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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE Watch-Tower is being transplanted to Europe while these lines are passing through the press, and will be fixed in London for a short time, whence the outlook will be taken. There is so much work going on just now in India, that it is a little difficult to go away, but as all work has but the one Worker behind it, it does not really specially need any particular person for the mere outer execution. We are all inclined to think too much of our own importance in the work, and transplanting is as good for us as for seedlings.

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Conferences, here in India, are the order of the day, and April has had three of them, so far as I am personally concerned. And here is a telegram from a fourth, in distant Sindh, where our General Secretary is presiding, bringing loving greetings. An interesting point, in this relation, is the growing inclination of the workers on different lines of national reform to draw together, and while each department—Theosophical, social, political—remains entirely autonomous, the

workers seek a friendly co-operation, so that the separate activities may serve the common end of India's progress. And that is natural, since many of the leading workers in the political and social fields are also earnest Theosophists, inspired by the oft-expressed wish of the Masters that India should rise to her rightful place among the nations, and be respected and honoured by all.

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It will be remembered that the National Congress was born in Madras at the time of the T. S. Convention there, and that its preliminary Committee included leading Theosophists, men like the then Mr. S. Subramania Iyer and Mr. Norendranath Sen, to say nothing of Mr. Hume himself, whose love for India drew on him the attention of the Masters, and the correspondence he valued so highly. Colonel Olcott was ever an inspirer of efforts for Social Reform, and did much in that for the sake of India's progress, justifying every member of the T. S. in working energetically for all good causes, while bidding them not entangle the T. S. "as such" in outside activities. That is our distinctive note: complete neutrality as a Society, so that workers of every type may come within our borders and find spiritual inspiration, and earnest self-sacrificing work as individuals, choosing the lines of service which, to us, best subserve the ideal of Brotherhood. It is good to read of "the number of men and women" who are members of the T. S., and who "are in the forefront of the social movements of the day". And it is also good to know that some of our members are working conscientiously on opposing lines, as in Woman Suffrage, for we have prominent Suffragettes

among our Fellows, who have suffered in prison—as Mrs. Despard, Miss Annie Kenney and Dr. Alice Ker—while we have also others who absolutely dislike the idea that women should vote at all. And the common membership on the spiritual basis is good for all of us.

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Religion owes much to Sir Oliver Lodge in these days. He has been lecturing on the Unseen Universe, and asserting that we have other channels of communication with the universe than our bodies and our senses. "We have minds; we have spirits." "We belong also to a higher, super-sensuous, unseen universe, with which we are more akin, after all, than the other." Sir Oliver has seen a possibility that all students of yoga know as a fact:

> Nearly all the important things are done in that way automatically. The object of training is to make actions automatic so that we may liberate our consciousness to do new things. The more cultivated a man, I presume, the more things can go on automatically without his conscious attention. I think that is what happens in cases of genius. The person goes into a brown study. His conscious mind is relieved from the conscious things of life, and his brain is able to get in contact with a higher order of things than ordinarily appeals to the senses. His senses are lulled to sleep, and he gets what is called an inspiration.

It is profoundly interesting to see how science is climbing upwards to the facts discovered by the different method of yoga.

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A woman, cursed with a sense of logic, caustically remarks in a letter from England: "Public interest this week is divided between the cutting of the Rokeby Venus and the signing of the Ulster Covenant. The absurdity of inveighing against the militant Suffragettes and swearing to support the militant Ulsteriacs, all in

the same breath, does not appear to strike the average man." The average man would probably reply to my "fair correspondent," that it is very unfeminine to be logical.

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Our first Lodge in Greece itself—there was once one in the Ionian Isles—has been formed in Athens, and has taken the name 'Hermes'. Its organisation is due to the energy and devotion of Mlle. Nina de Gernet, who unites an indomitable zeal to an ailing body—a body sorely exhausted by noble work as a nurse in the Russo-Japanese War.

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A rather curious book has been sent to me, entitled, *Der grosse Advent*; it was published in 1866 by the 'Neu Theosophischer Verlag,' and the mystical society which published it is, I am informed, still in existence. It is stated therein that the Christ will incarnate in 1920—an interesting forecast.

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Miss Ware writes of the laying of the foundation-stone of the new T.S. buildings in Adelaide, South Australia. Our older readers will remember the name of Mr. Knox, the solicitor whose steady perseverance and devotion created and sustained the Adelaide Lodge. It is very pleasant to hear that the grateful love of those who have profited by his labours has given his name to the building. Miss Ware says:

> Yesterday, February 23rd, at 4-30, P.M. the foundation-stone of our new T.S. premises was laid in King Wm. Street by Mrs. Knox. A service was held in our present T. S. rooms; then we all walked round to witness the ceremony at the new building. There Mr. Olifent, our President, read a beautiful dedicatory address. The stone has an inscription to the memory of Mr. Knox; the building and Hall will also bear

his name. There was a good attendance at the ceremony. Gifts of money were placed on the stone, to the amount of £42, with promises of more to follow. Later we returned to our T.S. rooms for tea. The weather was perfect throughout the function.

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We printed last month a corrected edition of Sidney Lamier's 'Ballad of Trees and the Master'. An American member sends me another poem of his, written in 1867, entitled 'Barnacles'; it has something of the same quaint old-world touch:

My soul is sailing through the sea,
But the Past is heavy and hindereth me,
The Past hath crusted cumbrous shells
That hold the flesh of cold sea-smells
About my soul.
The huge waves wash, the high waves roll,
Each barnacle clingeth and worketh dole
And hindereth me from sailing!

Old Past let go, and drop i' the sea
Till fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living but thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
The Day to find.
Thy shells unbind! Night comes behind,
I needs must hurry with the wind
And trim me best for sailing.

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Federation of Lodges is spreading in the United States as in India. Mr. Unger, the head of the Northern Division, has federated the Lodges in his charge into 'The Great Lakes' Federation,' and it will hold its Conference in the summer. Five of the Divisions are holding Summer Conferences, arranging them so that the General Secretary shall visit each in turn. The plan is an admirable one, and is sure to bring about greater solidarity and effectiveness.

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Once more at the 'Gate of India,' the splendid city of Bombay, with its wide roads and avenues of over-arching trees, and its strenuous capable population. An arrival at Bombay Station is always a thing to be remembered, the friendly faces, the wealth of flowers, the number of ladies—for Hinḍū Bombay has largely thrown off the purda, and the Pārsīs never had it, apparently. From the station to Mr. Narottam M. Goculdas's beautiful house, with its lovely view of sea and over-arching sky—to Narottamji himself, looking no whit the worse for the storm that has been raging round him for his 'crime' in going abroad. His quiet steadfastness in the right to travel, joined with his sincere Hinḍūism, have struck the right note, the note of dignified adherence to essentials and liberal indifference to non-essentials. He has taken from the West what the West has to give of useful and pleasant, but has used it to enrich his Indian life not to anglicise it.

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The Gaiety Theatre was crowded for a lecture on 'National Education,' Mr. Jehangir Sorabji, the late General Secretary of the Indian Section in the chair. Two valuable gifts to the Adyar Library were a pleasant preliminary to the lecture, one from a Brāhmaṇa, the other from a Pārsī. Bombay Theosophists had two other meetings, one for E. S. students and one for the Lodges—the latter being held in the Shrī Kṛṣhṇa Lodge, of which my host is President. Mr. P. K. Telang and Paṇḍiṭ Iqbal Narain Gurtu came down from Benares to talk over the educational work there, and gave a good report on the Boys' School, which is doing excellently well. The Girls' School is less satisfactory, for want of accommodation and for want of the lower classes. It

seems impracticable to have only the higher classes, as the girls in Benares who wish for higher education are but few, while many seek the elementary stages. There is talk of the old C. H. C. School being moved into the town, and, if that be done, we may open the lower classes, if we can raise money sufficient for building and upkeep.

We propose to increase the number of boarders, as we have fortunately found a Hinḍū widow who can take charge of the girls—an absolutely necessary condition, if the girls confided to us are to be brought up in the gracious Hinḍū ways and to pass out of the school into happy Hinḍū homes through the gate of marriage. More harm than good would be done at present by education if it brought up girls in a way which rendered them unfit to be the "Goddess of the home". Well-meaning foreigners quite unconsciously do a large amount of mischief by leading Hinḍū girls into ways which, harmless in themselves and natural in the West, are alien to India and repellent to the cultured English-educated and the old-fashioned Indian alike.

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In a few hours I step on board the good steamer *Mantua*, and say good-bye for a short time to India, "the Motherland of my Master," sacred and beloved. Then, for a space, to dwell among the many dear and loving friends whom good karma has linked me with under other skies and among other scenes. How good it is to know that, in all lands, we who are the servants of the Holy Ones form but one family, whatever may be our outer differences of birth and colour—fair augury of that happier day for earth when brotherhood shall transcend all differences, and when mutual love and

mutual respect shall bind into unity the many varying types of the children of men.

An interesting article, showing the trend of the times, appears in the *Contemporary Review* for April. Mysticism has undoubtedly "arrived" in the West. In the East it has always held a prominent place as Mr. Udny points out in 'Dante's Mysticism'.

Mr. Udny attributes, as the mainspring of Dante's activities, "a conviction of human nature's capacity to attain Divine illumination through self-mastery and self-devotion". Now that the poets are being read with a discerning eye, some of the true purport of their message may be at last unveiled.

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There has lately been published *The Life and Letters of Lady Hester Stanhope.* So little is definitely known of her life that this book will be very welcome. Up to the present, she has been a name rather than a reality. The London *Observer* comments thus:

> A strange woman she assuredly was: Mr. Thomson, who conducted her funeral service, was justified in describing her as "wholly and magnificently unique." She was the great Pitt's niece; she became "Queen of Palmyra"; and she spent the last years of her life on a hill-top in the Lebanon, studying the stars, waiting for the coming of the new Messiah, the beautiful boy without a father, whose coming should be heralded by a woman from a far country.

This last sentence is very significant. The words speak for themselves, and are especially interesting at the present time.

THE BUILDING OF THE INDIVIDUAL

By ANNIE BESANT P. T. S.

(*Continued from* p. 17)

THE Supreme Self, manifesting as the Lord of a Universe, as the Ishvara of the Hiṇḍū, the Allah of the Muslim, the God of the Christian, the Logos of the Theosophist, manifests Himself in a Universe in three primary aspects of consciousness—Power, Wisdom, Activity, all-pervading and ever-present. These are the three aspects which, looked at separately, as seen from below, have given rise to the Trinities found in ancient and modern faiths, though no more separate in the supreme Unit of Consciousness, the Universe-Consciousness, than in the human Unit of Consciousness which we call Man. They are aspects, attributes, faces, persons (*persona*= a

mask) of the ever-indivisible One, of the Supreme Self in His relation to a Universe, as seen from the standpoint of the limited consciousnesses in that Universe. Verily have these aspects 'masked' the Unity, the 'persons' in the Trinity, having become well-nigh separate entities, arithmetical conundrums, taking the place of the Saguṇa Brahman, the 'Brahman-with-attributes,' or the manifested God. Hence the difficulties of the Athanasian Creed, due to a complete misunderstanding of the truth underlying the phrases, the original meaning of the word 'Person' having changed from a mask, veiling a Reality by an attribute, to an entity, a limited being.

Controversy has also arisen, due to the paucity of English metaphysical language, connoting a corresponding indistinctness of ideas, round the word 'God'. It is forgotten that any manifestation of the ETERNAL in a temporary phenomenal Universe can only be partial, and that the use of the same word for the Eternal Universal Reality and the partial manifestation of that Reality in any phenomenal Universe—our present Universe or any other in the ranges of everlasting Time and unlimited Space—must lead to confusion. Hinḍūism has avoided this by confining the term 'Brahman' to universal essential Being—bare Being, or Be-ness, the essence of Being, as H. P. Blavatsky preferred to say—whether manifested or unmanifested, distinguishing these by prefixing an epithet only. Unmanifested Being, abstract Being, the Absolute of western metaphysics, out of all relation, out of Space and Time, is 'Nirguṇa Brahman,' 'Brahman-without-attributes,' and of THAT there is naught to say, save the acknowledgment: "THAT IS." The same essential Being manifested

—there is but the One, without a second—is 'Saguṇa Brahman,' 'Brahman-with-attributes'. This is the Supreme Self, God, Allah, Supreme LOGOS, of whom every Universe, past, present, and to come, is a partial and passing manifestation: "I established this Universe with a *fragment of Myself*, and I remain," it is written. "Myself," "I," is 'Brahman-with-attributes'.

The attributes of Brahman are, as said, three: Sacchiḍānanḍa, Saṭ, Existence; Chiṭ, Consciousness; Ānanḍa, Bliss. This is the universal statement of the nature of Universal Being, as seen from the view-point of human consciousness—God in relation to any Universe, *i.e.*, in relation to any manifestation, so far as human consciousness, in its highest stage of achievement on our earth, can cognise the Reality. For this, this Saguṇa Brahman, as for the Absolute, there is no name but 'God,' for the Christian; 'Allah,' for the Muslim. The Theosophist uses the term Supreme SELF, or Supreme 'LOGOS'.

The "fragment of Myself," who establishes a Universe, is never named Brahman by the Hinḍū, but Ishvara, 'the Lord'; although of the nature of Brahman, not another, He is but a portion of the One, and hence with the three attributes of the One, as a cupful of water has the attributes of water. For the Christian, again, there is no name but 'God' for this "fragment of Myself," God in relation (to a Universe), and therefore not the Absolute; and the confusion between God as the Absolute, out of relation, God in manifestation and therefore in potential relation, and, God as the Father of Spirits, in actual relation to a particular Universe, gives rise to the inextricable atheist-creating tangles of such books as Dean Mansel's

on the nature of God. The solution of the difficulty is in the conceptions of the Brahman-with-attributes and His partial manifestation in and to a Universe, the partial, the fragment, showing the inner triplicity of the whole. For the Muslim, equally, the one name of Allah has to serve for the Absolute and for niversal and the partial manifestations, and popular Islām feels no difficulty, merely asserting the Unity, while the keen intellects of the great doctors of Islām faced and mastered the metaphysical difficulties in a way identical with the Hinḍū Veḍānṭa. The Theosophist, wholly at one with these, uses the term 'Supreme LOGOS' to connote the universal Brahman-with-attributes, and a qualifying adjective or descriptive phrase, 'Logos of a Universe,' 'of a system,' etc., to distinguish the "fragment of Myself".

We have seen that the Brahman-with-attributes is qualified as Existence-Consciousness-Bliss, the widest terms that human wit has so far found. When a Universe is established by Him with a fragment of Himself the universal becomes limited as regards that fragment —though "I remain," transcendent—the fragment of the universal Being becoming the all-pervading life of the Universe thus brought into manifestation from the inexhaustible Source, Brahman. So might a fragment of human consciousness embody itself temporarily in a song. This limitation affects the form under which each attribute is seen. *Bliss* expresses itself in relation to a Universe as universal Power, for this alone gives full security, impregnable peace, absence of all that can disturb. *Consciousness* expresses itself in this relation as Wisdom, a dual quality: Awareness or Knowledge, which is Consciousness outward-turned, cognising the Not-Self, and Love, which is Consciousness inward-turned,

cognising the Self as one in numberless forms, and therefore attracting each to each and all to their source. *Existence* expresses itself in this relation as Activity, *i.e.*, Creativeness, the acting outwards, emanating the without, embodying itself by continued self-limitations in endless forms. At once we recognise the characteristics of the 'Persons' in the Lord of a Universe: the First Person is ever characterised by Power, as the Shiva of the Hinḍū Trinity, the 'Father' of the Christian; the Second by Wisdom, the Viṣhṇu, or the Son; the Third by Activity, the creator Brahmā, or the creative Spirit, floating on, or moving upon the face of, the waters.

"The waters" are the symbol, in all religions, of the matter of space, the omnipresent ākāsha, or ether of space. This the Lord of a Universe affects in His third, or creative, aspect. The Theosophist speaks of this either as the 'third aspect of the LOGOS,' or as 'the third LOGOS'; the first is the more accurate, the second the more popularly understood because the more anthropomorphic, and as paralleling the Holy Spirit of the Christian and the Brahmā of the Hinḍū. Whichever is the more easily grasped by those addressed is the better epithet to use. In the omnipresent ether all Universes are floating, as fishes in a sea, and from this vast ocean of ether the Lord of a Universe draws His material, adapting it to His purposes.[1] All that we here need to note is that the three qualities of the Lord have as correspondences three qualities in matter, each connected with each: Power is answered by ṭamas, stability, or inertia; Wisdom by saṭṭva, rhythm, or vibration; Activity by rajas, mobility.

[1] The process is described in the Appendix on the Aether of Space in *Occult Chemistry*, and in Mr. Leadbeater's *Textbook of Theosophy*.

From these wider horizons, we turn to human consciousness, and we at once see the meaning of the ancient phrase that man was made "in the image of God," the human Self as miniature of the divine. Once more the Hinḍū epithet of a fragment recurs : " A portion of Myself, a living self" (Jīvāṭmā). As a Universe is established by a fragment of the ever-existing Brahman, so is each life in that Universe a portion of that fragment ; inevitably, therefore, the constituents are identical.

This "image of God" is said to abide ever in the divine Presence, and to descend but partially into the worlds of evolution as a human 'Spirit' ; this name denotes the Monad, the living Self, when working under and conditioned by narrower limitations than those which surrounded him in his own native world. Bliss, which manifested as Power, becomes Will in the human Spirit ; Power may be said to denote the static, Will the kinetic, condition of the same quality ; Power rests, divinely stable, in unchanging serenity, while Will is a latent preparedness for manifestation ; or Power may be regarded as the sum of the energies of the Monad, and Will as their arrangement into a one-pointed readiness to stimulate Activity. Wisdom appears as Intuition—spiritual Intuition—in the human Spirit, the quality that discriminates between the Real and the unreal, and with inward-directed vision reaches the inner realisation of the identity of the universal and the limited Self—Self-Realisation. Activity is manifested as Intellect, the creative attribute, which, looking outwards, cognises the worlds around it, is the Knower of the Knowable in the Not-Self.

This Spirit is the Individuality, the Self, the true 'I,' and the process of self-conscious individualisation

is human Evolution; this process begins with the junction of the descending Spirit and the upward-climbing life from below; it continues with the unfolding powers of the Intellect, ever intensifying the sense of separateness by memory of the evolutionary past; then, having acquired Knowledge through Intellect, the Spirit blends his third aspect with the second, the Knowledge of the Without with the realisation of the Within, and thus individualises himself in the next higher world as a centre, not, as below, as a circumference, including not excluding, realising himself as Life and transcending forms. Finally, he blends these merged twins into a Unity, individualising himself in the highest human world of Will, liberating himself from the bondage of matter, not by annihilating life but by transcending death, the power of death being broken when his noose of matter has lost the power to bind, matter having become the pure vehicle of Spirit, responding with instant obedience to the slightest indication of its lord. Individualisation, which has proceeded step by step throughout the ages of evolution, is completed, not annihilated, by the final step of the Spirit individualising himself in the self-conscious realisation of himself as Will, and the unifying of the three attributes of Life, of Brahman, in himself. He is now the fully individualised Self who has realised his own Eternity, and rests calmly within his own realised Self-existence, but all limiting sheaths have fallen away, their artificial help to Self-realisation being no longer necessary. His Self-consciousness lives from within, and no longer requires any supporting divisions without. The death of the false individuality, dependent on bodies, is the triumph of the true Individuality, depending on its own inner divine life; "the house eternal in the heavens"

has been builded, and the scaffolding, now useless, has been for ever cast aside.

Perhaps the understanding of this may be rendered easier by tracing the "three great streams of divine life" before alluded to, as it will then be seen that the casting aside by the life of an outgrown limitation does not mean a loss, but an expansion, of consciousness. As the subject is fairly familiar, it will be sufficient, as before said, to outline it briefly.

From the third, the Activity aspect of the Lord of a system, come the atoms of matter which are aggregated into the bodies which form part of the scaffolding for the building of the House of Individuality. These are aggregated together into the complex bodies called chemical elements, and the evolution of these is still proceeding, so that they offer ever-improving materials for the bodies of men. This is one of the upward-welling streams of divine life, providing materials for all bodies, the basis of the material worlds in all their stages of denser or finer matter.

From the second, the Wisdom aspect of the same Lord—the 'second LOGOS'—comes the stream of life which informs with qualities the aggregations of matter—making the Elemental Kingdoms—and then shapes the matter thus formed into bodies, climbing from the elemental to the mineral, from the mineral to the vegetable, from the vegetable to the animal, from animal to the verge of the human, rendering the material ever more ductile, more responsive; these bodies all live and grow within the life of the LOGOS, and are nourished by it, as the mother-life nourishes the embryo within the womb. Within these bodies the life is developing, and one atom—called the permanent atom,

attached to the sheaths of the Spirit in the higher worlds and to the group-soul of the group to which the bodies aggregated round it belong—is the minute but unbreakable link between the true owner and the embryonic LOGOS-nourished life within the bodies. The life is almost wholly that of the Second LOGOS, preparing the bodies, the embryonic passional nature, the embryonic mind, for the coming downrush of the Spirit, pouring himself into the vessel prepared for him. The Spirit broods over the dwelling which is preparing for him; he does not yet tenant it; it is not ready for his abiding.

When the verge of humanity is reached, much progress has been made; a personality, a bundle of qualities has been builded, faint reflection of the Individual, a shadowy outline which will condition his early lives as man. The hour strikes, when the growing life-qualities demand better form for expression, and the upward-climbing life sends out a vague appeal to the over-brooding Spirit, aspiring upwards, and the life of the Spirit flashes downward in answer, the causal body is formed, and "a man is born into the world". Such is the preparation for, the birth into, Individuality.

The new Individual, a savage, identifies himself with his body; that to him is 'I,' and with that is his life bound up: "I am hungry; I am thirsty." Later, as his passions and his emotions dominate him, and he identifies himself with them: "I am happy; I am miserable." Then evolves the life of thought, and he identifies himself with the mind: "I think; I imagine." These three are illusory 'I's, and his consciousness widens and deepens as he drops each as being himself. He is more, not less, alive, when strong emotion

transcends the body, and he is unconscious of its needs. He is more, not less, alive when thought has so uplifted him that he is unconscious of hunger and thirst, of joy and sorrow. Still more does he realise this, if he learns to leave the physical body consciously, and to know the freedom of the astral world, to leave the astral body and know the yet wider liberty of the mental world. Then, by the help of meditation, he slays the 'I's of these three lower worlds, and rises consciously beyond them into higher regions. More life, more life, not less, is his ever-reiterated experience. Onward still he climbs, until intensity of life floods over the barriers of intellectual limitations, and the ever-widening 'I' bounds into the unfettered "liberty of the sons of God," and rejoices in his illimitable freedom. Is more life possible? is fuller security available? One more step he may take rejoicing, to the verge where man passes into Super-man. Where is Individuality? it has the Universe for content. Where is identity? it embraces all. Where is death? it lies drowned in limitless life. Annihilation, void, nothingness? The immortal laughter of a God triumphant rings down the avenues of Time transcended. "If the Eternal, the Self-existent were not, then the transitory and the dependent could not be."

Annie Besant

(*To be continued*)

FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLING PHILOSOPHER[1]

By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

II

Canton

IN most of the temples the soldiers have broken the idols and the people do not seem to consider this a sacrilege. From the point of view of the Church, the Chinese are decidedly irreligious. They are addicted entirely to this world, being practical-minded people, utilitarians and rationalists. The canonical eschatologies are regarded by them either with scepticism or indifference. The general mood is either of the type of Montaigne's "*que sais-je?*" or more frequently that of Confucius, that it is superfluous and harmful to occupy oneself with transcendental problems. Now, that the Chinese are in a deeper sense irreligious is certainly not true, and to this subject I shall return later on in greater detail.

One thing is beyond all doubt, however, namely that for them divine service has nothing to do with religion. What is seen here is nothing but superstition and magic. What surprised me in this country, where public opinion is so free with regard to ecclesiastical matters, is the fact that even the educated classes participate in no small degree in the temple rites and religious observances. I did my best to get behind the meaning of this fact and have thereby brought to light

[1] This is a translation of some chapters very kindly placed at our disposal of a still unpublished work entitled *Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen* which will be published by Mr. T. F. Lehmann in Munich, in the autumn of 1914.

something most curious. To the Chinese the temples seem to mean much the same as, for instance, to us do our advisory boards. The priests are to them mechanics, mere engineers; that is they are the professionals whose duty it is to regulate the intercourse with the world of ghosts.

