undercurrent that runs through the story, though the love-thread is equally strong and may afford greater excitement to some readers. The Sixth Sense Society people and their doings will be found specially interesting by members of the Theosophical Society. As a story the novel cannot be placed among the best of its kind, and Mrs. Praed has certainly produced better work in the past. It is very pleasantly written, however, and we recommend it to our readers.

B. P. W.

Radical Views about the New Testament, by Dr. G. A. Van den Bergh van Eysinga, translated by S. B. Slack, M. A. (Watts & Co., London. Price 2s. net.)

It would need an expert scholar of biblical criticism adequately to review this book, written by a learned Dutch student. The translation of this volume must needs be of great value, as it brings within the reach of many the fruits of much research, by putting it into a language known to a greater number of persons than is the author's mother-tongue.

This translation is "issued for the Rationalist Press Association," and its aim is frankly directed "against the Theology of Liberal Christianity". We suppose the orthodox Christianity is completely ruled out of court. The cold hand of

criticism has laid its finger on the New Testament, and seeks by scholarship to destroy it. If none of the books of this New Testament were written by those to whom they are ascribed, it may be well we should know it. If no miracles ever occurred, we must get used to it. But the value of the New Testament dwells in the spirit, and the 'Sermon on the Mount,' whether delivered by Jesus or not—no matter—will remain everlastingly the teaching of a spiritual man. The higher critics may take much from us, but they cannot destroy the "spirit which giveth life".

T. L. C.

History of Ancient Philosophy, by A. W. Benn. (Watts & Co., London. Price 1s. net.)

The author is to be congratulated on the amount of information he has condensed into this very interesting and able precis of Greek philosophical thought. It covers the ground from the time of Thales of Miletus, the founder of Greek philosophy, to the Neo-Platonists as represented by Plotinus. Nine illustrations of representative Greek thinkers, including Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, a bibliography and an index are comprised in a volume which is surely a marvel of cheapness.

As is perhaps to be expected in a work issued from the Rationalist Press, more emphasis is laid upon the scientific, practical and ethical aspects of Greek philosophy than on the ideal and spiritual. Of Plotinus for example, it is noted: "It would be a serious mistake to think of Plotinus as solely or even chiefly a mystic. The mystical portion of his writings covers a very small compass; nor does he ever employ mystical considerations instead of rational arguments." It is however perhaps the quality rather than the quantity of thought which in its finality best describes the thinker when summing up his life-work. Philosophy has, someone has rather happily said, begun in wonder, and Mr. Benn notes the fact that the Greeks early betrayed this high intellectual curiosity. From wonder also interest in science naturally follows, and so the early Greek philosophers interested themselves in theories of cosmology and soon discovered the principle of evolution. "For three generations after its first start Greek thought had been steadily shaping itself into a philosophy of evolution, with the promise

of fruitful direction to physical science as far as the investigations could then be pushed." As regards cosmology all four elements were claimed respectively as the first principle of all things. Thales saw it as water, Anaximenes claimed that position for air, while Xenophanes of Colophon taught it was earth, and Heracleitus of Ephesus, fire. Empedocles of Acragas "accepted the doctrine of metempsychosis to the extent of remembering that he himself had previously existed as a boy, a girl, a bush and a bird". He had also the insight to see "strife as a cosmic power, for it was through her that the many come forth from the one," and love as a unifying force; while he describes the Supreme God "as a sacred and unutterable mind, flashing through the whole world with rapid thoughts". Plato and Aristotle are, as befits their importance —for is not every man either born a Platonist or an Aristotelian?—accorded a preferential spacial treatment of a chapter each. Of Stoicism it is said that the three ideas distinctively characteristic of it at its best are Conscience, Duty and Humanity.

Within its self-imposed limits this book can be heartily recommended to all lovers of wisdom (which is what the word philosophy really means) and especially to the many who feel the perennial fascination of Grecian culture with its high thought.

E. S.

Folk Tales of Breffny, by B. Hunt. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

"The Folk Tale is essentially dramatic, and loses much when it is written down," writes the author in her Introduction, which cannot be altogether true, for these dramatic Folk Tales have not lost their charm in print. The naive spirit is well maintained, and for the student of Occultism the book is not devoid of instruction, as also for the ordinary man of the world it is not without interest. Short stories, well told, in proper setting, permeated by an atmosphere of utter simplicity, dealing mostly with what ordinary people would call the supernatural, this book of twenty-six such tales will be welcomed by all those who are fond of the romantic. Folk Tales, like Fairy Stories, have their peculiar charm, and the book under review casts a

spell over the reader, who wants to read it from beginning to end without a break. Perhaps this is due to the queer activities of those Good People of whom the book speaks so much.

B. P. W.

Problems of Men, Mind, and Morals, by Ernest Belford Bax. (Grant Richards Ltd., London. Price 6s. net.)

These essays are written by a man in every way fitted to discuss the many phases of evolution dealt with. Like W. T. Stead, Belford Bax might be said to have set out in life with the determination to make the public curse him, if it did not bless him, and, as with Stead, the public did both. He is not infrequently blessed with the curses of his friends and co-workers in the Socialist cause, who writhe under his merciless and scathing criticisms while they revel in his luminous and uncompromising analyses. No better example of his methods can be found than his essay on Karl Kautsky's work entitled *Ursprung des Christentums* which seeks to reduce Christian origins to solely economic causes. Of the doctrinaire Marxian this is characteristic. He cannot admit that social phenomena are subject in the least degree to any but economic causation, and this attitude always arouses Bax's ire. Accepting Kautsky's conclusion that the historical Jesus was merely the leader of a not very important attempt at insurrection, whose trial and execution followed the suppression of the revolt, and noting that while other Messiahs left some impression on contemporary history, Jesus left none, he asks pertinently: "If the movement of Jesus was of a local and temporary character, how did historical Chistianity arise out of it?" On this point Bax parts company with Kautsky, who attributes the spread of the movement almost entirely to its principle of communistic property holding. As against this Bax urges two important considerations: (1) Is the assumed communism of the early Christians demonstrable as an historical fact? (2) Even conceding this fact, is it possible to regard it as even a remotely adequate cause of the very far-reaching effects ascribed to it? Both queries are promptly answered in the negative. The critic goes on to point out that the so-called communism was simply an exaggerated alms-giving called

forth by special circumstances and, further, that the common purse or bag was simply an early edition of Cook's touring system, in which the parties concerned find it convenient to have a common account during their trip. But leaving that, Bax asks: "Was the admittedly crude. . . communism of consumption. . . alleged to have been practised by the Christians, a sufficiently distinctive and important phenomenon . . . to have by itself attracted numbers to the church and to have acquired for Christianity the influence it obtained?" Then he promptly quotes Kautsky against himself.

Kautsky, in answer to a theologian who asserted that communism was not included among the many ugly accusations hurled against the Christian sect, points out that communism did not only not imply any reproach, but was actually associated with many forms of contemporary organisation, and was traditionally connected with the great names of Plato and Pythagoras. Here the essayist chuckles audibly, for Kautsky, by this admission, obviously demolishes his own postulate that communism is the distinguishing characteristic or feature of Christianity.

As against Kautsky's postulate, Bax argues:

> The determining factor in the evolution of Christianity was the doctrine of the relation of the human soul to the central power of the universe.... It was this mystical relation of the individual soul to God, who in popular thought became regarded as a preternatural superman, on which the whole Christian theory turns. Kautsky, in his sacramental devotion to the historical materialism of Marx, fails altogether to recognise the importance of the introspective individualism and mysticism as a salient phase in human evolution.

Kautsky is further flagellated for ignoring the figure of Paul, and the essayist rightly compares such action to the playing of Hamlet without the hero.

In the essays on 'Sex and Sentiment,' 'Modern Feminism,' the writer says many true things with regard to the woman question, and proves conclusively that women are more privileged than men. He forgets, however, in his partisan way, that the only sane way to change this undesirable state of things would be to substitute for those privileges rights and responsibilities.

Most of the more important essays are in defence or exposition of Socialism, and that entitled 'The Hearth, the Throne and the Altar' comprises most of the arguments adduced.

The following quotation gives a very fair indication of the attitude and arguments:

> Socialism is destined to conquer and, in its conquest, it will assuredly supersede the Throne, the Hearth, and the Altar, in the forms in which they have existed in history and survive at the present time. It will assuredly make an end of the narrow views on these subjects still largely obtaining, as of the institutions themselves as at present existing; and in their place will arise other social forms and other conceptions more consistent with the realisation of that Freedom, Justice, and Brotherhood which is, after all, the ethical standard that Socialism unfolds before the eyes of men, and by virtue of which it makes appeal to their hearts.

The essay on 'Speculative Thought' is a marvel of condensation and clarity of reasoning.

