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VOL. XXXIX No. 5

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THEOSOPHISTS all the world over will hear with deep regret that our good and devoted worker, Herbert Whyte, has been called home by death on a Palestine battle-field. We have heard no particulars; only he is in the list of "killed". Many know him as the busy and helpful worker in the Theosophical Publishing Society, second in command to Miss Ward. Others as the leading Knight of the Round Table, which under his care and inspiration, aided by his wife, his true helper in all good activities, has spread all over the world; he was ever a lover of boys and girls, and has been the life of many of their associations. Others again know him as an interesting writer, a Theosophical propagandist, as a most gentle and lovable personality. Ever since he was a lad, attending Theosophical meetings with his mother, he has been faithful to our great ideals, and has led a

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pure and noble life. Now he has heard the Master's call: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Sure are we that he will work on for the Lord he loves, and has served so loyally from his boyhood. To me, he was ever the most eager helper, as trusty as he was loving. To his wife, who gave him without hesitation to the service of his country, I can only send thought of sympathy, knowing, as she knows, that death cannot touch love, and that over those who have been so closely linked in service death has no power of division.

Another of our members, an ex-General Secretary, who has done exceptionally good work ever since the beginning of the War, in hospitals and at the front, Captain Haden Guest, has received the Military Cross, a well deserved honour. By the way, another of our General Secretaries, Major Graham Pole, who went through the terrible struggle of Loos, and was invalided out as a result, is over here for a few weeks, very welcome to the many friends he made here before the War.

Still some protests against the internment ended last September come from very distant places, testifying to the far-flung influence of the Theosophical Society and the Order of the Star in the East. Dwellers in countries supposed to be less free than those under British Rule received a rude shock from the discovery that the old *lettre de cachet* still survived in India, and

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that people without fault proven or even alleged could be deprived of liberty and of their means of livelihood by the mere fiat of the Executive. A copy of a petition to H. E. the Viceroy, dated last August, from far-off San José, Costa Rica, Central America, has reached me, and shows the unexpected feeling aroused:

We, the undersigned, Members of the Order of the Star in the East, and Theosophists, devoted admirers of the spiritual mission confided to Great Britain by the Supreme Intelligence that guides the destinies of Nations, respectfully submit to the Government of Madras this, our solemn protest against the decision prohibiting the continuance of the religious and educational work of Mrs. Annie Besant, Protector of the Order, and President of the Theosophical Society; and we hereby beseech His Excellency, the Viceroy of India, to deign to reconsider the said decision issued under his authority, in order that Mrs. Besant may recover her freedom to contribute to the religious and ethical progress of humanity.

Again, from Finland, came a note:

Only a few days ago our daily papers contained a report of your deliverance from the confinement, and some kindly words as to the campaign for the freedom of India.

After all, nearly forty-four years of public work have some weight in the minds of men.

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One of the very unpleasant results of the War to the Theosophical Society has been the commandeering by the War Office of the splendid new Headquarters of the Society, which has been built by public subscription among Theosophists, and has cost over £100,000. The War Office exercises its powers in a most reckless way—as was shown by its effort to seize the British Museum—and cares nothing for the losses it inflicts. It gives no compensation, leaves us to pay the heavy ground-rent, and to find any place we can for our

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meetings. It is going to use £20,000 in adapting the place to its purposes, a fairly good proof of its unsuitability. It is no wonder that Parliament is asked for huge grants of money, if this transaction is a specimen of War Economy!

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A pleasanter subject is the granting of a Charter for a new National Society in Egypt. I have spoken more than once of Theosophical activities there by soldiers of the Allied forces, and there are now five Lodges in Cairo and two in Alexandria, the old home of Hypatia, after whom one of the Lodges is named. Italian, French and English Presidents sign the application for the Charter. A photograph sent with the application contains what is probably the last portrait of Lieut. G. Herbert Whyte, in the midst of the Cairo Round Table. *The Egyptian Mail* of November 17th (1917) contains the second lecture given by him in the Cairo Theosophical Hall. Signor Egizio Veronesi, President of the Hikmet el Kadim Lodge, writes that a Syrian girl has written an article on Yoga in *The Arabic Review*, and that various Theosophical books are to be translated into Arabic, to be used among the Arabic-speaking population. Signor Veronesi writes:

> Egypt differs from other countries, because Egypt is the centre of all languages, all races, all nationalities, all habits, all religions, all philosophies, and our work is hard to implant in such a *milieu.*

Our good Brother Demiurgien Bey, after his long, long years of work, must feel happy that Theosophy

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has come back to one of its most ancient homes. In Egypt and in Syria also live some of the Masters, for Egypt is truly a Sacred Land, one of the centres of Occultism in the dim days of the long-ago. Āryanised from Southern India as it was, some of the fellaheen of to-day still show the delicately-cut features that one sees in the ancient frescoes. Land of the Ancient Mysteries and of Magic, White and Black, of strange secret arts and profound occult knowledge, Land of the Hidden God, whom all the Gods adore, of the Hidden Light and the Dark Truth, of Thebes and of Sais, of Divine Dynasties and grim Autocrats of a Royal Priesthood, of the Double Crown and the secret Asp, to that Dark Mother of the Hidden Powers, has Theosophy thus returned.

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Who knows what is Egypt's destiny in the coming years? Shall she become again the receiver of the treasures of East and West, as well as the Land of Wisdom? Pythagoras studied there, Plato was initiated there, beneath the Pyramids are the sealed chambers which saw strange ceremonies, where Masonry had its hidden roots, and shows now in a glass darkly the re-veiled secrets of the hidden worlds. Are the Mysteries of Osiris for ever buried? Are those of Ra for ever withdrawn from men? Was Cagliostro wholly in error when he sought for the Rite of Memphis and Mizraim, but found not what he sought? Perhaps some wise and faithful Brothers may yet succeed where he failed, and may give to the worthy the wondrous ritual which perchance is not lost, but is

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only awaiting the pure heart and the single eye which alone can win entrance into the secret places where abides the Black Rose, waiting for its fit recipient.

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The Rose Immortal, by A. Bothwell Gosse, is a booklet charming in form and inspiring in content. It is brief, containing but 63 small pages, but its brevity is filled with wisdom, and tells of fruitful meditation and the gain of spiritual insight. The Four Roses are chanted—the Red Rose of Sorrow, the White Rose of Joy, the Yellow Rose of Union, the Black Rose of Silence. It is a booklet to give to a friend whose eyes, healed of blindness, "sees men as trees walking". And it is a booklet that the Mystic will love, for it will recall to him poignant experiences under the Red and the White Roses. The author should be happy to have written it.

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My friends all the world over will be glad to know that the Society for the Promotion of National Education was definitely launched at Calcutta in the "National Week," as we call the week during which gather for their Annual Sessions the chief Associations in the country, religious, educational, social and political. The Theosophical Educational Trust held its final meeting as such, confirmed its last year's resolution to merge in the wider body, and bade its officers take the necessary legal steps to carry the resolution into effect. The new Society has the same essential objects, making religion an integral part of education, and providing

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each student with teaching in his own faith. It embraces larger objects also, the founding of National Universities, independent of Government, in which the curricula will be suited to the National needs and the National genius, providing men of every type required for National progress. The first University, which is to be opened on July 7th, 1918, at Madanapalle, has for its Chancellor Sir Rabindranath Tagore, and for its Pro-Chancellor, Sir S. Subramania Iyer. The President of the whole body is Sir Rash Behari Ghose, whose great gifts to Calcutta University and whose splendid work there have made his name a household word in India, apart from the fact that he was the leader of the brilliant Calcutta Bar, and is an ex-President of the National Congress. The Governing Body comprises the leading educationists of India, and ensures the success of the whole movement.

I wonder if there are any British friends who, for love of India and from gratitude for India's help in the first critical months of the War, would give this movement of National Education some money aid. They might make some donations to it, or might become Life-Members by a single payment of Rs. 1,500 (£100). Life-Members receive all publications of the Board free, and foreign Life-Members, having in view the charge for postage and the greater purchasing power of money here, pay Rs. 1,500 instead of Rs. 1,000. The money—except for small donations which can be sent by money-order had better be paid to my account

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in the London City and Midland Bank Ltd., 196 Oxford Street, London, W., for I can then obtain it here without loss by making exchange payments in London. The Madras Education Department—the most reactionary in India in political matters—has withdrawn grants-in-aid from the Olcott Pañchama Free Schools, because I am the President of the Managing Board. It never struck me to introduce politics into elementary schools, opened to help the submerged classes! However, that is the way things go in India. But I think that we shall be able to provide for the Schools, left in our care by the President-Founder, better than we have been able to do previously. For India is waking to her educational duties, and we are organising the collection of funds for this vital work.

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The Board has authorised a "Village Department," in which the schools will have a curriculum suited to village wants, and giving an opportunity to specially capable boys and girls to go on into secondary schools. For the most part a village school, where it exists, is the only school a village child has. We hope also to imitate the American plan of making the village school-house a centre for adult gatherings, with a reading-room, and occasional lectures, illustrated with a magic lantern, on subjects useful and interesting to the villagers. The Home Rule movement has awakened the masses, and they listen eagerly to lectures on sanitation and the like.

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VIVISECTION

By L. W. Rogers

THEOSOPHISTS are not unitedly opposed to vivisection, remarkable as that seems to some of us. Lecturers who lose no opportunity to enlist the sympathies of their audiences against vivisection frequently are taken to task afterwards by members who favour it. Perhaps if the truth about vivisection were better known there would be fewer to support it.

To many of us vivisection seems wrong for various reasons. One is because it is not theoretically sound. It is chiefly for the purpose of obtaining serums to inject into the body with the intention of counteracting something else that should not be there—neutralising

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one poison with another. It is usually assumed that since one force can be definitely balanced against another and one chemical can with certainty neutralise another, we are therefore proceeding with precision in the injection of serums. But there is weak analogy between these cases. The diagnosis is often uncertain. The receptacle is a living organism and the physical conditions vary greatly. The injection of serums is a hazard in the dark. Good health lies in a different direction. Its basis is simple living, right thinking, useful activity and freedom from worry. On that theory we may build up a sounder physical foundation for the race.

Another reason why vivisection is wrong is because it is not efficacious in practice. Great claims are made for it, but its advocates themselves are continually giving evidence of its failure and of the utter unreliability of the experiments that cost so much in pain. A vivisector of high scientific standing will spend years in experimentation, during which literally thousands of animals are killed by prolonged suffering, and will then announce to the public a certain result, only to be flatly contradicted by another authority of equal standing and experience. An example of this is the contradictory announcement regarding infantile paralysis. Official representatives of the medical profession of Great Britain, France and Germany, have announced that that disease is not contagious. But Dr. George H. Whipple, head of the medical research department of the University of California, is quoted as saying that after ten years of ceaseless experiments upon animals it is definitely proven that infantile paralysis *is* infectious. Will the vivisectors tell us what has been gained by ten years

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of labour by man and ten years of torture of animals?

As the name Napoleon once hypnotised Europe, the word "science" serves in our day to paralyse conscience, and leads people to endorse any atrocity committed in its name. Every inventor and discoverer has a tendency towards exaggeration, and the enthusiastic claims that always accompany the appearance of a new serum are accepted by the hypnotised public at par. Most readers will remember the sensational claims made for the turtle serum that Dr. Friedmann brought from Germany to New York only a few years ago. It was triumphantly announced that a cure for tuberculosis was at last discovered. The great white plague was now to be conquered. The American newspapers went into a frenzy of jubilation (at how much per thousand words, the deponent sayeth not!), and during the excitement Dr. Friedmann sold the "great cure" for a million dollars and went back to Germany! Where is the turtle serum now? Has it conquered tuberculosis? Has it even checked it? It has not. We shall never hear of turtle serum again. But the credulity of the public is boundless. When some other German *savant* needs a million dollars he will only have to use snakes or toads instead of turtles! It was long ago that Koch was equally sure he had found a specific for tuberculosis. His was another of the inflated claims, and of the real facts the world knows little. A French chemist told me a few years ago that as a young man he was attached to a hospital where the Koch serum was tried, and that there, and elsewhere in France, the death-rate rose so alarmingly that the authorities promptly intervened and stopped its use altogether.

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Listen to an authority on the subject of untrue claims. Dr. Charles Bell Taylor, of the Royal College of Surgeons, says:

> Claude Bernard, the chief apostle of the system, after a lifetime spent in this gruesome business, protested that his hands were empty. It is not true that Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood by vivisection. It is not true that Hunter was led to the adoption of his treatment for aneurism by experiments upon animals. It is not true that Pasteur has discovered a cure for hydrophobia. Pasteur does not cure hydrophobia; he gives it, and it is a fact that the deaths from hydrophobia have increased both in France and England ever since he adopted his supremely ridiculous system of inoculating people with it.
>
> It is not true that Pasteur has discovered a cure for anthrax. He gives it, and his system has been condemned by the English, the German and the Hungarian physicians who have sat to consider it, while the loss to France is to be counted by millions since his system has been adopted in that country.
>
> It is not true that Koch has discovered a cure for consumption. On the contrary, his inoculations have led to deaths from initial fevers and the infection of the whole system of patients who suffered merely from localised disease. It is not true that Simpson discovered the anæsthetic properties of chloroform by experiments on dogs. Simpson experimented upon himself. Chloroform is so fatal to dogs that if he had tried it first on these animals he would never have tried it on man. It is not true that Lister was led to the adoption of his antiseptic treatment of wounds by vivisection. Antiseptics were used in the treatment of wounds long before his time.
>
> It is not true that the great advances in medicine and surgery are due to experiments upon animals. They are due to the discovery of anæsthetics and to the use of antiseptics; vivisection has had nothing to do with them. It is not true that we owe our knowledge of drugs to our experiments upon animals. The effect of drugs upon animals is so entirely different from their effect on man that no safe conclusions can be drawn from such investigations; and it is not true, notwithstanding assertions to the contrary, that Ferrier had succeeded in localising the functions of the brain by experiments upon animals.

Another reason why vivisection is wrong is because it inflicts on both animals and people torture of which

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the uninformed do not dream. The facts are ghastly, and would be incredible if they did not come from the vivisectors themselves in the published descriptions of their experiments. The case of Mary Rafferty, a friendless and feeble-minded waif who drifted into the Good Samaritan Hospital in Cincinnati a few years ago, was widely discussed in the press. Needle electrodes connected with a battery were inserted in her brain and a record of her suffering and convulsions was calmly written with scientific precision! *The Bulletin*, of the John Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore, published the experiment made upon eight patients at the City Hospital with a view to testing the effects of an overdose of thyroid extract. The victims were alleged incurable patients whose minds were so enfeebled that there was no danger of successful complaint. Dr. Berkeley, who made the report, explains that they were patients "who, *with one exception*, had either passed *or were about to pass* the limit of time in which recovery could be confidently expected"! The italics, you may be sure, were not used by the doctor! Comment upon this feeble excuse for homicide is unnecessary. Later in the report we are told that two of the patients became "frenzied" and that "one died before the excitement subsided". But the experimenters learned just how a poisoned patient acts, and added to their knowledge the remarkable discovery that some had greater resistance than others! So far as is known, these scientific murderers are still at large. Writers in the press denounce the hospital as "a den of infamy," but apparently nothing worse happened to those guilty of the outrage.

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On what vivisection means for animals let us hear an authority. Dr. Edward Berdoe, of the Royal College of Surgeons, has written:

> There is not an organ of the animal body, not a function, not a sensation which has not been or is not being investigated and experimented upon by the physiologists. Is it the brain? They plough it with red-hot instruments; they pick and slice and galvanise it. Is it the spinal cord? Its functions are minutely explored and the nerves which come from it traced with scalpel and forceps in the living frame until they are lost in hair-like threads, then tested by electricity and irritated by drugs.
>
> In the eyes are inserted powerful and biting acids and through their transparent media they watch the effect of painful inoculation The lungs are deprived of their natural motive power and artificial respiration substituted—working by bellows. The channels for blood are used as if they were merely tubes. The nerves are treated as though they were galvanic battery wires, and the gamut of agony played upon them by cunning fingers skilled to discover the utmost capability of suffering. The heart is laid bare; its palpitations are the subject of observation with delicate instruments; its valves are treated as though they belonged to a philosophical instrument made of glass and India rubber.
>
> Can the animal eat? It is kept without food and fed on grotesque diets to see how long it will take to starve. Can it drink? It must be subjected to experiments with fluids. It has blood; it must be all removed and pumped in again that something may be learned even from that. It breathes; it shall have poisonous gases to inhale. Can it perspire? It shall be varnished or covered with wax to see how long it can live without doing so. Can it take cold? It shall be shaven clean and bathed in ice water to try how long it takes to contract pneumonia. Can it burn? It shall be baked alive. Can it be scalded? It shall be boiled alive. Freeze? It shall be stiffened to the consistency of wood. Is there a new disease discovered by the faculty? It shall be compelled to contract it, if possible, or exhibit the reason why it does not. Is there a degree of agony which just stops short of death and no more? Nail by nail shall be driven carefully into its limbs, while its torment is computed by degrees of exhaled carbonic acid gas, till no more crucifixion can be borne.

Dr. Berdoe's general statement may be taken by some readers to be merely an indictment of the spirit of vivisection rather than a version of facts. But it is

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unfortunately not so, as the details disclosed in sworn statements by employees in the vivisection hells prove. A single example of an operation and of the after treatment will suffice, for the stories are so horrible that the harrowing account must be shortened to the least space that will serve the purpose for which this article is written—to enlist the sympathies of merciful people against this growing outrage perpetrated in the name of science. Both of the following statements of facts are fully supported by the affidavits of eye-witnesses—indeed, of participants.

Evidence furnished by the New York Anti-Vivisection Society:

> Affiant is and has been for two years employed in the hospital, part of the time in the histological and bacteriological laboratories. Dogs, cats and monkeys were used for vivisection. Practically no anæsthetics were used. One case described in detail was that of a large collie dog that had been found wandering near the hospital. The dog was strapped to a frame so that his body was upright at an angle of about 45 degrees. The affiant was ordered to shave the dog's back and did so. The sworn statement continues: "Dr. A. then took a scalpel and cut away the skin, tissues and muscles surrounding the spine. Absolutely no anæsthetics were used in this case. The spine was laid bare for a space of four inches, and the muscles connecting it were cut away. The dog's cries were very loud and he kept up a queer, continuous sort of gurgle in the throat all the time that this operation was going on. The animal's suffering was awful. I nearly got sick to my stomach as it continued. Dr. A. held back the tendons so that the living vital organs might be seen by the students. He put on rubber gloves, and, reaching through the abdominal cavity of the animal, grasped the lungs and held them for a few minutes so that the air could not enter. Then the lungs were released; the moans of the poor dog were something frightful. Dr. A. then injected leutin, a serum which is manufactured by Dr. Noguchi of the Rockefeller Institute and which contains the germs of syphilis. The dog was then sown up and given four hypodermic injections of morphine to keep his yells and moans from disturbing the staff at their work. This dog, after the second day, became so rotten at the stitches that he was killed.