This idea does not seem superficial to me but profound, though clothed in a grotesque form as, according to our ideas, so often happens in China. To the Indians, also, their 'Gods,' are not transcendental beings in the sense of the Christian God, but natural phenomena, and the rites only exist in order to propitiate this side of Nature. But the Indian has such a religio-ecclesiastical temperament that he involuntarily concedes to his Gods more than is in accordance with his strict presentation of them; for which reason even the cult of Kalī does not essentially differ from a Christian service. Now the Chinese, practical and sober as they are, have drawn all possible conclusions from the given premises; if there be ghosts, and if it be possible to change their unwelcome activities into friendly ones, this must be done by all means, and there must exist institutions and people professionally engaged in this business. This, then, is supposed to be the meaning of the Church.

It is incredible how busy are the mechanics who have to propitiate the devils. China is replete with ghosts to such a degree that the comfort of life suffers seriously from the disturbances which the constant recognition of the devils entails. A man can neither be buried nor marry when he likes, nor where nor whom he chooses; everything depends on things for which we have no standard of judging. Once a missionary, who wished to dissuade a mandarin from his belief in ghosts,

asked him how it was that there were no ghosts in Europe. He received this strange answer: "If nobody believes in ghosts, there are of course none there. Personally," the mandarin continued, "I should be glad if they would depart from China also, but this is hardly probable, as the belief in them is too general to be eradicated very soon." His idea was that the ghosts were objective realities in China because of the people's belief in them; and this seems indeed to be so; whatever might be attributed to the influence of ghosts, such as obsession, being bewitched, and the like, happens oftener in China than anywhere else in the world. What a deep thinker this mandarin was! He was worthy to be ranked with that Indian priest who, on being asked what was the use of prayers to the Gods, as they were but natural phenomena, perishable, and in many respects inferior to man, made the reply: "Prayers are useful in order to strengthen the Gods." He probably meant thereby that in any case, be they objective or merely subjective realities, devout prayers would create a wire of communication, by means of which the idea could re-act on the praying person. Ghosts are real for the reason that people believe in them, and they can literally be killed, or at least be made ineffective, by the cessation of belief in them.

This interpretation is undoubtedly correct, and for my own part I am convinced that psychical realities, which ordinarily exist only for one person, and which owe their being to his thought, can be condensed into objective realities if a sufficient number of people believe sufficiently in them. They would then really correspond to what mythology teaches of its gods and devils. I am well aware that it is still considered heretical to profess

such views, but it will be proven ere long that I am right, since earnest students have of late taken up the investigation of materialisations and kindred subjects.

Summing up, I cannot regard as superficial those traits of character which travellers and residents usually blame in the Chinese. On the contrary, the Chinese have a deeper insight into the nature of things than has, for instance, the modern French Government, whose persecution of Christians can only be stamped as an act of stupidity. Chinese superstition is profounder than modern unbelief, yet there might be drawn from this depth of insight better and more serviceable results than the Chinese have learnt to do.

Peking

How Nature mocks at all illusion! I fancied I had exhausted in my mind every possible type of the literatus, and here I met a man whose existence gives the lie to all my generalisations, a literatus with an ardent soul and of the most ethereal spirituality. In China to-day, as everywhere else, many fantastic persons are busy manufacturing a new world-religion: and here, as everywhere else, it is in most cases not worth while to know these prophets. Being of a scholarly nature and intoxicated by the (supposed) knowledge of the one Spirit which underlies all higher religions, instead of writing harmless text-books on comparative religion, they step forth as reformers.

The man whom I met this afternoon is of a genuine religious nature: in many ways he reminds me of Calvin, only softened by many a Franciscan feature. He sees the main defect of China in the very fact (which is the first to strike every thoughtful traveller) that the spirit has perished in the letter, and his one object is to infuse

new spirit into the letter. The spirit he means is closely allied to the Johannine Christian spirit. But, what is most remarkable indeed, Confucianism is to him the form in which this spirit can best be realised. One must not forget that he is a Chinaman and a highly educated one as well. Did he think otherwise he would not be a true Chinaman. To such a one, neither the looseness of Taoism, nor the excessive meekness of Buḍḍhism can be congenial. With regard to Christianity, my friend was of opinion that its inviolable truths were expressed in a language altogether alien to the Chinese, and the attempt to translate these truths into his language produced Confucianism pure and simple: not perhaps the traditional Confucianism, but such as he understood it. Considering this, he deemed it unnecessary to introduce Christianity.

While listening to him and watching the ever-moving play of his wonderfully refined features, the language of which I could immediately follow, I could not help thinking with shame of the missionaries who dare convert such "heathen". If only they would learn before they teach! True, my friend was not altogether right: the essence of Christianity is not contained in Confucianism. But it is exactly this essence which the Chinese will never grasp, in the same way as no Christian Europeans will ever grasp the essence of Indian religion. We have here biological barriers. Yet these barriers do not narrow one's religious experience. They narrow merely the intellectual field of vision. Thus, a follower of Confucius may be as near divinity and express the divinity within himself as truly as the most enlightened Indians. And he can do this exactly by remaining within the bounds of his own nature.

How beautiful indeed is a typical Chinese head! In it the utmost of expression appears to be attained, and by how much simpler means than in our own case. In order to look strikingly picturesque a European needs to have an imposing air, that is, his features must be rugged, his hair ruffled, and his skull covered with prominent bumps. The Chinaman has, so to speak, outgrown the stage of looking impressive. Here the highest mobility is found condensed in the simplest of curves with relaxed and unrestrained features. However strange it may sound, a good Chinese head, compared with an equally good European one, strikes one as the more classical.

Tokyo

Some of the leaders of Japanese Buḍḍhism happen to be staying at Tokyo. I availed myself of the opportunity to amend and enlarge, as best I could, the views I had gained from the study of their holy writ. One thing is certain; whatever may be the historical relation between the two, Japanese Buḍḍhism, far from being a degenerate product of original Buḍḍhism, represents, in its philosophical as well as its religious aspects, a very much higher stage. According to my personal opinion, Higher Buḍḍhism is the highest religion yet evolved. As to the meaning of its fundamental principles, I am unable to say anything whatever against it, however much of its development in detail may be historically conditioned and antiquated. The teachings of Ashvaghosa stand in the same relation to those of ancient India, as the teachings of Hegel stand to those of Parmenides, or the teachings of Bergson to those of Spinoza: that is to say, abstract statism is replaced therein by living dynamism, which means a decided progress in cognition.

The ancient Indians probably meant the same as the founder of the Mahāyāna, only they did not know how to express themselves according to it. Turning their thoughts towards the ultimate meaning of happenings, they turned away from the latter themselves, and thus arrived at a theory of the Eternal which existed in contradistinction to the flow of phenomena. Ashvaghosa, then, achieved the same feat in the school of method, the achievement of which later on stamped, each on his own historical level, Hegel and Bergson as pioneers; that is to say, he restored the connection between Being and Becoming, a connection which less careful thought had violently torn asunder.

Ashvaghosa cognised that Being and Becoming were but different aspects of one identical reality: that is to say, that metaphysical Being coincides with Becoming and Perishing, and that duration in time is an absolute reality. In this way, then, he arrived at the same critical result as that to which, in our own days, a similar fundamental conception has led Bergson: that a metaphysical meaning should not be sought for outside concrete Becoming.

Bergson has not, so far, gone beyond this. He has not yet approached the realm of "must". If once he does so, he will probably say the same as did Ashvaghosa seventeen hundred years ago: namely that, since the metaphysical meaning must not be looked for outside concrete Becoming, all ideal progress must also be realised therein. Speaking thus, Bergson will not proclaim anything new, this very idea being the *leit-motif* of the Christian view of life. However logical was the development which led Ashvaghosa to this point, he executed, with regard to the old Indian view, a regular

volte face: the mood of negation of life changed into one of affirmation of life.

If the highest is to be realised within the realm of Becoming (not in that of Being), no matter on how many higher stages, as Arhaṭ, as Boḍhisaṭṭva, as Buḍḍha, then the ideals of a yogī, all of which originate from the desire to emancipate oneself from the phenomenal, have lost their *raison d'être*. At once the colouring of *samsāra* looks no longer gloomy, and there is sense again in history—nay, history obtains a new and higher meaning than it ever had before. According to the views of Ancient India, history had no importance, evolution being only understood as liberation from phenomena, no empirical state as such being ranked above another. Not so the Mahāyāna. Its followers set themselves tasks of historical importance. And now began an evolution which, down to the minutest details, runs parallel to the evolution of Christianity. Northern Buḍḍhism irresistibly conquered the world. It considered it its mission to convert mankind; while Southern Buḍḍhism, like Hinḍūism, never adjudged to itself this task. Accordingly, Northern Buḍḍhism adapted its teachings and methods to given circumstances, and the spirit of knowledge of human nature and of politics united itself to that of religiosity. This necessarily led towards denominational organisation, and, further on, towards the formation of sects. As the pragmatical view-point predominated more and more over the striving after cognition, the occasional dogmatism of the time in question became more and more similar to that of Christianity.

Indeed the doctrines of Christianity and of Higher Buḍḍhism are so much alike that leading missionaries

(Timothy Richards, Arthur Lloyd and Mrs. Gordon) are inclined to regard Buḍḍhism as actually Christianity, that is, as a continuation of Christ's, not Gauṭama's, teachings. Considering the great part which Nestorians played in China during the first centuries A. D., such a thing is in no way impossible, though it is not probable. But this startling convergence within the evolution of dogmas may have happened without historical interdependence: the spirit of the Mahāyāna and of Christianity being alike, similar circumstances naturally led to similar empirical formations. The dogma of salvation by faith will everywhere replace that of salvation by knowledge as soon as a religion thought out by philosophers takes root amongst men of practical life. In the same way, the more complicated belief in endless progress towards the highest will be replaced by the simpler and more quieting belief in a final beatitude in paradise. Despite all similarity, of course, the differences are still preserved and these latter are very characteristic.

The spirit of Northern Buḍḍhism, too, is by no means as practical and as active as the Christian spirit, nor does it prove itself nearly so good a modeller of life and transmuter of the soul of a people. It is after all too much of an understanding spirit, and it is only a blind and unscrupulous spirit which is quite consistent in its actions. On the other hand, it is much more intelligent and of deeper insight; for which reason I consider Higher Buḍḍhism as the highest of all living religions. It contains all the depth of Christianity *plus* the wealth of Indian Philosophy and Psychology. Of all transmitted religions the Mahāyāna Buḍḍhism approaches nearest to that religion which modern seekers after God invoke as the religion of the future. It is essentially

undogmatic. It has a deep understanding of the value of cults; it excludes no mood of thought; it gives something to everyone. It is wide and broad like Brāhmaṇism, while at the same time, like Christianity, it is energetic and knows the ways of the world.

But for this very reason, because of Higher Buḍḍhism representing perhaps the ideal of a religion of the future, for this very reason it is only conditionally adapted to present conditions. I realise this ever more clearly the more I see representatives of this Faith. Like Theosophy, the best and lasting ideas of which coincide with the Mahāyāna teachings, this latter is too wide and too loose to be able to mould average men; it is no fit vessel for a limited spirituality, especially not for one so little intellectually natured as Japanese spirituality is. I hardly think that any Japanese, either of the present or of the past, ever rightly valued and rightly understood the philosophical contents of the Mahāyāna: among those of to-day certainly no one does. The Japanese once imported this religion, just as to-day they are importing our technical arts. They always recognised at a glance what was best and tried to take advantage of it. But man can only assimilate what is akin to his own nature. Indian Mysticism never was in conformity with the Japanese mind; for which reason the emotional and the practical sides only of the Mahāyāna religion have become living forces in Japan. All Buḍḍhist sects which are typically Japanese are essentially unphilosophical. Again, those of the Japanese priests of to-day who concern themselves with the speculative elements of the Mahāyāna doctrine, do so as mere scholars: they cannot grasp its living aspect.

Despite all this, I must contradict the reproach that the Japanese as a nation are irreligious. The cultured

amongst them do not, as a rule, believe in any distinct creed, nor do most of the Europeans, but that is altogether a different thing. In contradistinction to the Indians, we too generally turn agnostics the moment our thinking emancipates itself, because the way to God by cognition does not seem conformable to our racial aptitudes, and because, at the beginning, thought impairs the directness of the experience. Again, like the Japanese, our religious leaders belonged to the type of the emotional and practical person, and were only mediocre thinkers and knowers. But in Japan these two points, characteristic of both worlds, are far more extreme in their appearance. Amongst ourselves, we have perhaps only once witnessed, in the person of S. Francis of Assisi, the incarnation of a perfect *bhakṭa*. Among the Japanese such incarnations have been many. Their delicate womanly emotionalism has offered a unique opportunity for love to express itself. Again, our religious leaders were rarely so extremely practical as not a few of the Japanese are.

I had the good luck to-day to meet the most important representative of this latter kind, namely, the Abbot Soyen Shaku of Kamakura, the head of a branch of the Zen sect. This sect of Zen is the most philosophical of Higher Buḍḍhism. It teaches direct withdrawal into the Godhead, independently of all book-lore and all cult. Its theory is almost identical with that of the Rāja Yoga system: it is the most originally Indian sect of all. But, just because of its teaching inwardness and naught but inwardness, this sect has given rise to very different manifestations among different natures. In China it brought about an unparalleled revival of the love of nature; all the greatest masters of landscape-painting being adepts of the Zen school. In Japan it became the principal school of heroism. The Japanese

do not care much for philosophical cognition; rather have they been quick to grasp the fact that nothing increases and steels will-power so much as the practice of yoga. Therefore, the most active-minded among them underwent with preference the training given by the monks of the Zen sect. Hōjō Tokimune, the hero who repelled the hordes of Kublai-Khan, used to spend hours in meditation under the guidance of the head of the Zen sect. Again, many of the leading men of modern Japan have been disciples of Soyen Shaku. I visited this latter at his temple in Kamakura. Never before have I had the impression of such inwardness and at the same time of such martial vigour. This frail-built monk is of a thoroughly soldier-like appearance. How he must have inspired the troops whom he accompanied through Manchuria. His way of teaching meditation is rather harsh. The pupils sit together like Buḍḍha-images in a large empty room. Stick in hand, the Abbot walks up and down amongst them, and if one of them falls asleep he gets a good thrashing. As these exercises are fatiguing, the pupils easily become tired: in which case, though they are not allowed to stop before the fixed time, they may rise and walk about the room two or three times with folded hands and in deep silence. After meditation they undergo a merciless cross-examination in order to see if they have really mastered their subject.

I talked with the reverend Abbot about the meaning and use of this training. He himself has a philosophical mind, which fully understands the spiritual side of his doctrine, but his views are those of a practical man. "The goal," said he, "is not to remain within the light, but rather to steel one's ability for the search after it, so as to become fit for every ideal task of this life."

Hermann Keyserling

THEOSOPHY AND THE CHILD

By L. HADEN GUEST, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.

THE relation of the nation to its children, and our responsibility as a nation to children, is a subject that has come in for a great deal of attention during the last few years. The main conceptions of Theosophy put these relations in quite a new light, and give us an entirely new view-point.

The physical life with which I am chiefly concerned here, is, in the long life of the evolving individual, a short period only, but it is the most important period. Physical life is the period during which all the experiences are gained which in the interval between any two lives are worked up into faculty; without physical experience there could be no evolution of Spirit, and consequently we are told that in the early stage of man's evolutionary development, when the simplest life-lessons are to be learned, the period of physical life is much longer than the period of life on the astral and on the mental plane, because man at an early stage has but very little material which can be worked up into faculty in the worlds of emotion and of thought. This means that for man at an early stage of growth, the physical-plane life is even more important than it is for the average man, and that the lower any person may be in evolution, the more important is the physical life, and the more attention should be paid to everything

which concerns that life. That has, I think, a direct bearing on our views on any social changes we may think necessary and any social reconstruction we may desire to bring about; because it is very important how the body of a savage or a lowly-developed man is made up, for on the quality of that body and the responses of that body to his environment practically the whole of his experience depends.

There is one way especially, in which this point of view of man as an evolving individual must greatly modify our conception of our relations to children, and that is with regard to the relationship of parent and child.

The Theosophical conception means that those who are born to us as children are souls of, practically speaking, the same grade of development as ourselves. A child is not an inferior person, not inferior to us in any way, but only a person who has temporarily not got control over his vehicles, his thought-body, his emotion-body, and his physical body. The age of the soul of any of my readers and the soul-age of a child which may be born to them next year are practically, with the reservation I am about to make, the same. Therefore the duty of the one soul who happens to be born as a parent, and the duty of the other soul that happens to be born as a child, are different from those we sometimes think of traditionally. First of all, that means that we should not force up, or compel to grow up according to a certain pattern any person who may come to us as a child; it is not our business to cause them to be educated along any special line, but to see that they have the utmost possible freedom in order that they themselves may gain control of their vehicles, and have the best opportunities for the

training of those vehicles. What we have to realise about any child—and I am speaking now with reference to the children of any one of those who may be reading these words—is that we are dealing not with a soul that is undeveloped, but with a soul that is a good deal developed, and one of our chief functions is to help that soul to gain control of its physical body, and to gain control of its astral and of its mental body. Anything which helps that is good; anything which hinders that is not good. Now this may seem very much a platitude, but it is certain that until a few years ago any such ideas would have appeared altogether preposterous, and you have only to go back to, let us say, a book like Butler's *Way of all Flesh* to realise the extraordinary relation between parent and child which frequently existed at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

There Butler suggests that all children hate their parents because their parents treat them in such an abominable way, and it has often been said that children naturally hate their parents, that children should get away from their parents, and that the parents are the worst possible people to bring up a child. Ideas such as these are simply the reaction against the idea that the business of a parent was in some way or another to force his child to grow up according to a pattern which he had preconceived, and when the unfortunate child did not want to grow that way there was trouble.

There is at the present time a very important addendum to make to this, because of the period in which we live, because of the great changes in the world which are immediately impending, because the World-Teacher is shortly again to manifest on this earth. It is probable that the children who come to us

are not of the same grade of evolution as ourselves, but are of a higher grade. The great World-Teacher, we have been told by Mrs. Besant, is coming again to this earth in a few years' time, ten, fifteen, twenty, how many exactly is not known, but the children who are now being born will be living in His time; some will be round and about Him, His servants and disciples, and therefore they will be people who will have some kin with Him, some touch with Him, who are drawn to Him by some kārmic link; thus they are people older, if anything, in evolution than ourselves, and those for whom we should be particularly anxious to provide the best possible surroundings.

Now what are the necessary surroundings for children? I am dealing here with the physical and medical aspects of the question, and these are of the utmost importance. For one thing, children ought to have parents who are well-constituted themselves; that is to say, who have no very serious physical or other defects which are likely to affect their offspring. That is the first consideration.

The responsibility of parentage which has been urged so strongly of late years by various schools of eugenists is a responsibility we ought to bear very much in mind, and the first duty to the child is to see that it is born of parents who are capable of bearing children suitably equipped physically.

Secondly, the surroundings of the child ought to be very carefully looked to, and it is necessary to recognise that some of the most important surroundings of the child are those of the time before its birth into the physical world. By the time the child is born into the physical world its brain is equipped with the number of

brain-cells which it is going to have for the rest of its life, and the main lines of its bodily structure are laid down. If therefore, in that period, there is any malnutrition, if the child does not get sufficient nourishment, the brain-cells and the foundations of the body may be seriously affected. And as the physical brain and body mark the limit of our capacity for expression upon this physical earth, it is very important that they should be of the best possible calibre and made of the best materials. In order that this may be the case the mother should be well nourished and her surroundings should otherwise be as good as they can be made. Nor is it physical surroundings alone which should be considered; the soul clothed in its new emotion and thought bodies is joined to the embryo for a long time before birth. Violent or undesirable emotion, low or objectionable thought, should all be excluded from the neighbourhood of an expectant mother; for thes things act on the child and stimulate to growth any germs of similar qualities which may be sleeping within it. And the same is true of fine emotions, of noble desires, and of lofty thoughts; these too have their influence and should be encouraged.

After birth the surroundings of a child should be very carefully thought out. Particularly is it necessary for us to realise that a child ought to have clean food, and *enough*. Many children, even children belonging to well-circumstanced people, do not get a sufficiency of the right kind of food. At some of the large public schools, for instance, children are not always given enough food for the work they are doing, while undergoing such a stress of physical and mental activity as school-work implies. It is very important to see that

no child with whom any of us comes into contact, lacks those elementary necessaries of life, sufficiency of food, and above all, clean food. By that I mean it should not be impure food ; that is, it should not be food of flesh of animals, or fish, or in any other way food which is likely to build up a body less than the purest and the best-balanced body that our knowledge now enables us to build up. And then important too—and very important from the point of view of town-dwellers—is it that the surroundings of the child should be those in which clean air is possible. London and every large town is full of very dirty air; therefore I am afraid we must say that, apart from other considerations, London and large towns are not good places for a child to be brought up in.

Another important matter is that of cleanliness. It is the habit of English people to consider that they are a clean nation. That is one of our errors. We are only a few of us clean, and a great many people are not clean because they have never been taught how to be clean, they have never been taught how to wash themselves.

Washing is an acquired art. The natural child is extremely dirty, as you can see if you go into any slum where a child is allowed to follow its natural propensities. Most people's bodies like to be dirty, and they have to be taught how to be clean. I need not perhaps tell stories of the well-known type about little boys who brag that when they go into the bathroom they make a lot of noise with the water but never have a bath. But that kind of story shows how very necessary it is to teach children to be clean, and to make them learn how to be clean, how to wash themselves properly, especially, by

the way, how to clean their teeth—a matter very often much neglected and one of great importance.

The question of clothing must also be thought of. The clothing of a child should all be quite loose; there should be no restraint and no restriction anywhere, either for a girl or a boy. To many people it is hardly necessary to say that, but multitudes of people habitually bind up their children, especially quite little ones, in such a way that they cannot move easily and cannot develop their bodies. A point in connection with clothing that is often overlooked concerns the shape and make of boots and shoes. If the feet are to be healthily developed and able properly to support the body, the toes must be free to move, the whole foot able to bend easily inside the shoe, and the shape be such as in no way to cramp the growth of the toes. This will prevent foot deformity and promote health. A child should not only be able to move inside its clothes, but it should have plenty of space to move around in, outside. It is not enough to take a child to Battersea Park, or Kensington Gardens, or to any other great Park we are fortunate enough to be near, but a child should have free space to move over some country-side, if it is to be properly brought up. The only places near London where that can be had are in various suburbs where children can roam over the fields, but other places are more fortunate in this respect.

This brings me to the consideration of the training of children's senses. The first sense I want to deal with is that of vision. In order that the sense of sight may be properly developed, it is necessary that there should be long distances for a child to see. Vision cannot be properly developed in a crowded-up city area.

As you know well, North American Indians and other people who, like them, led an unfettered life in the open air, were famed for extraordinary keenness of vision; many people in India have it now; and in order that keen vision should be developed, it is necessary that people should have long ranges of open space to look over. One of the reasons why so many children of the present day suffer from defective vision is because they are brought up in towns, and because they do not have these long stretches to look over. The importance of this consideration is recognised in the 1913 Report of the Chief Medical Officer to the Board of Education in England, in which it is recommended that school-room windows should always be low enough for children to look out and so rest their eyes from the strain of near vision.

The sense of hearing comes next in importance, and in order that this may be properly developed the surroundings should be free from too much jarring noise. London and other large towns again do not provide an environment in which the sense of hearing can be properly developed. The noise of a modern town is so jarring that if people were left to the unfettered action of the law of the survival of the fittest, I rather imagine that in a few hundred years the people surviving in London would all be a little bit deaf; not deaf enough to get run over by motor-busses, but deaf enough not to have their nerves shattered by the constant noise. It is quite certain that the noise of the streets of London is seriously deteriorating people's health, and is also preventing a proper development of the sense of hearing. On the senses of taste and smell I need not pause. The development of them is also

dependent on the purity and serenity of surroundings, and on the purity of food taken into the body. The body accustomed to eating various kinds of food of high flavour and highly seasoned, meat, fish, and alcohol, and so on, cannot have the same delicacy and refinement of taste and smell as bodies otherwise nourished. The sense of touch, a very important sense indeed, needs for its development great care for personal hygiene, and the education of sensibility by calling out the necessity for touching, with the hands and other parts of the body, all kinds of objects.

There is a very important psychological law with regard to experiences and with regard to development which has a serious bearing on our problem. It is a fact, according to orthodox psychologists, that we are not able to distinguish a thing as separate from another when it comes to us along with a bundle of sensations, unless we know it and have previously experienced it as a separate thing. That is to say, if we are to be able at the appropriate moment to distinguish parts of a bundle of sensations as coming from separate things, we must have a large number of experiences of those things on which our memory can fall back, experiences, that is, of all kinds of combinations of things out of which we can dissect or abstract special individual components. If we interpret this, it means that, until you have seen or felt something as separate, you do not make a separate mental image of that something felt or seen, and unless you have a mental image of that something, you cannot recognise it separately when you see it for the first time with others. If, for instance, cold things were always wet, we should not distinguish wetness and coldness as we are now

able to do, because we have experienced these things in various combinations. That is an almost impossible thing as stated in that form, but it indicates how important it is that a child should have a large number of sense experiences, so that it shall have a large store of mental impressions which it can subsequently build up into ideas, into concepts.

