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# THE THEOSOPHIST

## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE judgment in the suit brought by Mr. Naraniah against myself to recover the custody of his two sons is a very peculiar one. The learned Judge absolutely cleared Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Krishnamurti from the scandalous charges brought against them by Mr. Naraniah. He declared that he did not believe his evidence, that the acts had never occurred, and that he had not acted under undue influence. He then went on to say that as the acts had not occurred, the plaintiff could not have known them, and thus, by leaving his sons with Mr. Leadbeater with that knowledge have shown himself unfit to have the custody of his sons: that the father's right to such custody was supreme, and that the fact that "the father was a liar did not deprive him of it". On this ground he ordered me to give back the boys to the father. He condemned the plaintiff to pay the whole costs of the suit, including that of the two commissions. I shall, of course, appeal against the order, but I do not know if execution will be stayed pending the appeal. If it is not, I

shall have to remain in India, as it would not be honourable to place myself outside the jurisdiction of the Court. The Judge further remarked that the accusations were evidently made long after the supposed occurrences, as a result of the jealousy felt by the plaintiff against Mr. Leadbeater. He made the boys wards of court.

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The character of my beloved ward is thus wholly cleared from the foul charges levelled against him by his father, while the father has been scathingly described as a liar from the judicial bench. Let us hope that the order to give the boys to such a father will be annulled on appeal. So far, the odious crimes charged on us have been judicially declared not to have occurred, and by this the most important thing has been gained. Let us hope that the victory will be completed by the reversal of the order on appeal.

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I was fortunate in having, as opposing counsel, Mr. C. P. Ramasvami Aiyar, a gentleman whose name for honour stands as high as his reputation for legal learning and ability. I was thus spared the difficulty, arising so often in Indian cases, of suborned low-class testimony. Mr. Ramasvami Aiyar fought desperately hard for his client, but it was only in his last speech that he uttered any words which one wishes to forget —and which I have forgotten. This brilliant young counsel should have a great career before him.

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Here is a very pleasant word from the *American Theosophist,* showing how our much-loved Alcyone is developing into manhood; that gracious boyhood is

practically over, and the youth is becoming the man. Far more rapidly than we had thought possible is the change going on. Thus writes the American General Secretary:

The following excerpt from a letter just received from an American F. T. S. will very much interest the most of our readers:

During my recent business trip to London I had the unexpected pleasure of a visit of about an hour and a half with Alcyone and Rāja. I cannot express in words the deep impression the visit made upon me. Instead of the dreamy boy the photographs we have of Alcyone would indicate, I saw a magnificent young man—straight, athletic, alert, keenly interested in America and conditions existing here. On one side I would seem to see the dawning strength, power, vigour, one might expect; on the other a gentleness, a sweetness, beyond the power of words to describe. I don't think I shall ever forget the deep impression the visit made on me.

The "dreamy boy" was living more in other worlds than in the physical. Such "dreaminess" has often been noted as characterising the childhood of famous men. It has been written of the "little ones": "In heaven their Angels do always behold the face of my Father that is in heaven." Time and patience are needed to win the Angel to turn his eyes to vision less glorious; but when he does look downwards, his gaze is piercing and tender, luminous and wise.

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*Los Angeles Evening Herald* states that a "new type of southern California girl" is developing, and a very beautiful one it seems to be.

With the new generation of girls in southern California a new type has been developed. All artists say so. The fusing of races in the melting pot of Southern California has developed a girl typical of this section—a different type of girl from any other in the world, and a girl unlike in many respects her sisters of the east and south and north of this country.

Says an artist:

> I predict that within a few generations native Californians will be a distinct type, different from all the world. I predict this type will be the most beautiful type of human beings and will possess the majority of the virtues. California being the centre of attraction of all races, the types of all the world will be fused here and from the mass will spring the California type. I do not believe that the characteristics of any one race will predominate. The new California type will be supreme. The type will grow rapidly toward the pronounced brunette. The eyebrows will be straight and pronounced. With the growth toward the brunette type the cheeks will become rosy, and I believe the California woman is to be the most beautiful of the world.

The mating of these girls with the new and strong masculine type, to which I have before drawn attention, may well give America the sixth sub-race.

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The *Homiletic Review* remarks on the difference of attitude towards Christian missions shown by Anglo-Indian and South African officials. One of the "most depressing problems" of the Christian missionary, it says, is constituted by "the indifference and prejudice of the average Anglo-Indian" and "the propaganda represented by Mrs. Besant". Does it not strike the *Review* that the conditions in India and South Africa are very different? In India we have the Hinḍūs, with an ancient civilisation, a spiritual religion, and a splendid philosophy; we have Pārsīs, Buḍḍhists, Jains, Muhammadans, Sikhs, all with their own faiths and living highly civilised lives; the Christian missionary in India attacks all these great faiths, raises bitter feelings, and is a source of dangerous discord. Moreover, his influence undermines the total abstinence from strong drink imposed by the eastern faiths, and the drunkenness now spreading among large sections of the Indian higher classes is due to the example of Christians—however

'temperate'—and the absence of the prohibition of liquor in Christianity. "Drink a little wine for thy stomach's sake" is a precept spread in India by the circulation of the Christian Bible, and the harm which is being done in this respect is incalculable. Those who doubt it may read the Customs House statistics. In South Africa, on the other hand, the Christian missionary is a civiliser of savage tribes, is an agent of good, and a useful educator. The officials in the two continents are both right in their respective attitudes, for the conditions, as said, are wholly different.

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Our Scotch National Society has opened a Central Lodge Library Fund, and asks the members to send in second-hand books, or money for the purchase of new ones selected from a list of two hundred and seventy of the best Theosophical works, ranging in price from 6d. to £2-10-6. We are glad to see that the list is very catholic, and includes the works of Dr. Steiner, Mr. Mead, Mr. Scott-Elliot, Mr. Kingsland, as well as of Mme. Blavatsky, Mr. Leadbeater, Mabel Collins, and Mr. Bhagavan Das. I note that the *Praṇava Vāda* is included. The books collected will be divided into sets and sent to the Lodges most in need of a Library, but they will remain the property of the National Society, being issued on loan for as long as they are wanted. The idea is a very good one, and might wisely be copied in other Sections.

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One of our American members, Mr. Max Wardle, has performed a remarkable feat in Seattle, Washington; he was made acting Mayor during the temporary absence of the regular civic officer, and set to work to 'clean

up' his city. He cleared away the gambling houses, checked bribery, purified the police force, sending the chief of police to gaol. He refused to continue in office when it was offered to him by the grateful town, and has been resting for a while at Krotona. He said to a newspaper reporter:

> Yes I am a Theosophist. I am a Theosophist in so far as it relates to the universal brotherhood of man and the theory of evolution of the human species. I believe that all of us have lived before and that we will live again; that the soul is either consciously or unconsciously expressed in each embodiment, a higher state of intelligence and understanding. Just as one eats a meal and it is digested and assimilated, just so the period of rest between incarnations will represent the periods of digestion and ingestion. So that one returns to life with added wisdom and power after a period of such assimilation.... The theory of evolution is the most striking feature of Theosophy. I do believe in the transmigration of the soul. I believe that man has come up through the civilisation of the past into the mighty civilisation of the present. I believe that all a man is to-day is the outgrowth and product of his various experiences in his pilgrimages.

Mr. Wardle is only thirty-three years of age, so we may look for much good work from him. America needs citizens so virile and so upright.

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A remarkable sermon on Hinḍū religious thought, dealing chiefly with re-incarnation, was preached lately at Wimbledon (England), by the Rev. G. T. Sadler. His text was the well-known enquiry of the Christ: "'Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?' And they said: 'Some say that Thou art John the Baptist; some Elias; and others Jeremias, or one of the prophets'." On this Hebrew view of reincarnation, the preacher founded his discourse. Mr. Sadler divided the history of Hinḍū thought into five periods, taking the last as that which included the idea of Avaṭāras; he then said,

concerning the Avaṭāra known under the name of Shrī Kṛṣhṇa:

The story of Kṛṣhṇa includes certain elements which have been called by some immoral, but which were undoubtedly symbolic of spiritual ideas. The account of Kṛṣhṇa's life also embodies episodes very like those contained in the Christ story; *viz.*, that Kṛṣhṇa was born of a Virgin, announced by His Star, adored by cowherds, was of royal descent, had a disciple named Arjuna, healed a leper, was transfigured, crucified, descended into hell, rose again from the dead, and will come again to judge men. Such elements, however, are to be found in many faiths, and the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* was written long before Christianity could have reached India. Sir Monier Williams will not allow that there was copying by the Hinḍūs, but reminds us that "the Bible is a thoroughly Oriental book". It is more likely that Hinḍū ideas had filtered through to Palestine, *via* Persia.

The belief in the incarnation of Viṣhṇu in the person of Kṛṣhṇa came as a solace to the people, who craved an incarnate loving Deity, one who pitied and saved men.

Then the preacher suggested some thoughts which might lead people to consider transmigration. He pointed to the universality of the idea, and quoted the ode of Ovid:

Dies not the Spirit,
But new life repeats
Into other forms,
And only changes seats.
Even I, who this mysterious truth declare,
Was once Euphœbus, in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well.
Thus all things are but altered,
Nothing dies,
And here and there the unbodied Spirit flies.

Then Mr. Sadler turned to Origen, speaking of a ladder between heaven and earth, the symbol of the descent of souls, and reminded his hearers of Jacob's ladder, and the ladder placed in the cave in the Mithraic worship to represent the souls coming down to earth from heaven. He pointed out that the Jews certainly believed in transmigration, and that it was taught by

many Rabbis. The doctrine, he said, aided in the explanation of geniuses, prodigies, and congenital criminals, whereas "the alternative to reincarnation is predestination," the dictate of "some capricious God". The preacher concluded:

> We ought at least to entertain the Message of the best thought in great India as a 'working hypothesis' and be willing to enquire into it . . . The modern missionary, going to India, ought to go as a comrade in truth-seeking, not as condemning all he sees. He must not judge Hinḍūism by the crude superstitions of the peasant, who bows before a snake, or an elephant, or an image of these, any more than he would judge of mathematics by the babblings of a child.
>
> The Christian missionary has a message to take to India as well as something to learn from India. His message will be comprehended in the words: "He that loveth (habitually) is born of God and knoweth God." The craving for the incarnate Kṛṣhṇa shows the need of the heart for a loving God. The modern and true missionary will not enforce Church sacraments, or creeds, or politics, but will show by life and teaching what he feels in his soul—the Love Illimitable. That is the nature of the Infinite Life, from whom, and through whom, and unto whom are all things.

Truly is Theosophy making its way into the churches.

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Another Theosophic word comes from 'Carmen Sylva,' the Queen of Roumania. She writes in the *Fortnightly Review* that if she were a millionaire she would build a cathedral, with chapels for every religion in it, and an arts school beside it. Future Queens, perhaps, will build such Theosophical cathedrals.

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# INTUITIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS

*A Lecture in a Course on Consciousness*

By FRANCESCA ARUNDALE, F. T. S.

CONSCIOUSNESS has been traced through the long path of its manifestation, from the flame to the spark, from the spark to its encasement in the various planes of matter, each downward plane marking an added veil, an added density to be overcome and conquered. The Self of man comes from the first LOGOS, it is a reflection of the Monad; and yet more than a reflection, as it is truly the Self, the germ of all that it will be when, having passed through all limitation, it shall be capable of Self limitation, of Self manifestation.

Thus we see the spark becoming the threefold manifestation on the three planes of the descending path as Āṭmā, Buḍḍhi, Manas. But the Self has to descend still further into matter, for there are the planes of manifestation even lower than the mānasic. To conquer these is the work of the Self in its lowest unfoldment, as it reaches out to the astral and the physical. To accomplish this a further reflection of the Self is necessary, and the mental divides itself into higher and lower, that which can still contact the spiritual and higher Self, and that which reflects it in the lower, the field of concrete matter. There then again we get a triad, but this time a triad working in the densest limitation of matter, concrete mind, the feelings and emotions, and their field of action in the physical body. With the long processes of this unfoldment I have nothing to do; they have been fully dealt with in the earlier lectures of this series; it is sufficient for the purpose of this lecture to note that in this lower reflection there is the gradual realisation of the Self, and that the effect of evolution through the lower planes is that, while at the beginning of its course this lower looks upon itself as apart and separate from its surroundings, at the end it realises its spiritual Self-hood and identity with all. Thus the centre of consciousness is gradually transferred from the lower physical of the animal and savage man to the emotional and intellectual centres of the civilised and developed entity.

One thing must be remembered, and that is that the reflection of the Self in the lower triad is a trinity, that each of the powers or aspects of the One Self is represented, and that these are being developed simultaneously, so that the mortal man, as we may call this lower

triad, unfolds the reflection of Ātmā, Buḍḍhi, Manas by expanding the centres of consciousness, till at last in the realisation of identity they are capable of being drawn into the higher. We have seen in the previous lectures the process of this unfolding; how the concrete, intellectual consciousness of the mortal person at last fixes its centre in the intellectual consciousness of the immortal individual; how that which was external and concrete is seen in its inner aspects as internal and abstract, so that the root of knowing is seen as the knower, and that Self-realisation involves the knowing of the thing in itself of which the concrete is the manifestation in time.

In the present lecture we have to do with the next stage in the great unfoldment, the realisation of the intuitional consciousness, the vehicle through which it works in manifestation in time, and the world of Being to which it belongs. It is again important to remember that in manifestation we are dealing with a reflection, so that just as we sought for the reflection of the higher intellectual consciousness of the Monad in its concrete aspects, so must we now seek for the next aspect of the Monad, the Buḍḍhi aspect, in the plane that reflects it in its manifestation in time. The bliss aspect of the Monad shows itself in the mortal personality in love and joy, in the attraction that makes men seek one object rather than another. The plane of desire is the reflection of the buḍḍhic plane in time and manifestation, and the nearest expression of the bliss aspect is the condition of pure and intense love which sometimes unites two persons, making them feel as one being in thought, word and action. It is in the astral reflection that we have to look for the first

faint stirring of buḍḍhic consciousness, and in this connection we must note that all planes and sub-planes of matter interpenetrate the physical, and are, as we may say, adjacent to it. This is very important, for the consciousness of the Ego, drawn outwards by vibrations of the astral plane, causes responsive vibrations in the astral body, and these arouse faint answering thrills in the buḍḍhic matter of which the astral is the reflection, and in this way the response in the buḍḍhic vehicle is strengthened and developed.

Thus we see that the physical, astral, mental, buḍḍhic, and nīrvāṇic vehicles are all closely connected, and when we speak of the buḍḍhic plane and the buḍḍhic vehicle, we are not speaking of something that is afar off, but of that which is present with every man, here and now; and by unfolding the reflection of the Self we come into touch with the reality that lies behind it. The buḍḍhic matter, which we call the buḍḍhic body, must not however be thought of as a body similar to the physical body, that is to say as an enclosure; there is no hard and fast outline circumscribing the atoms of buḍḍhic matter and thus creating a definite form. It should rather be conceived of as a vibrating centre with lines radiating in all directions. We have been told that the causal vehicle, or the body of the higher mental plane, is the only permanent body of the ego in manifestation. The lower mental, the astral, and the physical disintegrate after each life, but the causal body may be regarded as the storehouse of the experiences garnered by the ego in its earthly lives.

It is in this causal body that the buḍḍhic sheath or centre is formed, and it is the nucleus of those permanent atoms which enable the ego to descend into

matter, carrying its experience from one life to another. We have also been told that it is developed by the exercise of the mental powers of abstract thought, the highly intellectual and moral characteristics, developed in each life. It is the strengthening of this aspect of the Intellect in the causal body which gradually forms the buḍḍhic centre, and, so long as the causal body lasts, that centre and its radiating lines remain as the nucleus of the permanent atoms.

In the course of the unfoldment of the ego, however, the great mystery of Initiation takes place, and, when the ego consciously enters the buḍḍhic plane, the causal body itself disappears, that body which has been the home of the consciousness through life after life, in the higher as well as the physical world. It disappears; that is to say, it disintegrates, and the atoms of which it is composed are lost in the surrounding sea of mental matter.

Thus the buḍḍhic sheath has no form, but is a raying out of matter in all directions, and to the developed seer the buḍḍhic threads can be seen as running through all living organisms and holding them together. It is this disappearance of the causal body when a man passes through the first Initiation which gives the feeling at first, we are told, of having lost every touch with the planes below. The buḍḍhic centre and the permanent atoms, however, remain; and these permanent atoms are the links by means of which the ego can again emerge from the buḍḍhic plane to the lower realms of manifested life.

Having spoken of the buḍḍhic sheath, we may consider the characteristics of the plane from which it emanates. It is only by symbols that we can in any way image the conditions of this glorious realm. It has

been described as the Christ plane of the human Spirit, a sphere of knowledge and love, where each man is most perfectly himself, and yet at the same time includes all others in himself, and is all others. A plane in which there is no exclusion, for all being interpenetrates, and no isolation is possible. It may be compared to a centre of energy with no excluding walls, and each entity, as he becomes conscious on this plane, is at once the centre as well as the out-raying energy. Truly it is the Christ plane, for it is the plane of *at-one-ment* and is the foundation of the much misunderstood doctrine of *Atonement*. The Christ, who is the perfected entity on this plane, shares His life with all, and through Him and from Him come the rays of life and love and wisdom that draw all men up to Him. It is the plane of Saviours, because from here there is no separation, but a constant sharing with others. The entity that has passed through the cross of manifestation in matter has become conscious through all form, and now exists as a conscious centre, able to vivify all that is below him, in very truth one with God and man. In no sense however is this at-one-ment vicarious; how could it be so if the nature of the Self be understood? The Christ of the buḍḍhic plane is not a manifestation of the power of the Spirit for one only, it is the condition that is manifest that all may attain, as in the words of the Great Initiate on earth, "that they may be one in Us".

The spark is the flame, and the expansion of consciousness that marks the entrance of the Initiate on to the buḍḍhic plane is the realisation of the identity of the nature and being of the spark with that which is at once its source and centre.

The entering this condition of consciousness is often spoken of as entering the stream, for never can the man who has once realised this condition fall back to the state of worldliness which looks on the external as the real. He has touched the inner side of being, and although he may wander and delay, yet he can never lose the spiritual knowledge that has come to him from the divine plane.

In the title of this lecture mention is made of the intuitional consciousness, its vehicle and its world. We have seen somewhat of the nature of its world in the description of the powers and attributes of the buḍḍhic plane, and the buḍḍhic sheath has been spoken of as a radiating centre. Let us now see how that centre is related to the man as we know him in the present world of manifestation. What is the intuitional consciousness, how does it manifest in the world of sense and action, and how can it be strengthened and developed so that the ego can realise itself on the buḍḍhic plane? In the first place, it must be again noticed that all planes of matter are adjacent and co-existing. Physical, astral, mental, causal, buḍḍhic and the planes beyond—all interpenetrate each other; the matter of which these planes are composed forms the man as we see him in manifestation, and the life functions through all, more or less strongly as that life becomes fully conscious on the various planes. The ego, triple in its nature as the spark of the flame, manifests this triplicity in the mortal person, and physical consciousness, emotional consciousness and higher mental consciousness reflect the three aspects of the immortal ego, the Ātmā, the Buḍḍhi and the Intellect. The emotional consciousness is what we have to deal with as the

vehicle through which the ego cognises the lower and becomes the master of feeling and desire. The astral plane is the field of buḍḍhic manifestation in its lowest aspect. The principle of love and joy, of attraction, a going forth in desire, is Buḍḍhi reflecting itself in Kāma. It is on the plane of desire that we must seek for the first stirring of vibrations to be carried on to the perfecting and strengthening of the powers of the buḍḍhic vehicle. The characteristic of the buḍḍhic plane is, as we have seen, unity, and it is the desire that makes for unity which is the first expression of the life passing from the lower to the higher form of consciousness. Love therefore may be said to be the means by which the buḍḍhic sheath can be stirred into vibration. How faint is the first thrill that pulsates from physical love of wife or child; it is too much mixed with the separated *I* to be translated to the body of bliss where the *I* is as much the all as the centre. *My* wife, *my* child, *my* friend is the first reaching out of the separated self in manifestation to the self in union with all. As that love becomes purer, as it expands so that the *I* is not thought of, and no return for its outflowing is desired, when love is given to benefit and not to gain for self, then and then only does the thrill pass to the centre of union, and the buḍḍhic sheath is formed for the expression of the God manifest.

The consciousness that is at first drawn outwards by the vibrations of the lower astral matter gradually responds to the vibrations of the higher, and we see great emotions, such as love and devotion to a superior, to a hero and a great personal ideal. When a man pours out this love to his ideal, looking for no reward, joyous to serve for the joy of giving himself in service,

then arise the faint answerings in the buḍḍhic matter and the centre thrills and rays out in response. This may be said to be the aspect of Buḍḍhi, showing itself as love. On the astral plane, it feels the unity; it strives after it. Where an individual has no love there can be no vibration to start the buḍḍhic thrill of response; it is pure unselfish love which develops the bliss aspect, till at last not only is unity felt and striven for, but seen and known.

The development of this buḍḍhic consciousness will show itself in many ways; we shall not pick out the one or two on whom to lavish our stores of love and devotion, but all will be near and dear, so all will be protected, and helped and reverenced as part of the great life. None so evil that we shrink from trying to draw near in help; none so weak that we would not strengthen.

Another means by which the buḍḍhic consciousness may be developed is the strengthening of the centres of the causal body. As we have seen, the causal body is the vehicle of consciousness on the higher plane of mentality, the characteristic feature being knowledge in its abstract form. It is that aspect of the Self which seeks to know the reality of a thing, what it really is. It is not content with the external, but looks through the external to the reality—to what it is apart from the world of form. This seeking for abstract reality apart from form being the reverse of the process of evolution into form, it links itself to the inward and not the outward, and by retiring inwards it reaches to the plane of love or unity as the only reality, the one basis of all form.

Therefore is it necessary, if we would acquire the buḍḍhic consciousness, not only to let our love pass

beyond the external plane, but also our thought, to recognise the one life in all, not as a dead platitude but as a living reality. This recognition of unity will gather all into its mighty embrace, and love and wisdom become one. Meditation is the great unfolder of this power of Intuition. Through constant practice in the endeavour to rise beyond the lower to a higher form of consciousness, the lower begins to partake of the nature of that to which it aspires. All meditation draws the soul beyond the every-day concerns of time and space, it builds the stairway by which we climb to the larger life which awaits us, and enables us to reach that threshold where the unity is seen.

The intuitional consciousness will therefore show itself as the constant endeavour to expand the *I*, to bring all that which is external into the *Self*, so that nothing that lives or moves shall remain as separated or apart. The lowest animal, the flower and tree, the stone, the sage, the robber, and the slayer will all find their place in this great embracing love, as parts in the great whole, my Self in evolution. No anger can disturb, no passions mar the serenity of one who sees himself in all. The changing forms of manifestation will be seen as aspects for time, of that which is beyond time and beyond manifestation.

The two means, therefore, by which any one may hope to advance to the buḍḍhic unity are love and thought. Unselfish love, that spends itself in service to all, causes vibrations in the buḍḍhic matter. The influences from the plane ray down, and the soul is bathed in joy that knows no words—unspeakable bliss.