Altogether it is a book worth reading. Sceptics, sick or well, would read it with profit, and devotees reading it would see and marvel at the spectacle of a man doing his own thinking.

H. R. G.

Brotherhood. A Series of Addresses by G. S. Arundale. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 10 or 10d. or 20c.)

The Introduction to this attractive little book says that "a large number of colleagues and pupils of Mr. Arundale were desirous of making as permanent as they could the deep affection which has gradually grown up between them and him during the ten years, 1903-1913, of his work in the Central Hindū College"; so a group of friends who felt strongly the value of his teachings bound themselves together to carry on by example and practice the many virtues and qualities of true brotherhood. The motto chosen embodied the two keynotes of George Arundale's teachings, namely, love and service and was framed as follows: "The ideal reward is an increased power to love and to serve," and the scope of 'the brotherhood' was to perpetuate the mutually strong bonds of affection, to keep alive the force and strength of his inspiration and to live up to the ideals that he had ever taught. "We live," says Arundale, in a very happy phrase, "as members of the Brotherhood, upon the plane of affection," and that is the true tie between him and his colleagues and pupils. What better testimonial could any man wish from his pupils as a

result of his teachings than this spontaneous and bright outgoing of love and desire to serve humanity? Surely all that serves to kindle in boys' and men's hearts the pure fires of service to their brothers, and love to all must be accounted as very good, and who will be so mean as to sneer at that 'hero-worship' which in reality is a mainspring to personal endeavour and uplifts and ennobles the whole life?

W. H. K.

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

The Church of England, by the Rev. J. Howard B. Masterman.

In its three chapters, closely packed with information, this book provides: (1) a very much condensed summary of the history of the Church of England; (2) a description of the Church's present status, its organisation, and its doctrinal position; and (3) an introduction to the questions of Church Reform (including the question of Disestablishment), and a consideration of future possibilities. It could not be expected that any single portrait of this comprehensive institution should represent her as seen by all within her pale; yet it seems to us that Canon Masterman has succeeded in taking a very extensive view, and in giving in small compass a clear outline which will be generally recognised as a true one.

The Hope and Mission of the Free Churches, by Rev. Edward Shillito.

There are some who incline to regard the Free Churches as representatives merely of what is worst in Protestantism, as chiefly remarkable for their abolition of ecclesiastical art, and for their dislike of Occultism and poetic religious symbology. This book brings out fairly clearly the fact that the essential thing about the Free Churches is that in their revolt against formalism they lay extreme emphasis upon the life-side of Christianity as distinct from the form-side. Non-conformists would define a Christian as one who enjoys certain

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

spiritual experiences, not as one who belongs to a certain organisation; and the Free Churches owe their origin to, and base their hope upon, what they regard as spontaneous manifestations of the Divine Spirit—what Mr. Shillito calls "seasons of resurrection within the Church". Indeed, the truth which the Free Churches represent (though they express it under limitations of book and creed) is none other than that from which Theosophy derives its name—the possibility of man's direct cognition of God. We ought, with this in view, to be able to forgive any ignorant iconoclasm which may be laid to their charge. The book is written in clear and spirited language, and is an able introduction to its subject. It contains an historical summary, interesting despite the extreme condensation; it provides an excellent sketch of the present political and religious position occupied by the Free Churches; and, gazing into the future, it gives glowing expression to the Nonconformist hope. That hope, as voiced by Mr. Shillito, is one with which we heartily concur—that the Free Churches may "bring their peculiar treasures of insight and experience into the Holy Federation of Churches, which will await the coming of the Kingdom of God".

R. W. E.

The Nature of Mathematics, by Philip E. B. Jourdain, M. A.

This is no ordinary mathematical treatise, but a vivid word-picture of the science of mathematics itself. In a style that is almost colloquial in its simplicity the author lays bare the original relations of mathematical symbols to the conditions that they are used to describe, and demonstrates their wonderful value in economy of mental energy. He makes a strong point of distinguishing between 'mathematics,' or the method of arriving at truths, and 'Mathematics,' or the statement of the truths themselves which do not change. His genius for lucid explanation is particularly noticeable in his treatment of every-day topics to illustrate fine shades of meaning, but we think that if a few geometrical figures referred to by letters could have found a place in print, the effect would have been still more complete. For all its brevity the book is by no means elementary, including as it does a consideration of the infinitesimal calculus. The historical aspect receives a full share of attention, and it will interest Theosophists to read

that the Arabs derived their knowledge of algebra from the Hinḍūs. Altogether this little manual is quite a classic in its way, and will doubtless come as a revelation to many a student who may have hitherto regarded this subject as dry and formidable.

W. D. S. B.

Co-operation, by Joseph Clayton.

The co-operative movement is regarded by the author of this little book as "one of the greatest accomplishments of the working-class in the nineteenth century," and certainly in these days when the principle of democracy is being held in the balance, the subject is one which all who have the welfare of the people at heart should study. For clear, concise information on the subject the general reader may well be recommended to Mr. Clayton. He gives a short history of the movement during the years that have elapsed since its inception in 1821 and then outlines the work of the various most important departments of its activity; its aims, moral and economic, being defined by the way. A bibliography is given at the end of the volume, and in the Introduction the author enumerates some of the phases of his subject upon which he has been unable to touch—a very wise proceeding, as it points the way to the reader in the direction of further study.

A. de L.

Navigation, by William Hall, R. N., B. A.

Travellers voyaging by sea frequently express some interest as to methods by which the master of the ship finds his way from port to port. This little book gives just such a general survey of the processes of navigation as will satisfy the voyager's curiosity. It provides in easily understood language a brief description of the various branches of navigation. Though not sufficiently detailed to be of service to the yachtsman, the book will give those who spend their summer holidays by the seashore an additional pleasure in observing sailors and ships.

C. R. H.

Cecil John Rhodes, by Ian D. Colvin.

The author of the interesting *Romance of South Africa* is here giving an excellent summary of the life-work of one who

has contributed greatly towards the building of British Africa. Those who by temperament are what the Theosophists call Ruling-Ray-people will find this booklet very interesting as unfolding the hidden powers of a great statesman as he encounters and overcomes difficulty after difficulty. The work of Empire-building has its charms, and the story of such past building is instructive. The name of Cecil John Rhodes is and will remain a great name in the history of the Empire, and the study, not only of his work, splendid as it is, but also of the man himself, both in his public and private life, is full of fascination, and affords such inspiration that we would fain persuade every young man to read this work.

Friedrich Nietzsche, by M. A. Mugge.

The Theosophical touch in Nietzsche's character and philosophy is rather a fine one. His vigorous teachings, apparently hard and sometimes crude-sounding, have here and there a truly Theosophical lining, and students of Theosophy will do well to acquaint themselves with this strange character and queer philosophy. The little manual will form an excellent introduction, admirably written by one who is master of his subject. A good index facilitates the work of reading and an equally good bibliography shows the way to further study and research. The Introduction gives a useful outline of the "main problems with which he [Nietzsche] was engaged," and is followed by: I. Nietzsche's life; II. "Beyond Good and Evil"; III. The Antichrist; IV. The Superman. The booklet is strewn with the interesting and attractive thoughts of the philosopher-poet, and we may here give some:

"If you desire peace of soul and happiness, believe! if you want to be a disciple of truth, search!"

"We should not let ourselves be burnt for our opinions—we are not so certain of them as all that. But we might let ourselves be burnt for the right of possessing and changing our opinions."

"Passion for power is the earthquake which breaketh and upbreaketh all that is rotten and hollow; the rolling, rumbling, punitive demolisher of whited sepulchres; the flashing interrogative sign besides premature answers; passion for power: before whose glance man creepeth and croucheth

and drudgeth, and becometh lower than the serpent and the swine, until at last great contempt crieth out of him."

Atlas in Full Colours, by J. Bartholomew, F. R. G. S.

This is a production of marvellous cheapness: 56 coloured maps of all the countries of the globe. A very useful Index to Countries enhances the value of this sixpenny book. It is the most handy atlas we have come across.

B. P. W.

The Homeland of the Soul, by the Rev. John Spence, F.R.A.S. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The object of this book is to establish the doctrine of human immortality and of a happy *post mortem* future. A distinction is drawn—though curiously one in favour of the superiority of the soul—between the soul and the spirit. The soul is defined "as intelligent existence and existence intelligent. The spirit is really that which animates the body, that distinguishes a living man from a dead man, while soul is the very man himself". Heaven is defined as a dear home-like condition, the central source of love: "It is a progressive state, condition or place, where all the powers of mind will grow strong by service." The book gives the reader rather a scrappy feeling from the amount of quotations it includes, both theological and scientific, with a sprinkling of the results and thoughts of modern psychic research. With its foundation of orthodoxy and the author's often rather sentimental contributions, it presents finally rather an incongruous pot-pourri from this forced intermingling of so many foreign elements. Its appeal, if any, will, it seems to me, be to the already orthodox, who, however,—and I fear their number is considerable—are not so sure as their orthodoxy should make them of their own immortality or of their own possibly happy *post mortem* experiences. The unorthodox, and the sceptic would require, I can but think, a more scientific treatment of the subject; a stronger and more consecutive diet of reason and of feelings—one less on the lines of a special appeal.