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The California Anti-Vivisection Society publishes evidence containing an affidavit by one of the men who had charge of the animals used for vivisection in the medical department of the University of California. He testifies to the terrible agony of dogs when injections were made for the purpose of developing pneumonia and other diseases. In his sworn statement relating to the careless treatment of the dogs after their removal from the operating tables, he says that he came one morning to his work and found a large dog which in its agony had torn open its wounds, and that pieces of the intestines were scattered about the cage. The dog lived several days in lingering agony. Various employees in different cities testify that practically no attention was paid, and no effort made, to relieve suffering in any way. Some of the affidavits relate to the slow starvation of the animals, and the pictures of their living skeletons have been published in the Medical Journals.

While such atrocities are being perpetrated by the vivisectors, the dogs in the French army are winning decorations that men are proud to wear. They search for the wounded and helpless, carry food to them, bring back some personal belonging for identification, carry dispatches across shell-swept fields where no man dare venture, and often come back so wounded and mangled that they have barely the strength to crawl into the trenches, give up their priceless dispatch, and die. The French military authorities decorate some and bury others with military honours. Meantime vivisectors strap dogs to the operating tables and, without even troubling to give an anæsthetic, inflict pain that is indescribable.

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A frequent but thoughtless argument for vivisection is that God put the animals here for our use and benefit, and that it would be stupid not to use them in any way that may serve us. The assumption in such a declaration is that *because they are here* and we are the higher thing in creation and have the skill and power, we may disregard their welfare. How would that principle work if applied generally? Following that precedent, the burglar could say with equal logic that money was put in a safe for his use and benefit; that he and his welfare are more important than money; that since it is there and he has the skill and power to burst open the safe, it would be stupid if he did not get that money for the good purpose of feeding and clothing his wife and children. He would merely ignore others' welfare as the vivisector ignores the animal's welfare; and he would at least not be inflicting torture on anything or anybody.

The vivisector may reply that in such a case he does not consent that the burglar shall steal his money. But how does he know that God consents to the torture of animals? We can hardly imagine a greater inconsistency than to assume that a God of love and mercy would endorse torture, nor of a greater blasphemy than to assume that He created animals for such a purpose.

Since nobody knows why God did anything, we have an equal right to guess. If we look at the question from the most orthodox viewpoint, that God made men and animals as men make machines, and that the destiny of man is to develop to the highest qualities of love and service, then it is a better guess that helpless and defenceless animals are intended to arouse our sympathy and develop our compassion, than that they are here to

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be murdered and tortured for our doubtful benefit. If we look at the matter from the truly scientific viewpoint, that the whole universe is a panorama of unfolding life; that one grade graduates into another; that we have come up from lower levels; that after millions of years of evolution the animal life of to-day will have evolved to the human grade, then it is a fair guess that the cruelties of vivisection are sowing the seeds of disaster and impairing the very foundation of future humanities. If we look at the problem from the viewpoint of the soundly scientific belief of the Christian Gnostics in the immanence of God—that all life is one and inseparable, that man and the animal are but two phases of the one eternal consciousness that is the basis of the universe—then it is a good guess that vivisection is akin to the insanity of self-maiming and that the terrible price nature will finally exact will be the reaction on man of all the pain he has inflicted on the animal kingdom.

The law of love is the highest law there is. We know that, as we know that water quenches and that the sun warms. We know there is no higher joy than unselfish love. We know there is no earthly heaven above that of the fireside, with all the world shut out and care forgot in the loving clasp of children's dimpled arms. And if the law of love is the highest law there is, its violation must necessarily bring the most terrible reaction there is.

L. W. Rogers

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"NATURA NON FACIT SALTUM"

By THEODORA MACGREGOR

DURING the process of gestation the embryo runs rapidly through the whole range of sub-human evolution, becoming in turn reptile, fish, mammal, and so on. From birth onwards the child continues its development without a break, by summarising in himself the experiences and states of humanity from primitive man till he reaches the stage of his race and family. Some individuals may transcend this, but they are quite exceptional.

The average child is moulded very largely by heredity and environment, in the sense that these determine the degree to which the "ego" can manifest itself, and his limitations are very well defined. He may be greatly improved if his environment be greatly improved, but beyond the possibilities of his race and family he cannot go, however appearances may seem to show the contrary. The family and race are corporate, living organisms, the former being to the latter as cells and ganglia are to the human body, integral parts of it, having to do definite work which cannot be set aside without threatening destruction to the whole.

Many Theosophical parents have a very great difficulty to face in the upbringing of their children. They have broken away from the family traditions in

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which they grew up, and have cast aside the forms of religion which have been the means of the spiritual progress of their race for countless ages, and which must have been the paramount influence in moulding the finer of their physical vehicles.

Some people argue that local ways of thinking, and old-fashioned home ties and prejudices make barriers between man and man, but he who has grown out of these in a normal, healthy way, will have a more intense, though detached, love of his family, his race, his country, and his country's God, which will enable him to enter with adequate sympathy into the feelings of others for their traditions. Growth comes, not by the cutting off of anything, but by the enlargement and enhancing of consciousness to include ever more and more. Until a man understands his own family religion and standards, he cannot be expected to understand those of any other person. He may have no local prejudices, and may have equal regard over all religions, but if none of them have been part of himself it is a loveless detachment which is a burden to the world and drags it down.

Many T. S. members have been driven away from Christianity by its worst accretions, and have no real understanding of what it stands for. Theosophy is the only substitute they have for a religion, and they give their children Theosophical teachings *as if they were religious tenets*. This turns the Theosophical Society into a sect, for which all will agree that it is in the highest degree unsuited.

Whatever possibilities may be within a young child, if normal he must pass through the stage of the savage, and during this period the choicest and loftiest mental and spiritual food will be presented to him in

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vain unless it is veiled as for the savage, and absorbed subconsciously.

Everything a child learns must be related to something he knew before. He advances from the known to the unknown, from the particular to the general, from the concrete to the abstract, from percepts to concepts. But Theosophy, when looked upon as a body of doctrines, is unlocal, ungeographical, founded on concepts, and appealing to highly trained, cultured, travelled, and leisured people. (The "Brotherhood" basis, being largely a matter of attitude, can very easily be allowed to slide into the background.)

Apropos of *At the Feet of the Master*, the writer once heard a child ask: "But what do you mean by the Master?" The answer given was: "If you are a Christian the Master is for you the Lord Jesus; if a Buḍḍhist, He is the Lord Gauṭama Buḍḍha; if a Hinḍū, He is Srī Kṛṣhṇa, and so on."

But as it is an established psychological fact that the child mind needs the concrete and personal factors, such teaching, however fine in itself, could not have a real living influence on his life, and would tend to make him grow up cynical and loveless.

Similarly children of a certain class of T. S. members risk growing up without a country, and with no racial or family attachments. Like plants uprooted they have no soil to grow in, nothing to react from; the protective swaddling bands are prematurely shred from them, and they are left in the full blaze of the Sun of Truth, to be scorched and withered away before their time.

One sees how absolutely the animals are surrounded by the "soul of their race" until fully developed,

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and the same holds good as regards the natural conditions of primitive man. During the first seven years at least, the savage mother clings to her child desperately, and is in danger of going mad if he be torn from her. Her love for him is the medium in which he lives, moves, and has his being. From her he imbibes customs, ways of thought, tales and songs traditional in the family, its history in a legendary way, its religious beliefs, all perfectly concrete and intelligible to him, although not rising to any height of philosophy. He can love them and enter into them for the time, and even although he may grow out of them later on, they will have helped his growth.

But the modern civilised mother has her own intellectual activities. Her education actually militates against her having any natural turn for children, and she sincerely thinks she does far better to hand them over to someone else. If a Theosophist, she takes care to have the child taught the outline of what she herself has come to believe after years of strenuous study and search, without a thought as to the incapacity of the uncoördinated faculties of the child to realise in the faintest degree what she means. The jumble of ideas which some children have about reincarnation, nature spirits, astral bodies, and Masters, is truly deplorable, and cannot possibly be the proper thing. This is seen in their flippancy and shocking lack of reverence. Mentally they are poor and barren, and are very lacking in concentration as compared with the average child.

Whether or not the writer is exaggerating the evil, the tendency undoubtedly exists. It should be remembered that the brighter the light, the blacker its shadow; and the greater the possibilities for good in

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Theosophical teaching the more harm can be done by senselessness and indiscretion in its presentation. Theosophists must do a great deal of clear thinking and study if they are going to succeed as educationists. They should be far more ready than they are to take advantage of the accumulated experience of ages with regard to children, and less ready to experiment on human flesh and blood to find out things which have been observed and written down long ago.

After the stage of complete dependence on the mother has been passed, the medium in which the child should live is the family. He should be made to feel clearly that his life is a continuation of that of his ancestors, that he must either rise higher than they, or at least be worthy of them, and that he is not a separate unit, free to do what he likes. Then his attitude towards parents, brothers and sisters, teaches him what ought to be his attitude to the world at large. The school is an image in little of the State. He can learn there what law is, and what great evils arise from chaos and anarchy; hence the necessity for Government. Also the meaning of fellowship must be borne in on him, and he must become accustomed to live as a member of a living, corporate body, suppressing his own desires and will for the good of the whole.

Above all, let growth be natural, and let there be patience without end. No attempt should be made to force a child to go beyond its mental and spiritual capacity because an adult thinks these or those ideas are fine and large. Insight into the actual state of the child is the first necessity, and nothing can take its place.

Theodora MacGregor

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A HILL-TOP HOME

By JAMES H. COUSINS

IN the preoccupation of most Theosophists with the vital matter of gaining possession of Theosophy and of themselves, it is hardly to be wondered at, though it is to be regretted, that the artistic element in life should fall somewhat into abeyance. "Art is long," as Longfellow has said. It is given to the very few, at the present stage of evolution, to carry a natural artistic touch into all life's activities; the majority of us have had to acquire the rudiments of taste through much tribulation, realising the truth expressed by Yeats that "we must labour to be beautiful"; and reaching our glimpse of perfection, as Michelangelo reached his expression of it, according to Pater, "through a series of disgusts". But there can hardly be any doubt in the minds of those who realise the full purport of Theosophical teaching, that it stands in the front of the great cultural movements of the world; its teachings and attitude provide the most inclusive and thorough media for the attainment of the free rhythm and balance, the clarity of vision and the adequacy and dexterity of execution that are the qualities of Art, and should be the qualities of the master-art of Life. The first law of Art is the artistic

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kinship of all creation ; such also is the first and only law of the Theosophical Society ; and those who have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of immediate contact with the great life-centre of Theosophy at Adyar, and with its counterpart at Ootacamund, will share the feeling that in these homes of peace, purity and power, we have to-day the anticipants of what the general home-life of Theosophy will be when, in lives to come, its teaching has distilled itself into native consciousness, and discipline has brought about freedom, harmony and mastery in the instruments.

I belong to the tribe of the Nomads, to whom " a local habitation " has its highest purpose in providing a stepping-off place from the known to the unknown on the great Quest of the soul. I am not one, therefore, to whom a place, as such, bears an intrinsic value ; but I have come to know that there *are* places in which some connection with tradition, or some clear manifestation of elemental beauty in nature, provide conditions in which the sensitive psychic organ of some human beings may respond to the keen call of the flute of the Far-to-seek, as Rabindra exquisitely names the signals from the spiritual hill-tops of the world within. Such places become the foci of outward and inward radiations of high thought and exalted emotion, repositories of spiritual gifts that sanctify a local altar which in turn becomes a means of sanctification to those who come within its influence. Such a centre is Adyar, of which many have written in poetry and prose ; such another centre is "Brookhampton," Ootacamund, which has not yet received its meed of recognition, and of which I wish to record a few impressions gathered from a short stay during the Christmastide of 1916.

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Brookhampton is not the first or only "hill station" of the Theosophical Society. Readers of *Old Diary Leaves* will recall Colonel Olcott's references to "Gulistan," which is still a special place of rest, and in its carved door and hall ornaments bears reminders of the President-Founder's artistic taste and wide travel. But Brookhampton, with its commodious house and comfortable estate, has been acquired by the Theosophical Society in order to provide a hill-top home, during the hot season on the plains, for a larger number of Fellows, and, with excellent fitness, it stands facing, across a valley and at a couple of miles' distance, the "cathedral" of the Toda hill-tribe which occupied so much of the attention of H. P. B. when she enjoyed a laborious rest on the great plateau of the Nilgiris, seven thousand feet above the sea.

The house itself, a castellated, single-storeyed building, might be an ancestral home anywhere among the Surrey hills or in the North of Ireland—only there is something different. The air is as clear as spring water, and through it there comes an odour of flowers whose constituents, for a reason that you afterwards learn, seem to bring the scented pleasures of a whole year into a single exhalation; through it come also wreathed wafts of sweet pungency that you find to be the outbreathings of the eucalyptus trees that lift their great plumes of silver and delicate blue all over the hills. What lies below, though unseen, also adds something to the mental atmosphere; though you are surrounded by gentle undulations, and cannot see the abyss to the level lands, you remember dizzy gaps between enormous precipices over which the train crawled a-tiptoe on cobwebs of bridges; you

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remember also white ladders, set by the Ḍevas against a gigantic cliff, that turned out to be frenzied serpents of foam tearing in headlong sinuosity from the clouds to the rivers that, far below, " wind somewhere safe to sea ". These elements of grandeur haunt the immediate scene like a noble ancestry; and if the quiet and delicate beauty of the plateau should bring you too close to familiarity, you can renew the thrill of vastness and wonder at the end of a mile's walk, where you can gaze over the edge of your skyey world on to the heads of hills three thousand feet below you that are swathed in pink *pugaris*[1] of cloud, and in western lands would be regarded as great mountains.

But the chief feature of the natural surroundings of Brookhampton is the simultaneity of temperature, and consequent simultaneity of vegetation. The thirty miles' journey in six hours uphill in the rack-railway is through a gradation from the heat of the tropics to the cold of a high mountain, and a similar gradation from the plumed bamboos and gollywog palmyras of the plains, through plantations of tea, coffee and plantains, broad-leaved forests, speckled orange groves, and spaces of bracken, to the familiar pines and firs and grass lands of Great Britain and Ireland mixed with the primitive woods or *sholas*; and as one draws the memory of these belts of vegetation up the hill like a telescopic ladder, there comes a curious sense of synthesis in nature which receives its crown and verification in the gardens of Brookhampton. There the frost of Christmas Eve lies caked on the shady side of a hedge while the sun at seven in the morning sends you indoors for your

[1] Turbans.

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topee.[1] When you re-emerge, you gaze in wonder at spring violets, summer roses, Michaelmas daisies and winter crysanthemums, all in bloom together; camelias are in full flower, arum lilies line the dry watercourses, and where the courses are moist from some perpetual spring, the maidenhair and *pteris ferus* stretch their transparent greenness among the rich browns of shed leaves and fertile earth; and a hedge of heliotrope puts its colour and fragrance between you and the King's highway.

So it is also with the human and sub-human creatures that move along the road that bounds the Brookhampton estate, an ever-changing procession of diversified corpuscles along a vein in some colossal Life whose heart is vastly yet intimately near our own. A group of Toda men, long-haired, frank-eyed, straight and handsome, look at you out of a tradition that challenges for the honour of age the prehistoric stone structures on the hill-top over against their own thatched "cathedral". A mounted member of the ruling race trots solitarily by, probably dreaming of Rotten Row and "home". A big motor-car hoots its way homeward, covered with the dust of the roads of the Mysore jungle where the ant-hills stand twelve feet high like pillars of a ruined temple, and the wild elephant stumbles into a pit and a civilised future in due season, and the big black-faced monkeys play schoolboy pranks among the teak trees. On its way up the hill-side (I know, for I was in it) the headlights of the modern miracle, as it slid up the hill-side, rising five thousand feet in seven miles, sent a thin panther leaping from his vantage-ground on the road-side. An

[1] Pith helmet.

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hour after the car has passed away into the odorous quietude of the starlit evening, small watchboys, like sheeted ghosts in the frosty half-light, crawl out of lean-tos made of kerosene tins, and patrol the potato-fields like the children of Israel at the walls of Jericho, rapping out a loud tattoo on the primitive drumhead, and crying *hoi*! *hoi*! to turn back the wild pigs that come crackling down the hill-side in search of an evening meal, through the dry sheddings of the eucalyptus and across the clearings where the sambhar deer graze.

And it is quite in the order of things that these things should here be out of their order, and be commingled in a unity of tint and perfume, giving glimpses of the Eternal Now behind the *māyā* of sequence in nature and humanity; calling us to search diligently, and with the joy of assurance, for the One Life in the many lives, as Theosophy searches for the One Truth in the many truths, and Art for the One Beauty through many beautiful—and unbeautiful—things. I think it must be because of a deep apprehension of these correlations in the universe, that Brookhampton is not only a home of Theosophy but of Art: not Art in the executive sense, for there are as yet few examples of the masterpieces of colour and form, and none of the work of Theosophical artists, and but limited means for the re-creation of the masterpieces of sound; but Art in the harmonious association of such materials as are at hand, and particularly in the suggestion of purity and calm which a well-guided instinct has conjured through the simple ritual of mutual tints and delicate folds. Anyhow, the touch of Art is there, and it is saved from the blight of dilettantism by a healthy

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delight in all God's creation, and the spirit of buoyant freedom in thought and speech that comes from living the life of spiritual comradeship.

In such an atmosphere the dark littlenesses of the personal self are seen in true proportion, or lost to sight in the sunny largenesses of the emancipated Soul; a larger and deeper Life is touched, and the ordinarily unlovely things that one sometimes comes across with a shock round some sharp corner of the mind, become transfigured in the laughter of the joy that has found the Unity of the Spirit, as the spider's web that was spun last night for destruction on the grass is turned this morning by dew and sunlight into a net-ful of glittering diamonds.

James H. Cousins

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THE PEACE OF GOD

BEING NOTES BY A CHRISTIAN AFTER READING
"THE SCIENCE OF PEACE"

By SEARCHLIGHT

THE writer of these notes takes it as an axiom that man has limited free-will in ordinary circumstances as regards his actions. If he is bound hand and foot, or crucified, or paralytic, or walking in his sleep,

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he has of course little or no control over his actions; but these are not ordinary circumstances.

