Reproduction

THE
BUDDHA
OF
TAXILA

Original

VOL. XXXVIII No. 8

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THIS last month has seen the beginning of an Order, dreamed of for many years by George S. Arundale, who is now seen to have "dreamed true". It consists of three successive grades, Probationers, Novices and Brothers, and of Lay Brothers. Attached to the Order are Helpers, who do not take the pledge of the Order, but promise to help it in any way they can, and to give to it a proportion of their income, fixed by themselves when they join. The Brothers renounce all their property and their earnings, taking from the Order a subsistence allowance; they will, in time, have an Āshrama in Adyar, which will form the central home, and will go out to work wherever they are sent, returning home for rest, or when not engaged in outside work. They lead a communal life so far as is at present practicable, the men living in Mr. Arundale's house, but there being as yet no communal house available for the women. For qualification each of them must have, in addition to the

devotion to a great Ideal, which makes them ready to serve as a united body under orders, some special trained capacity of a definite kind, which makes him valuable as a worker—it may be teaching, medicine, science, writing, speaking, but it must be good of its kind.

***

The preparatory grades are for those who embrace the Ideal, and are ready to train themselves and to be trained for service, by study, the practice of self-control, and the leading of a simple life, thus preparing themselves for the full Brotherhood. They are ready to work as required, and to fit themselves for the communal life. The Lay Brothers are those who hold the Ideal, and are ready to share in work as required, and who give a tithe of all they earn or acquire to the support of the Order ; they are prevented by their circumstances, by family obligations, by duties to dependents, even by lack of physical health, from renouncing their property and leading the strenuous and active life required from the working Brothers.

***

The Order is, of course, but an experiment, for its pledge of "Renunciation, Obedience and Service" is hard to preserve unbroken. In humble imitation of the vow of the Buḍḍhist Saṅgha, founded by Him who "knew what is in man," the door for withdrawal is left open, in case animal-human weakness should triumph over Divine-human strength. Its first members promise well, but it must justify itself by Service, and I believe it will do so. The head of the Order is

the "Brother Server," in memory of the words of the Christ: "He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve." It is meant to be a constant reminder to those who hold the office that true greatness lies in humility and in service, and that those who would fain grow "to the measure of the stature of the fulness of the Christ" must ever remember: "I am among you as he that serveth." Only when this is felt by all can there be right command because the commander looks upward in humility to his own Superior, and right service because there is illuminated obedience; then only can obedience minister to spiritual growth, and lead to the realisation of that highest achievement, to be enrolled as His servant, "whose service is perfect freedom".

***

A pleasant message came to us from Petrograd, telling of Russia's new freedom. It arrived just after the close of our Easter Convention, and came from the Order of the Star in the East in Russia, sending loving greeting from "our first official meeting". No longer are our Russian brethren of the T.S., the E.S. and the Star living under the shadow of autocracy: no longer are their leaders sent forth "as sheep in the midst of wolves".

***

A very terrible thing has happened in Bombay, throwing once more a lurid light on the ghastly happenings in the lower "half-world". A Pathan and two women

kept a house of ill-fame wherein were imprisoned some Indian women of a low caste. They were to all intents and purposes slaves, unable to go away, and sold temporarily to the first comer. One of these women, the *Bombay Chronicle* tells us, "attempted to rebel in her feeble way, even to escape," and managed to slip out of the house unseen. She was caught and taken back, and was slowly tortured to death, being beaten with an iron rod and a curry-stone until she was dead. No part of her body, the evidence said, but was bruised and bleeding. The judge, in passing sentence on the Pathan and one of the women, said, addressing the former, that nothing he could say "could make the accused feel the hideous enormity of the crime which he had committed. It was impossible to conceive of greater barbarity, more revolting and more devilish, than the way in which he had treated his victim." The object of the ghastly and prolonged doing to death was obviously to place a gate of terror in the way of escape, to teach the other inmates of the house that which awaited them if they sought to run away. The lesson has not gained its object, as it has ended in a sentence of death on two of the murderers and of transportation for life on the third.

***

That particular case is over, but what of the awful trade which makes such things possible? It is not a question of one Nation or another, for tragedies even more terrible are known to take place abroad. It is admittedly true that a definite "white slave-trade" is carried on, in which young girls, seeking situations in their own

country or abroad, are sent—supposedly as governesses, as servants to decent people—really to houses of ill-fame. Arriving there in all innocence and shown to her room, the girl wakes, in the morning, to find that her clothes have been removed and that she is helpless. Some yield to promises of wealth and enjoyment; some refuse, and are starved and beaten either into submission or to death. They are deported to South America, to Singapore, Java, India, Hong-Kong, and other ports, and sink lower and lower into a hell which cannot be described. If landed in a British possession they cannot be saved unless of British birth; the British-born are deported promptly, as the British authorities will not allow their Nation to be thus soiled in the eyes of their coloured subjects. Girls of other Nationalities cannot be touched. Various books have been written on this slave-trade, but it continues to flourish, largely because the only evidence available is hard to obtain and is tainted when obtained, and largely because where the *souteneur* has stopped short of murder or mutilation he is let off with penalties less severe than those inflicted on suffragettes for breaking a window-glass. The Bishop of London lately complained that a woman keeper of a house of ill-fame was let off with a £20 fine—the merest trifle out of her large gains from her women slaves.

***

Another root of the evil lies in the fact that large numbers of white men of all Nationalities consort with coloured women. The large Eurasian population in

India, and the swiftly growing Eurasian population in Burma prove the fact. The natural result of this is the reversal of the relationship, and the white slave traffic sells white women to coloured men of wealth and rank who keep harems. It has been stated that in South Africa there were no assaults by Kaffirs on white women, until white men had assaulted large numbers of Kaffir women. It is a just Nemesis.

***

Eastern civilised Nations have faced with characteristic frankness the difficulty due to the small powers of self-restraint of the average man, and the results are less hideous than in the West, so far as the women are concerned. Hebrews, Hinḍūs, Musalmāns, permit polygamy, and leave the slowly improving evolution of man to bring about monogamy gradually. David, "the man after God's own heart," was certainly not a monogamist, and Abraham, "the friend of God" and the "father of the faithful" was neither generous to his "handmaid" and their son, nor courageous in the defence of the honour of his own wife. Most Hinḍūs are now monogamous, though polygamy survives among men of high rank and wealth, and among the lowest of the people. Men of high character, of education and culture, are strictly monogamous, and being married, as a rule, from eighteen or nineteen to twenty-five, do not run into bad company. The Musalmāns permit polygamy, and even when they go outside marriage they shelter and support the women with whom they associate, and if the mistress has a child,

her status is improved and the child becomes a member of the household—the result being due to the reverence with which the Oriental regards Motherhood. Hence the "illegitimate" child is not the fatherless waif and stray, doomed from his birth, with no legal or civil status, that he is in western lands. The English law visits the sins of the fathers upon the children more cruelly than does the law of some continental Nations, among whom the marriage of the father and mother legitimatises the children born previous to marriage.

***

Westerners fiercely condemn the nautch girls and Ḍevaḍāsīs of India, and the "profession" is shameful enough, but it is immeasurably less degrading to the women than the same "profession" in the West. The woman sells herself for money, the revolting hall-mark of the shameful trade. Outside this ineffaceable degradation, she leads an outwardly decent life, is often cultured in art and clever in conversation, resembling herein the Hetairæ of Greece. All good men condemn the trade, but they do not despise nor treat with contempt the individuals engaged in it, for they sorrowfully admit that it is due to the weakness of their own sex, they do not see any better way of meeting it, they know that man's evolution out of that weakness is very slow, they look with horror and disgust on the European method of respecting the man-sinner and outcasting his victim or his partner, on the crowds of mixed race that follow the Europeans in all eastern countries, and on the disgusting street prostitution of the West, with the final doom of

the women engaged in that miserable trade. The question is one which is full of difficulty, and cannot be escaped, as witness the late Commission on the results of licensed and unlicensed prostitution. Society is up against a deadly evil which, in the West, is threatening to poison it. There is only one cure: Self-control and early—not child—marriage; and self-control, control over the strongest instinct that God has implanted in all Nature, the instinct of mating with its opposite, has to be achieved by men and women, in whom the power of "looking before and after," the faculties of memory and imagination, have intensified the instinct to such an exaggerated extent that it menaces with destruction the very Society it created. In humanity alone it works evil; it is for men and women to transmute it into good.

***

I spoke in the Presidential Address of the fine work by the Theosophical Society, led by its General Secretary. I learn that very devoted service, carried on night and day, has been rendered by a good member, Mme. Erismann. Doubtless many good Swiss members have done their part, and to, and for, all such the T.S. gives thanks.

"RED IN TOOTH AND CLAW"

THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

By W. WYBERGH

MY apology for writing upon a subject which has become so trite, however great its intrinsic interest, must be a most interesting article entitled "The Law of the Jungle" by M. d'Asbeck, which appeared in *The Adyar Bulletin* for October last. To me, at any rate, the subject is immensely attractive, since for some time past I have for the most part been occupied in camping and travelling in the African Jungle, enjoying a daily nodding acquaintance with its inhabitants, and having to accommodate myself to its necessities. It fascinates and sometimes overawes

me, but I don't quite agree with what appear to me as the somewhat anthropomorphic ideas of the author regarding wild animals, and I don't find things quite what one would expect from reading the best and most "sympathetic" books about them, even Mr. Kipling's altogether delightful *Jungle Books*. Still less do I find therein the blind and mechanical forces of material evolution or the neatly ticketed specimens of the natural history museum.

I have all my life been an outdoor man by preference, but circumstance and duty have brought it about that for the last twenty years I have lived and worked in a large town, immersed in all sorts of public activities, and during the greater part of that time strenuously engaged in politics. My life has therefore been spent almost entirely in dealing with the human side of things, with ideals and policies, and burning social questions and passions and interests, instead of in the direct and simple contact with the outdoor things which perhaps I might have chosen for myself. Now, therefore, that circumstance and duty have in turn taken me for a time into the wild places of the earth, I am naturally unable to see them with that knowledge and judgment which come only by lifelong experience and devotion to natural science. Nor can I be of the number of those whom a simple and natural life and the absence of conflicting thoughts and passions have brought into intimate and instinctive touch with Nature. Never to me has the fairyland of the Kelt or seer revealed itself, with its nature spirits and dancing elves, its Deva evolution, its Intelligences and Powers, or been more to me than a poetical dream and a theoretical scientific possibility. Perhaps, therefore, what I have to

say will seem of little value either to science or to Occultism. Nevertheless, as it is at any rate first hand experience, it may be of interest to some. I can only say in mitigation that in spite of twenty years of public work and public speaking, I always feel more really at home in the wilds than in a committee meeting! The one is a joy, the other a familiar, if not a tiresome duty.

The Wilderness has impressed itself on me in different ways. For one thing it is very beautiful. You never come across anything that is sordid or squalid or dry or pretentious. It is all genuine, all well proportioned. The beauty of civilisation always has something of imperfection in it, the Wilderness never. But it is beautiful in a more positive sense than that. I don't mean merely "picturesque," nor do I refer only to things that are generally accepted as beautiful—the jagged mountain range against the sunset glow, the clump of palms standing breathless at high noon above the tangled thickets of the river bank, the herd of sable antelope flashing through the golden green mopani forest in the clear, cool light of early morning. All these things I have seen and see again and again; they are splendid pictures which can never be forgotten. But the Wilderness is not all beautiful in this way, in fact such scenes are perhaps exceptional, and for much of the time the eye has to be satisfied with what, in more civilised regions, might be called a monotonous or "uninteresting" prospect. But the point is that for some reason the eye *is* satisfied, and does not resent the monotony as it does that of a row of chimney pots. I have travelled for days through a country where no rain had fallen for two scorching years: where day after day, month after month, the tropical sun had

poured down upon the land until the forest was an ashy grey, leafless and thorny desert, to all appearance as dead as the red sand whence it sprung. Harsh, forbidding, savage, and pitiless it was, as well as monotonous, yet, to me at least, still beautiful. Whatever other "Law of the Jungle" there may be, one learns that at least it is a law of beauty.

Now, being human, one inevitably reads human attributes into that which one sees. The words which naturally come to one's lips, the very words which I have just used myself, are human words describing human things. The habitual use of them tends to perpetuate the mistake of supposing that the Beauty of the Jungle and the Law of the Jungle are really comparable with our human Beauty and human Law. A little thought would remove this impression. How can a thing be harsh and forbidding and yet beautiful? The ideas of harshness are something that we ourselves introduce, because we will persist in regarding a landscape from the point of view of a possible environment, suitable or the reverse for human life. We think we see the real Jungle and we only see our own humanity all the time.

There is a beauty of the Wilderness, but it is not seen by many who think they see it. In the playgrounds of Europe, in its great rivers and mountains and forests and moors, there is indeed the beauty of the Wilderness, but it is overlaid and often almost submerged by another beauty. Because they are all that most of us ever see of the Wilderness, we are apt to take it for granted that it is this beauty that we enjoy in them. But is it? Let any man who is or has been a devotee of the Alps, but whose wanderings have led

him also into the real untamed and untravelled Wilderness, compare the two. He may very probably decide that the beauty of the Alps is the greater, but he will also find that a great part of this beauty and fascination is due to the part played by their human aspect—by the glimpse of the village far below, framed between cliffs of ice, by thought of great deeds done long ago in the valleys, by the tramp of forgotten legions through the passes, Alaric, Hannibal, Napoleon, even by memories of modern climbs and deeds of daring. What traveller does not remember with a thrill his first crossing over the Alpine barrier from the cold and austere lands of the North, down and ever down into the golden, magical haze of Italy—the Italy of his longing, the cradle of our western civilisation? But the beauty of that golden air, of vine and chestnut and high-perched mountain village, is it the beauty of Nature, or is it not rather the beauty of our dream, rich with all that we ourselves put into it of history or romance?

To many a man who responds to every breath and every suggestion of its human element the real Wilderness will remain a sealed book, for its beauty and its fascination depend upon the absence of that very human element which, consciously or unconsciously, he has been accustomed to look for. To see and understand this, a man must cease to look upon it merely as an environment, pleasant or otherwise, of his own humanity. The powers of thought and imagination and emotion which enrich his vision of the humanised landscape, seem only to lead him into a blind alley if he tries to use them on this quest, and the more vivid they are and the greater the force he puts into his effort, the sooner does he realise this to be the case. At least that is

my own experience. More often on the mountain top than in assemblies of my fellow men have I felt that the Great Secret was just over my shoulder, on the verge of revealing itself; but the veil has not been lifted. Time after time have I expended myself in thoughts and emotions in the vain effort to come a little nearer to the Reality. I think it is the instinctive and natural thing for the human man to try.

I stood but recently, far away in the Wilderness, upon the spur of a great mountain plateau which broke into a sea of beautiful forms and colours as it fell away into the rich tropical lowlands. It was early summer: the red earth at my feet, the tree ferns in the ravine below, the green slopes on either hand, the endless background of ridge and peak dissolving at last into blue air, all were pulsing with life and beauty, all were very near and dear to me, and I, poor mortal, was carried away as many a time before. Admiration and artistic appreciation of line and colour were merged into a great love and longing. I loved it all for itself. I wanted to embrace it, to possess it, to fuse myself with it, to lose myself in it, as a lover with his beloved. "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks" so longed my soul after the essence and being of the Wilderness. But my emotion, my worship, opened up no channel. The Wilderness made no sign: the Wilderness has nothing to say to human interest or human emotion or human strivings. There was "too much ego in my cosmos" I suppose, which is as much as to say I was human, all too human.

We in the Theosophical Society are taught that the way by which we may ultimately hope to open ourselves to the larger life of the Universe is by systematic

meditation and concentration, and it would ill become me with my small experience to doubt my teacher or to ignore the universal testimony. Yet I must confess that, so obstinate and self-centred is my ego that, while occasions in which such efforts appear to be in some degree successful have not been entirely wanting, yet, too often, the effort produces such an enhancement of *self*-consciousness as to defeat itself, and the more one tries the less one actually achieves. I never seem able by taking thought to add a cubit to my stature. Perhaps one has to learn how to stop thinking. For it is strange that sometimes when I am least expecting it or thinking about it I seem, through the mere senses of sight or hearing, to make the necessary contact without effort, so that a sudden thrill of conscious communion passes, and for a moment I see the Whole through the part, and feel myself one with it, and no longer myself at all.

I don't think that man, as man, can ever see the real beauty of the Jungle, for whatever it is, there is no doubt about it being non-human. It is cosmic and universal in its nature, and it necessarily and inevitably hides itself from the ego-consciousness, whether energising through thought or emotion. He who enters into it is for the moment less or greater than man. The child-ego comes into touch with it, but he knows not what he is in touch with, and then perhaps at the other end of the human scale a certain other "little child" will some day be born in us, who will step out from the trammels of the ego and who will know as he is known. But I sometimes think that for us ordinary people there must be a sort of back door somewhere in our make-up, through which we sometimes get a glimpse into God's garden long before we are fit to walk there.

The beauty of the Wilderness may perhaps be regarded as its passive or negative or form side, but there is another, vital, acting side to it which perhaps we may more properly speak of as the "Law of the Jungle". Is this Law, as suggested by M. d'Asbeck, one which furnishes for us "lessons" in respect of brotherhood and social organisation applicable to human consciousness and human ethics? Do the wild animals love and hate and scheme and contrive and organise like little undeveloped humans? Or on the other hand is Nature a grim and cruel thing, "red in tooth and claw," and do the animals live each for themselves in constant strife and enmity? Or, again, is it all nothing but a huge mechanism, come into existence by accident as the result of a "fortuitous concourse of atoms"? I cannot but think that the anthropomorphic view of the "Law of the Jungle" is as full of fallacy as the mechanical view of materialistic science. It would indeed seem to be at least as great an obstacle to any real communion with the non-human life of the Universe.

I yield to no one in my appreciation of Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Books*. I don't know how often I have read them, and I still find them as fascinating as ever, but I can't agree with Mr. (or Miss) d'Asbeck in thinking that he has "deeply sensed the life and wisdom of the animal kingdom" therein. He has merely anthropomorphised his animals and given us delightful pictures of life in the Jungle as it might be imagined to present itself to a human being who shared all its conditions but by no means its consciousness. It is primitive man whom he portrays, living the life of the animals but thinking human

thoughts all the time. What is his council of the wolves but the village council over again in wolfish bodies? How do the plots and counterplots differ from the schemes of the human huntsman? The very idioms and forms of speech put into their mouths are the same. But this is not Kipling's fault; it is a necessity of the case, for, as we know, animals do not speak at all, and the development of speech is the sign of the development of thought. Where there is no individualised ego there can be no individualised thought, and where thought is absent how shall there be distinction between "right of the wolf" and "right of the pack," or lesson to be drawn therefrom. I do not think there are any "social problems" in the Jungle.

No: the Law of the Jungle is something quite different from the Law of the Jungle-man, and man, as man, can only be *in* the Jungle, not *of* it, however he may rejoice in it. The Jungle consciousness is a non-human consciousness, and its Law—its real Law, that is to say, cannot in the nature of things be translated into terms of human conduct. To attempt it is to invite disaster.

"The Ḍharma of another is full of danger." And yet how wonderfully do these books, and others like Seton Thomson's, transport us into the midst of Jungle life. We who have been there can testify that their witness is true. Has not the moon risen for us too over the Council Rock; have not the green eyes gathered round us in the dusk; have we not known and used the Red Flower, with death waiting for us outside the circle of its light? We love these books because, with a magic all their own, they bring back for us the

glamour of the moonlight, the solitude thronged with the shapes and sounds of veld and forest, the glory of free and overflowing life. But the thoughts and feelings which they arouse are those, not of the Jungle, not even of primitive man himself (primitive man probably thinks chiefly about his dinner), but actually of highly cultured man in the presence of that which is so different from himself.

As a matter of practical experience, about the first thing one learns about the Jungle is that one is in the presence of unmeasured life and power, and that all this life is very busily occupied with its own concerns. Very soon, and the sooner the better, one discovers that if we get in the way no one will have the least conpunction about treading on our toes, and there isn't any policeman. So far is it from being simple and altruistic, as suggested by the author of the "Law of the Jungle," that the least inadvertence or mistake on our part seems to be punished with a most inhuman indifference and relentlessness. Extenuating circumstances are not admitted, and good motives do not count.