This advance is also made possible by the development of the higher manas in the causal body. No

thought can conceive the reality of the buḍḍhic power, even within the causal faculties, and, once realised, it breaks up the material of the causal plane and it remains as the body of Buḍḍhi; he who would function on the lower planes then makes anew the vehicles through which he would work. This is the secret of the first Initiation; *that* which has been the pilgrim through the many countless lives receives its liberation, and henceforward there is the body of bliss, which is the ever present home of the individual who has but to descend at will in a causal body made afresh each time he returns to the lower planes of manifestation. The intuitional consciousness reflects itself as the power to discriminate clearly and immediately, with certainty and knowledge. It is the growth of experience in love and wisdom, just as instinct is the growth of passion and physical desire to live; both Intuition and instinct have a common basis as the reflections of the higher, but it is only the pure emotions, the unselfish love, that can grow the beautiful flower that may bloom in the buḍḍhic region, while instinct arises from desire for self-preservation, and is the guide of the consciousness in the lower worlds only. Pure emotion, loving devotion, unselfish service, are the means of unfoldment, and no one must depend on intuitional knowledge where there is selfish love and desire for personal gain. The Intuition is the all-seeing vision that can catch the light from the plane of Buḍḍhi and so illumine the path that the soul with unerring certainty shall press onwards, sure in its knowledge and power. But who shall tell of the joy that he may feel who has once secured entrance to the glories of that region of unity. Earth and water, land and sea, the grass, the flowers, the insects that flit from blossom

to blossom, all are felt and known as one; there is then the utter certainty that the idea of the separate self is a delusion. Henceforward all nature holds a different meaning for him. He creates a world of beauty around himself, for love is the artist which transforms and transfigures the unreal and the transient so that the real and the immortal can be sensed in all. Blessed indeed is such a one, and blessed are those that can dwell in his presence; he becomes at once a channel through which the greater life may show itself in all its glory, for the love of the Brotherhood of Love can pass unfettered through his pure emotion. The veil has been torn asunder and he has at last reaped the knowledge which comes to the ego in its first unfoldment on the buḍḍhic plane. Harvested from the experiences of many lives he has gained the power to sympathise with all, and has become a co-worker with those Saviours of mankind who have their dwelling on the plane of Bliss and Wisdom. Such is the man in whom the faculty of the Intuition shines out, such is the power which he can exercise, beyond the limitations of sense, beyond the critical judgment of the mind. From the realm of wisdom he brings the discriminative vision which unites him in love and sympathy with all, and to him the many have become the One.

Francesca Arundale

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# THE BASES OF THEOSOPHY

A STUDY IN FUNDAMENTALS—PHILOSOPHICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL, PRACTICAL

(*Continued from p.* 29)

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

## CHAPTER II

### *Theosophy: Its Philosophical and Psychological Basis*

ACCORDING to Theosophy, this universe is a manifestation of an inscrutable, incomprehensible, Essence, Power, Being, in regard to which the subtlest and most elastic language of humanity fails to express even a shade of a shadow. Since, however, it is necessary in human intercourse to adopt some common symbols, no matter how inadequate, this Source of things, which is the first principle of all true thinking, in the language of western thought is called the Unknowable, and in the language of the East is Parabrahman. Within this Unity, which co-ordinates all diversity, and yet is beyond unity; within this Totality, which embraces the minutiæ of all universes, yet is Itself outside totality, we exist. At some incalculable period of time by human reckoning, that rootless Root and causeless Cause, involving a portion of Itself in deeper and deeper limitation of Itself, brought forth the sensible universe, yet in no wise fell from Its own transcendent state. As the ancient scripture, the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā,* says: "Having pervaded this universe with a fragment of Myself, I

remain." Just as the poet, inspired from his hidden and inexhaustible being, finds his inner eye filled with the vision of a future immortal poem, so the Divine Poet, whose syllables are stars, whose lines are systems, whose stanzas are universes, visioned His creation. This vision of the Kosmos is the first limitation of the Illimitable. It is the seat of the kosmic activity, the Puruṣha, or ultimate Self, of the Kosmos.

Now activity of any kind, from the simplest act of which we have direct experience, such as the stroke of a pen, to the most complicated operations of associated humanity—indeed, activity of any kind which involves the exercise of consciousness in any degree—necessitates not only a source or seat of such consciousness, but also a field which circumscribes the area of activity, and an organ of activity.

To the painter his art may be all in all; but the vision of the World Beautiful, though it may dominate his life, does not exhaust it: it stands in relation to his whole life as the Kosmic Vision does to the Unmanifest, underlying, permeating, vivifying, sustaining. But the possibilities of his art are definitely limited. He can no more play a tune through his pictorial art than a musician can paint a picture on his piano. True, there are certain overlappings of suggestion in the arts: the painter seeks to impart 'tone' to his work: the musician endeavours to give 'colour' to his composition; but the transfer of terms which is common to the arts is no indication of uniformity: it is, rather, a sign of the hidden unity beckoning the mind inwards towards the One Source of all things.

This limitation, or field of activity, at the kosmic level, is called in Theosophy root-nature, Mūlaprakṛti,

and consists of time, space, and law in their widest significance. In comparison with the underlying Reality, it is unreal, transitory, illusory. It is called in the East, Māyā, and is spoken of symbolically as a veil drawn across the Absolute. Like a diaphanous covering on a beautiful form, which conceals the essential nature but discloses the figure, the veil of Māyā provides a medium for the kosmic outlook, and provides for the exterior eye a means of cognising the hidden Reality which cannot be seen directly.

Circumscribed, then, by time and space, and by the inexorable law of cause and effect, the Kosmic Vision becomes more definite; becomes not merely the inspired vision of the artist, but takes form as the full and complete plan of the work of creation to be accomplished. The Kosmic Vision has now found for Itself an organ, Kosmic Mind, in which is contained the totality of possibilities of the future manifestation. This is the Brahmā of the East,[1] the truly understood Creator, subject to laws beyond Him, and free from the philosophic inconsistencies of the western conception which, by attributing to its God-the-Father the qualities properly belonging to a deeper level of Divinity, necessitates an arbitrary character that is responsible for much of the discontent and scepticism now pervading Christian communities.

It is not necessary for the purpose of our argument to enter here upon a detailed account of the further processes which result in the evolution of the tangible

[1] There are countless Brahmās, Creators of world-systems, according to Hinḍūs. The quite accurate conception of the writer would, perhaps, be better named as the Saguṇa Brahman in His aspect of Activity, for this is Kosmic Mind. Each Brahmā has His own system. We should call Him a Solar LOGOS, or a LOGOS of many solar systems, and so on, but always a concrete Creator.—ED.

universe. These have been written of at much length in many books. For our purpose of considering the main teachings of Theosophy in their bearing upon the necessity for a practical religious philosophy, we need only now deal with generalities.

We have seen that the teaching regarding the Unmanifest passing partially into Kosmic Vision, becoming defined in Kosmic Law, and finding an instrument in Kosmic Mind, corresponds with the demonstrable necessity, in all processes involving consciousness, of a seat, a field, and an organ. Passing now from the kosmic stage to the microkosmic, the stage of humanity in its most inclusive sense, Theosophy, following the law of correspondence on all planes of the universe, regards the Kosmic Mind as in its turn the seat of the individual consciousness. From this source, which to the individual consciousness is as illimitable as Parabrahman to Puruṣha, spring the multitudinous souls that crowd the abyss of creation. Passing outward from their divine home, they too, as did the Self of all selves, find their circumscription and field in the individual operation of time, space, and causation. Through this limitation the Kosmic Vision conceived Its universe as separate from all else: through this same limitation the illusion of separateness is set up between consciousness and consciousness, each passing onward to find its instrument in the human mind. This in its turn becomes the seat of the temporary personality, as distinguished from the inner Self which, according to Theosophy, follows the apparently universal operation of periodicity and rhythm, and animates a succession of temporary personalities in the same way as the Supreme Self creates and uncreates His universes. This temporary

personality, seated in the human mind, has its field in the faculties which distinguish human being from human being, and operates through the instrumentality of the senses.

The process thus briefly outlined—the passing of the Unmanifest into manifestation, of the Absolute into the relative, of Unity into diversity, of Divinity into humanity—is the process symbolically set forth in the Christian Myth of 'the fall of man,' and other similar stories in primitive mythologies. In the Theosophical view it is an orderly process, involving no break from the Source of sources to the utmost of manifestation. Whatever may be the exterior diversity of form, it shades away towards the type or norm; and both norm and form are the signals whereby we recognise the actuating consciousness beneath. Between the loftiest and lowliest expressions of the Divine, in consciousness, there is the affinity of essence: they differ only by virtue of the differences of limitation. To value these limitations we should have to go step by step backward from effect to cause, and from cause to its cause, until at last we should lose ourselves in the white flame of the divine Oneness.

It is obvious, from such a view of the universe as this—a universe actuated by one divine Consciousness, and held together by one Law of Causation, the universal Karma—that questions of vital differences can have no predominant place. "The senses moving among the objects of the senses" may act upon the assumption of differentiation; but the inner Wisdom, the Buḍḍhi or Illuminator of the Soul, gives assent to the sage Hermetic doctrine, "As above, so below," and recognises that "there is no great and no small in the

Absolute". Mount Everest may smile with compassion at the light snowflake that is blown aimlessly about its peak: the snowflake may sigh in pity for the big, immovable thing that cannot feel the uplift of flight; but the Foot of the Wanderer of the Universes may reduce them both to the ultimate ether.

From the point of view, therefore, of a common parentage in the Kosmic Mind, and a common up-bringing in the Universal Law, it is evident that the Theosophical Society can erect no special or dogmatic barriers between its Fellows. It can have no test of creed or caste. Its only condition of membership is a declared agreement with the principle of Universal Brotherhood.

But the view of the universe set forth above is only one half of the matter, the out-going or centrifugal phase. Christian teaching balances the fall of Man with the Redemption: Theosophical teaching declares that a universe of partial and relative constituents could not be maintained by the exercise of a single force, and sets an inward or centripetal trend alongside the centrifugal. But this is not all. To suppose two such forces acting with equal power would be to suppose a static, not an active universe; and Theosophy teaches not merely the involution of Divinity in the sheaths of limitation, but the evolution of the inherent Divinity to Its primal degree. It cannot therefore give assent to the philosophical fallacy contained in Tennyson's lines:

> And in a boundless universe
> Is boundless better, boundless worse.

Plausible as the epigram is, with all the glamour of artistic technique and rhythm, it will not stand examination. A moment's thought will make it evident that a universe consisting of two opposed *boundless* forces

would not be a *universe* but a chaos. Besides, the term *boundless* can only be applied to that which is unmanifest, not to any manifestation in form, be its 'universality' ever so wide.

The Theosophical conception of the universal process in its completeness may be symbolised as a boomerang flung from the divine Hand, and returning thereto. With the outgoing force there was simultaneously set up the indrawing force which, at the distance resolved upon by the divine Thrower, overtakes the outgoing force, turns the corner, and returns to the place from whence it started, having travelled the appointed circuit for the divine Purpose. In this aspect, then, we have a reinforcement of the necessity for the acceptance of the principle of Universal Brotherhood, since it teaches not only a community of origin, but a community of destiny. Not only are we the children of a divine Parentage: we are also the parents of a divine Progeny. The Sons of God came forth for the making of the worlds: the Son of Man is born for their redemption.

These considerations, however, might result in no more that a merely academic acceptance of the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood. To some minds they may appear as simply benevolent speculations whose findings lack the authority of demonstration. Even were this true—and we shall see later that it is not—a short examination of the nature of consciousness, as distinct from its history, will provide us with a further and conclusive reason for the ideal of Universal Brotherhood, and will show that any true understanding of one's own nature must result in an effort in the direction of practical altruism on the part of every

serious human being, and above all on the part of every aspirant after the Divine Wisdom.

In all processes in the normal consciousness—that is, in all processes involving the quality of active awareness, apart from the phenomena of the regions called the superconsciousness and the subconsciousness—we find ourselves, as normally conscious entities, standing between two unknown worlds. On the one hand there is the vast world of objects of sense-perception, amongst which we move, like vortices drawing to us the things needful for our sustenance in the external world, or like catherine-wheels flinging out the influences which distinguish us from others to the eye of the observer. On the other hand there is the mysterious world of our inner nature, from which issue the edicts that determine our lines of thought, our consecutiveness of utterance, our continuity of action.

Of these two worlds we have not, in the strict sense, any direct knowledge. We say we look *out* upon a beautiful landscape; but optical anatomy tells us that the nerves whereby we translate the assumed object into consciousness are actually turned *inwards*. In brief, not to labour what may be found in any text-book of psychology, we cannot cognise things immediately: we can only infer them mediately through qualities communicated to consciousness by various vibrations through the organs of sense. At the same time, we are compelled by the exigencies of life to act perpetually on the assumption of the objective reality of things outside our own consciousness, just as we are constrained to assume the objective reality of the tilt of the earth's axis, which is beyond immediate cognition.

What applies in the external world applies also in the internal. At no moment is the active consciousness in touch with more than a tiny fragment of what we conceive to be the total consciousness. We discourse upon Art, and our active consciousness, which we may regard as the coherer or exchange between external and internal, thrills to the passing of a chain of thought from the mystic storehouse of our deeper consciousness. We change the subject, and the whole feeling of the active consciousness changes with it as an entirely different chain of thought passes through. And when we look closely into the process, we find that the chain of thought is not composed of new thinking, but is simply the linking up of a series of conclusions.

From these considerations we gather that, whatever may be the special character of the fragment of the external universe with which we are in contact at any particular time, it can only influence us in accordance with our own inherent ability to respond to it. A Wagner opera will exalt one listener to the seventh heaven of spiritual ecstasy. To another, as Mark Twain puts it, it will not be as bad as it sounds. A mathematician will say: "It is all very good, but what does it prove?" Even where minds have a special affinity in the arts, it is observable that a roughly similar impression will be arrived at in different ways. One person, whose active consciousness appears to be, as it were, close up against his inner consciousness, will run through or jump over a series of generalisations to a conclusion. Another, whose coherer appears to be at a distance from the main machine, has to take time in order to call out from the hidden treasury of consciousness the necessary data from which to make a new conclusion.

But be the method and the conclusion what they may, one fact emerges from all study of the mental nature, the fact that one's view of the universe is absolutely and irrefragably conditioned by one's power of vision. So far as the tiny point of consciousness which operates at any moment may be regarded, for the purpose of thought, as a separate entity, it stands helplessly between two tyrants—its inner Self, and the universe outside itself. The *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*, with the wisdom that is beyond yea or nay, counsels no man to say: "I am the doer." The qualities of nature, which are beyond his control, act upon him. He only *reacts* to them. True, his reacting is conditioned by his own essential nature; and this he can so modify as to alter or even revolutionise his reaction to subsequent impacts of the external world. These methods, as well as the interrelation of humanity, we shall consider later. The important point to bear in mind at this stage of our subject is that each person's universe is his very own, unfathomably divided from each other person's by the physical vehicle as regards the receiving of sense perceptions; and unfathomably divided by the essential character of his own inner nature as regards his interpretation of those perceptions, and his conduct in response to them. Every impact of the outer world evokes some manifestation of the larger Self which lies behind and sustains the temporary self. The aspiration to possess a particular virtue, aroused by some dramatic realisation, is simply the herald of the coming of that virtue from the spiritual hinterland of the acting consciousness. It is no process of inoculation by a virtue-serum, but a stimulation of the inherent potential nature into activity. This is the secret of the power of prayer. To ask is to

receive: nay, rather, to ask is to possess. But the more the thing desired touches the external world, the more also to ask is to give. We pray for the forgiveness of trespasses, but the condition is that we forgive those who trespass against us.

The spectacle of, say, a people clamouring to be free from some extraneous tyranny, yet refusing to give freedom to some people within its own borders, is so obviously inconsistent that it appeals at once to the very superficies of thought, and the average human being has a rough-and-ready opinion that a person does not deserve what he is not prepared to share. Deep-rooted in the heart of man there is a sense of balance and justice. As Portia said:

> We do pray for mercy,
> And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
> The deeds of mercy.

The command to do unto others as we would they should do unto us is not the offer of a selfish *quid pro quo*, but an ancient and clear-eyed statement of the law of consciousness, that we can only receive what we already possess and are prepared to give. To the extent that a man refuses freedom to anything within his sphere of influence, he is himself bound, for to him there is no universe beyond himself, and the chain he puts upon anything within his purview he puts upon his own wrists.

That supreme master of song, Shelley, struck to the very core of the matter when he asked:

> Can man be free, and woman be a slave?

Behind the trenchant query, which is less an interrogation than a declaration, there is a searching knowledge of the mystery of man's mental nature. It is but another

utterance of the basic condition of spiritual life—perfect freedom, based on the apprehension of the necessary diversity in manifestation, and the necessary unity in essence. This in a sentence is the whole gospel of Theosophy. Allegiance to it finds its inevitable expression in a perfect tolerance and in labour for the realisation of the Universal Brotherhood. This is the first object of the Theosophical Society, the bond uniting its Fellows in the dual purpose of studying and scattering wisdom concerning the Divine, and of developing the faculty of cognition of the Divine.

*(To be continued)*

James H. Cousins

# MYSTICAL POETS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

By MARGUERITE M. C. POLLARD, F. T. S.

ONE of the most fascinating pursuits for the student of literature and of life is to trace the working of the law of periodicity, the outgoing and indrawing of the Great Breath as it is revealed in the history and poetry of succeeding ages.

The sixteenth century was a period of outgoing energy, a manvantara, not a pralaya. Men turned their minds to the observation and study of external things, to exploration, to colonisation, to the study of the classics and to the production of great art. The study of Greek literature increased the impulse of the age to worship the Lord of Life under the aspect of Beauty, the Spirit expressing Itself in forms of ideal loveliness.

In the next century a reaction set in; the life current, instead of being directed outwards, began to turn inwards, and men began to realise that there is an inner as well as an outer revelation of truth. Instead of a positive form of mysticism finding expression in a religion of Beauty and a worship of Nature as the manifested Form of God, a negative mysticism began to prevail, a tendency to turn away from all forms in order that pure Spirit, the Unmanifest alone might be the object of worship.

In the early seventeenth century, just at the turning of the tide, we find a remarkable group of mystical poets. These men benefited by their proximity to the great Renaissance writers and their wave of outgoing life in the impulse for self-expression, but in their impulse for the development of the inner life of the soul they belong to the age of pralaya.

The receding of the tide is noticeable in the lives of these poets in rather a remarkable way. Nearly all of them—Herbert is a notable exception—begin their careers as verse-writers by the production of charming amatory and other secular poems, but later they become more in-drawn and their verse is for the most part religious, mystical or philosophical in character, as in the case of Crashaw, of Henry Vaughan and of John Donne.

The writer of this group of mystical poets who has had the strongest hold upon the hearts of his country-men is undoubtedly George Herbert, and he is still much read and much loved among members of the Anglican Church. His genius is more English than that of any of the rest. He is less visionary than Vaughan, less ardent and erotic than Crashaw, but there is a quiet spirituality about his work which is both soothing and refreshing to many at the present day who have little sympathy with psychical phenomena. The other poets of this group are less known to the general public, but are of great interest to students of literature and lovers of mystical poetry.

There is a quiet beauty about Herbert's life, like that of an English landscape. It has all the peace and uneventfulness of village life. The poet was born in April 1593, and was educated at Westminster—where,

according to his delightfully quaint biographer Isaak Walton, "the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined, and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of heaven and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him". Herbert was a born scholar, and before he was fifteen, when he left Westminster for Cambridge, we read that "he came to be perfect in the learned languages and especially in the Greek tongue".

At the university he distinguished himself by his oratorical powers, and on more than one occasion it was his privilege to make the speech of welcome to King James, who often visited Cambridge when hunting at Newmarket.

Unlike his fellow-poets, Herbert does not seem to have been interested in secular verse. Indeed, in a letter to his mother he regrets that so "many love-poems are daily writ and consecrated to Venus while so few are writ that look towards God and heaven," at the same time declaring his resolution that "my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory".

It has been said that the peace "which passeth all understanding" is that which arises from the power to fulfil one's own ḍharma, to realise one's own ideal in action. Herbert's ḍharma was to be a religious poet, but it was some time before he could bring himself to give up his worldly ambitions and his desire for promotion at court.

Walton relates how when Herbert was most desirous of leaving Cambridge for court, two of his most powerful friends, the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis

of Hamilton, died and with them all his hopes of promotion perished. For a while he lived in great seclusion and had "many conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a court life, or betake himself to a study of divinity and enter into sacred orders, to which his mother had often persuaded him. These were such conflicts as they only can know that have endured them; for ambitious desires, and the outward glory of this world, are not easily laid aside; but at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at His altar."

Herbert has recorded these spiritual struggles in his poem called 'Affliction,' where he says:

> Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
> The way that takes the town:
> Thou did'st betray me to a lingering book,
> And wrapt me in a gown:
> I was entangled in a world of strife,
> Before I had the power to change my life.

With the renunciation of ambition, peace came to him. On the night of his induction into Bemerton Church he said: "I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for. . . . . In God and His service, is a fulness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety."

Herbert's ethical ideals appear most fully in the poem called 'The Church Porch'. Love and kindliness to all especially are inculcated.

> Be useful where thou livest, that they may
> Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
> Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
> To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
> And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
> To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
Love is a present for a mighty king;
Much less make any one thine enemy.
As guns destroy, so may a little sling.

Thy friend put in thy bosom: wear his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
If cause require, thou art his sacrifice;
Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear;
But love is lost; the way of friendship's gone,
Though David had his Jonathan, Christ his John.

Humility is to be combined with aspiration:

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in spirit: who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixt with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargicness.

The greater part of Herbert's poetry, however, is not ethical but religious. When he chooses a moral theme he is impelled by a religious motive. Herbert's religion was of an intensely personal character, and his verse is consequently subjective. It is the record of his struggles to unify his lower and higher selves or, as he would have expressed it, to bring his will and all his actions into obedience to the Will of God. All the joys and sorrows, the victories and failures of his inner life find expression in his poetry. Its sincerity and quaintness are most charming; and though, like most poets of his time, he sometimes indulged in poetical gymnastics, writing verses in the shape of wings or altars, yet, on the whole, his experiments in verse-technique may be said to justify themselves, as in the case of the little poem called 'The Wreath,' in which the trick consists in making the opening words of each succeeding line repeat the last words of its predecessor.

A wreathed garland of deserved praise,
Of praise deserved, unto Thee I give,
I give to Thee, who knowest all my ways,
My crooked winding ways, wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live; for life is straight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to Thee,
To Thee, who art more far above deceit,
Than deceit seems above simplicity.
Give me simplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know Thy ways,
Know them and practise them: then shall I give
For this poor wreath, give Thee a crown of praise.

One of Herbert's most interesting contemporaries was Richard Crashaw, a poet and mystic of more fiery temperament and imagination.

The quaint old seventeenth century editor of Crashaw's poems says that he dares to affirm of his master's poems what Iamblicus affirmed of Pythagoras' *Contemplations*: "They shall lift thee, Reader, some yards above the ground; and, as in Pythagoras' School every temper was first tuned into a height by several proportions of music, and spiritualised for one of his weighty lectures; so mayest thou take a poem hence, and tune thy soul by it into a heavenly pitch; and thus, refined and borne up upon the wings of meditation, in these poems thou mayest talk freely of God, and of that other state." There is something very winning about this introduction, and when the writer proceeds to tell us that in his opinion "Divine Poetry" is "the language of the angels, the quintessence of phantasy and discourse centred in heaven, the very outgoings of the soul"; and further that it is "what alone our Author is able to tell you, and that in his own verse," we feel disposed instantly to mount upon "the airy stilts of abstraction" and transport ourselves into Crashaw's heaven-world. The life of the poet too, has a certain fascination. Little is known of his childhood, and even the date of

his birth is uncertain, but we read of the studious, poetical religious life he led at the University of Cambridge whither he went about the year 1630.

"In the Temple of God, under His wing, he led his life, in S. Mary's Church, near S. Peter's College: there he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow near the House of God, where, like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day." There he penned his sacred poems *Steps to the Temple*, which his biographer says are aptly so called since they are "steps for happy souls to climb heaven by".

At Cambridge he learnt to be "excellent in five languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, the last two whereof he had little help in; they were his own acquisition". His moments of recreation were spent in acquiring accomplishments. "Amongst his other accomplishments in Academic (as well pious as harmless) arts he made his skill in poetry, music, drawing, limning, graving . . . . to be but subservient recreations for vacant hours, not the grand business of his soul."

While Crashaw was at Cambridge a Catholic revival was going on there. Crashaw's father was a Puritan, but his son was strongly attracted by the symbolism of the higher Anglicans and Roman Catholics. At one time he thought of taking orders in the Anglican Church but was prevented by the growth of Puritanism in it, and also by his intimacy with Roman Catholic friends. Crashaw had naturally an ardent love-nature and a great desire for sensuous beauty. He was, therefore, much attracted by the symbolism of the Catholic

erotic mystics, who with the warmth of eastern imagination love to represent the union of the soul with Christ, (or in Theosophical parlance the condition of harmony between the lower and higher selves) as a mystical marriage, and to express the raptures of this state with the richest and most sensuous imagery that their fiery imaginations can suggest. Crashaw, however, did not limit his poetic sphere to the presentation of Divine Love; he has some charming poems in which he glorifies human passion, the best known, probably, being the poem called 'Wishes,' to his supposed mistress.