Now, that has a very serious bearing on the question of nourishment. You may sometimes see children in the country who look very healthy and with ruddy cheeks, who are stodgy, heavy, with chests well-covered with flesh and who are fat; but those children are stolid and move about slowly and heavily. You know, as a matter of fact, that when they grow up they will be farm labourers or follow some similar occupation; they will be people leading a very restricted life. And you may see living quite near to them the children of a lawyer or of a doctor, who may not be so ruddy-cheeked, not so heavy, not so well-covered on the chest, but who are constantly moving about. And the difference in those two kinds of life is this: that the agricultural labourer's children who appear so healthy and so well-nourished, are having few experiences, are not storing their minds with mental images, are not making raw material out of which later on they can build up thought; whereas the other child is having multitudinous experiences and storing its mind fully. What is the chief reason? What is the difference? Partly, no doubt, it is a difference of grade of development of spiritual evolution, but very largely indeed it is a question of nutrition.

Sometimes in London County Council Schools one gets children who are very stolid and lethargic, although they appear healthy; they do not move about very

much and do not get on very quickly with work. But when you feed them up and give them really good food, they become bright and alert, constantly moving, touching, seeing, and hearing things, and thus are constantly storing up experiences. The thing is very simple if you think it out. The human organism can have just enough food to keep it going in rather a slow way, or it can have sufficient to give it a surplus of energy. If it has a surplus of energy, it is moving about constantly, and having all kinds of experiences which are subsequently built up into thoughts and later into faculties.

It is therefore well to realise that on the differences of nutrition in childhood depends the possibility or impossibility of the subsequent development of a brain capable of responding to fine ideas and complicated thoughts.

Then, of course, an extremely important thing we should do is that we should avoid the constant checking of children, the saying "Don't," continually. It is necessary that we should adapt our life to the child's life, and not expect the child entirely to adapt itself to ours. Children are just as important as we are, and perhaps those born at the present time are a great deal more important; and therefore, if, for instance, we do not want them to smash the drawing-room ornaments, we must not have them in the drawing-room, or, if you have them in the drawing-room, don't have anything there they can smash. I do not suggest that you should let them smash the ornaments; but I do suggest that you should so arrange your life that wherever children are, they should be allowed a reasonable amount of free play, and unless they are going to injure themselves

and do something obviously beyond bounds—and that is a matter which requires very careful consideration—they should not be checked.

Then we ought very carefully indeed to guard our children against diseases. The longer a child can avoid epidemic disease, the better equipped will that child be to fight the disease if, and when, it comes. There was once a tradition that it was necessary for a child to have measles. It is no more necessary to have measles, than it is to have plague. If one can avoid it, so much the better, and the longer one can avoid it, the better. One reason of the greater relative physical efficiency of the upper and middle classes in England as compared with the working classes is that they are able, by making their surroundings hygienic, to put off the age at which their children contract epidemic diseases, and the working classes are not: so that the working classes get these diseases at a time when the children are least able to resist them. Working-class children have the greatest number of complications following these diseases and they suffer in a most severe way in mortality. Measles with its complications is a very fatal disease among the working-classes; it is only rarely fatal with better circumstanced people.

Apart from acute disease, people do not even yet realise the importance of dealing with slight mal-developments, slight troubles of the eyes, slight troubles of the throat, obstructions of the nose, and so on. These defects should always be attended to, and, very important indeed, any trouble with the teeth should be dealt with at once. But there is an even more important matter: any trouble with the digestion or slight nervousness needs, practically speaking, instant attention. A child's digestion

should be as perfect as it can be made. It is one of the unfortunate facts of modern town civilisation that the digestion of a very large number of children is very poor, so that they become flabby and rather pale-looking. A special name has been invented for this disease, "mucous disease," which is a disease of well-circumstanced and not only of poorly circumstanced children, and that particular illness is one which undermines the vitality of a child and takes a very great deal out of it.

Small things like these may not seem to be worth while a Theosophical reader's attention, but the physical body is every whit as important as the astral, if not more so, and we ought just as carefully to attend to all the details connected with the vitality and the upkeep of the physical body, as we should to those connected with finer bodies had we the capacity to do so. All these small defects mentioned have great effects; a throat, obstructed by enlarged tonsils or adenoids, will cause trouble of the chest, trouble with the digestion, with the breathing, with the brain, or perhaps more truly with the nerves. But I have mentioned these diseases not only because they are important in themselves but also because of their probable effect on the emotions. Anyone who has had any experience of the emotion of irritability will have noticed, no doubt, that he is more likely to be irritable when not quite well, and that is because there is a perfectly definite connection between this particular emotion of irritability and the state of your health. Now with a young child, whenever it is very, very cross and very angry, excepting in the most ignorant circles, that child is not supposed to be suffering from temper merely, but from something physical which causes it to behave in that way; it may be some

kind of illness, or it may be a pin sticking into it, but it is not supposed to be inherent and native wickedness, so to speak. It is exactly the same with older people; irritability, bad temper, loss of control in all kinds of ways, are very often indeed due to slight physical illnesses which throw an unnecessary strain on the organism—by which I mean the organism of the physical, astral and mental bodies—so that it is rendered unable to resist disturbing impacts coming from the outside.

We are always accustomed with regard to thought, pure and simple, to realise that it has a physical basis, but I do not know that we are all accustomed to realise that emotion has a physical basis, or that emotions are expressed in the changes in the physical body just as thoughts are expressed in changes in the physical body.

Professor James, in his *Psychology*, explains emotions as our consciousness of certain bodily changes. Every emotion to Professor James is first and foremost a series of changes in the body, which are perceived in consciousness as the emotion, and that corresponds very closely to the Theosophical idea. It is undoubtedly true that every emotion has a certain definite relation to changes in the physical body which can be excited by, or in their turn excite, corresponding changes in the astral body, which again can be excited by, or in their turn excite, corresponding effects in the mental body. Now those changes would appear to exist in a kind of a scale; if the thought be first aroused, the thought of anger for instance, that will affect first the mental body in which it arises, the thought of anger will take shape, become concrete; this will be passed on to the astral body in which it will vibrate, and as it were,

gain volume, this being the feeling of anger; and from the astral it will be handed on to the physical, where it will show in bodily changes of expression, breathing, position of arms and so forth, and finally eventuate in definite action. The physical expression of the emotions has been studied to a great extent, notably by Darwin, and many things are known about the particular expression of face, bodily posture and changes in internal organs which accompany different emotions.

A good deal of this is common knowledge. If you are trying to suggest to anybody else what a boastful man looks like, you will not contract your chest and drop your head, you will expand your chest, hold up your head, and fling about your arms. In the same way, if you are trying to suggest the emotion of depression, you will not hold your head erect; you will let it hang down, with your arms flaccid and your jaw held slackly, because these particular positions have their definite relation with the emotions. Now if you will practise this yourself, you will find a very remarkable result. Supposing you feel depressed, and you know it is unreasonable; then if you deliberately sit up straight, put your shoulders back, laugh and take long and deep breaths, you will find that your depression begins to go. And so with your other emotions. By simulating the posture, the position and the bodily changes which accompany an emotion, you can induce that emotion in yourselves.

How is an emotion usually excited? It is probably usually excited by a thought, by an idea. That thought excites the astral body and the astral body then hands on its vibrations to the physical. You may imagine the highest kinds of emotions being excited by the highest

kinds of thought, and then being connected with or corresponding with the highest kinds of astral matter, which in their turn, are connected with, and correspond with, the finest kinds of physical matter. But the emotions are not always excited in this way; often they are excited by direct action of one vibrating astral body on another, just as one vibrating string calls out the vibrations in another of the same kind and tension; and after the setting up of changes in the astral, the physical and mental are set quivering.

It is important in this connection to realise that the bodily changes which are the bodily expression of the emotions are very largely concerned, not only with facial expression, changes of posture and of muscular tone, but with changes in the lungs, intestines, and other organs in the abdomen. Now the lungs and intestines and other organs in the abdomen are parts of the body which are frequently diseased in children, and the disease of these organs in children—and this I must warn the reader is medically unorthodox—seems to make it very possible that the more objectionable emotions and the coarser kinds of emotions will be more easily excited from the physical plane than the higher and purer. This is partly because jangling vibrations of the coarser kinds are more likely to be correlated with diseased physical organs, but also because we know as the result of experience that ill-health and objectionable emotions are frequently associated. Perfect health means perfect balance, and probably also means, in a person of comparatively good development, that the physical changes corresponding with the worst emotions are not easily excited, and that these emotions therefore are not readily aroused from the physical plane.

These facts are not, I think, sufficiently realised in regard to child-life. The enormous importance of physical health, of physical well-being, particularly as regards the lungs and intestines, the liver, and so forth, the changes of which are so largely the bodily expression of emotion, can hardly be laid too much stress upon.

Another matter which deserves notice is the importance of posture. If you see a child constantly going about with its head poked forward and its shoulders drooped, that child is almost certain to be depressed or morose; but if it can only be made to stand up straight and march with a firm step, that depression will largely vanish, because children are easily affected in these ways. The effect of posture is that of a quite legitimate physical 'suggestion'. And if we avoided the diseases of childhood, which we could by attention to the details of hygiene, we should undoubtedly make the up-bringing of children easier, and make it more difficult for them to develop objectionable emotional traits.

But with all these things we ought to be very careful to avoid the orthodoxy of heterodoxy. We ought not to be faddy because we know something about the astral body, for that does not make it any the less necessary for us to have the proper amount of food and sleep, and so on; and it does not make it any the less necessary for us to have all kinds of elementary things properly attended to. I need not go into that in detail. Yet some people seem to consider necessary all kinds of elaborate methods of treating the physical body, whereas all that is necessary is to follow the routine of common sense, with the additional aid of Theosophical knowledge of the constitution of man.

If we attended to the bodies of children under our care in the way suggested, we should give them good physical instruments capable of responding to the highest kind of mental vibrations and to the highest kind of emotional vibrations, and of active service in the best way on the physical plane. We should minimise anything objectionable there might be in their heredity, and prevent the germs of objectionable characteristics, brought over from the past, being matured in this life.

I have been so far speaking to my readers of the importance of the physical plane from the standpoint of well-circumstanced people. Now I must point out that what I have been saying about the necessity for care in the physical body applies with very great force indeed to all children in London, in England and in the world. And especially at this time, because the World-Teacher is so soon coming again. We have been considering so far, as it were, our own individual duties, those of comparatively fortunately circumstanced people; but we have also to consider what our duties are to the nation as a whole, and this necessitates a rapid re-survey of the matters we have gone through before. Probably most of us are agreed about the necessity for good food and that of the right kind, but at least a million of children in England do not get actually sufficient or suitable food of any kind. And it is undoubtedly our duty to see that they get it, and the more we realise the necessity for our own children, the more ought we to recognise that we should urge the provision of necessaries for those children of the nation who at present are not getting those things. I have not mentioned, except with regard to some of the public schools —and that is not really a very bad case—the question of

definite mal-nutrition, but with regard to the majority of the children of the nation the question of mal-nutrition from insufficiency of food is the pressing question, and just as bad and impure food builds up an impure body, so a lack of food builds up a body which is strained, easily jarred, easily diseased. Also the fact that food is lacking not only for children, but also for their parents, means that the brains and bodies of the majority of children in this country are improperly nourished before birth, their brain-cells do not get a proper chance of growing and are therefore incapable of bringing through any of the higher, or any large number of the higher, vibrations of mental matter which are playing on those cells, and yet for lack of a suitable medium cannot find expression on this physical plane. What the higher aspects of man can express on this plane is rigidly limited by the capacities of the body and brain.

Then there is the question of cleanliness. It may be amusing when we think of little Tommy So-and-So who tells us a story about going into the bathroom and making a noise with the water but does not have his bath ; but when we realise that the majority of children in England have no bathroom and no streams or lakes available, and that no one teaches them to be clean in any effective way, that they live in overcrowded wretched rooms with a mother over-driven with worry and domestic cares, who is very probably sweated also at some ill-paid employment, then it is not humorous any more to realise that the majority of people in England do not learn to be clean. There is also that other great requisite of child-life, clean air. They do not get clean air in any of the slums, or in any 'mean street' of the large cities. As for clothing, anybody who

is intimately acquainted with the class of children who come from poor districts will realise that the question of clothing is very serious. The girls, particularly, are usually bound up in such a way that they cannot effectively expand their chests and move freely, and the boys are often hampered by ill-fitting and cramping clothing, so that quite apart from the other surroundings which are very bad, the children of the working classes, especially the girls, cannot get proper physical development, because they are deliberately bound up almost as if to prevent their physical development. This is a very evil thing, affecting them not only in childhood but affecting them later, when they come themselves to be the mothers of families. Then there is that great pre-requisite of a healthy life, space to move in, and here Battersea and Hyde Park and the open spaces of our cities become almost Utopian. Battersea and Hyde Park are by no means ideal places to move about in, but they are comparatively ideal places for the children of the very poor to move about in. But we want more of them nearer to the poorer parts of our cities, making big gaps in our slum areas, bringing breath and life to gasping acres of arid streets. For if they are far away, their mothers have not time to take them there, and this—and the fact that they are ashamed to be seen in the rags and tatters and dirty fragments which are their natural clothing—is one of the reasons why open spaces are not used as much as they should be.

Then with regard to the development of the senses: Large numbers of the children of the nation who do not happen to be born into the more fortunate classes have senses defective, and you can estimate the kind of

surroundings which children have by the defects of their senses. In one school I am acquainted with, near London Bridge in London, the children come from buildings in the neighbourhood which are rather high and very dark. I forget the exact percentage of defects of vision among those children, but it is enormously high, and it is high because of the places in which they live, which do not give them that freedom of vision and that space for vision which is so necessary for its development. They have no long distances to see in those narrow alleys and slum courts, and so their vision becomes defective. Measles and some of the other diseases contracted at an early date in childhood lead very frequently indeed to trouble of the ears, so that children become deaf, they cannot hear well, and so are handicapped at school, in the labour market, and still more in social intercourse.

With regard to the sense of touch and the senses of taste and smell, well, people who are not washed properly do not develop the sense of touch in a very acute way, except under exceptional circumstances, and people who are fed on the casual scraps, as it were, of civilisation do not develop very strong and very refined senses of taste and smell. They have too much impurity around them to have highly developed senses. And this lack of sensitiveness and of sense-development leads to the toleration of serious abuses.

I mentioned earlier that a great deal of surplus energy in a child was necessary in order that it might move about, touch and hear, see and observe freely, and so accumulate a stock of impressions forming mental images which would subsequently be the material out of which thought and faculty were built up. Many of

the children of the working-classes, the poor children of this country generally, have not that energy, they do not spontaneously move about very freely. They may be active and they may play, but for the most part, compared with children of the same age of better circumstanced people, they have a very little amount of spare energy to go about getting experiences. This lack of energy is very largely due to the physical lack of food, and because of this they do not have a chance later on of developing certain mental faculties; this brings me to another aspect of mental development.

If you go down a poor street you will frequently hear: "Don't do this," "Don't do that," and many other negative checkings, varied by spanking and other physical punishments. The majority of children of the nation are constantly being checked by irritated, overworked and harassed mothers, because overworked and harassed mothers can hardly be expected to do anything else. And of course it is extremely bad for the children, because it prevents them from being curious. If every time a child asks: "Why?"—which all intelligent children do at very frequent intervals—it is told: "Don't ask," or gets a smack, it naturally very soon ceases its questions, and therefore misses chances of large amounts of information and experience. The difference in mental alertness between checked and unchecked children is quite marked.

Then there is the question of disease. The majority of the children of the nation are always diseased. It is in slum places where poor children live that measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough and the various epidemics have their hiding and breeding places, whence from time to time they spring out of their lairs like

dragons and devastate the children of the better classes; it is in those areas the diseases remain and always will remain, constantly active, constantly ready to be dangerous while such places exist. The children in such neighbourhoods are every day being infected with those diseases, and vast numbers are being killed off or being injured for the rest of their lives by these quite preventable things.

I put it to my readers that if they agree with me in the first part of this paper that the things I laid down as desirable are desirable for their children and my children, then I insist that they are desirable for all children, and we should do our very utmost to see that they are provided for all children. The children of the nation as a whole are just as important as your children or my children, and for all children these things should be provided, otherwise they cannot have physical bodies properly equipped to receive sensations from, and act upon, the physical plane; they cannot in fact gain sufficient experiences on this plane to make the lives which they lead here of value.

Now I do not suggest for a moment that you can make the necessary changes to secure these possible things for all children very rapidly. And I am quite sure that you cannot do this on any national plan of alms-giving, or of giving things to people under the auspices of any charity. For the only proper thing to do is to see that every family in this country is sufficiently well-equipped to be able to do the things for its children that you and I hope to be able to do for our children. But that is by no means an easy thing to do, and that, I would warn you, means revolutionary social changes, it means a great deal of what is ordinarily

called Socialism, although it does not mean some kinds of Socialism. It certainly does not mean national almsgiving. It means national organisation to give effect to sentiments you applaud, because only by national measures can we put right what is a national evil.

It is sometimes assumed that the present state of things is somehow divinely natural, and that reformers are proposing in some unnatural way—some arbitrary and artificial way—to interfere with the natural state of affairs. But the present state of affairs is as unnatural as any civilisation in the world ever was. It is a civilisation made up of entirely arbitrary and artificial laws. As H. G. Wells has said, human laws are as much a matter of human manufacture as bicycles. Our present civilisation is as much a manufactured thing as a bicycle, and can be changed just as a bicycle can be changed. Let us get back as near to nature as we can, by all means, but it is impossible in the present state of evolution to leave law and order to individuals. We have to have policemen for instance. Just in the same way it is impossible to leave man's social arrangements dealing with his labour and his food to individual arrangements. The things must be managed nationally, because we have not yet reached a stage of evolution in which these things will manage themselves by the mutual goodwill of men, without the exploitation of the weak by the strong.

Now we know what is good for our own children; we know what is desirable for their physical environment and their physical bodies, because there is very little arguable about that. You may have thought all I said about the care of children commonplace platitude, but if so, then it is all the more our business to see that

these platitudes are carried into effect in everyday life. If we do not carry what we know to be desirable into effect then ours will be the karma—the retribution, which will descend on us for refusing to carry out an obvious duty staring us in the face.

Sometimes this matter is looked at from the reversed point of view; sometimes it is said it is the fate of the very poor people to be born into the surroundings where they are, and that these conditions are good for their development. Very well, let them look after their own fate, their own duty, and let us look after ours. And our duty is to do the utmost we can to help to raise those people, so that they shall have the same obviously necessary advantages which we hope to be able to get for ourselves.

Now as I said, this can only be done by establishing the independence of families and of adult individuals but when we have established it let us see that it is used up in the right way. According to Mr. Sidney Webb, we should establish a minimum line of well-being below which no one should be allowed to fall. But also this means we must establish a minimum line of efficiency; and if anyone falls below we must not allow them freedom, but treat them in some different, remedial, and educative way, in whatever way may be necessary. Mrs. Besant has pointed out that criminals are only those who are not able to act up to the average standard of any civilisation, because they have not been so long in evolution as have the average, and if we fix a level of efficiency, of good citizenship, of good behaviour, then we are quite justified in treating those who are below as though they were not fit for the full freedom of citizens. Treat them in some special way, with the

idea of educating them up to the civilised level, if not in this incarnation, then in the next. But do not treat them as if they were deliberately evil and of full responsibility.

Our duty towards the children of the nation is to educate their faculties to enable them to grow, to enable them to develop; to enable the immortal Spirits manifesting in those bodies to get as much experience from the life they are in as possible, to enable them to have as perfect instruments to get that experience if possible. The only difference between the slum child and the child born in a well-circumstanced home is probably a difference in the length of its soul-development; nor is this even true of all cases, and it is no advantage, if we can prevent it, to allow that child to go through life with a rickety chest, with perforated ear-drums, with vision which is defective, and with a sense of touch which is blunted by dirt and vermin. There is no sense and no reason in that if we can prevent it, and it is our obvious duty to do our utmost to equip all children to gain physical experience as we equip our own.

I have said this for a special reason. I said at the beginning with regard to children who are being born amongst us that probably some of those will be children who are nearer to the World-Teacher than we are ourselves; they will be some of those who will be around Him, His helpers and His disciples, who will work for Him and who will carry His teaching into other lands. We expect the World-Teacher shortly, and what will the World-Teacher want of the people of this world? He will want that they shall be able to receive His teaching. And how shall the slum children come near to Him with their senses blunted, their minds not grown,

and their emotions imperfectly developed? How shall they be able to respond to His marvellous life?

Now if we can, by changes in the next few years, improve the physique of the child-life of the Nation, we shall improve the capacities of the audience of the World-Teacher. We shall be doing something to make His work easier on the physical plane, doing something to enable those younger in evolution to respond to that which He will give out, and therefore doing them and the world the greatest service, a service which, I think, is our obvious duty and which should become one of our chief aims.

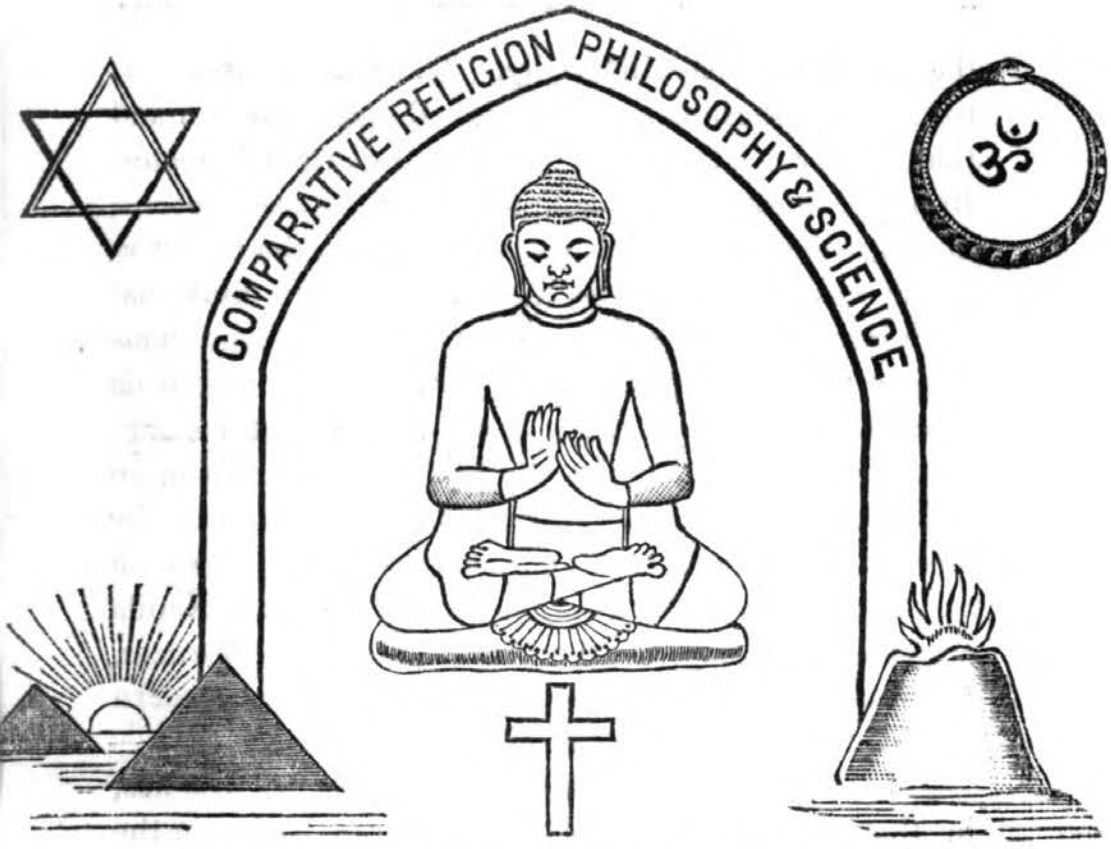
L. Haden Guest

THE HEART SONG

Deep in my heart there dwells a joyous bird
And all my being pulsates with its song
Which throbs like sunshine through the fragrant hours;
Which thrills
And fills
All space with sibilant and silver trills,
A largesse that the God of music showers.
In sky and meadow, as I pass along,
The flowers turn to stars, the stars to flowers;
How sweet
To greet
A primrose planet glimmering at my feet!
Upon my soul hath Beauty cast her spell
And I hear melodies till now unheard:
(Deep in my heart there dwells a joyous bird!)
The symphony of light that never dies,
The sound that in the shifting shadow lies,
In emerald woodlands where the aerials dwell.
Soar! Soar! my soul, with bliss that none can tell
And bear me with thee to unbounded skies;
For I am filled with wild and sweet surprise
As in me an awakening life hath stirred,—
Deep in my heart there dwells a joyous bird!
I feel the beating of its dreamlike wings,
I hear the song of ecstasy it sings,
That sighs
And flies
To mingle with the echoes that arise—
The swinging, ringing, rhythm that it brings.