The daily business of the Jungle is frankly to kill and eat and propagate, and there is not an atom of sentiment about it. The Jungle and its inhabitants will just as soon kill you as not, and in fact will certainly do so if you don't look after yourself. Truly one sees very grim sights, and senses everywhere the crunching of bones. Everything lives by the death of something else, and a "natural" death is a thing unknown. And never forget that death is at all times very near to you. There is death, swift and sure, coiled up in the grass at your feet: death in the pool which tempts you to a plunge at midday: death prowls

not a hundred yards from your camp fire at night: death, less swift but just as sure, threatens you day and night in the buzz of the mosquito: lose, but for a moment, your sense of direction, and death, lingering and painful, stands at your very elbow.

And because man is naturally so self-centred, because man, especially "civilised" man, has such an extraordinary idea of the sanctity of life, and particularly human life, and above all his own precious life, and such a terror of death, this fact, once it is grasped, makes you instinctively regard the Jungle not merely as different, but as alien and hostile to yourself, and also as grim and cruel in its own essential nature.

When, later on, you have had a little more experience; when you have learned how to avoid its dangers and how to utilise its resources for your own comfort and advantage; when you begin to see, not only how full it is of death, but of life also; then perhaps you will come to feel as if it were a garden and a pleasure-ground, created and existing for you, a delightful sphere for your activities, and your human heart will expand with human love for it all, and you look round for human lessons in human virtues. But the Jungle is no more friendly than it is hostile, no more compassionate than cruel. These are human conceptions, and so long as a man is playing about within the limits of such ideas and feelings, he is far indeed from sympathy with the Jungle consciousness.

Perhaps the first step towards penetrating the real nature of this mode of being is a recognition of its unity and simplicity, but it is the complexity which is the obvious thing about it. The immensity and intricacy of it take away your breath. You see a vast web of action

and reaction weaving itself around you, and you feel the need of somehow linking it up with yourself. If you are a humanitarian by nature you will weave fantasies, full of human sympathy, about the actions and life histories of the wild animals. You know that the activities of the human world are brought about by thoughts and passions, and you can hardly prevent yourself from feeling that these activities also must be the result of thoughts and passions comparable with your own. You create images and fall in love with the image you have created. In vain: on these levels of consciousness you cannot realise the brotherhood whose existence you truly divine, and if you persist, you will end in a slough of sentimentality and unreality. If you have the scientific temperament you will try, by analysis and classification, to bring the Jungle into relation, not so much with what you feel, as with some generalised scheme of the universe already existing in your mind. But not through the understanding of genera and species shall you reach the true understanding. You cannot put Nature into pigeon-holes; categories and classifications are only a human way of looking at things. Nature—the Jungle—is one and it is many, but either way it is infinite, and so long as you are concerned merely with giving names and classifications to what you see, you remain limited to your human consciousness. Was it not Adam, the first *man*, who first gave *names* to the living creatures, and so shut himself off from the infinite within the limits of the finite?

Evidently we shall get nowhere by merely projecting our own humanity into the non-human.

"When, beholding her image on the waves of space, she whispers: 'This is I'—declare, O disciple, that thy Soul is caught in the webs of delusion." Is there, then, any possibility at all of learning the true "Law of the Jungle," and getting at the reality of this universal brotherhood which is so different from the sentimental and intellectual notions which most of us are inclined to put in its place? Some recent experiences of my own, slight and ephemeral as they are, make me think that perhaps there may be other ways of approach which do not, like the intellectual and the emotional methods, defeat their own object by the enhancement of the personal ego-consciousness. Singularly enough, I seem to have hit, quite by accident, upon an experience quite similar to that of Walt Whitman, as quoted in the article by M. d'Asbeck to which I have referred.

"I stand and look at them long and long." It sounds a simple sort of thing, but that is just what I have been doing with rather surprising results. I do not know whether it is in any way a recognised Yoga practice, but it is certainly different from anything I have been taught.

In one of my recent trips into the African Wilderness, I got into the habit of spending my midday and sunset hours, whenever possible, quite alone and far away from my camp. Especially at these times I would go down and look out over the great tropical river along the banks of which I was travelling. I would say in passing that I have always felt that to get the full flavour of the tropical world one should seek it in the midday heat, and not only in the cool of the morning and evening, and so far I have taken no harm from

doing so. Often the surroundings were full of beauty —always full of interest. The country swarmed with wild life of all kinds, from lions down to guinea fowl, and the vegetation ran riot along the waterside. In the Jungle, on the river bank, or on a rock or sandspit in the open, I would stand and let it all sink into me, and, like Walt Whitman, "look long and long". I took no weapon with me, having no thoughts of slaughter (indeed I travelled without arms of any kind and without any white companion), and whether for that or for some other reason, the animals were wonderfully tame and took very little notice of me, even when I stood in full view. I did not study this life, I did not enthuse about it, nor did I weave any fantasies, for I was far too much absorbed in just observing it. I made no conscious effort of any kind. The functions of mind and emotion were dormant, but the senses were keenly alert. And through my eyes, as it seemed, there would steal in upon me a sense of a marvellous stillness and a tremendous and most complex activity.

Action in fact was the key-note of everything, life and death and generation and decay, raised to the *n*th power. The wonderful web of life wove itself before my eyes, thought and feeling became irrelevant and vanished, leaving only the sense of being in contact with something beyond, in which I was infinitely "at home". I seemed for a moment to feel the throb of a Universal Life, and the human outlook faded away, and human interests became as nothing. It was as though nothing had a separate life of its own, but everything lived and died in the life and death of each other. So far as any purpose or plan existed at all, it was none other than this very life and death itself, but the very notion

of plan or purpose or thought did not enter into it at all.

Perfect peace and ceaseless motion existed together, and each was essential to the other. Life and death were not opposed to one another, there was no such thing as competition or altruism, and no "struggle for existence," because the purpose of life was death and the purpose of death was life. Nothing existed in spite of something else, but because of it. This peace *was* activity, life *was* death. Everything lived by the death of something else, everywhere was death in life and life in death, and I saw that it was all very good—incredibly, aboundingly good and *safe*, because nothing could possibly go wrong anywhere. It was good to kill and good to be killed, good to eat and to be eaten : all was perfect, all inevitable, all utterly free and voluntary. At one moment it seemed solemn and stupendous, at another laughably simple—just one huge joke, for nothing, *nothing* mattered the least bit in the world. And it had all been going on just like that for ages and ages, and would continue. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen." There was no Law of the Jungle, for the Life of the Jungle was its own law and fulfilled itself, and everything was exactly right. And all this perfection and supreme happiness seemed somehow to arise from the sense of entire freedom from anything like human thoughts, or purpose or plan or motive, and equally from all passion of love or hatred, or vice or virtue. It was a simple ignoring of all the things that one had been accustomed to think all-important in human life, which, instead of leaving a blank, seemed like the removal of a restriction.

I cannot describe it properly, perhaps because I didn't actually and definitely come to the full and proper realisation of these things in my own person, but only caught a glimpse which showed me that it was so, however opposed it might be to my ordinary point of view as a man. For, as I have said, in ordinary life for the last twenty years I have fought for political ideals, and worked and planned for distant social reforms, and here I was introduced to a world where not only did these things not count, but where plans and ideals had no place at all. I have had to deal with loves and hates and lusts and greeds and efforts and motives and sacrifices, and behold, there were no such things. I am one of those who in ordinary life look for the coming of a World Teacher to save the world from an otherwise inevitable catastrophe, and here is a world wherein all is safe and all is perfect, a world which needs no Teacher. I detest the taking of life, but here I see killing established as a just principle. I have been accustomed to look seriously at the momentous difference between right and wrong, and here there is no right or wrong.

Is it a lapse backward into a lower order, or a vision of a great step forward? How can I tell? At least one can see that the "Law of the Jungle" is not one that can be, crudely and piecemeal, applied to human affairs. For, great and glorious as it feels while one is experiencing it, the moment one begins to think about it afterwards and judge it in the light of human ethics and human reason, one finds oneself at fault. Is there perhaps danger lurking behind it? In trying to be more than man is there the possibility of becoming less than man? I seem to hear an echo of

the sinister voice of Agmahd—"I renounce my humanity": I think of the motto of my own family —"*Hominem te esse memento*"—Remember that thou art human. The inevitable reaction comes swooping down like a thundercloud. "To look long and long," suppressing the most distinctively human faculties of thought and feeling, is that a legitimate method of Yoga? Have we not been taught to restrain the senses, to withdraw consciousness from them, to retire within the inner cave of the heart? But again, on the other hand, is not the mind "the slayer of the Real," and are we not told to slay the slayer? It is very puzzling.

How too shall we reconcile the consciousness that, seeing the pitiless and universal slaughter, rejoices in it as good—not merely as the unavoidable means to a higher end, but as a state of affairs intrinsically good, nay perfect—how shall we reconcile this with the search for the Masters of Compassion? I cannot find an answer. And indeed in the whole experience there is no hint of Masters or Ḍevas or Hierarchy, or conscious individual direction of affairs of any kind, but rather of a Divine Life that is Universal and all-sufficient. One might, as a Theosophist, have expected that an enlargement of consciousness would have enabled one to recognise something of the Intelligences by which we are told the activities of Nature are guided—if it were only a nature spirit or two! But to me at least, no such glimpse was accorded. Is there then danger? Does one here approach the boundaries of what is forbidden for our good? I suppose there is always danger in anything that we are not familiar with, except when we are guided; and of guidance in this matter I am at any rate quite unconscious. "*Demon est Deus inversus*," and

the higher the possibility of rising, the deeper the possible fall.

"I fain would climb, but that I fear to fall," said the aspirant.

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all," was the just retort.

The warnings against Occultism pursued for selfish objects is explicit, and I am convinced, from what I myself have seen, that it is just and valid, and that the danger is most real; and yet, if there is no consciously selfish motive, is it still impossible to advance without taking undue risks? Because what I have seen would doubtless be immoral and disastrous if applied to human conditions, ought I to run away from the experience? I cannot honestly say that in venturing into this uncharted region of the soul without a guide, I was actuated by any deliberately altruistic desire of serving humanity. So far as the whole thing was not just accidental, the motive was merely an intense love of Nature, and on the whole I was quite pleased to escape for a little from my fellow men. And apart from any question of service to humanity, is there not an actual joy in exploring for its own sake, and does not the possibility of danger add enormously to the joy? I wonder whether the spirit of adventure without ulterior motives is wrong, whether the sphere of it be "Darkest Africa" or the possibly darker depths of one's own soul. I have a dim recollection of something H. P. B. has written, comparing the energy put forth by the explorer of the wilderness with that of the experimenter in physical science, very much to the disadvantage of the former. And yet is it not largely due to this spirit of exploration for its own sake, and to the motiveless joy

in just doing things, that humanity has made advances? Pioneering is not all self-interest or self-sacrifice, it is in part self-expression also.

And if in terms of human thought and language one tries to describe the "Law of the Jungle," it does seem as if "self-expression" comes nearest to the mark; only one must not thereby mean anything of the nature of expression of an *individual* self; for the great lesson that it is possible to draw is perhaps that we human beings are far too conscious of our individuality. Our very altruism and self-sacrifice are as it were tainted at the source, and may bar us out of the larger life as surely as our selfishness.

To me at least, the little glimpse I have had into the real "Law of the Jungle" has given a somewhat different perspective of life. It is difficult to describe it without giving a very wrong impression, in fact one of selfishness and indifference. It would be a fatal mistake to suppose that the times do not call for the utmost of activity and self-sacrifice from us all. Tremendous issues are being decided in the world of civilisation. The fate of humanity hangs in the balance; and we all, especially those of us whose activities and responsibilities have been connected with public affairs, are called upon to render what we can of service and to prepare the way for the Kingdom of God. But let us not be carried away by a sense of the importance of what *we* do. In the midst of this awful struggle it is good to learn from the Jungle that we ourselves, and even humanity itself, are not the hub and centre of the universe, but only a passing phase of the universal life, neither of greater nor of less importance than those other phases which we think of as "above" and "below" us. Do we not,

especially we who are politicians and patriots and socialists and reformers, take ourselves a little too seriously? Are not we aspirants and probationers of the spiritual life a little too self-conscious, even in our devotions? Would it not be well if we could sometimes do things just for the joy of doing them, as the Jungle does, without thought of advantage to be gained, even if that advantage is the service of humanity? As Walt Whitman says: "They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God." Is not that the lesson of the Jungle and its inhabitants? "They toil not, neither do they spin" was a saying surely not directed against activity but against toil, not against self-expression but against self-consciousness.

And as to the danger. It may be that for some of us the "strenuous life," even the life of service, has brought its own dangers and its own urgent need of correction. For such the danger of contact with the life which is at once greater and less than human may be less to be feared than in the case of people whose failing has been too little self-consciousness and insufficient recognition of their human duties and responsibilities. The āshrama of the forest-dweller, one remembers, comes only when the duties of the householder have been fulfilled and the faults incidental thereto cry aloud for correction. Perhaps only at that stage can approach be made to the life and lesson of the Jungle without injury.

There may be some, accustomed to service, who fain would take their part in the great struggle now at issue, but for whom no place can be found, no work assigned. It is hard for them to learn detachment and to realise that the Universe can get along quite well

without them, but perhaps the Jungle can teach that lesson. The difficulty is to know our own Ḍharma, for, once more: "The Ḍharma of another is full of danger." To know the Life of the Jungle and live its Law, we must get rid of ourselves and go out to it, instead of endowing it with our own attributes. It is one thing for the soul to whisper: "This is I," but quite another thing to say: "I am That." Our brotherhood with all that lives is indeed a reality, but we seek it too near the surface and so make of it a thing unreal. The reality of it is found alone in the all-pervading Āṭmā, and the physical is the shadow of Āṭmā.

He slayeth not nor is he slain: he is not born nor doth he die.
Even a little of this knowledge protects from great fear.

W. Wybergh

NEW ART IN RUSSIA

By ANNA KAMENSKY

IN 1912 an Art-Circle was formed in the Theosophical Society of Russia under the presidency of Mme. Ounkovsky, the renowned violinist. It began at once to study music and questions of art in the light of Theosophy, and undertook the organisation of special concerts for the members of the Theosophical Society (on White Lotus Day and at the Annual Convention).

The circle attracted the attention of some artists, singers, violinists, composers, poets and painters, who became its members; and so the circle was gradually strengthened, and its area of work could be much enlarged. The circle organised public concerts and musical illustrations of some pictures, which generally followed a lecture on a Theosophical subject. Those evenings were much appreciated and were a great success. When the war opened, the circle worked out a special programme for a popular audience, and carried it out in different hospitals and people's institutions.

This is the external side of its work. But the Art-Circle is also doing a great inner work. It studies different movements in art, and especially the Colour-Sound theory, worked out by Madame Ounkovsky; it elaborates a new scheme of work for artists, and it strives to prove that real æsthetics are deeply connected with ethics and religion; that art without Theosophical roots is doomed to disappear; that the art of the future is the expression of the highest search of the human soul for Divine Beauty, in which the unfolding of the ideal comes into harmony with the beauty of form.

The Art-Circle looks at its work as on a high mission, and its meetings bear a special character of depth and peace. The members gather in silence and open their meeting by a collective meditation on the aims of the circle, while one of them plays or sings a short musical piece of a lofty character. An hour is then devoted to theoretical work and to the elaboration of new concert programmes. Then the next hour is devoted to music; members bringing new and interesting things, and making thoughtful rehearsals for concerts in the future. A strict silence is maintained during this second part of the evening, members trying to concentrate on the music and on pictures to help the performer by sympathetic and peaceful vibrations. Very often during the music, pictures are shown by means of lantern slides. Since last year the circle has devoted an hour to a talk with members of the Society who are not artists but very interested in problems of art. The talk is closed by music. Generally it takes place once a week.

The circle makes different collections: musical pieces, pictures, interesting post cards, musical instruments, etc.

Since the circle began its activities there have been some very interesting discoveries and suggestions made. The central place is, of course, occupied by the great work of Mme. Ounkovsky and her method of colour-sounds, but there are also some compositions of other members of the circle:

1. Miss Barbara Borouzdine, a gifted painter, has produced some beautiful mystical pictures, which the circle will publish.

2. Mrs. Julia Lvoff, a remarkable artist, has composed several pieces of music on a quite new line, mostly of a religious character. The most striking are:

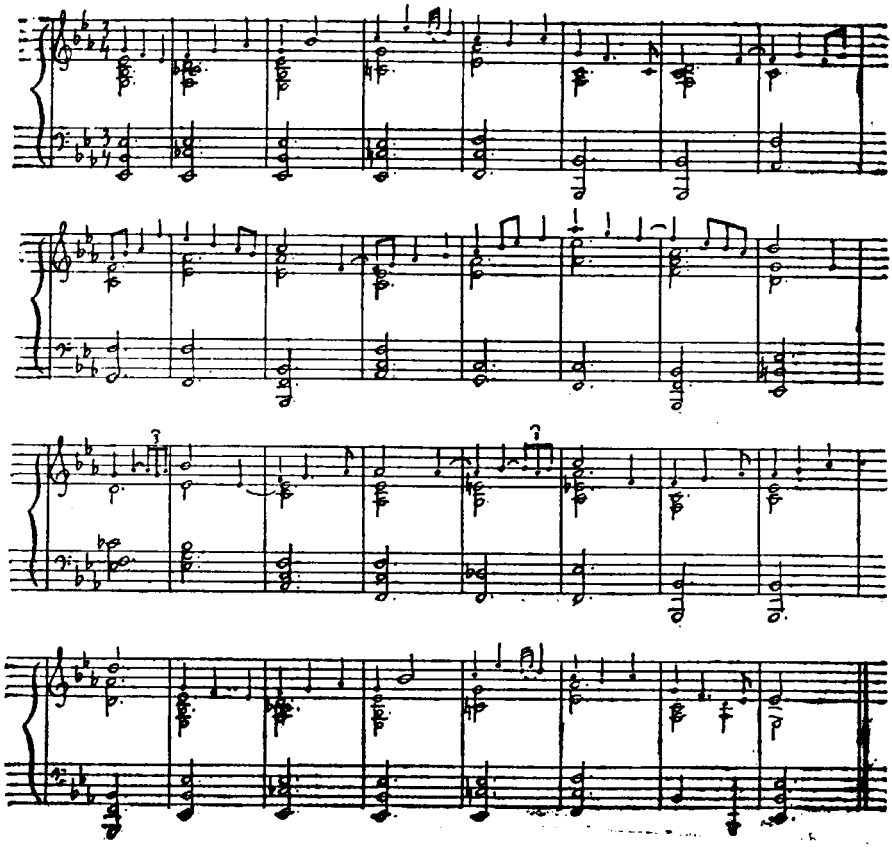
"Hymn of Orpheus," "From the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*," "Inspired by the Koran," and "A Parsi Prayer". They have been performed at various concerts.

3. Mr. Joseph Lesman, a renowned violinist, Professor at the People's Conservatory in Petrograd, has lately composed a series of little musical songs, to be played on the piano or on the violin under the title of "Sounds of the Dawn". We give here four of them.