E. S.

The Spiritual Message of Fiona Macleod; The Coming of Psyche; William Sharp (Fiona Macleod) A Memoir compiled by his Wife, Elizabeth A. Sharp. (William Heineman, London.)

Do not speak of the spiritual life as 'another life': There is no other' life: what we mean by that is with us now. The great misconception of Death is that it is the only door to another world.

I say that I no longer ask of a book, is it clever, or striking, or is it well done, or even is it beautiful, but out of how deep a life does it come. That is the most searching test.

Profoundly significant, these memoirs of William Sharp and Fiona Macleod. Gratitude is due to the compiler for the form in which they are presented. In these days of the exhibition of men by mannikins (vide *Life of Gissing*, by Morley Roberts) Mrs. Sharp's attitude of delicate reserve is unusually refreshing. Biography is one of the rarest, subtlest arts, requiring an extraordinary blend and balance of faculties, analytical, psychological, and synthetical.

The compiler's comments are always sympathetic, sometimes intuitive. We have an idea that there must remain a number of unpublished letters and 'remains' of extraordinary and enthralling interest; however, in this collection, the unpretentiousness of the editorial portion of the book is an art in itself. She has done what she set out to do; no common achievement, now or ever.

The meteor known to the world as Fiona Macleod flashed across the heavens of literature in clouds of glittering fire. Imaginative artists (whatever their medium) felt themselves enkindled to an answering rapture by the ardour of that flame; white, myriad-coloured, opalescent, glowed the splendour of those "trailing clouds of glory," those most ancient yet ever-fresh spiritual truths reproclaimed by the author of *The Winged Destiny*. 'The Vision Splendid' so nigh to poets and children is witheld from the wise and prudent. The greatest poets and artists have ever been and will be 'babes' in the eyes of the world. This is inevitable, for their values differ, inasmuch as the gold of creative imagination issues neither from the mines nor mints of earth.

The chief interest of the book centres round the orbit of Fiona Macleod. The tension between the two personalities, the "critical intellectual mood" which was William Sharp, and the intuitive, spiritual dreamer, (F. M.) must have been well-nigh unendurable at times. A poignant illustration of the reflex action of these dual vibrations is shown in the account of how he heard the call of the sea, round his window on a London midnight, whose insistence drew him to Arran within the space of a few hours. From there he writes: "The extreme

loneliness . . . was like balm . . . It is . . . as though Fiona were asleep in another room . . . The flowing of the air of the hills laved the parched shores of my heart . . . . In these vast solitudes peace and joy came hand in hand to meet me." At these times, he knew (like many another creative vessel, well-nigh broken with the mingled joy and sorrow, the ichor of the Gods) that in solitude and flight lay the only safety for the mortal instrument.

Mrs. Sharp expresses well the aim of the modern school of spiritually-imaginative literature when she says (speaking of her husband and Professor Geddes) that they sought " to preserve and nurture what is of value and of spiritual beauty in the race, so that it should fuse into and work with, or become part of, the great acquisitions and marvellous discoveries of modern thought. To hold to the essential beauty and thought of the past, while going forward eagerly to meet the new and ever increasing knowledge, was the desire."

None but those who are of this company (however minor their part) know the stress and strain at which each member must live, wherein no relaxation is possible (save in those brief moments of life and freedom vouchsafed from Nature, unclouded by man) because the following of that Quest takes every power of spirit, mind and heart. The sympathy between the two personalities, is, however, frequently in evidence in declarations such as: " The flashing of sunlight in the waters of the fountains, the green of spring in the flowered fields and amongst the trees, and the songs of birds and the little happy-eyed children, mean infinitely more to me than the grandest sculptures, the noblest frescoes, the finest paintings." Here speaks William Sharp, on his first visit to Italy, glad to escape from Galleries to Earth's Garden. After speaking apologetically of his love for Nature rather than Art, the poet re-asserts himself: " I would not be otherwise after all. I know some things which few know—some secrets of beauty in cloud, and sea and earth have an inner communion with all that meets my eyes in what we call nature—and am rich with a wealth which I would not part with for all the palaces of Rome." The Muse is justified of her children. There be Gods many and lords many, in the world of critics and appraisers, but how few the priest-votaries of Urania!

Many of the critical remarks of William Sharp are invaluable and illuminating and might well be studied by members of the fraternity. " What is new in literature is not so likely to be unfit for critics, as critics are likely to be unfit for what is new in literature." The following description of Criticism is not easily excelled: " The basis of Criticism is imagination: its spiritual quality is sympathy: its intellectual distinction is

balance." In words such as these the gulf between critic and creative writer is bridged. This is clearly the production of a series of good-vibrations from the poet-seer. "I am tortured by the passionate desire to create beauty, to sing something of 'the impossible songs' I have heard, to utter something of the rhythm of life that has most touched me." These words were uttered on the threshold of the awakening of Fiona Macleod. The preface to *The Children of To-morrow* is, in Mrs. Sharp's words, "the direct forerunner of the series of romantic tales he afterwards wrote as Fiona Macleod". There could hardly be a braver rallying-cry for singers of the spiritual Renaissance.

> Forlorn the way, yet with strange gleams of gladness;
> Sad beyond words the voices far behind.
> Yet we, perplext with our diviner madness,
> Must heed them not—the goal is still to find!
> What though beset by pain and fear and sorrow,
> We must not fail, we Children of To-morrow.

We are not surprised to read that one critic described it as "depressing . . . out of touch with realities". The toast and bacon school of critics are still in the majority.

The importance of Art as fine fashioner of Images formed after the similitude of things beyond mortality, is well expressed in the remarks on ethics and optimism, in connection with art.

> The question is not one of weighty message, but of artistic presentation. To praise a poem because of its optimism is like commending a peach because it loves the sunshine, rather than because of its bloom and savour . . . The first essential concern of the artist must be with his vehicle. In the instance of a poet, this vehicle is language emotioned to the white heat of rhythm.

Sayings such as these, from one who was both spiritual devotee and human artificer, are priceless to all artists (in whatever medium) working along lines of constructive idealism. "Work must be beautiful in itself. Beauty is a Queen and must be served as a Queen." Of *Pharais* (the first 'Fiona Macleod' book) the writer tells us: "It is a book. . . out of the core of my heart. I wrote it with the pen dipped in the very ichor of my life." The reception by the public was characteristic: "Ignored in some quarters, abused in others, and unheeded by the 'general reader'." Minds such as those of George Meredith and Theodore Watts leapt to its greatness and recognised the genius of its writer.

We shall not mutilate the writer's 'Credo,' (p. 241), by quotation. Happy are all who can say Amen to it. None can read 'The Rune of the Sorrow of Women' without feeling that the writer's experience in the composition thereof bore direct fruit in truth of expression, feeling, and atmosphere. "It was as though in some subtle way the soul of

woman breathed into my brain . . . as if I had given partial expression at least to the inarticulate voice of a myriad women who suffer in one or other of the triple ways of sorrow." The poet's moments of prophecy are of special significance to those among us who believe that the new Renaissance is here, at last, at our doors. The following is a quotation from one of Fiona Macleod's letters to Yeats, and is the conclusion of 'her' description of a vision :

> All the heart, all the brain, of the Celtic races shall be stirred. There is a shadow of mighty changes. Myself, I believe that new spirits have been embodied among us. And some of the old have come back. We shall perish, you and I and all who fight under the 'Lifting of the Sunbeam'—but we shall pioneer a wonderful marvellous new life for humanity.

There is a war-cry for those who choose the path of the pioneer rather than paving-stones, the way through the wilderness rather than fat servitude. One of the most interesting letters is that from A.E., the Irish Seer, Poet and Painter. The difference in the emotional calibre of Nature-Lovers is significant of that harmony which is the secret of Unity. Says A.E. to Fiona :

> Your nature spirit is a little tragic. You love the Mother as I do, but you seem for ever to expect some revelation of awe from her lips where I would hide my head in her bosom. But the breathless awe is true also—to "meet on the Hills of Dream," that would not be so difficult . . . . Your inner nature preserves the memory of old Initiations . . . I cannot regard art as the 'quintessential life' unless art comes to mean the art of living more than the art of artists . . .

To those who know the respective work of the writer and reader of this letter, much may be revealed of the surface differences and deep unity of the two voices. Both have that power set as a seat on genius, the magic touch whereby we too, with them, go "back to the distance which is all the future".