> Who'er she be,
> That not impossible she
> That shall command my heart and me.

His greatest poems are those dealing with religious subjects—the wonderful poems 'To the Name of Jesus,' 'The Hymn to S. Teresa' and 'The Flaming Heart'.

S. Teresa, the great Spanish saint and mystic, was canonised a few years before Crashaw went up to Cambridge. The poet was fascinated by the life and writings of the holy foundress of the order of the discalced Carmelites and describes her in a note to his celebrated hymn as "a woman for angelical height of speculation, for masculine courage of performance more than a woman, who, yet a child, outran maturity and durst plot a martyrdom". In his poem he describes how her ardent desire for martyrdom at the hands of the Moors was doomed to disappointment, her heavenly spouse designing her "a death more mystical and high".

> Blest powers forbid, thy tender life
> Should bleed upon a barbarous knife:

Or some base hand have power to rase
Thy breast's chaste cabinet, and uncase
A soul kept there so sweet: O no,
Wise Heaven will never have it so.
Thou art Love's victim; and must die
A death more mystical and high:
Into Love's arms thou shalt let fall
A still-surviving funeral.
His is the dart must make the death
Whose stroke shall taste thy hallowed breath;
A dart thrice dipp'd in that rich flame
Which writes thy spouse's radiant name
Upon the roof of Heaven, where aye
It shines; and with a sovereign ray
Beats bright upon the burning faces
Of souls which in that Name's sweet graces
Find everlasting smiles: so rare,
So spiritual, pure, and fair
Must be th' immortal instrument
Upon whose choice point shall be sent
A life so loved: and that there be
Fit executioners for thee,
The fairest and first-born sons of fire,
Blest seraphim, shall leave their quire,
And turn Love's soldiers, upon thee
To exercise their archery.

There is a subtle music about Crashaw's poetry, and to this quality much of his influence over nineteenth century poets is due. Coleridge, speaking of certain lines in the Hymn to S. Teresa, said: "They were ever present to my mind whilst writing the second part of Christabel, if, indeed, by some subtle process of the mind, they did not suggest the first thought of the whole poem." Perhaps Francis Thompson is the poet who owes most to Crashaw, since it has been said of him that he is "Crashaw born again but born greater". The worst defects of Crashaw's poetry are his conceits, but this form of poetic extravagance was common to almost all the poets of his age. It is more than compensated for by his passionate imagination which made his verses "all air and fire".

One of the best known passages of his poetry is the invocation to S. Teresa at the end of 'The Flaming Heart'.

O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
By all the Heaven thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim)
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

While Crashaw's religious opinions were still unsettled the Civil War broke out, and in 1643 the Chapel at Peterhouse, whose beauty had inspired many poems, was sacked, and the Commissioners of the Parliament insisted on all the Fellows taking the oath of the Solemn League and Covenant. Crashaw and five other Fellows who refused were expelled. The poet then went to Oxford, and thence to Paris, where he was discovered, in 1646, by Abraham Cowley, in a state of great poverty. By this time he had joined the Roman Church, and had recently written letters in verse to the Countess of Denbigh urging her to join the same communion. Cowley introduced him to Queen Henrietta, to whom he had previously addressed verses, and she gave him an introduction to Cardinal Palotta and other persons of influence in Rome.

Crashaw went to Rome in 1648 or 1649 and was well received by the Cardinal. His plain speech, however, soon made his position an uncomfortable one,

and he was transferred to the Basilica Church of Our Lady of Loretto, where he died after a few weeks residence in 1650, not without the suspicion that he had been poisoned.

One of Cowley's finest poems is his ode in memory of Crashaw, beginning:

> Poet and Saint, to thee alone are given
> The two most sacred names of Earth and Heaven,
> The hard and rarest union which can be
> Next that of Godhead with humanity.

The following passage is a magnificent tribute to the beauty of the poet's life:

> Pardon, my Mother-Church, if I consent
> That Angels led him, when from thee he went;
> For even in error sure no danger is,
> When joined with so much piety as his. . .
> His Faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
> Be wrong; his Life, I'm sure, was in the right. . .
> Hail, Bard triumphant! and some care bestow
> On us, the Poets militant below. . .
> I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me:
> And when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,
> 'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee to sing.

Two of the most mystical poets of the seventeenth century were the twin brothers Thomas and Henry Vaughan. Born in Brecknockshire in 1621 or 1622, the Vaughans, like their fellow poet George Herbert, were of Welsh extraction, and Henry Vaughan, at any rate, seems to have been proud of his Celtic blood, as he is always known as the *Silurist,* a title which he gave himself after the ancient Silures who had inhabited the part of Wales where he lived. At the age of seventeen both brothers went to Jesus College, Oxford, now known as the Welshman's College. Little is known of their lives. Some passages in Henry Vaughan's poems seem to suggest that he may have borne arms in the Civil War; others, again, seem to contradict this idea. It is certain that the natural inclinations of neither brother

lay in this direction, and very soon after the outbreak of the war we find them at home occupied in the study of mysticism and in writing poetry. Of the two, Henry is better known as a poet. Thomas Vaughan (Eugenius Philalethes) seems to have gone more deeply into studies of an esoteric nature, and to have been connected with secret societies such as those of the Rosicrucians and Alchemists.

Henry Vaughan's first collection of poems, published in 1646, contained mere studies. Before his next volume appeared a great change had come over him, owing to the influence of George Herbert, "that blessed man whose holy life and verse gained many converts, of whom I am the least". Herbert's influence is most marked in the *Silex Scintillans* or Sacred Poems published in 1650, and in the *Mount of Olives* and *Flores Solitudinis* of 1652.

Comparing the work of Herbert and Vaughan, Gosse aptly notices that "Herbert is the interpreter of an ideal beauty in order, an ideal of the spiritual life which is assisted by rule and habit; Vaughan is the poet of what cannot be methodised—the incalculable beams and irradiation of the soul, the incalculable wind that blows where it listeth; his garden is watered by the sudden shower and the invisible dew". It follows that Vaughan is an unequal poet, but at his best he is wonderful. One of his most beautiful poems, 'Beyond the Veil,' deals with the eternal craving of the human heart to know the mysteries which lie beyond the grave and the state of the loved ones that have passed away.

They are all gone over into the world of light
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their memory is fair and bright
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now
That is to him unknown.

Still in imagination Vaughan sees the glorified state of the holy souls.

I see them walking in an air of glory
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days which are at best but dull and hoary
Mere glimmerings and decays.

Henry Vaughan was more of a visionary than Herbert. Herbert is better known and better loved, but he never wrote anything so lovely as Vaughan's best poems or which so gives the impression of knowledge of things unseen. Take for example the poem called 'The World'. In this poem Vaughan describes most wonderfully a vision of the infinite calm of eternity in contrast to the endless hurry and motion of our shadowy world:

I saw eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
All round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd in which the world
And all her train were hurled.

Looking down from the calm heights above he sees men absorbed in their little cares and pleasures, the 'doting' lover, the 'darksome' statesman, the 'fearful' miser, all so immersed in the things of this world as to be unconscious of the great peace which is the soul's heritage, into which it may enter at any moment if it will detach itself from the things of sense.

"O fools" said I—"thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way,
The way which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he!"
But as I did their madness so discuss
One whispered thus,
"This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
But for his bride."

Vaughan is spiritually akin to Wordsworth in his reverence for the truth and purity of the child-soul and in the experience of "intimations of immortality" in youth. To Wordsworth the child was the

. . . mighty prophet, seer blest
On whom those truths do rest
That we are toiling all our lives to find.

Vaughan too felt that "heaven lies about us in our infancy" and that the shades of the prison-house gradually close around us in later years. His poem 'The Retreat' might almost have been written by Wordsworth:

Happy those early days! when I
Shin'd in my Angel-infancy.
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my First Love,
And looking back (at that short space)
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
Thy gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Other men, he says, would fain go forward; he, on the contrary, would return to tread the ancient track where he first parted with his glorious train, and where his enlightened spirit had once beheld the now invisible City of Palms.

Like Wordsworth too, Vaughan had often watched children at play, acting perhaps "some fragment of their dream of human life". In the poem called 'Childhood' he is lost in wondering adoration at its innocence:

> I cannot reach it; and my striving eye
> Dazzles at it, as at eternity.
> Were now that chronicle alive,
> Those white designs which children drive,
> And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
> With their content, too, in my power,
> Quickly would I make my path even,
> And by mere playing go to Heaven.

Thomas Vaughan's poems show very clearly the influence of mystic and occult studies. One of the most characteristic, from *Anthroposophia Theomagica* (1650) is an 'Encomium on the Three Books of Cornelius Agrippa,' in which the poet takes exception to the schoolmen for deriding "high truth" and for supporting their views with "no arguments but noise and pride". He prophesies that their fate will be very different from that of Cornelius Agrippa and his valuable books:

> You that damn all but what yourselves invent,
> And yet find nothing by experiment;
> Your fate is written by an unseen hand
> But his three books with *the three worlds* shall stand.

Thomas Vaughan in this poem claims an extremely intimate acquaintance with the three worlds, and attributes his knowledge of how to function in them to the writings of Agrippa:

> Great, glorious penman . . .
> Nature's apostle and her choice high-priest,
> Her mystical and bright evangelist,

How am I rapt when I contemplate thee,
And wind myself above all that I see!
The spirits of thy lives infuse a fire
Like *the world's soul*, which makes me thus aspire.
I am unbodied by thy books and thee,
And in thy papers find my ecstasy:
Or if I please but to descend a strain
Thy Elements do screen my soul again.
I can undress myself by thy bright glass,
And then resume th' enclosure, as I was.
Now I am earth, and now a star, and then
A spirit: now a star and earth again.

The reference to the World Soul is interesting and when Vaughan speaks of being 'unbodied' it is difficult not to believe that he means a conscious passing out of the physical vehicle into higher states of being.

He proceeds to describe the state of mystical union with God:

I span the Heaven and Earth, and things above,
And, which is more, join natures with their Jove.
He crowns my soul with fire, and there doth shine,
But like the rainbow in a cloud of mine.

It is not permitted to man, however, to perceive His splendour unveiled:

Who sees this fire without his mask, his eye
Must needs be swallow'd by the light, and die.

Vaughan had long been languishing for this knowledge of hidden things before he came upon the books of Cornelius Agrippa:

These are the mysteries for which I wept,
Glorious Agrippa, where thy language slept,
Where thy dark texture made me wander far,
Whiles through that pathless night I traced the star;
But I have found those mysteries, for which
Thy book was more than thrice-piled o'er with pitch.
Now a new East beyond the stars I see,
Where breaks the day of thy divinity:
Heaven states a commerce here with man, had he
But grateful hands to take, and eyes to see.

M. M. C. Pollard

# JOHN CORDELIER[1] AND THE RELIGION OF TO-MORROW

By K. F. STUART, F.T.S.

NO observer of current events can remain blind to the fact that a spiritual crisis has been arrived at almost simultaneously all over the world, and that religion is seriously engaged in reforming itself. This reformation comes none too soon, for in many European countries at the present day it is perfectly obvious that it has completely lost its hold upon the minds of the people. Indeed it is quite a rare thing to meet a layman who takes religion even seriously. The ordinary citizen attends High Mass, or what he terms 'Divine Service' in a perfunctory fashion, it is true, but conspicuous only by its absence in the Divine Worship of Sunday is that zest with which on Monday he will assiduously devote himself to a very human adoration of the true Goddess of the West—a golden image that Society has set up and called Success.

The spirit of commercial enterprise has penetrated even into what is called Divine Service itself; indeed it is to be feared that what the materialistic West calls 'service' the more spiritually minded East would term 'shop-keeping'. For example, you may frequently

[1] Author of *The Path of the Eternal Wisdom* and *The Spiral Way*.

hear in an Anglican Church an entire congregation singing with no sense of incongruity such sentiments as these :

> Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
> Repaid a thousand fold will be,
> *Then gladly will we lend to Thee,*
> Giver of all.

And this celestial usury is called Divine Worship.

We cannot help thinking, and we believe all those who are far-sighted will agree with us, that at least in the Anglican Communion, in spite of the championship of Chesterton, orthodoxy is doomed. He is not of course the only spiritual Casabianca who has elected to remain upon the sinking ship, in whom we may admire the presence of courage as much as we deplore the absence of common-sense. It is no doubt part and parcel of our innate heresy, but we have never felt great enthusiasm for that hero of the schoolroom, who, in his superstitious reverence for defunct authority, achieved a self-made martyrdom upon the burning deck. We have even imagined how the soul of one John Ruskin, meeting Casabianca among the shades of the astral world, might say to him :

" But why in the sacred name of common-sense, my boy, didn't you swim for it ? "

Casabianca would of course reply sadly : " My conscience wouldn't let me ; I must do what my conscience says is right."

How John Ruskin would thunder back : " By no means, my conscientious friend, unless you're *quite* sure that yours is not the conscience of an ass."

The true son of the Church knows that, in so far as she is true, she is invulnerable, and he will allow the formalism, the materialism of the religion of to-day

to perish in the fiery ordeal of a revival of spirituality in order that the religion of to-morrow may spring exultant from its ashes, as did the Phœnix of old. For reformation is verily needed, and we see it coming. It is coming in the Modernist Movement in the Catholic Church; it is coming in Liberal Christianity in the Anglican communion; it is coming in New Thought in the new world; it is coming in Bahaism and in the Brahmo Samāj, and, last but not least, it is coming in Theosophy. We hear the ripple of it throughout two hemispheres, for

> The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the World.

The supreme need of to-day is not, we believe, a new religion, but simply a new interpretation of those already in existence, and in the person of 'John Cordelier' we see one among many such interpreters already knocking upon the portals of the Christian Church. It is the unhappy fate of most thinkers to be born before their time, but whether 'John Cordelier' be aware of it or not, he (or perhaps, she) seems to have calculated with extreme precision the psychological moment at which to put in an appearance in the world of literature as an independent thinker. We congratulate him that he has thus 'arrived' in the literary sense for we think we discern in him the signs of a full-grown soul, strong enough to be able to discard the safety-perambulator so necessary to spiritual infancy, in order to pursue the path of Divine exploration upon his own feet, since he considers "this secret journey to be the only thing worth doing . . . . the marching orders of every Mystic"; for, dear as that mother of souls must ever remain to all her sons, it is

nevertheless true that "the work of the Church ends where the knowledge of God begins".

It is because we see in John Cordelier a certain sign that, to the mystical mind at any rate, is always finally significant of the spiritual teacher, that we wish to find place for him among the prophets of to-day, the heralds and forerunners of the religion of to-morrow. That sign—nay that *sine quâ non*—is Spirituality. For Spirituality is the only leaven that can ever uplift humanity. An Alexander, a Napoleon, by force of intellect can govern men and *keep them down for a time*, but the Spirituality of a Buḍḍha and of a Christ is needed in order to teach men that self-government which alone can *lift them up for ever.*

We find John Cordelier a true Mystic in his indifference to detail, to matters of creed, doctrine, dogma and sect and his concentration upon Spirituality as the great essential in the interpretation of Holy Writ. He writes:

> No vicarious atonement then will satisfy the instinct of the true lover of reality. . . He desires the high heroic life of the chivalry of God. . . energy, effort, adventure! The meek-eyed religion of the pale Galilean is instinct with these things.

We find him describing further on how mankind is for ever acting and re-enacting the eternal Passion Play:

> It is open to us to betray, to judge, to mock, to deny; to follow . . . to watch Him from the roadside, to serve him on the way . . . there is no third choice; we leave Perfection to Its fate or take up the cross ourselves and follow It . . . and are with Him mocked, patronised and misunderstood . . . Ignorance, idleness and cowardice condemn us as they once condemned the first and only Fair.

Again:

> There is one act—one only—which is three times repeated in this Drama of the mystic way. . . That supreme expression of the Divine idea who trod this way before us stumbled and

fell three times . . . was borne down by the very instrument of his victory, failed as it seemed . . . ignominiously in his task . . . rising and struggling again . . . we know that we had never dared the intimacy which alone can satisfy our craving if he had not fulfilled this last demand of Quixotic Chivalry, had not fallen with us by the way.

Again:

Perfection. . . . does not shrink from the humiliation of man's help. . . no created spirit—no nor yet the very uncreated Spirit of God—can bring the Great Adventure to a satisfactory conclusion by dint of keeping themselves to themselves.

And lastly:

There is something which exhilarates us in the thought of cross-bearing in the teeth of our enemies. . . But it is a hard saying that we must here defy. . . the bitter sorrow of our friends. . . we rebel. . . but 'so did your lovely Forerunner,' says an Angel's voice in the ear of the poor maddened soul, held as in a vice between the inexorable call of Calvary and the last most passionate appeal of Mary's breaking heart.

By the foregoing passages John Cordelier shows that he is possessed of the 'one thing needful' for the present crisis—*Spirituality*—for, while the religion of the *past* engaged in mortal combat over the site of the Holy Sepulchre, and the religion of the *present* has been engaged in no less bitter because bloodless battle on the fields of the Higher Criticism, the religion of the *future* will bid us lift up the holy story of Christianity from those lower planes on which it has suffered so cruelly at the hands of ignorance, and place it on the spiritual plane. When we place it there, we see it in its true perspective, and behold! the simple outline of the 'old, old story' appears in all the splendour of an immortal allegory, to the true interpretation of which Divine Wisdom is the guiding star of all wise men.

The religion of to-morrow will ignore the literal and portray the spiritual, it will tear down the local and unveil the universal, it will loosen the orthodox grip of

historical fact that it may take hold of Eternal Truth, for it will point out that *the vital point of Christianity is not whether it were History once upon a time, but that it is Drama now,* for ever being acted and re-enacted on the stage of the human soul. Man therefore, as he peers into the past down twenty centuries, will see not only one holy life, in one happy land in one heroic age, but the gates of Possibility uplifted to every life in any land and all the ages down; and in their hero not only a sublime historical character, but manhood itself on the mountain summit of Evolution.

Such has ever been the esoteric and mystical teaching of the Church; and John Cordelier is, we have seen, undoubtedly a Mystic. He is probably aware that the world has not dealt over tenderly with Mystics since the day when the charcoal-burner's widow berated for a fool the man whom posterity salutes respectfully as Alfred the Great, and the English soldiers burnt as a witch that 'little child of the Infinite,' the fair maid of France. This is not, however, likely to turn him from the mystic pathway, for the true Mystic has reached a point in evolution at which the performance of duty is no longer a matter of choice or of expediency, but of a dire necessity.

"*I must,*" such the vocabulary, such the intense, the supreme conviction of the Spirit-driven soul.

"*I must* work the works of Him that sent me," said the Christ. And how spake the monk who shook the world? "*Ich kann nicht anders.*"

"Stephen, I wish you would not do that," expostulated Stephen's parent in the writer's hearing.

"Mother," solemnly returned her infant son, "*I must.*" Kisses, coaxings, prayers, tears even, being of

no avail to move the baby autocrat, the mother at length gave way.

And thus the world gives way to the son of the Spirit, the child of destiny with his pure '*I must*' upon his holy lips; for the world recognises and crowns the incorruptible—albeit too often with a crown of thorns—as one born King, and so by divine right worthy to rule and reign in life; His purple robe the unmistakable air of distinction of the spiritual aristocracy, his sceptre the unconscious majesty of the royalty of the Kingdom of Heaven.

In conclusion we should like to suggest to 'John Cordelier' that Mysticism is nothing if not universal, that there are other deposits of the Divine Wisdom than those he has so ably exploited. There is no evidence that he has as yet made any study of what he is pleased to call 'Pagan Religions.' We feel that were he to acquaint himself with even a few of these, to study the Veḍānṭā, the *BhagavaḍGīṭā,* the philosophy of Lao-Tse, the literature of Sufism, for example, his spiritual life would broaden out in better proportion to its height and depth. And this it must do if he is really to be a forerunner of the religion of to-morrow. He will doubtless remember how once two mothers stood before King Solomon, each claiming the living child. The King sent for a sword to slay the infant; the false mother agreed it should be done, indifferent whether the child were dead or alive provided it was recognised as hers, but the true mother cried out in agony that the child might live *at any price*—even the cost of losing it.

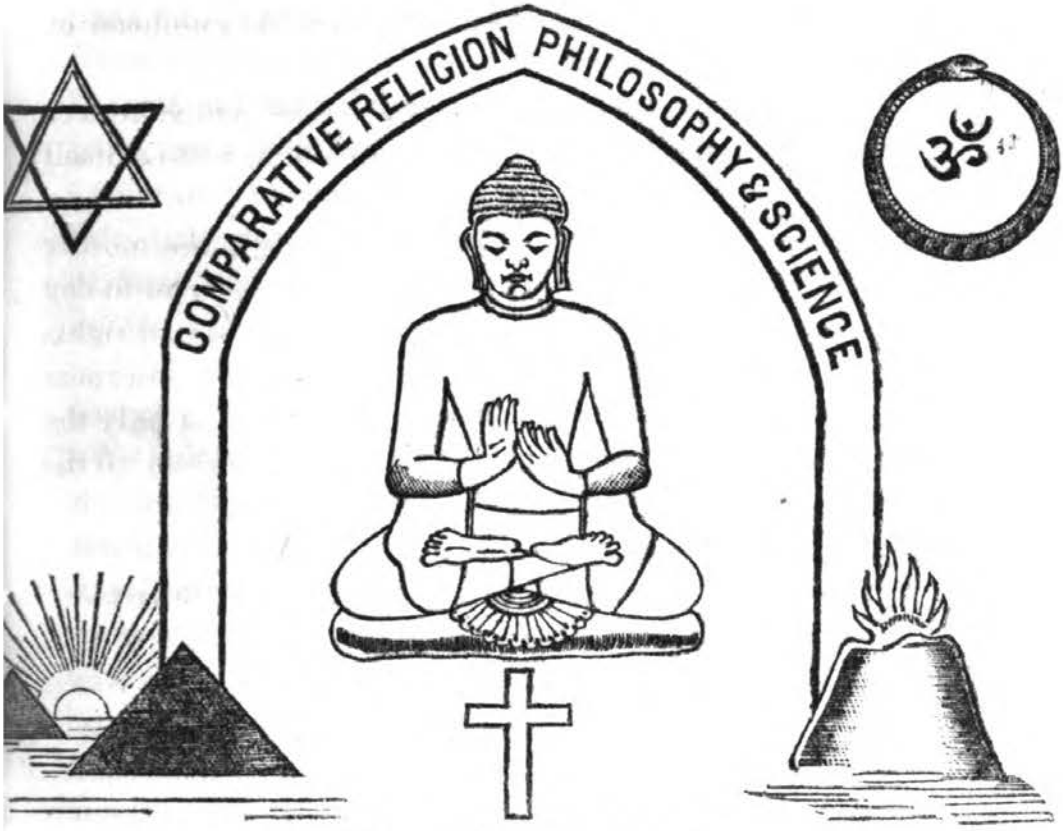
Thus the local religion of to-day is too often indifferent whether her children live or die provided they be recognised as hers, but the Universal Religion of to-morrow

will care not if the *man* be called Agnostic, Buḍḍhist, Confucian, Hinḍū, Zoroastrian, Muhammadan or Christian, provided the *Soul* live and grow to manhood or Madonnahood.

Is not that mother-love the purest which desires no longer to *possess* but simply to *be* and to bestow itself in blessing ?

"Give her the living child, for she is the mother thereof" would surely be the verdict of Solomon to-day in favour of that Divine Wisdom, whose maternal rights are now disputed, but who by the truth and tenderness of her own lips will show herself to be—not only the religion of to-morrow, but the Blessed Mother of all the children of men.

K. F. Stuart




# TIME AND ETERNITY[1]

By J. S. MACKENZIE, LL. D., LITT. D.