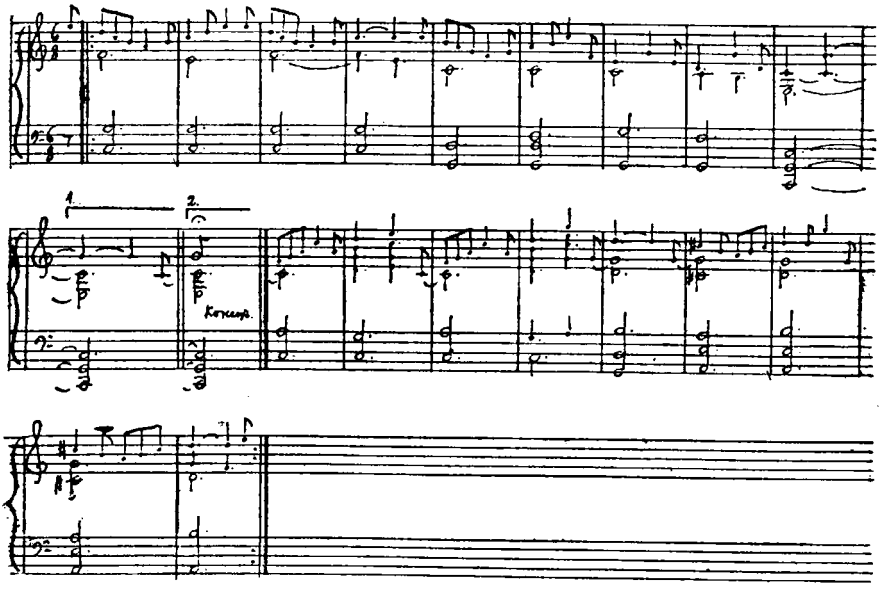
SOUNDS OF THE DAWN

By J. LESMAN

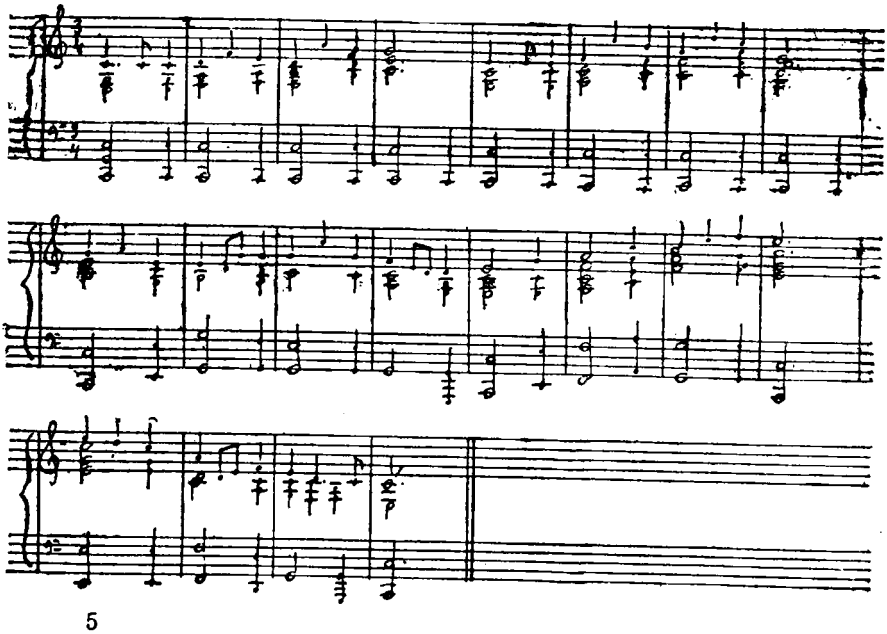
No. 1.



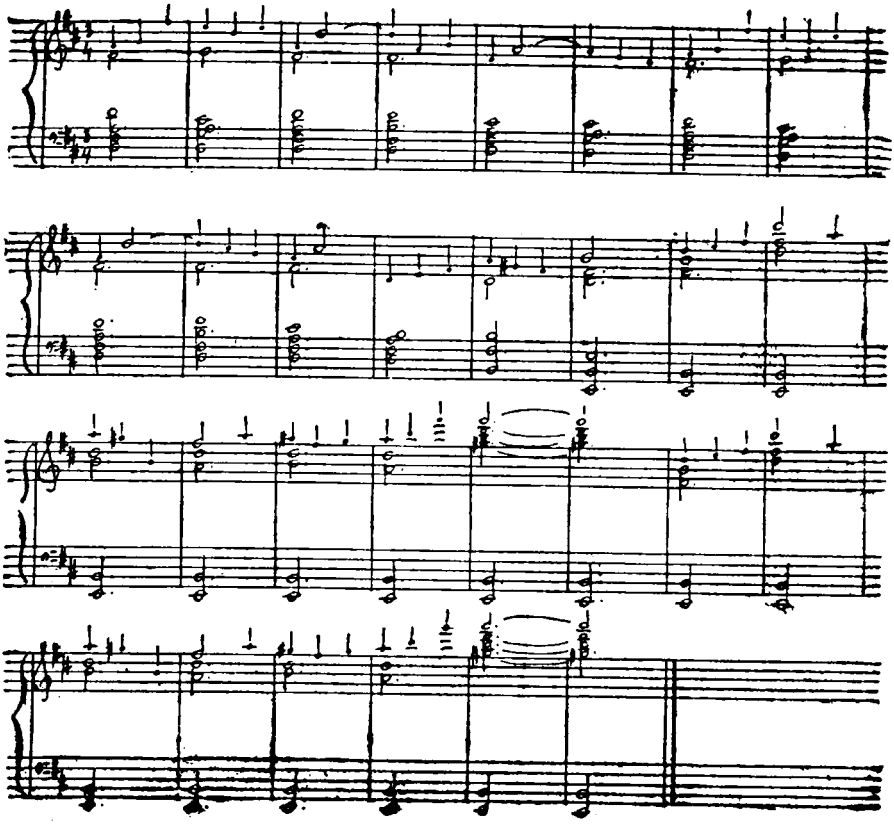
No. 2



No. 3



No. 4



We must now say a few words about the colour-sound music of Madame Ounkovsky, which is bringing so much inspiration to those who have studied it and who try to work on similar lines. At the Theosophical Congresses of Budapest and Stockholm she exhibited a series of pictures in connection with her method, and gave some striking musical illustrations. Since then she has made some further discoveries and produces every year new pieces of music, based on her method. It is also interesting to know her biography, so as to understand the influence she exercises on her colleagues, friends and pupils.

Some ten years ago Madame Alexandra Ounkovsky discovered a special method of colour, sound and number; and at present she is applying this method to the teaching of her private pupils, and also in the People's Conservatory, where she was appointed a Professor in 1914. The results which she obtains are very striking. Her pupils not only begin to understand and love music, and to play beautifully in a very short time, but also they change their whole attitude to life. They begin to feel the beauty which surrounds us; they become optimists and idealists, worshippers of beauty, lovers of nature. They are happy when they work with her, and they take life in a new way. I will give a short sketch of her interesting life.

Madame Ounkovsky studied at the Russian Conservatory in Petrograd some thirty-five years ago, as a pupil of Professor Auer, the violinist, and she won the first gold medal. She was then only a girl of nineteen years, but she received a number of brilliant propositions, and she could have entered upon a very beautiful artistic career; but she did not want that.

She married an artist, a man who shared her ideals, and together they founded an Opera Company, with which they travelled across Russia. They went to the remotest places in Russia and they gave beautiful concerts and operas. They had their own orchestra and their own artists, their own decorations, and even their own boat, which carried them both north and south. And so they spent many years in this pioneer work, bringing the message of beauty to many of the remotest towns and provinces.

Finally they settled down in a little town, Kaluga, which is not very far from Moscow, and they opened

the first musical school there. Soon after that Mr. Ounkovsky died. In the course of their pioneer work during all those years they had lost everything they had; the whole fortune of Madame Ounkovsky had been dissipated, and even her home, a beautiful property in Toula, had been lost. So she remained with only a little house on the border of the town, with three children, whom she had to educate—and without any means.

She had to give lessons from morning till evening. Often, coming back at night, she had not yet had a meal. But she would forget everything about herself personally when she saw the glorious sunsets from her house. Her house is on a hill, and from that hill one has a most beautiful view of the river Oka, a big affluent of the Volga, and a fine view, too, of the hills and forests. Every day she felt a new joy and a new delight in gazing at those lovely sunsets. Looking intensely at the glow of the colours, she began to hear sounds, and sometimes a whole melody. Then she began to note those sounds and those melodies; and by and by she saw that certain sounds were always heard in concert with certain colours, and she made a series of most interesting observations.

Then she noticed also that when she listened to a musical performance, when she heard a musical piece, she would see pictures and colours; and those experiences gave her a deep joy. By and by she saw the correspondence, the definite correspondence between certain sounds, certain colours, and certain numbers; and she drew up by herself the colour-sound scheme just as it is given to us in *The Secret Doctrine*, beginning with *Do* and ending with *Si*. The gamut is: red,

orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. At that time she did not know anything about Theosophy or *The Secret Doctrine*, and it is interesting that she obtained exactly this same colour-sound correspondence.

Then she began to compose little musical pieces based upon this scheme, and she made them principally for children to play, or to sing. At this period of her life she was very lonely. Her friends made a martyr of her by calling her a harmless crank and intimating that she was somewhat insane about her musical sounds and colours.

Finally, however, the time came when she met a Theosophist and began to visit the meetings of the Kaluga Branch of the T.S. She felt greatly strengthened and refreshed when she saw how much interest was aroused by her ideas. She began to think that perhaps it was not so much of a mistake as her friends said.

It is very interesting to see how Madame Ounkovsky teaches the children. Before she gives them anything of her musical pieces, she brings them to a certain mood. She says that first of all we must learn the beauty which surrounds us; that life is full of sunshine, even though few appreciate it and are able to feel it. So we must learn to open our eyes to see, and then open our ears to hear, and then open our hearts to understand. The heart understands far more than the mind, and so we have to learn first of all to open our hearts. To illustrate this and develop it, she gives all sorts of delightful problems to the children, and they have a very happy time together. She awakens their intuition.

She has all sorts of charming pictures which she brings to them, and together they come to a certain mood. They speak about the beauties of nature; she begins with showing the beauty of all living creatures (flowers, trees, birds, etc.), then the beauty in their own souls, and then that in people above them, so that by and by her pupils become hero worshippers. When she has brought her pupils to a certain mood, a certain attitude towards life, she speaks to them about the Law of harmony and of the correspondence between sound, colour, and number, which she has discovered.

Then she brings them to her musical pieces. She tells them how she wrote that music. She describes what happens when she looks at a beautiful picture in nature, say a sunset or a beautiful morning. First of all she sees the ground-colours which to her correspond with the ground-sounds; then the nearest overtones. We all know that each colour has its series of overtones. It really goes to infinitude, but the artist says that there are sixteen of those overtones which he can detect, if his ear is very fine. We ourselves can ordinarily detect just two or three.

When Mme. Ounkovsky has the ground-notes and the overtones, she tries to take in the mood of the landscape or the picture; she lives in it, so to say. Then she harmonises the sounds; she gives out the melody which she hears and which finally becomes a definite song. Finally, being a great artist, she composes out of it the most beautiful piece of music. She always tries to paint the natural picture which first impressed her and which gave birth to the melody. First of all she shows the children that picture; then together,

mentally, they go to the wood, to the seashore (whatever it may be), and she tries to put them into the same mood which it awoke in her. Then they find the ground-notes and the nearest overtones, and so they come to understand the piece. Then they sing it. Mme. Ounkovsky is also a poetess, and she says that the words for her songs come to her quite naturally. Very simple and charming words they are, and I regret that I can make only a very imperfect translation of some of them.

To conclude, I must say that Mme. Ounkovsky has not only composed songs for children, but also beautiful pieces for the violin, the piano and the orchestra. She has pieces which render the rustling of the leaves, the dance of a butterfly at night, the songs of birds and the chant of the wind, giving vivid cosmic impressions. She has also composed some prayers and hymns. Her "*Pater Noster*" was performed in Genoa, in 1911, and in Stockholm at the Theosophical Congress.

To understand something of her striking work we must hear something of what she has composed.

Let us take some illustrations. The first song is called "The Sun and the Cloud".

It is a dark sunset. The sun is hidden by the cloud. Only on the edge of the horizon the sky is aflame. The ground-notes are red, orange, dark blue; but there is also the grass, which is green. That makes C, D, B and F flat. The mood is stormy. The song is a trio between the sun, the cloud and the grass. Three children may sing it.

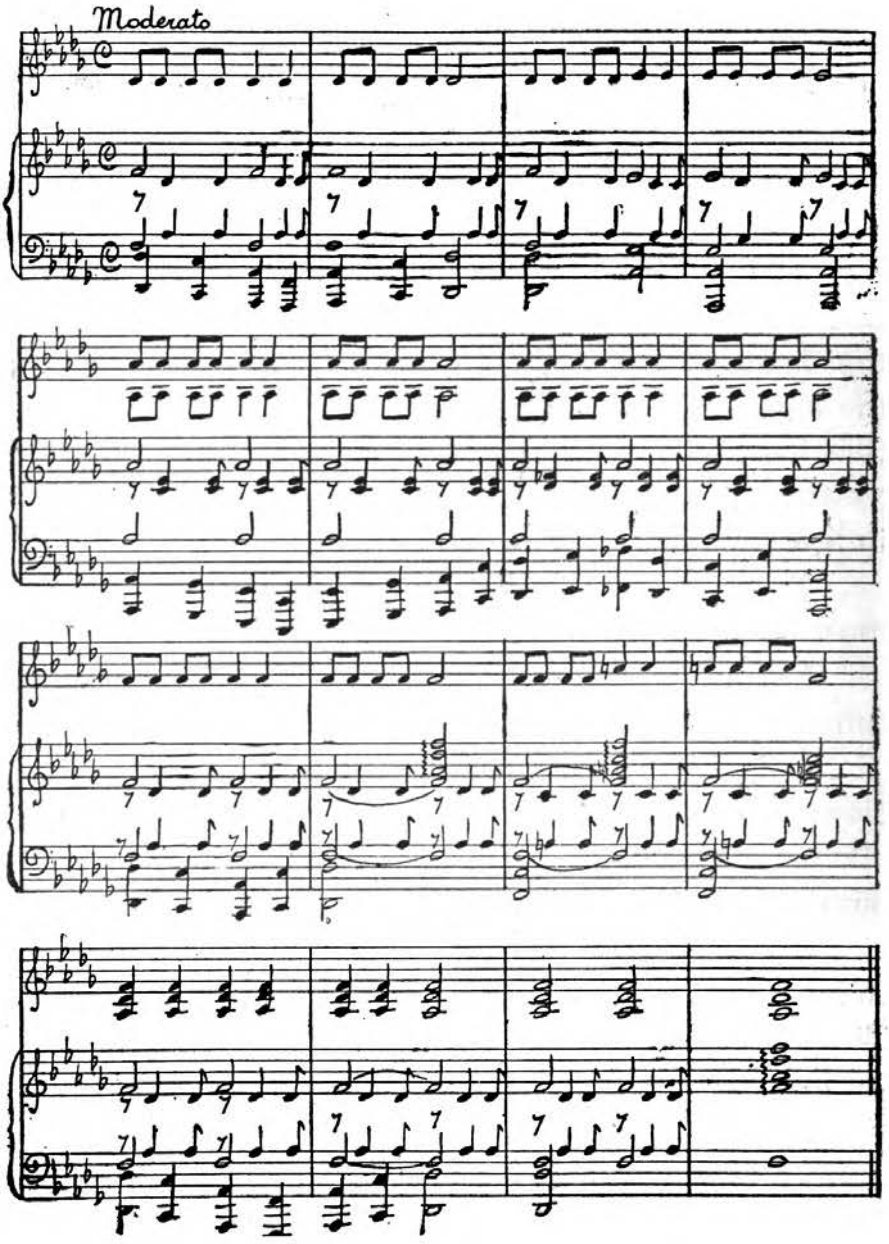
The setting sun says: "To-morrow it will be windy."

The cloud grows darker and darker and says: "To-morrow there will be wind."

The grass hears this and exclaims: "It will rain. How delightful!"

This is all.

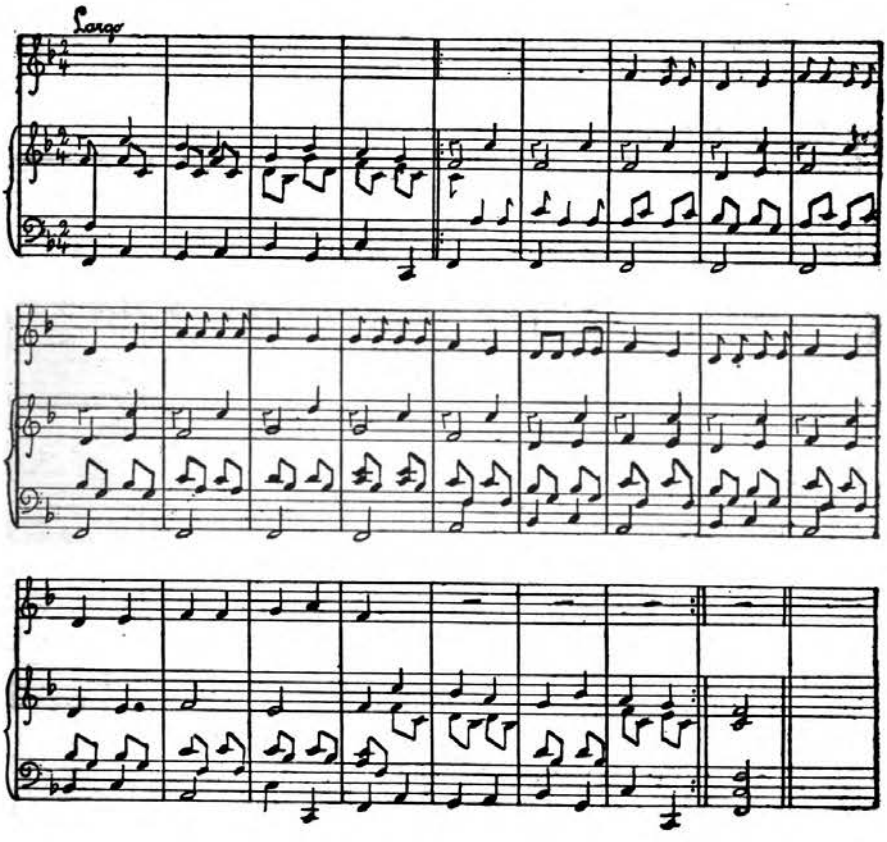
SONG NO. 1.



The second song is a lullaby. It is a peaceful evening. The mother looks upon the setting sun, sees the first star in the sky, and sings to her child: "The day has come to rest. The sun has set. The stars are shining brightly and the breeze swings the waves of the sea. Sleep well!"

The notes are blue, golden, pink. The mood is very peaceful and tender.

SONG NO. 2



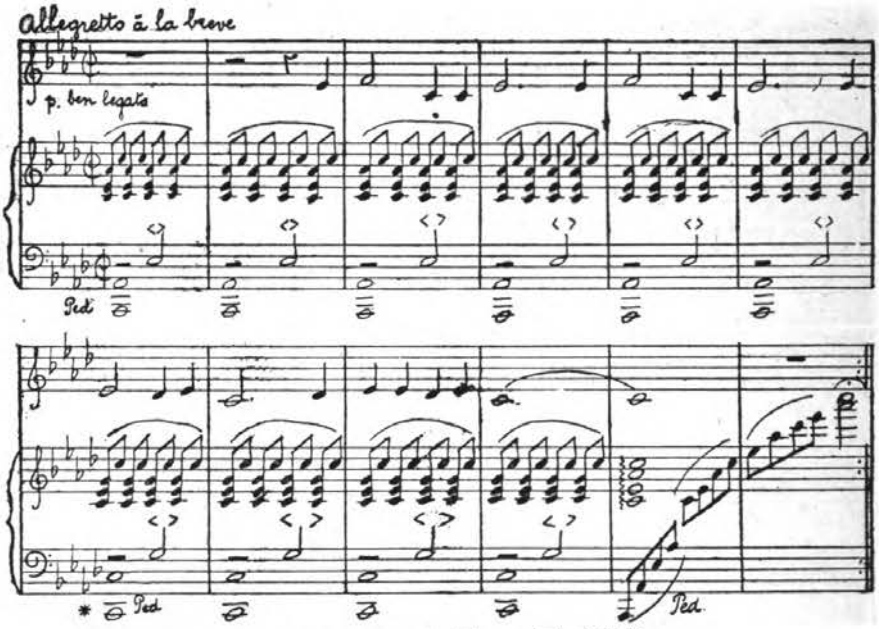
The third song is called " The Golden Flower ".

It is a pretty, yellow flower, floating on the water, very much like the lotus. The ground-colours are blue, yellow, and pink. (The sky, the flower, and the rays of the rising sun.) The flower is floating on the water and the music gives the movement of the waves. The mood is tender and contemplative.