Nowhere has the truth of reincarnation received more adequate and poetic expression than through the medium of Fiona Macleod. Speaking of the Joy in Remembrance of spiritual things, she says :

> Not only as an exile dreaming of the land left behind, but as one travelling in narrow defiles who looks back for familiar fires on the hills, or upward to the familiar stars where is surety. In truth is not all creative art remembrance : is not the spirit of ideal art the recapture of what has gone away from the world, that by an imperious spiritual law is forever withdrawing to come again newly ?

Spiritual energy thus reaches earth in great tidal waves. All cosmic impulses are tidal in nature. This is a necessity, for mortality's crucible is, after all, finite ; it is the alembic alone which pertains to eternity. Even at low water, there are still deep land-locked pools. At the softest turn of tide, from ebb to flow, these shore-bound waters rise. Fiona Macleod's work is

accused on the score of undue iterance. Heralds and pioneers are seldom free from this charge. Spiritual messengers are voices in the wilderness, and the desert is not made straight without pickaxe and shovel, nor with a few blows. Similarly in the histories of the making of the highway of the soul of nations and individuals, there must inhere the genius of one-pointedness. Fiona Macleod possessed this genius, to a remarkable degree and also, what is perhaps even more notable, the combination of subtlety and persistency, an invaluable distillation of spiritual alchemy.

To materialists, Fiona Macleod's message is only one more voice in the Chorus of the deluded, those who follow mirages, whose quest is that Chimera, the Soul. It may be that ever and anon some solitary note in the Song of the Dreamers, the litany of Psyche's votaries, may wake a faint echo of remembrance in their hearts even across that Lethe which is the portion of materialists. Some, hearing, mock; others sigh, wishing, perchance, that they too might extend their boundaries, beyond the plains and low hills of to-day, the only horizon visible to them. Yet no true son of Psyche can despise materialism or its victims. They know that it is only a stage on the return home. A steep path, a dark road, an imprisonment in stone walls, wherein oft-times the incarcerated one knows not that he is in bondage to the flesh.

Since Fiona Macleod's day the spiritual consciousness has received a mighty kindling from the Creative Breath. Events cast ever deeper, longer, shadows on the screen of the world. Psyche is coming into her heritage, and "the moving Finger" writes, through a chosen few, words of daily increasing import. The World-Psyche is waking, her wings are unfolding. Token of this may be found in the general movement towards mental emancipation and emotional fulfilment. For this simultaneous uprush of mind and soul is the well-known forerunner of an outpouring of the Spirit. The currents meet, and there are those who walk upon troubled waters, as well as those who are caught in the swirl of the maelstrom.

In Art and Science, alike, in the Drama, in the Laboratory, the Muse of this Twentieth Century unfurls her wings. The materialist still seeks to maim her with negations, the narrow clerical element would clip her wings, stultify her utterance, expurgate her vocabulary. But Fire and Air are the Muse's Elements. "Slight Air and Purging Fire," they bear up her flight. To-day it is no Sibylline prophecy to declare that the dry soil of materialism is giving way beneath the feet of its supporters. The ground is literally almost untenable, it quakes and crumbles alternately. Do not let us forget the pioneers. This is all too easy. William Sharp knew the pains

and perils of the way of his other self. He gave up much (more than we know, or have any right to know; yet that which we have surmised is a certainty to a few) that the voice of Fiona should be heard above the clamour, that she should reign in his soul, untouched by world-contagion. He wrote to a friend:

> It is a happiness to me to know that you feel so deeply the beauty that has been so humbly and eagerly and often despairingly sought, and that in some dim measure, at least, is held here as a shaken image in troubled waters. It is a long long road, the road of art. . . . and those who serve with passion and longing and unceasing labour of inward thought and outward craft are the only votaries who truly know what long and devious roads must be taken, how many pitfalls have to be avoided or escaped from, how many desires have to be foregone, how many hopes have to be crucified in slow death or more mercifully be lost by the way, before one can stand at last on "the yellow banks where the west wind blows," and see, beyond, the imperishable flowers, and hear the immortal voices.

Thus William Sharp, one of the finest constructive poetic critics and men of letters. Fiona's declaration is a fitting conclusion to this reminder of their spiritual significance in the world of current literature: The greatest artists, whether living in or out of the walls of flesh, echo the words—a multitude of immortals, whose voice is as the sound of many waters: *I am content to do my best, as the spirit moves me, and as my sense of beauty compels me.*

L. N.

NOTICE

THE ADYAR BULLETIN, May, contains the first part of an article by Mrs. Besant on Giordano Bruno. This is published by request and is really the revised copy of a lecture given in 1898. It is written in Mrs. Besant's most terse and telling style. Mr. Leadbeater contributes a paper in which he deals clearly with the origin of, and dangers incurred by, exaggeration. A well-known Scottish Member gives us an interesting account of how she became a Theosophist. Mr. Henry Hotchner writes a balanced paper on 'How an Old-fashioned Theosophist regards the Orders'. 'When Friends Meet' treats of the Eternal Now in the accustomed conversational style, and 'Students in Council' discuss the criterion of a Theosophical Movement in a very valuable and illuminating way 'Of Love and Life,' being thoughts by Philip Oyler, and 'The Vision and the Voice' being pages from a dream-diary, by K. F. Stuart are concluded this month—a very interesting number.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

FINLAND

The latest feature of the work in this country is a scheme for establishing a Theosophical colony around the headquarters at Aggelby. Mr. Pekka Ervast, the indefatigable General Secretary, has already bought land, erected three buildings, and gathered round him a group of devoted workers. A circular giving an outline of the scheme and signed by influential citizens was drawn up in the Swedish as well as the Finnish language, and its distribution has resulted in the collection of eight thousand marks in two months, a very encouraging response. The propaganda fund has also been well supported. A series of lectures was recently given by Mr. Pekka Ervast entitled 'Theosophical Personalities,' the motto chosen being Bhagavad-Gītā IV, 6-8. Miss Eva Blytt visited Finland at the beginning of the year and delivered five lectures in Helsingfors, including a breezy account of life at Adyar. She enthusiastically explained the objects of the Order of the Star in the East, and was much appreciated. Theosophists in Finland have been fired by the prospect of a visit from the President, and this hope naturally figures prominently in their letter. A later letter announces the founding of the Finnish Section of the Star on Good Friday, March 21, with W. Angeroo, M. D., as National Representative, Mr. Toivo Vitikka as National Secretary, and Mr. Pekka Ervast as Protector of the Order in Finland. There had been a strong inclination in this direction for a year past, and after Miss Blytt's visit all obstacles disappeared. The first meeting augured well for the future of the work; lectures were given by Mr. Toivo Vitikka and Mr. V. H. Valvanne, and there was a recital in the interim. It is expected that the Theosophical movement in Finland will receive a fresh impulse after the Congress at Stockholm, and the Annual Convention is being postponed in expectation of the President's visit.

W. D. S. B.

HUNGARY

Word comes from Hungary of active work in the Lodges there, both in those open to public attendance and in those

devoted to training workers to lecture, write or hold classes. In these latter, the members aim at facility in answering questions and in preparing articles by much careful study and collateral reading. One Lodge is making a special study of Christianity from the Theosophic point of view. The crying need is felt to be for lecturers who are at home in the Hungarian language. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few." Books are slowly but steadily being translated and published in the Hungarian tongue.

M. K. N.

Dutch East Indies

The Sixth Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society in the Dutch East Indies, held at Solo, was a great success and very harmonious. This was due to the splendid arrangements made by our Javanese brothers, of whom the Solo Lodge principally consists. The house of R. M. Ngabehi Mangoen di Poero had been beautifully decorated for the purpose, while brother Dr. Radjiman as Chairman welcomed the members. Many lectures were given, of which one by the Pangeran (Prince) merits special mention. Various influential persons of the Courts of Djocja and Solo joined the Society, among them the Crown-Prince of Solo and the son-in-law of the Soesoechoenan (Local Princes). Generally speaking the Java Section shows a good deal of activity. In addition to the many propaganda lectures given, buildings for Lodges were erected at Batavia and Soerabaja. The foundation-stone of the Batavia Lodge building was laid by Mrs. Windust, and the descriptions of it show that the original plan has been made with many ideals. The Lodge rooms have been built in Oriental style with symbols of the great cosmic truths. The Soerabaja Lodge building with its massive and strong appearance gives a sympathetic feeling. We may expect great activity this year from the new Executive, consisting of the following members, D. van Hinloopen Labberton, Wynmalen, Ralf van Suchtelen, G. Vreede, Th. Vreede, K. van Gelder, and Miss H. E. van Motman.