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I AM afraid it is a somewhat bold thing for me to come here to-night to address you on this subject, both because of the difficulty of the subject itself, and

[1] Being the report of a lecture delivered under the auspices of the Cardiff Lodge of the Theosophical Society on January 21st, 1913. Revised by Professor Mackenzie, and published here with his permission.

also because I am addressing an audience mainly composed of Theosophists, who, I understand, have access to special means of information on a subject of this kind, which are not accessible to me.

I intend to speak on this subject from the point of view of philosophical reflection, and what I am going to do is to set before you some of the ways in which this problem has been dealt with in the course of philosophical reflection in western countries, and to indicate, as far as I can, the way of regarding it which appears to me to be the most satisfactory.

The problem about Time is one that has exercised philosophical thinkers from a very early time. We find in the early speculations of the Greeks the problem coming up at a very early date. The difficulties about Time soon began to present themselves to the Greek thinkers, in their attempts to deal with the changing aspects of the world. The universal fact of change was one of the first things that attracted the attention of philosophical thinkers. The constant transformations that they saw taking place in the world around them led them, from the beginnings of speculation, to try to give some account of the way in which change could be supposed to take place. Their early speculations were no doubt somewhat crude. They tried to think of some permanent elements, such as air, or fire, or water, or the like, and they tried to think of these as undergoing changes (which, of course, they saw them constantly undergoing) and, by their changes, giving rise to all the diversity that we see in the world around us. They were thus fixing their attention on the fact of change, and, of course, the fact of change may be said to be the concrete aspect of what we mean by Time. So,

in fixing their attention on change, they were bringing forward the problem of Time, and the one who brought it forward most definitely was the philosopher Heraclitus, who lived about 500 B. C.

He definitely put forward the view (which was to some extent involved in the thought of his predecessors), that change is the main fact about the world, that the world is essentially a changing thing, and he expressed this by saying that "all things flow". All things are in a perpetual stream and we can only understand this by thinking of it as having certain directions. There is a certain direction in which change takes place. He was essentially the philosopher of change, and in many respects anticipated M. Bergson's views. He thought there were cycles in which change takes place. To a great extent, M. Bergson's views are a reproduction of those of Heraclitus, who spoke of an upward and downward path, just as M. Bergson compares life to a rocket shooting up and falling back again. There is, first, the path in which life and all existing things grow upwards, and there is the downward path which immediately follows upon it—a very similar conception to M. Bergson's. That was the general conception that Heraclitus set forth, and, by so doing, he brought out, in great prominence, the conception of perpetual change. The world in which we are is a world that is continually flowing throughout Time, and will go on continually changing through endless cycles. That conception having been brought forward, the difficulties in the way of accepting it at once presented themselves, and we find that other philosophers began urging their difficulties, and, by so doing, brought out the contrary conception which we are here considering,

namely, the conception of Eternity as opposed to Time ; the conception of the Changeless as opposed to that which is perpetually changing.

The man who emphasised that among the Greek philosophers was Parmenides. Parmenides urged that we cannot really think of things as essentially changing. He put forth the view that if we think of anything as being, in any full sense of the word, real, if we say it is real, we must add that it is eternally real. We cannot regard that which is real as anything changing. For, he urged, if we have to think of things coming into being and passing out of being, we come up at once against the conception that something must have come out of nothing. Once we recognise that, we have to recognise that nothing really changes. Whatever there is, is there eternally, otherwise we have to think that something comes of nothing, which is an impossible conception. So he brought forward that view against Heraclitus. When we think of what is real, we must think of it as unchanged; consequently, we must see that Time is unreal, Time is illusory. It seems to us as though things were undergoing change, but we must recognise that this is not really true. We must see that what really *is*, is always there. So we have to realise that Reality is in Eternity and not in Time, that Reality is unchanging. There is no 'now' and 'then' in that which is real, it is always there.

That was the view of Parmenides and it produced a great impression upon the Greeks of his time. His view was vigorously defended by his disciple, Zeno, who exercised a great deal of ingenuity in putting forward puzzles, especially those that present themselves in connection with motion. He put forward, for instance,

the well-known puzzle about Achilles and the tortoise. If you think of Achilles, the swift runner, and the tortoise, the slow runner, his contention was that Achilles could never overtake the tortoise. He put forward a number of others, some of which involve Time even more definitely than that. The paradox of Zeno which is generally stated as the last of his paradoxes, is the one in which the difficulty of Time is most definitely introduced. It is not altogether easy to know what his exact point was; but he appears to have urged that it is impossible to think of a smallest moment of time without being compelled to recognise the possibility of dividing it into two parts. A good account of this and the other paradoxes of Zeno is to be found in Burnet's *Early Greek Philosophers*. In this way, the difficulties about motion, and about change generally, were brought prominently forward, and, from that time on, Greek philosophers were a good deal exercised in trying to reconcile these two things. From one point of view, it seems obvious enough that we have to deal with a changing world, and yet there is this difficulty in thinking about change. If anything can be said to be real, you cannot think of it as coming from the unreal, and you must consequently think of it as always enduring. One of the philosophers who dealt most definitely with that difficulty, and tried very earnestly to meet it, was Plato.

Plato tried to meet it by recognising a double sense of reality. He urged that, no doubt, we must say that that which is real, in the most complete sense of the word, cannot change, and he puts forward the view that there are some things in the universe which we must think of in that way, namely, those realities that

correspond to general conceptions. The general conception of 'good,' for instance, was one that he emphasised very much, together with such general conceptions as Being, Life, etc. The objects of all these general conceptions, he urged, have an eternal place in the world, and we may think of them as belonging to the Sphere of Eternal Truth. On the other hand, we have to recognise that there is another kind of existence, namely, the existence of particular things and things of sense, and they have to be regarded as expressions, as it were, of that which is eternal. In the particular sphere in which we now exist, the eternal realities are showing themselves in transient ways. So that, when we recognise 'good things' in the world, we recognise Good, but we are not recognising Good in its eternal meaning, but only recognise a passing phase, as it were, of Good. So with all other things. While we may say that there is a certain eternal essence of reality which never changes, we have also to recognise that there is a world of becoming, a world of growth; and that world is a kind of reality, but a different kind from that which belongs to the realm of Eternal Truth. So he thought of a higher and lower kind of reality, and one is to be thought of as eternal and the other as changing. And, in particular, in reference to Time itself, he said that Time is a moving image of Eternity, meaning by that, that we see in the time process, something which contains the meaning, as it were, that belongs to the Eternal, but contains it under this form of change; so that it does not appear in its eternal nature.

Well, that is a very interesting way of dealing with the problem, and certainly Plato made a great deal of it, and put it forward in ways that are very fascinating.

He thought of a kind of cycle of life, somewhat on the lines of Heraclitus, as containing upward and downward courses; and he brought out the great importance of trying to find the upward course, rather than the downward course, and the upward course he regarded as bringing us nearer and nearer to Eternal Truth. He had the view, of course, a view that I understand is held among Theosophists also, that there is a repetition of lives, that souls go through several lives, become embodied in different material forms; and his conception was that through these successive embodiments they may gradually rise to a higher level, a level in which they cease to reveal the elements of Time, and come more and more into contact with that which is eternal. So, in that way, he partly solved this difficulty; or, at least, he put forward views according to which we can recognise both sides.

There remain, of course, considerable difficulties. It is not easy to understand, for instance, from Plato's view, how it comes about that that which is eternal shows itself in these changing forms. According to his view, it would seem that the Eternal is a higher form of reality, and one cannot quite understand how it is that the higher form of reality comes to show itself in this lower form. But still, it was a very interesting attempt, certainly, to meet the difficulties that are contained in these two conceptions of Time and Eternity.

Now, modern philosophy has been exercised with the same problems with which these early Greek thinkers were concerned—but in more complex ways. In general, the views of modern philosophers cannot be set forth quite so simply as those of the early thinkers, but we find, to a considerable extent,

reproductions of the same sort of problems and the same sort of explanations. For instance, Spinoza reproduces a belief like that of Parmenides, a belief in which emphasis is placed on the Eternal, and but little is made of the conception of change. In fact, the conception of change scarcely seems intelligible. Again, Leibnitz tried, somewhat after the manner of Plato but with considerable differences, to combine the conception of Eternity with that of the growth of the individual being; but we cannot enter into a special consideration of the views of these. I pass on from those to some views that are more recent, and that more nearly concern us, because they are views that largely exercise people's minds at the present time.

The problem about Time was stated very clearly by the great German philosopher, Kant, who sought to put fully the difficulties that are connected with the view of the reality of Time. He put them in a clearer and more thorough way than had been the case with the early writers like Zeno.

Kant put forward what he called antinomies. The first of these is one that concerns Time. He urged that we cannot think of the Time-world either as being infinite in its extension, or as being limited. Both views, he urged, lead us to great difficulties and indeed to inconceivabilities. If we think, for instance, of Time as being infinite, or rather, if we think of the changing world as having no limits, that means we have to say that it never began; and Kant's argument is, that to think of it in that way involves a contradictory conception, namely, an infinite series which is completed.

We know, of course, that in mathematics, infinite series are very fully dealt with, and can be easily dealt

with, from a mathematical point of view. But when we think of an infinite series, we think of something that never reaches the end. There is no point, for example, at which we can say that the possibilities of numbers are exhausted. Numbers go on indefinitely, and that means it would be absurd to say we had reached the last number. If that is so, it is of the very essence of numbers, and of any infinite series, that it is never completed. But if you say that Time had no beginning, you are saying that, reckoning from the present moment backwards, you have come through an infinite series, and yet that infinite series has been completed, because the whole of the past existence has occurred, and that means that an infinite series has completed itself; so there is there a contradiction. We cannot therefore think of the world in Time as having begun at any point. Whenever you think of it as having a beginning, you have still to think of the time that goes before it, and you have to ask yourself how it came to begin at that time. You would have to assign some cause to explain the beginning of the world at that time, and that cause would be something that went before it. That cause again, would need another cause, so that you would never be able to stop in that backward course. You can never say: "Here is the beginning." Thus, he urged, it is impossible to think of Time as having a beginning or no beginning, and, that being so, our only alternative is to say that Time is essentially unreal. There is no such thing as a world in Time, regarded as real; and so he drew a distinction between the world of appearance and the world of reality, and his contention was that the real (in this he agreed with Parmenides and Plato) does not contain the element of

Time, but is essentially eternal, and we have to regard the changing world in Time as only an illusion—not of course, illusion in the ordinary sense of the word, but something which is due to our limited point of view, the limited point of view which we, as human beings, have, and consequently we have to say, in the full sense of the word, that it is not real. It is to be regarded as Phenomenal, Appearance,—what is called, in Oriental speculation, Māyā—and not as Reality. That was the view Kant put forward, and that had a very great influence on subsequent thought. Time, according to Kant, is only a form of sense perception. It is not, properly speaking, a condition of Reality.

The difficulties involved in that, however, are very great. They are greater even than the difficulties that were involved in Plato's view, because Plato did allow some reality to the Time world, and did not regard it as merely illusion, and he seemed to be able to give some account of the eternal Realities as against the Time series, whereas Kant's philosophy ended really in complete agnosticism. It ended in the view that we cannot say anything about Reality. We can only say that the world in Time is unreal, and we cannot say what is real. So that his philosophy ended in a sort of agnosticism. We know nothing at all. This agnosticism he no doubt tried to get over, by saying that we have grounds for some kind of belief, which cannot be called knowledge.

The successors of Kant have made many attempts to get over the difficulties which he raised. These attempts have taken various directions. A number of philosophers, for instance, have tried to show that the difficulties raised by Kant are not real difficulties.

There have been many who have tried to urge that it is possible to think of an infinite series which completes itself. That view is taken, for instance, by Schopenhauer, and it has been taken by recent writers (William James, Bertrand Russell, and others) who have urged that there is no impossibility in thinking of completing an infinite series, and consequently we may suppose Time to be infinite, and yet to have a certain completeness. The most interesting attempts in this direction are those that are made in a definitely mathematical way by such writers as Cantor, Russell, etc. A more philosophical exposition of some of these views is to be found in Royce's book on *The World and the Individual.* The purely mathematical speculations appear to me to be quite correct, but I think these are essentially formal and cannot be directly applied to concrete reality. Different views may be taken about that. For my own part, I believe that Kant's argument is valid, and that we cannot suppose an infinite series to complete itself. We cannot suppose an infinite number of concrete things to have actually occurred at any time, and if so, we cannot think of the world in Time as being without beginning.

If that is so, then any attempt to meet the difficulties of Kant must deal rather with the other side of his difficulty, and it seems to me at any rate, it is rather on the other side that we may find a means of removing the difficulty, or of showing ways in which it may be removed.

Kant's contention is that you cannot think of the world in Time as limited, and the ground for that is, if you think of a beginning in Time, you have to think of something which goes before it and which serves as the

cause of its beginning at that point rather than at any other point, and Kant's argument is that you cannot find any explanation. That, also, is true, I think. But then, the important question is, whether that is the way in which we ought to look for a cause; whether it is right that we should expect to find the cause in something going before. It is very natural, of course, to look for a cause in that way. But, I think, if we consider it, we do not, in that way, get any explanation at all. We see the connection of one thing with another going before it, but it is always the case that the thing going before is in need of explanation; so that, if we are to have an explanation at all, it is not in that way that we are to look for it, and consequently, we ought not to look for the explanation of the Time process in something that goes before it. If there is to be an explanation of things at all, it must be an explanation that is found in the structure of things as a whole. We may be able to explain a thing by understanding the whole, of which it is a part, and I conceive that it would only be in that way that we could possibly understand the Time process. If there is to be an explanation at all, it must be by understanding the whole process, and seeing its significance as a whole.

In that case, we may see both the meaning of its beginning, and possibly, the meaning of its end as well. It seems to me it is in that direction that we must look for an explanation, if at all. And I may, perhaps, explain more definitely how I mean that to be understood, by recurring to what was said before, namely, to the views that we may regard the world as an upward path. No doubt, it has aspects of a downward path as well, but if there is any truth in the conception of

evolution, then it must be right to say that we can regard the world as being more of an upward path than of a downward path, and if so, we might try to think of the life of the changing world as being essentially an upward path.

Now, can we think of that in a way that would enable us to understand how it can, in a sense, be a Time process, and yet partake of the character of the Eternal?

It would seem to be the case in life, in general, that 'looking before' comes rather before 'looking after'. (You may think of a sort of looking forward coming in, and I may represent that in this way. Fig. 1)

That looking forward becomes more and more clear as life advances. There is more and more looking forward, but there comes a point when there is not only looking forward, but also the beginning of looking back. This is represented by the lines to the right of A B. (Fig. 2). We begin to have not only anticipations of what is to be done, but we begin to remember what has been done. That comes rather later though it may be said to be implicit in looking forward; but it only gradually comes out.

Gradually, we may suppose that the looking forward became rather less important than the looking back. (Fig. 3). Life is more and more taking account of its own past. If we suppose that to go on continuously, we may suppose there would come a point at which the whole past becomes clear, and that might be supposed to be the end of the Time process: the Time process would have completed itself. It would have completed itself, because it had absorbed all that it means (Fig. 4).

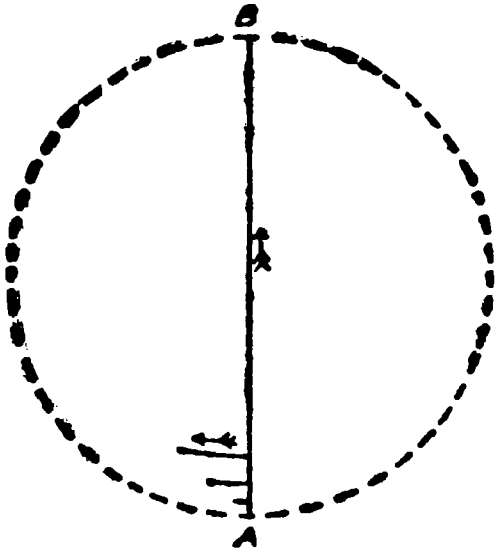


Fig. I

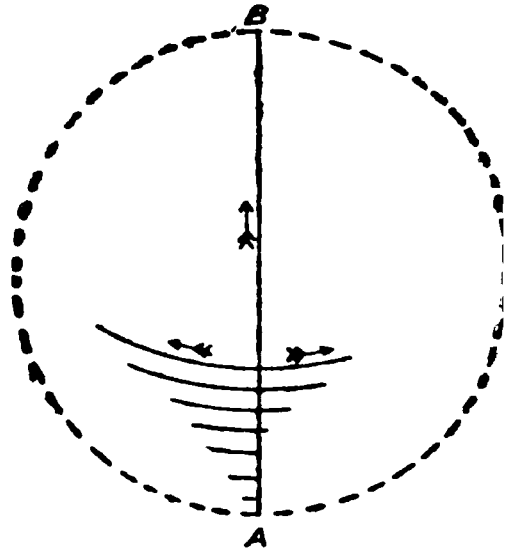


Fig. II

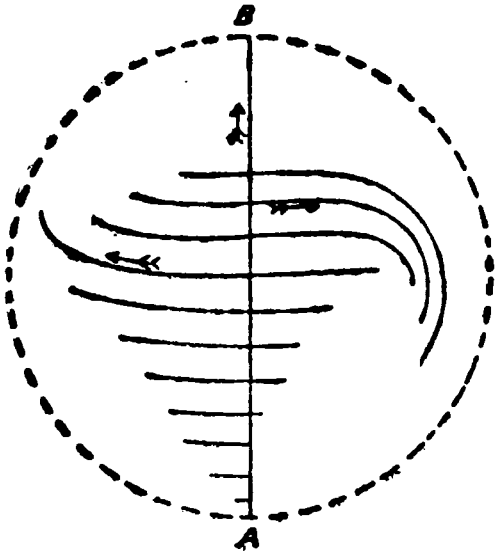


Fig. III

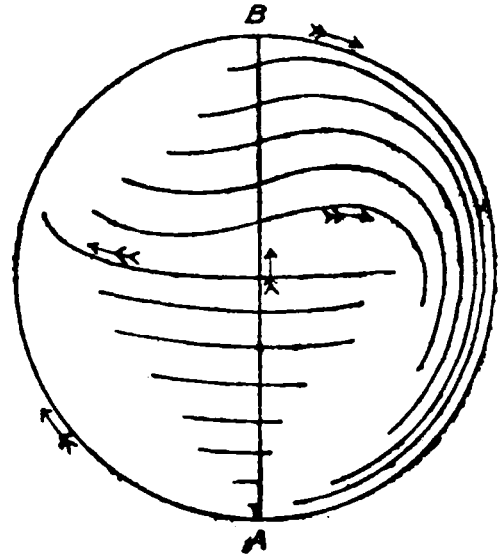


Fig. IV

Now, we certainly seem to see some truth in that way of looking at it, in ordinary experience. It does

seem to be the case, as human life goes on, that it takes into itself the significance of its own past. That seems to be the case, as history goes on, not only with individuals, but also with the race. As the race goes on, it takes into itself all the significance of its past life. We see, for instance, how much we learn from the Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and so forth. We learn much more from them than most of our predecessors did. We are in this way beginning to make more real to ourselves the past achievements of the race. If you suppose that that could be done completely, that would mean that we have a complete comprehension of the past; and you can easily see that, in a certain sense, that would mean that the past cannot really be said to be past, not, certainly, in any complete sense of the word. The past would be as real to us as most things that we call present. It would be as effective for us as those things we call present, so, in that sense at least, we might say that, at such a stage, we had transcended Time. It is not wholly true to say that a being is living merely at that particular moment in which his vital existence occurs. It is just as true to say that he is living in the past, in so far as he knows it, and apprehends its significance.

We may suppose there is a Consciousness for which that would be entirely true. If so, that might be called an Eternal Consciousness, and it would then be a Consciousness, we may suppose, which had no further need to grow. It would be a Consciousness that had taken in the meaning of the Time process; the whole of it has been absorbed, so there is no longer a process to be gone through, unless, indeed, it be the process of reproducing the Time series, with all the meaning that it

carries with it. If we are to look for an explanation of the Time process, I am inclined to think that we have to look for it in some such way as that; if there is a Consciousness that comprehends it, that Consciousness reproduces it, and we may suppose that such a Consciousness would not only look back, but would also look forward. And if we can think of a Consciousness of that kind, that is a Consciousness we may well call Eternal.

If it is possible to think of the universe in that way, then it is possible to think of it as containing a Time process, and yet containing the aspect of Eternity at the same time; and in that sense we might go back and accept the view of Parmenides, that Reality never changes, if we mean by reality, the Reality of the whole. The whole, we may suppose, is an order of development, which undergoes no change. At the same time, it is an order which contains the aspect of growth, and in that sense there is change. But the growth does form a whole, and we may, more and more, possibly, realise it as a whole. We may, more and more, see it in its completeness, and, in so seeing it, we lose all sense of its transience. We cease to be beings that merely occupy a moment in that growth, and become, more and more, beings that inherit the whole meaning that is contained in the process of growth.

In that sense we may say that the universe contains Time, but is not in Time; is not limited by its existence at any particular point of Time, but able to comprehend Time as a whole. In that sense, it is easy enough to see that there are many things which have a Time existence, and which are not limited to any particular

time. For instance, take a play of Shakespeare's. Take 'Othello,' let us say. That is a Time process. It deals with occurrences that have to be taken in succession, in order that we may see their significance, how one purpose expresses itself through successive acts. In that sense, it is a Time process. But the Play itself is eternal. There is no reason why we should think of it as occurring at any particular point of time, and there is no limitation as to the times we may read the play.

So we may suppose that the whole development of what we call the Time World is a process which contains Time, and yet it may be regarded as an eternal process, a process contained within the Eternal, which is always there in essence. It is always in the Eternal; it is always that particular aspect of the Eternal. That is the way in which I should propose to meet these difficulties, by recognising both the aspect of change, and yet the fact that there is a Changeless throughout that changing aspect.

The view that is here indicated seems to approximate rather closely to the views that have been more or less definitely suggested by some of the Oriental philosophers. See, for instance, *The Science of Peace*, by Bhagavan Das. Further references on the subject of this lecture may be found in the article 'Eternity,' in the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, Vol. V. The closing chapter of Dr. Bosanquet's *Value and Destiny of the Individual* may also be very specially recommended.

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*Explanation of the Figures*

The line A B represents the upward path of life, and the other lines round it are intended to illustrate the growth of consciousness, with its two main aspects, 'looking before' (lines to the left of A B) and 'looking after' (lines to the right of A B). It would seem to be the case, in general, that, in the growth of conscious life, 'looking before' or looking forward comes rather before 'looking after' or looking back. This forward-looking is represented by the lines to the left of the line A B. The surrounding circle may be taken to represent the Eternal Consciousness of the Absolute, returning into itself, and apprehending the whole process of growth, both forwards and backwards.

J. S. Mackenzie

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## NOTE

Odd children multiply, as H. P. B. prophesied. Here is a little ten-year-old girl at Pittsburg, daughter of a naval surgeon; when she was a year old, her mother taught her that there were three fairies who would guide her—Observation, Concentration, and Intense Interest. The little girl knows something of eight languages, and can read a page of music over and then play it without the score; she learned to use a type-writer at three years of age, is big and strong, and a vigorous walker. A less pleasant case is that of a girl of eleven, suddenly awakened by a negress, and thrown by fear into a fit which ended in coma, lasting for some weeks. These attacks have recurred monthly for three years. While in the unconscious condition she sings magnificently. It is thought the talent may appear when she is conscious later on, if her nerves prove able to sustain the monthly attack.

# DEMETRIUS GALANOS THE GREEK INDOLOGIST

By J. GENNADIUS, D. C. L., LL. D.

[Sent by Dr. J. N. Metaxa, with a request for further information. Dr. Metaxa says, in sending it, that the address was delivered to the Congress of Religions at Oxford.—Ed.]

I VENTURE to occupy your attention with the life work of one who, born in Athens, my own native city, repaired at an early age to Constantinople—the seat of the great Institution of intellectual activity of the Greeks in the Near East which I have the honour to represent among you[1]—and thence migrated to India, to end his days in the sacred city of Benares, absorbed in the study of Saṁskṛṭ literature, and conforming to the rule of life of the Brāhmaṇas.