The poet addresses the flower:

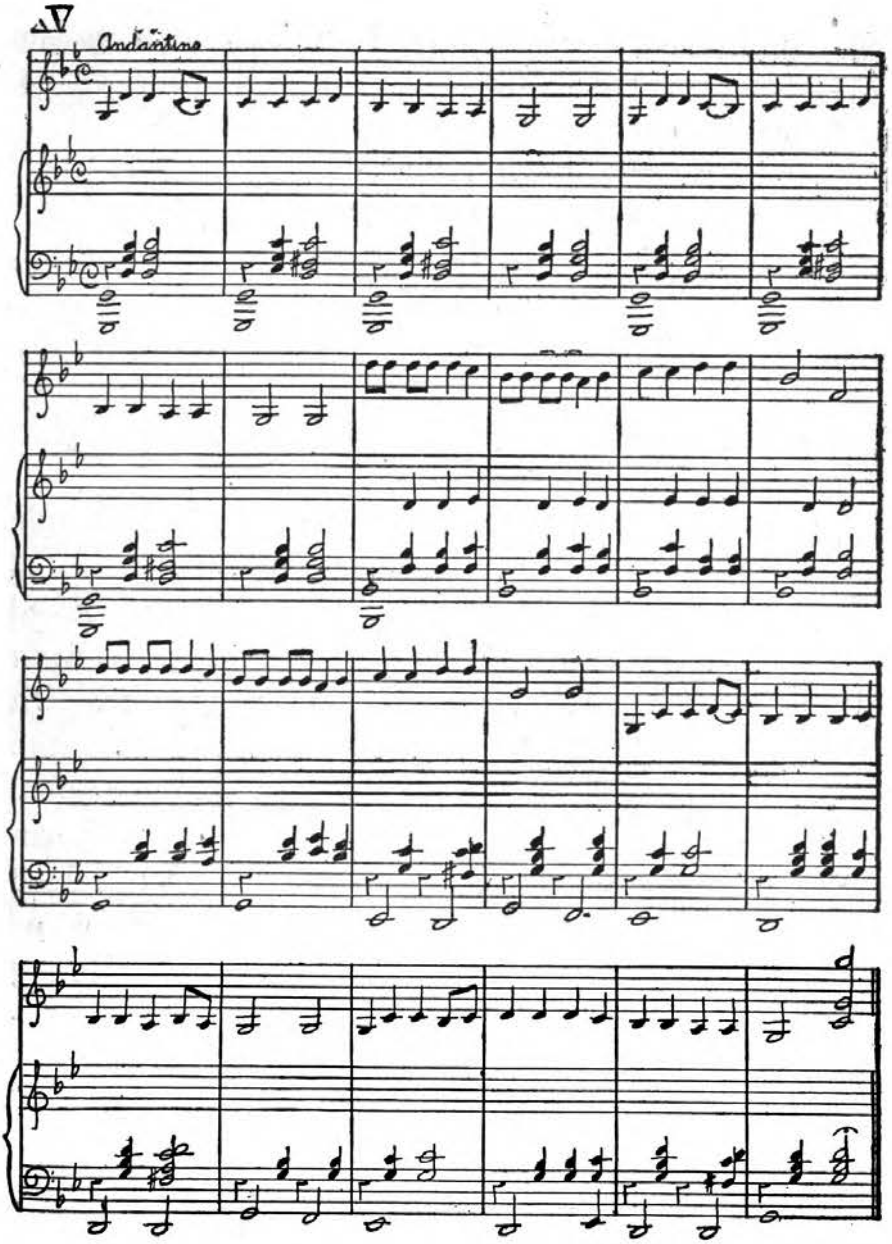
O you golden flower, water flower,
You take birth in the water,
But you bloom over the water.

SONG No. 3



The fourth song is " The Field ".

Song No. 4



It is a grey evening. The sun has set in clouds; the sky is grey. The peasant ploughs. He is ending his day's work and speaks to the field. He is troubled. He is not sure of the harvest, and his thoughts are sad. All the colours are dim in the twilight. The peasant sings:

Oh my field, my golden field,
You are bathed not by the dew
But by peasant tears.
Your heart is opened by an old plough;
Not easily the bread will come.
Oh my field, my golden field,
You are bathed not by the dew
But by peasant tears.

The mood is sad. The melody is of a distinctly Russian character.

The last illustration is a song called "The Maple Leaves".

On an autumn day Mme. Ounkovsky happened to be out of town. She spent some time in a little maple grove. The sky was very blue. On this blue background the beautiful leaves of the maple tree shone brightly in various hues: golden, brown, orange, pink. The air was fresh, a great charm enveloped the maple grove. She caught the mood of the landscape, whose ground-notes were blue, orange, pink, yellow, with a series of other charming tones. The song of the leaves found a natural expression in the following words:

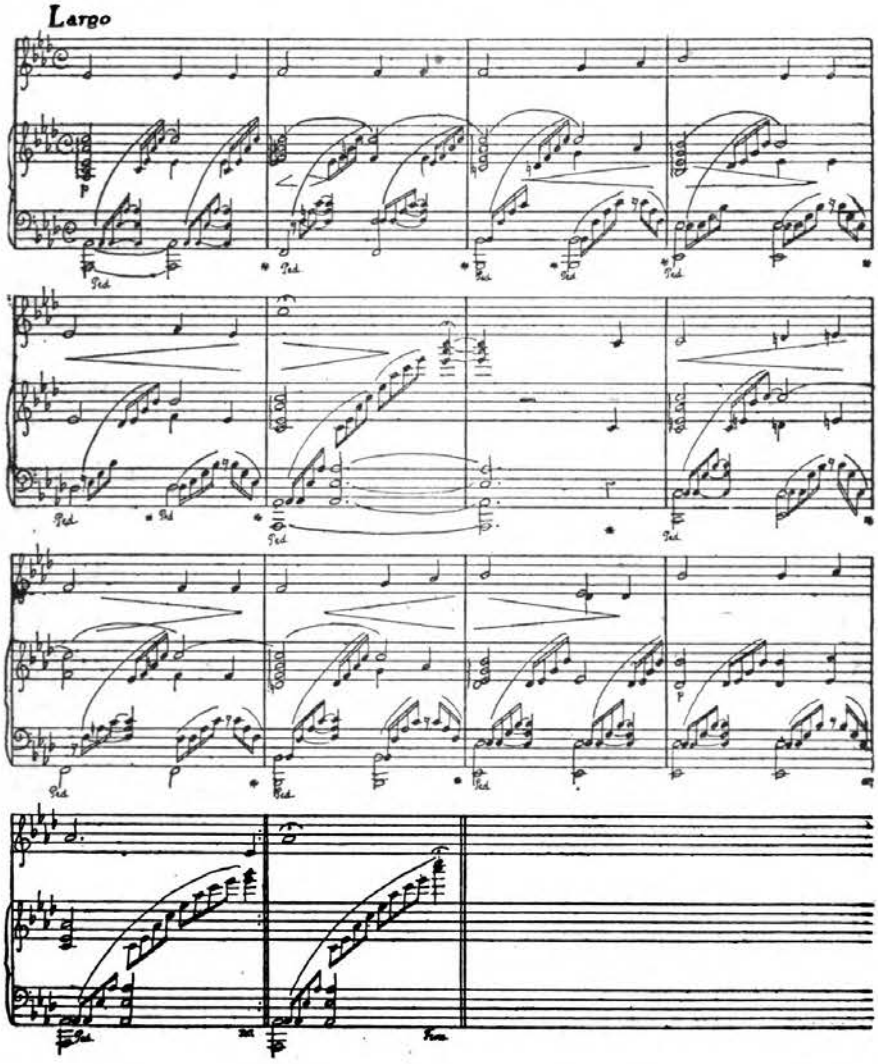
Late in the autumn
The leaves of the maple tree
Sing a song to nature, which goes to sleep,
They sing a sad good-bye.

But the sun of spring,
The radiant sun will rise again;

And the new leaves of the maple tree
Shall sing a joyous greeting
To waking nature.

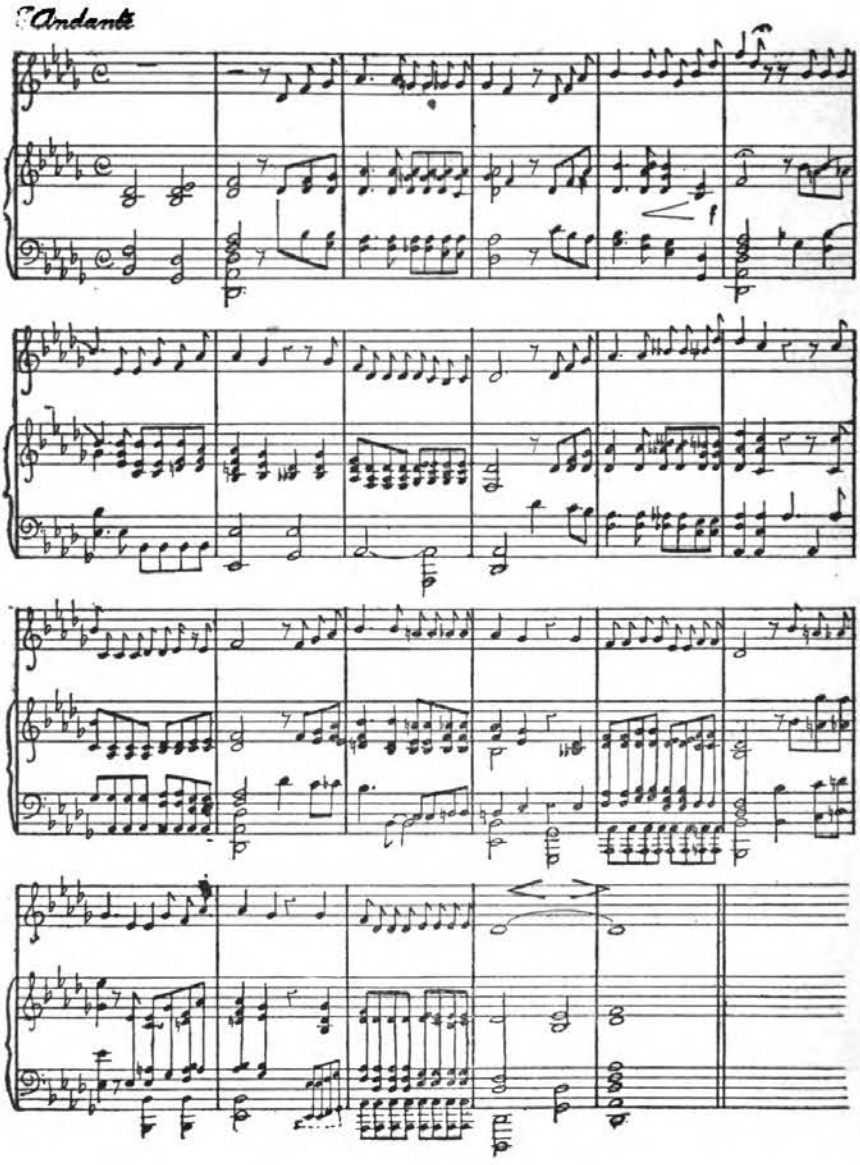
The mood is twofold: in the first part it is sad, the leaves are dying; but in the second part there is the joy of resurrection.

Song No. 5



Mme. Julia Lvoff has also studied at the Conservatory in Petrograd and has specialised in harmony. Very original and striking are some of her compositions. Here we give her "Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā". It has been inspired by the end of the Twelfth Discourse.

BHAGAVAḌ-GĪṬĀ SONG



The words are those of a Russian poet, who made a translation of the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*. The text is as follows :

He serves Me, who suffers and strives ;
He serves Me, who is devoted to Brahman ;
He serves Me, who seeks and follows the Truth.
But dearest to Me is the wise,
Who has dedicated himself to Service.
Indeed he loves Me well,
And he is surpassingly dear to Me.

Anna Kamensky

PIXIE FOLK

HAVE you met the little people in your walks
Who paint these woods?—Their coats are green,
And the kiss of their lips can colour all they touch.
Their breath is fragrant as it wakes and stirs
The sap of trees—for sap so green
Is running in the veins of Pixie folk.

* * * * *

Have you met the little people of the woods,
As they pass from the glades of green?
Can you hear their footsteps stir the grasses as they run?
Listen to the slipping of their feet among the leaves,
And sip the breath of sweetness as they sigh upon your face.
The Breeze, you say?—It is the wakening Breeze?
Not so—not so, I sing—
It is the passing of the little people of the woods—
The Pixie folk of Spring.

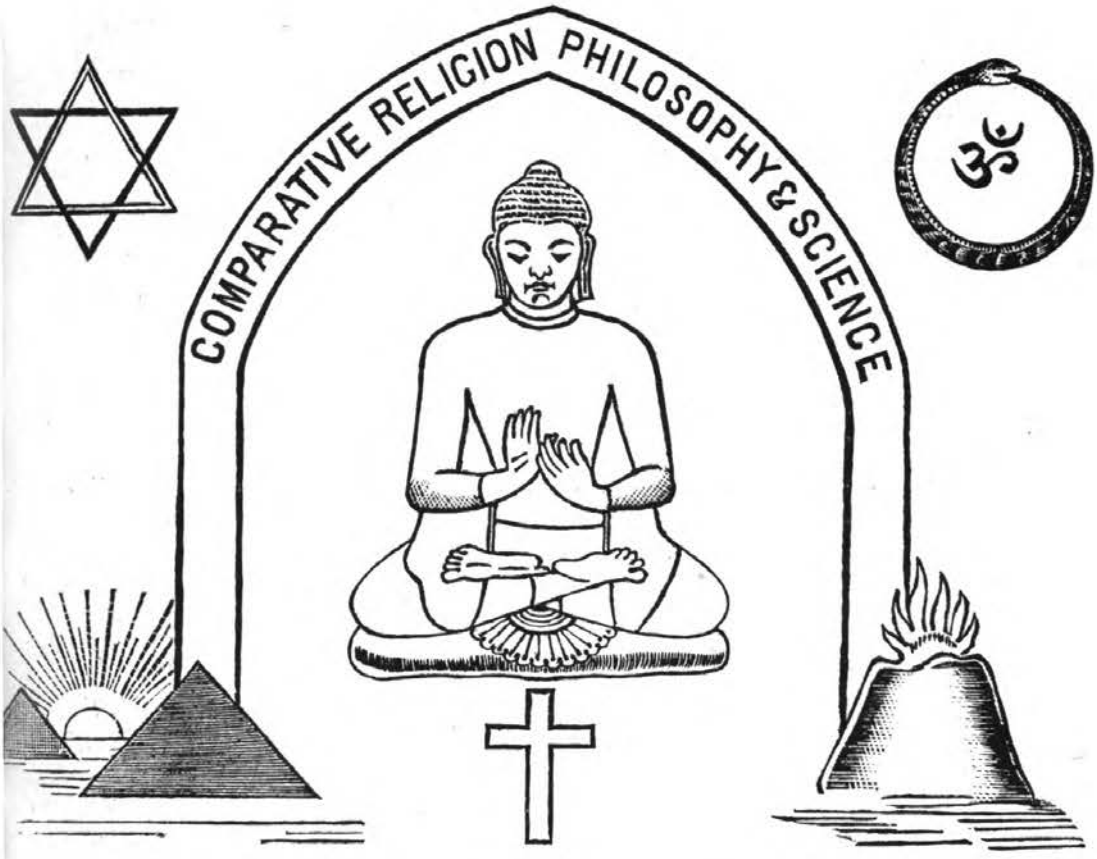
* * * * *

Have you met the little people of the woods
Who chase each butterfly of primrose wing?
Can you see them dancing by the trunks of stalwart pines,
With forms so slim, and every lock a straying curl of green?
You think I watch the bracken fronds?
Not so—not so, I sing—
It is the passing of the little people of the woods—
The Pixie folk of Spring.

* * * * *

Have you met the little people of the woods
Within their Bower of Love?
Come tenderly, and you shall see their couch
Enshrined within a hollow that the sun has kissed all day.
They thrill and stir, awakened by the Fire of Spring
That touches every heart. In common with the world
They sigh with ecstasy of Love new-born. . . .
You think I pass by dreamland's ways?
Not so—not so, I sing—
It is the passing of the little people of the woods—
The Pixie folk of Spring.

DOROTHY GRENSIDE



THEOSOPHY AND THE MODERN SEARCH FOR TRUTH

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

(Continued from p. 54)

I SHALL try now to give you the Theosophical solution to the problem of Truth, and I shall state that solution in three main truths. Each Truth, let it be remembered, has been discovered by the examination

of such facts as the universe had to offer to the trained mind of man. Of these truths, that which we consider the most fundamental is the Brotherhood of Man. This fact of Brotherhood tells us that such is the inner nature of the Cosmos, such is the mode in which the universe exists, that wherever there is a particle of matter, it is a brother to every other particle of matter; there is no such thing innate in the life process as a struggle for existence, nor a trampling of the weak by the strong. The fundamental fact is that wherever there are two stars they are brother stars, wherever there are two souls in human bodies they are brother souls. This we claim is the most fundamental thing for humanity to realise, especially as regards ourselves; this is the nature of each one of us; we are immortal fragments of God, we are part of one indestructible Divine nature, and that Divine nature is the same everywhere. What God is in actuality that are we all in possibility, without distinction of race, creed, sex or colour. This truth tells us that all men partake of the same nature, as their priceless possession, and that the dividing barriers of colour and race, of eastern or western, are all only superficial things. The one fundamental fact is that through all of us is the One Breath breathing, the One Life living, and all are brothers having one common life, one common beginning, and one common future.

From the fact of the brotherhood of all men, the scientists of the past have deduced for us the further fact that within that brotherhood all are not alike, but some are the elder brothers and others are the younger. At any given moment of time all organisms in nature are not of equal growth; some are young and immature,

while others are in full vigour of maturity. So too within the brotherhood of man there are elder souls and younger souls.

The elders are those capable of greater self-sacrifice than their brothers; for, as you look into life, you find that you can classify people into those who respond to the ideal of self-sacrifice and those who do not. Now, why is there this distinction? Why is one man weak in will, with his consciousness hardly awake, while another man is full of idealism, full of patriotism, full of self-sacrifice? It is just because in this vast process of life there are the younger and the elder brethren. We are all immortal souls, but we did not all start together in our work of evolution. Some started on their work of growth long ages ago, but others started much later; and those who began early are the wise to-day. As you look around you and see, in the community and in the family, some men and women capable of idealism, others less capable of idealism, and others not at all capable of idealism, you know that these differences are due to the fact that these souls are of three different ages.

Now that brings with it the logical deduction that it is the duty of the elder souls to help the younger. We have already realised this in the family; do we not realise in the family, where there is an elder brother or sister, that it is the duty of the elder to see that the younger is cared for, that he is not allowed to hurt himself? We have to realise this principle more fully; just as there is the bond of family, so is there the bond of humanity. Wherever there is a fellow man unhappy, it is for us to make him happy; if he has fallen, it is for us to give him our strength with

which to rise; if he is wicked, it is for us to share with him our virtue, so that slowly, through our help, he shall come to our goodness. This is the practical deduction that comes from understanding the principle of Brotherhood.

But also just as we, the thinking men and women of to-day, are more advanced than is the savage, so are there others more advanced than we ourselves are; for humanity has been living for vast ages upon this earth, and long ago some of our brothers sprang forward into swifter growth and became capable of self-sacrifice, and so we have the elder, as well as the younger, brothers. It is these Elder Brothers who have given us the testimony of Their experience in the faiths They gave to the world; when the Christ came and gave Christianity, when the Buḍḍha taught the world His Way, when Shrī Kṛṣhṇa taught men Devotion, each of these Elder Brothers gave the testimony that what He was, all would some day become. So we give in Theosophy this proclamation that within this humanity of ours there are the Elder Brothers of the race. We say that the Buḍḍha, the Christ, Shrī Kṛshṇa, Zoroaster, and all other great Teachers form the Elder Brothers of the race; They stand with humanity to help it, They have not ceased to be because They do not work visibly with men. There is nothing more wonderful to the man who longs to live the spiritual life than to know that he is not groping in the dark, but that there are always the Elder Brothers to help him. What more wonderful to the Muhammadan than to know that Muhammad still looks with strength and fellowship upon him; to the Buḍḍhist than that the Buḍḍha's compassion still rests upon him; to the

Christian than that the Christ of Palestine is still with humanity and gives His Christ nature to the Christian who seeks Him? And so this wonderful truth of the existence of the Elder Brethren who guide and protect the younger, lies hidden in the one fundamental fact, which we say is the essence of existence, that there is a Brotherhood of all that lives.

I pass to the second great truth which I shall put before you, and that is that all things that happen in this Cosmos happen not by chance but as the result of a definite Divine plan. Here it is that in Theosophy we have a great scientific teaching, not only a mysticism, for in Theosophy we have a science full of nature's facts, full of history, and all that is inspiring in history. We say that, since the first atom came into existence up to the present day, there has been a great plan being put into operation; that nothing has happened by chance, but everything has been worked out according to a definite, orderly plan created by a Divine Mind. It is this plan that tells us that humanity at the present stage of development is at only one stage in its long life; that it has a larger growth in the future, as it has had also a long growth in the past. The Theosophical scheme tells us that we have come to where we are now by stage after stage, developing, evolving. Each one of us comes into life to make himself perfect through experiences, not through miracles; he grows by experimenting, experiencing, and thereby becomes the expert. That is our position to-day, we have to be experts in living, to live not as men but as the Gods.