The writer is well aware that free-will is by no means universally recognised as an axiom, and that it is, in fact, denied by many—by the determinist, by those who still believe in absolute predestination, by those who only believe in fate or fortune. Much has been written for both sides of the question, but it is not proposed to discuss it here. The matter appears to the writer to be incapable of proof and of disproof. It does, however, appear to him to be the foundation of all Western religion and a fundamental part of our faith. If man has not some free-will, of what use his considering matters of religion? He will be good, bad or indifferent, according to outside circumstances. If the reader denies this axiom, let him stop reading, for it will serve him no purpose to go on.

The average healthy Englishman or Western will, however, find no difficulty in accepting this truth. It is generally the failure who likes to think that his actions are in no way his fault, but are entirely due to outside influences. Religions of the East also appear to recognise some measure of free-will. By religions of the East the writer means these religions in their highest form, as expounded by certain members of the Theosophical Society. Free-will as regards actions has been assumed, because only this is essential to the arguments that follow. It is, however, extremely probable that man has limited free-will also as regards his thoughts and emotions, and indeed in all those functions which he consciously performs.

As a second axiom let it be now assumed as a fundamental of Western Faith that the vast majority of

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phenomena are in accordance with one or many purposes. Man's free-will, though it includes mere caprice, seldom falls to so low a level. The majority of those actions, things arranged and phenomena, which are the result of men's free-will have therefore each a purpose. The answer to the question: "Why does this thing happen?" is that it is the free-will of a purposer (in this case a man).

The intention of the second axiom is, however, far wider than this. It is intended to include also such phenomena as the rising and setting of the sun, the gradual development of the world by evolution, multitudinous phenomena which, when grouped and classified, show us "the laws of nature," the great start of the physical world when energy was collected into one or more suns, and its gradual decay as this energy becomes uniformly distributed. It is taken as an axiom that all these have a purpose. And the answer to the question: "Why do they so happen or exist?" is that they are the free-will of a Purposer. That "the Laws of Nature" are the free-will of one Purposer and not of many purposers is indicated by the way these laws work together and are never in conflict. The question: "How do they so happen?" is principally one for science to answer, but the question: "Why?" is essentially one for religion.

In following out this second axiom we have come to see that there is a Supreme Purposer, a God. The manifold other ways of arriving at this great Truth will not be discussed here. Sufficient to note that the religions of West and East have both concluded that there is one Supreme God, however many lesser deities there may be.

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Let us now consider, then, that Aspect of God which shows Him as the Supreme Free-will (called in the East Māyā-Shakṭi and sometimes represented as the consort of Brahman, the God All in All) placing limits on all lesser free-wills and ordering all things except such as he leaves within the limits of the lesser free-wills, say of men. Some say that this Supreme Free-will is the only real Free-will and that all human free-wills are only apparent and not real. But if man has no real free-will, even within limits, he has no reason to assume that there is any such thing as free-will at all. For man sees God by the things that he sees of himself. Or, looking at it from God's point of view, as the Bible does, "God said: Let us make man in our image, after our likeness".[1]

Now to men there are certain phenomena, or laws, or entities, or facts that appear to be necessary. We cannot conceive of any other state of affairs. In these matters there appears to be no scope for free-will at all. Such would appear to be Euclid's axioms, the fact that 2 and 2 make 4, the existence of matter, the laws of logic, such as: "That which is, is," and the law which to Eastern philosophy is the most fundamental: "The Self the Non-Self is not." Very few men can conceive of any state of affairs in which the above would not be true.

But there are a large number of phenomena that are generally considered to be necessary, but which to deep thinkers are seen to be by no means necessary, though they are none the less true. For example, it appears to us necessary that two circles which cut one another should have different centres. But to the

[1] *Gen.*, I, 26.

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great mind of Euclid[1] this was not necessarily so. He even conceived of two such circles with the same centre, but showed that this does not happen, because it would violate more fundamental truths. Western scientists until recently thought that the atom was the smallest particle of matter. And so it is if only physical or chemical processes be applied. But they now obtain much smaller particles or electrons by applying new processes. Again, a woman will often "tell at a glance that such and such must be so". She can see no other alternative. Man, having in many cases a more highly developed mind, will see that it need not be so at all. He is justified in seeing the possibility of an alternative, even if the woman is correct in her facts by information from a higher intuition.

Here then is the appearance of necessity. Facts appear to us to be necessary when it is beyond our consciousness to conceive of alternatives. Man's consciousness is, however, essentially limited. This is clearly seen in the variations of the limits of different men. One man can see no beauty in music; another in higher mathematics, which appear to him as rubbish; another in matters spiritual.

But all who believe in God believe Him to be vastly greater in every respect than man. Most believe Him to be in some respects infinite. They should therefore agree that His consciousness is so vast that He could easily have conceived of (and created) a world governed by laws (or expressions of His will) different from those which to us appear necessary. These apparently necessary laws and entities are only the result of the Supreme Free-will. Even the law: "The Self the

[1] Euclid, Book III, Prop. V.

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Non-Self is not," with its seven different aspects and the various manifestations which accompany them, is only the command, the law, of the Infinite Free-Will. In this respect it is just as capable of being fulfilled and surpassed as the Ten Commandments or any of the less obvious laws of God, of which St. Paul speaks when he treats of "the Law"[1].

Be it noted that belief in a Infinite God by no means entails belief in an Omnipresent God. Thus consider this piece of paper and "not-this-piece-of-paper". The latter is infinite, extending in every direction. But it is not omnipresent, for it is by hypothesis not present in the paper. So, though both Easterns and most Westerns believe in an Infinite God, those who believe in an Omnipresent God are adding an entirely separate article to their beliefs.

To the Western mind it is untrue that God is present in the free-will of a man who, knowing better, is torturing an innocent child. Such a man's free-will may have been given by God, it may once have been part of God Himself, it may by the Grace of God again return to Him, but in the meanwhile it is certainly not God, nor is God present in it. If Eastern religions really maintained—as some non-Christian Theosophists appear to maintain—that God is Omnipresent in the sense that torturing of the child is His will, the Eastern religions would be fundamentally opposed to all Western ideals, Christian or non-Christian.

Here then is the fundamental evil—the deliberate use of free-will against the Purpose of the Free-will of God. Much has been called evil that, as the non-Christian Theosophists rightly point out, is only

[1] *E.g.*, in *Romans*.

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undeveloped or misapplied good, or what appears as good to a very limited consciousness, or the opposite or "reaction" against which some "good" quality shows up, as white against black. But there remains this fundamental evil.

What then is the Purpose of the Infinite Free-Will? That it will be eventually fulfilled is undoubted. It is of course possible to conceive of two Opposing Free-Wills, each infinite in opposite directions from a dividing line; but all religions reject this, and it will not now be considered. Satan, though having a far less limited free-will than men, is not represented as equal with God under any name in any of the great religions.

Since man's consciousness is so limited, it is doubtful if he can conceive fully of the Great Purpose of the Infinite Free-will and Consciousness. We believe, however, that men can see something of it in the regions within which they are conscious, if they honestly use their free-wills with that object. This might be taken as an axiom. But in addition to this feeble means, we have the voice of revealed religion. One of the great means we have of judging what a man's purpose is, is by what he tells us of it. Another way we have is by his example, and this way also God has given to us—at any rate to Christians—in His example while on earth.

Let us then, humbly realising our limitations, attempt to see sufficient of God's purpose to enable us to give our limited free-wills towards furthering it, however little. Our consciousness, being finite, is as nothing to the Infinite, and herein lies the need for humbleness. As any mathematician knows, even a million is to Infinity as nothing is to one.

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We have at any rate many assurances that the Purpose is not going to be changed. Scientists are discovering everywhere continuity as they widen their fields of research. The Bible speaks of Him: "In whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning";[1] and again: "Think not that I come to destroy the Law or the Prophets: I come not to destroy but to fulfil."[2]

Let us consider first how the present state of affairs can have arisen. We live in a universe of unequal distribution of matter and of energy. No ordinary present-day operation of nature, as known to Western physical science, can have caused this grouping. It is due to the prime cause, to the Original Free-will. This Free-will may express itself in the law: "The Self the Non-Self is not," but is none the less free.

All religions agree that the universe started with God All in All (called in the East Brahman). This Original Free-will was then presumably omnipresent, a property of the fundamental entities, such as matter, or even various elements of matter. For Western science does not yet admit that there is only one fundamental entity. This, however, is immaterial to the argument. It would seem that the Original Free-will first attained consciousness or increased His Consciousness by particular identification with the Self as opposed to the Non-Self. With the latter is of course included matter, even if matter is fundamental and was not originally created by the Self.

This particular conscious Self is He who is generally referred to as God, as contrasted with God

[1] *James*, I, 17. The Revised Version has: "Every good gift and every perfect boon is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with whom can be no variation, neither shadow that is cast by turning."

[2] *Matt.*, V, 17.

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All in All; in Theosophical parlance the Praṭyag-āṭmā and not the Brahman. Many Eastern religions maintain that by a series of cyclic operations God so maintains His fuller consciousness until such time as He shall again be All in All. This is the Wheel of the Buḍḍhist in its largest sense. Christianity states that God will again be All in All, but does not state (at any rate openly) exactly how the Divine consciousness is meanwhile maintained. It apparently leaves the matter to science.[1]

Now if God was originally All in All, and is again to be All in All, what then is the Purpose of the Infinite Free-will? Is it merely to be conscious for a few ages, or even for everlasting? The whole of Western religion cries out that there must be some straight Purpose. And this it insists on, however much may be merely transitory and faithfully represented by the Wheel.

Since we are now considering the Infinite *Sum Totum*, it appears that there is some change in God All in All. This change may be:

(*a*) A change in quantity. It is difficult to see how this could happen to the Infinite, and no religion maintains this.

(*b*) A change in arrangement or grouping:

(1) This change cannot be merely a division, as many have supposed. Thus even a division of the good from the evil would effect no improvement in the *Sum Totum*, in God All in All.

(2) The development of harmonious movement of a number of bodies or individuals,

[1] *I Cor.*, XV, 28.

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within and forming part of the *Sum Totum*, may be the change in God All in All.

(*c*) A change in quality.

(*d*) A change of which man cannot conceive.

As regards (*d*), we believe that God has shown us something of His Purpose, and that therefore He has probably shown us a small part of the change which He is effecting. As regards (*c*), science may yet show that all varying qualities, *e.g.*, of some entity, are due to the various arrangements within it of small particles (smaller than atoms), all having the same properties. We will therefore consider (*b*) (2) and (*c*) together. A development of greater harmony within the All in All would appear to be the most probable form of change.

We Christians believe that God conceived of a Higher nobleness which comes from victory in spite of suffering, and that it is His Will to attain to this higher nobleness Himself and also that His creatures should do so. We believe that it is God's will that at present there is no manifestation and no consciousness without limitation. We believe that God Himself, having created the Universe as an expression of Himself, looking out as the Father, identifies Himself with the point of view of limitation (of man) and yet remains, in the Aspect of the Father, the Infinite. Since all limitation is painful, God, identifying Himself with the point of view of limitation, suffered.

We Christians believe that by identifying Himself with the point of view of complete limitation, complete self-sacrifice, the Infinite Free-will Himself—once God All in All and again to be God All in All—obeying His own laws, confirms His Will of which they are one

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expression, and attains to a yet fuller, a permanent, an everlasting consciousness or life. We see in this such part as is visible of the Supreme Purpose of the Infinite God. We believe that the Infinite God did this by submitting Himself, in the Aspect of His Son (by no means of separate substance from Himself), first to the point of view of the limited existence of man on earth, and then even to the extreme case of self-limitation and surrender of free-will and self-sacrifice, to the Death of Shame.

We believe that the Life of Christ on Earth, particularly the victory of the last hours on the Cross, is the crisis or turning-point in a cosmic struggle—a struggle from the beginning of creation ("The Lamb slain from the Foundation of the World") and still continuing, though the issue is no longer doubtful ("Ye crucify Christ daily"). We believe that the fuller Life or Consciousness which God attained after this at His Resurrection will endure even when God shall be All in All again, and the former life or consciousness would apparently have faded away—when the Law: "Self the Non-Self is not" shall have been fulfilled.

The Christian sees that in even the ordinary life of man self-sacrifice in respect of something we want for someone else enables us to take more interest, to feel more afterwards for that person, to love him. He sees that in ordinary life there is no manifestation of love without self-sacrifice for others. He believes that he should give his free-will to God, though apparently sacrificing his individuality thereby, and that in so doing he will in some way gain a fuller life. And the great assurance that he has of this is the historic fact given him by God that the Supreme Self-Sacrifice was followed by

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the Resurrection. This will remain to him the assurance of this great truth, even after Western science shall have proved the life after death. He believes that in the fulfilment of His Will, even the Will of complete self-sacrifice, is found the Peace of God.

Searchlight

THE MOON

[*There is an occult tradition that in far-off ages mankind lived upon the moon, itself a planet in that distant time.*]

. . . 'TIS said
The moon is dead!
No longer over vale and hill
Courses in flood the vibrant thrill
Of living joys and sorrow;
All fled one fatal morrow!
Her myriad breathing folk and kind
Passed on their planetary way,
Led forth another home to find.
So do the elder Wise Ones say.

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Bereft and lone
The moon made moan:
" Alas what is there for me left?
Torn is my being's warp and weft;
A tattered thing of sorrow,
What waits me the next morrow?"
Gathering the remnants to her heart,
From very pain grown wan and cold:
" God! do I cease to bear my part?
Does He relax from me His hold?

" Tho' I am slain,
His I remain;
Still to me do my own belong.
Yet whither turn? How tune my song?
What habit must I borrow
To enfold my deathless sorrow?
I will go forth the stars among,
To seek that circling crescent world,
Upon whose breast my own are flung
With oriflamme anew unfurled."

Her rhythm snapt,
In darkness wrapt,
Withered and scarred, and self-indrawn,
She plunged—and reached the Earth's new dawn,
Her own light spent with sorrow,
For an undying morrow.

* * * *

Then lo! The fingers of the Sun
Passed kindly o'er her darkened face
With touch of royal benison,
Appointing her another place.

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" Throughout the night,
Thou shalt My light
Reflect upon the shades of Earth,
Thine ancient fosterlings caress
With influence of precious worth ;
So, healed be thy distress,
Thy garment sad that thou didst borrow
With silvery gleam shalt shine to-morrow.
Wheeling around thy new-taught way
Thou shalt be Earth's fair satellite,
While from thy face shalt beam the ray
Proclaiming thee God's acolyte."

Thus self-forgetting is she bathed in His great Will;
And we, enchanted, worship with responsive thrill.

HOPE REA

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MENDELISM

SHOULD TAINTED PEOPLE MARRY?

By JUSTIN C. MACCARTIE

NO doubt many Theosophists know something about Mendelism, more particularly as Mr. Jinarājadāsa dealt with the subject in a lecture (delivered at Adyar in December 1914) entitled "Theosophy and the Problems of Heredity" which, with three others, was afterwards published in book form. For those to whom the subject is unfamiliar, it may briefly be explained that Gregor Mendel was a Roman Catholic priest of Brunn in Austria, who, instead of spending much of his time in descanting upon the inscrutable ways of Providence, set himself to investigate practically some of those ways, and made a number of experiments in cross-breeding peas, in the early sixties of last century.

He crossed tall peas with short peas. The next generation was all of tall peas, so apparently no result followed from the crossing. But when this second generation was sown again, being allowed to fertilise itself, a crop resulted of which three-fourths were tall peas and one-fourth small. The talls and the smalls were the height of their pure-stock grandparents, therefore no new variety, or species, arose out of the crossing. Next he planted the three-quarters tall of the third generation, and this time he got one-third

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"pure" talls (*i.e.*, talls that when planted again produced only talls), one-third "impure" talls (those that when planted produced some dwarfs) and one-third smalls. The essence of his discovery is that once the tall pea was crossed with the small, the small pea recurred in future generations, no new variety arising. The tall pea was dominant. Whenever impure tall peas were planted, the result was invariably one-fourth tall (pure), one-fourth small, and one-half impure talls with smallness latent in them. This is the Mendelian Law: one-fourth dominant, one-fourth recessive, one-half dominant with recessiveness latent. Mendel therefore concluded that tallness was the dominant factor in peas and smallness was an absence of that factor. The "factor" was always in the plant and was not developed by natural selection, the struggle for existence, or conditions of environment, as put forth in Darwin's *Origin of Species*.

Working on different lines to Mendel, Weismann, a German biologist, came to the conclusion that Darwin's theory of transmission of acquired characters is impossible. The original characters hold good always. Therefore modification by natural selection is impossible. Mendel's theory holds good as applied to animal life, and has been tested with cattle, horses, rabbits and man. On the material side, all life (plant, animal, man) originates in a cell. In the lower forms of life this cell divides, and the daughter-cell is exactly similar to its parent. In the higher forms of life two cells unite to form a third. The marrying cells are called gametes, from the Greek *gamos*, marriage; and the offspring a zygote, from *zygos*, a yoke. There is a commingling of the contents of the two gamete cells and the offspring has exactly half the qualities of both.

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For the complex changes which take place in the cells, I must refer my readers to scientific works on the subject. The essential fact to be grasped here is that it is by the commingling of the living plasm of the gametes that the qualities of the father and mother are conveyed to the offspring. Now comes an astonishing fact. The qualities are in the gametes and must be passed on. The actual gametes are stored up in special receptacles, according to Weismann, and are sown again by the individual when he, or she, becomes mature. Therefore nothing that the individual does can change the character of the offspring. They continue the original ancestral characteristics which began with Adam, if we accept the Biblical explanation of the origin of the race, or in a long-vanished chain of planets, if we prefer that of Occultism.

Professor Bateson and other Mendelians have accepted this theory, and if it be correct, the character of all living things is latent, was in their first parent, and will continue indefinitely. Therefore if a man had a club-footed grandfather, he, or some of his brothers, will have club feet. Club-footedness will be in the line. If the grandfather married a normal woman, by Mendel's law, if club-feet are the dominant factor, the first generation would be all club-footed; but if they married, their children would be one-fourth club-footed, one-fourth normal and one-half club-footed with normality recessive or latent. All characteristics, physical or moral, follow the same law: fair hair, blue eyes, talent for painting or music, insanity, epilepsy, weak-mindedness and so on, and the individuals cannot alter the bent; it is a natural line of nature, a kārmic line, no doubt, and the evolving egos are born on to these lines according as they have

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created the conditions by their mode of living. If a man determines to change a weak body into a strong one, and practises all kinds of exercises with the hope that he will transmit a good body to his son, his efforts are vain, according to Weismann and Bateson. The gametes lie secure in their receptacle and we cannot alter their characteristics.