If the important contributions to the history of religions made by this remarkable man are not very generally known, the reason may perhaps be sought both in the fact that modern Greek literature is only now beginning to be studied abroad, and in the extreme modesty and the retiring disposition of Galanos himself. For, although one of the earliest and ablest pioneers of Indology, he personally laid no claim to any literary achievement, he published nothing during his lifetime, but followed the dictates of true philosophy—not a self-asserting philosophy, practised as some kind of craft, and proclaimed by the working of marvels; but such as Plutarch[2] so pithily defines, after the models of Socrates

[1] The Hellenic Syllogos.

[2] *Of the Fortune or Virtue of Alexander*, I, 4.

and Pythagoras and Arcesilaus and Carneades. They did not pass their lives in the elaboration of axioms, nor in the refinement of syllogisms. But they were acknowledged and honoured as philosophers for the wise words they spoke, the lessons they taught, and, above all, for the manner of life they themselves led; thus setting the example of a pure, unselfish, unpretentious, blameless existence, benevolent to all men, tolerant of all things save wrong of any kind. Such, indeed, was the life of our Demetrius Galanos.

He was born in 1760, the second son of well-to-do Athenian parents. His elder brother had died in childhood; while the third and youngest cultivated the family estates, and named his own son (to whom we shall have occasion to refer again) after their grandfather, Pantoleon. Demetrius, on the other hand, gave early proof of an extraordinary aptitude for letters. The pursuit of letters and the service of the Church were then the only liberal careers open to the best and noblest of the enslaved Greeks. To an affectionate and gentle disposition, Galanos joined an inquiring, reflective, and critical mind; and he soon distinguished himself in the public school of Athens, then under the direction of the renowned Athenian nobleman and philanthropist, Joannes Benizelos, my own maternal great-great-grandfather. Of this Benizelos it is recorded that, making use of his great influence with the Turkish masters of the city, he obtained permission to visit freely the awful dungeons in which prisoners were left in those days to rot and perish by slow degrees. He read to them the Scriptures, and as no one was allowed to bring them succour, he divested himself, on each visit, of his fresh underwear, and left the dungeon wearing the

vermin-infested rags of the wretched prisoners, whose misery he had thus in a measure relieved.

With this example of his beloved master before him, the altruistic tendencies of young Galanos were kindled and confirmed; and his devotion to Greek learning was such that at the age of fourteen he had acquired all that the primitive educational resources of Athens, at that time, could offer him. He was therefore sent to Mesolonghi, where Panagiotes Palamas was then lecturing, and thence to the even more flourishing school in the island of Patmos, under its famous master, the monk, Daniel Kerameus.

At the end of six years spent at Patmos, his uncle Gregory, Bishop of Cæsarea, and Primate at that time of the Holy Synod at Constantinople, sent for the young Demetrius, of whose rare attainments and moral qualities he had become cognisant. He urged him to take Holy Orders; but though this step, with the patronage of his influential uncle, would soon have led him to some Episcopal See, Galanos declined, being determined, as he said, to devote his life to the study of Greek literature and philosophy. And he remained at Constantinople, eking out a precarious existence by giving lessons in Greek.

The development of Greek trade, the revival of letters among the enslaved Greeks, and the consequent awakening of the national conscience, which prepared and ushered in the War of Liberation of 1821, were then in full activity. Many Greeks had carried their enterprise as far as India, and in Calcutta and Dacca there had already been established small, but flourishing, Greek communities. With characteristic tenacity of national traditions, the members of those communities desired that their children should be brought up

in their mother-tongue; and for this purpose Constantine Pantazes, the chief of the Calcutta community and a native of Adrianople, wrote to his correspondent at Constantinople to send out to them a Greek teacher.

This correspondent was a friend of Bishop Gregory, to whom he submitted the request of the Greeks at Calcutta. It was thus that Demetrius Galanos was chosen to carry to the young Greco-Indians the torch of ancestral learning, and to send back to Greece a reflex of the Light of Asia. His first act was to remit to his poor relatives at Athens the small sum he had managed to save; and he started on his mission, visiting on his way the monastery at Mount Sinai, and continuing his journey by way of Bassorah.

On his arrival at Calcutta in 1786 he lodged with Pantazes; and while teaching the young Greeks their mother-tongue, he devoted his leisure to the study of English, and the mastery of Saṁskṛṭ, Persian, and the native idioms of India, in which he soon became so proficient that he was able to enter into intimate converse with Hinḍūs of all races and castes. In seeking to establish close relations with the natives, that which assisted him most was not only his linguistic proficiency and erudition, but the fame which rapidly spread among them of his sterling character, his lofty mind, and the rule of life he had set for himself, living up to the highest ideals of moral purity and rectitude. Both his own countrymen, the Englishmen who came into contact with him, and the erudite Hinḍūs, with whom he loved to discuss philosophical topics, soon learned to look up to him as to a man of extraordinary attainments and rare worth.

His early tendencies, and the more intimate searching investigations which had latterly occupied his mind, finally determined the rest of his life. At the end of the sixth year of his residence in Calcutta he resigned his post, bade farewell to his Greek friends, deposited his scanty savings with one of them, that the small yearly income might be remitted to him, and retired to Benares, there to devote himself exclusively to the study of Saṁskṛṭ literature and Hinḍū philosophy, adopting the dress of the Brāhmaṇas, and strictly conforming to their mode of life. Thus he lived for forty consecutive years, to the day of his death.

But those years were spent neither in the passivity of mere contemplation, nor in estrangement from what is dearest to human kinship, nor in forgetfulness of fatherland and faith. We shall see that his literary activity marks a most important stage in Indian studies. And in his life we have a unique instance, and an edifying example, of the adoption of Hinḍū yoga, without that hardness and arrogance and monastic egotism which tends to view the surrounding world with indifference and contempt—one might almost say with hatred. His human tenderness for his far away kinsmen and compatriots, his burning love for his native city, his perfervid hopes for the liberation of the fatherland, his broad-minded interest in the Orthodox Church, remained to the end unimpaired, fresh, and refreshing. To the last he was in heart and mind a Christian, a European, and a true Hellene.

Of this there can be no more conclusive evidence, no more touching proof, than his letters from Benares, a considerable number of which are still extant, some published; especially those addressed to the

Archimandrite Gregory, Chaplain of the Greek Church at Calcutta, and those written to his nephew Pantoleon Galanos.

The latter he invited to India, intending to return with him to Athens, that he might lie down to his last sleep in the bosom of his native land. Pantoleon arrived at Calcutta and was on the point of starting for Benares when his venerable uncle died, after a short illness. He was buried in the English cemetery at Benares, and the following simple inscription in English may be read over his tomb :

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
DEMETRIUS GALANOS
AN ATHENIAN WHO DIED AT BENARES
IN THE EAST INDIES ON THE 3RD OF MAY, 1833,
AGED 72 YEARS.

Galanos' bosom friend and Master, the Brāhmaṇa Satoul Sing, also inscribed over his tomb an epitaph in Hindi, which may be rendered as follows :

" Woe, a hundred times woe ! Demetrius Galanos has left this world to reside in the eternal abodes. With tears and wailing I have cried out, ah me ! by grief demented. He is gone, alas, the Plato of this age."

By his will, with the exception of small legacies to his Brāhmaṇa friends and his Hinḍū servant, he left the whole of his estate, amounting to some three thousand pounds, to be divided equally between his nephew and the University of Athens, to which institution he bequeathed also his Saṁskṛṭ library and all his papers and manuscripts.

These manuscripts may be roughly classed under two headings : (a) translations from Saṁskṛṭ and Hinḍūsṭāni into Greek ; and (b) drafts of several vocabularies and dictionaries, such as Pāli-Greek, Persian-Hinḍi,

Greek-English, and Saṁskṛṭ-Greek. The most important of these, unpublished, is the last named, containing as it does many words which are there recorded for the first time, culled from Saṁskṛṭ works which he was the first to explore. This is the opinion of the eminent Orientalist, Professor Albrecht Weber, who, when in Athens, examined the collection and took extensive notes, which he utilised in supplementing Boehtlingk and Roth's great Saṁskṛṭ dictionary.

The manuscript translations remained for some fourteen years untouched; but in 1841 the Ephore of the National Library, G. Kozakis Typaldos, assisted by the Keeper of Printed Books, G. Apostolides, commenced editing and publishing a series which in 1853 resulted in seven octavo volumes. Neither of the editors was, properly speaking, a Saṁskṛṭ scholar; but they made an *ad hoc* study of the subject, and they very prudently addressed themselves for advice and guidance to the most eminent German and French Orientalists of that time. They submitted to them portions of the translations in proof, and they invited criticism before publication. They were thus enabled to preface introductions dealing with the subject matter of each volume. These introductions are of considerable merit and ability. I may here observe that the Greek style adopted by Galanos in his translations, without being stilted or pedantic, is pure and scholarly, and the text is accompanied by footnotes of great value, bearing witness to his erudition and to the frame of mind with which he approached his object in view.

Such, in general lines, is the character of the work. The limited time at my disposal will not allow me to do more than give a very succinct account of the

contents of those seven volumes. The first, entitled by the editors, *Forerunner of the Indian translations of Demetrius Galanos, the Athenian*, consists of five of the minor, but not the least important, pieces rendered into Greek: (*a*) Ethical sentences and allegories of Baṭrihari the King; (*b*) Of the same, counsels concerning the vanity of this world; (*c*) Political, economic, and moral precepts, culled from various poets; (*d*) Synopsis of sentences and precepts of Sanakea,[1] the moralist and philosopher; (*e*) Zagannāṭha Paṇḍiṭarāza's[2] allegories, examples, and similes. Galanos' attachment to the fatherland, and constant solicitude for the welfare of his countrymen, is again attested by the fact that of the translation of Zagannāṭha, mentioned above, he had sent home in 1830 an earlier copy, through the Archbishop of Athens, Neophytus, with the following inscription: "To the Eminent Signor Joannes Capodistrias, President and Governor of Greece, Demetrius Galanos the Athenian sends, as a present from India, this excellent allegorical manual of Zagannāṭha the Brāhmaṇa, translated into Greek for the benefit of the young philologists of the Greek race. From the Holy City of Kassis, known also as Benares."[3]

The second volume, published in 1847, contains *The Balabhāraṭa*, or synopsis of the *Māhābhāraṭa*. The third comprises the *Gīṭā*, which Galanos calls Thesoesion Melos a name adopted by Schlegel in his edition of the

[1] This name is, I believe, variously spelt Caunakas, Canakjas, Tchanakaya. I have adopted the form in which Galanos has transliterated the Indian names into Greek.

[2] Jagannātha Paṇḍiṭarāja.

[3] Galanos often makes use of the ancient name of the holy city, Kāshi from its reputed founder (1200 B. C.) Kāshi Rāja (the resplendent). By an ingenious combination of a Greek synonym, phaneras, of this adjective with the more recent name Benares, he dates, on October, 1832, em Phanerasiou. His will, written only three days before his death, is dated em Benares. But in his translations he generally uses the form Baranasī (Varāṇasi).

poem. The fourth volume is devoted to Kāliḍāsa's *Raghu-Vaṁsa*. The fifth to the Iṭihāsa, *Samuṭchaya*. The sixth embraces the *Hiṭopāḍesha*; and the seventh the *Ḍurgā*. It was intended that it should also include the *Bhāgavaṭa Purāṇa*; but funds were lacking, so that this and a few other translations remain still unedited.

There exists as yet no complete and connected account of the life of Galanos, nor any due appreciation of the published portion of his works—of this unique body of Indian translation done by one man; and the present paper is but a condensed abstract of a more detailed work which I hope will soon appear. It is a remarkable fact that although he lived more than forty-five years in British India and was known to many of the foremost Anglo-Indians of his time, there appears to be no mention of him or of his work in any of the likely English sources of such information. At all events my diligent search has, thus far, revealed none.[1] I need hardly say that outside Greece it is the Germans who, of course, know most about him; while the only French comment I have met with (that of M. Jules Mohl in *Le Journal Asiatique* of July, 1846) is noteworthy for statements and appreciations somewhat strange. He makes out Galanos to have been a merchant, and to have forsaken commerce for the life of a Brāhmaṇa; and he adds: "Galanos parait avoir cherché à Benares plutôt la sagesse, comme la cherchaient les anciens, que le savoir, comme l'entendent les modernes; et ses manuscrits sont probablement plutôt une curiosité

[1] The only English comment I know of is that mentioned by the Editors who, having sent proofs of the *Gīṭā* translation to Mr. Clark, the then Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, received from him a letter saying that "in reading the translation he felt as if one soul had been parted in twain and set at the two ends of the world, in Greece and India, each one meditating on the same great philosophical issues".

litteraire qu'un secours pour l'erudition." This was not the opinion of Professor Albert Hoefer, who in the *Zeitschrift für die Wissenchaft der Sprache* (1850) takes to task his French confrère, and extols the scholarly and conscientious character of Galanos' work. Professor Hoefer had already reviewed the first two volumes in the *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellchaft* (vol i, 1846); and later (vol. xxiii, 1869) Dr. Heinrich Uhle referred to these translations with great praise. In the *Jahrbücher für Wissenschaftliche Kritik* (No. 51 and 52 of 1846) Professor Hoefer compared former attempts with the achievements of Galanos, which he characterises as a colossal monument of untiring endurance and patient devotion—a work of permanent value and helpfulness to Indologists. Finally, I may adduce the opinion of Professor Theodor Benfey who, in reviewing the *Forerunner* in the 'Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen' (1846, pp. 1095-1104), says that Galanos' versions now make clear many passages which remained inexplicable riddles for former translators, and render possible, not only the correction of corrupt texts, but the explanation of many parts of Indian mythology and religion, which hitherto were not understood; that this was due to the unrivalled knowledge which Galanos had of the languages and the peoples of India; but more especially to the fact that he had won the intimate friendship and confidence of the Brāhmaṇas as no other European had ever done before him, and that he was thus enabled to obtain from them much that was jealously preserved by oral tradition only. Benfey and also Professors A. Weber and Christian Lassen consider Galanos' translation as a great ornament of modern Greek literature; and German critics generally point out the fact that several of these

translations were never before attempted in any European language, while of others the original texts were not even known to exist.

But it is not only the faithfulness and excellence of the translations which are so remarkable. Even a casual reader would be struck by the great value of the notes constituting, as they do, a veritable storehouse of Indian lore. They interpret allegories, supply historical data, elucidate mythological traditions; explain the names and the attributes of Indian deities, give parallel passages from Greek philosophers; account for obscure beliefs and popular sayings. Even the terminology of botany and zoology in India is made clear and easily conceivable; and of several passages he gives also a paraphrase, thus investing in a beautiful and lucid Greek form many a mystical passage of Oriental phraseology. And with it all he joins a playful humour, showing that he never succumbed to the dark and oppressive morbidity of Asiatic asceticism. For instance, he writes to his friend, the Orthodox Archimandrite Gregory, who was sailing from Calcutta for Constantinople: "I pray both the Ocean-Lord Poseidon and the Indian Varuṇa to give thee fair voyage, going and returning."

As in his correspondence we have a faithful portrayal of the intensely human and lovable side of his nature, so in his notes we see evidence of a well-balanced mind, of a calm judgment, of a rare critical faculty. He is in love with the subject to which he devoted his life. But he has not been enslaved by that love. We do not find in him what we often observe in enthusiastic devotees to some special branch of art or literature, or to the works of some particular author, who gradually lose the faculty of reasoning, and become blind, I had almost

said fanatical, worshippers of their idol. Galanos' studies did not overwhelm his judgment: they did not enslave his mind. He remained their master. His early training in the writings and the philosophy of the Greeks made it possible for him to maintain a critical attitude; while his clearness of vision enabled him to appreciate to the full all that is lofty and true and beautiful in the literature of India.

He was aware that, in that land of abnormal extremes, belief in the marvellous and the terrible exercises an irresistible fascination over its inhabitants. He understood that this was mainly due to the physical surroundings. As Buckle says, in comparing Indian with Greek evolution: "In the great centre of Asiatic civilisation the energies of the human race are confined, as it were intimidated, by the surrounding phenomena . . . all teaching Man of his feebleness and his inability to cope with natural forces ... The tendency of the surrounding phenomena was, in India, to inspire fear; in Greece, to give confidence."[1] Hence those monstrous and terror-inspiring divinities, which breathe fire, and revel in blood. Galanos was aware that besides these disturbing physical conditions the inhabitants of that land had laboured from time immemorial under three fatal circumstances. They had never known liberty: the whole peninsula had repeatedly been overrun and subjugated by alien conquerors. Their political thraldom had been aggravated by an all-pervading sacerdotalism. Finally, they were handicapped by a complex system of castes, which checked progress and made development impossible.

In presence of such conditions a highly trained and cultured intellect like that of Galanos, balanced and

[1] History of Civilisation, I, 125-7.

fortified on the one hand by an inquiring mind, and on the other by a tolerant and altruistic disposition, could but seek to separate the wheat from the chaff. He discerned and adopted all that was pure in Hinḍū teaching. But he rejected metaphysical fantasies; he could not regard philosophy from a fantastic and quasi-religious aspect. In philology he was too well grounded to listen with anything but a smile to such puerile derivations as "Pythagoras from Buḍḍha-guru, teacher of knowledge". Nor could he adhere to irrational theories and extravagant superstitions, such as can be acceptable only to an intelligence absolutely untrained in logic, or to theurgic and divinatory rites, which must ensure the dissent of those who conceive morality aright, and extend goodwill to all men, in all truth and in all honesty.

Galanos had before him the advice which the upright and judicious Eusebius, the Neo-Platonist, gave to his young pupil and friend Julian, when he related to him the magical and theurgic wonders of the charlatan Maximus: "Astonished for the nonce by that theatrical miracle-maker, we left. But thou, do not marvel at all, even as I did not; but rather consider how great a matter is purification by means of reason."

The Count Goblet d'Alviella, in his *Ce que l'Inde doit à la Grece,* has shown to what a remarkable degree the regenerating flame of Ancient Greece had penetrated into the heart of Asia, and influenced the science and art of India. It is the continuity of that Greek tradition, the love of inquiry and enlightenment, which has bequeathed to the learned world the life-work of Demetrius Galanos.

J. Gennadius

# VISION

By CATHERINE M. VERSCHOYLE

Lord, I have knelt here praying many hours,
While thoughts, that should have been celestial flowers
Unfolded, floated, rose
About my head,
And fell back dead ;
Never to reach the heaven of my desiring,
Or perfect my aspiring
With the solution of these human woes.
Lord, I would learn
The secret of the soul's return,
The surety of the great arriving,
The far-off goal of all our striving.
While day by day the world's sad face
Turns on the thread of Life impaled,
Say, is it nearer to Thy grace,
Or has it failed
To reach the outstretched arms of Thy compassion ?
See where these wavering tapers burn,
Lit by the children of Thy hand, who yearn
Towards Thee, distant ; each in his own fashion
Bearing the imprint of his Master's passion.

* * * * * * * *

Man opened wondering eyes, and saw
The shadows flying from immortal hills,
And for one glorious heart-beat heard
A mighty echo of the Word :
So thin the veil is, when he wills
To rise above the stringent Law
Which in the ancient days was made
As a defence from Truth's consuming flame
For him, whose birthright, greater far
Than all the angels' glories are,
Centres about a secret Name ;
Which, when Life's corner-stone was laid,
Was graven with a hidden art
Upon his heart,
And written also, in transcendent duplicate
Upon the white cube by the Temple gate.

And lest to those who wait God's sign grow dim,
The angels, pitying, over heaven's rim
Fling snowy wafers from the heavenly board,

Each marked with the insignia of His mint—
A cross, deep scored,
Borne by Himself and by His vassalage,
Which He did print
Token of honour on the colt that carried Him,
And on his humble house from age to age.
Still wheresoe'er man's eyes may turn
He sees the mystic symbol burn;
His very limbs a constant cross afford
Where he is crucified beside his Lord.

Oh dreamer, wake! and follow still
The paths of pain that bear His mark,
Accept His will
As rudder to thy wandering bark;
And day by day His manna take,
Nor for the morn provision make;
For doubtless He shall give thee from His store
The daily bread that pilgrim souls implore,
And each day more;
A better nourishment, a stronger meat—
The food of yesterday, though sweet,
For yesterday alone had power,
And souls starve, hearts grow cold
Who treasure stores grown old,
Feeding on manna of an outgrown hour.

Hold fast the age-long clue whose spirals ran
So far, thou mayst not see where they began;
Lost in the mists of Time they lie.
But follow through the grave, the womb,
O'er mountain peaks, in chasms' gloom,
For where the turrets of Eternity
In changeless beauty stand,
The end rests in God's hand.

* * * * * * * *

So, holding now the clue, I rose and went
About the common tasks of every day
Full of a grave content,
A deep trust that the way
Veiled or revealed, is His, and that our feet
Though they may err, can never stray
Beyond the appointed term, where they must turn again
In joy or pain,
And slowly climbing rise
To their predestined place above the skies.
Thus I gained courage, and I onward trod
Serene, in God.

Catherine M. Verschoyle

# THE COMING OF THE CHRIST

By WESSEX

[Some notes on certain passages in the New Testament relating to the Coming of the Christ.]

IN the September, 1912, number of THE THEOSOPHIST a paper by a 'Group of American Students' contained a list of New Testament passages relating to the approaching coming of the Christ. These notes are suggestions on some of those passages, based on a study of the Greek text of Westcott and Hort, together with some hints gleaned from the volumes of the Cambridge *Bible for Schools and Colleges,* dealing with the four Gospels and the *Acts*, and also from a perusal of Schuré's *Great Initiates.*

For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his messengers, and then shall he reward every man according to his works. Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here who shall not taste of death till the time when they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom. (*Matt.* xvi, 27, 28.)

(a) Does the Son of Man refer to the Christ at all? Does it not refer to the young Teutonic race, incarnate in Titus? Titus was the son of Vespasian, who was not a Kelt, and was possibly of Teutonic origin. Titus would thus represent the epitome of the fifth sub-race, the Son of Man, and he did render to many at Jerusalem according to their doing; that is to say, death for evil. If this passage does refer to the destruction of Jerusalem, as so many commentators seem

to think, can we really say that the Lord Maitreya did so reward men?

(b) But if this passage refers to the Christ and His Second Coming, does not the expression 'not taste of death' mean 'shall not reincarnate' till the Son of Man come into His Kingdom? We know that in the Mysteries of Eleusis, the officiant who took the part of Hermes, said: "Remember the words of Empedocles, 'Generation is a great destruction, which causes the living to pass into the dead'." (see Schuré's *Great Initiates*—Orpheus)

We know also that this earth is called Myalba, Hell, in occult speech; also that the word 'Earth' means primarily that in which life is buried or hidden (cf. fox's earth, to earth-in plants, seed, or the end of a lightning conductor), not a place which men dwell in. Further we should remember we are considering the words of a supreme Occultist spoken to Occultists.

(c) Or have we a double thread of meaning, referring to:

(i) Jerusalem's destruction for outsiders,
(ii) the Second Advent for disciples.

The next passage is *Mark* xiii, 26, 27:

> And then shall they see the Son of man coming in clouds with great power and glory. And then shall He send forth the messengers, and shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from the uttermost parts of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven.

This passage seems to uphold theory (b). The elect were to be gathered from the depths and from the heights of heaven. The passage does not point to a reward for evil, but for good (cf. parables of the Talents and the Pounds).

Again v. 30 says: "This generation shall not pass away till all these things be accomplished," which

seems to mean that this group of egos shall not pass out of reincarnation till those who had witnessed the sowing in tears should have assisted at the reaping in joy. It might mean that the Jewish race should persist till the Coming of the Kingdom, but that seems a very flat and poor teaching for a great Teacher to give His disciples, considering that race-types long antecedent to the Jewish still persist, some of which are apparently Lemurian and early Atlantean.

The third passage in *Luke* ix, 26, 27: here we have the same prediction of the Coming in Glory preceding an account of the Transfiguration, which may be the reason for some commentators linking the Second Coming and the Transfiguration together. The suggestion that 'tasting of death' means to reincarnate receives support from a note in the Cambridge Bible, p. 187, on v. 27, which says: "In the Arabian poem, Antar, Death is represented as slaying men by handing them a cup of poison." Now the poison in the cup is the desire in the heart, which is the cause of reincarnation.