But we cannot know how to live as God lives without undergoing experience after experience; and so we are given them by rebirth, by returning again

and again to life. You and I have lived as the savage many and many a life; later we came into lives less savage, and then it was that we, living in far off, ancient days, began to build up civilisations. The ancient civilisations of Lemuria and Atlantis were built up by ourselves; we were "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome". We learnt there many a lesson, and through those lessons we have come into our present conception of civilisation; and as we go on living life after life, experimenting with life, we become experts in life. God it is who sends us all the necessary lessons, and these lessons are given us through the creation by Him of many different races, of many different nations, of many different religions. Religion after religion comes and goes; civilisation after civilisation flashes into existence, passes into decay; but only because each movement in the working of men's minds and hearts is planned; all is the result of a definite scheme formulated from the beginning.

It is this scheme that stands out before you as you study Theosophy. You see wave after wave of life coming into manifestation, age after age; stage by stage civilisation is built, unbuilt, and rebuilt again. Earthquakes shatter continents, and a race is destroyed; but earthquakes too lift up the bottoms of the seas to make new continents to be the cradles for new civilisations. All has been planned from the beginning of time. Individuals are puppets, mechanical or living, in a great Divine Drama; and that which seems a tragedy is really a lesson, an inspiration, and out of the evil comes the good, because the good it is that has been planned to overcome the evil. And so you will discover, as you look into life in the light of Theosophy, a definite,

scheme for the growth of humanity and of the universe. There is nothing so fascinating, to one who enquires into Theosophy with the mind, as to see unfolding before him the whole vast process of humanity, race after race appearing, religion after religion giving its message, and to know why they come and why they go. This is the second great truth, that there is a Divine Plan which men can understand, and to co-operate with which is their highest purpose in life.

The third great truth that has been found from an examination of facts, and which you can test for yourself, is that there is only one existence of God, that there is no such thing as a duality of matter and of spirit, no such thing as one nature of God and another nature of man, but only one existence—God Himself. If we look at the stars, we know from modern science that they are the storehouses of Nature's energy; that out of the stars come planets, that from the matter of the planets comes protoplasmic life, and from that the millions of souls like ourselves who have been and shall be. But all that is God; it is His nature, His thinking, His living, His beauty that flashes in the electron and in the atom. Science can calculate the flow of these electrons, but science does not know that it is God dreaming there, working there, flashing His beauty there in those tiny specks of electricity. He is the beauty of the mineral, He is the exquisite beauty of the diamond; it is His nature that is the very substance of that diamond, it is His beauty which flashes through the diamond, and the diamond is only one of the many natures of God. And a fuller, larger nature you find in the plant, in the exquisite formation, in the wisdom, strength and beauty of arrangement of its

roots and branches and leaves, in the petals of its flowers. Whose is that wisdom, that wonder? It is God's, for He is the perfect Architect who delights in His work. We say it is only a plant; ah, it is a plant to our limited intelligence, but in reality it is a revelation of God Himself, inspiring and beautiful to all who have eyes to see. Look then at the animal, and there again it is God manifesting in a fuller form of life; He comes nearer to us through the animal; the strength of its savagery, the grace of its form, and, in our pets, the warmth of their response to our care, are all so many revelations of the Divine Nature, and each revelation is more wonderful than what went before. When we look at our fellow men, and begin to understand something of their anxieties and sorrows, and the suffering and the tragedy of human hearts, when we hope with them and dream with them, once again we see God; but it is God stirring, striving, soaring, so that He may be born out of human hearts into a fuller Divinity. When we look at the friend we love, we see him as a mirror of the life of God, we see in him something of the very nature of God; and when we look at the Elder Brothers of the race, at Christ or Kṛṣhṇa, or Buḍḍha, and all the great Teachers, then we see still more of the life of God in these Elder Brothers of Humanity; and yet beyond Them, when we think of the great orders of Angels and Archangels, still all is God; all are ever mirrors, and stage by stage more perfect revelations of Himself; and all life becomes illuminated by this great truth of the Immanence and Transcendence of God.

Go where you will, it is God who is at work everywhere; it is He who is building out of the atom,

the element; out of the element, the mineral; out of the mineral, the mountain ranges and the seas. He is the æther, He is the vibration in the æther, and He too is the sunset produced by both, at which we gaze in an ecstasy of beauty. Building and unbuilding, always reconstructing from good to better, from better to best, there is but one omnipotent, all-beautiful Existence, revealing Itself through you and through me.

C. Jinarājadāsa

(*To be concluded*)

MIXED MUSINGS ON THEOSOPHY

By J. GILES

Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti ; si non, his utere mecum.

If you see truth than this more rare and fine,
Let me share too; if not, take you of mine.

TO the student of Theosophy who has not succeeded in unfolding to his inner vision a single glimpse of even the edge of the next plane adjoining the physical, the haunting question will persist in recurring: What right have I to accept *en bloc* the Theosophical teaching, so long as I am unable to attain anything like direct knowledge about it? It is easy to see the fallacy of the usual answer which would persuade me that in this matter I am no worse off than I am in respect of the higher mathematics, physics, or chemistry, in which I trust the statements of experts. The analogy is a false one. I *know* that I have the faculties necessary for the attainment of skill in mathematics and other branches of knowledge, because I have already tested those faculties in acquiring the rudiments of the sciences. But I have no such guarantee in regard to Theosophy; the assurance that I have a faculty which, if properly cultivated, will enable me to see into the

astral sphere, being itself one of the assertions which I must take on trust or not at all.

My thoughts have been directed again into this well-worn channel by the re-perusal of some articles in back numbers of THE THEOSOPHIST, by Count Hermann Keyserling, Mr. Johan van Manen, and Dr. Charles J. Whitby (*Vide* THE THEOSOPHIST—March, May, August, 1912). All these contributions are highly interesting and present many important topics for our consideration. They all agree in the warning that the Theosophical Society is in danger of being ensnared by the fascination of a teaching which seems to be *totus, teres, atque rotundus*, and by the inevitable tendency of such teaching to become a system of dry dogmatics. Dr. Whitby summarily sweeps aside the plea that we have no binding article in our creed except that of Brotherhood. He declares that though this may be the avowed, it is not the actual, bond that unites us. The real bond is, he thinks, to be found in our views about superphysical realities and the unseen worlds; and he adds that these views have "an irresistible tendency to crystallise into stereotyped convictions which are to all intents and purposes dogmas". Now that is certainly true so far as this—that no sensible person would be attracted to a Society by the bare proclamation that it stood for the "Brotherhood of Man". The enquirer would wish to know whether the Society had any new light to throw on this great subject—any account to give of the realities on which Brotherhood is founded—any practical guidance in attaining its realisation. And it is because the Theosophical Society does profess to give such light and guidance, and does seem on the whole to make good its promise, that it has acquired the love and

loyalty of an ever-increasing number of members, and that its influence is extending by "peaceful penetration" far beyond its own borders. But this does not prove that the danger of dogmatism is negligible.

Count Keyserling roundly tells us that we have no business to believe unless we know; a statement the utility of which in practice seems questionable, since it is so difficult to fix the point at which belief becomes knowledge, and because in many cases we *cannot help* believing before we know. There is an anecdote of the late King Edward, who, when he was Prince of Wales, was being shown over an ore-smelting factory by Dr. Lyon Playfair, who assured him that he might safely plunge his hand into a mass of molten metal which they were observing. The Prince said: "Do you seriously tell me to do that?" and on receiving an affirmative answer, he instantly plunged his hand into the seething liquid, which, it was explained, was just a little too hot to scald him. This act of faith must surely be placed under the head of belief rather than knowledge, but it calls to mind the view insisted on by the late Professor Alexander Bain, that belief is more properly assigned to the will-aspect of the mind than to the intellect, for, said the professor, no one really believes unless he is prepared to act on his belief. If this test could be applied to all *opinions* that pose as beliefs, what a mass of rubbish would come tumbling about our ears!

I set out with the hope that I might say something helpful to those who, like myself, have spent many years in seeking, perhaps with insufficient energy, the path to certitude. In this connection I call to mind that many years ago a lady, much attracted to the Theosophical teaching, but deterred by a keen and sceptical

intellect from immediately committing herself to such startling revelations, suggested the possibility that the whole business might prove to be a delusion. My reply was that my mind would not even then be quite shaken from its balance, for I always had Spinoza to fall back upon. That affords a hint, not of the particular track, but of the general method by which it has always seemed to me that truth might be approached. I hope to return to this point after a word or two on some passages in the essays of Count Keyserling and Mr. van Manen. The Count declares that the doctrines proclaimed by Theosophists—which he fears they are making into dogmas—are, after all, "no more than very provisional interpretations" of the facts really observed by our seers and guides, and that this shortcoming is necessitated by the limitations of human intellect and language. So the "systems" adopted by modern Theosophy as from the "Indian Sages" are, he maintains, only the work of commentators, who, if they had been themselves seers, "would never have dared to explain the Sūṭras".

The same point of view is adopted by Mr. van Manen, from whose instructive article one or two brief quotations must suffice. I am particularly taken with the following: "I am inclined to believe that a human being who centred his consciousness permanently and fully in the causal body might just as well deny the truth of reincarnation as a tree might deny such a doctrine if the annual renewal of its leaves were called so, or as an ordinary man might deny that he reincarnates because new hairs keep continually sprouting out on his head." So we should talk of the Self rather as reflected than embodied in

the personality, as the Monad is reflected in the ego. "A deeper love for Theosophy cannot see in its doctrine its essential factor"—an assertion which commands our entire assent, if we agree with Mr. van Manen in using the term "doctrine" as signifying only all that we are taught about the evolutionary scheme, and having nothing to say about the "life-impulse" which is the essential factor in Theosophy, without which "no doctrine matters". For it is evident on the face of the matter, and it must have impressed itself—perhaps with some disquieting effect—upon the minds of many students, that descriptions of rounds and races, planes and sub-planes, the succession of life-waves and of cosmic kingdoms, have no necessary connection with his inmost and highest aspirations; and that charts and diagrams representing these things furnish no more real notion of the things represented than do geographical maps, or isothermal charts, or tables of specific gravities, of the things they symbolise; and that none of these things have relation to spiritual forces except so far as the intellect itself is an expression of spiritual forces.

But why do I talk of these matters, when our right attitude towards them is set forth with such comprehensive lucidity by our President in her two articles on "Investigations into the Superphysical" in THE THEOSOPHIST of August and September, 1912? I do so because I am desirous of engaging the sympathetic interest of those—if any such readers there be—who are not more advanced than myself, and because the pupils of a class, by discussing among themselves what they are taught, may help each other in grasping the lessons given by the teacher. I will therefore venture on a few remarks concerning the grounds of credibility and certainty.

First, let us distinguish between the *unbelief* caused by defect of evidence, and *disbelief* caused by shallow prejudice. The former is the only one deserving our notice; the latter is exemplified by those—including, I am told, some Theosophists—who ridicule as obviously fantastic nonsense the things that are told us in *Man: Whence, How, and Whither* and in "Rents in the Veil of Time". It will be time enough to consider this aspect of the thing when we are shown any events related in the writings mentioned, more wildly fantastic, more grotesquely repulsive, more plainly incredible, than the things we know happened and still happen on this apparently incomprehensible planet of ours.

There are two well known and time-honoured methods of seeking truth, pursued respectively by the types of temperament known as the inductive and the deductive. The scientists of the strict school will go on with their splendid researches until they find something more in the universe than matter in motion. I do not say that this will be achieved by the ever-growing proofs of what are called spiritualistic phenomena, for a scientific reasoner might deny that a discarnate intelligence is more truly spirit than an incarnate one. But I do not doubt that the intuition latent in us all will more and more assert its rights against what is known as the mechanistic view of human life. Let us turn to the other way of approaching the subject.

Science cannot deny, and philosophy is forced to acknowledge, a central Power which secures the orderly and consistent working of what we call the forces of the cosmos; and the phenomena produced by their interplay are recognised alike by philosophy and science

as things purely mental, arising from the mind's own action and reflection, thus opening a clear way for our reception of the profound truth, as emphatically a part of Christian as of Theosophical teaching, that " within us is the Light of the World, the only light that can be shed upon the path, and if we cannot find it there, it is useless to look for it elsewhere ". It may now become intelligible why I felt that I could always fall back on Spinoza, whose great conception of the supreme Unity which he calls God, in the love of whom consists eternal life, is, as he declares, a truth of the intuition which summarily silences the cavillings of a lower faculty.

Now if this conception recommends itself to anyone, is he not already a Theosophist, and can he pause without coming to the doctrine of immortality and reincarnation? The Lord Buḍḍha says that immortality consists in union with the Truth. "While there is death in self there is immortality in Truth." And Spinoza says that if the soul attaches itself to God it is necessarily immortal. But, in view of the hopelessness of the average man attaining to this divine union, he is obliged to content himself with the thought that the nearer anyone can get to this level, the more full of happiness his life will be. The truth of reincarnation would have bridged over this difficulty. But setting aside this doctrine, is it credible to anyone who has adopted the spiritual view of the universe that the spiritual power which seems to fail by the death of men, can really fail to return again and again, to renew the life of humanity? This at all events seems to me as certain as gravitation, and to me personally is quite sufficing; for the thought of individual survival stirs no

keen feeling in me, and the individuality seems destined to find whatever reality it may have, only by losing itself in the All.

This view is not, I think, essentially contradictory to that so emphatically expressed by Count Keyserling, that the development to its utmost perfection of the individuality along its own proper line is the only way to a future better incarnation; but when the Count declares that "perfect physical beauty is of more value than an imperfect saint, for the former does mean a full incarnation of the spiritual principle, which anything imperfect never is," one is tempted to ask whether a champion boxer is "a full incarnation of the spiritual principle"; but this perverse glorification of the individuality has been pointedly criticised by Lily Nightingale Duddington in the September number of THE THEOSOPHIST, 1912. Count Keyserling's half-truth about individuality is best corrected by presenting the whole truth, which may be thus gathered from that grand scripture, *Light on the Path*:

> Each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life. But he is only so when he grasps his whole individuality firmly, and by the force of his awakened spiritual will, recognises that this individuality—this wonderful complex separated life—is not himself, but a thing by means of which he purposes, as his growth slowly develops his intelligence, to reach to life beyond individuality.

The inevitable conclusion of the whole matter is that what we may call the scientific teachings of Theosophy can no more be called spiritual truths than astronomy, geology, or anatomy. They all belong to the phenomenal universe, and all lie open to be investigated on the principles of inductive science; for the new senses by which the subtler spheres will one day be

generally observed are no more spiritual than the senses already in use; just as the communications from a deceased person through automatic writing are no more spiritual than was his discourse during his earth life. These scientific teachings of Theosophy, its charts and diagrams, its cosmic histories and its recovered biographies, are of exceeding interest, and can hardly fail to be helpful if we remember that they are inadequate, though, as far as they go, faithful presentations of things at present beyond our field of observation; but they are of little use unless they help us to bring our life into harmony with the truth which we grasp with the intuition or spiritual understanding. And reason, according to Spinoza, is not able to bring us to this highest knowledge, being only useful as a staircase or messenger; but the highest kind of cognition can only come by "a direct manifestation to the understanding of the object itself". Now it is only by this direct cognition of an object that love can be caused, "so that when we come to know God in this way we must necessarily become one with Him," for it is love that unites, and we must love the most excellent and best when we know it. This helps to explain how it is that, as asserted in a previous quotation, each man is to himself "the way, the truth, and the life," and how all is brought into harmony in the great saying of the Christian apostle (*Phil.* ii, 12), that we are to work out our own salvation, *because* it is God that worketh in us.

So, while what Mr. van Manen calls the Theosophical doctrine is food for the intellect, the "life-impulse" which he truly says is the one essential thing, comes from within and must be cherished by quiet reflection and meditation. If I may once more refer to

Light on the Path, how insistent is that profound little manual upon the precept "Live in the Eternal," and through what æonian periods may we meditate upon that precept without exhausting its meaning or realising the fulness of its power!

J. Giles

LOST DREAMS

'Tis *only* my dream that is lying
In the garden which you used to tread;
'Tis *only* my soul that is crying
O'er the days which are vanished and dead.

O Dreams of my Youth, O my Treasure,
Lost in the havoc and strife,
O Fate that pays measure for measure,
In the merciless gamble of Life!

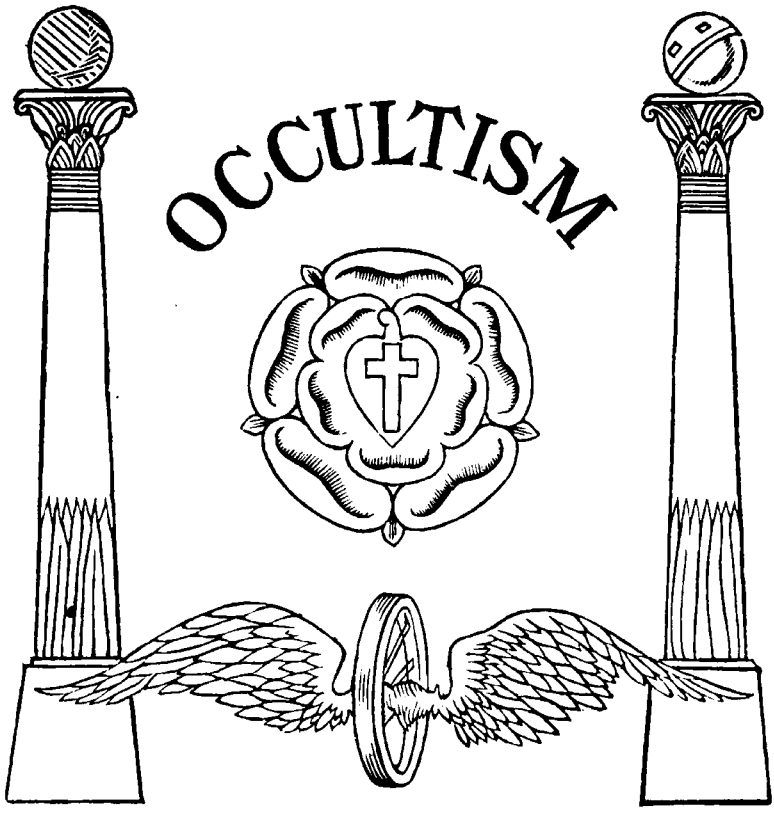
Yet bright were the dreams I was dreaming,
God knows they were perfect and fair;
And He could have entered them, deeming
'Twas happy and good to be there.

Kai Kushrou Ardaschir

THE BUḌḌHA OF TAXILA

OUR frontispiece this month reproduces a statue of the Lord Buḍḍha recently discovered at Taxila, near Peshawar. The honour of this discovery is due to a Russian archæologist, Mr. Mertverth, in the service of the Imperial Academy of Science, Petrograd; and he estimates the age of the statue as more than two thousand years. He was allowed to take two reproductions of it; one is to be sent to the Russian Academy, the other has been presented to the T.S. in Russia. The latter is in the keeping of Mme. Kamensky, the distinguished General Secretary of the T.S. in Russia, and was recently on view at Adyar where she has been staying and where the photograph for our frontispiece was taken.

The statue is one of the most beautiful in existence. The features are boldly yet delicately chiselled and perfectly proportioned; the whole conveying a superb sense of vast comprehension and beneficent calm. The sculptor has evidently been influenced by the Greek ideal, but has above all caught the spirit proclaimed by the "beggar prince" who was eventually hailed as "the Lion of the Law".



THE YUCATAN BROTHERHOOD

A TALK WITH A CLASS

III

By ANNIE BESANT

MANY of you may perhaps know that the impulse which originated the Spiritualistic movement came from the White Lodge itself, and was passed through certain Initiates and Disciples of the Fourth

Race; and it is that which gave it its peculiar character. Most of you have doubtless heard of the Brotherhood of Yucatan, in Mexico, an exceedingly remarkable group of Occultists, who came down by definite succession in Fourth Race bodies, maintaining the Fourth Race methods of occult progress.

They play quite a definite part in connection with the Fourth Race which, as you know, includes the great majority of people now in the world. That is sometimes forgotten. We are apt to think of the Fifth Race, with which we are all immediately connected, as the main Race in the world; whereas, as a matter of fact, the Fourth Race is enormously greater in numbers. The Fifth Race, which is leading evolution, is a minority. In fact, that is the normal rule of progress, that a minority leads, and then gradually the others come up to its level, while it itself passes onwards. So, out of the Fifth Race the most advanced will pass on to the Sixth Root Race; and then the Fifth Race will gradually become a majority, and the Fourth Race, like the Third now, will become the laggard minority behind the bulk.