For now, at last, I see with seeing eyes
And know a love beyond all human word,—
That larger love, the wisdom of the wise;
Blessed be the morn this miracle occurred!
Deep in my heart there dwells a joyous bird!

G. W.



PROFESSOR BERGSON AND THE HINḌU VEḌĀNṬA

By K. NARAYANASWAMI AIYAR

IN Europe, two philosophers have of late sprung into prominence, the one from Paris and the other from Jena. The former is named Professor Bergson and the latter, Professor Eucken. The latter has written a large book, containing a good summary of the different philosophies from the earliest times down to the present. In it, he has thrown out here and there his own ideas and hints which evince the capacious intellect of the author; but the former Professor has come out with original ideas which have made an epoch in

the department of philosophy. The Hinḍūs, however, believe that there is nothing original under the sun and that all ideas are in the mind of the original creator, Brahmā, out of which mankind takes at different epochs, in a greater or lesser degree, according to the receptivity of each brain. I am almost tempted to hink that Professor Bergson was in one or more of his previous lives a sturdy Hinḍū Veḍānṭin, moving in the scientific grooves of Veḍānṭa. Many of the doctrines of Veḍānṭa which were put forth by the ancient Veḍānṭins in an archaic form are put by Professor Bergson into the form of modern science and vindicated. Perhaps it may not be too much to say that he is a modern Kapila dressed in the European garb. Like Herbert Spencer, he avails himself of all the latest discoveries of modern science to fortify himself in his conclusions.

Till now, this Professor of Philosophy in Paris has, in that department, brought out three books in the French language, all of which have been translated into English. They are *Time and Free Will*, *Matter and Memory* and *Creative Evolution*. It is the last book that gives the finishing touch to his thoughts on philosophy. I may also state for the benefit of the readers that there is a good summary of his ideas in 'The People's Books' series, entitled *The Philosophy of Change*, by H. Wildon Carr, and it has been brought out with the seal of Professor Bergson on it.

When I state that Professor Bergson's philosophy supports the Hinḍū Veḍānṭa, it should not be supposed that the whole of Veḍānṭa is corroborated by him. A few only of the main ideas of Veḍānṭa—as I shall presently show—receive support from him. It was not the intention of the Professor to give a complete account

of Evolution from the beginning to the end. He simply lifts humanity from the lower levels of thought, upon which the western philosophers have been treading till now, to a higher—not to the highest level possible. He does not take us into the regions of the Absolute as the Vedāntins did. When, in our study of his books, we come across his wealth of arguments and fund of illustrations, we naturally wonder why mighty heads like Kant and others did not hit on such a simple and familiar thing as life, which is in each one of us and the rest of creation. A ray of light is one with which all are acquainted. It gives us heat; it gives us light; it imparts to us other manifold good: and yet, in regard to its nature, it has eluded, and is, even now, eluding, the grasp of even the mightiest intellects of the world.

In order to establish the existence of life and its significance, our Professor naturally begins with matter and mind. Time was when philosophers like Berkeley postulated that "*esse* is *percipi*," i. e., "to be is to be perceived". All material things perceived by them are, according to them, real. Then came others like Kant with the theory that thought alone is real, since objects exist only by virtue of thoughts. Without thought, they exist nowhere. Other philosophers came who inclined to this theory or that; but philosophers like Herbert Spencer held that both co-existed and both were real. Now comes Professor Bergson upon the scene and says: Let us understand what life is—that life with which all are familiar and into which all heads are feeling shy of entering.

We all know that the modern scientists analysed the whole world into a number of substances which were, till some years ago, called elements, since they thought

they were no further decomposable. Now even hydrogen—the lightest of the so-called elements—is analysed into a number of electrons or ions. These ions again are traced to the ether, where they are found to be but vortical motion. It is surmised that each vortical centre is but a miniature solar system, with particles rotating round a centre. Moreover each object, though appearing solid, is but an aggregation of particles of matter in a state of ceaseless vibration. Hence even the seemingly solid matter has its ceaseless change. Only it is a change in space. Coming to the mind, we find there is change in it also; but it is a change of state. The mind is ever running through the laws of association of ideas, similar and dissimilar, as Bain puts it. Even when we see the same object again or remember a thought, it is not the same object or thought that is repeated again in our mind. There are some additions or subtractions. Hence whether we study mind or matter, there is always change: in the case of the former, there is a change of state, which is becoming; in the case of the latter, there is the change of place, which is moving. Hence all are moving or becoming. The universe is nothing but a vast ceaseless change of moving and becoming.

Then Professor Bergson studies this ceaseless change from the different standpoints of "Darwin and his insensible variation, Devries and sudden variation, Eimer and orthogenesis, and Neo-Lamarckism and the hereditability of acquired characters". The result of his enquiry leads him into the conclusion that the tendency to change is due to "an original impetus of Life passing from one generation of germs to the following generation of germs which bridges the interval

between the generations ". This is called by him "the vital impetus ".

If we begin to understand the duration of this change, we find that, in matter, time is not its necessary concomitant. It is not by virtue of time that an object exists. Time is but succession, and this no doubt is a fact in the material world. But this does not mean that things should exist through time.

If I want to mix a glass of sugar and water, I must willy-nilly wait until the sugar melts. This little fact is big with meaning. For here the time I have to wait is not that mathematical time which would apply equally well to the entire history of the material world, even if that history were spread out instantaneously in space. It coincides with my impatience, that is to say, with a certain portion of my own duration which I cannot protract or contract as I like. It is no longer something *thought*, it is something *lived*.

But if we enter into the working of the mind, we find, that without time or succession, its states cannot exist. Time is the life of the mind, else the latter is dead. If we enter into its states and observe them, as one follows another, there arises the limited idea of time. This is only an idea of time in space. But should one rise above these ideas trooping one after another and observe them from the standpoint of life, he will see them as one continuous flow of a stream.

When we think of these successive states we imagine them spread out in a continuous line, precisely as we imagine real things to be at any moment all spread out in space. But this is not true duration. Our life is true duration. It is a time-flow that is not measured by some standard in relation to which it may be faster or slower. It is itself absolute, a flowing that never ceases, never repeats itself, an always present, changing, becoming, now.

As Wildon-Carr puts it in another place :

It seems as if a great movement were in progress, sweeping us along in its course. To exist is to be alive, to be borne along in the living stream as it were on the breast of a wave.

The actual present now in which all existence is gathered up, is this movement accomplishing itself. The past is gathered into it, exists in it, is carried along in it as it presses forward into the future, which is continually and without intermission becoming actual. This reality is life.

Veḍānṭa

In Veḍānṭa, the fundamental and foremost thing to do is to discriminate between Āṭmā and not-Āṭmā or between the Real and the non-Real. According to it, Āṭmā alone is real: others are unreal. Matter, mind and others beside Āṭmā are not real. The Reality alone should be taken up by the one that wishes to reach It. Āṭmā comes from the root *Aṭ*= to move. It is also derived from the root *An*=to breathe. Both meanings tend to the conclusion arrived at by the Professor, that it is Life-Change. It is thus Aṭmā—or living ceaseless motion—that is alone real.

Here let us try to understand the meaning of the word "Real". Reality is not eternity alone. That which is eternal—i. e., exists in the three periods of time—may not be real. The substance underlying a form or object is existent in the three periods of time: but its form does not endure. Hence such a form or object is not real. But Āṭmā is one that exists not only in the three periods of time but also does not change its nature. There is no form for Āṭmā: its nature is ceaseless living change. Though there is change of form and state in matter and mind, in the vyāvahārika or phenomenal condition, yet both the latter are in their pāramārṭhika or noumenal condition—Aṭmā itself.

This Āṭmā, according to Hinḍūism, is twofold—Jīva-Āṭmā and Parama-Āṭmā, the individual or living Self and the Universal Self. The former alone is named Jīva,

or life and the latter, Param or supreme. Probably because it is the individual Self that has to unfold its powers by being encased in matter, therefore it is given the title "life," to express its power of expansion. Both these Selves are in Hinḍūism compared among other things, with a big river and its rills. So also Professor Bergson compared the individual lives to rills flowing out of a ceaselessly flowing current. But he does not go beyond these two to that Absolute where all the pairs —mobility and immobility, heat and cold, etc.—meet as one.

Evolution

This life, therefore, which is a mighty current dashing aside all obstacles—even death itself—on its way, divides itself into many rills and becomes encased in matter in order to evolve. As the Professor puts it:

> The evolution movement would be a simple one, and we would soon have been able to determine its direction, if life had described a single course like that of a solid ball shot from a cannon. But it proceeds rather like a shell which suddenly bursts into fragments, which fragments, being themselves shells, burst in their turn into fragments, destined to burst again, and so on for a time incommensurably long. We perceive only what is nearest to us, namely the scattered movements of the pulverised explosive. Further we have to go back stage by stage to the original movement. . . . . So of the way Life breaks into individuals and species. It depends, we think, on two series of causes: the resistance life meets from inert matter and the explosive force—due to an unstable balance of tendencies which life bears within itself.

Thus it is the Jīvāṭmā, according to the *Bhāgavaṭa* and other Purāṇas, which forces its way through inert matter to overcome the obstacle and show its many tendencies in the many stages of the mineral, plant, animal and human beings, till at last it rises to the stage of super-man also.

Regarding this evolution, there are two points given out by Professor Bergson which coincide with Hinḍūism. The word evolution is from *ex*, out and *volvere*, to turn. Should progress take place through life getting out of matter, then there must have been a previous stage when it got into matter. There should have been an involution, or descent into matter, ere ascent takes place. Hinḍūism puts it generally thus: Mokṣha (emancipation) is from the root *Munch*—to be released. Release implies a jail already existent, which is Banḍha, or bondage in matter. The soul gets into the jail of matter ere it is released. On this, the Professor says thus:

> It is true that in the universe itself there are two opposite movements to be distinguished, as we shall see later on—descent and ascent. The first unwinds a roll already prepared. In principle, it might be accomplished almost instantaneously like releasing a spring. But the ascending movement which corresponds to an inner work of ripening, or creating, endures essentially and imposes its rhythm on the first which is inseparable from it.

The second point in Evolution is about the two seemingly opposed ways in which created objects came into existence. In the Purāṇas, in the first, or Svāyambhu period of creation, there were two kinds of creation —Elements and Compounds, called Sarga and Praṭisarga. In the latter again creation went on in the following order: (1) Minerals, (2) Plants called Urḍhwa Shroṭas, (3) Animals called Ṭiryak Shroṭas, (4) Men called Arvāk Shroṭas—then came higher creations. This order corresponds no doubt with that of the modern evolutionists. But when again we come to this earth of ours on which the present Manu, Vaivasvaṭa, incarnated in order to create, we find a reverse order obtaining—man generating not only man but also the lower orders of

creation, animals, plants and minerals. Of the 60 daughters of Dakṣha, 13 were married to Kashyapa: Kadru begat the serpents, Vinata, the eagles, Ila, plants, etc. We get a corroboration of it from the embryo, where it repeats in the womb all the different stages of evolution this human body underwent aforetimes from the simple cell upwards.

With reference to this, we have another corroboration from the learned Professor. In studying the torpor, instinct and intellectuality of the three kingdoms from the vegetable upwards, he finds that "the difference between them is not a difference of degree or intensity, but only of kind. They are only three divergent directions of activity that has split up as it grew." Taking first the two kingdoms of plants and animals, he remarks:

> Attempts to define the two kingdoms have always come to naught. There is not a single property of vegetable life that is not found in some degree in certain animals. Not a single characteristic feature of the animal that has not been seen in certain species or at certain moments in the vegetable world.

Similarly with reference to animals and men: "It is because intelligence and instinct having originally been interpenetrating retain something of their common origin. Nothing is even found in a pure state." Examining all these three stages, the Professor concludes thus:

> Thus everything bears out the belief that the vegetable and animal are descended from a common ancestor which united the tendencies of both in a rudimentary stage. But the two tendencies mutually implied in this rudimentary form became disassociated as they grew. Hence the world of plants with its fixity and insensibility: hence the animals with their mobility and consciousness.

Thus the two theories of a regular succession in evolution from the mineral upward to man, and of all

the created objects arising from a common ancestor, seem to be as divergent from one another as the two poles. But Hinḍūism is able to reconcile them both, as having occurred at different epochs, one in the earlier creation and the other in the later one, when we came to this solid earth of ours.

There is also another point in evolution regarding the criterion of distinction between the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Professor Bergson says: "To begin with the second point let us say that no definite characteristic distinguishes the plant from the animal. Attempts to define the two kingdoms strictly have always come to naught. There is not a single property of vegetable life that is not found in some degree in certain animals: not a single characteristic feature of the animal that has not been seen in certain species or at certain moments in the vegetable world. Naturally therefore biologists enamoured of clean-cut concepts have regarded the distinction between the two kingdoms as artificial." Then he says: "In a word the group must not be defined by the possession of certain characters but by its tendency to emphasise them. From this point of view taking tendencies rather than states into account, we find that vegetables and animals may be precisely defined and distinguished, that they correspond to two divergent developments of life. This divergence is shown first in *the method of alimentation.* We know that the vegetable derives directly from the air and water and soil the elements necessary to maintain life especially Carbon and Nitrogen which it takes in mineral form: the animal on the contrary cannot assimilate these elements unless they have been fixed first in organic substances by plants or by animals which directly or

indirectly owe them to plants, so that ultimately the vegetable nourishes the animal."

When such difficulties exist in distinguishing between the vegetables and animals of to-day, more so should they exist between the different forms of creation of the archaic past, and the present—and even of the future. Professor Bergson says that the first and foremost means of differentiation lies in the method of alimentation. Yes, our old Purāṇic writers said that that is the only and surest means. They called man Arvāk Shroṭas —*viz.*, having downward (alimentary) canal: animals, Ṭiryak-Shroṭas—having horizontal or curved canal: and plants Urḍhwa-Shroṭas or having upward canal. It is known to all, that in man food goes down the alimentary canal, in plants it is taken up, while in animals it goes in a slanting manner.

Genesis of Matter

If everything is in a state of change and if this mobile life enters matter in order to evolve through its resistance, how is this matter in the world or state of life? And why should it appear in this world of ours as a solid inert mass? According to the Professor, it is like a dam put across the sweeping current of life. As Wildon-Carr puts it:

> The solid things which seem to abide and endure, which seem to resist this flowing, which seem more real than the flowing, are periods, cuts across the flowing, views that our mind takes of the living reality of which it is a part, in which it lives and moves, views of the reality prescribed and limited by the needs of its particular activity.

How came into existence this period, or cut across the flowing stream? The Professor is silent on this point. The Upaniṣhaṭs have vouchsafed a reply therein.

In the *Bṛhaḍāraṇyaka Upaniṣhaṭ*, when the Ṛṣhi Yājñavalkya ordered the cows to be taken away by his disciples, one among the many questions rained upon him was: "What is the universe composed of?" The reply was: "The warp and woof" (as of a cloth). To put it in modern scientific language there are two kinds of forces of which the universe is composed, one at right angles to the other, like the warp and woof of a cloth. When two forces are working at right angles to one another, circular rhythms are caused. Similarly through these two main forces working at right angles to one another, the Brahmāṇda or Brahmā's egg, which is the Universe, was created. Afterwards these two forces which may be called the major and minor axes, had other numberless forces running parallel to them like the numberless threads—lengthwise and breadthwise—of a cloth intersecting one another, which brought about the different points at which matter began to rotate round different centres. In the Purāṇas, when the churning of the milky ocean is described, we are given some clues about the originators of these two axes of forces. The milky ocean represents the nebulous matter of the universe which had to be rendered solid through the churning. Manḍara mountain is the major axis which is supported by Viṣhṇu—the Protector of the universe—while the minor axis is furnished by Vāsuki, the serpent of time. The vast longitudinal current is of the life-stream of Viṣhṇu across which Time, who according to Hinḍūism is the Shakṭi of God makes the dam. Thus, I think that matter is due to these two kinds of forces working in different directions like the two diameters of a circle at right angles to one another.

This process in a way explains the rotatory motion in each point of the ether from which matter appears solid. Professor Bergson says thus:

> From our point of view, life appears in its entirety as an immense wave which starting from a centre spreads outwards and which on almost the whole of its circumference is stopped and converted into oscillation: at one single point, the obstacle has been forced, the impulsion has passed freely. It is this freedom that the human form registers. Everywhere but in man consciousness has had to come to a stand: in man alone it has kept on its way.

Intellectuality and Matter

If matter is really motion, and if out of each solid object particles of matter are rushing at each moment, why should matter appear solid, as if immobile? To which the Professor says that the mind demands such a condition of things. The mind is but the relation; without objects, no relationship can be observed. Moreover it seems that the mind needs solid objects in order to find out the relationship. If all objects are in a state of motion, it cannot so clearly comprehend them as when they are in a state of rest. Let us take the ear. In order that a tyro in music may make progress, he should not at once be landed in a complexity of sounds vibrating at rapid rates. He should begin with simple sounds at slow rates. Similarly about the mind. In the initial stage, it has to concern itself with a few solid objects which it can observe, classify, etc. Should the whole range of objects, stationary or fleeting, be brought before it, it would but be confused. Hence the Professor calls the mind an *organ*. As Wildon-Carr puts it:

> What then is the intellect? It is to the mind what the eye or the ear is to the body. Just as in the course of evolution the body has become endowed with certain special sense-organs which enable it to receive the revelation of the reality

without, and at the same time limit the extent and the form of that revelation, so the intellect is a special adaptation of the mind, which enables the being endowed with it to view the reality outside it, but which at the same time limits both the extent and character of the view the mind takes. When we consider a special organ like the eye, we can see that its usefulness to the creature it serves depends quite as much on what it excludes as on what it admits. If the eye could take in the whole of visible reality, it would be useless ..... The intellect appears to have been formed by the evolution of life in the same way and for a like purpose..... And what is the purpose the intellect serves? It gives us views of reality.

A very striking simile is given. The intellect is compared to a kinematograph. In the latter, the moving scenes, say of a cavalry regiment, are represented as if marching. How is it done? Each position of the whole scene though moving is photographed as if fixed. Then all the views are joined together and arranged side by side on the film and passed across the scene in rapid succession. Then they present to us this moving picture. Similarly though the whole nature is moving, the mind takes photographs of different positions of it as if fixed. Though it may seem to us that things are fixed, yet mobility and change are going on ceaselessly and continuously.

Another happy simile is given to show that immobility is but a māya, an appearance. It is drawn from the effects produced upon the eye when two railway trains pass. When they travel in the same direction and at the same rate, they seem not to be moving: but when they move at different rates, they seem to be moving in opposite directions: but should they travel in opposite directions, they seem to be moving at twice the speed at which they are really moving.

When we come to Hinḍūism, we find that there also the mind is termed an organ. But it is called

Anṭaḥ-karaṇa or internal organ. The word "internal" is used to distinguish it from the external organs of eye, ear, etc., which lie on the periphery of the body. In the eyes of a Hinḍū, both the mind and the senses are but the avenues or organs through which the Jīvāṭmā within gains experience of the outside world. Both of them are Jada or inert, the senses being composed of gross matter and the Anṭaḥ-karaṇa of subtle matter. Since it is this physical world that has to be observed, therefore, there is a physical solid sense-organ required: and there is the intermediary of the mind between the soul within and the object without.

Regarding the photographing of the objects by the mind, the *Mahābhāraṭa* says that the mind when it perceives external objects makes images of them. The mind is the great picture-gallery of all its thoughts.

Instinct and Intelligence

If we compare the instinct of some animals with the intelligence possessed by men, we find the former outweighs the latter. We are even tempted to think that the animals are more advanced than men. Let us therefore cite some cases, given by the Professor, in his own words:

> When the horse-fly lays its eggs on the legs or shoulders of the horse, it acts as if it knew that its larva has to develop in the horse's stomach and that the horse in licking itself will convey the larva into its digestive tract. When a paralysing wasp stings its victim on just those points where the nervous centres lie, so as to render it motionless without killing it, it acts like a learned entomologist and a skilful surgeon rolled into one. But what shall we say of the little beetle, the sitaris, whose story is often quoted. This insect lays its eggs at the entrance of the underground passages dug by a kind of bee, Authophora. Its larva, after long waiting, springs upon the male Authophora as it goes out of the passage, clings to it, and

remains attached until the nuptial flight, when it seizes the opportunity to pass from the male to the female and quietly waits until it lays its eggs. It then leaps upon the egg, which serves as a support for it in the honey, devours the egg in a few days and resting on the shell undergoes its first metamorphosis. Organised now to float on the honey, it consumes this provision of nourishment and becomes a nymph, then a perfect insect. Everything happens as if the larva of the sitaris from the moment it was hatched knew. . . . . .

A case was quoted by Mrs. Besant in one of her lectures—I do not know whence she got it. A hen and a goose laid eggs. The eggs of the one were given to the other to be hatched, and *vice versa*. The young ones came out of the shell and began to move, when the mother goose took its young ones to a tank ; but the latter would not get into the water in spite of the mother's pressure. On the contrary when the young ones in charge of the hen rushed into the water, the mother hen began to cackle as if the young ones were in danger. What is this marvellous intelligence exhibited by the animals which is not in man? It is not instinct evolved, that is the intellect in man. The reverse seems to be the case. Even the mentality of a dog, horse, etc., seems possible to understand, since they are vertebrates like man. But what about the invertebrates like bees and ants? After examining these and others, the Professor comes to the following conclusions :

Whatever in instinct and intelligence is innate knowledge bears, in the first case, on things and in the second, on relations. Intellect is characterised by a natural inability to know life . . . Instinct is sympathy and turned towards life . . . Instinct perfected is a faculty of using and even of constructing organised instruments: intellect perfected is the faculty of making and using unorganised instruments.

Thus we find that instinct is the faculty of looking inwards, where life is perceived; and though it is a perfect instrument, it is not capable of expansion. The

animal sees the whole within and reproduces it without. But it does not understand their relationship. But the intellect is that which looks outwards on matter: and though it may not at first construct a perfect machine, it has the power of infinite expansion through efforts after efforts made, and through repeated failures.

In instinct, there is sympathy. Imagine the feeling of brotherhood of ants and bees. The moment one comes into existence, it knows its exact place in the brotherhood. Should it be a bee, it knows at once whether it should be with the queen bee or go about in search of things and so on. But man has to blunder and blunder ere he can come to the right way.

> The intelligence makes us regard Reality as something other than our Life, as something hostile that we may overcome. In intellect there is the egoism that is instinctive: in instinct, there is the instinctive brotherhood.

Intuition

As we have just seen, instinct is the faculty of looking inwards at life, while intellect is the faculty of looking outwards at matter. The former is developed with disinterestedness or non-separateness; the latter, through self-consciousness or separateness. In the one case, there is the absence of self; in the other, there is its presence. In the former, it is perfect, though there is not the power of expansion; in the latter, it has this power though imperfect.

The next stage of evolution should naturally bring us to a point where both these attributes have to combine. It is in intuition they both meet. The Professor defines it thus:

> Intuition is instinct that has became disinterested, self-consciousness capable of reflecting upon its object and enlarging it indefinitely. Intuition and intellect represent two opposite

directions of the work of consciousness. Intuition goes in the very direction of life: intellect in the reverse direction. A complete and perfect humanity would be that in which these two forms of conscious activity should attain their full development. Intuition is there, however, but vague and above all discontinuous. It is a lamp almost extinguished which only glimmers now and then for a few moments. It glimmers whenever a vital interest is at stake . . . Thus is revealed the unity of spiritual life. We recognise it only when we place ourselves in intuition in order to go from intuition to the intellect: for from the intellect we shall never pass to intuition.

Thus does evolution proceed, bringing into patency all the latent powers of life or consciousness. What then are the means to develop this intuition? The *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* says that each one should do his karma for its own sake, not actuated by the fruits thereof. Similarly the Professor puts it thus:

We must strive to see in order to see and no longer to see in order to act. The Absolute is revealed very near us and in a certain measure in us. It is of psychological and not of mathematical nor logical essence. It lives with us. Like us, but in certain aspects infinitely more concentrated and more gathered up in itself, it endures.

The Upaniṣhaṭ Version

On the stages of Torpor, Instinct, Intellect and Intuition, let us study the Upaniṣhaṭs. They treat all these as different stages of consciousness. There are four such according to *Māṇḍūkya Upaniṣhaṭ*. The first stage is named Bahiḥ-Prajña, or consciousness working externally: the second, Anṭaḥ-Prajña, or consciousness working internally: the third Ubhayaṭaḥ-Prajña, or consciousness working externally and internally at the same time: in the fourth, there is neither externality nor internality nor externality-internality—all is one only; which state is called Ṭurīya. Then again each of these four states has its four subdivisions according to the above laws.