To sum up the thoughts suggested by the foregoing passages: they seem to point to a coming in the future, when the disciples shall reincarnate and be gathered round their Master, who will give them work according to their abilities and faithfulness.

There is an 'unwritten word' of Jesus: "In that wherein I shall find you, in that will I judge you." (Just. *Mast. Dial.* xlvii.) This is the reason why the writer prefers the word 'doing' to 'works' in *Matt.* xvi, 27, 28.

Another passage is *Matt.* xxiv, xxv. It is impossible to take this long passage in detail, but the following points seem worthy of notice: xxiv, 3: Jesus was seated

on the Mount of Olives—Mount Bakkhu; this is a technical phrase from the Egyptian teaching, hence we should look out for occult meanings, for Mount Bakkhu was the place of special instruction.

The Rev. W. Sherlock has arranged the parallels between the two predictions found in *Matt* xxiv (*viz.*, the fall of Jerusalem and the Second Advent) thus:

| *Fall of Jerusalem* | *Second Advent* |
|---|---|
| (1) False Christ and false prophets, 5, 11. | (1) False Christ and false prophets, 23, 24. |
| (2) Persecution and apostasy, 9, 10, 12. | (2) Dangers even to the elect, 24. |
| (3) Wars, famine, pestilence, 6, 7. | (3) Distress of nations, 29. |
| (4) Great tribulation, 21. | (4) Sun and moon darkened, stars falling, 29. |
| (5) Abomination of desolation, 15. | (5) Sign of Son of Man, 30. |
| (6) Escape of Christians, 16-18. | (6) Salvation of elect, 31. |

Cf. *Cambridge Bible*, p. 185.

The sun being darkened seems to refer to the loss of spiritual teaching—the modern so-called failure of religion. Consequent on this the failure of modern science to deal with ultimates in spite of its success in handling proximates, which is represented by the moon failing to give her light.

The falling of the stars may mean exoterically the rejection of great authorities, and esoterically the reincarnation of advanced egos, to help in the approaching work, cf. *Rev.* ii, 26-28: "And he that overcometh .... to him will I give authority over the nations .... and I will give him the morning star."

Note also the proverb, *Matt.* xxiv, 28: "Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together." Raven was the synonym for a neophyte. Is 'eagle', the term for an advanced disciple? Cf. the

'Golden Hawk' of Horus, which was born from the overshadowing 'Dove'.)

In Chap. xxv we get the parable of the Ten Virgins, which is linked by the Christ directly with His coming and the Parable of the Talents which surely belongs to the same connection, for the phrases, "the Kingdom of Heaven," and, "into a far country," are interpolations, and suggest a wrong line of thought. In 31 and following we get a similar description of the Coming to those considered above, followed by a description of a judgment of separation.

Does this passage (which is too long to quote) when read in connection with the foregoing parables mean, that, just as vast numbers of disciples became Arhaṭs during the incarnation of the Buḍḍha, so numbers of disciples of the Lord Maiṭreya will become great Initiates, able to assist and guide humanity, while the next great step in social evolution is being taken?

It would seem so, for the word in the Greek which is translated punishment means 'pruning'. Cf. *John* xv, where the "branches of the vine" are said to be "purged". So we get a picture of those disciples who are slack, thoughtless and gross in life being put back under the Law of Karma for a further purification and pruning, while the others enter into the joy of their Lord.

In *Luke* xvii, 20 ff. we get practically the counterpart of the teachings already considered given in reply to a question of the Pharisees. 22 is worth noting—the phrase, "one of the days of the Son of Man" occurs, which seems to point to more than one Coming.

In *Luke* xxi, 20-36, we get the same double story of Jerusalem's destruction and the Second Coming. The

writer would suggest that the change occurs probably at 24, "until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled".

Two passages from the *Acts* must bring our list to a conclusion, though it does not quite cover that given by the American Group. The first is *Acts* i, 9-11, where promise of a return is given to the disciples by the messengers.

The second is *Acts* iii, 20, 21, in which S. Peter uses the remarkable phrase: "the Christ appointed for you—Jesus". The word Christ in the Greek is not written with a capital, thus pointing to an official Christ, a Boḍhisaṭṭva, of which there may be many, though Jesus the Christ is the Christ for those to whom S. Peter was speaking, i.e., the Jews.

To gather up these rambling suggestions into a whole, it may be said that a collation of the various passages seems distinctly to point to a Second Coming of the Master of Masters, who will gather together His disciples from the heights and from the depths: these He will judge according to their faithfulness in the work they are engaged in, not according to the work's greatness or smallness. The faithful shall receive fresh work and responsibility, shall enter into the joy of their Lord; while the careless must fall back under kārmic Law. Finally the Coming shall be sudden and unexpected, "like a thief in the night," yet manifest to all who are watching and have eyes to see, for it shall be like "lightning which shines from East to West".

May His Peace, His Strength, His Wisdom be upon us all.

Wessex

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## A HYMN OF THE HOLY ONES

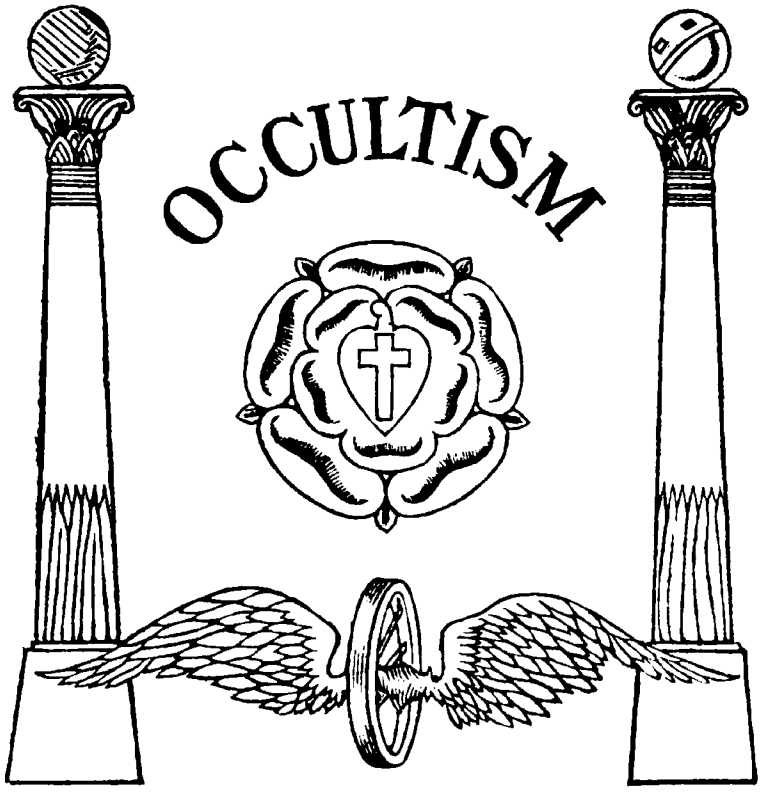
Those happy souls, returning to the Light,
In exultation mount the shining way:
Who sought their Master midst earth's fevered night
Now love, now serve, through calm, unbroken day:
With strength untiring, clearer vision, blest,
Love brings no sorrow, labour asks no rest.

O Christ, immortal Life, unclouded Sun,
From mortal shadows Thou dost set them free,
Accomplishing Thy work in them begun,
Drawing them nearer—ever nearer—Thee:
Till, in the stillness of Thy holy place,
They gaze upon the Wonder of Thy Face.

They are at peace—for they have overcome:
Earth's darkest terrors leave them undismayed;
The storms of life for them are fallen dumb.
Now, out of weakness, more than conquerors made,
Now (to its end the Path of Victory trod)
They rise, they live, for ever one with God.

New-born, where bright the Star of Welcome gleams,
From death-in-life to life that knows no death,
They waken now from dark and empty dreams,
They breathe Eternal Morning's radiant breath,
And, in that Life—their Fathers, and their own—
Know, as, from endless ages, they are known.

C. W. Scott-Moncrieff




# MY OCCULT EXPERIENCES

By JOHAN VAN MANEN, F. T. S.

WITH

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

THERE exists an old letter of H. P. B.'s, copies of which are now exceedingly rare, addressed some thirty years ago to the members of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society. It is a confidential admonition to the Lodge concerning spiritual endeavour, and contains a paragraph which struck me very forcibly when I read it. This passage says that if members only gave proper

attention to the little experiences of life they might find revealed in them unsuspected occult teachings or unthought-of instances of occult influence. In the light of this injunction I have kept a close watch on such tiny rays of light as have filtered through, from time to time, into my own every-day consciousness, and have analysed carefully the slight glimpses into the something-else which now and then have been vouchsafed to me.

I am not a clairvoyant, and I wish at the outset to prevent any possible misconstruction of what I am going to lay before my readers. I am not able to turn on the tap of astral or any other sight as one might switch on or off the electric light. That is only for the masters in the art. It is of the utmost importance for the sane and solid development of the Theosophical movement that the strictest probity should prevail in all reports and relations of psychic experiences, and that no one should suffer to cluster round himself exaggerated opinions concerning his occult powers. Such incorrect estimation, if spread widely within our ranks, would ultimately annihilate all sound standards of judgment, falsify doctrine and turn into chaos what should be an ordered whole of testimony and description. The temptation to promote, or at least not to prevent, such a state of things is very great in our Society, and there are minor deities in our ranks who have sinned heavily in this respect.

What I have to present then is a sober record of whatever experiences I recollect as I write, in so far as they seem to have an illustrative value, especially selecting those examples which seem to be capable of some interpretation. I divide them into groups as their nature suggests.

It seems to me that such an autobiographical fragment may be of some value as furnishing material for comparison. It may also incite others to relate their similar experiences. In the hands of some other "James" these "varieties of religious experience" may then be ultimately welded into an instructive whole. It should, however, be well understood that any such relation can have value only if the experience has been very carefully observed and, so far as possible, analysed, keen introspection having taken place at the time. The experience may have been religious, but the description must be scientific; the value may have been mystical, but the process must be recognised as psychological. Above all, the giving of premature (Theosophical or other) explanations to such experiences must be avoided. That is a matter for the experts, psychologists or occultists. We are only concerned with one end of the line, that of truthfully reporting. The explainers stand at the other end. So, for instance, no special 'plane' should be assigned to any phenomenon or sensation. Only an occultist can do that. A subjective feeling of the highest rapture may well have been produced by a dulling of the general sensibility, and that only: the felicity of tamas is something else than that of sattva.

Many readers may recognise in the few experiences I have to relate some of their own, or at least find an affinity with them. Perhaps they may have thought that such experiences were too isolated, infrequent and unimportant to note down. Here, however, the value of H.P.B.'s remark shows itself. I too attach very little value or importance to most of the experiences which I relate, and none at all to some of them, but I

see equally well that, taken together—despite their infrequency—they indicate that my mind comes now and then into touch with a mysterious other-world of consciousness, where, it seems, forms of thought prevail other than those which we know here. They tell me that if I could always have present the symbolic vision and synthetic thought or the heightened sensibility of which I have only experienced momentary and intermittent flashes, I should be so much the richer as a conscious being and, I think, a step higher in the scale as an evolving entity. The mere experience, once, leads me to believe that there may be a possibility of experiencing it always and uninterruptedly. In short, I regard these things as forebodings, foreshadowings, promises even, for distant days to come, and as my own *personal* and invaluable little certitudes for that hope of inner unfoldment which, roughly, is sketched out by modern Theosophical literature, but which, after all, is and must remain unprovable by books alone. In other words: our occultists testify to their higher experiences. From their vast masses of testimony I think I have perceived the existence of a few atoms; and the existence of one atom of gold is enough to prove that gold exists.

## I. CHILDHOOD

From the days of my childhood I recollect only two experiences. The first is trifling but amusing, and became intelligible to me only afterwards.

1. *Astral Nakedness.* I was asleep, and was walking in one of the streets of the little town in which I was then living. I was amusing myself as children do

at that age, but suddenly I became aware that I was clad only in my nightshirt (pyjamas being a fairly recent invention as far as Holland is concerned). I experienced a feeling of intense shame and felt as if all passers-by in the street were looking at me. I awoke with a start and felt still very much ashamed. Later on in reading about the astral plane I found the clue to this dream which, by its extraordinary vividness, made a strong impression on me.

2. *The Wrong End of the Telescope.* The second experience is one which I can only describe, not understanding it at all up to this day. Fairly often when lying in bed prior to falling asleep it seemed as if the walls of the room and perhaps also the objects therein were beginning to recede and recede unendingly, and they would appear as if seen through the wrong end of a telescope. This recession, however, was not so much in a straight line as rather in a most curious twirling motion, as if every point in them was turning itself inside out. To put it graphically, it was as if every point, as well as the whole total, was moving away in the manner of a ring of smoke, blown by an expert in these matters. I believe that I at least once saw small heinzel-männchen-like figures in the distance. Of course I did not analyse these things at the time in such detail, but I remember the experience clearly. As a matter of fact I was rather afraid of this sort of thing.

3. *Turned Inside Out.* I may add that in later times I have had on several occasions a sensation analogous to the above, only it was not accompanied by visual impressions. Several times I have experienced in concentration the *feeling* (in the body) of such a turn-inside-out movement, going on like a propeller in the air. I always

expected that the next turn should lead somewhere (where exactly I could never locate), but it always ended in nothing. Sometimes this sensation is not felt inside the body but in the space around the body, and then the impression is that one ascends, or as the case may be descends, ever and ever more highly or deeply. Yet one never arrives, though firmly expecting to arrive somewhere.

## II. Prophetic Visions and Dreams

After these two preliminary incidents I will deal with those of later years, now roughly classifying the examples. The two following experiences are of necessity of an intimate nature, and I have to apologise for mentioning them, in order not to be accused of vanity. They are, however, the only two of the class I have, and so I cannot leave them out without making my record, so far as it goes, incomplete. I need not say that I myself have not consciously invented their interpretation; the interpretation came simultaneously with the pictures as part and parcel of them. I have nothing to do with it. Besides, it may be false, and also the first part in each story is not flattering to me, nothing to boast of.

4. *An Inverted Icarus.* As far as I recollect, soon after my entrance into the Theosophical Society I would see, or a picture of it would arise in my consciousness, a little figure, standing as if on a strip of seashore. I remember quite well one morning, while dressing, how I stared a long time at that little figure, naked, on the beach, before me. I saw with the 'mind's eye,' whatever that may mean. There was no objective picture, no beach anywhere near, yet I saw the picture.

That little shining figure was somehow about an inch or two high, though how I could assign length I don't know, unless I stared through the window-sill, which may have furnished a sort of general background of measure. Anyhow the little figure was *me*, not in the sense of a pre-incarnational me, but he *signified* me, he was meant to *indicate* me. While I watched I saw that the little figure was meant to do something, but was tarrying and tarrying. Strange—the figure was there and did nothing, but I knew that he was doing something very hard: he was *waiting*, losing time. I saw what he was doing: he was *doing* nothing, he was *positively at work* at doing nothing. At last, very much at last, the figure made up his mind and with one mighty jump soared upwards into the sky like a rocket, leaving a silvery track, and, reaching the sky with a graceful curve, disappeared.

This picture I saw several times during my younger days of membership. The explanation, neither sought for nor discussed, came simultaneously with, and as involuntarily as, the picture. It was that I should squander much time (and evidently many opportunities) in the first period (which may of course stretch over many lives, who knows?) of my endeavours to reach or tread the Path, but that once having reached it I should make rapid and brilliant progress.

Once more I only record my experience, and if I have constructed picture or explanation by the aid of my subconsciousness, then call my sub-ego vain but not me, for I myself do not accept responsibility for either.

5. *A Troubled Dinner.* The second case of prophetic character was a dream, and dates from a few years

later than the previous story. I was living at the time in the Theosophical Headquarters in Amsterdam, and one night I dreamt very vividly that I was sitting at table with all, or most, of my fellow-inhabitants of Headquarters. I do not know whether Mrs. Besant and some other Theosophical leaders were present at the meal; I am uncertain concerning that detail. We were eating the specially Dutch dish 'hutspot' (a kind of hodge-podge, mainly consisting of mashed potatoes and slices of carrot). I remarked that my neighbour and good friend, Mr. Wierts van Coehoorn, was eating away with fierce determination. When I made ready to fall to also, a regular flow of earwigs began to issue from the food on my plate. I began to kill them as they came along, and kept at it a long time. I felt that if I gave up the food as a bad job, I should fail in something very important. At last the stream of insects ceased; the last had been killed, and I ate the food, finishing it. Awakening in the morning I remembered simultaneously dream and explanation. The latter was similar to that of the previous experience. There were in my character as yet many flaws; I was united to a group of other people all striving for the higher life (eating the food spiritual). For me the task was very difficult. I had to slay several obnoxious skandhas, to work off several items of bad karma. But I must not leave off, must not turn away discouraged. After having overcome these difficulties I too would finish my plate, *i. e.,* attain.

True prophecy or not, I have a shrewd suspicion that I recognised some of the earwigs; some of them are not yet dead at the present day! I wonder whether if I had dreamed this dream in India instead of Holland, the earwigs would not have been cockroaches or ants?

## III. Meditational Experiences

Of these I will relate two. The first I have already published in this journal some years ago, but it may be repeated here as having a natural place in this report.

6. *A Vision of Brotherhood.* Some years ago in meditation I tried several experiments with myself, and some of these led to results which I found rather interesting. When meditating on a single idea, such as purity, love, or unity, there would often come to me a sudden and vivid vision symbolising that idea, accompanied by a spontaneously-arising sonnet, the contents of which were always a poetic commentary on the vision.

For example, one day when meditating on brotherhood there suddenly leaped into existence before my internal vision a magnificent temple, apparently Egyptian or Grecian in style. It had no outer walls, but consisted of a large number of pillars, supporting a graceful roof, and surrounding a small walled shrine, into which I did not see. I cannot express the vividness with which I felt that the building was instinct with meaning—impregnated, as it were, with a magnetism of intelligence which made it no mere vision, but an object lesson containing the very highest teaching. Simultaneously the explanatory sonnet unfolded itself, and described in its few terse compact lines how this was a symbol of true brotherhood—how all these pillars, all in different places, some bathed in the glorious sunlight, some for ever in the half shade of the inner lines, some thick, some thin, some exquisitely decorated, some equally strong yet unadorned, some always frequented by devotees who used to sit near them, others always

deserted—how all of them silently, ungrudgingly, perseveringly and equally bore together the one roof, protecting the inner hall and its shrine—all different and yet so truly all the same. And the sonnet ended: "In this see brotherhood."

I could not reproduce it now, but the richness and fulness of its meaning, the deep wisdom so neatly wrapped up in those few words, made me see as if in the gleam of a search-light what true brotherhood really means—the sharing of service, the bearing one's part, regardless of all else but the work to be done.

A word of caution should be added. Cases are on record where glorious poems have been composed in states of meditation or rapture, but when written down these proved sometimes to be nothing more than insufferable doggerel. I never put my experiences along such lines to the test by writing them down.

7. *The Master's Love for Humanity.* At another time, whilst sitting in meditation, there appeared before me a figure of Master K. H., bearing a child on His arm. The appearance was like the image of a Roman Catholic saint, something similar to the figure of the Virgin with the Christ-child. Its height was about two or three feet—though I cannot find any reason why I should fix any definite measurement to the appearance, there being no point of comparison. Nevertheless the impression of size was there. My eyes were closed and the figure drifted into (internal) vision and out of it, not fading away, as far as I can remember. The curious thing was that I was at the time not at all thinking of the Master, and the appearance was, as it were, an intrusion from without into the current of my consciousness.

Now the chief importance of the phenomenon was that I *knew* that the child was humanity, and that I *felt* the immense and indescribable love of the Master for it. It was this love that was the central point in the experience. I have never before or since felt anything like it. It was overwhelming in its strength and virility, and at the same time in its softness and tenderness. It was mighty and holy and overflowingly full of life and reality and force. It was something beyond merely human capacity; mighty without violence, sweet without weakness; unique, and yet so natural. Of course I cannot describe it, of course I cannot remember—or better, recall it. I remember *that* it was, but not *how* it was, as, in after years, one remembers *that* some excruciating pain was once suffered, but the pain itself does not emerge again from the past. All I know now is that, since that time, I can laugh at any ordinary talk about love, even the highest and holiest descriptions. All love that I have heard about, or read about, or have seen manifested, or have been able to feel myself, is as a pale shadow of that great Love radiating from that picture, is in comparison to it a stone for bread, an empty husk for the fruit of life, is a dream, a delusion, a snare—is nothing.

When I speak here again of 'seeing,' it should be understood that in this as in other cases I do so only for want of other words. I had a visual impression, that is all. Of its nature I am wholly ignorant.

## IV. Psychology

The next two experiences seem best classified as more directly psychological. The first appears

very trivial, but as I have found that others also have observed a similar thing I record it.

8. *A Living Portrait.* During the first year of my membership in the Society I habitually put a portrait of H. P. B. on the table at which I worked. (The maidservant was afraid of that queer face; she thought it uncanny, and called it—out of *my* hearing—the spook.) Now, often looking up to the portrait, it seemed many a time to express a variety of moods in response to mine. I got the impression that it could clearly express approbation and discontentment, approval and reproach. Of course I do not refer to actual physical changes in the piece of cardboard, but its psychical impression changed according to circumstances; I felt the facial expression differently.

For many years I have no longer observed similar impressions, and I recognise that I have perhaps lost a certain guilelessness which may probably be a prerequisite for receptivity in this direction.

To the second experience I attach more value; indeed, it afforded me some instruction and furnished me with some food for serious thought.

9. *A Spiritual Duel.* In the Amsterdam Headquarters, where I resided at the time, the chief leader was Mrs. Meuleman, a striking and forceful character, of whom I still think with great gratitude and respect, and to whom I owe much in the way of help and guidance during a stage of my journey through life. She was a remarkable personality and, so far as I can gather, was of the H. P. B. type, though not, perhaps, of the same stature. She had all the ruggedness and incalculability of that type, as well as its constant self-contradictions; at the same time she was whole-heartedly

devoted to the Theosophical cause, and was a true, loyal and tender friend. To me she has always been a living commentary on H. P. B. herself, and by living in close intimacy with her I have learned to understand much in Theosophical history which otherwise would have remained puzzling and unintelligible to me.

Temperamentally Mrs. Meuleman and myself were very different, and though I recognised her very many superior qualities, her manner and method were often unacceptable to me. In short, I felt often towards her a sort of inner rebellion wedded to outer assent—not so much a state of hypocrisy as a war of conflicting elements in my nature. Now the curious point about it was that this feeling chiefly manifested only in meditation and in dreams, and little in the ordinary waking consciousness. Without intentionally seeking it, I would in meditation drift into veritable battles, true duels, of arguments and controversy with Mrs. Meuleman, or wake up from sleep with the memory of a vivid dream to the same effect. There was no question of insults or of unseemly fighting, but rather I felt as if my real self was 'having it out' with the real self of my antagonist. I had a sort of impression not as if the personalities were in conflict, but as if the egos were engaged, so that my own personality-consciousness was not only looking on, but also half identifying itself with something behind itself that fought the battle. As said before, I never consciously started this train of thought, it was rather as if some restrained and subdued subconscious impulse worked itself out on these occasions. (Mrs. Meuleman being an old lady and I a youngster, she holding the local headship of the E. S. whilst I was a novice, and all

other points being similarly disproportionate, there could not be any frank discussion on the footing of equality. Some things must therefore needs remain unsolved.) I related the case to Mrs. Meuleman, and she gave a fine intuitive answer for which I am still grateful to her—which symbolised one of these large traits in her character—showing tolerance and insight—which made us all love her so much. She simply said: "That is a very good sign, my boy. Go on fighting until you have fought it out." And she spoke no more of it. Indeed, it has been a source of the greatest satisfaction to me to have been able to come to a definite conclusion, and be consequently at rest, with regard to Mrs. Meuleman's remarkable character a short time before her death. She was in many ways a great woman, who nobly and strongly held a responsible post during the period when there was no other to hold it.