But are these theories correct? I read an article recently wherein the statement was made that each individual develops, or creates, his own gametes, only obtaining the plasm, or material, with its latent possibilities, from his parents. If this be so, it might be possible for the individual to eradicate a taint, and transmit healthy characteristics to his children. I submit that the question is of supreme importance. Probably nearly every individual has some physical or moral defect, and a very large proportion is tainted with such weaknesses as a tendency to alcoholic excess, insanity, epilepsy, or weak-mindedness.

Now should a man, perfectly sound and rational, whose grandfather was mad, marry? By Mendel's law, as developed by Weismann and Bateson, he ought not; as the taint of insanity will assuredly show either in his offspring or in their children. On the other hand, could not the man by pure living and will power "end the curse"? Karma can be resisted. Let us consider the force which moulds matter. It is always making for perfection. It develops the horse from a clumsy, three-toed animal of the Eocene, the dog from the savage wolf, and man from a Hyperborian or Lemurian ancestor who, like a miniature Eiffel Tower, required widely-spread supports, and consequently must have consumed much time in falling over his own feet and assuming the

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perpendicular again, hindered as he was by imperfectly articulated joints. Always limitations tend to fall away. Mendel's "dominant factor" shows out more clearly as inhibiting factors are removed. Perfection is always there, but it is overlaid by inhibiting factors. The bird, with powers of rapid flight, lies latent in the egg, but it must crack the shell and grow feathers before it can fly.

Thus with man. He must get rid of the weakness of mind, of nerve, of muscle, which prevents his genius, his strength, from showing forth. He is a child as yet. When he has obtained full control of his vehicles he will become the perfected man. He was planned to be so. His archetype exists in the subtler worlds. The force which moulds matter is compelling him gradually to assume the qualities of the archetype. There is no "natural selection," as imagined by Darwin, but always definite progress towards the ideal type long since fashioned by the Creator. Spirit controls matter, will is infinite; therefore I am inclined myself (diffidently) to hazard the opinion that a man or woman who "knew" —was, in fact, an occultist—might marry, although of stock tainted with some disease, relying on strength of will and its dominance over physical weaknesses to so alter the character of the gametes that "the kārmic line" would be ended and not continued in his children. However, I make no attempt to dogmatise; indeed I profess no deep knowledge of the subject, and should be glad of an expression of opinion from those who may be better informed.

Eugenists, seeing the physical side only, argue that persons afflicted with a taint—epilepsy, alcoholism and so on, should be segregated and

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prevented from continuing their race, but this is an extremely doubtful contention. To decide exactly what constitutes a taint would be extremely difficult. The matter of sanity alone would not be easy to decide, and if a popular vote were taken on the subject, it might be followed by the disappearance of many of our most earnest reformers, gifted pamphleteers, the whole of our politicians, and most certainly of the eugenists themselves, who would thus be cruelly deprived—by a weapon of their own fashioning—of the power of transmitting to posterity a tendency towards superlative genius. Difficult would be the task of the publicist whose duty it was to decide who should be "interned".

Of course all true Theosophists know that, as evolution progresses, and we bring our lives into harmony with the Good Law, all taints and defects will disappear; but in this our half-way-through period, the question whether or not persons afflicted with diseases which, as the experiments of Mendel and later scientists show, infallibly recur in the offspring of such persons, should marry, is one of much interest and importance; and I, for one, should be glad to see it dealt with in the pages of THE THEOSOPHIST.

Justin C. MacCartie

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FREE WILL

By Alice R. Warren Hamaker

WHAT is free will? The privilege to choose one's course.

There is great danger in allowing the idea of Kismet to replace that of free will, and postulating that we run in a groove that takes us to perfection and union with God willy-nilly, it being absolutely inevitable that we get there; that to try and diverge from this groove is to court disasters and sufferings which force us back into the groove, till we realise how foolish it is for us not to follow it.

This idea might be likened to that of the German of modern times, who, finding that it brought him disasters and sufferings to do otherwise than what the "State" decreed he should do, now finds himself in worse disasters and sufferings because he did what the State told him to do. To be led along willingly by Kismet is as bad as allowing a blind man to lead one after one's eyes are bandaged.

The doctrine of passive resistance is far nearer the truth, for by teaching a man to resist, it acknowledges his right to choose his course, which is free will. Though his resistance is passive, he is not the tool of fate or the inevitable.

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One of the causes of this terrible war is the universal condition of apathy amongst the masses. The ordinary citizen is quite apathetic as to what happens around him, and what is going to happen to him in the future. The majority of people are the tools of fate, and the inevitable has happened ; the man has allowed the spiritually blind to lead him into the ditch. Now he has to try and get himself out of the mud as best he can.

The apathy of the citizen in a democracy has proved less of a stumbling-block than the apathy of the citizen in an autocracy, for the very idea of democracy implies the idea of free will, since its principle is that the people must individually choose, whereas the very idea of an autocracy implies that the ordinary person must be led by natural leaders along the groove that leads to perfection, instead of being allowed to choose that course.

The question that comes up quite naturally is whether it is right that we should exercise our free will, instead of giving it up to the Divine Will. Manifestly it is right that we should try to follow the Divine Will, but are we not exercising our free will in so doing ? Is it Kismet that has driven us willy-nilly into following the Divine Will ? Is it free will or fate that drives us to perfection at last ?

If the omnipotence of God lies potentially in us, then we must have within us the possibility of going contrary to the Divine Will at all times, even to the end of this evolution. Any ensuing disaster that may happen changes form considerably according to the stage of evolution at which we make such a choice, but that does not take away from the fact that we have such a choice.

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At the close of a Day of Brahmā, all are absorbed into Him, but all are not entirely perfect at that moment. They are merely advanced enough to be included instead of being cast out. At the opening of a new Day, they re-emerge at the same degree short of perfection, which has still to be attained. This accounts for the cataclysms in the stages of Involution, which are termed "Falls" in the downward pilgrimage into matter. The downward process could well have been smooth and steady to the bottom, and have risen the same way, but that has not been the case. Entities of previous evolutions have entered at various stages and caused "Wars," because, having been part of the way upwards, they did not want to go down again before they could go on upwards.

A study of the laws which govern reincarnation shows a distinct tendency to oblige us to exercise our free will more and more as we go on. Obviously we do not know all these laws, for we are still quite in the dark as to why some people are a longer time between their rebirths than others, speaking comparatively. It may be a matter of habit that some people are longer between rebirths, and some people require a shorter time, even at the same stages of evolution and with the same kind of experience. We may yet discover another law, but studying those about which we know something, it is clear we are forced to recognise that we are to develop free will, and not be tools of fate.

The first law which brings us back to reincarnation, before we begin to choose to come back of our own accord, is that of Kāma, or the thirst for pleasurable sensation and pleasure. The next law is that of Karma, or the thirst for consequences and results, the

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idea that we must finish what we have begun and see what the result is going to be. Kāma does not develop free will, except potentially, for satiety brings disgust automatically, and a man ceases to go after pleasure because of the inability to get it any more. Karma, on the other hand, insists on obliging us to develop a desire to choose, for it will rule until it is ruled. A man is obliged to assert his right to choose to rule it, and make the effort, before he can do so.

It will be seen that as Karma is the second law which draws us back to rebirth before we choose rebirth, and not the first law, the laws of evolution seem to imply that we must develop free will as we go higher. If progression is the key-note of a man's spiritual evolution, then it is progression to give up the idea of fate, and assert one's right to exercise one's free will.

The next stage in man's evolution seems to be the stage of Renunciation, when a man wants to become the servant of a greater, or to be given the privilege to serve a cause. If it were slavery, he would not need his free will, and should therefore not have any; but it is only service, and the first essential to be a servant is to choose to be one, and keep on choosing to be one till it is a habit. A man must therefore have developed his free will first before he can be a servant. At any moment he may leave the service, and at any stage too. He may make a vow, but he can break it. To come under the rule of Karma is inevitable, but to reach the higher stage of voluntary service needs free will.

The next stage is Epigenesis, or the desire to be a creator, and produce something out of existing materials that has not as yet been produced. Obviously this

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postulates the necessity of being a free agent first. Then we know the range of choice is so great that it is immeasurable, and there seems to be no law governing the sequence of our choice in this respect. Apparently we choose as we please, as no two people follow the same line of sequence in this development.

The next consideration of this subject of free will is whether free will is not the Divine Will in a man, for the highest Self being divine, and free will increasing as he progresses, it may be the Divine Will of God coming into force rather than the extension of his own individual will. If it were only the Divine Will coming into force, how is it that it is always a greater and greater struggle and effort to reach perfection? It is a greater struggle to attain to good than to do evil, no matter at what stage. This very struggle is the fillip that keeps our individual wills from giving up their privilege to choose their course until perfection is attained, and it is this struggle that gives us the strength to persist to the end.

Too few western philosophers realise that it is more of an effort to do good than to do evil, and that this is the law of the survival of the fittest among nations and peoples. It is always easier to rule and dominate than to serve, yet the nation that serves is the one that is generating the strength to persist after the others have disappeared. The world is full of remnants of nations and races that have tried to attain some good thing. The Roman Empire completely disappeared, whereas the old nation of Greece still persists, because the Greeks persisted in serving their ideals in the face of all obstacles till they attained something, though it was the end of their supremacy, whereas the Roman

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Empire never stuck to anything in particular, and vacillated from one ideal to another; and did the easiest thing of all, *i.e.*, tried to take away the free will of other tribes in their development, and oblige them to follow the lines laid down by Rome. When it fell, therefore, it had not the strength to be fit to survive.

What Rome did in the past in this respect is what Germany of to-day is doing. Germany thinks it is the Will of God (Kismet) that she should lead the world and dominate it—no doubt for its good, as Germany thinks—and in giving herself up body and soul to this doctrine of Fate, she had already begun to weaken herself, even before the war. She was doomed to lose before the war began, by having called it the Will of God. She gave herself up to her fate, and wondered why she did not succeed. That was why Rome so completely disappeared. Rome said her destiny was on the knees of the gods.

Perfection will not come to us while we wait for it. We must be up and capture it by a determined effort. Anyone may capture it, but anyone can deliberately choose to stay away from it. Because the goal is there, it does not follow we shall get there. We must win the race by striving to win.

Alice R. Warren Hamaker

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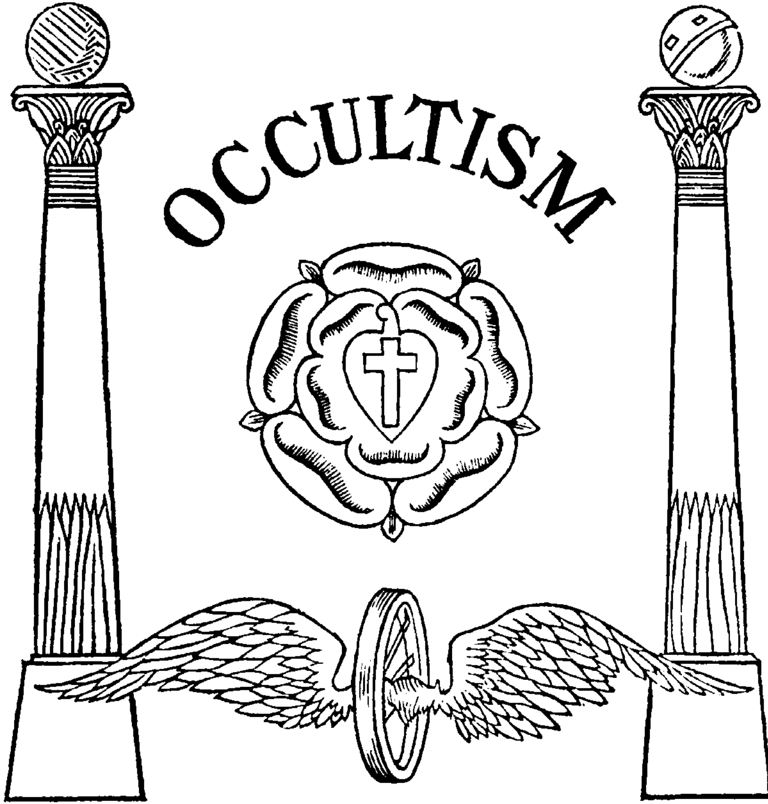

SOME PHASES OF THE HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

A TALK WITH A CLASS

VIII

By Annie Besant

IN one of the earliest explanations given to us concerning man's evolution from life to life, the idea was suggested that karma is the guiding power, and ṭṛṣhṇā (thirst) is the force or energy which produces

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the new group out of the old skandhas for any given life. There is a certain divine law in nature, this sequence that we call causation or karma. That is, in the nature of things, drawn from Īshvara Himself; a certain definite sequence laid down, which we call cause and effect. According to that, events must work out. When a fragment of Īshvara, a Monad, comes out into Space and Time, then succession sets in; in Brahman everything exists simultaneously, but when drawn out under time conditions, the simultaneity becomes succession.

In that idea you have what we may call the fundamental definition of karma. It is the presentation under conditions of Time and Space of that which exists simultaneously without Time and without the extension which is the great characteristic of Space. That is what is called "the eternal Now". This is the root idea of what karma is: an eternal relationship, manifesting itself under conditions of Space and Time in any particular world. That is the guiding power in evolution; that is the only way in which things can happen.

But what is it that brings us, as sentient beings, into this definite succession, this sequence of cause and effect? "Ṭṛṣhṇā" is the answer which we were given; the thirst or desire for sentient life. That is more clearly recognised if you study in your own nature the desires which rise up to experience certain things; that is what is very admirably called "the thirst". It is a natural uprising within the nature, equivalent to those physical cravings which you have, of hunger and thirst, for instance; the longing to feel, to experience, to realise your own existence by

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coming into contact with things which are outside your own particular sheaths.

If you think it over quietly you will easily recognise that in the state of things in which there is no experience of outside contact (remember that "outside" there does not mean in the physical world, but in all worlds), where there is no experience but the dwelling in that fragment which is yourself, then there is nothing which we call consciousness. There may be an intense internal life; but that which we know as consciousness (which is the distinction between one self and another) cannot exist. That can only come into existence for any special self when that self comes into touch with other selves. Hence it is said that the previous condition is one of unconsciousness. It is perfectly true that to the ordinary reader and thinker, whether in East or West (but very much more strongly in the West), that implies a state in which you may say there is an absence of life, because our experience of consciousness is all made up of these contacts. We have no experience outside of that.

When a man, by having practised yoga for a long time, reaches a condition of things in which the sense of contact outside himself has disappeared, even then you must remember that he has gained that individuality or separation which consists in the memory of previous contacts; and in that he differs, say, from a fragment of Īshvara which has never come out into this kinetic condition, but has always been in a state of latency. In a sense, that is one of the enormous differences caused by passing through the experiences in matter. You never get rid of your memories of these; and when I use the word "memory" I am using it in a special

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sense; not that of the memory of events, but the change in yourself that has been brought about by going through the events, making a much fuller and richer content of consciousness than could be had without it. There are many other things as well, but that is one fundamental thing.

The man who has been practising yoga for a very long time and has touched, say, the nirvāṇic consciousness, is not, while he is living alone in that state, conscious of external impacts; he is conscious only of unity, but he realises an intensity of bliss, which is quite outside the ordinary meaning of what people call unconsciousness. And that is the point that I wish you to remember. It is the old difficulty that our words can express only the experiences through which the people have passed among whom the words have grown up. That which is beyond the words is by no means beyond the consciousness; but you cannot put it into any form which conveys a clear idea of it down here—it must be experienced. That is why I have laid stress upon the fact that you cannot convey the sense of a stage of consciousness to anyone who has not experienced that stage of consciousness. It must be an individual experience, and until the man has experienced it, there are no outer words that will convey to him what it really means. You may indicate it by analogy and picture and allegory, but you cannot really make it understood. He must experience it.

This is literally the same as the incapacity to convey to the lower animals a realisation of what we are doing when we are thinking. There is no way in which you can convey to a dog (however much you may love him and however much he may sympathise

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with you) what to you is the reading of a book and thinking over what you read. He must inevitably think (if he thinks of it at all from his point of view) what a fool you are to sit there with a thing like that to look at, when you might be running about and enjoying yourself in the way that he would do. If you could look at the consciousness of a dog when he is waiting for his master to take a walk with him, you would find that that consciousness is not complimentary; it would be the reverse. We, who know both conditions, know that the dog is making a mistake and that we are enjoying a much higher type of consciousness than he knows in running about. But we cannot explain it to him. There is nothing that we can do to make that dog realise that the running around looking for a bone is a form of delight very much lower than we experience in reading a poem or looking at a picture.

While it may not seem complimentary to us in our present state, I cannot think of any better way of expressing the idea that you cannot convey these higher conditions to anyone who has not experienced them. And it is perhaps the experience of that on the lower planes that makes some of us realise that there are conditions of consciousness far beyond our reach, which are just as much out of our power to apprehend as our state is beyond that of a dog. We are bound to realise that, because we have experienced it in a lower phase. We cannot convey downwards the experience of our own state, and we know that the Masters cannot convey to us the experiences of Their consciousness. That is why They cannot explain or make us feel that which is Their real life; for just as to us the mental and emotional life is enormously more vivid than the physical,

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so Their conditions of consciousness are enormously more vivid than ours; and the pictures that They have used of Their physical consciousness being like going into the dark, of the difference between one plane and another being like that of birth, death and so on, these are all similes to help us to realise it.

Hence what to Them is the absurdity of the western idea in thinking that Nirvāṇa is what the Westerner calls unconsciousness. It is a condition of intense and supreme consciousness, far more vivid and far more blissful, far more superior in every way to what we call consciousness, than our consciousness is superior to the dog's. When that is recognised, the whole atmosphere of the universe changes to you. You are able to realise that you must not make a judgment on the conditions of consciousness of which you have no knowledge. There is no good trying to explain them or to define them.

You may remember that on one occasion the Lord Buḍḍha, in an attempt to define it, said " Nirvāṇa *is* ". It is a condition of existence; and in a Chinese version of one of His books of sayings, you find that worked out in a number of different expressions. One of them is: " The created and the perishable only exist because the uncreated and the imperishable exist." The real life is that which is beyond us. What we call " life " is only a derivative from that higher condition.