Without going into the subtle ramifications, let us go into the broad divisions. According to Professor Bergson, life descends into matter, the accumulation of energy. When it becomes encased in matter, "consciousness lies dormant when life is condemned to automatism". It is as if a man were transported to a place where he is left alone, as if it were in a jail, without any help. The consciousness is left helpless and stunned. Then through the repeated shocks to the external matter in which it was, it was roused from its sleep to the stage of the vegetable: and when the outer body of the vegetable became more and more adapted to the outer surroundings and there was "the elastic canalisation of this energy," there came the inner consciousness called the instinct to manifest itself. Then in man, the consciousness was turned outwards, externally. In the Hinḍū phraseology, Anṭaḥ-karaṇa—the lower mind—is now developing. The future of man will have the development of Buḍḍhi, where it will be the combined work of the internal and external aspects of consciousness. Both the life and matter aspects of the universe will be seen together but in different planes. Lastly will come the state when all these states will be seen as one. This last state is one that cannot be described by ordinary people. It is only those personages called the Jīvanmukṭas that can do justice to it. I do not know whether even They can adequately express in words what They cognise in the highest of states. Even than that state, it is said that there are others higher.

I have culled but a few of the blossoms of truths that the learned Professor has exposed before the world. It is for others more competent than myself to gather others. Moreover it seems to be the will of Providence

that the Hinḍū religion—though it be of the East—has to be brought to its true position and placed upon its high pedestal only through the combined efforts of the East and the West. If not, why should not God send many souls to incarnate in India to do that work? Why should He send souls like Professor Bergson to the West to vindicate the truths of the religion here? As a lover of Hinḍūism and as one who has sacrificed his life to it, I welcome all those that work for it directly or indirectly, whether they are in western or eastern bodies. Therefore, as in duty bound, I offer my gratitude to Professor Bergson for having advanced the cause of the Hinḍū religion in this manner.

K. Narayanaswami Aiyar

THE QUEST IN PERSIA

A STUDY OF SUFĪISM

By F. HADLAND DAVIS
Author of *The Persian Mystics*, etc.

PERSIA, once a great world-power, has become a political pawn in the hands of England and Russia. Optimists assert that something of her glory will return some day when the Russian yoke can be thrown off and her finance set on a more satisfactory basis. Be that as it may, for ourselves we must ever remember Persia as a country of earnest searchers after the Light, a country of great mystical poets. Happily we have outgrown the Victorian estimation of Persia, an estimation so steeped in sentimentality that the land of the Lion and the Sun appeared as a garden profuse in roses and bulbuls and sickly love-songs. England read very indifferent translations from the Persian at that time, and the illuminating Mysticism known as Sūfīism was quaintly referred to as "Çoofism". Now students of Mysticism find in Persia much that has been the main theme of all our great Mystics, a Mysticism that made Persia pre-eminently great in her poetry.

It was Zoroaster who is said to have prophesied respecting the birth of Christ, a prophecy the mysterious Magi were destined to verify. The foretelling of

the Star of Bethlehem placed astrology on a high eminence indeed, for it foretold of a Light greater than the light of stars. It heralded the Light of the World. Here, then, in Persia, some six or seven hundred years before the birth of our Lord, we catch the sound of a triumphant note. But it was Muhammad and not Christ who came to Persia in later years.

Zoroaster's teaching was briefly this. He recognised the two great powers, Good and Evil, God and Devil, in constant warfare. How was Evil to be vanquished? By man. How was he to do this? By righteousness. Zoroaster, like so many wise representatives of all great religions, did not attempt to make too sweeping a reform, or to abolish all the childish, but after all harmless, whims and fancies of a naturally imaginative and poetical people. He allowed many of the old religious customs still to play a *ritualistic* part in the propagation of His message.

There is something strangely beautiful in the funeral rites of the Zoroastrians.[1] The chanting, the incense, the journey to the temporary resting place. The body is taken in at one door, and taken out at another in order to symbolise the mystery of birth and re-birth. The long march across country, as the procession bears the deceased to a *Dakhmah* or Tower of Silence.[2] Then the departure of the carriers, the last farewell of the friends and relatives. The gaunt stone tower rises from the barren plain. Two old men come from that strange starlit place of Death and carry the body up into the Tower of Silence and lay it naked upon the great stone platform. The old men crouch upon the Tower, gazing

[1] *Persia Past and Present: A book of Travel and Research.* By A. V. Williams Jackson.

[2] *In the Valley of Stars there is a Tower of Silence.* By Smara Khamara.

wistfully into the night, trying in their nearness to Death to look across into Eternity. Then suddenly they chant, in perfect unison, a beautiful prayer to the angels, and once more all is still save, perhaps, for the eerie cry of the wind. The silent body seemed to those who kept watch Evil's greatest victory. The Zoroastrians constantly symbolised Life by a cord, or *kusti*, which they wore under their garments. When Death came they still clung to the idea of Life, and still the *kusti* was bound round the cold, silent body. It expressed a hope that God would raise the Dead to Life Eternal, that Good would vanquish Evil, "where the individual soul unites with the principle of Light without losing its personality".[1]

The next religious leaders in Persia were Māni, whose teaching was not unlike that of the Hinḍū Kapila in respect to his theory of the production of the Universe, and Mazdak, who taught that all men are equal.

It will be observed that the first religious movement in Persia, Zoroastrianism, marked a high standard of spiritual development. It touched the border of a Mysticism that conceived of Union with the Divine. It had yet to advance a further stage in which it recognised the folly of a conception that admitted of preservation of human personality in the Almighty. From a spiritual point of view I am inclined to think that Persia's religious progress received a set-back in the coming of Islām, though, among the more uncouth Arabs, Muhammad's teaching meant a rigorous and beneficial discipline hitherto unknown. The key-note of the Arabs was, as Muir says: "Honour and revenge." The Arab Invasion

[1] *The Development of Metaphysics in Persia.* By Shaikh Muhammad Iqbal.

came at a time when Persia still felt the effect of the wars of Alexander the Great. Persia suffered from religious dissension, whereas the small Arab army of seven or eight thousand men was filled with almost fanatical ardour. Persia adopted Islām without a very strenuous resistance. The majority of Zoroastrians who refused to join the Muslim faith fled to northern India.

I have endeavoured to sketch, in the merest outline, that which preceded the great mystical movement known as Sūfīism, in order that the reader may have some idea of the religious ground upon which the Sūfī thought evolved.

The origin of Sūfīism is a question about which learned doctors still disagree, and, to be quite candid, I do not think that any of the authorities, such as Von Kremer, Dozy, and Browne, can formulate one theory that may be regarded as completely satisfying to the student. Prof. E. G. Browne[1] gives the following theories, *viz.*: (1) *Esoteric Doctrine of the Prophet.* (2) *Reaction of the Aryan mind against a Semitic religion.* (3) *Neo-Platonist influence.* (4) *Independent origin.* The last mentioned theory may be readily dismissed, on the ground that Sūfīism is too compact with borrowed ideas ever to claim independent origin. Personally I am inclined to favour (1) and (3). It seems to me that the more learned Persians would accept the teaching of the *Korān*, the book of an invader, with reservation, and give scope to a mind, more subtle and mystical than that of the Arab, by finding in certain passages of the *Korān* an esoteric meaning. This theory alone, however, is not of sufficient weight to justify the existence of Sūfīism. It was quite possible when the Sūfīs came to be regarded

[1] *A Literary History of Persia, Vol. I.*

as heretics that they should ingeniously turn to the *Korān* and quote its authority in the hope of escaping religious persecution.

Let us now briefly study the Neo-Platonist theory. Seven Neo-Platonist philosophers came to the Persian Court in the reign of Nūshīrwan, (sixth century A. D.). They had been driven from Athens by Justinian, who was strongly opposed to the teaching of philosophy. These philosophers founded a school in Persia. "The Neo-Platonists believed in the Supreme Good as the Source of all things. Self-existent, it generated from itself. Creation was the reflection of the Good's own Being. Matter was essentially non-existent, a temporary and ever-moving shadow for the embodiment of the Divine."[1] It was by the contemplation of the All-Good that the Neo-Platonist Plotinus, at the age of thirty-seven, set out to study the wisdom of the Persians. We are informed that Plotinus greatly esteemed Numenius, who was well versed in the Persian religions. The following quotation from Plotinus will perhaps help to show the parallel between Sūfīism and Neo-Platonism: "Light everywhere meets with Light; since everything contains all things in itself, and again sees all things in another. So that all things are everywhere, and all is all. For everything there is great, since even that which is small is great. The sun, too, which is there is all the stars; and again each star is the sun and all the stars."[2]

And last of all we come to the Āryan Reaction theory, a theory that Professor Browne thinks has

[1] *The Persian Mystics: Jalālu'd-Dīn Rūmī.* By F. Hadland Davis.

[2] *Plotinus, Select works of.* Translated by Thomas Taylor. Edited, with introduction, by G. R. S. Mead.

been exaggerated. There are certainly marked similarities between Sūfīism and the Veḍānṭa teachings, but these influences came when the Sūfī system was well established.

I think it will be readily admitted that Sūfīism after all owed very much to Neo-Platonism, seeing that Sūfīism, broadly speaking, is in poetry what Neo-Platonism is in prose, with, of course, the marked difference between Greek and Persian methods of expression, and one or two other points we need not discuss here.

At the end of the eighth century of our era there was a Theosophic Mysticism known among the Muhammadans as *tasawwuf*. The word *sūf* means "wool". Hence the little order came to be called "wool-wearers," on account of the simple white wool garments that they wore. Abū Hashim was the first Sūfī, while Dhu'l-Nun-al-Misri may be said to have given Sūfīism its permanent form.

One of the early Sūfīs was Rabi'a-al-'Adawiyya, of Basra, a woman of remarkable character and deep spirituality. Many of her wise sayings have been preserved by the great Persian poet, Faridu'd-Dīn'Attār. Rabi'a saw in the Islām teaching love of God for the sake of reward and for the fear of punishment. Her own Sūfī belief was love of God for His own sake. An exquisite joy that accompanied the state of ecstasy made her realise that she was one with the Beloved—lost and found in Him. As the Arab poet, Ibnu'l-Fārid, has sung:

> With my Beloved I alone have been
> When communings more sweet than evening airs
> Passed, and the Vision blest
> Was granted to my prayers,
> That crowned me, else obscure, with endless fame.[1]

[1] *A Literary History of the Arabs.* By R. A. Nicholson.

Once when Rabi'a was stricken with sickness, she gave as her reason for her affliction that she had, in a moment of weakness, "dwelt upon the joys of Paradise". With her beautiful conception of a Divine Union, it is not to be wondered at that she could not tolerate the idea of earthly marriage. "The bonds of wedlock have descended upon me. I am not my own, but my Lord's, and must not be unfaithful to Him." Rabi'a's love of God was essentially intimate, and in this respect she bears a remarkable likeness to the Spanish S. Teresa. S. Teresa was in fact a neuropath, and some of her so-called spiritual visions, such as an angel piercing entrails with a golden dart, were extremely repellent. However, the following experience of S. Teresa may be quoted as showing an extraordinary parallel between Sūfīism and Christian Mysticism. S. Teresa on one ocasion, while reciting the Hours, saw a "bright mirror, every part of which, back and sides, top and bottom, was perfectly clear. In the centre of this was represented to me Christ our Lord, as I am accustomed to see Him. I seem to see Him in all parts of my soul also, distinctly as in a mirror, and at the same time this mirror .... was engraved in the Lord Himself, by a communication exceeding amorous which I cannot describe." This parallel is extremely interesting because, as I shall show later, the mirror among the Sūfīs, which was the heart of the true lover, reflected the beloved.

Two other interesting Sūfīs were Bayāzīd and Mansur-al-Hallāj. On one occasion Bayāzīd cried out to his disciples: "Within my vesture is naught but God, whether you seek Him on earth or heaven." His disciples, who were alarmed, plunged their knives into

Bayāzīd's body; but, curiously enough, this action simply caused them to find their knives at their own throats. Bayāzīd explained to the remaining disciples that he had annihilated self, so that he had become, as it were, a mirror in which his foolish disciples saw their own faces reflected, while his soul communed with the Beloved.

Mansur-al-Hallāj seems to me a curious mixture of religious and charlatan. His exact place in Sūfīism is still a disputed point among Sūfīs of to-day. It will be readily conceded that his enormous egoism (so essentially non-mystical) did not coincide with the selfless doctrine of the more advanced Sūfī:

> All that is not One must ever
> Suffer with the wound of Absence;
> And whoever in Love's City
> Enters, finds but Room for One,
> And but in ONENESS Union.

Just as Mr. Bernard Shaw claimed to have written plays equal to those of Shakspere, so did Mansur-al-Hallāj claim to be able to write verses equal to those of the *Korān*. And another point that must have deeply shocked the devout Muslim was his theory that the pilgrimage to Mecca could be accomplished by occult practices equally well in any room. As an instance of al-Hallāj's ingenuity I may quote the following incident. Al-Hallāj once pretended to pick an apple from Paradise. When a matter-of-fact individual pointed out that the apple was decayed, and therefore could not have come from Paradise, al-Hallāj replied: "It is because it hath come from the Mansion of Eternity to the Abode of Decay: therefore to its heart hath corruption found its way!" Al-Hallāj had many faults, but he met his death bravely, and, when one has

overlooked his indiscretions and love of conjuring, one finds a residuum not by any means to be ignored. A characteristic saying of his was: "The way to God is two steps: one step out of this world, and one step out of the next world, and lo! you are with the Lord!"

Just as the old masters of Art were inspired by the representation of Christ, the Madonna, and other sacred subjects, so did much of Persian poetry become impregnated with Sūfīism to such an extent that to appreciate it at its full one must become acquainted with Sūfīism, and learn to recognise the elaborate symbolism of many words not to be taken in their bare literal meaning. Never in the whole history of literature was there a form of worship more suitable for poetic interpretation. Love forms the theme for so much poetry the world over, and in Persia it is treated with a warm intensity and sensuous opulence totally different from anything our western poets have given us. The Persian poet could become eminently religious without becoming eminently cold, dry, and dull. He drew on the beauty of the moon shining through the cypress trees, or dancing with her silver feet on some dark stretch of water; he sang of the curls of Heart's Desire and crowned it all—the splendour of the moon, the beauty of woman—with an inrush of jubilant song that raised his human love to that high love of the Beloved. His joy in the wine-cup became an ecstasy of pure and spiritual delight; his idea of earthly marriage quickened into a desire for Union with that Lovely One, who seemed, and surely was, the supreme joy of his existence. But we must not fall into the error of accepting all Persian poetry as Sūfī in meaning. Much of Hāfiz is obviously of a very worldly nature, and no amount of sophistry will make it

otherwise, except to those unfortunate people who, from a lack of humour, get the esoteric craze and try to spiritualise everything, even that which is gross, and in its grossness finds its own poor death. There have been Mystics, such as Thomas Lake Harris, much of whose poetry is steeped with that which is common to Sūfiism, who arrive at a certain phase of spiritual development, and then topple over, from a considerable height, into the nets of the senses, that as a last resort, terribly pitiful, they label with a sort of divine prerogative.

One of the greatest Sūfī poets was undoubtedly Jalālu'd-Dīn Rūmī. His poetry is deep with a haunting Mysticism. Now he bids the world be still and listen to the Beloved's sweet call. Now he sings with wild delight, the voice jubilant, ecstatic, brimful of the joy of loving, or yet again he becomes philosophical and full of tenderness for those who are sad. His poetry is full of " the pantheistic beauty of Psalms, the music of the hills, the colour and scent of roses, the swaying of forests ; but it has considerably more than that. These things of scent and form and colour are the Mirror of the Beloved ; these earthly loves the journey down the valley into the Rose-Garden where the roses never fade and where Love is."[1] The following will give some idea of Jalāl's poetry :

My Soul sends up to Heaven each night the cry of Love !
God's starry Beauty draws with night the cry of Love !
Bright sun and moon each morn dance in my Heart at Dawn
And waking me at daylight, excite the cry of Love !
On every meadow glancing, I see God's sunbeams play ;
And all Creation's wonders excite the cry of Love !

I, All in All becoming, now clear see God in All ;
And up from Union yearning, takes flight the cry of Love.

[1] *The Persian Mystics : Jalālu'd-Dīn Rūmī.*

Then Jāmī,[1] the last great poet of Persia, was a beautiful exponent of Sūfīism. His *Salāmān and Absal*, *Lawa'ih*, *Yūsuf and Zulaika*, and *Bahāristān* are all Sūfī works. Jāmī, in one of his poems, describes the Beloved sitting in some vast space, beautiful, but having no knowledge of His beauty. Suddenly the darkness is filled with a song of His Love, and in that Love there is a gleam of light that touches the Universe, so that all that was once dark, dull, primordial, becomes lit with the presence and the glory of the Beloved:

> Where'er thou seest a veil,
> Beneath that veil He hides. Whatever heart
> Doth yield to love, He charms it. In His love
> The heart hath life. Longing for Him, the soul
> Hath victory.

Jāmī has not the lyrical beauty of Jalālu'd-Dīn Rūmī, but in the *Lawa'ih* ('Flashes of Light') Jāmī strikes a deeper note. We find in him a due recognition of the vanity of earthly possessions, the vanity of self that is nothing until it loses itself in Very Being. The *Lawa'ih* should be studied with Mahmud Shabistari's *Gulshan-i-Raz*, or 'The Mystic Rose-Garden'.[2] Both books present Sūfīism in its deepest and finest form. Thus Jāmī sings:

> O Lord, none but Thyself can fathom Thee,
> Yet every mosque and church doth harbour Thee,
> I know the seekers and what 'tis they seek—
> Seekers and sought are all comprised in Thee.

Sūfīism is in short the religion of Love. It has no creed, no dogma, no one way theory to Eternal Life, as with the majority of religions. Sūfīism goes with the Lord Buḍḍha in admitting that Self is a delusion, but it does not sublimely leave out of the reckoning the

[1] *The Persian Mystics: Jāmī.* By F. Hadland Davis.
[2] Translated by W. H. Whinfield.

existence of God, nor does it desire the state of Nirvāṇa. Sūfīism after all is a Persian name for that which is common in all Mysticism. The Light touched the West as it did the East, and we find such German Mystics as Ruysbroek, Suso, Tauler, and Eckhart uttering in their own fashion the same deep truths, bound on the same great Quest as the Mystics of Persia. Sūfīism is not a dry-as-dust theory. It has vitalised and made Persian poetry what it is to-day, supremely and beautifully mystical. More than that, Sūfīism might be made the means of bringing about a welcome reduction in the non-essentials of all religions, insisting not on the bowing down to this altar or that, or the performance of a specified ritual, but insisting on the one thing that matters to humanity, the sacred Oneness of Life and the inspiring and splendid truth that the Beloved and His lover are One.

F. Hadland Davis

THE SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS AT CAMBRIDGE

By F. L. WOODWARD, M. A.

SECLUDED among the trees in the quiet gardens behind St. John's College Cambridge, unknown to many inhabitants of the town and even to those who have been members of the College itself, as I have found, there stands an ancient stone building, moss-grown and reverend with age, patched, repaired and added to from time to time, and of various kinds of architecture, but in the main Norman and early English, with some additions of Perpendicular and Tudor work. The walls are of immense thickness, and it has six bays, four on one side pierced with deep loop-hole windows in the Norman arches, and on the other side a door. Its length outside is seventy feet, inside sixty-three; its breadth outside is twenty-eight and inside twenty-one feet, and it is of two stories. Inside is a room with a vaulted roof, ten feet from the ground to the top of the arches, supported by round pillars with semi-circular arches, resembling those of the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral. The pillars are in the middle, with half-pillars at the sides, so dividing the whole as to form it into twelve equal compartments ten feet square. The windows face the south, the only door the north. There are no stairs inside, but a spiral outside at the N.E. corner.

This building is known as *The School of Pythagoras*, but it was once also called *The Stone House*, and its date of foundation, if we may judge by the architecture, seems to go back to the eleventh century. Little is known of the origin and use of this ancient hall, or even of the origin of its name. Antiquaries at Cambridge can tell us nothing. I have long thought it to be, perhaps without substantial foundation of proof, one of those ancient centres of knowledge, purposely established by the Brotherhood, as in other parts of the British Isles, which have existed all through those dark times when the lamp of learning was nearly extinguished. I amuse myself with the 'pleasant conceit' that, as our Master K.H., once Pythagoras himself, was pleased to honour Oxford with His presence as a scholar in this century just passed (being at Queen's College, as I have heard), so also He may have, some hundreds of years ago, bestowed upon Cambridge a prior favour, with the result that from its early days Platonism there found a happier home than at the sister University.

"However that may be, this building bids fairest to authenticate the antiquity of the University of Cambridge of any in the place, as it seems most likely to have been the structure where the Croyland monks gave their lectures to their scholars; and from them has retained the name of 'school' from that period to this very time." The date should be 1109, "when the Benedictine monks from Croyland Abbey came to Cambridge to lecture on philosophy."

So says Kilner's *The Account of Pythagoras' School in Cambridge*, published *circ.* 1783, the only work which I have been able to find on the subject. I secured a copy of this book, which is very rare, not long ago (it now

rests in the Adyar Library), and have copied some passages which give the barest information of the origin and use of the old building. *In tenebris involvitur ejus historia.*

"In 1092 the Priory of St. Giles was founded at Cambridge. . . . The premises here and of late called *Pythagoras' School*, but more anciently distinguished as *Domus Lapidea*, or *The Stone House*. . . . was given to Henry Frost, whom I take to have been the original founder of St. John's Hospital in Cambridge, about 1210, by giving the site on which the hospital was built. So that the College of St. John the Evangelist, now grafted on that Hospital, and still enjoying its possessions, may justly be accounted the first of our present colleges."

The book contains several fine copper-plate engravings, one of which, dated 1730, has the following note: "This was y^e^ dwelling house of Merton, Founder of y^e^ College of that name in Oxford. Whence it had its name is uncertain; whether a society of gentlemen might not meet here, or live here in a Pythagorean manner, not unlike a college life; or whether the Mathematics, Morals or other Philosophy of Pythagoras might not have been held, or taught here, in opposition to the General Philosophy of those times, is rather to be taken as probable conjecture, than to be admitted as certain. It is now in possession of the College aforesaid." (1730.)

"The great difficulty is still behind, I mean the original use and destination of the building and by whom erected. That it was not designed for any religious purpose is plain, from its having no one part of it proper for an altar to be placed in, and its having only one entrance would be equally inconvenient."

"Mr. R. Parker, in his *Skeletos Cantabrigiensis*, 1623, referred to by Dr. Fuller, uses the name *House of Pythagoras*, and *Schools of Pythagoras*, but without any derivation. He places it however among the Houses of Philosophers and Divines, *Hospitia Artistarum et Theologorum*."

Fuller, *Church History*, vol. iii, *S.* 3. 7. says: "Amongst the many manors which the first Founder bestowed on this Colledg (*sc.* Merton) one lay in the Parish of St. Peter's and West Suburbe of Cambridg, beyond the Bridg, anciently called Pythagoras' House, since Merton Hall."

"From the union however of scholars for learning, and brethren for religion, as here in the Hospital, whatever was the sort of it; and from the connexion of them (as in the society referred to for example) learning and religion were soon brought together as in the present colleges in the Universities; the scholars of this Hospital in Cambridge having been made a college of themselves .... In 1284 the Stone House and Estate was transferred to the College." (p. 25)

"Hervey Fitz-Eustace, the grantee, was not only the proprietor, but the inhabitor of the *Stone House* in Cambridge (*note*; *The Stone House* of the Dunnings, since called *Merton Hall* and *The House of Pythagoras*) .... The said place, with its appurtenances, was conveyed by the College to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge for the new foundation of King's College there 22 Jul. 24 Henry VI. 1446 ("The royal saint"), but within eighteen years after it was restored to Merton College. 1463."

"In Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. ii, p. 440, it occurs by the name of *Schola de Merton* .... it appears to have

been entitled to such a school appellation, if it was the place, as has been related *where Erasmus read lectures on the Greek language in the University* . . . . it came to be more commonly called the *House of Pythagoras* and *School of Pythagoras*; and there are those who, from the antiquity of the name, thus lately attributed to it, are for deducing the antiquity of it as a school or house of learning, in this right ancient seat of it, '*Londinensis*' being at the least a promoter of the conceit, of its being *the very place where this philosopher exhibited himself and taught in Cambridge.* Others, however, as seeing this more for ridicule than reality, have been content to have it called by his name, as the house of the sect or school of his philosophy in Cambridge; or, as even less secure of this, and to make the matter still more easy, only because the building, in the form of it, might some time perhaps have resembled a Y, his beloved letter; and in this way of naming it from the resemblance, and with rather more perhaps in the remains to credit it; its very *undercroft* might not impossibly have had its share in somewhat imaging, if not his school at Samos, at least that more cryptic cave in his house at Croton, he shut himself up in."