## V. Seeing Ideas

Here we enter upon another group of phenomena. They seem, for one thing, to be marked off by the peculiarity that I experienced them only in normal waking consciousness. I find that I have the faculty of occasionally seeing an idea, a conception, in visual form. The vision comes suddenly and unexpectedly. About the nature of this seeing I might expatiate more fully, but the task is too subtle for me. Enough to say that I have not only the impression that I have *seen,* but also the impression that I have not seen *details.* I might put it that I feel as if I had seen the universals of the vision, but not its particulars. As however universals are not objectively existent in the

outer world, I do not know what is the 'form' of what I have seen. Yet I have clearly the recollection of form, but not of *a particular* form. So, for instance, in the next example: there I saw *the Masters,* but not any particular Master, not any face or form. Still the recollection was that I *saw* Them. And at the time of the vision I knew that it was They who were there. I know it is hopeless to try to describe this seeing without seeing, together with the simultaneous knowledge of the meaning of what is seen. It sounds like a paradox, and yet when experienced it is quite simple. The whole question baffles and puzzles me, and only inwardly I understand something of it, but outwardly I cannot describe it satisfactorily. The consciousness can grope further than the brain-instrument is able to record. I add that this class of experiences is to me the most valuable of those I relate. They foreshadow some kind of synthetic, symbolic consciousness which seems altogether nobler and more exalted than that of normal life.

I will relate three examples.

10. *The Secrets of the Master's Mind.* One evening, a few years ago, at Adyar, Mr. Leadbeater was answering in one of the meetings a question about how the Master could keep secret from the pupil the mysteries of the higher Initiations even though the pupil's consciousness was partly unified with His. While Mr. Leadbeater was speaking there flashed out before me a vision of a number of lights of varying degrees of brilliancy, from faint and soft luminosity to dazzling and blinding radiance. These globes of light were pupils and Masters, seen from some higher point of view. They did not *represent* these people, but *were*

they. The various globes could freely look at each other, communicate with each other and move through each other as long as each one's outlook remained on his own level of brilliancy. But if a lesser light should strain to peer into the contents of any more brilliant globe, such a globe of a higher grade of brilliancy would mechanically blind the sight of the lower individual, and its contents would remain invisible. The content of the higher consciousness was not artificially hidden, but was quite automatically protected against prying from below by virtue of its own nature. The whole picture was living, and produced of course a far richer impression than that given in this very lame description. As in the case of the vision of brotherhood (No. 6) the whole was pregnant with meaning, instinct with intelligence. From one point of view it was a pure conception, from the other a vision; but I should not be able to separate the two nor to declare which was the primary aspect.

In writing down this I feel keenly the insufficiency of the description.

11. *The Chains of Humanity.* Concerning the next vision I do not remember under what circumstances it arose, nor exactly when. I should say only a few years ago, at Adyar. Here the significance was primary, the form secondary, and I am able to analyse it a little more clearly in that I feel that the form represents less the vision as seen, than the vision as translated into ordinary brain-forms. I feel as if behind the vision as I describe it, there was another, the real vision, the mode of seeing which is different from our ordinary mode. I repeat that this seeing behind the seeing I describe is more a beholding of the *principles* of the things than of

the things as they *are* here. The feeling of that higher sight remains, but of the sight itself, only its concrete projection, only a materialised deposit.

The picture was that of human beings, not very many, but in some mysterious way so inclusive in their totality as to represent humanity, that is physical humanity, in general. Each individual was as if chained to a kennel as dogs are. There were no chains and no kennels, but nevertheless this is as correct a description as I can make it. Each chain left each individual more or less tether-space. For all that, the tether was relatively small. The significance was that man is strictly chained to a definite locality in space, though thinking himself free. The picture had no reference to free-will and similar abstract problems, but indicated the merely natural facts of the case. The tether had a manifold meaning. Man is practically limited to a spherical plane. He cannot move through space at will. A few miles below the surface of the earth heat and atmospheric pressure make life difficult or impossible; a few miles above that surface the rarefaction of the air and cold do the same. He is restricted, for regular living, to earth, the ocean being unsuitable; he needs fertile land; deserts, marshes, jungles, are forbidden to him. In air he has no support, in water he drowns; through the earth he cannot pass. He cannot move more than a few hours away from his food supply, or he dies of hunger; he must remain near drinking water, or he perishes. He cannot move away from home or family; they claim him back. He cannot depart from the resources of his particular form of civilisation, or he loses his own form of humanity. The physical as well as social and psychic elements

in the chains were all equally descernible, and somehow there was also a suggestion in the illustration of trees waving their branches, but nevertheless firmly rooted in a fixed spot. The vision meant humanity as a whole, and did not specially indicate individuals who cross oceans, travel to the poles or go up in balloons. They were visible in the mass as something like jumping dogs. (Sven Hedin would be a dog who jumped a little bit higher than the others, *voilà tout*; the sailors very lively dogs who were never at rest, and so on. But none of them could outreach the chain.)

It struck me as quite instructive that there may be a point of view from which mankind's freedom of motion is not greater, comparatively, than that of the vegetable kingdom is to us, and with some phantasy one might ask whether, similar to our six-day motor races, green peas have also world championships, for a second and a half or so, in rapid growth, which is about all they could know of motion.

There was no notion of time and, pondering it over at a later date, I thought of a simile of a cluster of bees or ants. The cluster remains in a fixed spot, though individuals may swarm out and return. This is, however, only a very one-sided illustration.

12. *In Him We live and move and have Our Being.* The last example I relate in this group is the most impressive and beautiful experience I have had. It came to me many years ago when I was still living in Amsterdam. Towards evening I was walking alone along a road just outside the town. At that place the city ends abruptly, and on the one side stretched vast masses of many-storied houses in unbroken conglomeration, whilst on the other there was the equally unbroken

expanse of green meadows losing themselves in the horizon; a peaceful landscape, full of repose and freshness. The road was a lonely one and, leisurely walking, I must have mused about many things. All of a sudden 'themselves the heavens opened'. I use this biblical phrase because I know no apter one. Suddenly I saw inside and through the mighty expanse of the heavenly vault; and at the same time I realised with the utmost certitude that this whole dome above was nothing but the inside of some gigantic skull. The atmosphere, the space around and above me was not only filled with air and ether, but far more, and above all, with throbbing, living consciousness. And from every point in space, on high and below, in front and behind me, from the right and the left, myriads of invisible threads connected every point in space with every other point in space, serving as invisible wires to report wireless messages from every point to every point simultaneously. I had a sensation of extraordinary wideness, roominess, spaciousness. I *felt* space, as such, better than ever before, and space was conscious. I knew I was inside the consciousness of that measureless skull, as was everything else. And everything was related and correlated with everything else existing in that mighty brain. And though the myriads and millions of connections were beyond counting or enumerating, still this network formed an ordered whole in which the fulness was organic. I felt as if I had touched some single aspect of some world-enveloping consciousness, embracing not only the world as a whole, but every single, even minutest, item in it, in full knowledge of detail as well as totality, and moreover of all internal and mutual relations. My consciousness was swept up for a moment

by that bigger insight, and I felt for that moment as if I myself might understand a whole world.

Again I have to repeat that the description is poor and inadequate, for the reality of these things lies in the sensation; the forms of the vision are only the fringes of the experience.

Years later I experienced something much akin to this. This was at Adyar, when, whilst walking through one of its wooded spots, I realised the unity of life, of the living force in this world, more vividly than ever before.

Leaving this class of experiences then with the final warning that my descriptions of them are merely indications rather than real, full, complete descriptions, we will turn to another group.

## VI. Illustrations

Of this class I quote only a single example. Its chief characteristic is that the vision has a direct illustrative meaning, and no symbolic one. This class also comes in ordinary waking consciousness.

13. *The Size of the Earth.* I do not remember clearly when and where and under what circumstances I saw this vision.

I saw before me a sea-surface of immense proportions, the waves surging in mighty curves. One wave in particular drew my attention; it was so huge that it seemed to reach to the utmost heaven, beyond the sun. The primary impression of that ocean was its vastness, its measureless greatness. On the crest of that wave a small globe, our earth, was borne along, a tiny ball tossed about by overwhelming forces. Just as we may

say that the moon seems the size of a football, so this little earth seemed about the size of an orange in the shoreless expanse of waters. The other planets, the sun and moon, the stars also, were absent. There was nothing but the illimitable space of sea and the insignificant sphere swept on by it. I realised by this illustration a truer conception of the relation between the dimensions of stellar space and those of our earth than I had done before or have done since. The sense of the vastness of space was for a moment real and living in me. Now I know the greatness theoretically, and I can express it in numbers by speaking of light-years or millions of miles, but then I *felt* it direct and immediately.

As will be seen, there was no symbolic value to the vision; it was only an illustration, and as such it was different from the previous class.

Johan van Manen

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## Explanatory Notes

I very heartily congratulate my friend, Mr. Van Manen; first on his courage in coming forward thus openly to relate experiences many of which are of a somewhat private character; secondly, on the clearness and force with which he has stated them; and thirdly and chiefly, on the experiences themselves.

For, though to those unversed in these studies they may at first glance appear disconnected, anyone who has fully opened the higher consciousness will at once recognise them all as parts of a coherent whole. True, many of them are glimpses only, but they are glimpses of the higher world, giving to him who experiences them a

momentary foretaste of what will in the future be the everyday possibilities of his life.

Again and again our author explains that he cannot do justice to his subject—that words fail to express what he has seen and felt. We have all felt that, and we can well appreciate his difficulty; but, nevertheless, even though the attempt at description fails, as it cannot but fail, there are still touches in it which are unmistakable to those who have seen. He is assuredly quite right in regarding these experiences as foreshadowings of days still to come; and it is easy to appreciate his remark that even the simplest direct experience gives one a certainty as to the existence of other worlds which is not to be gained by any amount of mere study.

He hardly does himself and his experiences justice when he says that "a subjective feeling of the highest rapture may have been produced by a dulling of general sensibility." The dulling of sensibility *does* give a blissful feeling of complete repose, of escape from the ever-present weight and weariness of physical life which we ordinarily fail to recognise, because we have been born into it, and know no other condition; but the essence of this feeling is *relief*, which is a kind of negative sensation. The bliss of the higher worlds has in it an intensity of positive vivid life—life in the most vigorous activity, life raised to the *n*th power—which is quite unmistakable, and by no means to be confused with the other. At least, so it seems to me.

The first experience which he notes for us is by no means uncommon—that of finding oneself in some public place with much less than the usual amount of clothing. It has often been said in Theosophical literature that in the astral and higher worlds people clothe

themselves as they choose by a mere effort of the will. Very often this will seems to act unconsciously, so that most people appear in some quite ordinary costume with which their friends are familiar; but where through forgetfulness or for some other reason the active will fails to attend to this matter, the subconscious part of it gives us an automatic reproduction of the garment which is actually worn by the physical body at the moment, as in the case which our author describes.

The second and third experiences are very characteristic and instantly recognisable, yet impossible fully to describe or to make clear to those who have never felt anything of the kind. The change from the physical to the astral consciousness usually takes place so quickly that it has no observable stages; and even when the stages are observed, some people naturally select one group of phenomena for special attention, while others concentrate themselves on a quite different group. When one does reach the astral plane, its consciousness is by no means equally developed in all of us. Some of us, for example, invariably associate with it the power to see fourth-dimensionally, while most have as yet no glimpse of that quality. This peculiar spiral turning inside-out which is mentioned here clearly indicates the possession of knowledge of that sort, and the quaint way in which, when the author is just about to pass into that condition of consciousness, he experiences the change sometimes in himself, sometimes outside himself, and sometimes in connection with partially seen physical objects—all these again are thoroughly characteristic of that condition of half-awakened consciousness. When this is attained in

meditation it ought of course to lead to something, as Mr. Van Manen very properly says; but all who have experimented in these matters know well how frequently one fails upon the very brink of success, and how many times one has to try before results are finally achieved.

Experiences four and five are obviously instances of the symbolical thought of the ego, which he is kind enough to throw down in this case into the lower mind along with a strong impression of its explanation. Our writer is fortunate in this, for it is far more common to receive the symbol without the explanation, and to be left to guess wildly. The first symbol is beautiful, the second distinctly unattractive; but no doubt the ego, which does not eat, would find it difficult to comprehend the idea that unpleasant forms of life would pollute food. Very characteristic also is the fact that, in the case of the little figure standing on the beach, the seer knows that he is wasting time in unnecessary hesitation, although he is in no way told that fact, nor is there anything in the vision itself to show it. I do not mean that the ego thinks in pictures such as these; but pictures such as these are the nearest representation that we can get down here of the way in which an ego formulates thought. But his thought means and includes much more than can be represented in our picture.

The vision of brotherhood, and that other which indicates the Master's love for humanity, are deeper and more beautiful examples of the same faculty. The wonderful vision of the temple is a very fine example of thought in the causal body, and our author describes for us also how there comes along with it a poetical expression of its meaning—a sonnet which, however,

he is unable to recover upon the physical plane. The thought of the ego is perfect; it is in itself at the same time a picture and a description, but in order to give upon the physical plane even the most imperfect expression of its wondrous fullness, it is necessary to call upon two of our modes of manifestation—painting and poetry. But for the ego the picture and the poetic description are one effort, and that no more of an effort than the flash of an ordinary thought into the brain is for us. The word of caution with which our author annotates this experience—saying that what in a condition of rapture appear to be glorious poems often prove to be dreadful doggerel when written down—is not, strictly speaking, appropriate in this case, though true with regard to another and quite different type of experience—the partial recollection on waking of the memories of the physical brain, whose rather dull consciousness is apt to regard its geese as especially noble swans, and is quite capable of endowing doggerel with indescribable splendour. But this is a case of the consciousness of the ego, and consequently the poem, on its own plane, must have been perfect—indeed, what would seem to us super-perfect; though it is true that it is utterly impossible to bring such a thing down into ordinary human words, and that attempts to do so have frequently ended in bathos. But he need have no doubt that at its own level the poetical expression was as perfect as the picture, though less susceptible of translation. Such a thought as that, including all those varied meanings, and manifesting in many different ways, *is* the thought "brotherhood" to an ego.

In the second of these two experiences we have again the characteristic knowledge of the exact meaning

of what was seen, without the reception of definite information; and again in the deep realisation of the intensity of the Master's love, so far beyond anything which language can express. Every word of the description at once evokes a mental response in those who have felt, but cannot describe. The figure *may* have been a thought-form called into existence by some other ego, but if that were so, the writer instantly accepted it, understood it and responded to it, and through it attained a realisation which can never be reached on the physical plane.

The eighth item on our list sounds fantastic, yet is not so in reality. It must be remembered that every portrait is a definite link with its subject, and I have little doubt that that would be so to a far greater extent than is usual in the case of such a teacher as Madame Blavatsky. It is not probable that any change (other than a very slow and gradual one) took place in the physical expression of the face upon the cardboard; but it is certain that the author's frequent thought of Madame Blavatsky would attract her attention, and it is likely that in answer to it she would project enough of herself into that portrait to convey to him such impressions as he describes. These impressions would be by no means necessarily reflections of the moods of the owner of the portrait; they are far more likely to have been the comments of the original of the portrait upon those moods, or upon the actions which had led to them or resulted from them. A portrait is a very real centre of force, and when the person whom it represents has any degree of occult advancement it is often an actual means of communication to a quite considerable extent.

Many of our students know that it is possible gradually to modify the expression of a portrait by long meditation upon it; but that is a phenomenon of a class different from that which is mentioned above. The fact that similar impressions are no longer received may possibly be due to the reason given in the text; but it is just as likely to mean that Madame Blavatsky herself considers that her pupil has reached a stage where such special attentions are no longer necessary.

The spiritual duel described in number nine is remarkable and interesting. It is clearly a case of an argument between two egos working on different lines. The physical plane personalities attached to the two egos were brought into a somewhat difficult relationship—one in which our author was expected to adopt the attitude of a submissive disciple. One can see that there were many ways in which this was good and necessary at a certain stage in evolution; but it was inevitable that difficulties should arise, owing to the fact that the dispositions and the lines of evolution of the two egos were so entirely different. If the people concerned had been less forbearing, these innate differences between those who were forced together into such a close relationship would have led to violent quarrels; I think both parties may be congratulated on the good sense with which they faced a delicate situation.

The tenth vision belongs in reality to the same class as the sixth and seventh; it is a partial impression on the physical brain of the ego's method of thought; and when our author remarks that a description of such a thought sounds like a paradox, and yet is in reality quite simple—that inwardly he understands something of it, but outwardly he cannot describe it satisfactorily—

he is saying what every one of us who can see is feeling all the time with respect to such impressions. His description of the way in which the higher secrets are preserved from possible prying on the part of those at a lower level (if such prying could at all be thinkable) is luminous in more senses than one. It is a suggestive description of the relations between a Master and His pupil.

The somewhat uncomplimentary vision of humanity which is given under the number eleven again represents the ego's view with regard to physical limitations. I think that they could hardly be described more graphically. The picture of the vegetable condition of the great mass of humanity, and of the few travellers as chained dogs jumping about among the vegetables, is distinctly effective!

The twelfth experience is one of the best of those recorded; yet even that represents but partially the constant experience of one who has opened the higher consciousness. Here, even more than usual, our author insists that his description is inadequate, and one thoroughly realises that that is so, even while one heartily congratulates him upon it; what human words can describe that which is distinctly super-human—not in the sense that it is out of man's reach, but that it is so far above his ordinary experiences? Still, even from what is written we receive a forcible and vivid impression of the fact that everything around us is pulsating with life and intelligence, and yet that all the intelligence is definitely *one*.

C. W. LEADBEATER

*(To be Concluded)*

## IN THE TWILIGHT

"I DO not quite understand repercussion," said a student. "Does it really occur?"

"Oh yes," replied the Vagrant. "It occurred to me once in my early days, when in an astral adventure I saw a mast about to fall on me; I thought to myself: 'That will come right across me.' The next moment I remembered that it would not hurt me if it did; but the result of that momentary thought was a repercussion. The next morning I had a great blue bruise on my leg when I awoke. The vibration in the astral body causes a similar vibration in the physical body. Hence the bruise."

"Would the stigmata of the Christian Saints," asked a gentle voice from the back, "be an instance of repercussion?"

"Yes. Stigmata are not of very rare occurrence. I have seen accounts of two such cases in my own lifetime, one of a girl in a convent in Belgium; and it happens generally to monks or nuns. They meditate, kneeling, with their eyes fixed on a crucifix above their heads. These are just the conditions for producing the hypnotic trance, especially if the eyes were looking upwards with the axes slightly crossed (strabismus). Now supposing the monk or the nun goes into a trance in this way, he has the idea of the Christ upon the Cross strongly fixed upon the brain. The result of this very strong suggestion is the production of the wounds in the person himself. It is a quite simple thing, and corresponds in every point with the way in which

wounds have been produced by hypnotic suggestion at the great hospital of the Salpétrière in Paris. By hypnotism, burns have been often produced. Reading over, as we may do now, a number of the trials in the Middle Ages for witchcraft, it is quite clear that under a great amount of superstition and exaggeration and carelessness, there is a substratum of fact. The evidence is often very clear and there is no reason to disbelieve it."

"What of the fixing of the eyes on the point of the nose in meditation?"

"It is one of the artificial ways of quieting the body and dulling it down to a point where it will not interfere with thought. One of the unsatisfactory things is that a person who induces trance in this way does not bring back a memory of what he has done or learned, when he returns to his body. The results reached in this way are very poor."

"It is a sort of back-door way," chimed in the Shepherd, "of gaining what ought to be obtained by an exercise of the will."

"A person who is hypnotised or in a trance state," continued the Vagrant, "has his circulation and breathing very much slackened. If you touch a person who is asleep, you will wake him, while in the trance state you may fire a pistol near his ear and not wake him. In the one case the physical body is vitalised and healthy, in the other devitalised. A man in such a condition would probably in his astral body be in the same state as in ordinary sleep."

"A man in trance," remarked the Shepherd, "sometimes takes up the etheric double with him and then he gets very much confused."

"Yes. Of course a man who knows how to throw himself into trance by an effort of the will is in quite a different condition. I was thinking more of trance produced mechanically. If you once take out part of the etheric double, you are in a terrible muddle. You may be as conscious as you like, but you are in a fog. I experienced that only once, under the influence of laughing-gas, when a tooth was taken out, and I will never do it again. The gas drives out the etheric double, producing trance in that way. In the case of anæsthetics the etheric double is driven out, and you float about in it. In my case, I dimly saw my body on the chair and the dentist, but as if I were looking through a dense fog. The fog was my own etheric double. It was a very disagreeable experience, and having dislocated myself in this way, I could not get right for days. I went in and out of my body repeatedly to try to fit myself in. You may remember (turning to the Shepherd) that I asked you what on earth was the matter with me. A really good materialising medium in trance loses a quantity of not only the etheric but also of the gaseous, liquid and even solid matter of his body. You see his head quite sinking into his collar. Madame d'Esperance's body used to disappear for a time, it was said."

"Miss Arundale saw a great deal of this kind of thing at séances at one time," went on the Vagrant, "and she told me that when Eglinton came to her mother's house once to give a séance, a full-sized materalised form came out into the room, carrying Eglinton in its arms. Eglinton himself had dwindled to the size of a child. The materialised form was that of the big Arab, Abdullah. She told me this, and I think she was an accurate observer."

Said the Shepherd: "I saw Abdullah and Ernest and a third form, a child, all materialised at one time from Eglinton. Abdullah and Ernest were carrying him between them, and the child was dancing about in front of them. The medium looked very shrivelled, but not like a child. When he came back he was in a bad condition, very much exhausted."

"I was once asked to go to a séance when I was in Melbourne," said the Vagrant. "Three forms came out of the cabinet and walked about amongst us. One of them dematerialised while we were looking at it. It grew smaller and smaller until it was a mere bit of cloud near the floor, and then disappeared. The medium was in a very bad condition afterwards, and was cold as a corpse. I mesmerised her very powerfully, and it took me nearly ten minutes to bring her back. The séance was a very satisfactory one, in the sense that we had light in the room, day-light through red windows."

"If other entities can take possession of a body during trance," came an alarmed voice, "cannot they do so also during sleep?"

"There have been cases of change of personality in which a body has been taken possession of by another entity during sleep; but it is very unlikely to happen to the normal person. It is more often in cases of serious accident, or of a fit, that a change of personality takes place. Of course most people, when they have learned to leave the body consciously, leave a shell around it. The body has a certain consciousness of its own, and calls the owner back if it is alarmed. You know how the body shows signs of alarm quite independently of you, as for example, the closing of the eyes involuntarily if an object suddenly comes near.

# A RETROSPECT

By MAX WARDALL, F. T. S.

ONE morning the world stretched, yawned and awakened. For more than nineteen hundred years the world had awakened thus, but this morning there was a new impulse in the air, a wondrous animation in all living things—the sun shone over the earth with bewildering radiance, filling even the outcast and the leper with exceeding hope. Men and women sunk in misery, want, or sensual apathy, those afflicted with dire disease, those crushed by tyranny and defect, this morning felt a vague sense of hope and inward peace, for truly the promise of the ages had been fulfilled, the perfect One, the Lord of Love, the Elder, once more abode on earth ; the Christ had returned.

During the more than nineteen hundred years in which His message of long ago was being assimilated by humanity, He had dwelt in the inner regions of the Universe, where only the Great Ones may be found, and there, where each moment is like the still hours before the dawn, He watched over His flock, sending constantly through the human channels that availed His Love and Power into the world. But now once more must He tread the common paths of earth and re-proclaim the ancient truths in new form ; again in a body of clay must He compress and enchain His royal Spirit, and,

through that veil of matter, revivify and reawaken the slumbering ideals of men, draw together the warring creeds, and cement the people of the earth into a common Brotherhood.

Nor did He come unheralded. As of yore, the Star rose in the East, and many followed where it led. Many gave the prophecy to the world. As before, there were those who jeered and mocked, but many paused and listened; for truly it was a tolerant age and great was the heart-hunger in all the lands of the globe.

Throughout many nations, for many years before His advent on this memorable day, people of faith and understanding were meeting in quiet places apart, preparing themselves by the cultivation of Devotion, Steadfastness and Gentleness for the coming of their Lord and Master.