Anyone who has passed even into the astral consciousness (still more if he has passed into the mental) will realise that the whole ascending scale is a throwing off of limitations, and not a loss. We think of it as a loss, because to us it is unconsciousness; we learn by our lower experience that what seems unconsciousness

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to the one who has not experienced it, is an expansion of consciousness to the one who has experienced it. What we argue by analogy from that is the recognition of the fact that these higher states are fuller of life and joy and knowledge (if one may use that inappropriate word) than the most blissful and active are down here. That is really all that we need to grasp as what we may call the stimulus, the reason why we should try to climb. And it is necessary to have some such conception, however vague, because the passing to a higher condition of consciousness is always preceded by what seems like an extinction of consciousness. That is, we lose what we have; we lose all the distinctions and the differences and the limitations which are our consciousness; those go, and we are obliged to have the courage to let the whole of those go, and we seem to be sinking into a condition of practical annihilation.

That is the great act of faith; to let it all go. It lies at the bottom of the words of the Christ: "He that loseth his life shall find it unto life eternal." That is what all the great Teachers tell us, and by our confidence in Them we are able to throw ourselves off what seems to us a rock of certainty into what seems to be the whirlpool of uncertainty that awaits us. When we do so, we find that it is not a whirlpool at all, but a greater life. We have behind us a certain amount of experience which grows fuller and fuller as we go on and on. But at every stage there is what the Christian Mystics have called "entering into the cloud"; and that is what is meant in that phrase of Paṭañjali's referring to this cloud. I once got an Indian friend of mine, who was a very fine scholar, to go around amongst the paṇḍiṭs of

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Benares to try to get them to explain this word in Paṭañjali, because we noticed that in the commentaries on Paṭañjali it was never explained. They gave what they called explanations, but they did not carry us any further. And that was because they had never experienced it.

To anyone who has practised meditation so as to be able to pass on to another plane, that word becomes perfectly clear. It is the condition in which you are, when you have lost the consciousness of one plane and are about to gain that of the other. Everything below, that has been your life and consciousness, has gone. You are "in a cloud"; the phrase is most expressive. If you called it a London fog you would perhaps have a more definite idea than the word "cloud" would convey to those who are familiar only with the light mists which you have here in India. Then you pass through it, and life in the other plane begins to express itself at first in very vague forms, in the kind of way that you see buildings come through a mist as it begins to clear away. You get a glimpse of their outline, and they gradually become clear as the mist melts.

So with the realisation of the higher planes. And that is why I have said to you that the word "knowledge" is out of place; you want to use the word "realisation". That is what underlies that curious phrase in one of the Upaniṣhaṭs: "He who says, 'I know,' he knows not." Because the man who has achieved does not say "I know"; he simply uses the phrase "I am"—a realisation quite different from knowing, or knowledge. You *know* that which is outside you; you *realise* that which you are. And so it ought always to be called the "realisation," not the

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"knowledge". It is "knowledge" while you are knowing or not knowing; it is only when you have become God, when you can really say, "I am," that you have reached the condition which all the Ṛṣhis have described as the realisation of God; and that, of course, cannot be taught by anybody.

Before you come to that, in all the lower stages, you have this "thirst" aroused in you, this "ṭṛṣhṇā," or "ṭanhā," the desire implanted in your nature to feel and to know. And until the realisation of Brahman is reached, that must always be; there is always something more, and when you have assimilated everything that you have, and when it has all become part of you, then ṭṛṣhṇā again arises and drives you out to seek new experiences.

It is, as I said, the same as hunger or thirst. There is need for liquid in the body, which expresses itself as thirst; a craving, a natural craving, showing a want. At first, it is a thirst for external experiences, and that is the sense in which the word ṭṛṣhṇā is used. There is a keener thirst, the want of the Spirit for Brahman. That has been expressed in exactly the same phrase in the Hebrew Scripture: "My soul is athirst for God; yea, even for the living God." There is no other word I know to express it so well. That is the thirst, the desire, of the part to find that to which it belongs. It is a very material way to put it; but if you could think of the part as coming forth, but never losing the link with the whole, never really going out of it, think of it as though it were a going outwards which leaves behind part of itself which makes this connecting link—then there will always be a certain tractive force in it, trying to bring it back. There is no satisfaction outside

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divinity for the Spirit which is divine, and so long as he does not realise that full divinity, so long a sense of dissatisfaction remains. He wants his own, as it were; to be in the condition of all-knowledge and all-realisation.

That is the root of ṭṛṣhṇā; dissatisfaction and desire to search, and that is, of course, what brings a person out of Ḍevachan. He is hungry; he wants more experience down here. Similarly it will bring you out of any other condition where experience is needed in order that the end may be reached. You see it in a curious form in what is called the natural law that water rises to the level of its source. There are mechanical explanations for that; there are always mechanical explanations whenever there is a phenomenon connected with matter, because you cannot have a movement of consciousness without a corresponding movement in matter. But the cause lies in the consciousness, not in the mechanism. That is the great blunder that the materialists have always made. When they find a mechanical change, they think they have found out everything. They do not realise that side by side with the mechanical is the change in consciousness which is answered by this mechanical re-arrangement of the particles of matter. In that re-arrangement, or the infinite number of re-arrangements, there lie the things that Science is able to discover by observation. And each one will satisfy the student until he begins to ask the question which it is said Science cannot answer—Why? Why should this mechanical arrangement come about?

Take what plane of consciousness you will, there is some change of mood bringing about re-arrangement of matter. And that thirst for the new experiences

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builds up the new being out of the old skandhas. There are all these tendencies which have left traces behind in the permanent atom, latent powers of vibration; but also there are a large number of atoms which have been in connection with that permanent atom in the past and have preserved a certain affinity with it. If rebirth is very quick, those are gathered together very much more freely, so that a quick rebirth means that you bring over a very easy regaining of the past consciousness. You have a great deal of your old material with you. If a long interval has elapsed, all these particles which were once yours have been entering into many other bodies, mixing up generally, and they are not so easily recoverable. You can only attract those which have something in common with your own permanent atom—some link. Those, which are literally innumerable and spread through the various planes, will gather round you, aggregate round the permanent atom, and form a new body.

You must remember that every semi-organised body with which the ego comes back to the three lower planes, has to be used for the gathering of new experience.

You know how much stress has been laid, especially by my brother, Mr. Leadbeater, on the result of the influences which surround a young child, even from before birth onwards. Now that has puzzled some of our students because, while they accept what they call karma, they do not understand the laws under which new bodies are formed. The ego brings with him certain possibilities for moods of consciousness, which we call faculties. He brings with him, also, the mental, astral, and etheric matter roughly formed

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during the antenatal period, but only roughly formed; what you might almost call aggregations which had not yet been properly linked up.

As to the way in which this process proceeds, you can get a very good analogy in those peculiar cells in the brain which have been examined very closely of late years. There are somewhat larger cells in the brain cortex which do not subdivide as normal cells subdivide. You know how the growth of the body consists in a subdivision of cells already existing, a subdivision continually repeated, so that each of a group of similar cells subdivides; and that process goes on and on until you have a great mass of similar cells. That differentiation of cells begins by the action of cells within themselves and on each other; some change from the inside and some from the outside, according to differences of pressure, chemical change, and so on, in the antenatal period, until gradually you get the various tissues started out of these cells by external and internal causes, and the various organs built up out of the tissues which ultimately form the human body.

But there is a certain small set of cells which do not go through this process, but which work their way up to the upper part of the embryo; those do not subdivide, and when the child is born they are still separate and remain separate for a considerable period in the postnatal life. But changes go on within the cells and they send out branches. These branches, after a time, meet. They come into contact, and the intervening dividing walls of the two branches are absorbed so that they are completely intercommunicating, and you have, so to speak, a channel—an intercommunicating channel. This process goes on and

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on for some seven years, until a fair network is formed, becoming more and more complicated later on.

That is where you find the physical reason for the seven years that are so much emphasised in connection with the coming down of the ego to take possession. Physiologists and psychologists (the two sciences run together very much during the early years) point out that until this complex network is made by the interlacing and intercommunicating of all these miniature roots, the child cannot reason to any great extent, and he ought not to be made to reason to any great extent; not that he should not see simple causes and their consequences, but he should not be given any mental process of complicated reasoning which might put upon him too great a strain. They therefore tell you, what the Occultist has always said, that the earlier years of life should be given to observation, rather than to reasoning. Get the child to observe as much as he can, and to acquire the power of observation. The senses are then very, very keen, keener than they are later in life. Utilise the early days for observation of facts, and let them be collected in the child's brain; but do not try to force him into any complicated process of reasoning. Let the life in the child, or, as we should say, the ego overbrooding the child, not receive impulses to anything that may not help this developing of the soul.

When this complex has been made out of the union of these separated cells, you have the part of the brain in which the reasoning process takes place; and these intercommunicating groups become finer, more numerous, more perfectly communicating as the child grows into the youth, the youth into the man, and the

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man grows mature. And the power of reasoning is growing all that time, scientists would tell us. What we say is that the power of reasoning in the ego is becoming more manifest as time goes on and it has a physical mechanism through which it can show itself in this outer physical world. Now while that is the case with the brain, there is a constant process of coördination going on also in the physical body, especially in the nervous system. In the lower mind the ray of the ego which is playing upon the mental body, as it were, from above and around, which develops the whole, is exercising on the individual child a pressure something like that which in the earlier part of the Race was exercised on the animal-man before the connection with the ego was made.

The individual and the race run along parallel lines. When the brain is ready, the ego comes more closely into touch and permeates it; that is, the causal body becomes linked up very much more with the mental body and then with the astral and the physical, and the whole becomes a single mechanism inter-communicating in all its parts. During the whole of this process the external impacts are enormously important in their play upon the consciousness. That consciousness, bringing with it the past skanḍhas, gathers round him again. It becomes, then, enormously important to help this growing life to choose the best possible materials to build into itself, and the influences which should be brought to bear upon it through the consciousness are those which ought to repel the less useful particles which would otherwise aid the lower types of consciousness in the ego to show themselves. Those should be starved out

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by not giving them the material, mental, astral, and physical, which would enable them to manifest and to develop.

On the other hand one should try to stimulate all those faculties which are on the upward arc, by supplying any amount of good thought, good feeling, good physical conditions, so that everything that the young child comes into touch with on all these lower planes may be of the best. That ought to be the effort of the parent and also of the teacher.

It is obvious that with the ignorance nowadays prevalent, both in teachers and parents, all of this works out in a very haphazard fashion. It might all be coördinated to the best good of the child by proper knowledge, and that will be the case more and more as the races evolve. It was done to a great extent by the Ṛṣhis themselves in the past, when They were living among the people who were in what you might call the baby stage. They helped very much in all this arrangement of the influences around the children and so quickened their evolution.

Later the people were left to themselves to learn, and evolution for a time almost looks as if it were going back ; it is not really doing so, but outward evolution for the time is not great. Then comes the period when, having developed large numbers of people to a higher stage, evolution becomes more rapid. So, during the Sixth and Seventh Races the rate of evolution will be great, compared with what it has been in the earlier stages of the coöperation of human beings, highly evolved, who quickened the evolution of the lower racial types.

All that, as we have so often pointed out, will come back to us on a higher spiral. Meanwhile those who

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understand this can help very much in the evolution of the child, even though it is perfectly true that the nature of the ego is stronger than any outward circumstances you can bring to bear upon him in the way of education, and so on. The old phrase that "nature is stronger than nurture," which was temporarily reversed in the earlier stage of scientific progress, should be borne in mind. But nurture is of enormous importance, because it can starve out the bad germs and vivify the good ones. Artificial cultivation in that way quickens evolution to an extraordinary extent.

If you will remember that all through, you will be able to solve the questions that are often asked in connection with education. The child is a life that re-acts; it is not a mere thing that, as Robert Owen and others thought, could be created by its surroundings. That was the mistake upon which all the old socialistic colonies broke up; they still had human beings in them, and their idealistic schemes did not work. Now with an understanding of the two factors, very much can be done if people live together who realise these things more fully. And we shall have that in the colonies which will form the beginnings of the Sixth Root Race; all these outside influences will be brought to bear, and the best possible conditions provided to evolve swiftly the beginnings of the Race. That is always done when a Race is beginning, and it is done to a very much more limited extent when a sub-race is beginning. Special care is taken to start it along the new line.

That is the reason why Theosophy should take the lead in education at the present time, at a time of transition like this. There is a certain amount of knowledge

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among Theosophists that enables them to judge of the value of the conditions with which the young should be surrounded, that enables them to see whether they are faulty, and enables them to suggest better methods.

It is because of that knowledge that Theosophists should take the lead in the great educational reforms which are now showing themselves as coming in, over the entire civilised world. You may notice that even in the stress of the struggle in England, there is a decided educational movement to prepare along better lines for that which will come after the War. The War itself has acted as a stimulus to a better line of education. In England there is much more opportunity for testing improved educational methods than there is here, for reasons which are well known to you. But even here in India we are doing the best we can, in the face of tremendous difficulties, to improve the educational systems. Such is our duty as regards educational matters. How to do it will tax our very best qualities of intelligence and judgment. To go headlong into a scheme without careful consideration would be failure. Where you have to deal with physical matter and people encased in physical matter, you cannot change things as quickly as you can change them on the astral or the mental planes. Physical matter is not as plastic; it will break if overstrained. So we must use our best thought, our best powers of judgment, and exercise patience.

But we must seize every opportunity, and it is the seizing of opportunity which is the greatest deficiency in the character of everybody. More and more dealing, as I am dealing now, with occult knowledge in physical things, I find this difficulty in connection with some of the people with whom I am working. It is

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not a want of earnestness in them; it is not a want of goodwill; it is not a want of ordinary intelligence at all—there is plenty of all that. But it is a want of that particular alert faculty of the mind which, when an opportunity presents itself, seizes it at once and takes advantage of it.

There is very little of that faculty amongst us. You have to persuade people who are going along a particular path that they should change their way of going. To change the way in which they are accustomed to go means a very large amount of strength and courage, which few people possess. Therefore I do want all of you to try to develop that peculiar faculty which means the seizing of an opportunity and the holding it. You know it is the faculty which is developed among boys by the playing of their games. The difference between a good player and a bad player is that the former sees the moment when there is an opportunity, and he rushes forward and grasps it and wins. That is the kind of faculty you want in the important matters of life.

You want to grasp an opportunity when it is just passing through the air, as it were, and catch it and hold it; that means success. All round us opportunities float, and the great difference between people is not so much the difference of opportunity (as many of our Radical friends say), as the power to grasp an opportunity when it is in your way. There are a few people of enormously strong will who create opportunities, to whom the opportunity does not come, but who, meaning to be something or other, make an opportunity for themselves and succeed. Charles Bradlaugh was one of those men. But there are others round whom

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opportunities, so to speak, are always floating—even knocking up against them. But they do not see them or catch hold of them or do anything.

Now try to make all of your minds a little bit more alert in the sense that a good player of a game is always on the look-out and alert and always watching. That is what is meant in that phrase "seeing His slightest signal". It is the attitude toward the Master in which one is always trying to feel as He is feeling, and acting the moment one catches His thought. It means a great mental alertness and vigour.

It is the strained attitude of attention, exactly as you might be if you were intently listening for a carriage coming from a distance. You are listening; something is approaching, and your ear is strained to catch the very first sound. You are in the very reverse of the condition of being indifferent and careless, so that if the sound came you would not notice it. The very first vibration of that sound would reach the ear that was turned to hear it. It is that same idea that you want in the mental attitude. If you would only do that habitually, you would all be grasping opportunities and we should soon have things within our reach.

Another point in connection with the early development of the child is that of the conditions deliberately brought to bear on him. Some of the religions have tried to meet that. The Hinḍūs had various ceremonies by which they surrounded with pure influences both the mother and the child before birth and after birth. The whole object of those was to create the special conditions which warded off the lower influences, and which, by that external help, also brought in the higher influences. That was devised by wise men,

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who understood these methods. They were accepted in those earlier stages by people who did what they were told, and so, by obeying, they gained the advantage of a knowledge of occult laws which they did not themselves possess. Now we are again working up to that by gaining knowledge of the law in a different way. Those ceremonies were very valuable ; they had a certain effect on the developing infant, and they helped the child to have a better body, physically, astrally and mentally, than it would otherwise have had. It seems unfortunate that a large number of people, who ought to know better, have dropped these methods because they do not understand them. They are in a stage of evolution, an intermediate stage, when they have neither the teachableness of the child nor the knowledge of the grown-up man.

Annie Besant

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"THE PATH OF OCCULTISM IS STREWN WITH WRECKS"

By SATURNIAN

WE who are above all things trying to fit ourselves to take a modest part in the great scheme of evolutionary life, may have oft and again paused to think of this trenchant statement, uttered by one who knew so well the difficulties and dangers each one of us has to face; and, while not proposing to deal with those that are to be met with by our brothers who have definitely set their faces towards the same goal on the paths of Devotion (Bhakti) and of Service (Karma), I would try to show how the very qualities, or virtues if you like it better, that are usually to be found in the Jñānī are largely instrumental in screening the pitfalls that lie before him.

Many of you will probably disagree with me, but I cannot help thinking that the path of knowledge, far from being a comparatively safe one, bristles with dangers greater, because unforeseen and therefore unexpected, than either of the other two; and perhaps this may be one of the reasons why the need for devotion and service has been so emphasised by those who know only too well the frailty and weakness of human nature. In order to understand this point of

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view it would be as well to draw attention to the temperamental characteristics that are generally ascribed to those who follow the path of knowledge.

In all the earlier stages it is the control of the mind that is especially aimed at, because the mind is "the slayer of the real," and the stress on this in the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* shows that such control is of vital and far-reaching importance.

But it is quite another thing to declare that, if one can to a certain extent control one's thoughts, the curbing of the astral and physical is an immediate sequence; in time, *yes*; but at our present stage, emphatically *no.* The emotions are not governed by the concrete mind but by the Will (Āṭmā), the real ruler, and it is only when Manas is controlled by the Will that the latter, acting through it, can harness the astral man to its chariot.

One-pointedness, the intense search for truth, concentration and thought, all characteristics of the earnest student, have—and it is useless to deny it—the tendency to ignore the existence and care of those other vehicles of manifestation that we all of us possess, *viz.*, the astral and physical bodies; and I also believe it to be true that, in nine cases out of ten, suppression rather than transmutation of astral and physical qualities is what actually does take place; for recollect that desire, the characteristic of the astral man, can never be transmuted into a mental faculty, it can only inspire one. And so in this strenuous, all-absorbing life in the mental world the vehicle of emotions is ignored, snubbed, not allowed to intrude, and, alas! more often than not, left to starve, out of sight and out of mind; though perhaps once and again it is allowed out for a treat

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when its owner is in the presence of something beautiful in nature or in art, or when he is listening to the compositions of Wagner, or some other interpreter of the divine harmony.