J. H.

Australia and New Zealand

The Australian Convention, this year held at Melbourne, was once again characterised by a vigorous propagandist spirit —a sum of £200 being voted for distributing Alcyone's *Education as Service* to all the State-School teachers in the Commonwealth. As we write we have not yet received full reports of the Convention, but those to hand tell of the splendid spirit of harmony that reigned, and also of the great success of the Convention meetings, which included a reception and E.S. and Comasonic meetings as well as those for business, and an

excellent lecture delivered by Mr. T. H. Martyn on 'The Evolution of the Theosophical Society,' in which he mentioned that the work of the future would be the reconstruction of society. In addition to the meetings mentioned there were also conferences of the delegates of the Order of the Star in the East and Sons and Daughters of the Empire movement. A most tastefully executed little programme for the Convention week was provided. Encouraging reports are to hand from New South Wales and our friends at Armidale have at last, after many years' labour, been successful in securing a Charter; often before have they looked forward to this, but constant removals defeated their aim. The Tweed is now not the only Country Lodge in New South Wales. The members who attended the summer school at Cudgen Headland, organised by this small lodge, are very glad of the impetus given them to make greater efforts in the Master's Work. The General Secretary has been on tour to Tasmania, Westralia and South Australia. The work in these states is going on briskly and at Launceston (Tasmania) much benefit was derived from a series of lectures by Mr. H. Wedersehn. In Queensland the members are active, and continued newspaper discussions keep Theosophy before the public.

The New Zealand Annual Convention was held at Wellington, and a very large gathering of delegates and members took place. The conferences of the various activities resulted in their being placed on a better financial basis and organised for more effective work in the future. It was decided also to have a stall at the Auckland Exhibition for the sale of Theosophical literature. Miss Christie, the National Lecturer, is doing splendid work, and the established lodges are receiving a considerable stimulus from her visits. Much new ground is also being broken, especially among the miners on the West Coast, where Theosophy has never before been carried, and one new lodge has been formed. The membership of the Theosophical Society is thus steadily increasing. The newspapers of the Dominion contain frequent references to matters Theosophical, and on the whole are becoming more friendly. A very interesting and appreciative review of Mrs. Besant's *Theosophy* appeared in the Methodist Recorder, but the writer thinks the ideals to be lacking in motive power.

R. P.

From Victoria comes news of the success of an experiment on the part of the indefatigable Representative of the Round Table and the Golden Chain. The Golden Chain Pledge was published in an Official School paper which is said to reach every State-School child, with the result that within a fortnight nearly three thousand applications were received. The number

has since increased to five thousand, and they are still coming in. Another good piece of work, this time on behalf of still 'younger' brethren, and also an individual effort, is the founding of a 'Home for Lost Dogs'. The objects of the home are: "To restore lost dogs to their owners; to give temporary shelter and food to lost and starving dogs; to provide good homes for dogs at moderate charges, and to secure a merciful and painless death for those which are old, injured or diseased." The scheme is now thoroughly launched, and a temporary home was officially opened by the wife of the State Governor, Lady Denman. In the Constitution provision is made against the dogs in the home being taken out for purposes of scientific experiment or research. Queensland Theosophists are also busy, and great enthusiasm pervades the work which is being done.

The Round Table work in particular goes with a swing, thirty five members were enrolled on a recent visit of the Representative of the Order in Australia. We hear of the endowment of "The Round Table Cot" in a Sanatorium for children, and a prize offered for the best essay written by a State-School child on "The Prevention of Cruelty to Animals". In the face of such judicious propaganda, it is not surprising that great interest has been evinced by the public in the Golden Chain, the Sons and Daughters of Australia, and the Round Table movements.

A. E. A.

SUPPLEMENT TO

THE THEOSOPHIST

TRANSFER OF THE CHARTER

OF THE T. S. IN GERMANY

The Executive of the German National Society of the T. S. having declared on February 2nd, 1913, in the name of the T. S. in Germany, that it has nothing to repudiate or retract, in face of the definite charges made in my letter to the General Secretary of January 14th, 1913, I hereby, under Rule 44 of the Rules and Regulations for the Management of the T. S. as an incorporated body, declare its constituent Charter to have lapsed and become forfeited, and that all property, including Charters, Diplomas, Seal, Records, and other papers, pertaining to the Society, belonging to or in the custody of the said National Society now vest in the Society and must be delivered up to the President in its behalf. I further revive the said Charter of the lapsed National Society, and transfer it to the fourteen German Lodges following: Dusseldorf, (2) Hagan (Westfalen), Hannover (2), Gottingen, Berlin (3) Leipzig, Dresden (2), Breslau, Vogtland, and these do now constitute the German National Society, or the T. S. in Germany. Under Rule 18, I appoint Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden General Secretary of the T. S. in Germany, *pro tem.*, with instructions to convene at the earliest possible date a Convention of the German National Society to elect its General Secretary and to take such other steps as are necessary for the carrying on of business.

ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

March 7th, 1913.

The following were received on March 1st, 1913.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

MRS. ANNIE BESANT,

Adyar, Madras.

Berlin, *February 2, 1913*

Those who assembled to the Eleventh Convention of the German Section T. S., having been made acquainted with the letter of the P. T. S., Mrs. Besant, to the General Secretary of the German Section, Dr. R. Steiner, bearing the date of January 14, 1913, wherein it is said that the General Council has asked Mrs. Besant to cancel the Charter of the German Section, and that Mrs. Besant will comply with this request "unless the German Section shall submit to the Constitution" declare that:

The German Section, its Executive Committee or its General Secretary have never in any way violated the Constitution of the T. S. The resolution of the General Council which was taken, even before the published documents could be examined, must be characterised as an unpardonable offence both to the spirit and the Constitution of the T. S. Even the most primitive feeling for truth and justice must be indignant at the treatment given to the well-substantiated accusations, which the German Section and its Executive Committee were forced to direct against the attitude of the President. In order to cast suspicion upon the personality of the General Secretary who is inconvenient to her, no means are too base for her to stoop to: but the culminating point of such malicious defamation is reached in the freely invented and, in face of the facts, simply absurd affirmation brought by her to the General Convention T. S. that Dr. Steiner has been educated by the Jesuits and other subsequent insinuations.

Nothing exists which the German Section has to repudiate or retract. And it therefore has no option but to consider the alternative put to it by Mrs. Besant as an act of expulsion, accomplished only because the German Section has undertaken to stand for truth and veracity within the T. S.

The German Section and its members would never have left the T. S. on their own initiative. Being thus expelled by force they will continue their work unswervingly and will be ready to work again with the T. S. as soon as veracity, reason, seriousness and dignity take the place of the present conditions.

The Executive Committee unanimously: Adolf Arenson, Michael Bauer, Engenie von Bredow, Felix von Damnitz, Dr. E. Grosheintz, Professor Gysi, Bernhard Hubo, Grafin P. von Kalckreuth, Friedrich Kiem, Adolf Kolbe, Graf Otto Lerchenfeld, Jose del Monte, Johanna Mucke, Dr. Ludwig Noll, Gertrud Noss, Dr. Felix Peipers, Julius Ritter von Rainer, Mathilde Scholl, Franz Seiler, Marie von Sivers, Clara Smits, Sophie Stinde, Wilhelm Tessmar, Dr. Carl Unger, Toni Volker, Gunther Wagner, Camilla Wandrey, Elise Wolfram.

(Signed) MATHILDE SCHOLL

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

MRS. ANNIE BESANT,

Berlin, *February 12, 1913*

The recent affirmation made by you (*Adyar Bulletin*, January number, 1913) contradicting all facts of my life and directly opposed to truth "the German General Secretary educated by the Jesuits ....." puts me to the necessity of handing the reply to your last letter on to the Executive Committee of the German Section. I must decline to deal with a person, who feels such little obligation to examine the facts, as is shown in face of real facts by your above mentioned objectively untrue affirmation.

(Signed) DR. RUDOLF STEINER

Enclosed please find the reply of the Executive Committee.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, T. S.

Adyar, Madras, S.

March 7, 1913.

To Dr. Rudolf Steiner, General Secretary, and the Executive Committee of the T. S. in Germany.

I, Annie Besant, the President of the Theosophical Society, having received no answer to the specific charges made in the letter of January 14th, 1913, but only a general statement that the above-named "have never in any way violated the Constitution of the T. S." and that "nothing exists which the German Section has to repudiate or retract":

Do hereby cancel the Charter of the T. S. in Germany, with all Charters and Diplomas issued by it previous to this 7th day of March, 1913, and declare that they have no longer any validity, and I call on Dr. Rudolf Steiner, under No. 44 of the Rules of the Theosophical Society, to deliver over to me the Constituent Charter of the T. S. in Germany, and all Charters, Diplomas, Seals, Records and other papers, pertaining to the Society, belonging to or in the custody of the T. S. in Germany, heretofore existing.

(Signed) ANNIE BESANT,

President of the Theosophical Society.

It will be observed that no attempt is made to meet the specific charges in my letter of January 14th, 1913. As these merely recited facts, it was, of course, impossible to meet them, but, under the circumstances, the assertion that the Constitution has not been broken is a little audacious.