That the world is never left without teachers is quite certain. No teacher has so influenced the West as Pythagoras, from whom through the Greeks and Plato Europe has received the best she has of arts and sciences. As far back as Julius Cæsar we read, in his commentaries, that the ancient Druids of the Celtic West used Greek as the vehicle of their sacred script. Doubtless the tradition of Pythagoras was there kept up until with the coming of the monks to England and the founding of monasteries it faded out under the influence of Latin Christianity, the Schoolmen and

Aristotelians, blazing up again perhaps in 1200 with Roger Bacon at Oxford, the only light in the darkness of those dark days, till once more another Brother lived and died in that tradition of Platonism, Sir Thomas More, *lumen Britanniae*, the great Chancellor, in 1500. Then came the revival of learning that followed the introduction of Greek. Erasmus taught Greek at Cambridge, perhaps, as suggested above, in this very School of Pythagoras; and John Fisher, with Roger Ascham, Sir John Cheeke, both scholars of St. John's, Tyndale, Miles Coverdale and Latimer were the centres of this movement.

Later in that century came the days of Francis Bacon, another Brother, preceded at Cambridge by Wyatt, Marlowe and Spenser. Francis Bacon was the centre of a group of scholars who seem to have been inspired by him. Later on arose Milton at Christ's, and the mystic tradition was continued by George Herbert, the poet, and Nicholas Ferrar, of Little Gidding, Huntingdon (so well described in *John Inglesant*). Oliver Cromwell and William Penn, the Quaker, were also Cambridge men at this time.

In the middle of the seventeenth century flourished the Cambridge Platonists. At Oxford Aristotle reigned supreme; yet there was a Brother there in the person of Thomas Vaughan, *Eugenius Philalethes*, a Rosicrucian contemporary with Sir Thomas Browne. At Cambridge Plato and the Mysticism of Plotinus had more weight (for the subject of the Cambridge Platonists consult Mr. Howard's excellent edition of Richard Ward's *Life of Dr. More,* pub. T.P.S.).

The Cambridge Platonists were many, but the chief names are those of Dr. More, Cudworth, Benjamin Whichcote, John Smith, Nathaniel Culverwell and

Richard Ward. Dr. More was the centre of a psychic society, including Van Helmont, Glanvil (Matthew Arnold's *Scholar Gipsy*), Greatrakes, the magnetic healer, and Cudworth, Fellows of the Royal Society, who were opposed to the philosophy of Hobbes and Descartes, then in fashion, "seers and prophets rather than mere scholarly dreamers, and they essayed great enterprises which two centuries later were still in their earliest stage."[1]

And here is another link. This same Dr. More is "the old Platonist" of Col. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves* (vol. I. chap. xv, *passim*), who died Sept. 1, 1687, and used H.P.B. as his amanuensis in writing *Isis Unveiled*, (1875) about whom the reader will find many interesting facts therein described. One of his terse sayings is: "There are as arrant fools out of the body as *in* the body," a warning to over-credulous spiritualists; we also read of him that "he drank small beer at college and said it was seraphical and the best liquor in the world" (this is very comforting to those who aspire to saintship!). But enough. I have woven round this old building some fanciful ideas, no doubt. Perhaps there is a grain of truth at the bottom of the vessel, which may our seers extract and amplify.

F. L. Woodward

[1] *op. cit.*

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

White Lotus Day, May 8th

Great Soul, who camest forth of thy good will
To serve the world,
A world that knew thee not, but at thee hurl'd
Its venomed spite—we thank thee.

* * * *

Rear'd in luxurious home,
Thou left it all to roam,
Like Buddha you renounced all worldly wealth;
In climates cold and hot
Your courage wavered not,
You laboured on regardless of all health.
"Mid countries strange and peoples rude
Like martyrs of all times you were not understood."

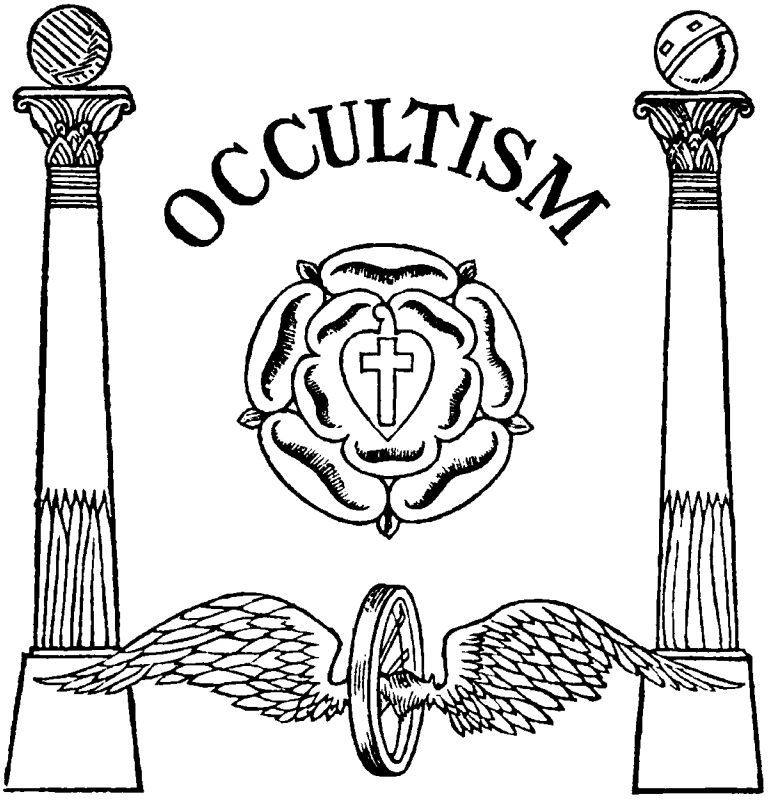
True seer of your age,
On Time's prophetic page
You wrote about the things that were to be;
O, thou of lion heart,
Nobly you played your part
And battled for the Truth which sets men free:
"The Secret Doctrine" from your pen
Proclaimed God's plan of evolution for all men.

Revered H. P. B.,
The world will one day see
'Twas Wisdom's pen you wielded with your might,
For much that you implied
Has since been verified,
Your forecasts now are coming into sight;
Yea, scientific men now find
Results which you by occult knowledge had defined.

Scorning all risk and cost
Through life you never lost
The purpose of your incarnation here;
You taught how man to-day
Can tread "the narrow way"
The Truth of Ancient Wisdom plain and clear,
Man ever may his birthright claim.
Your message was THEOSOPHY—for that you came.

May thy example lead
Us all to feel the need
Of doing everything with all our might,
Hearing the Master's call,
Ready to stand or fall
In helping others on to find the Light.
Unselfish like thee, we too may
Adorn the Ancient Wisdom in our world to-day.

W. S. M.



THE STATE OF BEING

By Baroness Mellina d'Asbeck

WE shall never know, with our minds, that we are immortal—and it is a true statement. At our present stage of evolution we are ignorant of our immortality because we get the sense of reality only through the mind, and in those regions where immortality is found to be real the mind is powerless and useless. Thus, it is likely that we shall develop another instrument, another organ of knowledge, in order to acquire the certainty of our immortality. The

thirst for a higher knowledge is the effort of life to evolve this other organ. Though this organ may possibly be the achievement of a remote future only, yet we can perhaps indicate some of the means by which it may be acquired.

The step towards the formation of such an instrument of knowledge seems to lie in the using of a state of consciousness that would place the whole problem of knowledge on an entirely new basis. This new basis is life.

This shifting of our criterion of knowledge might work along the following lines.

We find that some of our experiences, certain ideas and feelings, the seeing even of some physical objects—such as a person we love—some beauty in nature, the hearing of certain sounds, have a life-giving quality that other states of consciousness lack. The experiencing of them is a state of intensified life, a feeling of great reality. When those states of consciousness are over, they stand out in our memory as the great realities of our existence, and all the rest, compared with them, is pale and meaningless. Thus we find that their influence is a lasting one and it distinguishes them from mere emotional moods. These states may be associated with emotion, but are not the emotion itself. We notice moreover that this sense of reality does not necessarily coexist with a conscious clearness of understanding. Sometimes it does, sometimes it does not. I mean by understanding, the clear grasp of the elements that make up a state of consciousness and of the relation between these elements. But this sense of reality, though more or less independent of intellectual clearness, is always supremely

positive. It might even be described as "a positive state of consciousness," all other states of consciousness being, compared to it, negative or neuter.

It stands as negative to none. It cannot be swept away or undermined or annihilated by any other state of consciousness. It is what it is. It stands in consciousness as a fact, exactly as in the physical world the objects we see, or the events that have happened, stand as facts. But, as a fact, it has a greater reality even than the objects of the physical world, for the evidence of the senses is a mere child's toy when faced with it. Such a fact also possesses more reality than "truths" so-called, and when a fact in consciousness comes into conflict with a "truth," intellectually demonstrated and understood, the truth remains where it was, but the fact remains also. Nor are these states neuter, for they are endowed with vitality, activity, or rather, *they are* active states of consciousness.

The summary of all this is: We have in our consciousness experiences related apparently to knowledge, that are more positive than those afforded either by mental understanding or the evidence of the senses. We have two sorts of experiences related to knowledge—that of *understanding* and that of *being*.

The question, for one preoccupied with the solution of the problem of knowledge or the criterion of truth,[1] is the following: which of these two experiences or states of

[1] We remind our readers that a criterion of truth is a standard with which we are supposed to measure our experiences in order to control whether they are true or not. "The Supreme Good" for Plato, the clearness of an idea for Descartes, the evidence of the senses for Auguste Comte, were criteria of truth. Such criteria were usually considered as being capable of giving objective knowledge, that is, a series of truths that would remain true even if the subject (the individual) who discovers them did not exist. Such truths are objective, i.e., they have an existence independent of the subject. Our contention is that there is no objective criterion of truth, and therefore, no objective knowledge.

consciousness has most value in the finding of Reality, that is, the sensing of things as they are—the state of understanding, or the state of being?

We may, I think, to help in the solution of this problem, ask ourselves which of the two states is itself nearer to Reality.

The very definition of the state of being shows that, in itself, as a state of consciousness, it is nearer to Reality than any other state, in fact, it *is* a state of Reality in us, a state that is, to us, more real than any other one, a state in which we are supremely conscious of our own existence, conscious of being. This is its value in the sensing of Reality from the subjective standpoint.

But what is its value objectively? Truth, we are told, is the agreement of our ideas with Reality. Our question then must not be: what is the intrinsic value of the state of being, but what is its value in relation to Reality?

Here we come to the old problem of the criterion of truth, this ghastly guardian of the threshold of knowledge. Philosophers have wrestled with it entirely in vain. No established criterion of truth has ever helped in the finding of any truth. All that has ever been found to be true has been proved to be so by an immediate experience and the confronting of such an experience with others, but never by the measuring of a discovery against an 'objective' reality that, *a priori*, cannot possibly be known by us, since *no one can go out of his own consciousness* in order to compare his state of consciousness with an objective reality.

"The agreement of our ideas with Reality" is an empty phrase. There is no Reality for us but *our* reality. It is useless to argue as to whether this be deplorable

or not. It is a fact, no more, no less, and we must have the courage to face it. There is no Reality but our reality.

Such a statement may be said to overthrow all hopes of ever finding truth. It may overthrow stale theories concerning the discovery of truth, but such theories should never block the way when they are found to be false. It needs considerable blindness not to see that all the so-called 'objective' truth, all the "ideals" with their existence *per se* that the philosophers set up, and with which they compared their subjective experiences, were as subjective as these experiences themselves, being standards created *by the human mind.*

If anything objective exists at all, and this, of course, is a question, it exists, *a priori*, outside our consciousness. As soon as anything exists in our consciousness, it becomes, is, or always has been, subjective. These subjective elements are the only possible elements in our knowledge and there are no others.

It seems curious that so evident a truth has not always been considered as such and that it should be necessary to state it. It has been stated over and over again, but this theory has been systematically disregarded by those philosophers who feared it would land humanity in sophistry and scepticism, and also those who believed that their own standards and excogitations could possibly be objective.

Yet, to us, it seems of the greatest importance for the expansion of our life that we should realise quite clearly that an 'objective' criterion of truth is entirely a creation of our own minds, that this thing, never seen, never sensed, never known, yet looms over our mental

horizon, preventing us from stretching out our wings to soar ever higher. It hampers us in our flight, for it makes us doubt our own powers. Every genuine experience is branded as 'subjective' and thereby discredited. Though the immediate impression, the immediate experience is the only language of truth for us, this language is silenced continually by theories concerning objective values. Whatever we see, we cautiously add: "this is not the Reality," and we replace this subjective impression, so keen, so beautiful, so life-giving, by some abstract skeleton, forgetting that the latter is as subjective as all the rest.

Having seen that no objective criterion of truth can exist for us, and that all pretensions to such criteria are entirely illusory, we must then turn to the subject himself in order to establish a standard of values. We have, in fact, never done anything else, like Mr. Jourdain who had written prose all his life without realising it. But now we do it deliberately and consciously; we will no longer be entangled by the cobwebs of our own imagination.

We have first defined truth as the agreement of our ideas with Reality, and have then found that there is no reality but our own. This agreement becomes then the agreement of our ideas with our own reality. This agreement at its highest pitch is evidently the sense of Reality itself, or what I have called the state of Being.

We are now in a position to answer the question that we put at the outset of this discussion. Of the two states in us which pertain to knowledge, the state of understanding and the state of being, which of the two has more value in the finding and sensing of Reality?

We seem justified in concluding that the state which carries with it the fullest sense of Reality is probably nearer the finding of it.

We remind our readers that for many philosophers' 'evidence' depended on this very subjective attitude that any idea brought with it. Thus Spinoza says: "Truth carries its proof in it"— this proof being naught but the sense of Reality we mentioned. Similarly, Plato's *Noesis*, the state of seeing, of intuition, has the power and the conviction of an immediate perception and soars above the logismos, that is, the rational demonstration.

We must now ask ourselves: What are the consequences of such a theory. First of all, what does it mean? and what has been done in this revolutionising of our basis of knowledge?

Life has been placed above form.

The practical consequence of this is that, in our consciousness, not to know, but to *be* as fully and intensely as possible, should be our aim. For in being we realise ourselves, and thus, through being we know. Only this knowledge obtained through the realisation of being is life-knowledge. All other knowledge is form-knowledge, knowledge of aspects under which life appears unto us, and, if not entirely illusory, at least indifferent from the standpoint of realisation. What we call "life-knowledge" is synonymous to life-realisation, or to realisation pure and simple.

But before going any further let us face the objections this theory will have to deal with. Suppose it be true that the "state of being" is most important. Our opponents will say: You are on the most dangerous ground. You may slip into error at any moment. You

leave full scope for the wildest imaginations. The most weird hallucination will, in your eyes, have more value in the sensing of Reality than a sound, logical, healthy argument. All the perversity of the mind may creep into your system. Dreams of hashish and opium smoking, that are accompanied with a great exhilaration, the morphia that made Musset write his best poems, the ravings of megalomaniacs, all these will be a greater "sensing of Reality". Where will you stop ? and how will you draw a border line between healthy and unhealthy experiences, since reason is out of the game?

In order to answer this question, we must divide our experiences into the three types into which they naturally fall, and answer for each group separately.

First of all we have a series of experiences referring to physical objects. These include the totality of the experiences of science. The reader will remember that though we put aside the possibility of finding an objective criterion of truth we never deprecated experience. We have in the experience of the senses all the tests for truth used by science, and used by all of us when our field of knowledge is the physical world. According to Kant, physical experience was so necessary that no science was possible for him where there are no objects whose reactions could control our assertions. Logically the experimental method is a method of subjective tests. Nobody objects to that. Nobody attempts to found a science with any other organisms but our five-sensed human organisms as controlling factors. Were we entirely differently constituted, with other senses and other reactions, science would be revolutionised. Our science is made by us and for us; there lies its use and its value.

So our answer here to those who fear hallucinations is: your hallucination, irrationality, or any other failure will soon be rectified by experiences. If the number of experiences condemning any action are not sufficient for an individual to realise his error, his powers of action will nevertheless be weakened and in time destroyed. The survival of the fittest works all through the physical world. This is what one commonly calls the logic of life, a merciless logic that eliminates whatever does not fit into the scheme of things.

We now come to the series of experiences unrelated to physical objects. Here an idea is confronted not with a thing, but with another idea. We are in a realm where, according to Kant, science of knowledge is impossible, for we have nothing by which to check our imaginations. It is the metaphysical realm. Here we find philosophical and religious *systems*. We have already shown that this world is entirely made by us. We shall now see why we made it, and in its purpose we shall find both its justification and the means of controlling it. This realm is not theoretical but practical. No man makes a metaphysical assertion unless he wants it to be true, and he wants it to be true because it helps him to live. The whole psychology underlying philosophical and religious systems is the following: physical objects are not sufficient to satisfy us. In order to live we need concepts. We do not mean by living the mere upkeep of the body, though even that depends much upon our 'philosophy,' as all mind-cure proves. But by living we mean the full development of all the human being, including all his powers. And concepts are not only a mental

expansion, but also afford to man the solutions to the problems of life without which apparently he cannot be contented. Almost every man, perhaps even every single one, must have some system of concepts, be it a creed or a philosophy, in order to direct his actions and feel more or less satisfied. We each of us live in a system as we live in a house. This system has no more and no less value than the house we live in. Nothing matters but that we should live. The means by which we achieve this end are insignificant in themselves. This does not undermine their value. The fact that we require them is enough to justify their existence. If any man could see perfectly clearly that all systems of thought are mental houses, he would, once for all, become absolutely tolerant.

Every metaphysical concept, made by us, is rejected as untrue as soon as it does not work. We will take for example the concept of God. Humanity makes its God according to its own ideal. The God of past generations is put aside by the future ones on account of his shortcomings. "The original factor in fixing the figure of the Gods," says William James, "must always have been psychological. So soon as the fruits he seemed to yield began to seem quite worthless, so soon as they conflicted with indispensable human ideals, or thwarted too extensively other values; so soon as they appeared childish, contemptible, or immoral when reflected on, the deity grew discredited and was ere long neglected and forgotten. When we cease to admire or approve what the definition of a deity implies, we end by deeming that deity incredible." Man's ideal, or conscience, has thus more value for him than any God, and if the God comes into conflict with man's ideal, the

ideal remains and the God goes. Such historical facts are tokens of the glory of man.

So to those who fear disordinate imaginations in the realm of thought, we answer: to begin with, all religious and philosophical systems are series of imaginations, some of them very disordinate and some very illogical, yet standing firm on account of their sway over humanity. The 'objective' method consists in testing one imagination by another that has been adopted as a standard of truth. Such a method checks nothing and has no logical value. To test an imagination by its results in human life, its influence upon character and capacities, seems to us to be quite as illogical but more useful, besides making concepts serve the only purpose for which they were made.

We finally come to the third type of experiences within ourselves, the only one that, according to us, has any value *per se* in the sensing of Reality, the others being only means to an end. It is the type that we have called the state of being. This state is not a means, nor even an end, but a reality or a realisation. It is a state of "pure life". Images, ideas, crumble into nothing around it. And the attitude the soul takes towards them is one of supreme indifference, together with an exhilarating sense of freedom. Here the objection of letting imagination run riot falls to the ground immediately, for this state is only what it is by its entire independence from all imagination. It is furthermore characterised by its tremendous constructive power in the psychology of a human being, and its impetus towards activity. These are never the results of morbid exhilaration, which should therefore be carefully distinguished from the state we mean. This state is moreover

one of deep philosophical insight, reached only by the pure in heart in moments of perfect selflessness, as results of a life of high aspiration, deep thought, artistic inspiration, intense, selfless love.

Here the soul realises at last that all forms are imaginations, that way in which one life reacts on another life. The character of the reaction determines that of the object or idea, differing for each one of us. There is the Māyā, the great illusion. The life in it that has no form nor image is the only Reality. In order to live and let life flow through, you spin webs of imagination for your own use. Make your own Māyā as every creature does. By making a beautiful Māyā you are a creator and a God. This may seem wild, yet in the realms of synthesis and "pure life" it is not mad. It is perhaps the standpoint from which the ego looks upon our sciences, our systems of logic and ethics, our religions. It is a vast, a formidable sweep, that, like a cyclone, passes over the world of forms, leaving it ruined, crumbled into nothing. What remains? What remains in a world over which a cyclone has passed? The voice of the wind. Mentally it does almost throw one down. Used as we are to the world of forms, such a wholesale destruction is overpowering, awing, terrible. But it is great, so great that it gives a wild, inexpressible delight. It is as if suddenly the soul had grown wings and was soaring up in a state of life, intoxicated by it. And in that soaring it feels free.

Free to create its own world, a world of beauty and luxuriant growth. Free to divinise any form therein. Free as regards all creeds, all organisations, societies, movements, regarding them all, without exception, as phantoms, creations of striving souls. Free also to

say: The dream has vanished, all things are gone. The day is over, all is dark, I live. And in this life, all life does play. Yet, like a swimmer floating for a while, I rest. Peace is within me.

Such is the feeling of perfect freedom that the state of being or "pure life" brings to man. To escape at last from the bonds of concepts or thought-forms is like the liberation out of a prison. Better still. For the prison is often quiet and silent. The creeds and theories of man are noisy and obtrusive, and in us our concepts wage war and mar our peace.

The nearer to life and the further away from concepts, the more genuine our "states of being".

Thus may the soul find its way out of the world of forms into that of life, and begin to understand what being is, and, hence, immortality.

M. d'Asbeck

CAUGHT IN TRANSIT

By A. J. WILLSON

WE are told, and we believe it, that earnest members are taught while out of their physical bodies during their rest, and the recollections that a few bring through on awakening confirm this. The large majority, however, are quite blank on awakening as to what went on during the night; others have had confused dreams, obviously to be referred to vague astral wanderings, distorted in recollection by the state of digestion or nerves. Now and again some dream will come through that is so clearly impressed on the brain and is so wonderful in its staging and actors that the impulse is to write a full description to the nearest older member to enquire what it means. When these dreams are referred back to an authority the usual answer is: "I do not know what it means unless I go carefully into it, and I have not the time to do that."

If it be realised that an examination of a dream necessitates a careful scrutiny of the usual refraction and distortion by the etheric and physical layers of brain-matter—through which the dream has to penetrate before it is sensed by the consciousness in waking life—it will be also seen that each person has his own particular idiosyncrasies of thought and feeling by which he cognises in a muffled way as through a veil; and that the reality may be so widely different from the

remembered dream that time and trouble are required to translate that reality into terms sufficiently in touch with the recollection to make the connection at all obvious to the enquirer. This is very clearly shown by some of the cases analysed by Mr. Leadbeater in THE THEOSOPHIST.

Now while it is largely waste of time to tell dreams and expect others to act the Joseph to our Pharaoh, this slight connection between the life outside and inside the prison of the flesh is too valuable to be discarded; more especially as many people certainly are taught by them.

If each student will realise that his dreams are his own, to be interpreted by himself, if they are to be of use to him, much vain questioning will be avoided. Putting aside the many dreams that amuse our first waking moments by their fanciful happenings, now and again a dream is so vividly impressed on our brain that it seems our duty to examine it, and extract from it the lesson it was evidently designed we should learn. It may be that we were behaving in a way impossible to our present moral waking condition. Let us take that as a warning to beware, for atoms so impressed are yet lurking within our aura, abiding the time to respond and give us trouble when vivified by contact with that vice in some one else. Many a man who is, he thinks, quite beyond the temptation when awake, still enjoys his dream-glass. Or a matron finds that she has been happy with the forgotten lover of her youth. Don't smile at the incongruity, but take it as a warning when anything like this occurs; marshal your mental reasons against such a lapse and throw the whole weight of your emotion against it now that you are awake. That

dream will not then have been in vain, but will leave you a little more one-pointed than it found you, and so have done good work in clearing away rubbish that, left to accumulate, would require to burn it up the fire of suffering.

Germs of jealousy, flaws in all and each of the virtues, may in this way be detected and removed. And to make my meaning clearer, I will give an example of a dream and its explanation:

"It was night and I was walking with my Guru along a mean road between poverty-stricken houses. C., my fellow-chelā and dear to me, was a little way behind when suddenly he turned quickly off into a house on the right and disappeared. Our Guru stopped and looked round after him; then turned off also into a house on the same side of the way. This was all done quite suddenly, leaving me alone in the road. I felt puzzled, but decided that our Guru must be hiding in order to teach C. not to go off to pay visits when out on duty. So, thinking I had better help by hiding too, I also vanished into a house to the left of the road. I found the house empty and knew, in the way one knows in dreams, that all the people of the place were away.