Yet when it comes to those feelings that have to do with our relations to our fellows, the body of emotions is only permitted to appear on a chain, with a muzzle on, and kept well in hand; and with such treatment it is not surprising that it becomes like the frock-coated, tall-hatted, seventh-day religious observer, a mere expression of hideous respectability. And it is in this neglect, if not suppression, of those instincts, which after all are the reflection of the plane of unity, that the danger to the student of knowledge arises.

In the first place, the mere fact of belief in one's invulnerability to assaults to which the ordinary mortal more often than not succumbs, induces a certain confidence and, in some cases, a feeling of self-gratulation that one has passed beyond that sort of thing; and how easy and how short a step it is from that attitude to one of pride! There is also engendered a strong inclination to withdraw from the everyday world, and to confine one's human relationships to the company of a few selected, congenial friends, friends that would appeal from the intellectual, artistic, and mental standpoint; and, moreover, the relationship towards one's own household comes gradually to be regarded more in the light of a pleasant duty than in that of love.

The intense desire to be alone, to commune with the unseen, to get away from the crowd, the dirt, the noise of city life is natural to the student type, and becomes further enhanced as he goes on. And so for many a year this way of the Jñānī, including as it may

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do a good deal of useful service in action, is bound in the long run to implant the seeds of separateness and aloofness from what after all is the one thing needful; for while the stern sense of duty alone can be made all-compelling, it lacks the vivifying touch of Love.

But the day may dawn when, by some unexpected happening, at a psychological moment, helped perhaps by certain planetary aspects or by a karmic link, the prison walls of the soul may be demolished as if by a shell; and the starved, neglected, despised astral body comes forth like a giant refreshed, revivified, reborn, free. Too late does the student realise what has happened; for, unprepared as he was for this bolt from the blue, half stunned and stirred to the depths of his being, he is called upon to face what may be the crisis of his life; he has come to the parting of the ways; he has to choose, and choose quickly, between two aspects of a great force which has been called into life; and, according to his will, either he goes under by applying it in a separative and selective manner, in which case it may develop into a veritable "Frankenstein," or else, in recognising its wonder and its beauty, he is strong enough to use it for the helping of others and not for his own benefit.

Should he choose the first course, he has added one more to the wrecks that lie on the path of Occultism, but if he has the strength that will enable him to take the latter, it will lead him in time to a place of peace. This kind of experience may come at any time, it may come early or it may come late, and while it can never come too early, sometimes it comes too late.

Saturnian

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RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

THE LIVES OF AMAL

(*Concluded from page 441*)

XIII

AGADÉ, 1,500 B. C.

AMAL was born as a girl in the city of Agadé in Asia Minor with many of the Band of Servers who were grouped round Mercury, who was a priest, then, of the temple of Pallas Athene. Her father was Hebe and her mother Kratos, and Hebe was an influential merchant and landowner.

There were two races dwelling in the city, the ruling Greeks who worshipped Pallas, and a dark race still following the worship of the veiled Tanais. These latter were constantly plotting against the Greeks, whose rule and religion were alike hateful to them.

Amal had a nurse of the dark race, who tried to pervert her to the old degenerate worship; this influence was partly broken off by a long voyage which the girl took with her father. On their return, her father sometimes took her to the temple of Pallas, and there on one occasion Rhea, a pythoness of the temple, while delivering her trance oration, suddenly lifted her

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arm and pointed to the girl who was standing near, and gave her a warning that she would ere long have to encounter great peril, in the midst of which she must hold fast to the truths she had learnt in the temple. It was considered a great honour to be thus singled out, but no one could guess what the warning indicated.

After a time her father, while on a journey, was killed by robbers, and Amal was left without any near relatives to take charge of her. As she was an heiress, she became a sort of ward of the city authorities. All her affairs were in the hands of a steward who had been her father's chief man of business; partly that he might get hold of her wealth for the benefit of his race and their plots, and partly because he was after a fashion in love with her, he tried to get the heiress to marry him. She scorned him, though the old nurse did all she could to play into his hands. When they found that persuasion was useless, they arranged that she should be carried off by the priests of Tanais and shut up in the temple of the veiled Goddess. Here she was kept prisoner for some time, but she remained faithful to Rhea's warning, and her captors could neither persuade her to join in their degraded worship nor to unite herself to their race. Then they would gladly have killed her, but were afraid of discovery.

Meanwhile the city authorities, having become anxious at her disappearance, caused many inquiries to be made. The steward pretended that she had been carried off by robbers on an expedition inland, but Rhea, the pythoness, in a trance told the high priest, Mercury, where Amal was hidden. He went to the city authorities and told his tale, but having no direct proofs they could not force an entrance into the temple

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of Tanais nor proceed against its priests. These, however, became alarmed, knowing that they were suspected, and so made a compromise with the girl. It was arranged that she should be taken a little way out of the town, that some of them should masquerade as a band of robbers, and that an opportunity should thus be presented to her of making her escape, if she on her side would promise to keep the secret of where she had really been. She agreed and thus got safely home.

There is nothing further noteworthy in her life. She married a husband of her own choice, though he was not one of our Band of Servers. Calyx was not in incarnation at the time.

It seems a little strange that Calyx should not have appeared with her in this life. The reason evidently is that Calyx had begun his definite journey to the Path of Initiation, and the preparation for it led him to go swifter in evolution, and hence, since Amal was not ready to go equally swiftly, separation was inevitable, in spite of the bond between them. For each of us goes under the "pressure of his own eternity," and the time comes when we cannot be held back from entrance into the Path by the ties we have with those who press forward less quickly.

XIV

Rome, A. D. 50

Here once more Amal and Calyx meet, but the difference between them of spiritual growth becomes more accentuated; and much as they are bound together

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by a mutual karma, yet the individual karma of each is adjusted to bring the swiftest evolution for each. Amal was born in Rome as the daughter of Alces, her father not being specially one of our Band. There was living in Rome at this time Mercury, who was a priest, and became in time the Flamen of the Temple of Jupiter. Round him were gathered a small number of the Band of Servers.

Amal married Calyx, who was a Gaul by birth. She was very proud of her house and establishment, but she was frivolous and much given to the dissipations of society life in Rome. Calyx, however, disliked all this, and was steady and full of aspiration. One of the chief faults in Amal in this life was a carelessness and indifference to the sufferings of others, though perhaps this fault was largely induced by the social atmosphere of the time. Amal and her husband were living away from Rome for some years, when she persuaded him to settle in Rome, largely that she might amuse herself better. There was much political plotting going on at this time, and among the many schemers was Amal's father. Calyx was too upright and honourable to join the plotters, but nevertheless he fell an innocent victim to their intrigues, and was unjustly imprisoned and condemned to death. Amal then realised what her self-absorption had done for her husband, but it was too late.

The night before Calyx's death, the Flamen of Jupiter came to visit him in prison and gave him such strength and spiritual consolation that death was robbed of its terrors. Amal was in the deepest grief at his loss, and on her recovery from a severe illness was an entirely changed woman; she withdrew from society

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and devoted herself to study and good works, and tried to learn the way to a higher life. She lived to an old age. Calyx appeared to her after his death and assured her that they would meet again.

XV

Present Time

Both Amal and Calyx are in incarnation, and yet have not met on the physical plane. They are separated by race and by continents; yet Amal had but to love the Wisdom again, now represented by Theosophy, and out of the invisible there stepped into her life Calyx. For Calyx is "on the Path," a pupil of his Master, Mercury; and though far away, he heard the call of his beloved. Yet after a few years, once again, as so often before, Amal has gone her road which is not his road; once again her karma has stepped between, and his hand that would help her to rise to stand by his side falls helpless. Yet each step he treads on his upward way means more love and power for her service, when her karma gives him the opportunity once again. And knowing the great Law, he waits patiently, for

> . . . while turns this wheel invisible,
> No pause, no peace, no staying-place can be;
> Who mounts may fall, who falls will mount; the spokes
> Go round unceasingly!

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THE SILVER FEATHER

By L. E. Girard

[Note:—The four papers which make up this story are so much better in their present original form, that the trifling advantage that would be gained by welding them is not comparable with the effectiveness of their present circumstantial and forceful nature. I therefore present unaltered the account written for me by my cousin, Henry Girard, and that written for him by his friend, Mr. William Trydwyth, only prefixing an introductory descriptive and a concluding explanatory note of my own.—L. G.]

I. *Memorandum by L. E. Girard (1910).*

He stands, and for centuries he has stood, at his appointed post in the Monti Peloritani. His peak, rugged and, to human eyes, uninviting and uninteresting, is one node in the ragged crescent that runs to the west and curves up into the north. To the south and south-east, past Italy, his ancient, unwearied eyes sweep over the flecked and wrinkled Mediterranean, and see it now sleeping, serene, deep, blue, under the clear sky and the morning sun, now hurling itself tumultuously, green and wicked brown, upon the Sicilian coast, under the lashing of a wind that comes, unhindered and clean, from the Hills of Lebanon. He looks upon both scenes alike untroubled, entering into the spirit of each day indifferently. He watches and salutes the westering sun as it blazes and fades over the Pillars of Hercules.

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He stands up to take the dawn and pass on its mystic message to his Brothers in the still, grey light, day after day, year after year—aye, century after century. The porpoise and the dolphin leap out of the sea, more gleaming than their gleaming home; he rejoices in their play; he knows them as his near kin. The desert eagle, swinging out of Africa, he knows to be his own younger brother; and he gazes, still and intent, as the great bird melts into the æther high over Ætna. In the darkness of the night his huge face peers out (for those who see), lighted up theatrically by the giant footlight of Stromboli. He sings the great song of the West Wind (for those who hear) in a voice more stirring and more awe-filled than a full-stopped, mighty organ; but he knows as well the faint music—for does he not call it forth?—of the wood dove far down the sides of his ancestral peak.

Sometimes, twice or thrice each year, he hears the call of his Commander, sweeping out of the silvered east in the first hour before the dawn—a voice all nature hears and, hearing, gladly obeys. He answers (and I have seen the colour choral that his answer makes): "Hail! All's well." He calls up round him his lesser fellows to hand on to them what may pertain to them. Their vast concourse stretches down his mountain slopes—a delighted, streaming, dancing crowd, all gleaming orange and purple or scarlet and gold, just as the Seer saith. He holds out his hand above their upturned, puckish faces, and in that moment they are still to hear his words (which they do not understand), and bathe in the waves of colour he pours upon them, wherein they tumble and frolic. Dismissing them, he calls up the brown gnomes, and the bronze

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kobolds of Ætna and Stromboli, who swarm hither and thither like a myriad sparks from Vulcan's forge. They go. His voice rings out over the sea, in grave greeting to his Brothers of the deep. There is a flutter on the face of the waters: it is the silvery-green sylphides making room as into their midst rise the electric-green creatures of the middle depths; and again a shifting and adjustment, as among them rise in turn, here and there, the huge, dark-green etheric forms of the great deeps, vast heads—dripping, large-eyed, brooding, stern, weary faces, that emerge only partly, and at once, the greeting given, sink back into their deep element.

Would you might see him! His face, ever joyous and yet ever in repose, that of a beardless youth and yet wise, looks out over the bewitching scene of light and air and sea and valleys. Back from his broad brow streams the diaphanous black hair in the wind of light that pours with the rising of the sun. Upon his forehead, just between and above the eyes, he wears a single jewel; and from this mounts, over his head and along backward over his hair, a gleaming silver feather, the symbol of his Levantine kingdom.

Kleinias of Athens, once my father, knew him four centuries before Christ, for he could see with eyes that saw. The Old Greeks named him and his brothers—the sons of Uranus—the Cyclopes, the Titan storm gods. This son saw Jason, when the world was young and Helen but a chiton-clad maiden in the courtyard of her father's house. He saw Ulysses, of the crafty eyes and the seamèd face. He saw the greatest Roman, mighty Cæsar, an emperor chosen of the Sun and Truth. But the men of our days he shuns, contemptuous of the puny,

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narrow mind, the tempestuous, unclean feelings. As the steamers ply the Straits he looks down upon them distantly, almost disdainfully, in wonder at the crowded, ant-like herding, the lumpish bodies, the imprisoned minds. He is so free that in our bondage we are pitiful; he is so clean and clear that in our deviousness we are despicable. And yet, as you shall see, he did once see beauty in our kind.

II. *Account of Certain Events (1909) by Henry Girard.*

The Trydwyths intended to spend the winter of 1908 at Girgenti, on account of the health of Mrs. Trydwyth, choosing Sicily because here, where Edith was born (Messina, 1888), and where they had often stayed, were beloved associations for them all. They had not been settled in Villa Corleone more than a month when Mrs. Trydwyth's fund of vitality was exhausted and her life flickered out, "like a flambeau in the wind," as Edith put it. As there was now no need for the father and daughter to live in the sleepy seclusion of ancient Akragas, I renewed my previous invitation to them to come to us at Milazzo, which they accordingly did. The occupations of the winter, after the death of Mrs. Trydwyth, were naturally confined to smaller parties and excursions—a situation pleasing to them both, and especially Edith, who loved solitude and nature. Trydwyth worked at his sketching, and went with us on some of our rambles, but Edith, youthful and buoyant, spent every possible day out of doors. In April Trydwyth's nephew, Captain Sydney Garnett, joined us, and his coming brought to Edith an acceptable companion, one ready to tramp and climb with her with the

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utmost cheerfulness and to maintain a taciturnity equal, very nearly, to her own.

They were well matched, these two youngsters, as far as the physical world goes; but they had very little in common mentally, although, being cousins and having been much together in childhood, they understood one another in spite of the differences in temperament. She was, in this her early youth, beautifully formed and coloured in a singular way. The family trait of luxuriant, dark hair and exceedingly fair complexion with faint roses, and the energetic Trydwyth body, she had; but from her mother, who was the Constance Mallow beloved of many playgoers, she inherited a striking quality of dramatic and graceful movement, and the darkest of blue eyes. This combination of dark hair and blue eyes is always arresting; and in her case the effect of the faery touch was greatly heightened by the exceedingly graceful movements, the actuality of strength and energy and freedom, and the suggestion ever present of inward serenity and repose.

Garnett, beside Edith, seemed more ordinary than he was in reality. In the presence of more commonplace persons his height and fine, upstanding build showed themselves unusual. His face was a face of great intellectual keenness, an effect added to by the fact that he wore his hair unparted and combed straight back from his forehead in a smooth, dark sweep.

Hers was the dreaming, sibylline quality of the Celt; his the thoughtful, silent strength of the Anglo-Saxon. You will understand that the likeness between them ended with the physical strength and beauty; mind and emotions were utterly unlike, and their

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attachment was absolutely without admixture of love-making and sentiment.

When the time came for Garnett to go on to his post in India the Trydwyths arranged to travel by the same vessel as far as Port Said, and accordingly the date was fixed, some day in March. It was then nearing the end of February, and as a sort of finale to the series of outings with which the winter had been filled up, we arranged a party of some half dozen to drive over into the hills and picnic for an afternoon and night on the Nebrodi slope, returning on the second afternoon. We accordingly went on a Friday, ascending the Nebrodi, camping for the night at Monte Albano d'Elicona. Garnett and Edith, when the evening was drawing in, proposed to one another, in the abundance of their youth and spirit, to climb Castellazzo by the long, easy road in the hour or two left to them of daylight. Mrs. Coulton-Taylor rising to the occasion and offering her company, the three of them set off. We saw them disappear into the hills, Edith walking, with her fine, free, tossing stride, a little in front, and the tall figure of Garnett and the short, energetic form of Mrs. Coulton-Taylor together behind her. A little later we heard the three voices, in faint and far-off melody, singing their favourite, Schubert's *Serenade*:

> Through the leaves the night wind, moving,
> Murmurs low and sweet.
> To thy chamber window roving
> Love hath led my feet.

Their plan had been to ascend Castellazzo by sunset or a little after dark, watch the moon rise (it was the first or second night after full), and return to our little camp by eleven. That hour came and passed,

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and another hour; and then, somewhat disturbed in mind, we despatched our two *domestichi* upon the Castellazzo road. At two in the morning Emilio came back, having been to the summit of Castellazzo by the short road and returned the same way, finding no one, nor any sign of our party. After a little wait, while we discussed what we should do next, we heard a hail from Guiseppe, and presently his dark form moved to us across the moonlight. He had found the missing party, but he had seen them, he said, far up the side of a peak (further to the east) called Tre Fontanelle—a summit, in fact, in the Monti Peloritani. In the still, moonlit night their familiar voices and laughter floated down to him; and he had heard them sing again.

Upon this report, not knowing the Fontanelle Road, we had to suspend operations until morning, certain that in some way the three had changed their design or lost their way, and that, in any case, as we did not know the road, we could only await daylight. In the morning the two servants went once more to the foot of the peak, and there met the party, a little tired, but pleased with the sight they had seen of moon down and sun up from the mountain top. It seems that they had mistaken the road to Castellazzo and met a goatherd who misdirected them, so that they found themselves, in the dusk, between sunset and moonrise, far up Tre Fontanelle before they discovered their mistake. Then, having the rücksack, and feeling only exilaration in the clear, warm, brightening evening, they resolved to stay out the night on the mountain-side and watch the dawn come.

"And we were wise, say I for one," said even the unromantic Garnett, "the sense of vastness and the feeling that we were out of time and space was a thing

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to experience. But, by Jove, it's a spooky place. I dreamed of horrors!"

The ladies, especially Edith, assented with considerable enthusiasm as to the fun of the adventure, although on the drive back to Milazzo Mrs. Coulton-Taylor confided to us that she felt the place eerie and witching as the night waned and the moon sank.

"I felt," said she, "as if I were being watched by something huge and unknown; and when the clouds drifted over the moon I tell you I was glad Captain Garnett was there! In the early morning I dozed, I think, and dreamt of Edith growing vast and smoky, and sitting upon that hill like a huge djinn, devouring me with great, blue eyes. I must have cried out and waked myself and the others, for Captain Garnett sat up in the ghostly light, I remember, and Edith's voice came to me, in my half-waking, as if she cried out: 'I'm coming!' I assure you we were glad to see the sun swim up out of the sea in the east."

Edith herself seemed tired and was more than usually silent on the homeward journey.

The following morning the three of them left us for Naples, where they were to take the *City of Chester*, the Trydwyths to go to Port Said and Heluan, and Garnett to go on to Rangoon. What befell them is best told by the letter I received from Trydwyth in answer to a question of mine as to misadventures he mentioned as having befallen them on the voyage to Port Said. He writes from Heluan.