With regard to the statement in the Presidential Address touching Dr. Steiner, it may be worth noting that Dr. Franz Hartmann gave me this Jesuit connection as a reason for his refusal to work with Dr. Steiner. In an important article on 'The Jesuits and Occultism,' published in the long-established and well-known *Neue Metaphysische Rundschau*, edited by Mr. Paul Zillmann—an old member of the T. S., unable to work in it in Germany because of Dr. Steiner's policy—it is said that the many serious attacks lately made in Germany on the T. S. under Dr. Steiner's leadership "agree in a remarkable way upon the one fact that a Jesuitic spirit has come into the government of that Society, and even that the distorting of occult teachings into a system based on Christianity is a well-planned scheme to destroy Occultism and Theosophy in Germany, and, if possible, in Europe". Dr. Ferd. Maack, in a book published last year, speaks of Dr. Steiner as a pupil [Zogling] of the Jesuits, and points to the similarity of his methods to theirs. The violent and unscrupulous defaming of myself is quite on their lines, and the control of the large funds necessary for flooding the Society with their defamatory s atements points in the same direction.

The revived Charter was sent to Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden by the same mail—that leaving Madras on March 7th—with the following letter to the reconstituted T. S. in Germany:

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, T. S.
Adyar, Madras, S.

March 7, 1913

To the T. S. in Germany

MY DEAR BRETHREN,

Our veteran Theosophist, Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden, will present to you with this the transferred Charter of the T. S. in Germany. Its previous holders have forfeited their claim to it by serious breaches of the T. S. Constitution, as shown in the annexed letter.[1] No answer to these has been offered, no explanation has been given. A letter has been sent through the late General Secretary, Dr. Rudolf Steiner, declaring that the Section, its General Secretary and its Executive Committee "have never in any way violated the Constitution of the T. S." —a manifestly absurd statement in face of charges (a), (b), (c). I have therefore cancelled their Charter, have revived it and transferred it to you.

Take, then, my brethren, this solemn charge, and hold it worthily. Justify before the world the claim of the T. S. in Germany to the exercise of free intelligence; protect the liberty of thought of each of your members; welcome all who accept the Objects of the T. S.; put no obstacles in the way of free discussion of all views. Only thus can the T. S. in Germany deserve to live.

As regards our late members, treat them, I pray you, with the tolerance which they do not show. Do not return railing for railing. Leave their accusations of myself to be answered by time and facts. To defame is the old policy of those who are in the wrong. They are naturally angry that their attempt to strangle liberty has been frustrated, and that their weapons have broken in their hands. Twenty-one of the twenty-two National Societies have stood firmly in defence of freedom, and with your taking over of the Charter of the law-breaking Section the unity of the T. S. stands unbroken once more.

If the Anthroposophical Society—prepared beforehand for the present juncture—does good work, then co-operate with it, if it permits co-operation. If it does not, then let it go its own way in peace. Do you work for Theosophy, for the spreading of the Divine Wisdom; and may the blessing of the White Lodge be upon you, and the Peace of the Masters abide with you.

Your faithful servant,

ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

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[1] A copy of my letter of January 14th, 1913.

As the above step, taken at the request of the General Council of the T. S., and on my own responsibility as President, is a very serious one, I think it right to place on record here some facts, additional to those already in possession of the Society, which throw light on the position adopted by Dr. Steiner and his followers.

It may also show, in passing, how slow I have been to take action under long provocation.

Shânţi Kunja, Benares City

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, *January 4, 1912.*

MY DEAR DR. STEINER,

I am receiving so many complaints from European General Secretaries and others about the aggressive propaganda carried on in other countries by persons using your name, that it seems better to write to you directly.

To take one illustration: Baron Walleen went to the English General Secretary, asking for the use of the Hall at Headquarters. Mr. Wedgwood could not answer without consulting his Executive; and as Baron Walleen could not wait, he took a room elsewhere; there he described the idea that Christ could come as "nonsensical and ridiculous". Baron Walleen's views might seem equally nonsensical and ridiculous to many Theosophists, but if this kind of language is used on Theosophical platforms all dignity and toleration will be lost. If your adherents are to make such attacks on me, and mine retort by similar remarks as to you, Theosophy will suffer. So far, I have been able to prevent reprisals, but very bitter feelings are growing up against German aggressiveness in surrounding countries, and I have heard it suggested that similar missions should be carried on in Germany against your views. It has so far been the invariable custom amongst us to communicate with a General Secretary before touring within his territory; this courtesy is no longer observed, and it causes many complaints.

I would most earnestly beg of you to use your great influence against this sending of people to spread your personal views in an aggressive way among non-German nations. As you know, I urged the reading of your presentment of Theosophy on our English public, but I did not suppose that missionaries would come from Germany, asking people to "take Dr. Steiner's side against the President". These attempts to stir up strife are deplorable, and have reached a point where

something must be done. I believe that these aggressive people are misrepresenting you and are using your authority without your consent; so I ask you to join with me in checking the harm which they are doing.

Sincerely yours,
ANNIE BESANT

It will be remembered that Dr. Vollrath dropped out of the T. S. by making no appeal to me (after his expulsion from the German Section) to be inscribed as a Fellow-at-Large at Adyar. Finding that he was raising difficulties in Germany, after my original suggestion of his acting under Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden as Secretary for the O. S. E. had been cancelled in writing (November 1911), I wrote to Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden, under date July 18, 1912, that Dr. Vollrath could not in any way represent the T. S. nor the O. S. E. in Germany or elsewhere. I wrote also to Dr. Vollrath, in answer to a request to see me, under date 6 August 1912:

DEAR DR. VOLLRATH,

On all T. S. work in Germany Dr. Steiner is my representative for the Section, and Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden helps me for Lodges connected directly with Adyar. You have made co-operation impossible by your attack on Dr. Steiner. I leave London in a day or two, and England on the 23rd, so it is too late for you to see me. I have been here for some months, and could have seen you earlier.

Sincerely yours,
ANNIE BESANT

I think it would have been difficult to be more loyal to a colleague than I was to my disloyal colleague, who was attacking me both publicly and privately.

The following 'Protest and Appeal,' addressed to me formally as President of the T. S., was received by me at the end of January, 1913. It has been answered by the transfer of the German Charter to Lodges which are loyal to the fundamental principles of the T. S. So long as I remain President, I shall guard those principles.

"The Council of the German National Society (Section) of the Theosophical Society has on the 8th of December, 1912, carried the resolution that all members of the Order of the Star in the East shall forthwith be excluded from this German National Society. We, the undersigned, being members of this National Society and also members of the Order of the Star

in the East *protest* solemnly against this attempted oppression on account of our religious beliefs. Such oppression is contrary to the Constitution of the Theosophical Society, which has the object to recognise the Brotherhood of man without distinction of religious beliefs; and we *protest,* therefore, against this maltreatment as heretics.

"At the same time we *appeal* to you as President of the Theosophical Society, that this wrong shall be redressed, and that expedient means shall be applied by which we shall further be in the position to remain members of the German National Section of the Theosophical Society.

(Signed by a number of members, headed by

Dr. HUBBE-SCHLEIDEN.)

Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden was informed by the Executive of the late Section, under date January 21, 1913, that he would be excluded from the Annual Convention of the German Section of the T. S., apart from his membership in the O. S. E., because "as the author of the *Botschaft des Friedens* you have shown a disposition of mind that must be regarded as one totally hostile and destructive to real Theosophical work. For that reason we cannot any longer acknowledge you as a true co-worker of the German Section T. S." The exclusion of the oldest member of the T. S. in Germany from its Annual Meeting, on the ground that he held views different from those of the majority, ought to be enough to convince our harshest critic that to allow such action within the T. S. would be to menace the liberty of every Fellow.

NOTICE

We hold over the monthly Financial Statements of the T. S. and the Pañchama Free Schools, owing to the length of the Supplement this month.