Hence this Brotherhood of Yucatan plays an important part in the evolution of the world in connection with the Fourth Race. Its methods are more suitable to that Race. They are not the later methods of Those whom we speak of as the great White Lodge, chosen for the Fifth Race evolution. This does not mean that in that Lodge itself there are not Those who have come up from the Fourth Race. They all have come from it. But it means that They are utilising bodies whose nervous constitution is very much finer, is more highly organised, especially those who in the decadence of the Fourth Race went

on under the special guidance of the White Lodge of the time, and took up methods which were specially intended to save the Fifth Race from the catastrophe in which a majority of the Fourth Race were overwhelmed in the great cataclysm of Atlantis. None the less, as I say, the Fourth Race remains the majority, and this Occult Brotherhood of Yucatan are specially charged with looking after them. Their methods have always been—as were Fourth Race methods of the past—those which dealt with the advance of mankind through what is called now "the lower psychism"; that is, through a number of occult phenomena connected with the physical plane and tangible, so that, on the physical plane, proofs might be afforded of the reality of the hidden worlds. That was the object of it, as it has always been.

It was found that the results of that method tended, after a time, rather to materialise religion. People sought for phenomena rather than for spirituality, and sought to prove the spiritual by the material. The methods were therefore left only to those who preferred them and to whom they were most suitable, while the Fifth Race was trained along a more difficult, but surer path, in which knowledge had to be gained side by side with the evolution, not of the emotional and passional, but of the mental, nature. They had to pass through the intellect to the higher intuition, or as it is sometimes called, "the higher psychism".

Hence, when it was seen that the Fifth Race was drifting into materialism in its most advanced members, the scientific world, and that knowledge was progressing very much faster than the social conscience and moral evolution, it was thought necessary to start a

movement which would appeal to those who were materialistically-minded, and would afford them a certain amount of proof, tangible on the physical plane, of the reality of the superphysical, of the unseen, though not of the spiritual, worlds.

Hence the Spiritualist Movement. That proceeded in the western world by demonstrations available to physical investigation, by knocking, by tilting of material objects, such as tables, chairs, or anything else that was conveniently movable. Later on, there were voices that were made audible, and still later what is called "materialisation"; that is that persons clothed in the astral body, who had laid aside their physical bodies, either temporarily or permanently, took from people who were constituted in a particular way, parts of the etheric double and even parts of the dense physical body, so that their astral bodies, thickened, densified, by this material addition, might become visible to ordinary sight. With all its disadvantages, it was the only method available, and therefore of course was taken to prevent the catastrophe of the universal spread of materialistic science over the Nations which were at that time influencing the intellectual life of the world.

The Yucatan Brotherhood, accustomed to the use of that method, handed down from ancient days, took up the guidance of this rescue movement. Sometimes, in the early days of the Theosophical Society, its Masters Themselves manifested in this fashion; at other times, They spoke and taught through H. P. Blavatsky, who had a very strongly mediumistic body, due to the intermixture of Fourth-Race blood (the Tartar blood in the Russian body that she took for that purpose); during

the training she underwent at the hands of a Master of the White Lodge, by which she reached a very high degree of knowledge and power, she learned how to utilise her body and to keep it under her own control, permitting it to be used by others only with her own consent.

It was this peculiar mixture of mediumistic body and occult development which made H. P. B. so very puzzling a person to those among whom she lived. There was the Fourth-Race strain, highly developed, which made her, as the Master said, the most wonderfully developed psychic that had been born for two hundred years; and there was the careful training of all the higher powers, which jointly made it possible for them to utilise her as a physical medium for Themselves.

Now the need for careful training of the sensitive lies in the fact that if such a person is left to himself or herself, they, being without knowledge, are not able to protect themselves, and to select those whom they will permit to use their physical bodies. In the earlier days, they were protected by priests in the Temples, and were the sibyls and vestal virgins of the older religions. They were scrupulously guarded from contact with the outer world, and only chosen persons were allowed to come near them. But when such people in a time of ignorance of Occultism came into the world, and were exposed to all its difficulties without any kind of outer protection, they became the ordinary mediums of the last century, who could not protect themselves at all. They were open to every influence which came from the astral world and from the higher regions of the physical world. Hence they were mostly

in touch with the less developed human beings who had passed on, the crowds of average people who throng the lower reaches of the astral world. While some of the Yucatan Brothers guarded very carefully their own special disciples, that they might give higher teachings through them, there were many mediums who were left practically uncared for, save when some kindly discarnate entity, attracted by some good quality in them, guarded them to some extent, warding off influences from the evil-minded of the astral world.

Materialisation is not so marked now as it was in the earlier days, when we find that very many of the "controls" were North American Indians. It was very characteristic of the early phases. It began in America, of course, where the available people were, so to speak, most handy, and you will find a number of American Indians acting as controls of those first mediums. They were given all sorts of names, such as "Sunshine," and the like. When they materialised, they materialised in their own forms, which very often were those of children.

Then came a phase where others, not Indians, but people of somewhat the same type materialised, showing through their communications that they were ignorant and undeveloped. But these crude messages were sometimes interspersed with communications of great value, coming from some member of this Occult Brotherhood, or even, on a few occasions, directly from the White Lodge. In the case of Stainton Moses you are face to face with such an illustration; a man of high intellectual value, full of doubts, full of questionings, and therefore not very suitable for an average medium, who needs to be quite passive. Because of his

intellectuality a very high use was made of him, and some of the teachings which came through him were of great value. Through some of the American mediums also some very fine teachings came, and you have this mingled mass of messages of very varying usefulness.

The real value of Spiritualism was that it gave tangible proofs of post-mortem existence, so that a man like Sir William Crookes was able in his laboratory, by applying the most careful scientific methods of investigation, to obtain quite definite proofs of existences other than the physical. You can read his own records, and see the remarkable scientific acumen that he brought to bear on his investigations; see how he invented a particular kind of light, so that the materialised bodies should not be broken up, as they were by ordinary light; how he invented a method of weighing the materialised form, and so on. Those methods are still followed by the Italian and French investigators, who were all of the same type of materialistic scientists, and who one after another emerged from materialism into Spiritualism. They do not always call themselves Spiritualists, shrinking from the name, but they have published their investigations most fully; they are men like Rochas and Richet in France, both largely tinged with Theosophy, and Lombroso, in Italy, who obtained a most remarkable series of proofs.

The scientists were sufficient to give to the scientific world, if it chose to look into their records, the proofs which it demanded; as a rule, scientists would not look into them. The Royal Society still refuses to recognise Crookes's fine investigations. He very nearly lost his position as a Fellow of the Royal Society,

because he was regarded as superstitious and as going into illegitimate speculations. However, he recorded his proofs, and he endorses down to the present day the validity of his own investigations. Sir Oliver Lodge has, to some extent, followed in his steps.

So far as Spiritualism went along the line on which it was intended to go, it was exceedingly useful at that time, and remains useful now. It is the one line of physical proof of superphysical facts, apart from all questions either of moral worth or of spiritual unfolding. Anybody can, as in ordinary physical science, obtain these proofs, who chooses to follow the methods, and a good many scientists have followed them. Sir Oliver Lodge, as said, is one of them; he has published a remarkable book, called *Raymond*, in which the evidence of post-mortem existence is taken from his son, who was killed on one of the battle-fields of the present War.

Now of course the present time offers innumerable facilities in that way. Hosts of young men are flung out of mortal life in the very full vigour of their manhood, and cannot quickly pass on into the Devachanic existence. They are suddenly killed, and that brings about, as you know, peculiar karma. Moreover the conditions in the astral world just now are much changed. People are no longer under the ordinary rules, which were far better for them—unless they have reached a very considerable height of unfolding—practically to fall asleep, to gather up all the experiences of the life that are useful, to carry them on to Devachan, and work them out into faculty. Instead of that the whole thing is now changed. People who die normally, not by accident, are continually being

retained there for special work, and very large numbers, nearly all of you perhaps, will not pass out of this life into the devachanic existence; most of you will probably choose to come back (if you pass away within a few years), in order to be with the Lord Maitreya when He comes, or to work at the enormous volume of work which has to be done, when He has left the world again, at the stage which He himself has brought about, but which will need reinforcing and further evolution.

Annie Besant

RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

THE LIVES OF ARCOR

I

ABOUT sixteen centuries before Christ we find the Band of Servers gathered in two groups, in Persia and at Agadé in Asia Minor. One set of Servers was grouped round Zarathushtra and Alcyone in Persia, and the other set round Mercury at Agadé. In this latter group we find Arcor born about 1500 B.C. The city of Agadé was on the sea, not far from ancient Troy; it was a Greek colony, but the Greeks were in a minority, while the inhabitants who formed the majority, and were held in subjection by the Greeks, were Hittites. We find therefore two civilisations, the Greek and the Hittite, with different customs and religions; there was naturally an undercurrent of rebellion and resentment against the Greeks on the part of the Hittites.

The city was ruled by two Archons, one of whom was Yajna, who was married twice; he was married first to a Greek wife, Aqua, and had as children, Crux and Fort as sons, and Aletheia as daughter; he also married Mona, who was a Hittite slave woman, and had by her two sons, Taurus and Arcor, and one daughter, Juno. The second Archon was Arthur, married to Psyche, and their children were one son, Gem, and three daughters, Herakles,

Capella and Rhea. Nearly all the characters in the *Lives* appear in this city or in Persia round Alcyone; but there is no special need in these Lives of Arcor to enumerate them; the full charts will be given in the *Lives of Alcyone* when that book is finally published.

One important element at Agadé, so far as the Greeks were concerned, was the centre of religious life round the White Temple of Pallas Athene. This temple was specially constructed and magnetised for the work of Sibyls, who sat in a special chair over a centre of magnetism, and when they entered into trance an Adept gave religious instruction, and sometimes personal messages to individuals in the assembled audience. Among the Sibyls, Herakles played a prominent part, and often messages were given through her by Dhruva; Mercury was the High Priest at this temple.

Arcor was often away from the city, but when he was there his principal friends were Crux and Camel, while of course the influence of Herakles was especially great. The Temple was a place of union of the various families; on certain days, probably the full moon and the new moon days, a Vestal addressed the people. On special festivals they crowned the statue of the Goddess with flowers, and each brought fruits, or little cakes, or oil, or corn, as an offering, with some petition or wish. Then they stood and talked outside until the time the Vestal took her seat; there was a procession of the Vestals around the Temple grounds first, and then the Vestal chosen for the day took her seat; then the worshippers all flocked in and stood round in picturesque groups, or leaned against the pillars. Usually the address was ethical, but sometimes

some one of the audience would be picked out and directions given in veiled language, either about his petition or his future conduct.

There is nothing especially to be noted in this life in the personal history of Arcor; we find, however, some incidents in the lives of the others. Capella, the sister of Herakles, originally intended to enter the Temple as a Vestal; but against her sister's advice, and also against the wish of her parents, she married Dolphin. Dolphin was a young man, a little bit too fond of wine and good living, though not ungenerous when it pleased him; Capella married him, hoping to reform him, and failing to do so was a much disappointed woman. They had a daughter, Pomo, and a son, Cyr, who was a friend of Arcor.

Crux, the half-brother of Arcor, had high qualities when he let them have fair play, but he was much flattered by the young men who followed him, and he did not always distinguish between parasites and real friends. He had good chances, for he was rich and his father a man of importance, and he was deeply interested in Occultism; but he was somewhat fickle in his affections, and his attendance at the Temple was not always due to his desire for knowledge. One of those who attracted his undesirable attentions was Pomo, which caused a good deal of trouble to Capella, the mother. Crux had a great fluency of speech and was a leader of all the young men, often into mischief, for he was daring and his imagination did not stop at running off with a Vestal or two. His younger brother Fort was much devoted to him and copied him. In the Lives of Ursa we shall find some details about a few of the other characters.

The end of the city of Agadé was by an inundation of barbarians, probably Scythians, who swept down from beyond the hills; the Hittites were in league with them. Every Greek fought, but all were exterminated, and such of the women as were not killed were taken into captivity. Mercury was killed, but He immediately took the body of a young fisherman who was drowned while trying to escape; in this body Mercury travelled westwards to Persia, and played an important rôle in the lives of Zarathushtra and Alcyone, described in the *Lives* already published.

LETTERS FROM INDIA

By MARIA CRUZ

ADYAR,
November 1913.

[Following on the letters published in the April THEOSOPHIST, Miss Cruz describes her tour in Kashmir. But we have omitted these letters as they are of no directly Theosophical interest, and we now conclude with her return to Adyar.—ED.]

HERE we are back again at Adyar! And I am very happy—for that reason. Don't count on me for the talk of which you speak; I am incapable of it. Not every one is a lecturer or a "talk-giver," and one can only be expected to work with the tools at one's disposal. But I will *write* all you want, and as soon as I get back I will set to work on the book. I should like to know what idea of mine you were able to make use of in helping some one. If I knew it, I could perhaps make use of it myself.

* * * *

What a week, my dear, what a week! Lectures almost every day in Madras. I only went twice: to the one on colour, or rather against colour prejudice, and to the one on the abolition of the caste system. The former made the English people here furious; the latter

was applauded by the Hinḍūs in spite of some uncomplimentary remarks against the Brāhmaṇas.

On Saturday we had a big musical tea party, and the hall was transformed for the occasion in the twinkling of an eye. No more large lanterns, no more benches; instead, sofas, cane arm-chairs, tables and plants, and, hanging from the ceiling, pink electric lights and brass flower-pots filled with ferns. At the door were servants in livery. Out came my wig and my plumes, and other baubles which have so far not emerged from my box; I counted my grey hairs!

Adyar is returning to the world. Sandals tend to retire into the background; the shoemakers are making a fortune. If we go on like this, Mr. Leadbeater will be coming to class in evening dress! How times have changed. But as you like elegance, this new phase would please you.

I shall now devote my time to making notes for the book, in addition to my work for THE THEOSOPHIST. To-day I have been making packets of pamphlets, tied and labelled (I made them very badly at first). You are right when you say this is not very interesting; but it has to be done all the same, and if I don't help a little, some one else will be overworked. If every one thought his articles were more important than other business, there would be no one left to carry on the office work. Do you know that besides THE THEOSOPHIST they print several other magazines here? The Superintendent of the Press is a venerable Brāhmaṇa. Everybody here works from 8 till 11 and from 2 till 5. I am the only one who works only two hours in the morning, and my excuse is that I *cannot* do any more.

Yesterday evening at the class the whole hour was spent on the Theosophical attitude, which is the first thing one needs and generally the last thing to be acquired—if one ever does acquire it. The Theosophical attitude consists in not being discouraged or worried or depressed, whatever happens. We must get rid absolutely of all sadness, and not be doleful about things which, for the most part, never really happen at all. Mr. Leadbeater said that nothing is such an enemy to progress as sadness, and I have firmly resolved, on my return, to spread this idea energetically. Ah, how many things I want to do when I get back—in Paris and in Guatemala, where I am beginning to feel that my duty lies.

I hope you will find me detached, though I am not so much so as I should wish; in detachment is the only happiness. Why does that make you sad? One cannot live for the soul *and* for the body. One of these must be subordinated to the other. This truth is as old as the world, and will not be changed on my account.

MARIA CRUZ

ACCORDING TO THEIR KIND

By G. COLMORE

BARBARA stood at the edge of the wood. The air was soft with summer and dim with the shadow of trees and the shades of evening. Yonder, without the wood, beyond the figure that her eyes followed, the sky was glowing, and there was a glow in Barbara's eyes and a glow in her heart. She was under the spell of that magic which for most men and women, once at least in a lifetime, lifts more or less surely, for a space of time longer or shorter, nature's outermost, densest veil, and lets the beauty that lies at the heart of things show itself a touch more clearly.

Barbara was only nineteen, and the man who gladdened all the world for her was older than she was by sixteen years, and younger by many lives. To Barbara he was as superior to herself as the sunset colours were superior to the brown of the soil at her feet, and as far above her as the sky above the earth. He was a clerk in a bank, and to Barbara the difference between a clerk—a *London* clerk—and a Cabinet Minister was not appreciable, whereas the difference between one of that lofty calling and herself, whose father was the owner of the village shop, was so vast as to make it seem like a miracle or a fairy tale that he had fallen in love with her. But he had. That was the wonderful

truth. Spending his holiday in the village for the purpose of fishing in a neighbouring stream, he had noticed her, sought her out, contrived meetings, made love to her.

Barbara had been made love to before, but never in such fashion as now. Her suitors had always been more clumsy than herself, hesitating, with diffidence born of humility but not adorning it. But this man, Alf—he had told her she was to call him Alf, that there was to be no "Mister" between them—there was no trace of diffidence, of awkwardness in Alf, or clumsy ways or hesitation. His ways—so she phrased it to herself—were the ways of a gentleman, as were his clothes and his well kept hands and his beautiful manner of speech. A gentleman? He was as a god to her, as splendid as Apollo to Daphne, as wondrous as Endymion to Diana.

Was there ever a joy that in youth, at any rate, did not gain in romance, in interest, from the touch of secrecy? Barbara, doubtful of the rightness of concealed meetings, was yet by that very concealment the more enthralled, by the mystery that mingled with the sweetness of the trysts, by the consciousness that her joy was a secret between her lover and herself. Moreover he wished it; for a time, a little while; and to obey his wish was in itself a delight. And later on the whole glad truth would be known to all the world. Sometimes, when her thoughts could contrive to wander from the memories of the last meeting and the longing for the next, they would sweep ahead into those future days of divulgement; the telling of the wonderful news to her father, the neighbours; the surprise, the congratulations, the

wedding. . . . Because he was so splendid, a gentleman, she would be married in white. And there would be all the people . . . and she so glad and he so tender.

Because she believed in him and trusted him altogether, because she was purely innocent and entirely ignorant, it was natural that she should follow him along the way he wished her to tread. It was not wonderful that he had his way with her.

There came a day, a miserable day, when for the last time Barbara met him in the woods. He had come from London in answer to her letter, a letter that was a cry of agony; he had come because writing was difficult and a little dangerous; he had come because it was better to put an end to the whole thing at once and entirely. At the news of his coming her heart had leapt up, beating high with hope; at the sight of him, the sound in his voice, it fell heavily. It fell and lay trembling, crushed in a bewilderment of despair. For he took her little flag of hope and tore it into shreds; he took the trustfulness of her love and trampled it out of being; he took the pathos of it and cast it under foot. Ten pounds he offered her "to see her through her trouble," and so little his soul knew of the ways of generosity that he thought himself generous.

When he left her, Barbara's eyes did not follow him. They stared through the leafless trees, seeing . . . not the trees, seeing . . . her father, and all the people . . . for herself no wedding garment, but a robe of shame.

The wind took the notes that were the measure of the man's stature, and bore them through the woods till

they were limp with moisture and brown with mud and torn to pieces.

* * * * *

When Barbara was forty, she was prosperous, in an independent position. Her father, at his death, had left her all he had, in spite of what was called in the village "her misfortune": and his savings were not inconsiderable. She sold the business and moved from her birthplace to a little town in a distant part of England, took over a business there, and started life anew amidst strangers. Her child had died in babyhood; there was no trace of the past to throw its shadow on her future; when, a woman of thirty-one, she established herself in Melpeth, the road of her life lay unencumbered before her. During the following eight years, fortune, in mundane matters, favoured her; her business increased rapidly; she became almost wealthy. She held a good position in the little town, for she gave generously and lived quietly, interfering with none and offending few.

Many a time during those eight years she might have married, but she would not marry; she held back from marriage, as she held back from intimacies; she was kind, charitable, neighbourly, but reserved, ultimately unapproachable. At forty she gave up active daily superintendence of the business, rented a house and garden outside the town, and lived there with a child she adopted, a child born, as her own child had been born, twenty years ago. People said to her: "How good of you! how wonderful!" Some, speaking of her, said: "How extraordinary!"

Barbara knew very well that in adopting the child she was doing nothing good or wonderful, or in the least

extraordinary, certainly, for experience might well have been her counsellor; and neither good nor wonderful, since what she did was not done from love and tenderness. She did not define her motives because she did not analyse her feelings, but she knew quite well that she took charge of the child, not for the child's sake, not for the mother's sake, but for her own; as a sort of recompense rendered on behalf of that hard place in her heart which had never softened, which she dimly felt should be broken and cast away, but which she could not dissolve, could not part with. So in place of forgiveness she would offer charity. To what? To whom? God was a dim figure, dim but concrete, who demanded so much tribute to be paid in the coin of forgiveness, but might possibly compound for an added measure of good deeds.