III. *The Account of William Trydwyth.*

In answer to your inquiry I will write a "full and circumstantial account" of what happened on the *City*

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of Chester, and you will then see that I used the word "misadventure" quite properly. From this distance of time I can write without feeling; but poor Edith still thinks ruefully of the curious mishap, and wakes in what amounts almost to terror of the distorted recollections that come to her in dreams.

We reached Naples only just in time to make a successful rush to get on board the *City of Chester* before she sailed. We managed this, and settled down for the repose we thought we should have. I found Frank Sidgeworth voyaging in her as a *locum tenens* doctor, as I mentioned. You say you have forgotten him, but he was at Christ's in our time, a little, sunny, blue-eyed man, hiding a fine mind under an endless fire of jokes good and bad. However, we were not destined to have any time for proper reminiscence of old days. A ship's concert committee descended upon us almost at once, and got Edith and Syd to agree to sing and me to undertake a crayon cartoon. I wasted most of a day getting a box out of the hold and extracting cartridge paper and laying in a background for the cartoon, and then had just settled down to talk to Frank when "things happened". We had sailed on the Friday. We passed Stromboli in the early morning of the next day. At noon we entered the Straits. Sydney and Edith were on the boat deck trying, they said at luncheon, to make out Milazzo and the Villa Borghese and you with the binoculars. Failing in this absurdity (or succeeding, if we are to be precise!), they turned their attention, after lunch, on Messina, where Edith, you know, was born and lived for a year as a baby. They had gone back to the boat deck for this—Sydney, it seems, without his hat, a silly thing to do in that hot sun.

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Sidgeworth and I had just settled down to talk, when Edith came down, stammering and frightened and white (and frightened me by that fact, for she is usually so cool, you know), and cried out, to the whole promenade deck in general:

"Sydney's had a stroke. He's falling overboard. He's gone mad!" and I know not what other incoherent things.

Sidgeworth and I ran up to the boat deck and found poor Syd half lying on the deck and half leaning against a forward starboard davit. We lifted him into the shade. Sidgeworth examined him while I bathed his head with water brought by the deck steward. Edith, collecting herself, reassured and gently chivied away our concerned and sympathetic fellow-passengers.

Garnett was in a curious state. His eyes were as bright and intelligent and sane as ever—rather more keen than usual, I should have said, and yet they looked a little bewildered, as if we were strangers and he were taking stock of us, somewhat in the manner of a baby. But he was in a bad way, for he could only repeat fragments of what we said to him—and that indistinctly and slowly, as if his tongue were thick. He gathered strength a little as Frank examined him, but I could see that the case was puzzling Sidgeworth. With the aid of the steward we got Sydney up on his legs, and as he seemed as little able to walk as a child of ten months, we had to half carry him toward the companionway. His motor nerves were affected, for he constantly put out his hands, and fell or pitched himself forward, as if he were about to fly or dive. And he chuckled (which was most ghastly) as if the whole thing were some kind of horrible practical joke.

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Well, we hauled him to the companionway and slithered him down it by main compulsion (for he insisted on flying down to the deck below), and carried him off to his cabin. There he rebelled, and sniffed the air in the passage and in the cabin as if it were poison. We had finally to carry him bodily to his berth, where he lay quietly enough, gazing on each one of us in turn, his eyes literally flaming, with feeling, I take it, that he did not or could not express. He moved his arms and head and legs incessantly, getting better and better control of them.

It was a singular case of sunstroke, if it was sunstroke, for his temperature was only a little above normal, and he retained, although uncertainly, his great strength. This was apparent when the steward—a greasy fellow, I admit—attempted to ease the pillows under his head after we had put him into his berth. Syd put out his arm and thrust the man back with such force as to throw him against the ship's side. But he was tractable enough to Sidgeworth and me, and we managed, after a little time, to get him to stop his restless moving and compose himself for sleep.

He had been standing beside Edith, she told us when we came up to her on deck, and they had been trying to make out Tre Fontanelle over Savoca.

" I was looking through the glasses at the Monti Peloritani, and Sydney was saying something about the view. He stopped rather suddenly in the middle of a sentence, and I lowered the glasses and turned to him. He was gripping the stanchion as if to steady himself; his knuckles, I remember, were livid. His eyes were

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fixed on the Sicily coast as if fascinated, and his brow was all puckered. 'The Face!' he cried out, and seemed to choke. 'Coming! *At me*!' he said hoarsely, and then, almost screaming, 'Get out! God, what eyes!' and he struck out before him with his fist so violently that, hitting nothing, his body was thrown forward and his head struck a bolt on the stanchion. And then he sighed and collapsed on the deck. And I was as weak and dizzy as if all the life had been drawn out of me. Then I found you and the Doctor. And—and, that's all," she trailed off.

Sidgeworth, who heard this recital, looked curiously at Edith and said:

"What did he mean by 'The Face,' do you think?"

She returned his look, and said, reluctantly, I thought:

"Well, Dr. Sidgeworth, we had been talking a little before about a curious dream he had once, when he spent a night on Tre Fontanelle (the very hill we were then trying to see), in which he saw a weird, eerie face; and the mention of the mountain may have brought this vivid dream forcibly to his mind. I remember he said that the eyes, in his dream, seemed huge and magnetic and bottomless."

The cabin steward posted at Sydney's door sent us word at this juncture that the patient was restless. Sidgeworth and I went down, and found Sydney talking to himself, sitting on the edge of his berth and moving his arms and legs, groping with them as it were.

"Hello!" said Frank, "feeling better? How's the the head?"

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Sydney looked at him solemnly. His answer was made with difficulty, as if he had partial aphasia, and his voice seemed to sing over the vowels:

"Better. Head better. Can walk." He chuckled and looked as us sideways, slyly—and it came into my head that he looked like some cunning but exceptionally intelligent wild creature. He put his body over the side of the bed, stood up, just a little uncertainly, and turned and faced us.

"Your hair!" I cried. For just above the dull-red mark on his forehead, where, I suppose, it struck the stanchion bolt, his hair was faintly streaked with a thin, feathery stripe of grey. Sydney turned and looked into the mirror. I could see his expression in the glass, and, to my astonishment, it was one of pleasure! He passed his hand approvingly over his hair, and his eyes resumed suddenly, for a moment, the cat-like expression.

We persuaded him to get back into bed, which he did docilely enough. As I was arranging his pillow he looked up at me and said, appealingly, "Edith?" But he made it Eadit-th, and seemed to linger over the name. I took this to be an inquiry, and rejoined that she was above, and would come down to see him presently. His eyes, so marvellously expressive, leaped in reply, and he said again, as if soothing himself: "Eadit-th, Eadit-th."

We left him to himself once more. Sidgeworth seemed as ignorant of the nature of the case as I, and said that with no sign of fever and nothing organically wrong he could say nothing until his patient had really rested and perhaps slept—"if he will do either of these," he added. In the meantime, since Sydney

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seemed unwilling or unable to sleep, we might send in to him the chief engineer's gramophone:

"You see, hearing speech, especially the rhythm of song, may help him to throw off the unaccountable partial aphasia from which he is suffering. And this will sooth him."

We therefore set the steward to play the gramaphone at the open door of the cabin. Sydney heard the first two or three pieces with half interest— they were orchestral—and suddenly waked up to a keener appreciation when we set going a song from *Il Trovatore.* He beat time with the music, and here and there sang softly with it toward the end, where he seemed to have learnt the air and recognised the words. Sidgeworth was delighted with the experiment and sorted out all the song and speech records. We found among them the Schubert *Serenade*, and the doctor's eyes literally danced with delight when his patient sat up in his berth as if he had been called to life by the opening words:

"Through the leaves the night wind moving."

We left Syd to the steward, for he seemed so obviously pleased with the music. And at intervals we heard, from the saloon, the strains of the *Serenade*, much to the glee of Sidgeworth.

To this same end of hurrying the restoration of normality by association I suggested to Edith that she look in upon him. We went down to his cabin toward evening, and found Sydney lying peacefully enough on his couch, but wide awake. I went in first, and despite my remonstrance, he got up. Edith said, from the passage: "May I come in, Syd?"

My nephew astonished me by seizing the door, which I had put on the extension hook, and tearing it

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forcibly open without troubling to lift the hook! There stood Edith with an amazed expression on her face—and no wonder—a look so comical that, had I not been myself so utterly taken aback, I should have laughed. But there was no end to the curiosities of Sydney's conduct, for he put his arm round Edith's shoulder, drew her into the cabin, took her face between his hands and kissed her full upon the mouth! She went scarlet and flung off his hands, crying out his name in an injured tone, and came over to me as if for protection.

He turned round to us, surprised and puzzled. His face blazed with the most amazing mixture of love and bewilderment and longing and I know not what other feelings, so that his eyes were like great cauldrons of fire—the weird, green-gold incandescence of setting, half molten gold. And he spoke with a voice throbbing with the same passions and the same astonishment:

"But you ask me to come, child! And I'm come, and given you the greeting, and now you push me back!"

I took him for utterly mad at the moment; and with Edith beside me, shrinking and yet fascinated, as a bird before a serpent, and the whole atmosphere of the cabin charged with indescribable emotions, I felt myself puny and small somehow beside this towering giant, who could at one moment tear off the fastenings of a door and in another gently kiss a lady. But he offered no explanation nor made any other move, so that after a pause I had to break the silence:

"Well, Syd, you seem to have become suddenly abrupt, to say the least. You might explain things to me a little, I think."

He paid no more attention to me than if I were the couch against which I steadied myself, but at this Edith

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burst out crying, covered her face with her hands and sank upon the settee. My nephew stood bewildered beside her, as if he had never seen a hurt and weeping person; and then he leaned over and stroked her hair, saying:

"Don't shake and hide, Edith, and if you don't want me I'll go away." And with this he vanished in the direction of the companionway.

I managed to calm Edith enough to get from her what she could give by way of explanation, and theory. This was that on that unfortunate night which these two and Mrs. Coulton-Taylor had spent on the top of Tre Fontanelle, Sydney had had some kind of dream that had terrified him, and he had waked crying out to her to save him from something—what she did not know, except that it had great eyes, three of them, one in the middle like a Cyclops, and that it fascinated him, and when it called he felt he must obey.

"And I think, Dad, that since he's had this stroke he thinks he's the creature in that dream, somehow. Poor Syd! You see, Mrs. Coulton-Taylor dreamed curiously too, and that maybe made him think seriously that there was something in the experience."

"We must get him out of it."

"You might go up and talk to him, Dad, and see that he understands that he must be like his old self to me. He terrifies me somehow," and she laid her hand appealingly on my arm, and shuddered a little. I patted her hand, as this was the only consolation I felt competent to give.

I found Sydney standing alone on the forward deck, and touched him on the arm. He look at me with a little show of interest, but I plunged in at once without

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waiting for an explanation that might not have come. I pointed out to him that if there was no understanding as to a marriage with Edith, as obviously there was not, it was a pity to upset their old friendship by such freakish conduct; and that Edith asked me to say that she did not want to talk to him and forbade him to speak to her until he was able to resume the old footing.

He heard me out in silence, but with the same bewildered and pained expression as before, said "Yes," and walked away moodily to another part of the deck. I left it at that, and hunted up Sidgeworth, to whom I explained as much as I thought desirable. He looked troubled, but when I had finished he said:

"I think he will not be violent, and no doubt the delusion will wear off presently. But what about the concert this evening?"

"He must be kept away from it on the ground that he is not well."

Frank pointed out that poor Syd considered himself recovered, and that if we called off the concert (which would necessitate embarassing explanations to strangers and stamp Syd for mad) or cancelled Syd's part in it, it would add to his mental confusion; and the best we might do would be to have Edith decline to sing in the duet they had been put down for, which happened to be, by the way, the same old *Serenade*.

"And when he finds she won't sing with him he may also decline to sing," said Sidgeworth, "particularly as he may doubt his memory of the song—though it is a fact that he seems to have recovered all that part of himself."

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I agreed, and hunted up the chairman of the concert programme committee, presented Edith's regrets and got her and myself off.

" And Captain Garnett ? " said he.

" You might mention it to him, as I haven't as yet. I think he has hardly recovered from the over-exposure to the sun this noon," said I, pleased to be free of the task of asking Sydney not to sing.

That poor fellow spent the rest of the evening gazing back at vanished Sicily and the setting sun and, I noted, writing at something. He did not turn up at dinner, and we supposed that he had given up the concert as well. Our little table of three was relieved that we could attend the function as mere auditors, and we came down to the concert at the appointed hour. However, Sydney also came, with the chairman of the concert committee, as if nothing had happened, and was seated with the performers. Edith paled a little when she saw him; but she stood her ground, and said suitable things to the programme committee members in explanation of her defection.

The concert, like most ship concerts, was a fragmentary and patchwork affair, going by fits and starts. There was a recitation, after the opening bit of music, of a fiery and martial piece of poetry by a singularly mild, bespectacled little man. An embarassed, red-faced youth did tricks of parlour magic with cards and coins in a manner which deceived nobody but himself. There were pieces on the piano, and songs. The committee had strategically kept two or three of the best performers for the end, so that there might be some sort of climax at the close, where Sydney and Edith were to have had a place, and

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where, therefore, Sydney's contribution, if he still intended to make one, would occur.

The last item but two before the end was a piano solo, and then the master of ceremonies of the day arose and explained that the next number had had to be altered since the programmes had been written, as, owing to a cold, Miss Trydwyth could not sing, which, said he, he was sure the company would greatly regret to hear. (Polite murmurs of agreement.) Captain Garnett, however, with the gallantry typical of the British Army (boisterous "Hear! Hear!" from the red-faced juggler of the evening) was ready at short notice to step into the breach and do his duty in spite of his misadventure and indisposition of the afternoon (glances at Sydney, who sat unmoved in his place); and he gathered furthermore that Captain Garnett's contribution would be original, for when he inquired of the Captain what he should announce, the Captain had said he would sing one of his own songs. (Rustling movements of anticipation.) There would therefore be no piano accompaniment, but he knew that without any such aid the song would be capital. He begged to call upon Captain Garnett to put the shining capstone (speaker paused that all might appreciate his little joke—though nobody seemed to) upon the delightful evening.

With this he sat down, having succeeded, much to the discomfort of three of us at least, in concentrating the whole expectancy and interest of the audience upon Sydney, who, seeing it his turn, stood up in the glare of the extemporised footlights. I heard Edith catch her breath at his appearance, so pale and set and altogether strung-up and weird—curiously a mixture,

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as it were, of animal and man, as if the essence of bird and beast and fish looked through the human mask.

"I sing a song of mine I made this afternoon," he said simply, by way of introduction, his voice with the faintest burr in it, and his language the same direct, simple speech he had used all day since the stroke. The audience, thought I, was fortunately composed of utter strangers, who would think him acting a part, and not know there was something wrong. Then I forgot to think or be embarassed, for there broke from Sydney the most amazing song of love and passion, set in music which was utterly wild and intoxicating, and full of the most acute anguish, so that it veritably sobbed in the minor tones that ran through it. His voice was, it almost seemed, of superhuman range, and his whole body throbbed as he sang, as the body of the humming bird pulsates. Even the words alone will convey some impression of the emotion incarnate he seemed to have become. (I write them in here from a paper we took from his hand later.) But what he sang seemed even more full of colour and light and passion and movement, perhaps because of the witchery of his voice. He opened each portion with a subject-title sung as the motif of the bit which followed it:

IN MY VALLEY MY LOVE A BABY LIVED

The faint phosphorescence of starlight falls on thy rose-petal face, O my beloved. And out of the ghostly-white cradle, half drawn upward and toward me, stretch thy round, dimpled arms and pink, chubby legs. And, hovering closer to see thy blue eyes, O my beloved, I catch the faint odour of saffron. And I, who would snatch thee in rapture, must not; for I know the Law.

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ON MY PEAK MY LOVE FOR HER GREW GREAT

The frosty silver of moonlight bronzes thy strong, lithe body, O my beloved, my own, my beloved. Then I perceive as the love-cloud diffuses the moon-world, that thou, dearly beloved, hast a face that is fair, lips that are firm, blue eyes that are dreamy, framed blue-black in shoulder-long, sleep-tangled hair. And perceiving, dreaming, half in ecstasy, comes from thy world to mine the drift of wild hyacinth. And I would caress thee who cannot; for I know the Law.

IN HER SLEEP MY LOVE CAME AND SHE KNEW ME

The warm, rosy light of the dawning floods all thy form, O my beloved. The golden horizon glints here in your glorious hair; these are garments of ochre, rising and falling with breath and thy stirring; those are ivory feet flushed in faint damask born of the dawn-blush. Then do your blue eyes open, and into them pours the violet deep of the night that fleets overhead. You see me and smile. The lark sings. From the valley arises the breath of the jasmine. And I, who could kiss thee, would not; for I knew the Law.

I CAME TO MY LOVE AND SHE KNEW ME NOT

And now I have broken the Law, O my beloved. And into my heart pours the sorrow that comes from a promise to Him broken in passion. Forgive me, my love, and forget me, as I had forgotten my promise to Him. O my beloved, long shall I count and recount the drifting stars, and the nights will be weary and weary, and weary the golden days. For I who have loved thee, have lost thee, have lost thee, Ah! me; and have broken the Law.

He threw out his arms, as he sang, toward Edith, sitting at the back of the saloon beside me. She had gripped my hand as it lay on the arm of my chair, and I saw her lips half-parted, and her pale, drawn face, tensely fixed upon him. With the end of the song a sigh something like a sob came from her, but from others not a sound, so bewitching had the music and the words been. With the end, Sydney, in a dead silence

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which the engines and the sea only emphasised, walked down through the audience. His face was white and tired, I could see, and he walked uncertainly. Sidgeworth noticed this too, and started toward him as he reached the end of the saloon. Sydney paused at the head of the companionway, and, as if with an effort, turned and looked, with those blazing eyes, full at Edith. The poor child trembled and turned and clung to me; and then, suddenly, as if a slate had been wiped clean of a sentence, as if a light had been switched off, the intelligence vanished from Sydney's face, and he fell, a crumpled thing, upon the floor!

Edith sobbed upon my shoulder, as the hubbub of talk and excitement arose over this dramatic ending of the concert. Unnoticed I led her away to the stewardess and the peace of her cabin. On my return I found that Garnett had been put to bed, still unconscious. Sidgeworth and I stayed with him most of the night, and in the morning came to him early, to see how he fared. He still slept peacefully. When we came in he stirred; and then, when Frank laid his hand on his pulse, he opened his eyes—his normal look in them—and said:

"By Jove, Sidgeworth, that's the first time I have fainted in my life! Too much sun; I shall have to be careful in India." Frank rejoined and asked him how he felt.