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

SUPPLEMENT TO

THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th February to 8th March, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

		Rs.	A.	P.
Mrs. E. Fagan, for 1913		18	12	0
Mr. J. G. Alayadeera and Mr. G. D. Jayasundera		20	0	0
Presidential Agent, Ireland				
Annual dues of 4 old members for 1913,	£1-0-0			
Charter fees	£1-0-0			
Annual dues of 7 new members for 1913,	£3-10-0			
	£5-10-0	82	8	0
Mr. Frank Wade, Cairo, for 1913		15	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, for 1913, £2-10-0 ...		37	8	0
New Zealand Section, for 1912, £26-16-0 ...		398	13	0
Mrs. Janet Augusta Boyd (1912 and 1913)	£2-0-0	30	0	0
Australian Section, part payment of, for 1913, £25-0-0		371	5	0

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. N. H. Cama, Secunderabad	10	0	0
Mrs. Owen, to garden account £2-2-0	30	0	0

PRESIDENT'S TRAVELLING FUND

Australian Section, £3-2-0	46	0	9
French Section, £40-0-0	594	2	1
Rs.	1,654	0	10

A. SCHWARZ
ADYAR, 8*th March*, 1913. *Treasurer, T. S.*

The following receipts from 9th March to 7th April, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Miss J. L. Guttmann, Germany, £1-8-0 ...	21	0	0
Mrs. Edwards, for 1913	15	0	0
Mr. V. R. Menon, Singapore, for 1913 (5s.) ...	3	12	0
Mme. T. F. Drugmann, Brussels, £1-0-0 for 1913	14	13	1
Count Mde. Prozer, for 1912 and 1913, £2-0-0 ...	29	12	2

DONATIONS

Mr. A. Ostermann, Olmar, donation to Adyar Library	1,500	0	0
Federies Volles Varges in Bolivan, donation to Tandjur and Kandjur Fund, Adyar Library, £2-0-0	29	11	3

PRESIDENT'S TRAVELLING FUND

Donation from Theosophical Society in England and Wales, £100-0-0	1,500	0	0
Rs.	3,114	0	6

A SCHWARZ
ADYAR, 7*th April*, 1913. *Treasurer, T. S.*

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th February to 8th March, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Miss Helen Denton, Detroit, £4-4-9	63	6	0
Australian Section, T. S., £1-0-0	14	13	8
Mrs. Owen, £2-0-0	29	13	2
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhasker Aiyar, Executive Engineer, for March 1913 ...	10	0	0
Madame Zelma Blech	70	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5	1	10	0
Rs.	189	10	10

A. SCHWARZ
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.
ADYAR, *8th March*, 1913.

The following receipts from 9th March to 7th April, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Nadar Sangam, through Mr. K. Panchapakasam, Kadambur	9	14	0
Mr. M. V. Rege, Pleader, District Thana (Food Fund)	5	0	0
Mr. Pranjivan Odhavjee	10	0	0
In Memory of M. P. S. (Food Fund)	10	0	0
Donations under Rs 5	2	2	0
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhasker Aiyar, Executive Engineer, for April 1913 ...	10	0	0
Rs.	47	0	0

A. SCHWARZ
Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.
ADYAR, *7th April*, 1913.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Wolverhampton, England	Wolverhampton Lodge, T. S. ...	11-1-13
Ilkley, Yorkshire ...	Ilkley Lodge, T. S. ...	11-1-13
Skien, Norway ...	Gjemso „ „ ...	13-1-13
Ovie Rendalen, Norway	Star „ „ ...	20-1-13
Oran, Algeria, France .	Dharma „ „ ...	1-2-13
Kilaiyur, Tanjore, India	Sri Kailas „ „ ...	12-2-13
Belfast, Ireland ...	Lotus „ „ ...	20-2-13
Thirukannapuram, Tanjore, India ...	Maitreya „ „ ...	22-2-13
Kathumannarkoil, S. Arcot, India ...	Sri Rajagopal Lodge, T. S.	22-2-13
Bhuvanagiri, S. Arcot, India	Sri Chamandeshwari Lodge, T. S. ...	22-2-13

North Vancouver Lodge (Canada), University Heights Lodge, San Diego, and Blavatsky Lodge, Chicago, have been dissolved.

ADYAR,
8th March, 1913.

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

Annie Besant: Vasanṭā Press, Adyar, Madras.
Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 8th April to 10th May, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Miss L. Guttmann, Germany, 10s. for 1913 ...	7	8	0
Presidential Agent, South America, £79-2-11 for 1912	1,168	14	7
Indian Section, part payment for 1913	1,800	0	0

DONATIONS

Mr. N. H. Cama, Khammamet	10	0	0
Rs.	2,986	6	7

A. SCHWARZ,
Treasurer, T. S.

ADYAR, 10*th May*, 1913.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 8th April to 10th May, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Miss Cruz, Adyar	10	0	0
Mr. Schurman, Adyar...	15	0	0
"A Friend," Adyar	500	0	0
Dr. Voute	21	13	0

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mrs. Kempter	6	0	0
Mr. Laurits Rusten, Minneapolis, U. S. A. ...	6	3	0
Donations under Rs. 5	3	14	0
Rs.	562	14	0

A. SCHWARZ

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 10*th May*, 1913.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Duaca, Venezuela ...	"Gloria del Maestro" Lodge, T. S.	1-1-13
Milan, Italy	Ars Regia Lodge, T. S. ...	17-2-13
Bayamo, Cuba	Rayos de Luz „ „ ...	17-2-13
Los Angeles, California	Krotona „ „ ...	21-2-13
Hollywood, California ...	Hollywood „ „ ...	21-2-13
New York City	Unity „ „ ...	25-2-13
Bordeaux, Gironde, France	Harmonic (Bordeaux) Lodge, T. S. ...	28-2-13
Le Mans, (Sarthe) France	Perseverance Lodge, T. S.	7-3-13
Furstenwalde-Spree, Germany	Furstenwalde „ „ ...	10-3-13
Holland	Bussumsche „ „ ...	10-3-13
Kristiansund, Norway ...	Kristiansund „ „ ...	24-3-13

LODGES DISSOLVED

Location	Name of Lodge
Milan, Italy	Leonardo da Vinci Lodge, T. S.
Milan, Italy	Lombardia Lodge, T. S.
Trieste, Austria... ...	Apollonio Tianeo Lodge, T. S.
Bordeaux, France ...	L'Effort Lodge, T. S.
Nice, France	Chris. Rosenkreutz Lodge, T. S.
Scandinavia	Vidar Lodge, T. S.
Brussels, Belgium ...	Anglo-Belge Lodge, T. S.

ADYAR,

8*th May*, 1913.

J. R. ARIA,

Recording Secretary, T. S.

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

THE THEOSOPHIST

The largest international illustrated Theosophical Monthly, royal octavo, 160 pages

CONTENTS—JUNE 1913

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST FOR APRIL

G. S. ARUNDALE

We publish the following with great pleasure:

DEAR SIR,

It is, we feel sure, hardly necessary to inform you how great a work the Central Hindū College has accomplished since its establishment in Benares in the year 1898. As anniversary has succeeded anniversary fresh signs of its vigour and of its far-reaching influence have ever been given to the public at large; and however much many may differ as to the suitability of its methods of work, however much some may even be on principle opposed to the combination of religious with secular instruction in schools and colleges, every broad-minded lover of India will eagerly agree that the Central Hindū College is the heart of a great national movement which cannot but bring its own share of useful service to the Motherland.

The college has been the means of bringing together a band of workers second to none throughout this land in point of intellectual attainments and noble enthusiasms, and many have been the testimonials from Government and from private individuals as to the influence of these workers over the young men entrusted to their care. Among this band of workers the name of George S. Arundale, the present honorary Principal, must be well-known to you, for in the annals of Indian Education hardly any name can be more worthy of honour, hardly any name evokes more gratitude. For, by the compelling power of his genius and his lofty character, he has brought home to the Indian youth—ardent in his patriotism and eager in his enthusiasm for India's ancient glories—that there exist

even now, ready to guide the children of the Motherland to deeds which shall bring them near to her heart, teachers in some degree at least resembling the teacher of old who taught his pupils the way to make their India glorious. The college has now, largely because of him and those who work with him, a definite message to proclaim.

The college has shown to the outside world that the ancient ideals of Āryavarṭa are not dead but more potent than they ever were before: the college has shown, in the relations between its teachers and its students, that the ancient ideal of the instructor and pupil may be translated into modern terms and be made a mighty inspirational force—to the teacher to purify himself to train his pupils, to the pupil to be worthy, in his dealings with men, of the greatness of his teacher. And the college has declared that patriotism is not sedition, that deep reverence for the throne is the consummation of Indian Ḍharma and the basis of India's future prosperity, material and spiritual.

Many indeed are the young men who have caught vivid glimses of such ideals from their beloved Principal, and who thus have learned while young to consecrate their lives to a service of India which knits them closer to their families, the units of national life, while at the same time opening their eyes to the needs of their great country as a whole. Mr. Arundale has lived for ten years among his students, loving India with them, sharing their joys with them, bearing with them their sorrows, and guiding them to their destinies. He has won their trust and their affection, for he has shown them how to love their Motherland, and no teaching can be more priceless, no gift more precious.

And now he is leaving us. He asks for no recognition of his work, nor would he be what he is were he to do so; but we who know the nature of the life he has evoked for India's service deem it our duty, as servants of the Motherland, to keep vigorous and inspiring the new force which is ours. We venture to think that no better way of perpetuating Mr. Arundale's work could be found than that of linking him in some form to that apotheosis of the Central Hinḍū College—the Hinḍū University of Benares, and we have decided to endeavour to collect sufficient funds so that a portrait in oils of one who has done much for Indian youth may be placed in

some suitable position within the precincts of the University, to remind the generations of students who shall read within its walls of a most loving friend and teacher. As this will not involve any considerable expenditure we have further the intention of devoting the surplus to the erection of rooms, or perhaps a small wing or building, within the University, preferably in connection with one of the Boarding Houses, to be named after Mr. Arundale, in honour of an Englishman who has shown in his own life that Indians and English may work together in loving brotherhood in a common work.