She knew nothing of the Self within, of the pressure of whose striving, unrecognised but constant, she was nevertheless sensible.

Barbara sat at her toilet table brushing her hair. It was a summer night, a June night, which is hardly a night at all. The window stood wide open, and so bright was the moonlight that her candle's light had seemed a feeble intruder on its white glory, and she had extinguished it.

The dark masses of her hair cast shadows on her face, and the deep blue of her eyes was as blackness. They looked, these eyes, at the reflected, moonlit face; and, as she looked, remembrance grew vivid, and the hand that held the brush paused in its upward and downward sweep, and hand and brush lay idle on the table before her.

On such a night as this, long ago, twenty years ago . . . no, she would not think of it; bitterness grew with the thought, and of bitterness she had had enough and to spare. Her hand took up the brush again, was raised—then paused in its rising.

What was that sound in the silent house? Motionless she listened. That creaking of the stair was familiar, but it came only when feet were upon it, passing up or down. Barbara had never before heard it when the household was asleep. She paused, her face looking back at her from out of the mirror, a little puzzled, a little wondering. And then she looked beyond her face.

The door of the room was behind her, and through the mirror, in the moonlight, she saw it open; gently, slowly, as though moved by a tentative hand. She did not move as the door moved; she sat perfectly still, looking beyond her reflected self, along the reflected shaft of moonlight which ran from the window to the door.

Then, in the light of the room, between door and lintel, she saw a face peering into the room. It looked, and met her own look; some three seconds after she had perceived it, her own still figure was in turn perceived by the searching, intruding eyes. She saw the face change, saw it no longer vigilant but startled; she heard the quick closing of the door and the creaking of the stairs. But she did not move. She sat looking still into the mirror, beyond her own face; looking at the door where that other face had been.

A window opened from the outside, Barbara's desk in the dining-room broken open, drawers and cupboards rifled, objects that were both portable and of value

missing—these gave an explanation of the midnight visit, and caused excitement and apprehension in the neighbourhood, and much searching and activity on the part of the police.

Ten days later the wanted man, or one who was supposed to be the wanted man, was taken, to the satisfaction of the town and the triumph of the officers concerned. The man, or at any rate a man, was taken; that was a definite accomplishment; the difficulty was to connect the weary creature found sleeping under a hedge, with the criminal who had broken into Barbara's house. In the ultimate issue the evidence against him, flimsy, uncertainly circumstantial, must be determined by the possibility of identification. Could Barbara recall the face that had looked in upon her? She thought so. Could she be sure of recognising it? She hesitated.

Did she remember the face? All the days that passed between the arrest and the day on which she was to be confronted with the arrested, this was the question that pursued her. How much did she remember? Again and again her mind retraced the scene of that silent, swift encounter. She remembered seeing her own face in the glass; then she had looked past her own face to the door, to the face that from the doorway peered in at her; and then . . .

Then always came the difficulty; for memory would not pause at that peering face, would not definitely recall and present it to her, but leapt on beyond it, beyond that moment and beyond that night, to twenty years ago.

Something there had been in the dimly seen face, a suggestion, a faint, far off resemblance, pertaining to

the formation of the features or to the light that fell upon them, which swept her thoughts from the man looking in upon her to a memory which, but an instant before, she had driven away. And the memory interfered with her vision of the man, confused her impression of him. She could not think of the face she would be called upon to identify, apart from another face linked with it by some strange freak of fancy or similitude. Confronted with the man accused of robbing her, would that fancy recur? And if it did, would its recurrence imply that the accused was the criminal? Or might not such a fancy, flinging itself about a form so out of keeping with its origin, fasten upon other forms equally incongruous? And apart from the fancy, had she any impression of the face? Was there, should the fancy not arise, any picture of it in her memory which would enable her to identify or disavow the reputed criminal? She dreaded the day when she would be called upon to decide.

The day came. Barbara, dreading it, had not conceived in thought or glimpsed by intuition the measure of its dreadfulness.

Face to face with the man she was to condemn or set free, she knew him. Through the disguise of his degradation, through the veil of the transforming years, sunken, sullen, abject, she knew him for the man who had desired and deserted her long ago.

Through all the time between then and now, the remembrance of him had been a bitterness; through all the days that had passed since the day of his leaving her, there had been a hardness in her heart because of him; in many dark moments of the weeks and months and years that divided them, the spirit of unforgiveness

within her had cried out for a chance of giving him hurt for hurt, of turning from him in an hour of need, as he, in the agony of her need, had turned from her. And after twenty years, the chance had come. He was there before her, to be punished or released according to the words she would speak, wholly at her mercy. Truly her hour had come, of vengeance, of supremacy, of power to inflict pain, knowing that the blow would strike home. For, in the eyes she recognised, she had read recognition; not instant like her own, but of slow, then startled awakening; and, following upon recognition, appeal. In her musings she had imagined appeal, of eyes, of voice, of gesture; in her musings she had discarded appeal; in her musings the cruel suffering he had caused her had been uppermost in her consciousness and authoritative in deciding her action. But now . . .

Somehow, looking at him now, after the first shock of bewilderment, the first, swift sense of potent opportunity, she saw no more the lover who had betrayed and deserted and hardened her; but a being in sore straits, in need and in fear, despoiled of the glory with which her simplicity had invested him; a being, hunted, forlorn, pitiful.

And seeing him thus, with swift resolution Barbara turned her mental gaze away from the scenes of twenty years ago; they had no longer any part to play in her decision. All she had to do was to fix her mind upon the scene of a few weeks back. Wiping out the resemblance which had startled her in the reflected face, what, in the recollection of that face, remained to her? That was what she had to consider. She waited a moment or two, her eyes still upon the face whose eyes had dropped, till, with slow relief,

the certainty came to her that no sure picture was within her memory. Then she spoke quietly.

"The light was too dim, the time was too short. I cannot identify this man."

On the road that led northwards from the little town, the man went, free. His freedom was an astonishment to him, since, when recognition revealed the woman who held the scales of his fate, he had judged her according to his kind. At first, side by side with the relief of finding himself at liberty, he felt only astonishment, within which flickered a wavering flame of gratitude; but presently he drew himself up, tilted his hat a little to one side, and walked with a touch of jauntiness. A thought had come to him, a thought after his kind. "Women," he was thinking, "are all the same. She's a bit gone on me still."

Barbara was in her garden. Could she have known the thought of the man on the road, it would hardly have disturbed her peacefulness. For after the long bitterness she was bathed in an abundance of peace. The hard place in her heart was gone, and in its stead was pitifulness; her vision, cleansed of unforgiveness, was illumined by compassion. Motherhood, in its essence, is a deeper thing perhaps than physical maternity, and means not only care for infant forms but tenderness towards baby souls. Barbara, conscious of the alteration in her attitude towards the man she had longed to humiliate, did not know that the alteration was due to expanded perception in herself, to the quickening of the mother sense, to the fact that she recognised him as being younger than she in the family of humanity. "He was made like it," was the way she expressed this recognition to herself. "He was always

like it, only I never saw it till to-day. And he has to act as he was made."

Dimly she felt him to be beyond the scope of resentment; he was too poor a thing for bitterness, too pitiful for aught but pity. Seeing him thus, forgiveness came freely, no longer a tribute rendered to a God without, but the waters of a fountain unsealed within. The waters flooded all her being, softening her features, welling up into her eyes. The child she had adopted, playing in the garden, approaching her in his play, looked at her and did something he had never done before. Coming close to her he put up his face to be kissed. Barbara stooped and lifted him on to her knee.

G. Colmore

OCCASIONAL NOTES

By ALICE E. ADAIR

III. THE IMPRESSIONIST GROUP

THE term "impressionistic" is now upon almost every lip, but outside the literature of art the word is somewhat vaguely applied. It may refer to the poetical treatment of the subject of a picture, it may be used to describe the painting of misty effects in landscape or breadth of treatment in portraiture, or it may indicate certain peculiarities of technique. In one sense —the widest—all pictures are impressions, but artists use the word with much more precision.

To be historical and exact the Impressionists proper were those painters who, under the immediate influence of Manet, between 1865—1870, adopted the technique of bright coloration emancipated from the traditional envelopment of shadow; who then applied the method to the system of painting in the open air face to face with nature; who finally at the two principal exhibitions of 1874 and 1877 gave a striking revelation of their powers in works of a new and original character.

When the war broke out in France in 1870 several artists, amongst them Camille Pissarro and Claude Monet crossed over to England. These men were all greatly impressed with and influenced by Constable and Turner and the great English masters of portraiture. Monet and Pissarro to their intense delight found in the landscape painters great artists "who shared in their aim with regard to *'plein air'* light and fugitive effects".

Both Englishmen had worked out of doors, and their bright colouring was a revelation to men trained in the French Schools. Monet and Pissarro worked and studied unceasingly. They studied in galleries public and private; they painted out of doors in town and country, Monet taking special delight in the misty effects of London; and they returned to France at the end of the war with revolutionary ideas.

The old group formed again with Manet as its centre. The Café de la Nouvelle Athènes was now their chosen haunt. A striking proof of the change wrought in Monet by his visit to England is the fact that Edouard Manet now adopted his ideas, whereas formerly Monet had been under the influence of Manet. The new ideas gradually spread, and were eventually adopted and developed by a group of fifty men and women. Bright coloration had been introduced into French art by Manet; this small band of painters carried it a stage further.

Their innovation was to establish as a fundamental system a practice that other painters, including Constable, Corot,and Courbet, had only used exceptionally and incidentally. All their landscapes and all figures with landscape background were executed entirely out of doors before the scene they represented, in the vivid radiance of light.

Every individual in the group made experiments on his own account and communicated his discoveries to the rest. The effect of this interchange of ideas was as beneficial as it was remarkable. One of the most revolutionary results was the complete change that was made in the palette. First of all blacks and browns were rigorously excluded, and then, at a later stage, siennas, ochres, and Venetian, Indian and light reds were rejected. Every effort was made to secure brilliance of light and colour, and, to ensure purity of

tone when mixing, white was placed between every colour on the palette.

In addition to their experiments in the development of their method these struggling artists had to educate their public. This was a strenuous task. Its accomplishment was to take years, wretched years made longer by continual discouragement, opprobrium and, in some instances, abject poverty.

They were ridiculously modest in the prices they asked for their pictures; £2 to £4 for a canvas would have satisfied their needs, but there were no purchasers.

As a whole it may be said that the art public were in open hostility to Impressionism. With a few exceptions the critics of the established art journals condemned the movement. Even comic singers ridiculed the painters in the music halls of Paris. The Salon was closed against them, and the dealers refused to look at their canvases.

Even when, at a later date, they had won the recognition of the Press, the buying public remained indifferent to their merits. A few bright spots there were in those grey years, but not many. On one occasion a generous and far-seeing dealer bought a large number of their pictures. The Impressionists were filled with joy and excitement. They thought that now at last their future was assured. But they were not yet to enjoy peace or prosperity, and the kind-hearted dealer was brought to the verge of bankruptcy, abused by the Press and ostracised by the public and other dealers for his pains.

Some of these painters could have made incomes enabling them to live in comfort, if they had sacrificed their principles and taken to portrait painting; but nothing could tempt them to abandon their purpose or to relinquish their self-appointed task. For this they

deserve the highest honour. As Mr. Wynford Dewhurst says:

> Only men who have passed through such experiences can appreciate at its true value the heroic courage, faith, and self-confidence required during such a trial.

Holding ever in view the education of public opinion, they decided not to send their canvases to the Salon but to hold exhibitions of their own. They felt that the understanding of their aims would be facilitated if their work as a group were seen as a thing of itself, and the effect produced would be greater than if their pictures were distributed amongst the many others that lined the walls of the larger exhibition. So far, it must be remembered, they were not regarded by the public as a group at all, but merely as a number of more or less crazy notoriety hunters who ought to be repressed at any cost.

In 1874 they held their first "show," not yet quite alone, for nineteen other artists were included as exhibitors. This was done for various reasons. In the first place it ensured the notice of the Press, which otherwise would probably have been denied them; and in the second, the greater variety of works would attract a larger attendance; and lastly their expenses would be considerably reduced.

The exhibition was a failure. Ridicule was heaped upon them and their only gain was—a name. For it was at this exhibition, now become famous, that Claude Monet showed a picture called "*Impression: Soleil Levant*". This canvas, which was a characteristic example of the new technique, seized the attention of the public, even while it roused their hostility. Its title was adopted as a term of opprobrium, and one of the leading newspapers, *Le Charivari*, in

an article upon the exhibition, spoke of it derisively as "*Exposition des Impressionists*". The artists at first naturally enough refused the title so contemptuously bestowed; but later, when public opinion had changed in their favour, they styled themselves Impressionists, and in 1877 their exhibition was so named by themselves.

In spite of their unsuccessful venture in 1874, they continued to exhibit every year, and slowly but surely they wore down opposition. There was a culminating storm of anger and disapproval in 1877, when Cezanne became the victim of particular hostility, but after that year the tide of public opinion definitely turned. The Impressionists had by this time thoroughly developed their theories and had established the movement.

The exclusive use of bright colours and the continuous practice of painting in full light in the open air, formed a new and daring combination which gave rise to an art possessing certain novel features.

A great victory for the "new" movements was won in 1881, when the control of the Salon passed out of the hands of the State. Henceforward the juries were elected by the exhibitors, and the younger men with progressive ideas were represented upon them as well as the leaders of the older traditions.

In 1883 four of the Impressionists, Monet, Renoir, Pissarro and Sisley, further familiarised the public with their methods by each holding a "one-man exhibition," in succession and in the same building; and in 1886 the movement was so well established that the group found it no longer necessary to exhibit as a group. Artists everywhere in varying degrees adopted their method; appreciative notices replaced virulent attacks in the Press, and in 1894 final victory was achieved. Collectors in France and abroad now sought for the works that had

been so despised, and the movement spread from France to England and other countries.

The Impressionist movement must continue to hold a unique position in the history of art because of three things. It is the first occasion upon which women have taken a prominent part in introducing a new movement in art. Secondly, the genius of Impressionism was the genius of a group, the fruit of the experiments of a number of men and women, and was not the peculiar gift of one man. And lastly, the spirit of co-operation actuating the group, their loyalty to their ideals and to each other, and their splendid courage in the face of almost overwhelming odds, have never been paralleled.

It is inconceivable that any artist or group of artists will ever again meet with antagonism as virulent and as stupid as that which Manet and, after him, the Impressionist group had to overcome. Innovations in art matters never have been, and probably never will be, either welcomed or understood by the great majority; but at least it may be hoped that the story of these brave men and women has pointed its own moral. Public, Press, and other critics are not infallible judges. It has been proved that sometimes "they may be mistaken," and that everything that is strange in art is not necessarily bad. The Impressionists changed the scorn that was heaped upon them into admiration, and by their splendid victory have conferred a boon upon their successors of which it is difficult to estimate the value.

Alice E. Adair

THE FOURTH SOUTH INDIAN CONVENTION

As President of your South Indian Convention, I have the honour to present you a short Report of our work since we met here last, from the 21st to 24th of April in 1916.

We are fortunate in having the revered President of the Theosophical Society to guide our deliberations of this year, and we hope this Report, embodying our joint work, will not be found by her altogether disappointing.

Our work in South India has become very difficult since the election of Bro. T. Ramachandra Rao as General Secretary of the Indian Section, and we are sorry for his absence during this session of our Convention. Bro. V. K. Desikachari has been elected in his place, and we all hope for his success in the important post which he has been called upon to fill.

The work of our Convention has increased on account of Bro. Ramachandra Row's departure to the north, and he has taken away with him one of our best helpers, Bro. Narahari Sastri.

In response to my appeal last year Bro. S. V. Khandekar offered his help, and his co-operation has enabled me to present this Report to you. He has carried on the heavy correspondence for our Convention Office, has sent out some 500 letters and circulars during the year, and has made proper use of information received in response. Work has kept me away from touring as in the previous year, but I hope to visit the Circars soon, and that will mean that every Province in South India has been visited. I assure you, Brothers, that I keep myself very closely in touch with practically every important Lodge in South India.

Bro. T. Ramachandra Rao has left behind him a fairly good number of local workers in various places and to them we look as our future guides.

In my last Report I mentioned a printed circular with about thirty questions which was sent to every Lodge in South India, and regretted that many Lodges did not reply. I made a second effort, with the result that by this time I have received reports from 112 Lodges, which have been carefully recorded in a tabulated form and which tell us our actual position.

GLEANINGS FROM LODGE REPORTS

I see that thirty-one of our Lodges have buildings of their own, but I regret to say that all of them are not doing well, because several of those have nothing to report save that they each own a house.

Thirty-four of our Lodges are helping in the education of the place, which is satisfactory as a beginning. This does not include the institutions under the Theosophical Educational Trust, but only those supported by Lodge members, many of them against great odds. They are kept going and will be fresh material to handle when the Educational Trust is ready for greater burdens. In eight Lodges our members visit the prisons and give talks to the unfortunate inmates. This is done with the permission of the Jail Superintendent, and it is significant that as soon as a Theosophical worker asks for such permission it is readily granted, for it is realised that a Theosophist and his teaching are appreciated. Four Lodges render substantial medical help free to people. Some others work to improve sanitation in villages, and to explain the importance of it to the inhabitants. In eight places they have Credit Societies whose main object is to rescue farmers from the clutches of unscrupulous money lenders.

The Golden Chain, the Sons of India, and the League of Parents and Teachers seem to be popular in many places, though there is room for further growth. But the Stalwarts

movement does not seem to be making headway in this Province. Only thirty-three Lodges have any lady members, and I do not know why it should be so.

Reports from our various Branch Inspectors speak of the usual kind of work and progress: one feature of note is our obtaining the services of Bro. S. Srinivasa Iyer, B.A., L.T., who has begun operations in right earnest. All of them are doing satisfactory work and report that the educated classes are showing more interest in our teachings and activities.

I have already mentioned some 500 letters sent out, and the number of replies that have been received. I must admit that I expected a better percentage. In another letter, dated February 15th, 1917, which was sent to each Lodge in Southern India, I asked the Secretaries to formulate a plan of work for the guidance of their respective Lodge activities during the current year. I thought that after looking into the plans of individual Lodges, I would suggest one for the whole of the Province. But the response was feeble; only twenty-five Lodges wrote back. Thus I am not able to give you what I intended when the circular letter was sent out.

Now, more than ever before, I feel the need of an efficient organisation to prevent our Lodge affairs drifting their own way. My new plan, therefore, is directed to make things easy for every Secretary to keep his Lodge in sound condition, and is based on knowledge of the difficulties as they were revealed by reports from over a hundred Lodges. A few of the difficulties are as follows, and a central organisation such as I have in view is calculated to meet them all.

1. Many Lodges report that they have intentions of doing this, that, or the other thing: but the execution of the intention is never reported: not because achievement is followed by unostentatious silence, but because intentions remain just intentions. There is nobody to remind, nobody to urge, and apparently there is nothing demanding the completion of a project.

2. Many Lodges report no other activity beyond Study Classes, and those are usually considered sufficient to call the Lodges active.

3. The limitations of the Lodge Secretary, or whoever may be the moving spirit of the place, limit also the activities of the Lodge. If such a person, for instance, is in favour of work in the jails, lecturing to the prisoners, then he concentrates all his energy on that work. This in itself is not bad, but often he calls upon every other worker in the place to be as active in the same direction, and they, having a fancy for something quite different, naturally shirk the responsibility. Thus liberty of choice is not exercised, and work of other sorts, like Social Reform and Woman's Education, which may be possible under proper guidance, is not attempted at all.

4. There are instances of able and earnest Secretaries not being appreciated in their respective places, so that when they ask members to do certain things, the latter simply do not listen. But let somebody from outside say the same thing to them, and they will hear with respect and respond with prompt action. A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, it is said, and a poor Secretary does not fare better.

Taking all this and other things into consideration, I have come to the conclusion of trying two plans.