"Why, I'm fit enough, thanks. Curious, no fever. But I'm frightfully hungry, how do you account for that? I hope I didn't frighten Edith too much, going off like that? I remember her looking at me, bewildered—and no wonder—at my going off in that silly way. Funny, I thought her eyes grew enormous and hypnotic. Ugh! What a nightmare!"

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IV. *Memorandum by L. E. Girard, 1917.*

And so, as far as we are concerned, ends this singular adventure of the coming into our world of a great Spirit of Nature. Having dispossessed Captain Garnett of his body, the new possessor made skilful use of the brain memories—the subliminal mind. Hence his ability to take up so quickly, at the prompting of his great desire, a form of life and a mode of living normally so strange and so repugnant to him. *Amor vincit omnia*—even for dwellers in the Garden of Pan. The same force moves him, from his high place in the hills of Sicily to-day, even as I look, to stretch out his hands toward Naples and pour out his great soul upon the lady he loved—and still loves.

But if love conquers all, the Silver Feather now knows well also that *time tryeth trothe*; and that before him lie long vistas of still, starry nights and clear, windswept days before, in the Garden of the Sun, which lies beyond the Garden of Pan and the Kingdom of the World, his lady will again call him to her and (this time) know him as her brother "from the world forlorn of reason, but alight with love and thrilling with the fleeting, iridescent, multitudinous life of the Great Mother".

L. E. Girard

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CORRESPONDENCE

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

IN the January number of THE THEOSOPHIST Lieut.-Col. Beale asks for an answer to clear up his doubts as to the respective merits or truth of these two systems of thought. From what he says I gather that the question that troubles him is this: "Is re-birth through practically countless ages a fact, or is Mrs. Eddy's system, which says "regeneration here and now," the correct one?

As a Theosopher of some years standing Lieut.-Col. Beale must know that our Masters, some of whom have been disciples of the Buddha, (*a*) regard Him as their guide (see *The Occult World*, at the end of the chapter on "Recent Occult Phenomena," where, in a letter to Mr. Sinnett, the Master K. H. says. . . . "our Great Patron

. . . The Saviour of the world,
The Teacher of Nirvāna and the Law")

and (*b*) know for a fact that re-birth is the law of Nature; and (*c*) he perhaps believes that H. P. B., Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, their disciples, and others, have also found out for themselves that it is a fact; (*d*) that it is the basis of Hinduism and Buddhism.

On the other hand, Mrs. Eddy, like Anna Kingsford, interpreting the Bible in her own way, fantastically and certainly incorrectly, does not believe in re-birth. The question, then, is in this particular matter: "Whom do you believe, the Buddha, the Masters and their disciples, preaching re-birth, or Jesus, who said nothing about it (though there are one or two passages in the New Testament which may possibly be taken to imply it), and Mrs. Eddy, who interprets in her own way the words ascribed to Jesus, which are of very doubtful authenticity?"

Now, as to faith-healing, it would appear that *organic* defects (*e.g.*, heart-disease, blindness, lunacy) are inevitable *karma* or results of past acts and thoughts which are beyond our power to alter: but that *functional* diseases (*e.g.*, indigestion, mental worry, melancholia) are the result of personal neglect

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and weakness, the cure of which *does* lie in our own power. Thus the man of strong will-power can cure himself and others, but the unevolved man cannot control his fate because he has no mind. It may here be added that there is no solution of questions of free-will and destiny without the knowledge that all men are unequal, because they started their evolution at different times; some are approaching the end of their evolution and know it, others are plagued by doubts and fears, curse God and die; others accept the law of karma, realise that they must be born again in some shape or form; and a large number do not think about the matter at all. How a man decides the question for himself seems to be a matter of temperament.

To me it seems that Christian Science is based on a misconceived idealism, deriving from a fantastic interpretation of certain sayings ascribed to Jesus, which does not explain those things (pain, disease, evil) which it treats as non-existents. Those who think Mrs. Eddy's system a new one and a solution of all problems of evil, are ignorant of *Yoga* and the Buddha's teaching:

> *Manopubbaṅgamā dhammā, manoseṭṭhā, manomayā.*
> " All states of Nature have mind for their causing,
> Mind is their master, of mind they're the offspring, etc."
>
> *Dhammapada*, i, 1.

Still this restless mind, with its *tanhā*, desires and self-assertion, and you are saved, *i.e.*, you enter the path either now or shortly: but this does not imply that you have finished your full course of lives.

" Is it obligatory," asks Lieut.-Col. Beale, " for every son of man to work for untold centuries?" etc., etc. No! but if we accept the teaching of the Buddha that

> *andhabhūto ayaṁ loko, tanuk'ettha vipassati.* . . .
> " Blind is this world, and few be they that see. . . ."

words which, I think, were echoed by Jesus—we shall understand that the majority of men will have to do so.

Personally, I prefer the guidance of the Buddha and of the Masters, of H. P. B., Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, their disciples, to that of Mrs. Eddy, valuable as hers may be for the abolition of pain—which after all is the great schoolmaster. *Pathein mathein*, said the sage Æschylus; " knowledge comes by suffering ": and " What is *Nibbāna?* " asked the Buddha, and replied: " It is the breaking of the chain of re-birth by the ceasing of Lust, Hatred and Illusion (*lobha, dosa, moha*)."

I do not know whether by writing this I shall solve the doubts of the questioner, but I shall have the satisfaction of having tried to do so.

F. L. WOODWARD

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BOOK-LORE

The Dawn of a New Religious Era, and other Essays, by Dr. Paul Carus. Revised and enlarged edition. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago and London. Price $1.)

The nine essays of which this book consists were written by Dr. Paul Carus on special occasions while Editor of *The Open Court* and *The Monist*. They all express his well known views on the complementary relation that should exist between religion and science in their highest forms, for both are necessary means of reaching the common goal of truth. True science is not going to dispense with the need for religion, neither does true religion fear the investigations of science. "Religion," he maintains, "is as indestructible as science; for science is the method of searching for the truth, and religion is the enthusiasm and goodwill to live a life of truth."

To Theosophists, the writer's comments on the passing of dogmatic Christianity and the dawning of a more liberal attitude towards other religions and scientific discovery, may sound almost like ancient history, so rapidly have wider conceptions spread since the time with which he is dealing. None the less it is instructive to recall the difficulties of this transition period, in which Dr. Carus has played no small part, for these same difficulties are still troubling the minds of many as they become intellectually dissatisfied with the traditional forms to which their emotions continue to cling.

The first and by far the most interesting essay, from which the book takes its title, is a review of the famous Parliament of Religions held at Chicago in 1893; it enables us to realise the importance of the step then taken and the sense of spiritual exaltation produced by this unexpected revelation of human brotherhood in those who witnessed the fulfilment of a hope long cherished. We read:

It is difficult to understand the Pentecost of Christianity which took place after the departure of Christ from his disciples. But this Parliament of

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Religions was analogous in many respects, and it may give us an idea of what happened in Jerusalem nearly two thousand years ago. A holy intoxication overcame the speakers as well as the audience; and no one can conceive how impressive the whole proceeding was, unless he himself saw the eager faces of the people and imbibed the enthusiasm that enraptured the multitudes.

Anyone who attended these Congresses must have felt the thrill of the Divine Spirit that was moving through the minds of the congregation. We may rest assured that the event is greater than its promoters ever dreamed of. They builded better than they knew. How small are we mortal men who took an active part in the Parliament in comparison with the movement which is inaugurated! And this movement indicates the extinction of the old narrowness and the beginning of a new era of broader and higher religious life.

The second item, entitled "Science a Religious Revelation," is the address which Dr. Carus delivered at this World's Congress, and contains several striking passages. In replying to the charge that religion has ceased to be a factor in the evolution of mankind, he claims that "religion has so penetrated our life that we have ceased to notice it as an independent power"; if he could have known what the near future held in store, perhaps he would scarcely have spoken with such confidence as this and the following:

It was quite possible for our forefathers to preach the religion of love and at the same time to massacre in ruthless cruelty enemies who in righteous struggle defended their own homes and tried to preserve their separate nationality. Our moral fibre has become more sensitive; we now resent the injustice of our own people, although we no longer call love of justice religious, but humane and ethical.

It may also naturally be questioned whether science has as yet justified the author's expectation as a helpmate of religion, but it must be remembered that even though men of science have been compelled by the military to see their discoveries perverted in the abominations now rampant, the same discoveries are equally capable of use for beneficent ends when religion is no longer repudiated. With all his insistence on the value of accurate observation and induction, Dr. Carus readily acknowledges the place of intuition, and respects the instinct which fulfilled an analogous function in earlier races.

Almost all religions have drawn upon that wondrous resource of human insight, inspiration, which reveals a truth not in a systematic and scientific way but at a glance, as it were, and by divination. The religious instinct of man taught our forefathers some of the most important moral truths, which, with the limited wisdom of their age, they could never have known by other means.

Among the other essays, those entitled "The Late Professor Romanes's Thoughts on Religion" and "The

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Clergy's Duty of Allegiance to Dogma and the Struggle Between World-Conceptions" are more human in their interest than others of a more purely logical character; but all are well worth reading, if only as examples of clear thought and honesty of conviction.

W. D. S. B.

Thoughts on Religion at the Front, by the Rev. Neville S. Talbot. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 2s.)

"How is it with the Christian religion at the front?" The question is asked by an army chaplain, and he sets out himself to give a verdict, presenting us with a concise but adequate volume, made up of his personal, unbiased observations. The result is interesting.

In the Christian world, ever since the war began, there has been a vague looking round for a religious revival; some feel that the war is meant to be a great lesson to teach men to turn again to religion; others hope that the deepening of experience will cause them to think more seriously and return to a more spiritual mode of life afterwards; others again look for the personal return of the Christ. However expressed, the expectation is a general one, and for Christians naturally it is to be a revival of Christianity. The verdict, humbly proffered by the author, is negative; he says: "On the whole, I venture to say, there is not a great revival of the Christian religion at the front." He modifies the verdict in the following chapter, and says:

> I must modify, then, and say that on the whole there is not a great articulate revival of the Christian religion at the front. But further I must add that there is religion about, only, very often it is not the Christian religion. Rather it is *natural religion.*

These words inspire the reader with a sudden hope that the author has discovered the God seated in the heart of man, and the inherent religion of the heart, but reading on we are disappointed; it is not that he means. This *natural religion* is for some a craving for security in danger, and for others an anxiety for salvation after death, but happily this kind of religion is not found among the better types of men. He tells us:

> Naturally, then, chaplains find a readier response to their efforts right at the front than farther back. Men come to a service before they go to the trenches. Communicants increase before a fight.

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He also tells us of the case propounded to him of "Bill who did pray," but yet had had "his head blowed off".

Finally, we find pronounced in this book an unconscious verdict, one of greater hope and promise, and which we will try to interpret like this: What fares badly at the front is ecclesiasticism, and of orthodox religion there is no revival, but there is much *true religion* about.

On the one hand, the author tells us "there is something wrong about the status of chaplains" and they do not come into a close enough touch with the men, but are something apart; he finds a lack of belief in the Bible, and a lack of reverence for it; the English Church, he says, has no grip on the masses. On the other hand, he praises as "precious stuff" those qualities of human nature which the war has laid bare and which he calls the "Christian excellences of humility, unselfishness, fortitude," forgetting that they are the world-wide excellences of all religions. He appreciates the heroism and adherence to duty of the men at the front, and calls it "that Christian thing," meaning the Spirit of Christ which is able to manifest without dogma and ecclesiasticism; he speaks of them as "priceless raw material" and as "better than they know".

> As I have hovered in seeming priestly impotence over miracles of cheerful patience lying on stretchers in dressing-stations, I have said—I have vowed to myself—"Here are men worth doing anything for".

It is the old trouble of the "miserable sinners" point of view. He writes:

> I think that a re-ordering is needed. For Christianity, stressed as it appears to be at present, will never catch the souls of men. I think of the flying boys who, more than anyone else, are winning our battles (I have been chaplain to a squadron of them for a little time). They are far from unsinful, but they will nevertheless, I am sure, not *begin* with the avowal "that there is no health in them"; they will not sing "that they are weary of earth and laden with their sins". For as they live gaily and unconcernedly on the edge of things, they know that that is not the primary truth about themselves.

The author advocates that "a little sepia that was in the brush of Paul must be washed away," as he was a little obsessed by the idea of human corruption.

We will close with the author's own closing words, adding to his hope our conviction:

> It seems like so much material that needs but a spark to set it ablaze. May there be a great conflagration—the flaming out of the Light of the world, to illuminate, to cleanse, to fill it with the heat of love, both human and divine! AMEN.

D. C.

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Sanḍhyāvanḍana, by B. V. Kameshwara Iyer, M.A. (Sri Brihadamba State Press, Pudukkottai.)

It is one of the most difficult tasks in the present time to explain any old ritual, for the key and the principle have been lost. A ritual consists of a word of power, a visible symbol (like water or rice) and certain gestures, and is intended to produce a definite result either on the person who performs it or on his surroundings. People have no faith in a ritual nor have they sufficient evidence to create it, and hence to many English-educated Hinḍūs *Sanḍhyāvanḍana* appears to be nothing else than a few hymns in a language which they do not know, and a few gestures the significance of which they do not understand. The author, because of his great faith and real love for the rite, has been able to guess successfully the object of the *Sanḍhyāvanḍanam.*

A ritual may also be intended to inspire and teach. Mr. Kameshwara Iyer has very well succeeded in showing that this ritual teaches the "realisation of the Self," a philosophy to be lived and not merely to be intellectually grasped, in words full of "life and reverence, humility and faith".

The author has put the subject clearly before the reader, whose difficulties he understands. In his Introduction he has taken a bird's eye view of the different branches and sub-branches of the Veḍa, and has shown how there is the difference in the texts of Sanḍhyā. In the first chapter he gives the text in Ḍevanāgiri under two chief divisions, Sanḍhyā and Japa, with their subdivisions of Āchamana, Prāṇāyāma, Samkalpamārjana, Manṭrāchamana, Punarmārjana, Aghamarṣhana, Arghyapraḍāna and Āṭmapraḍakṣhiṇa. He has devoted a chapter to these divisions, and has given the translation from the standpoint of an Indian Hinḍū interpreter who lives the life depicted in the Veḍa and who practises the method of self-realisation shown in the Samhiṭā.

The book thus places the subject before the reader in an aspect which carries conviction and inspires the enthusiasm belonging to the author himself.

M. B. K.

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What is Instinct? Some Thoughts on Telepathy and Subconsciousness in Animals, by C. Bingham Newland. (John Murray, London. Price 6s.)

It is interesting to find a naturalist approaching in his interpretation of animal life the Theosophical teaching of the group-soul. We are told in the publisher's advertisement that the author of this book "opens a new page in nature study and suggests a theory which may illuminate many of the mysteries of animal life". To the Theosophist his theory will not seem at all new: it is a rather vague and as yet but indefinite version of what Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater have told us with regard to the animal kingdom and the methods of evolution that obtain therein. As no acknowledgment is made of a Theosophical source for his theories, we presume that the author has developed them quite independently of Theosophical writings on the subject, which fact makes his conclusions all the more valuable and remarkable.

The facts here gathered together are extremely interesting and are recounted in an easy and pleasant style. Mr. Newland has had exceptional opportunities for observing nature, he tells us in his Foreword, and he has evidently made good use of them. The strange and wonderful ways of creatures in whose short lives, as the author points out, there has been no time for practice, and on whose carrying out of a certain ingenious programme the perpetuation of the species depends; the "forethought" displayed by insects at one stage in preparing for the necessities of the stage to come; the striking behaviour of wild things that move in flocks or herds—all these have impressed him as demanding an explanation other than those usually offered. The theory he suggests is, as remarked above, not yet very well defined. The basis of this theory is the inherence of all creatures below the stage where self-consciousness is developed in the All-Mind, omniscient and omnipresent. This fact explains the purposeful and unerring course followed by the animal creation. The efficiency of individual animals in carrying out this purpose is due to the telepathic connection which exists between every creature and all other creatures belonging to the same species because of their common root in the All-Mind.

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All this is rather nebulous, and a hundred questions of detail immediately arise in the mind, but one feels that our author is reaching out in the right direction. All Theosophists who are interested in that part of our study which deals with the evolution of life and form in the lower kingdoms will find much of real value in this book. The illustrations are plentiful and appropriate.

A. DE L.

The Religious Revolution of To-day, by J. T. Shotwell, Ph. D. (Watts & Co., London. Price 1s.)

Having devoted many years to the study of the origin of religion, this very able historian of the Columbia University, U.S.A., indicates impartially and without controversy how the old religion is giving way to the new, how religious control is yielding to the mighty scientific forces, and finds secularisation to be the key-note of development. Religion is our heritage, while science is our achievement. In the West, where modernity is facing the problems directly instead of through the medium of taboo, energies are turned to the conquering of the material world, while in the East, which is still religious, life is the science of serving the gods.

The method of religion is to stimulate and awaken the emotional nature which responds directly to the idea of the mysterious, while science responds by eliminating and questioning the mysterious with its dominating reason, and in proportion to the strength of intellectual emancipation. Thus the religious evolution proceeds; and the problem is not to prove its existence, which is everywhere evident, but to measure its importance and influence in the world's history. The book is highly instructive and absorbingly interesting.

G. G.

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Some Views Respecting a Future Life, by Samuel Waddington. (John Lane, London.)

The author of this book is a literary craftsman of some excellence, a man well read on the subject of which he writes and, as he himself tells us, "a humble agnostic". In the opening paragraph of his essay he disclaims all attempt to put forward any "new or arbitrary personal opinions" on the questions relating to a future life, wishing only to set down "in the clearest possible terms the views of those authors, both ancient and modern, who have written on the subject".

This he proceeds to do, but it is quite evident in the course of a very few pages which way his personal opinions, if expressed, would tend. The conclusions reached by writers like Huxley, Darwin and Spencer are evidently much more to the author's taste than are those which result from the efforts of more poetic and imaginative minds to define the indefinable. He likes to rest in the regions of the clear and practical; with "spiritualists" and "occultists" he has no sympathy. The Upaniṣhaḍ reference to the soul as a tiny image of the man is quoted as showing that in India the soul is regarded as "a very small thing," and is then dismissed as one of the fantastic dreams of the Orient.

Mr. Waddington cannot have been won over to agnosticism by the passages he quotes in this book, for they are too fragmentary either to establish or confute his position. And for the same reason, he cannot expect the reader to be satisfied with such an unconvincing presentment of the subject. The impression left by the whole is one of inadequacy.

A. DE L.

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