"All night I waited, minute by minute anxiously expecting C. to come up and look for us. At last, just before dawn, I heard the people of the house returning and escaped, shoeless in my hurry, determined to search for C. in the house he had entered. Down in the back of it, in a dilapidated room, I found him, evidently settled comfortably and there of set purpose. I was much astounded; and his answers to my questions showed me, what he tried not to show, that all had been arranged before in order that C., together with our Guru, might be present at some special meeting.

"Now, had I been told of this arrangement beforehand, I loved both too well to mind their going without me; but taken thus off my guard, I was furiously angry at having been tricked into waiting all night, and into trying to help them, when they were evidently quite callous as to any anxiety they gave me by leaving me alone on a dark night with no security that all was well with them. I would not believe it of my Guru; and I rushed off to the house he had entered, only to stop short when I found him calmly reclining, evidently resting after a hard night's work. . . .

"Here I awoke, feeling sure that indignation was justified if such a thing should really occur; and that no friendship—not to mention a higher relationship—was possible when the ordinary courtesies of life were ignored; yet also feeling, somehow, that I had been on trial—and had failed; and I wanted to see wherein the failure could possibly lie.

"Carefully considering it, it came to me that the failure I sensed lay in mixing up two things.

"(*a*) I had professed confidence in my Guru, and I knew him to be engaged in teaching and helping many people in many separate ways—suited to each individually; but

"(*b*) When he treated me as a pupil, to whom no explanation was necessary, but who could be trusted to think the best of any sudden happening, I failed to rise to the occasion and took a view that would be correct between ordinary people who had no inner ties at all.

"So now my self-given task is to impress upon my suspicious lower nature that lesson of confidence, which satisfies my higher nature, in my chosen Guru—in

small things as in great ones. Quite naturally no responsible task can be entrusted to one who requires a map and a guide for every new road, along which he would be sent at a moment's notice if he could be depended upon to see clearly."

Here the dreamer extracts his own lesson from the dream. And this is what all should do for themselves.

Some dreams are not dramatic but take geometrical forms; others show landscapes, personages or things; some impossible, others quite normal in their make-up. Each form of dream relates especially to the person who sees it, in so far that something in him has responded and brought the memory through.

For around our subtle bodies all things, good or bad, are going on at the same time, just as they do around us on the physical plane, and Una will walk unharmed and spotless seeing only the beautiful to which her whole nature responds, where *La belle Dame sans Merci* will fall into the first snare and soon drag on a maimed life in torn and sullied garments.

And each man brings back recollections according to his nature and stage in evolution; passing from a stage like that of the Esquimaux (whose sleep seems to be as vividly material as life awake), through the haphazard dreaming of the ordinary civilised man, on to the stage when life out of the body is more vital and unhampered and more vivid than is the life to-day in our waking state. Thus there are endless opportunities of service to the all-round developed man.

A. J. Willson

SUMMER SCHOOL AT WEISSER HIRSCH

THE International Theosophical Summer School courses at Weisser Hirsch near Dresden, which gave so great an impulse of enthusiasm, hope and harmony, are to be held this year from June 22nd to July 18th. On this occasion not only are planned public lectures in the evenings, but courses are also arranged in the afternoons for more detailed studies. The lectures and courses will be as follows: *First week*: Folklore, Myths, Religions, History; *Second week*: Education and Self-Education; *Third week*: Theoretical and Practical Theosophy; *Fourth week*: Science and Art related to Theosophy.

Among those who have kindly agreed to lecture are: Mme. de Manziarly, Paris; Mme. Perk-Joosten, Haarlem; Mme. A. Kamensky, Russia; M. Polak, Brussels; and Herr Ahner, Weisser Hirsch, Dresden. For any information regarding the Summer Courses, application may be made to the last named gentleman, or to the Secretary, Miss J. Luise Guttmann, Planckstr. 1, Göttingen.

THE SMILE

By CHARLOTTE M. MEW

AN old woman once lived at the top of a wonderful Tower. Travellers who know the country well speak little of her, telling only how that land is marked by an air of great loneliness; how far off it lies; and of a strange spell, as of some tumultuous peace, which it throws like a garment over those who linger there.

The Tower rose from the centre of a wood. Strangers skirted the dark entanglement. It was a place of tyrant shadows and imprisoned sunlight, melodious with the notes of hidden birds, who shook the boughs, while scents swept down. The Tower was round and battlemented, its summit farther from earth than sky. The great trees round its base, waving their mighty branches, looked, as its height mocked them, like wind-tossed flowers. The steadfast gazer could see this grey giant rear itself against the blue. Dwellers in the town below said sometimes that it was not there. Some, who traced its outline in the twilight, or through the mists of morning, thought it a trick of cloud and sky.

The ascent to this mysterious height was steep and winding.

Tales were told of blood, of blindness, of men who died defeated and fell headlong into the deep and secret

places of the wood. It is true men had been blinded by the myriad hues, the changing lights, or by the dust thrown upward by the footsteps of their fellows. Some fell and reached the summit bleeding; and there were dangers which are not told.

But they might sleep upon the way.

The dead who found rest in the wood's green embrace did not ask a kinder bed. Above, the strange old woman wove strange spells round men, wooing them to seek her, singing—ere they climbed madly upward—a magical song. She held gifts in her hands, and her white hair hung grandly round her unseen face.

It was said she wiped the eyes and feet of weary climbers with those soft tresses, before she parted them, to shed her Smile.

Many, in the streets beyond the wood, never heard her voice, nor knew of the gigantic Tower. Others saw it, and looked upward, and passed along. There were legends told in the country of her beautiful Face. None had seen it, for her white locks lay across it.

In the huts and taverns of the town, the people sat at evening, picturing it—while darkness gathered and hid the Tower.

It was only visible by day. At night, the figure aloft on it was hidden, sending through darkness wild and wonderful strains.

He who heard would start from his place and thrust back the casement, standing motionless as the music stole through the still air towards him, over the trees and along the lighted streets.

Then his comrades whispered together, saying: "He hears the voice." On the morrow they watched to see him set out towards the wood.

As he stood at the window, they spoke softly of the old woman's ruthless summons, and whispered of his little ones at home. Then one, perhaps, would start a drinking song, lest others heard it and were called away.

"What," said they, "if her brow be white as the mountain-tops, it is as cold as snow!"

"But her glance," says he at the window dreamily, "sends brighter gleams than the sun over hills and hamlets, in the break of a dark day."

"Fool," they answered, "thou hast not seen it."

"Nay," he cried, "but I may, she calls me," and at daybreak, he was gone.

Lovers, wandering together through the fields, had heard it and fled, warning neither friends nor kindred, who found them, long afterward, it may be, stretched on soft mosses in the wood. One youth missed his maiden's lips for ever, summoned, as he clasped her, by the imperious call. Breathlessly, without farewell, he sped away, while she, forsaken, stood in the darkness, moaning. Thus some children found her, with wild eyes, distraught. For none returned who set out on that journey, save those tossed down to slumber in the silent wood. It was from the heights that those sad souls were hurled. The last steps of the way appalled them—and they fell, struggling to ascend the slant. Barbed stakes in the slippery surface they might grasp —and some achieved the goal, so aided, with torn and bleeding limbs. The old woman stooped to tend them, flinging aside her misty veil of hair.

She bent towards them and her Smile shone out. It may have crept on, as the dawn steals across the shrouded sky, or perhaps, it flashed like some great beacon into their tired and dimmed eyes, and the

splendid light fell full upon them, as they, transfigured with reflected glory, met her face to face.

This grand gaze claimed the victors. They pressed up. Those who reached the summit might ask of her what they would. She could steep their soul in music by a whisper in their ear. Above her head she threw marvellous gifts in circles, like a juggler's balls. Below, poor climbers, longed for them, but desire was dead and yet undying, in those who met the Smile.

Travellers hasten through that country, speaking little with its people, oppressed by the mysterious mantle, as of some stormy quietude, which it flings over those who loiter there. Some dare not enter it, knowing not what they fear.

Yet it is a place of quiet fields and gentle hill-slopes, where men till, and drive their oxen. Evil is not thought or done there: priests are banished, home is the only Temple found, and wayfarers, always welcomed to the simple dwellings, find them abodes of peace.

Far from the Tower, among the hills, is a little cottage. It stands in the midst of sloping meadows, shut in by trees, which seem like guardians of the lonely spot. A mother once lived there with her baby. It was an ugly child, naughty, and perpetually hungry, and red in the face. The winds, once pitying the tired woman, asked the trees to help them sing it to sleep. But it drowned their lullaby and screamed louder, till they grew wrathful and nearly blew the roof off, and beat the branches down. This frightened the little one, who kept cowardly peace till morning. It woke as cross as ever, and was washed and fed, and its mother tied gay ribbons on it, and bore it across the meadows, and through the town.

All the way, it could be heard crying to be taken back to toast its crumpled feet before the fire.

But its mother, rather, loved to sit on a green mound by the great tree-trunks in the wood, beneath the Tower. Here she came to watch the distant treasures, which attracted her, for she was poor. She shut her ears to the wonderful voice, rising and falling, calling, like the sound of silence, far away. Gladly she would have listened and joined the climbers, but women with babies cannot always do what they would. So she sat knitting, hushing the babe when it was troublesome, and looking upward when she could.

It has been said that none but the topmost climbers, ever saw the beautiful Face, but this is not so, for the baby, who could not even crawl, opened a small blue eye one day, and saw it; unclosed the other, and sat up and stopped crying, and tumbled off its mother's knee. For those who once see that vision, there is no other.

The baby was stupid and tiresome, but it discovered this, and began to puzzle its mother by toppling over continually in its efforts to peer up so high.

The old woman, for a brief moment had grown weary of watching the way-worn travellers up the steep and she glanced down and saw at the bottom the red and puckered baby face. It cannot be told why she was seized with sudden love for it. It happened so.

At first she sent strange lullabies across the wood, and through the town, and over the meadows, to where at night-time the baby lay. She longed for the child to hear her voice, and strung her magic notes, yet the warm little monster only slept heedless, and ceased crying sooner than it used to do.

The old woman said to herself: "The child will not listen, but if she sees my Face, when she grows older she will long, more than all these climbers, to come up to me."

She trembled lest the babe might make one of the crowd who saw the Tower, and looked up at it, and passed along. And so she sought to win the child, and thrust her thick white locks aside.

The stars drop dimly down their heavenly glances on mortal eyes, and men look upward at the distant mountains, learning some of the thoughts seated on their high white brows. The child scrambled through the wood's tangled spaces, seeking its Vision, day by day. She lay in the long grass dreaming, watching the wonderful sight.

Years passed, and still she crept to the great tree-trunk, her gaze chained upward.

Through her life, she said nothing of what she saw. She was possessed, enchanted. Toilers from the steep called to her; she listened smiling, and heard unmoved, the low beguilements of the magic voice. She would murmur to herself: "Poor souls, how far they climb to see my beautiful Face!"

She grew a woman. Her mother, now bent and grey, begged her to stay at home, to work, and sweep, and to train the vine up the cottage walls. Now and again she did some of these small services, but soon the ache for the beautiful Face assailed her, till, leaving the pot to burn, the vine to droop, her mother weeping, she stole away. And through her life it was always so.

Youths in the town would willingly have won her; for the ugly babe was a comely damsel now. She smiled on one. He drove his oxen past their door each

morning. Ere the sun rose, she pushed back her casement; and flushed from slumber, looked down on him as he went by. They walked the fields together in the twilights of one short summer. Then she grew tired of a mortal face. Her daily pilgrimage angered him, and he forbade her to approach the Tower; so they parted.

The neighbours laughed, and spoke of her as one who had no understanding. The old folks shook their heads, nodding them nearly off, at the spectacle of her idle, thriftless ways. She was counted, indeed, a good-for-nothing. Yet the old woman on the Tower loved her still, though she began to doubt if her beloved one would ever bestir herself to scale the height. The poor maid had not dreamed of it. Her life was filled with the delight of gazing at the beautiful Face. Who could tell her that the Smile was absent from it; that none but victors may invoke it; that it was indeed their triumph which gave it birth?

And still the years sped on. She dwelt happily, though cold guests came to the lonely cottage, and stripped it bare, and bore her mother to their unknown land.

At length, despairing, in a moment of great sadness, the old woman turned her Face away and the maiden found herself bereft.

She sat heavy hearted in the empty cottage, bidding the magic voice console her, for that she still could hear. Her old lover passed the window. She beckoned him, saying: "I go no longer to the Tower." He clasped her, and hand in hand, they walked the lanes once more. But by her fireside, the great ache seized her, and the unappeasable hunger grew. She would start

from fitful slumber, smiling from dreams of the irrevocable sight.

One evening, she called her lover to the cottage, and said: "We spend this night together!" She drew him in and, at dawn, they parted about the hour of sunrise: she saying nothing of farewell. Free of his last embrace, she stood by her door to watch him disappear, a moving speck upon the hills. Then with a liberated cry, she set off leaping and shouting towards the Tower.

She started on the journey. The way is long. Flowers spring everywhere. On other roads to heavenly places, the pilgrim must not note them or delay. Here he gathers one from every plant he sees; or half-way up, at a stream's edge, a tiny creature, wet and barefoot, holds her hands out for the nosegay, ere she leads across the water. She counts every blossom, and nods stern "No," if stalks are bent, or petals fallen, or if the posy wants a bud. Many go downward, sadly searching, and return long after, with their offerings complete. A thousand hues dazzle the climber's dust-dimmed eyes. Butterflies and birds sweep past him. The air is full of scent and song. As he mounts, he may look down, and see the child scatter his flowers. Travellers pause; she waits for them to present their posies; laughs, examines, and flings them on the stream.

Above her, sits the old man at the cross roads. He alone can point out the upward path. For him, the toilers chase each butterfly that flutters past them. He demands these with unbrushed wings, imprisoned, that he may set them free.

Towards the summit, there is a gate. A bird unlatches it; the pass-word is to end his song. No climber

knows, if thrush, or linnet, or wren, will hail him. Hundreds of singers take their turn and he must learn the note of all.

The maiden soon grew weary. Stones cut her feet; she fell; the labyrinths bewildered her. She sank and slept upon the way. Three times, the fairy at the brook rejected her; she dropped her flowers, or brought them crushed. Far below, in the cottage, she had lived listless. So labour was doubly irksome to her. And the climbers may not help each other. Those who will do so, slip backward and are seen no more. Her lover might have wept to see her stoop so painfully, and struggle with spent breath to gain the old man's fee. It was piteous, too, to hear her gasping travesties of the birds' joyous song. She kept on, bent and almost beaten, and neared at length the last steep slope.

Men named it the despairing spot.

She saw poor climbers, from afar, afraid to clutch the cruel stakes, spin in the air, ere they fell down, down into the wood.

She rested, spent and scarred, her eyes seeking wildly the well-known Face.

Her comrades greeted it, lifting their hands as if in prayer. They raised glad looks, illumined by the splendour which shone down. Her eyes rained tears—so near it seemed. Summoning ebbing strength, she fought, blood-stained and broken, up the last awful path. Men, uncheered, had never trod it, but she pressed on desperately, mounting to the topmost height.

Safe through the battlements, she tasted victory. But the beautiful Face had missed her triumph. The old woman stood, her grand white locks wound round her looking another way.

The maiden threw her torn arms upward, and then sank lifeless with a desolate cry. The old woman heard, and turned to her beloved, raising her, and sweeping the stains from breast and feet. She called, in tones unknown to earthly music. They rang melodious pæans to dumb distance. The toilers in the fields below, the busy citizens, and on his mountain slope, the maiden's lonely lover, stood still to hear.

The old woman stooped, pushed back her shadowing hair. The maid's stark eyes met hers. In that encounter, the Smile broke, and wavered. Then the ageless light went out.

Travellers tell of the great loneliness that wraps that land; how far it lies; and speak mysteriously of the spell it casts over the dwellers there as of some tempestuous calm. Some have seen the Tower, and a strange white figure at the summit, clothed in tossed hair. It stands, they say, for ever speechless, desolate, striving to waken a burden in its arms.

Charlotte M. Mew

THEOSOPHISTS AND POLITICS

By W. H. KIRBY, M.A.

IT has always been the attraction of the Theosophical Society that it has so broad a platform, that freedom of thought and liberty of opinion is encouraged within its ranks. No one is fairer or wider on this subject than our President who, like all strong natures, while going her own way never forces it on others, and never bears ill will to any who may not see eye to eye with her.

Availing myself of this latitude I would like to put down here, as impartially and impersonally as I may, a certain point of view with regard to present activities within the Theosophical Society which appear to me worthy of earnest consideration, presenting as they do a serious departure from our fundamental objects and policy, not without elements of danger however indirect.

It is open, I imagine, to every one in the Theosophical Society to start movements, leagues, orders, etc. for those ideals and objects with which he or she sympathises, and in which he or she is interested. No one in the Theosophical Society is committed to the opinions expressed or the public work done by another. The Editor of *The Commonweal* doubtless claims the same liberty. Mrs. Besant rarely does anything without good reason and her present journalistic venture has, doubtless, a motive and an impulse behind it into which we need not enter.

But the question I want to touch upon is this—it is a question of form and of principle and it needs to be put at the present time since it has arisen in the minds of many, shall we say, of the more 'conservative' Theosophical members. First, is Mrs. Besant, as President of the Theosophical Society, as free in what she says and does as the ordinary member? Secondly, if the answer is in the affirmative, how far is the Society at large likely to be implicated, both collectively and individually, by a weekly publication of a radical nature edited by its President, printed and published on its premises, and largely dependent upon Theosophists and Theosophical resources for its existence and maintenance?

It is only by an argument that verges on the sophistical that it can be urged that *The Commonweal* has "nothing whatever to do with the Theosophical Society".

It is, say what anyone will and from what was just said, distinctly an activity absorbing energies within the Theosophical Society, carried on by Theosophists, and, what aggravates the point of view I am exposing, inspired and directed by Mrs. Besant who is President of our Society, and whose spoken or written words are generally felt to be the key-notes both as to policy and as to teaching among members all the world over.

No other figure in the Society has reached her altitude; no other personality is so clearly designated to be both leader and spiritual teacher, and it is in the inspiration of her addresses and her books that all tender her love and gratitude and look to her for guidance.

She considers it now her work to take an active part in social and national reform generally, but especially

in India and for Indians. For this purpose is the weekly *Commonweal* started and the best Theosophical workers and organisations engaged on its publication.

But in this departure in a special work and for a special country, has she fully considered the Society as a whole, and its fundamental principles and traditions? Has she considered her position as President, as the custodian of our statutes, the impartial arbiter of all views, the inflexible sustainer of our declared objects? Or, am I entirely wrong—I am open to correction and ask for information—is the Society merely a mass of considerable fluctuating, heterogeneous elements scattered over the world, holding fundamentally a vague belief in brotherhood and vaguer theories still on religious and occult matters, whose policy is simply to believe what they are told, and to follow their President in whatever direction she chooses to lead them? Not that I think that a man or woman would go very far wrong were he to limit himself to trying to be and do one fractional tithe of all Mrs. Besant does and is. But that is not the point in hand.

The point is that it is impossible to put entirely on one side the disquieting feeling that indirectly the Society and its members are being, as a whole—especially by the outside world—saddled with the peculiar and partial trend of ideas expressed in *The Commonweal*; ideas which far from promoting brotherhood and love tend steadily, by their tone and their nature, to accentuate and widen the gap of racial differences that with such care and tact the higher, competent, and responsible circles of politicians have been and are, since a long time, continually trying to fill up and gradually lessen.

Nothing *The Commonweal* can say about colour-bar or character-bar and so forth is new. The whole question is, surely, one of slow modification, the position is delicate in the extreme and the less said and the most done quietly and silently in the proper spheres of influence, the better, if we are to bridge over the many differences existing between peoples of different stock, climate, race, habits, history, capacities, character and religion.

The position is aggrieved and rendered still more delicate by the factors depending on relations between those who have to govern and those who are governed. While the Editor of *The Commonweal* is undoubtedly one of the greatest spiritual teachers of the age, the magazine in question has little to differentiate it from the ordinary category of papers with partial views, intended to air grievances and producing generally ill-feeling on one side or the other.

While this may appeal to a certain section of the Indian public; while, also, it is open no doubt to anyone, disagreeing, to ignore the publication, one cannot help asking oneself within, if this work must be done, whether it might not take some form that involved less the Theosophical Society, through its President, and committed it and its members all the world over less to views and a policy which, after all, are chiefly local, and which, verging as they do on politics, appear to me quite inconsistent with the scope and traditional policy of a Society like ours.

In support of this last statement I beg to quote a document, *in extenso*, signed by H. P. Blavatsky and Col. H. S. Olcott, our Founders, who certainly realised the dangers of political questions in a Society of such mixed races and opinions as ours, and who presumably

were equally guided as to the welfare of the Society and its requirements. The article in question is called 'Politics and Theosophy' and appeared in the Supplement to *The Theosophist* of July 1883 dated at Headquarters, Adyar, 27-6-1883. It is signed by our two Founders "Col. H.S. Olcott, P.T.S. and H. P. Blavatsky, Corr. Secretary, Theosophical Society," whose double authority is now vested in their successor, Mrs. Besant. Here is the article:

The tenacious observance by the Founders of our Society of the principle of absolute neutrality, on its behalf, in all questions which lie outside the limits of its declared "objects," ought to have obviated the necessity to say that there is a natural and perpetual divorce between Theosophy and Politics. Upon an hundred platforms I have announced this fact, and in every other practicable way, public and private, it has been affirmed and reiterated. Before we came to India, the word Politics had never been pronounced in connection with our names; for the idea was too absurd to be even entertained, much less expressed. But in this country, affairs are in such an exceptional state, that every foreigner of whatsoever nationality, comes under police surveillance, more or less; and it was natural that we should be looked after until the real purpose of our Society's movements had been thoroughly well shown by the developments of time. That end was reached in due course; and in the year 1880, the Government of India, after an examination of our papers and other evidence, became convinced of our political neutrality, and issued all the necessary orders to relieve us from further annoying surveillance. Since then we have gone our ways without troubling ourselves more than any other law-abiding persons, about the existence of policemen or detective bureaux. I would not have reverted to so stale a topic if I had not been forced to do so by recent events. I am informed that in Upper India some unwise members of the Society have been talking about the political questions of the hour, as though authorised to speak for our organisation itself, or at least to give to this or that view of current agitations the imprimatur of its approval or disapproval. At a European capital, the other day, an Asiatic, whom I suspect to be a political agent, was invited to a social gathering of local Theosophists, where, certainly, philosophy and not politics, was the theme of discussion, but where this mysterious unknown's presence was calculated to throw suspicion over the meeting.

Again, it was but a fortnight or so ago that one of the most respectable and able of our Hindū fellows strongly importuned me to allow the Theosophical Society's influence—such as it may be—to be thrown in favour of Bills to promote religious instruction for Hindū children, and other "non-political" measures. That our members and others whom it interests, may make no mistake as to the Society's attitude as regards Politics, I take this occasion to say that our Rules and traditional policy alike, prohibit every officer and fellow of the Society, *as such*, to meddle with political questions in the slightest degree, and to compromise the Society by saying that it has, *as such*, any opinion upon those or any other questions.

The Presidents of Branches, in all countries, will be good enough to read this protest to their members, and in every instance when initiating a candidate to give him to understand —as I invariably do—the fact of our corporate neutrality. So convinced am I that the perpetuity of our Society—at least in countries under despotic or to any degree arbitrary Governments—depends upon our keeping closely to our legitimate province, and leaving Politics "severely alone," I shall use the full power permitted me as President-Founder to suspend or expel every member, or even discipline or discharter any Branch which shall, by offending in this respect, imperil the work now so prosperously going on in various parts of the world.

OFFICIAL HEAD-QUARTERS, *Adyar*, 27-6-1883.

H. S. OLCOTT, P.T.S.
H. P. BLAVATSKY,
Corr. Secy., Theosophical Society.

The letter sent in 1880 by the Government of India referred to by Col. Olcott in the above, is quoted by him more specifically in a communication, sent by him as President of the Theosophical Society to the Madras Government, which is printed in the October Supplement to *The Theosophist*, 1883, and which it is well to quote:

I would respectfully invite attention to the enclosed letter [No. 1025 E. G. dated Simla, the 2nd October 1880] from the Secretary to Government in the Foreign Department to myself—which I transmit in the original, with request for its return. It is therein remarked that "The Government of India has no desire to subject you (ourselves) to any inconvenience during your (our) stay in the country" and "so long as the

members of the Society confine themselves to the prosecution of philosophical and scientific studies, wholly unconnected with politics . . . . they need apprehend no annoyance, etc."