We feel sure that there are many in India who will be glad to become ministers of India's gratitude to one who has called himself an adopted son, and so we make a public appeal to all lovers of India to help us to do what is after all a duty and a privilege.

Donations will be received by the Hon. Secretary of the Committee, Pt. Iqbal Narayan Gurtu, M.A., LL.B., Benares City.

The following have already joined the Arundale Memorial Committee:—

Mrs. Annie Besant, P. T. S., President, Board of Trustees, Central Hindū College, Benares.

The Honourable Sir N. G. Chandavarkar, Kt., Judge, High Court, Bombay.

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Iswar Saran, Esq., B. A., Vakil, High Court, Allahabad.

Dr. Isan Chandra Roy, M.B., Benares.

E. G. Kilroe, Esq., M. A., Central Provinces.

E. A. Wodehouse, Esq., M.A., Professor, C. H. C., Benares.

P. K. Telang, Esq., M. A., LL. B., Professor, C. H. C., Benares.

B. Sanjiva Rao, Esq., B. A., (Cantab) Professor, C. H. C., Benares.

V. P. Dalal Esq., M. A., B. Sc., Professor, C. H. C., Benares.

Miss S. E. Palmer, B. Sc., Vice-Principal, C. H. C. Girls' School, Benares.

Babu K. P. Chakravarty Esq., B. A., Assistant Head Master, C. H. C., Benares.

Babu Bankey Behari Varma, Honorary Secretary, C. H. C. Old Boys' Association, Benares.

Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu, M. A., LL. B., Honorary Head Master, C. H. C. School, Benares, and General Secretary, Indian Section, Theosophical Society, Benares.

C. S. Trilokekar, Esq., M. A., C. H. C., Benares.

The Honourable B. Brajnandan Prasad, Vakil, Moradabad, and some others.

THE VASANṬĀ PRESS, ADYAR, MADRAS

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The followi
March :—

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3¼"X5". Clo
Price : Ans.
Postage : In

Contents : Christ
Aga

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, APRIL 1913

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

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

CHRIST AND BUDḌHA

By C. JINARAJADASA

3½″×5″. Cloth and Gold. Pages 145.
Price : Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.
Postage : India ½ Anna ; Foreign 1d. or 2c.

CONTENTS : Christ and Buddha—An Idyll ; Chatta and the Buddha ; Agade—1500 B. C. ; Good King Wenceslas ; Little Wayman ; The Baby White Elephant ; The Helper ; The Master.

New Adyar Edition uniform in size and binding with the author's *In His Name.*

A full-size portrait of the author in Indian dress appears as frontispiece. A new portrait of the famous cat Ji is given.

This tiny little volume is a gem. Its only fault is that there is not more of it . . . . . A dainty, marvellous little booklet ; so much in so small a compass . . . . . Assuredly every member should possess this ; rarely in so tiny a parcel are such strangely lovely fabrics to be found.—C. W. LEADBEATER in *The Theosophist.*

The charm of Mr. Jinarajadasa is great. The *Bibby's Annual* speaking of him said :

Although Mr. Jinarajadasa does not write in his own language, it will be seen that he is a master in ours, and not only has he given a message which is full of sound sense, but it is couched in words which are full of charm.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. I (MARCH) No. 3

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½″×6½″. Wrapper. Pages 48.
Four Illustrations.
Price: Single Copy: India Ans. 3; Foreign 4d. *Post free.*
Yearly: India Rs. 1-4; Foreign 2s. 6d. or 65c. do.

CONTENTS: 'From the Front,' by the Editor; 'Vaivasvata Manu,' by One of His Servants; 'Preparation for Citizenship,' by G. S. Arundale; 'A Wonderful Christmas Tree,' by A. J. Willson; 'Embodiments of Higher Beings,' by Rai P. N. Sinha Bahadur; 'Still in India,' by Annie Besant; 'Some Sayings of Small Children'; 'Memory for Students,' by Ernest Wood; 'To Our Young Citizens: A Ballad of Seville,' by K. F. Stuart; 'The Fruit Tree,' by Marie Bermond; 'Servants of the Empire'; 'The Star in the East'; 'The Round Table: Letter from Australia'; 'The Children's Corner: Kitty—A Story,' by M. N.; 'The Golden Chain: Letter to the Links,' by Ethel Whyte; 'The Lotus Circle,' by A. J. Willson.

THE FOUR NOBLE TRUTHS OF BUDDHISM

By THE BHIKKU SĪLĀCĀRA

7½″×5½″. Wrapper. Pages 56.
Price: Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.
Postage: India ½ Anna; Foreign 1d. or 2c.

CONTENTS: Their Finding; The First Noble Truth; The Second Noble Truth; The Third Noble Truth; The Fourth Noble Truth.

The author of this book is an Englishman who follows the great faith of the Buddha. The booklet not only brings academical light on the grand teaching of the Truths but presents a highly sympathetic exposition of value and interest. The heart of the Buddha's teaching finds expression in these pages which are full of practical instructions.

THE ADYAR BULLETIN

VOL. VI (MARCH) No. 3

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½″×6½″. Wrapper. Pages 44.
Price: Ans. 4 or 4d. or 8c. *Post free.*
Annual Subscription: Rs. 2 or 3s. or 75c. *Post free.*

CONTENTS: 'From the Editor'; 'The Protection of Children,' by Annie Besant and Lord Pentland; 'When Friends Meet (On How to Furnish a Room),' by One of Them; 'Students in Council (On Subterranean Libraries),' by A. B. and C. W. L.); 'An Occult Law: The Pupil is Apt to Exaggerate the Teacher's Greatness,' by Johan van Manen; 'The Stranger on the Hill,' by B. P. Wadia; 'From Twilight to Dawn,' by Aglovale; 'Exoteric and Esoteric,' by C. W. Leadbeater (To be concluded in the next No).

The April Number will contain 'The Citizenship of Coloured Races in the Empire,' by Annie Besant.

SOME DIFFICULTIES OF THE INNER LIFE

By ANNIE BESANT

No. 25 of *The Adyar Pamphlets* Series.

7½″×5″. Strong Wrapper. Pages 24.
Price: Ans. 2 or 2d. or 4c.
Postage: India ½ Anna; Foreign ½d. or 1c.
Annual Subscription: Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c. *Post free.*

With this article begins the third Series of the Adyar pamphlets which have become so popular. The difficulties referred to are some of the most distressing encountered by those who have definitely taken spiritual evolution as their goal. The reader will find consolation and inspiration in the advice and explanations given.

THE THEOSOPHIST

VOL. XXXIV (APRIL) No. 7

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½″×6½″. Handsome Wrapper in Blue and Silver. Pages 160.
A Half-tone Illustration of The Crow's Nest, Bombay.
Price: Ans. 12 or 1s. 3d. or 25c. *Post free.*

CONTENTS: 'On the Watch-Tower'; 'The Spiritual Significance of Creative Art,' by L. Nightingale; 'Pralaya' (Poem), by Marguerite Pollard; 'The Bases of Theosophy,' by James H. Cousins; 'Some Reflections, Correspondences and Questionings,' by Mrs. Hallett; 'The Russian Idea,' by Anna Kamensky; 'The Wonder Tree of Kumbum,' by Johan van Manen; 'Hindu Realism' (a Review), by F. Otto Schrāder; 'A Reverie' (Poem), by R. W. Bell; 'Higher Consciousness,' by C. W. Leadbeater; 'Photographs of Phantoms,' by William H. Kirby; 'In the Twilight'; 'Sonnet,' by T.L. Crombie; 'The Crow's Nest, Bombay,' by Annie Besant; 'Theosophy in Many Lands'; Quarterly Literary Supplement; Reviews, by Annie Besant, Johan van Manen, C. R. Harvey, Dr. Schrāder, Mrs. Gagarin and others; A Great Indian on Theosophy; Supplement.

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By V. K. DESHIKACHARI

9½″×6½″. Strong Wrapper.
Price: Ans. 4 or 4d. or 8c.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY 1911—1912.

9½″×6½″. Strong Wrapper.
Price: Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.

THEOSOPHY AND THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

By ANNIE BESANT

7½″×5″. Boards and Cloth.
Price: Boards. Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.
Cloth and Gold. Rs.1-8 or 2s. or 65c.

Convention Lectures, 1912.

THE VASANTĀ PRESS, ADYAR, MADRAS, S. INDIA.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

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