1. A different kind of Lodge inspecting and Lodge helping than that which is in use under our old regime. In fact I have already started this; for I have been able to get a most valuable worker in our Bro. Anant Narayana Sastry, who has retired from business and placed his services at my disposal. My plan is this. Important Lodges should be visited by our new type of Lodge helper, who must station himself at a selected Lodge, not for two or three days, as our Branch Inspectors do, but for fifteen or twenty days, or even longer, till things are satisfactory. Not only must our Lodge helper conduct study classes and give lectures, but must do other things also: put the Lodge buildings in order; build up a library; start suitable activities; put the Lodge sufficiently in touch with the central office at Adyar, and enable it to live and not merely exist. Our first experiment is hopeful; Brother Sastry has been to Trichinopoly for five weeks and done good and useful work. If you, gentlemen, in various places will write to me,

he is available. Do not forget, however, that Mr. Sastry is one, and that there are 207 Lodges. I will be quite frank and tell you that I do not propose to help Lodges who have no good record of work to show. Another factor which must be considered is the importance of the place apart from the condition of the Lodge, and my main reason for giving the first chance to Trichy is not because Trichy is the most active Lodge, but that in this Presidency Trichy is an important centre of educational and other activities. To consolidate this we want at least two more helpers, and I shall be glad to hear from those who are eager to help and willing to sacrifice.

This is my first plan, let me give you the second.

2. Taking all things into consideration, I have come to the conclusion that the districts should be attended to first, and not village or town work. Your Convention office helps the officials of the Lodges in their work; and our Branch Inspectors and our new Lodge helpers—at present only Mr. Sastry—will do what they can for individual Lodges. Under my second plan I want 28 workers who will undertake to do certain work in their respective districts. Dividing South India according to languages, I find that we have to deal with 96 Tamil Lodges, 60 Telugu, 26 Canarese, and 25 Malayalam. In each of these linguistic divisions I want four main activities carried on: (1) Theosophical propaganda. (2) Educational work. (3) Social Reform and Social Service; and (4) work for and among women.[1] For Tamil we want three workers in each department, for Telugu two, for Canarese one, for Malayalam one. Thus we want 12 Tamil, 8 Telugu, 4 Canarese, and 4 Malayalam workers. Each of these 28 workers will have in charge 25 to 30 Lodges, and he will have to be responsible for one or other of the four activities for those Lodges. I want these 28 workers to feel the responsibility, for they have to undertake to report to our office every month the progress of their respective pieces of work. I need not go into details here, but I shall explain to the first 28 Brothers who offer

[1] I have not included political work and the work of the Order of the Star in the East, as both these have their separate organisations, and those of our members who are inclined to take up either line of activity can do so through the Home Rule League or the Star Organisation.

themselves what is expected of them and how the work is to be done. I have planned to make their activities known to all our members, as also part of it to the public at large.

That, in short, Brothers, is what I have to report of the past and to plan for the future. I have in mind various important schemes for the furtherance of our work in South India, and I hope to put them into working order during the coming year. I feel that the South Indian Convention is growing in strength, and if I can do anything for your Lodges and Conferences and Federations, I shall be most happy to do so. We are launching out in a new direction this year, but I am hopeful of results. We are living in times of trial, when individuals and not only nations are being tested, and however humble we may be as Theosophists, we have realised that each one of us has to play our part in the great Līla of Ishvara. How the beholding Ḍevas and Ṛṣhis will pronounce on our acting and singing, is a factor of value to us who believe in Their existence and Their work, and my closing prayer is that we may not be found wanting when the curtain drops. Let us remember that the Great Ones are watching us, and ours is the task to respond to Them.

B. P. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE WAR AND THE PROPHETS

With reference to the article by Mercurial with the above title in your issue for October, permit me to call attention to the remarkable prophecies contained in Lady Paget's *Colloquies with an Unseen Friend*, written at the time of the Russo-Japanese war. Here are some extracts:

p. 121. France is doomed. Italy is most uncertain now, I fear that many things are drawing nigh her even sooner than I expected—a change.

p. 166. The German power is not friendly, it breathes war.

p. 208. In another hundred years there will be the Commission of Powers to keep peace which I spoke of. Before that there will be another great war—when, I know not, but I see the storm-clouds closing round in Eastern Europe. . . . England may possibly keep out of the new trouble, as she is so overrun with questions to solve regarding her own Dominions. The danger is in a little complication. Big wars always come from tiny, insignificant incidents, like the end of a match, that set fire to European politics.

p. 209. There is a black cloud near at hand for England, and it is threatening, and I am very anxious, and can give no good hopes.

p. 224. There is a new development coming that has to do with Austria, and I do not think is very pleasant for the other nations. When the harvest is gathered in, fresh movements will take place in the Balkans, and once the fire is lighted, who knows where it will stop?

On page 94 there is an unconscious prophecy of the Advent of the Coming "Lord of all that is". On page 226 there is a description of the terrible figure of Antichrist, and a hint that the machinations of the Dark Powers were even then gathering strength.

H. L. S. WILKINSON

BOOK-LORE

Stray Birds, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

In this volume, Sir Rabindranath has set down some of the thoughts that come to him, like stray birds, leaving their footprints in his words, in the hush of the morning, the calm of twilight, or the splendour of midday. It is not impossible that, in the thought-world, the beautiful ideas he has given us have really come in the form of little thought-songsters, who have whispered to him the wisdom they have gathered where they dwell, and so given it to the world. But only to a silent communer with nature could it have been possible to reveal those secrets. In but a few words a great thought is born, and it is left to the reader to ponder over it, to catch the hidden meaning that lies beyond the words and lifts him up to the land of the thought-birds, where he can learn more and more of the life that underlies the form.

"His own mornings are new surprises to God": in this brief sentence, cannot the Theosophist discern the lesson of the wonderful "Power which maketh all things new," that transforms the commonplace into the wonderful, that once and for ever commands the Giant Monotony to leave our world? The unchanging laws of nature, their almost irritating regularity—night succeeding day, day following night, the yearly course of the sun through the heavens—all this endless repetition is transformed for us when we find that to God each event is a new surprise. It is only we poor mortals who have not yet learned the secret of that Power.

"Every child comes with the message that God is not yet discouraged of man," tells us the secret of the Eternal Hope that ever inspires the Creator and pulsates through His

creation. "We live in this world when we love it," is the true cry of the lover of nature to whom:

> The world puts off its mask of vastness to its lover.
> It becomes small as one song, as one kiss of the eternal—

to whom the infinitely great is revealed in the infinitely small.

And we might go on quoting indefinitely from this beautiful book, which will be welcome to all who are touched with the wand of mysticism, which the writer waves so exquisitely.

We can only recommend this book to all Theosophists—not as a consecutive piece of work, but rather as a garland of beautiful thoughts strung together by a Master-Gardener and offered at the feet of the greatest of all Gardeners. "Let this be my last word, that I trust in thy love."

T. L. C.

The Credo of Christendom, by Anna (Bonus) Kingsford, M. D. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 4s. 6d.)

The seven Lectures comprised under the above title were delivered in 1884, but have not hitherto been published in book form, so that they come with all the fresh interest of a posthumous work from one who "being dead, yet speaketh". As the choicest objects of art are often found thrown aside amongst lumber, so many of the brightest gems of Christian mystic thought are to be found in old numbers of *Lucifer*, *Light*, or *The Path*, and the editor of this book, Mr. S. Hopgood Hart, will be thanked by many for rescuing these most lucid though abbreviated expositions of the Creed, and many other short but interesting contributions, from the oblivion of a weekly journal of thirty years ago, and presenting them in the permanent and dignified form of the present volume.

It is not by chance that they are brought to light and circulation just now. It is stated that "their publication was postponed as they were then in advance of people, but would not be so for very long, as people were themselves advancing". This is indeed the psychological moment for propounding the spiritual and subjective interpretation of the "*Credo*" in terms of the *Within* and the *Now*, and for the exposition "on an interior and mystical plane of the dogmas of the Christian

Faith, shewing that a right belief in them is necessary to salvation, and that only by realising in the acts of the soul the acts of the Christ can theology be made an applied science and a means of grace".

Christianity is just now in dry dock for repairs; it, with so many other things, is in course of reconstruction through the agency of the War, and unless it receives a fresh influx of life, understanding and application, it will be swept away with other out-of-date organisations. This book will be a most valuable addition to the literature of those who are working through the Old Catholic Church for the regeneration of the Christian religion, for it is an illuminating and original compendium of interpretations of Christian and Hermetic beliefs, written in classic style and lit up by the beauty of thought and poetic expression which give such distinction to all Mrs. Kingsford's work. She was a Protestant by birth and training, but a Roman Catholic by temperament and choice; and the resultant was a true pioneer of that Old Catholic Order whose destiny it may be to transmute into itself the finer gold of both forms of Christianity and carry it forward purified into the new civilisation.

As the prophetess of the Day of the Woman as human being, Intuition and soul, she holds a unique place in Western religious literature; and in these lectures and articles the truths concerned with the Divine Feminine are clearly enunciated, especially in connection with the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception and the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. When writing of these she says:

> It is the recognition of the dual character of Nature, and of the spiritual womanhood as the complement and crown of the spiritual manhood, that constitutes the best wisdom and supreme glory of the Catholic Church, and explains her uncompromising hostility to the Order of Freemasonry.

There is some striking and new idea to be found in every page of the work of this most gifted seeress, whom the Masters called "the greatest natural mystic of the present day, and countless ages in advance of the great majority of mankind". Consequently there is little doubt that Theosophists with special Christian affinities, and those who study along the line of comparative religion, will hasten to become possessors of this new publication, though we recognise that it is not a book calculated to appeal to a very wide public. It will be most

valued by those who have already been helped by *The Perfect Way* and *Clothed with the Sun*, and it will be for them to spread broadcast in a more popular form the fruitful seeds of understanding now put into their hands.

M. E. C.

Hindu Mind Training, by An Anglo-Saxon Mother. With an Introduction by S. M. Mitra. (Longmans, Green & Co., London. Price 10s. 6d.)

The title of this book, to say nothing of its price and bulk, leads one to expect a great deal. This expectation is considerably enhanced by a lengthy Introduction in which Mr. S. M. Mitra, under whom the author has been studying, states his claims for the ancient Hindu method of teaching, as compared with the modern western method. These claims practically amount to this: that the Hindu method of taking a traditional story and putting questions regarding the motives, etc., of the characters in the story, stimulates the higher faculties of the mind and produces a more balanced attitude to life in general. Students of Patanjali and other masters of eastern psychology might well be tempted to remark that good wine needs no bush; but as the western public has still the vaguest notions of India's intellectual attainments, we heartily support Mr. Mitra's efforts to apply the principles of that more introspective system to western education. Accordingly we took up his pupil's exposition with more than usual interest and sympathy.

It is therefore with all the greater reluctance that we have to confess to a certain sense of disappointment. No fault can be found with the choice of stories, which are varied and diverting; some of them, like Yama and Savitri, and Nala and Damayanti, have already been popularised among western pilgrims of eastern culture; they are simply told and adequately explained. But in the first place the narrative is continually interrupted by a form of catechism which purports to bring out the lessons, both ethical and practical, that the stories seem to the writer to convey; and in the second place the quality of this catechism is very unequal and chaotic. For instance some of the questions touch on cardinal laws of

nature, like karma and reincarnation, while others—in fact the majority—are trivial, and concerned with matters of personal temperament in domestic relations.

It is of course only to be expected that the answers given by different people (they seem to be mostly American married women) to the same question should vary considerably and present opposite points of view, but we regret the absence of a systematic attempt to examine, arrange, or synthesise these answers with a view to arriving at some definite conclusions. In some cases the answers merely evade the questions, probably on account of their frequent irrelevancy and lack of appeal to western mentality, for example (to quote from memory): "Q. Is this story true to life? A. It is so full of the supernatural element that it cannot be related to life." Many of the questions are vague and crude, such as: "What is the nature of the feeling inspired by a lovely face?" and it is not surprising that the general level of answers is that of the Sunday school.

Altogether the book seems to have missed the mark. Indian legends are delightful in themselves, and are often based on a knowledge of occult laws of nature; we also gather that the much advertised manuals on how to be happy though good, etc., have a ready sale; but these two branches of literature do not make a satisfactory sandwich. We hope that the western public will not judge the Ṛṣhis of India by the standard of this experiment, interesting as it is in many ways, especially in its constant reference to western books on psychology. However, we are not afraid that the Ṛṣhis will "turn in their graves," for we regard them as at present actively interested in such efforts to broaden education; but we humbly suggest that the author and her teacher might do well to carry their useful line of work a step farther, and inculcate their method in a more methodical form.

W. D. S. B.

Jataka Tales, selected and edited with Introduction and Notes, by H. T. Francis, M.A., and E. J. Thomas, M.A. (Cambridge University Press, London. Price 7s. 6d.)

Lovers of folk-lore will welcome this selection of Jataka stories. It contains many delightful tales of the quaint and curious doings of kings and beggars and gods, of wise animals and foolish men, of spirits and bogeys, and finally of the "Bodhisatta" himself, who is the central figure of every tale.

For the benefit of those who know only vaguely that the Jataka is a collection of Buddhist birth-stories, we quote the following paragraph from the Introduction by C. J. Thomas:

> The Jataka, as we possess it, occurs in the second of the three great divisions of the Pali Buddhist Scriptures. . . . It consists of 547 jatakas, each containing an account of the life of Gotama Buddha during some incarnation in one of his previous existences as a Bodhisatta, or Being destined to enlightenment, before he became Buddha, the Enlightened One. This number does not correspond to exactly 547 stories, because some of the tales occur more than once in a different setting or in a variant version, and occasionally several stories are included in one birth. Each separate story is embedded in a framework, which forms the Story of the Present. This is generally an account of some incident in the life of the historic Buddha, such as an act of disobedience or folly among the brethren of the Order, the discussion of a question of ethics, or an instance of eminent virtue. Buddha then tells a Story of the Past, an event in one of his previous existences which explains the present incident as a repetition of the former one, or as a parallel case, and shews the moral consequences.

Mr. Thomas points out that according to the latest discoveries of research, these stories are older than Buddhism and of Brahmin origin. The Buddhists adopted them, identified the hero of each with their great Teacher, and in some cases altered them slightly to fit this character. He gives the main reasons for this pronouncement, and acquaints the reader with the chief aspects of learned opinion on the subject. The translation adopted is based upon that edited by Prof. E. B. Cowell.

The Notes which the editors have appended to each story are full of valuable information for anyone who wishes to make a study of comparative folk-lore. In these the history of each tale is indicated, or its relation with similar stories of a later date is pointed out.

A. DE L.

The Great Adventure, by L.P. Jewell. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

In this little character study one gains a delightful glimpse into the life of one of those happy souls who find joy in all life, which to her included the passing on to a fuller life, or "the great adventure". She arranged her life around a consistently happy mood, and disarranged any show of a funeral ceremony for herself when her time came to "take the journey". She refused to regard death as a time for gloom and sorrow, and on such occasions declared: "Why should I wear black? I don't advertise by my style of dress any other sort of event in my private life. Why should I this one? If it is religious to think death dreadful, what's the use of religion? Or don't you truly believe what religion teaches?"

One so rarely encounters such splendid and unique optimism that even to read of it influences one to catch the spirit and weave it into life, for one's own sake as well as for the benefit of the entire environment. The book is cheerful, witty and inspiring.

G. G.

Personality; Its Cultivation and Power, and How to Attain, by Lily L. Allen. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 3s.)

This book is quite worth reading, after one grasps the author's definition or use of the term "personality"; but to read that "without purity there can be no Personality," that "Right Belief" and "Determination" are the two first principles of Personality, and that "The way to Personality is a way of Self-discipline and strenuous mental effort," is disconcerting. Throughout the text this word "personality" has been used as the average reader would use "character," or as the Theosophical student might use the word "individuality," in the sense of the soul or causal body, which is built up and expanded as one adds good qualities to it, life after life; though the definition of personality usually implies that which man as a soul expresses of himself through his mental, astral and physical bodies in one life cycle or incarnation. It is all the more surprising to find this use of the word

when one notes the author's references to reincarnation and other laws that are so familiar in Theosophical literature.

There are many useful points emphasised regarding the value of thought, but one is surprised to find (on page 121) the practice recommended of laying mental hands upon another, when it is quite obvious that vulgar curiosity as such must be detrimental, from the author's point of view, to the building of Personality.

E. R. B.

Mazzini's Foreshadowings of the Coming Faith, by E. A. Venturi. (The Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 6d.)

The series of quotations here given from the writings of Mazzini, welded into a whole by the comments of Mme. Venturi, give a very clear idea of the great patriot's conception of the inner meaning and spirit of the age which he felt was coming to birth, as contrasted with the age which, having long passed its zenith, was about to die. Mr. E. F. Richards in his Introduction remarks that it is pre-eminently as a religious teacher that Mazzini will be remembered by posterity, and certainly to Theosophists that aspect of his many-sided intellect will appeal most strongly, which formulated the conception of a new faith so strikingly like that which is gradually being built up in their own thought.

Mme. Venturi says:

> He believes that we are entering upon a new epoch, now only at its dawn, and that the unknown quantity it is destined to disengage is *Collective Humanity*; and by the light shed by the recognition of this new Synthesis he believes we shall be enabled to realise and reduce to practice the unknown quantity disengaged by the epoch now passed away—*Individual Man.*

The reasons for his belief, and the elaboration of the characteristics of the faith which will be the heart of the new age, should be of the greatest interest to all who are working to spread the idea of the dawning of a new era with a new type of civilisation and a new faith.

A. DE L.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

MR. GANDHI ON THE "SATYAGRAHASHRAMA"

Now that the attention of Theosophists is being drawn to the revival of the religious community as a means of spreading definite ideals of life, it may be of some interest to glance at Mr. Gandhi's account of his new organisation, which appeared in the February number of *The Indian Review*.

This scheme is the practical outcome of Mr. Gandhi's conviction that the building of character is the first essential to the real greatness of a nation, and that true national service must spring from a recognition of the fundamental truths of religion. With this aim in view the rules that have been drawn up for observance in this *Ashrama* include the following *Yamas* or vows. First there is the "vow of Truth," which covers, not merely honesty in the popular application of the word, but also consistency in thought, speech and action—even at the risk of disagreement with others, though, as is pointed out, this need not and should not be unkindly or really discourteous. "We must," he says, "say 'No' when we mean 'No,' regardless of consequences."

The second vow is that of *Ahimsa*, which literally means "non-killing," but which "really means that you may not harbour an uncharitable thought, even in connection with one who may consider himself to be your enemy". It will be noticed that it is taken for granted that the Ahimsaist will not be the one to regard another as his enemy. This doctrine is not one of acquiescence in wrong-doing but of wishing no harm to the wrong-doer. It is admitted to be an ideal which will necessarily take some time to put into practice, but the difficulties in the way must sooner or later be faced, and it looks as if a serious attempt is now to be made.

> But it is not a proposition in geometry to be learnt by heart; it is not even like solving difficult problems in higher mathematics; it is infinitely more difficult than solving those problems. Many of you have burnt the midnight oil in solving those problems. If you want to follow out this doctrine, you will have to do much more than burn the midnight oil. You will have to pass many a sleepless night, and go through many a mental torture and agony before you can reach, before you can even be within measurable distance of this goal. It is the goal, and nothing less than that, you and I have to reach if we want to understand what a religious life means. I will

not say much more on this doctrine than this : that a man who believes in the efficacy of this doctrine finds in the ultimate stage, when he is about to reach the goal, the whole world at his feet—not that he wants the whole world at his feet, but it must be so.

The third vow is that of celibacy, which requires no comment, and the fourth—"control of palate". At first the latter seems to suggest a rigid asceticism of the dry bread and water order, but after reading on we discover to our relief that it involves little more than a reduction in the number of Brahmana kitchens ! The fifth vow has the quaint title of "non-thieving," but is not quite as simple as it looks, for the possession of any unnecessary article is thereby regarded as theft.

Other vows are those of "swadeshi," which extends even to training the village barber instead of patronising the town expert, "fearlessness," and "regarding 'untouchables,'" which latter of course means that there have no longer to be any "untouchables". Another matter on which great stress is laid is the acquirement by the educated classes of a knowledge of as many vernacular languages as possible, in order that the masses may be educated in their mother tongues, through which alone they can express themselves freely. The encouragement of manual work, such as hand weaving, is to form a healthy antidote to the false hankering after "learned" professions and mere clerical advancement.

When these foundations of a reliable character have been laid, it will be time enough for the members of the community to take up national service or enter the political field. The great mistake at present, says Mr. Gandhi, lies in the spasmodic way in which politics are taken up by students and then laid aside in after life for a monotonous means of livelihood.

Certainly if high ideals are enough to ensure the success of a religious community, a great future opens up before this genuine enterprise. But after all even institutions are only what men make them; so let us hope that the right men will come forward and shew themselves worthy of the occasion.

W. D. S. B.