All of the above, even allowing for the different times and circumstances in the Society's history, would seem to make it pretty plain that for Theosophists to meddle, however indirectly, with political questions, both as individuals and, *majoris causa*, if officials in the Society, is not only unwise but contrary to the views expressed above by our Founders.

Even if Theosophists do not do so, *as such*, it is sufficiently shown that a paper edited, supported, and published by the Theosophical element is and will be identified with the Society and its views. This, in other words, is compromising the Society at large and all those members who, having joined for its declared objects, fail to see why, however indirectly, they and the Society's name should be—however indirectly—involved in a new departure whose policy and views are outside of the province of our objects both in fact and in tone.

That our President herself held another standpoint as a Theosophist towards Politics in the past may be gleaned from the following of many extracts one might make from a lecture entitled: 'The Place of Politics in the Life of a Nation,' printed in 1895 at Benares. She says:

I mean by 'politics' every form of activity which is carried on in a particular geographical district under a Government of any kind that rules over that district, no matter what that Government may be called—imperial or local, municipal or parliamentary.

* * * * *

There are three great ways of influencing human life and human conduct, the first and the greatest of all is the work of the thinker. . . . . then the teacher—standing as types of

thought and discussion that have to be realised before an action is performed. Then comes the third stage—action.

* * * * *

Compromise is a necessary part of political action and you cannot avoid it . . . . . Therefore every statesman must necessarily compromise and statesmanship is skilful compromise ; he must work step by step towards the ideal he desires to attain. Therefore I say the teacher should never be a politician. Let him set up the ideal which politicians are to work towards. . . . . .

* * * * *

To the Thinker the great ideal which is to mould the future of a nation ; to the Teacher the setting forth of the ideal that men's minds may be guided by it and their thoughts shaped ; to the Politician the putting into action, into legislation, the great ideal thus conceived and taught. That is the coherent progress in a nation where duty is thoroughly and usefully discharged. But there should be no confusion between the functions. The Thinker weakens his power if he mixes himself up with the strife of political parties and with the details of political work. The Thinker must remain in the serene atmosphere of thought uninfluenced by the lower motives which needs must play on the men in the ordinary life of the world.

* * * * *

Therefore it is that I, as Theosophist, and teacher of principles, never mix in political detail nor take any share in these strifes of warring parties ; therefore the Theosophical Society to which I belong, stands not as politician but as holder-up of ideals for every nation, for every party, for every man and every woman no matter what the political systems or the political parties to which they may severally belong.

* * * * *

So that if you choose the material ideal you choose strife, struggle, poverty, dissatisfaction, unrest and final death ; whereas if you choose the spiritual you choose a peace that is ever growing, power that is ever increasing, strength that knows no diminution, and immortality of life. Which do you choose ?

* * * * *

But I, who love India as my own, for she is mine, India with whom all my hopes of the future and my memories of the past are bound up, this India that is so great and yet so little, so mighty and yet so poor—I claim from the children that come from the Womb of India that there shall be some worthy of the past, that there shall be some worthy of

their mother, that there shall be some who shall give her what she asks, thought, philosophy, literature, science, the great things that she loves, and not merely the struggles of parties and the questions that divide politicians. Some of the better brains should do this work, some of the abler tongues should preach it. I have told you the place for the politician, but some place is needed for the teacher and some for the Thinker. I plead to the young among you, who have not yet chosen their path in life, whose hearts are still soft, and whose hopes are still pure. Turn aside from the struggles of the bar, turn aside from the examinations of the colleges, turn aside from the hopes of civil service, and the employment that is paid for with gold; give yourselves to the motherland, give yourselves to her help, give yourselves to her redemption; let politics be followed by some, not by all; but let not the other be forgotten since it is the more important thing. For politics will perish but thought remains.

* * * * *

In setting forth the above document of our Founders—the conclusion of which is very explicit—and the high ideals expressed by Mrs. Besant on the subject of Theosophists in their relation to Politics, I wish to draw no conclusions leaving each to think the matter out as he will. I have endeavoured only—as objectively as possible—to put my finger on what seems to me an anomaly, presenting features that are both defective and dangerous in our Society as constituted.

Rarely has a society such as ours the privilege and blessing of so great a spiritual Teacher at its head. It is in this capacity that Mrs. Besant has won the hearts of us all; it is as the author of *The Outer Court*, *The Path of Discipleship* and of many other such priceless books that have brought the highest ideals and inspiration into the lives of numberless men and women. Not in outer activities, with which so many can competently deal, but in inner and spiritual realities Theosophists, all the world over, look to her to give them the food for which their souls are hungry.

W. H. Kirby

HAVE COURAGE

A LETTER FROM A THEOSOPHIST TO A DEPRESSED FRIEND

DEAR——

A letter all to yourself this week because your last had a note of sadness and disappointment, and there is always a very tender corner in my heart for all those who are sad, and especially those who are sad because they have looked with pure and simple faith into the hearts of others and have seen there things they would perhaps have given their own hearts never to have known. Nothing so much as that makes you feel how empty the world is, and sometimes you feel that your own heart would break because of the awful loneliness that comes over you when you find things out like that. Perhaps long before this the mood will have passed away and you will be your old cheerful self again—that is the worst of a long distance correspondence; the things that move one to write in a particular way may have passed and been almost forgotten in the rush of other things before the answer to one's letter comes.

You are quite right; once these things have been realised the past can never be the same again, but you must remember this, that when later you come to look back over the track of your life you will find that these are the epochs that mark definite stages on the road of the soul's progress—stages where you either failed at a great moment or succeeded. You will find too that the

things that mark the stages very often leave no mark at all—the gaining of knowledge, the development of faculty, the accomplishing of some great work—these are things that don't matter in the least, while the thing that really matters is that purely inner thing which no one sees and no one but yourself knows and which you can't expound, whether in the hour of trial and revelation you have met shallowness, deceit, hypocrisy, falsity with scorn or with tenderness, whether you have in your own soul poured your own soul back upon itself with contempt or answered it with your very heart's blood in sympathy and tenderness. The one who fails in the trial remains apparently unchanged, though in reality he knows that the very springs of his actions and feelings have become soured. The one who succeeds finds his power of love and sympathy and tenderness not only greater in himself but greater in helping other people also—yet it is all a subjective experience. In a small way these experiences are exactly the same as those great tests which have to be gone through on the big scale in the conscious experience of every soul before it enters that true Path to the Masters, the first step of which has not yet been discovered by many of those who seem to-day to imagine that they are tripping quite gaily along the Path itself. The true path that leads to Buḍḍhahood is a path of Power —not powers—and no one can help another to walk that Path unless he has to some extent learned to stand alone. Heaps more could be said, especially about discriminating between the Real and the unreal, but this will have to be left until we can philosophise in person. There are heaps of delusions about this subject, because most people run away with the idea that the Real is the

conventionally good, and the unreal is the conventionally bad, and other equally false notions that lead to complete confusion and much painful self-righteousness. Somehow as I read your letter, I wondered if you still remembered that poem of Kipling's:

> If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you.
> If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you, but make allowance for their doubting too;
> If you can wait and not be tired by waiting, or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
> Or, being hated, not give way to hating and yet don't look too good nor talk too wise;
> If you dream and not make dreams your master,
> If you can think and not make thoughts your aim,
> If you can meet with triumph and disaster
> And treat these two impostors just the same;
> If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
> Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
> Or watch the things you gave your life to—broken,
> And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools, etc.

Still you know X— is one in a thousand and you are not praising him a bit too highly when you admire the courage, loyalty, purity of purpose and of heart, his magnificent steadfastness and gentleness. Souls like X—'s don't drop into the world every day and it must be a great happiness to feel absolutely certain X— is solid gold right through to the very core, and that no matter how much X—may be tested in the crucible of a not-understanding criticism yet he will, with absolute certainty come out solid stuff in the end. Keep your ideals, not only about X— but about other people also, but—don't expect other people to fit into your ideal. Look at their innermost souls when you are having a real look at them, not at their actions nor their expressed thoughts and feelings; don't pay any attention at all, or certainly not very much, to anything about them that is expressed, but look at them inside and

you've no idea how much deep happiness you can get by seeing the real inner effort to grow into something like the ideal standard. Now this is quite long enough, so no more.

Yours,
Y.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND FROM A THEOSOPHIST

DEAR——

Of course we've got to remember that it takes all sorts to make a world, but when one sees narrowness and meanness and cant going side by side with high and noble professions, it is hard to feel quite calm and reconciled, and sometimes one feels as though the whole game was a farce and absolutely sickening to the soul of one who is trying hard to cling on to some shreds of earnestness and reality. But during those dark days one must just hold on, and when breathing-space comes one can look round and get one's bearings again and when one gets one's bearings one realises heaps of things that are worth knowing, and somehow or other, though one may sink in the mud sometimes or get driven out into the wilderness, these are in the end the only things worth living for. Even if everyone else were to fail—even though the world were full of rogues and hypocrites or there was no one in the whole world but oneself—the realities of one's own inner life remain and must remain unchanged and unshakable.

"Before beginning and without an end as space eternal and as surely sure, is fixed a power Divine that moves to good, only *Its* laws endure." You know the

quotation from the 'Light of Asia' of course. Well it seems to me that if we can realise that fact we can hold on with absolute certainty and confidence whatever happens for that is the only power in the entire universe, and the whole universe is each of us; and though we go sometimes into the depths and sometimes the clouds blot out the sun, yet unstayed, unchanging, silent and certain, the Great Law moves to its appointed end and we *know* that all is well even though people may disappoint us, and theories may crumble up under our feet, and when people so disappoint us it will save our own heartaches a good bit if we try to realise that they too are part of the divine life and that as Omar Khayyam says:

> And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
> *He* knows about it all—HE knows— HE knows.

GOD'S ROSARY

By CLARA JEROME KOCHERSPERGER

To H. P. B.

IN God's jewel-box there lay a rosary; and from it a heavy cross was hung. The beads were of some sweetly scented wood and between each pair of wooden beads a crystal drop was strung, while round the box and beads a faint sweet perfume clung as a memory of some forgotten time.

A strange sadness stole upon me; I saw the crystal drops as tears, binding together, yet holding apart, the little wooden beads, and here and there one breathed an ill-defined perfume.

A purple haze stole o'er my sight and that day was blotted out; but down the avenues of Time I saw a band of pilgrims wearying by, and in the lead, so far ahead, bent One beneath a cross, and from His sacred brow dropped crystal beads, and the pilgrims gathered them and stored them in their hearts.

Each traveller wore a cloak of brown, and from his soul a prayer, as fragrance, wafted up to God.

And then the scene was changed, and I watched as in a dream; the cross lay upon the ground; the Blessed One had carried it for His appointed time, and now it lay there waiting for one to raise and carry it that the pilgrims might go on.

Only here and there I noticed the prayer still stealing up to God.

One came at last, and, bending low his back beneath the load, lifted the cross, and stumbling, and bruised beneath its weight, he led the band. And from every heart the echo of a prayer stole up to God!

Again I saw the box, again God's rosary, the cross, the beads, held together with crystal drops, and the fragrance rising up to God!

I looked beyond, and in the dim to-morrow, I saw each bead breathing forth its perfume as incense, a great volume, and from the cross a blood-rose had sprung!

Some few there were too faint to pray; they were being *carried* up to God!

Clara Jerome Kochersperger

REVIEWS

The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon, by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, D.Sc. (London), F.L.S., F.G.S., M.R.A.S., (T. N. Foulis, London & Edinburgh. Price 6s. net.)

The author in this volume of 'The World of Art Series,' presents us graphically and concisely with a great tradition of art, preserved through the ages in the rules of the *Shilpa-shāstrās*, whose original formulæ, correctly interpreted by the craftsman, would express the thought-forms of their divine originator, Vishvakarmā. Indian ancient history and religion are briefly surveyed to mark the influence of each period on the expression, by good or bad craftsmen, of the original conception. We are warned from the first not to judge by modern standards, but to remember the key-note of Indian art struck again by Shukrāchārya in the fifth century A.D.:

> Even a misshapen image of a God is to be preferred to an image of a man howsoever charming.

Indian art thus seems to have originated in the desire to preserve a vision of the Gods to the generations of men to whom They no longer showed Themselves. To ensure this, "not only are images of men condemned by ancient rules, but originality, divergence from type, the expression of personal sentiment are equally forbidden..... The spirit of these uncompromising doctrines lies at the root of the Hinḍū view of art: these limitations and this discipline are the source of its power" (page 16). The Shilpan must begin his work by an invocation to the Gods, and rebirth in a royal family rewards his success as a craftsman. The first illustration is the well-known image of Natarāja, the dancing Shiva, and the author interprets it thus:

> In the Night of Brahmā, Nature is inert and cannot dance till Shiva wills it: He rises from his stillness, and, dancing, sends through matter pulsing waves of awakening sound, proceeding from the drum: then Nature also dances, appearing about Him as a glory . . . Then in the fulness of time, still dancing,

He destroys all Names and Forms by Fire, and there is new rest .... The orderly dance of the spheres, the perpetual movement of atoms, evolution and involution, are conceptions that have at all times recurred to men's minds; but to represent them in the visible form of Natarājā's dances is a unique and magnificent achievement of the Indians. (Page 18).

In the same way the likeness of the seated Yogī as "a lamp in a windless place that flickers not" (*Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*, vi, 19), is what we must look for in the Buḍḍha statues; a something that helps those who spend still moments of contemplation before it to be flooded by that vivid peace that outside life cannot give.

Theosophists who have read the description of the City of the Bridge in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* will find much in the book to ponder over, for they know of earlier civilisations which must also have helped to mould Indian art. Where was that "city in heaven" which formed the model when the King called his architect and said: "Send to the city of the Gods and procure me a plan of their palace and build one like it" (page 106)?

Are not stūpas merely the shape of a begging bowl inverted over the sacred relics?

To those who wish to gain an insight into the soul of Indian art—and is not that all thoughtful men to-day?—we warmly commend these twelve chapters with their 225 illustrations of Hinḍū and Mughal architecture and pictures, of textiles, embroidery and jewellery, old and new, and the varied lore each page contains about them and where they are found. If it be now true, as the author sadly remarks, that "ninety-nine of a hundred university-educated Indians are perfectly indifferent" to-day, it will also be true that each one of the hundred who chances on this book will rise from its perusal with a wider outlook and a deeper understanding of the outward and inward correspondences in all that he sees around him; he will have sensed, if but for a moment, something of the deeper life of the Motherland that, behind all outward movements of play and passion, smiles serene.

A. J. W.

Life, Emotion, and Intellect, by Cyril Bruyn Andrews. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 5s. net.)

This collection of essays deals chiefly with the importance of emotion in Life. In an introductory chapter on 'Life and Psychology,' the author proposes to trace his subject in a way somewhat out of the ordinary. He has, for once, put away his psychological textbooks and "turns to write rather about the life around me than the theories I have studied". Psychology differs from other sciences which are objective in nature, in that its essential subjectiveness prevents its professors from having "a monopoly or even a partial monopoly of human experience".

In nearly every department of life emotion is present. It does not necessarily obtrude itself. We may justify or attempt to justify our actions at the bar of intellect, but emotion has been a strong factor in the performance of these actions. The English nation attempts to suppress emotion, but the emotion exists. We may get temporary satisfaction by viewing the emotions of others displayed on the stage or elsewhere, and possibly art and music are the "chief emotional outlets in our somewhat over-socialised and over-intellectual age". There are papers or 'Love and Friendship,' 'Religion,' 'The Stage,' 'Law and Crime,' and 'Struggle and Growth'. In the paper on 'Religion' the author writes:

> Scientific knowledge often leads by slow and laboured steps along the road to which our belief has long been pointing. If the most important doctrine of evolution is that man only progresses by a painful struggle, but that he glories in his strife and suffering, surely Christ's life teaches us the same lesson . . . . . Science seems in many respects to explain laboriously what our feelings and instincts have long ago taught us.

But here surely we are entering into the realms of the Intuition, higher than the Intellect, and yet bound up in some mysterious way with the emotions. We venture to think Mr. Andrews would do well to ponder over the problem of the Intuition, for we feel—instinctively or intuitionally—that that is what he is really trying to "get at". His book is most interesting and clearly written, and therefore is most easy to read. As in his valuable *Introduction to the Study of Adolescent Education*, he puts his ideas in an attractive and practical way.

T. L. C.

Abu'l Ala the Syrian, by Henry Baerlin. (THE WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES. John Murray, London. Price 2s. net.)

This volume contains the life and some of the poems of this poet and philosopher, of whom von Kramen said: "He was one of the greatest and most original geniuses whom the world has borne." He was born at Ma'arrah, a village to the south of Aleppo in A. D. 973. An attack of small-pox when a child left him nearly blind. But his wonderful memory compensated him for his blindness. He belongs to the post-classical period of Arabic poetry. Refusing to follow the custom of his time, and be the paid panegyrist of some wealthy patron, he, like the troubadours, wrote only for love. His love of nature is clearly seen in his poem on 'Spring.'

His opinion of the world in which he lived was not very enthusiastic. He considered it a very bad place. He was ahead of his times. His soul was "like a star and dwelt apart". His philosophy may be summed up in his own words:

> Free yourself from the will to live. Seek redemption by denying your individuality, by being altruistic.

As a religious teacher he has been accused of unbelief and denial of what others consider sacred, but this seems to have been only a protest against adopting ready-made religions. He studied other religions, amongst them Buḍḍhism and Zoroastrianism, saying his own position would be strengthened if he knew the weakness and strength of those of other people. Abu'l Ala was also a great social reformer, being a vegetarian and condemning slavery and the custom amongst the Arabs of burying their little girls alive. This latter seems to have been their simple way of settling the feminist question. His reform even extended to questions of dress. He condemned the wearing of trousers as effeminate.

His biographer apologises for his digressions as being too garrulous for the English reader. It is these very digressions which make the book so fascinating, and we become entranced with the picture he gives us of Baghdad and its poets and philosophers, at a time when Arabia was the custodian of the learning of the world. This new volume increases our debt of gratitude to the editors of the Series, and must tend to further good-will and understanding between East and West.

E. B. N.

The Gardener, by Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

These "lyrics of love and life," says the author, "were written much earlier than the series of religious poems contained in the book named *Gīṭāñjali*". They are delightful poems, so easy to read that one flies in sheer joy from first to last page in the book. They have an atmosphere of open air and freshness. So simple and yet effective. Rabindranath Tagore has the power of making the simplest events wonderful. His delicate touch makes us pause and reverence the beauty of what he takes up. It may be the description of two women drawing water from a well, or a little child in sorrow over something wanted and not possessed, or of some one who has taken all the good things of life:

I plucked your flower, O World!
I pressed it to my heart and the thorn pricked.
When the day waned and it darkened,
I found that the flower had faded,
But the pain remained.

The love poems are translucent. There is an absence of sentimentality in them, but they express strong patient, enduring quality, even in the face of adversity, and are permeated with an element of detachment and of non-passion.

Being a very understanding person of the varieties in human nature, the author sees also the other side of the question, and, writing of the departure of a loved one, says:

It is heroic to hug one's sorrow and determine not to be consoled.
But a fresh face peeps across my door and raises its eyes to my eyes.
I cannot but wipe away my tears and change the tune of my song.

The author writes, too, of the man who has evidently been plodding along, following a good and moral life, but perhaps in a somewhat narrow way and rather selfishly, and who gets tired of this. He comes to a time when it is necessary for him to change his course, and in his restlessness, before he finds his new sphere, he has a reaction and cries:

. . . I have wasted my days and nights in the company of steady wise neighbours. Much knowing has turned my hair grey, and much watching has made my sight dim . . . . .

. . . The world is peopled with worthies and workers, useful and clever. There are men who come easily first and men who come decently after. Let them be happy and prosper, and let me be foolishly futile. For I know 'tis the end of all works to be drunken and go to the dogs.

This restless creature also says he will "let go his pride of learning and judgment of right and of wrong". Learning may be a burden, unless it is turned into useful activity. We feel confident that the individual would find his level and return to a life of larger activity and peace, when this uncomfortable time of shaking free from the old conditions had passed.

Those who have read *Gītāñjali* will certainly read *The Gardener*, and will be satisfied that they have done so.

D. J. H. E.

The Zoroastrian Law of Purity, by N. M. Desai. (The *Cherag* Office, Bombay. Price Ans. 8.)

This is a posthumous work from the pen of a Zoroastrian Theosophist, who has, during his short period of life here, striven to pay back, through service and devotion, his debt to Theosophy—this manual being a tribute to the source in which he saw the light for the interpretation of his own faith. It is a brief treatise on the Law of Zoroaster, which, of late, is proved historically as having influenced the Hebrew Law so entirely, during the Assyrian Conquest of Persia, that some parts of the Old Testament appear as mere transcription of the *Vendidad*—the Zoroastrian "Law against the Evil". The Ancient Wisdom of Iran is mainly based on *Asha* (almost an untranslatable word, here denoted by *Purity* which must be taken in its most comprehensive sense), the third Aspect of Mazda, the Omniscient and "the Boundless Time" when He manifested as Ahura, the Lord of Existence. This corresponds to the Hindū Shiva (or Will) Aspect and the Christian Son[1]. Curiously the Zoroastrian symbol of God for Worship—Fire—is known as "The Son of God"; and this in its highest spiritual manifestation is Asha, Rectitude, "whose body is the Sun". So the Law of Purity is the doctrine of the Christ in its essence, and is defined by Zoroaster as "the only way," "the only true happiness," and "the means of friendship with God". The author traces, step by step, the essentials of Purity as leading to the Final Union. He reads Theosophy so clearly in his religion that most of the comparisons between Zoroastrianism and the occult teachings are mutually supporting and

[1] The Will-aspect is that of the Father, not of the Son—ED.

materially uniform. The law has its punishing side, like Shiva, regenerating as well as "consuming the doer of inequity like fire". Man is here shown as unconsciously wasting powerful forces by thought and speech, and as capable of making or marring the harmony (which is another meaning of Asha) of the Universe, and, indirectly, himself along with his surroundings. The help of invisible workers—the Shaoshyants—is justly acknowledged as essential to the attainment of faultless rectitude, and proved here as indicated by the oldest Hymns of Zoroaster. There is much in these bare outlines of a great topic—unfinished, as "fate intervened"—that would powerfully appeal to all lovers of the devotional side of Iranian philosophy; and the many select stanzas of Zoroaster's Hymns afford interesting reading in a nut-shell. The Pārsīs would benefit by such Theosophical interpretations of their faith, and the *Cherag* Office has done service to the community by bringing this book to light.

K. S. D.

What is Occultism? A Philosophical and Critical Study, by "Papus," translated by Fred Rothwell, B.A. (William Rider & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 2s.)

Parts of this book, which is well translated from the French, are good, parts seem likely to lead certain types of people into mischief, at other parts, *e.g.*, chapter viii we rubbed our eyes and fancied we must be dreaming when, in a grave book by a well-known author, we read of "Ram the Druid" who changed his name to Lam (Lamb) and "Lamaism was thus added to Brāhamanism".

The first two chapters give the writer's ideas on Occultism and show how it differs from other systems. The third chapter deals with the ethics of Occultism and shows them to be of the most rigorous and lofty type. But on p. 36 the note of danger is struck:

> ... What interests us in this system of ethics is not so much these rules, which we find inculcated more or less by all moralists, as the practical path of demonstration by direct vision.

Direct vision comes to the true Occultist as a necessity of his ascent of the rugged path; it is not his aim. That aim is to

quicken evolution, and all he gains with one hand he passes on with the other. He *knows* how to do this and *dares* to do it. His *will* is in accord with that of his Master and he is *silent* on all that cannot yet benefit the race.

The chapter on Sociology seems very good, and the last chapter gives much information about men of all kinds who have touched on the Occult. As we close the book we feel that the various schools of magic have done their work in guarding a knowledge of the real through the ages that saw only the unreal. In the dawning light of this wonderful century, all Occultists and Mages will unite in preparing the way for the great occult Teacher.

A. J. W.

Perpetual Youth, by Henry Proctor, F.R.S.L., M.R.A.S. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

This is the story of one, Amrafel Ibrahim, who discovered the elixir of life some five hundred years ago and is living yet. He was an extensive traveller, and associated with the chief personages of the day during all this period. He became clairvoyant, and is a prophet inasmuch as he foretells the millennium. He also claims to have inspired Edison, when that inventor was at a loss. Throughout the book, this egoistical gentleman preaches at the readers. The author, in his introduction, explains the purpose of this "occult and historical romance," and says :

> Although this little book is in the form of fiction, yet the truth-lover and truth-seeker will find in it deep and weighty truths, etc., etc.

We cannot imagine any reader seriously perusing this book from beginning to end. We feel certain that, before the opening chapters were finished, an irritating antagonism towards the hero would present itself. We trust that the 'truth-lover,' and 'truth-seeker,' may be satisfied, but if they are, we fear we will not have much respect for their intellect.

T. L. C.