So greatly did these of understanding yearn for His appearance, when it was known that He was to come, that day and night there arose in ceaseless flow from earth loving prayers and petitions, that streaming into His great garden in Paradise formed one glad, glorious melody of welcome.

Many temples were built and places set apart for Him, that when He came He might have a place to lay His head.

As before, He chose to incarnate in a rejected race, that the lesson of Brotherhood might be taught, that the dominant races of earth might learn that birth and lineage are but for the moment, that to Him the ruler and ruled are one. In order that race hatred and prejudice might be destroyed, He came in a dark race, in a body born of the Orient, but pure, sensitive and brilliant as a jewelled harp. To

those who saw not, the body was but a house of clay, but to the faithful nothing could hide the perfect beauty and eternal sweetness of His blessed countenance. It shone like the sun through the garments of flesh.

'Twas good to be on earth in those wondrous days —good indeed for those whose eyes were unsealed, for the earth was transfigured. What were sorrow, sickness or death, while the Lord of Compassion dwelt among us? So great was His influence upon the teeming denizens of the earth, that even the animals felt the peaceful and benign influence of His gracious presence. Subdued and soothed, all creatures walked unafraid.

Surrounding the great Teacher as He went from nation to nation were those who had known of His message and His coming for years; yea, among them were even Master-Souls, very Angels of Light, embodied also that They might surround and shield the Master of Masters from the ridicule and hatred of the world. These great Disciples were few. They were serene of face, steady and stately of mien, and were known as the Guardians of the Light. The great Teacher once, before an assembly, spoke of them thus:

"From Their royal kingdom into yours have come these, My Blessed Brothers Themselves, Sons of Light, to guard the message I have given."

Next came those who had been told of His coming and had believed, and they were many. Wherever the Master went they could be found in and among the multitudes, laden with the wealth of teaching that had fallen from His lips. They sought everywhere to pass it on to others. Here and there could be seen tense little groups, listening with bated breath. To one of these, as He poured forth from a full heart fragments

of His treasures, there could be no doubt. Many were humble and ignorant people as the world judges, but possessed of spiritual perception. They had believed in His coming for many, many years, and had prepared themselves that they might know Him and His message when He came; and it was well they did, for those who were devoid of divine qualities and who had not spiritual perception did not know Him, and saw but the house in which He dwelt. But those who had even one virtue, one quality that was great, could see through some window in that house that held the supreme Spirit of the Blessed One. And through that window, the one point of vision in common between himself and the Master, he beheld the glory of the Ever Real, and thus he knew.

There were many children among them, radiant with adoring joy, who had believed on Him from birth. All of these were spoken of as the 'Knowers,' and often they were privileged to sit apart together in some of the temples built in His honour, where He would come, and sitting there among them, surrounded by the Guardians of the Light, give forth the inner teaching that led to the Path.

Some of these had been near enough to touch the hem of His robe and one, a 'Knower,' aged in years, He had touched with a tender hand as He passed. This one afterwards, as he told and retold his story, said it was—when the Master touched him—as though he were lifted on a great chord of wondrous music, a harmony so rapt and deep, so tender and compelling, that for days he walked as in a sunlit haze.

Once, when raising His voice to the multitudes in a great hall, which was filled, and outside thousands

crowded to catch a single word from His lips, He said: "I shall give ye but little doctrine. Did I not give ye doctrine, word and parable before? And what have ye done with it? Ye are divided a hundred ways, and none know my words. Hear ye then the simple Law of Love. Ye are one. Love ye each the other. Ye are of the same Spirit, of the same substance, brothers indeed. Why revile ye one another?

"Those who hear my words and follow me are of the New Race, and in my message shall they live."

It is many years now since the Blessed One spake these words and more. Time has passed and His earthly body is with us no more, but His loving Spirit dwells in the world, for He "spake the word of Peace that made the people cease from their quarrelling. He spake the word of Brotherhood, that made the warring classes know themselves as one."

I know 'twas He, for with these dim old eyes, then bright and clear, I saw His glory flame through the window that was mine—the pane of Devotion; I saw the Christ-heart shine.

Max Wardall

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## FOR OUR YOUNG ONES

### A GRAIL QUEST LONG AGO

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

ONCE, long ago, dear children, in mediæval days, a very great man, one of the Perfect Ones whose labours lie near to where God rests upon His knees the Rod of Power, needed a body of flesh and blood like ours. That beautiful one in which He before had lived for many, many years—centuries I suppose—He had outworn. For you know the great and loving Masters, in order to be near us and like us, put off the immortality They have earned and live in human forms that, though they last sometimes a thousand years of Their wise and temperate use, must yet be put aside and another one, born of some tender mother's care, be taken.

This great One, whose work and whose home of service to the Law and God was in the East, knew He could most aid the world He loved by using such a body as would give him touch with the far western part of Europe.

So He took incarnation there, which means that He became a little boy born in the western part of Europe. Very quietly he lived with his people, who were quite poor. When He was grown sufficiently He bethought Him of His work in India—of His responsibility to the world and God. Heretofore He had maintained that

work while He was away from His body during the hours of sleep. But now He was old enough to be up and away towards the East.

By His occult powers He knew that a ship would soon sail eastward from a port some miles away. So one night He slipped away from His little home and those He loved—and Oh! what a blessing He left them and what comfort for their wondering hearts! Towards the rising sun He trudged and ate the food He carried as the morning broke. I do not know how long it took Him to reach the ship, but it could not have been more than a day or two, for the land was small and the sea was near. The ship was to sail soon, and he went aboard.

You know how many ways there are which the Masters may use to conceal Their presence when Their holy work makes this necessary, and He was not noticed as He watched the lading and as He slipped down below into a quiet spot. He heard the rattling anchor-chain pulled up and, the fresh-set sails slowly filling with a gentle breeze, the small craft glided smoothly down to the harbour's mouth and crossed the bar to ride uneasily upon a rocking sea.

Next day the astonished seamen saw a frail old man totter up out of the hold and heard him ask for food. They had no idea they were carrying a stowaway! "Aha!" they said, "what right have you aboard? Have you paid your fare to Jaffa? Is this a passenger ship? We thought it was only a freighter!" "Oh," he said laughing, "I have as much right aboard as you. You have need of me!" Then the captain was called and he was no more successful than the crew in getting answers from the strange passenger who both puzzled

and charmed them with a sort of irresponsible baffling wit that seemed like some fair insanity, a jangling of sweet bells. Of course they had to feed the curious man until they could decide what to do with him! "Money," said he, "what do I need of it, when I can easily ride with you, who need me aboard." Then while he ate their homely fare, he told them most wonderful tales that touched their hearts and pricked them here and there to better doings.

They bade him work ropes and scrub the decks. "No, indeed," he said, "that is your work, not mine! I can do more in my way, with my heart and mind in one moment than you can do in years in your way."

Naturally they wanted to smile a little at what they thought was boasting. But they felt an extraordinary authority behind the bantering speech and were half-convinced his words were true. And they let him have his way!

The English Channel was passed and the rough Bay of Biscay was slow in crossing with the tiny ship. How the sailors shouted when Gibraltar raised his mighty front out of the sea and said to them: "I and my brother cliff just across the strait are still as of old guarding the way and, separated as we are, Europe ever hailing Africa, we make also the dividing of the seas! There is Atlantic brine and its world-sweeping wind, and here, within our gate is our gentler Mediterranean, that invites you to her sweet enchantments!'

All the while the stranger's charms made captive more and more the sailors' crude affections. A fairy voyage, now, the gliding of the ship; and the workers of the craft, ploughmen of the watery deep, lived a dream-life amid the charmed hours of his tales and the

long intervals of his repose when he must not be disturbed. Gradually they forgot he had seemed old or unkempt or of uncertain mind-control. Little by little they felt he was a man of God. But not with remote awe did they need to greet him; yet with due but not ceremonious respect.

Slowly the days crept by! Gradually the little ship, with creaking cordage and with straining timbers, tossed up the mighty sea, stopping here and there, perhaps, at island ports, at Sicily, at Malta, Cyprus, Rhodes, to take on sweet water, or to get new supplies of provender, or to repair, in harbour, some small breach of rigging.

In those remoter days, a thousand years ago, pirates and the war-vessels of little coast-dwelling nations were to be met betimes and to be dealt with. No such mishap befell our ship.

Like a dream-ship upon a sea of heaven-water and under the inimitable sky that domes the waters dividing Europe from Africa, she sailed. The half-enchanted seamen rejoiced to greet each rising sun, and sank to gentlest slumber when the blazing stars grew visible against the velvet blackness of the night. One day, at last, a quaint Levantine city rose over the curving water-ball and stood free in the sun-pierced morning mist. A few hours passed, and the rude iron anchor fell into the harbour-brine just as the last sail was let down. And the ship settled sighingly to rest.

The seamen standing on the deck to gaze a moment on the Asian scene were then aware that a fair western youth—could it be he that had been stowaway?—had come up from the cabins and stood amidst them. Strangely they knew Him now as they had not before.

For a little of His grace He let glide into their rude but tender hearts. And at one moment all felt they had ferried from the West a Grail Brother on an eastward quest!

They obeyed Him when He asked boat-passage to the shore.

Those left on shipboard held arms towards Him in suppliance as He stepped ashore, and He held out His right hand a moment blessing them, and then was lost to view as with swift, swinging steps He began His long march to the waiting Indian hills and His sacred Brothers and His God-communion and His own renewed labours for mankind.

Weller van Hook

# REVIEWS

*The Way of Service,* by G. S. Arundale. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

The Foreword by the author says the book contains "a few hints on the art of service," which very aptly describes one aspect of the contents—namely, the answer to "how to serve?" But besides this modest description of the art and method of serving, the book is full of good things; full of really deep thoughts, full of the fragrance of the higher life. It is rather a collection of maxims, of reflections, of promptings from the inner and sweeter soul of man, than any ordered arrangement of steps on the 'Way of Service'. It is a bunch of flowers gathered along the path that one who has served and serves is treading. All others treading that path will be helped by the perfume of these flowers.

W. H. K.

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*The Physiology of Faith and Fear,* by William S. Sadler, M. D. (Stanley Paul & Co., London.)

This interesting work should be of great use to those who, not being trained in medicine, require a reliable guide book to the various branches of mental healing and the principles underlying them. Dr. Sadler is of opinion that, so many forms of faith or mental healing having lately come into existence, a clear statement of the psychological elements upon which these modes of treatment are based has now become necessary, as well for the medical as for the non-professional reader.

A vast number of facts and observations and many interesting cases which have come before the author have been collected together, and described concisely in language intelligible to the layman, adding interest to the work. The volume

will be of value to those of our readers who are interested in psychic matters, and many will be glad to have accurate knowledge of such things as the effect of the mind on the nervous system and on digestion, and of the changes caused by different types of thought upon blood-pressure and respiration—several charts of curve tracings, obtained from actual experiments, being given. There is a very useful chapter in which lists of various diseases are given, classified so as to indicate those which by psychic methods can be completely or partially cured, or cannot be cured at all.

A noticeable feature is a summary of the contents of the chapter at the end of each. The illustrations, on the whole, are not quite equal to the merits of the letterpress, and do not add dignity to the volume. There is a good index at the end of the book.

C. R. H.

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*Modern Problems*, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s. net.)

The author in his preface says: "These essays on debatable subjects have been written at different times—some of them under stress of strong feeling—and they deal with problems of permanent interest." The volume consists of twenty-one such essays, in which several modern problems are dealt with. A few of the titles may profitably be given in order to indicate to the reader the scope of the book: 'Free Will and Determinism,' 'Balfour and Bergson,' 'The Responsibility of Authors,' 'The Functions of Money,' 'The Production and Sale of Drink,' 'Competition and Co-operation,' 'The Attitude of Tennyson towards Science.'

Sir Oliver Lodge writes with his usual attractiveness and wide knowledge on the subjects he has chosen. When he deals with social and economic problems, he strongly emphasises the ethical side of the question, pointing out the moral dangers which lie in the fact that "financial interests play a greater part in national and international politics than is desirable". If our motive be gain for the sake of gain, and not for the furthering of the general good, then the pursuit of wealth is harmful.

The greater proportion of the book is devoted to social and economic problems, with one or two papers on philosophy and

literature. All the essays are interesting, especially the one on 'Balfour and Bergson,' in which the philosophies of these two eminent men are compared. 'The Attitude of Tennyson towards Science' shows that the poet and the scientist need not necessarily be at war.

In his little treatise on 'Competition and Co-operation,' the author rather tends to advocate the system of monopolies as against competition, for he feels that, if the former plan were adopted and *abused*, Society would in a body rise, and right the wrong. A great deal of useless work and expense would be done away with, were competition abolished. The country would not be disfigured with the glaring advertisements of rival firms. "All advertisements, all cadging and touting and commercial travelling, must be paid for by the consumer." Emulation, Sir Oliver admits, is good. "Emulation is the desire to do a thing better than it has been done by others. Competition is the desire to do instead of others that which is equally well done by them."

We cannot feel quite certain, however, that if a commodity, like soap, were to become a monopoly, we should be assured of a constant improvement both in its quality and means of production, or that we should obtain as good an article as we might have obtained, had competition prevailed. But, as the writer has said, these essays are on "debatable subjects". The reader cannot fail to be interested in them, and though in many cases he may not agree with the author's conclusions, yet he must of necessity respect them, as the honest endeavour of an eminent and high-souled man to throw light on some of the more pressing problems which perplex the present age.

T. L. C.

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*George Sydney Arundale.* His life and work in the Central Hindu College, Benares, edited by B. Sanjiva Rao, B. A. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

Into this volume of some two hundred and fifty pages, including a foreword by Mrs. Besant, a supplement and an appendix with appreciatory articles from friends and pupils who have known him well, Professor B. Sanjiva Rao has had the happy idea of gathering together all that is most interesting in the

personality and the present chapter of the life-work of George S. Arundale. No one who has met him can have failed to recognise in him an exceptional nature, emerging by the brightness of its light from the ordinary. No one who has known George Arundale at all well can have failed, whether his own temperament is akin to his or not, to be impressed with, and draw inspiration from, the magnetism of his loving nature, the force of his example to his students, the beauty of the gospel of service to all about him that has been the keynote to his life in Benares and the justification of the confidence and affection he has won. The book is well devised: it contains besides the biographical interest many valuable hints on educational training, many very wise methods of dealing with the growing consciousness and unfolding natures of boys and young men. On these every responsible teacher, every school master would do well to ponder, for in them lie the secrets of that love and that confidence without which the teacher cannot reach the hearts of his pupils and is but a 'tinkling cymbal'.

W. H. K.

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*The Sociological Value of Christianity*, by George Chatterton-Hill, Ph. D. (Adam and Charles Black, London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

This book is a plausible attempt to persuade sociologists that Christianity, as prescribed by the Church of Rome, is alone able to save western society from downfall. The author's social creed is briefly as follows. The individual and society are natural enemies. In primitive races the individual was kept in order by fear of 'magical' consequences, which his tribal religion led him to expect. As his mind developed and he began to think for himself, he got out of hand and social authority was weakened. At such a crisis in western history, Christianity came to the rescue by equipping social authority with a new weapon against egotism—the moral law; and, since the individual cannot be expected to sacrifice his personal interests to the welfare of society on a mere appeal to his moral sense, the reward of happiness after death was offered to induce him to put up with any amount of suffering in this life. This conveniently simple view of Christianity is repeated with

variations for nearly three hundred pages, so that there is no need to wonder what the author really means.

The chief objects of attack are 'rationalism,' 'equalitarianism' (*sic*), 'humanitarianism,' and, in more moderate language, 'Protestantism'. Rationalism seems to be regarded as implying egotism, and, though the human reasoning faculty is admitted to have a certain value in the maintenance of social order, it is spoken of as something essentially immoral that must be continually repressed by external authority. Equality is rightly pointed out to be non-existent in nature, and we are shown how true fraternity is quite consistent with inequality; but we do not believe that any but the most ignorant of the socialist party, against which these remarks are evidently directed, seriously advocate equality, unless it be equality of opportunity. Humanitarianism is used as a term of reproach for all who refuse to condemn any human being as hopeless, and are not afraid of 'wasting' pity, even though it may sometimes be misdirected. Protestantism, according to the author, has committed the unpardonable sin of granting the individual a certain liberty of thought and motive, and undoubtedly it has lost proportionately in cohesion. No one will deny that the unswerving allegiance of the Roman Church to dogma and discipline has proved a source of immense strength both to its own authority and to the masses which it has restrained from bestiality by fear of eternal punishment and hope of eternal reward, but we submit that sooner or later it will be compelled to recognise the same inner authority in the form of the very Mysticism which it truly boasts of producing.

Several other contentions which the writer seeks to justify —for instance, that suffering is desirable—contain sufficient truth to render them misleading, and are supported by a sprinkling of texts in Latin; but the attitude is so rigid and the language so naive that the intelligent reader will be more often amused than distracted.

But it is edifying to hear the Catholic oracle speak from the mouth of a learned sociologist, and the book is quite a proper one for public libraries.

W. D. S. B.

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*Universalism*, by a Believer. (Elliot Stock, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

It does appear a most curious freak of human psychology that anyone should be found to oppose the doctrine of an Eternal Hope as applied to the salvation and happiness of all men, and yet throughout the ages this curious mental phenomenon—as this interesting little history on Universalism sketches for us—prevailed. From Origen until almost the present day anyone bold enough to voice a hope that one would have thought all humanity would have welcomed has been branded as a heretic and accordingly persecuted in the fashion of persecutions of the time. Here is the picturesque language in which either a local synod held at Constantinople or the fifth General Council A. D. 553—it is not certain which—dealt with the doctrine.

"Whoever says or thinks that the torments of the demons and of wicked men are temporal, so that they will at length come to an end, or whoever holds a restoration either of the demons or of the impious, let him be anathema. Anathema to Origen Adamantius who taught these things among his detestable and accursed dogmas, and to every one who believes these things or asserts them, or who shall ever dare to defend them in any part, let there be anathema."

Even in our own times comparatively speaking, both F. D. Maurice and Dean Farrar were made to feel they had gone hazardously outside the ecclesiastical pale when they pointed out that a God of Love was hardly likely to condemn to eternal torture any of His children. That so many good people have in all good faith held so closely to this hideous and blasphemous doctrine of an eternal Hell must prove that they were too unimaginative to grasp its horror, and also comfortably sure of their own salvation they must have been, while with, the imaginative few, the belief peopled the lunatic asylums. However, a happier and a saner and more logical view on this religious doctrine as on many others is now beginning to prevail, though in England we have not yet got to the point, as in the United States and Canada (fancy religions are not viewed there with the same disfavour) "where there are several hundreds of congregations calling themselves Universalist Churches, one of whose articles of belief runs: 'There is one God who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness'."

E. S.

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*De l'An 25,000 avant Jesus-Christ a nos jours,* par Gaston Revel. (Les Editions Theosophiques, Paris. Price fr. 7. 50.)

The author is one of the most energetic of the younger generation of Theosophical workers in France, and we heartily welcome this new proof of his zeal, embodied in the stout volume of some four hundred pages now before us. In this book the author strikes out an entirely new line. It is true that the work is essentially a commentary, and we have already a few (though *too* few) commentaries in Theosophical literature. This however is not so much an ethical commentary as a statistical one. The work is a bold one as well as an original one. Rightly, M. Revel has considered the series of lives of Alcyone, as related in the pages of this magazine, as one of the most remarkable items in the series of revelations which have lately come. M. Revel has asked himself the question: what can we do with this body of new information? And he has set to work to measure and to compare; to count and to calculate. He has begun to cultivate the field, to dig it, to work it and to bring order into it. A short introduction about Theosophy in general—mainly meant for outside readers—furnishes sufficient material for general orientation. The First Section then discusses psychic powers and their development, indicating their rational basis and giving an explanation of the theory of clairvoyance and ākāshic records. After these prudent and pedagogically arranged preliminaries, *nous entrons en matiere.* The Second Section deals with the lives of Alcyone. In this part all imaginable statistical tables are compiled, and a great number of cunningly devised diagrams are added in support. Here it is that the boldness of the undertaking comes in. During the time that M. Revel was writing his book, Mr. Leadbeater has gone on with his researches, and not only looked up ten more lives (31-40, reckoning backwards), but has also filled in a number of vacant places in the lists of reincarnating egos accompanying Alcyone in his lives. These additional data will materially change and correct the averages and results arrived at by M. Revel; but they will only correct them, they will not overthrow them altogether. And it may be that they will not be published so soon that in the meantime M. Revel's tables should be anything like useless. They are only pre-

liminary results, not final ones ; but therefore nothing less than superfluous. If we had to wait for final results before Theosophical statements could be published we should have to regret the non-existence of some of the best books in Theosophical literature. The great use of M. Revel's courageous publication is that it is extraordinarily suggestive. It shows to a certain extent how we can manipulate Theosophical data, and extract from them far more than their mere surface information supplies. In this sense the book has a great educational value. In the Third Section we get detailed commentaries on every separate life of Alcyone, the last few being only briefly dealt with. Many ingenious theories are here put forward, and without feeling impelled to take any one of these as acquired scientific fact or gospel truth, they give, on the whole, food for serious thought. Useful diagrams accompany this part also, those on pp. 219-221 being especially interesting. In interpreting the various incidents related, the author quotes throughout abundantly from the best Theosophical writers, so rendering incidentally much Theosophical teaching accessible to his compatriots. The Fourth Section presents the general conclusions to be drawn from these lives ; first, in a long series of aphorisms, and secondly, in a more elaborate exposition of a few more important principles. A further Section reproduces a number of questions and answers, put and given in connection with the subject matter of the book (first orally presented as a course of study), after which the Seventh Section takes up the question of the several prophecies alluded to in the story of the lives. The last Section brings again many tables of the lives of Atalanta and of Alcyone (the latter very elaborately worked out), a list of Theosophical literature, a list of the many tables and diagrams in the book, and an excellent index.

This book deserves wide recognition. It proves strenuous labour on the part of the author. It is an exhaustive attempt to extract as much instruction as possible from the subject dealt with, as far as published at the moment. It may lead to the undertaking by others of similar labours with regard to other Theosophical publications, a thing which would be most desirable. Let us hope that it will be sold out so quickly that, when Mr. Leadbeater publishes the final results of his further researches along this line, this edition may be

speedily followed by a second one, revised and brought up to date, providing a welcome companion volume to Mr. Leadbeater's new production.

J. v. M.

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*Feringhi and Other Stories of Indian Gipsy Life*, by Rev. A. Dumbarton. (Charles H. Kelly, London. Price 1s. 6d.)

These stories of the life of the gipsy tribes of Mysore are written by a Christian clergyman with the idea of stimulating missionary interest and enterprise. Feringhi, which means foreigner, is the name given to a little English boy who was stolen in babyhood and adopted by the gipsies. In him the missionary discovers his own son. This romantic touch and a few humorous strokes alone relieve a rather commonplace book. Whether the spreading of western civilisation and education and especially Christianity is really doing all that the author claims is open to question; but at least it may be granted that whatever can transform a dirty, lying, cruel, and lawless gipsy people into a cleanly, truthful, gentle, and orderly one is altogether desirable. Whether the change is brought about by the power of the gospel or by the example of a truer and better life inspired by Christian ideals is of secondary importance. In so far as missionary effort achieves such results it must meet with the sympathy of all right-minded people.

A. E. A.

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*Ashtadhyayisutrapata*, Edited and published by S. Chandrasekhara Sastrigal. (Teppakulam Post, Trichinopoly. Price Ans. 12, postage extra.)

This is a very laudable book; apart from its English title (where the word *pāṭha* is misspelled), we have found nothing objectionable in it, but are, on the contrary, of opinion that this handy, cheap, and beautifully printed little book, which contains exactly those things (Sūtras, Vārtikas, Gaṇas, and Dhātus) which a student of grammar must have constantly before him, deserves the widest circulation, and might be introduced even in those schools and colleges which teach Saṁskṛt through the medium of English. For some knowledge of Pānini should be conveyed to every student of Saṁskṛt.

The arrangement of the book strikes one as eminently practical. The printing runs lengthwise (as the writing in most Indian MSS.), and each page is divided by a line into two columns. So much space is saved in this way that the book with all its appendices, etc., covers but two hundred and seventy-two small pages. The Sūtras appear in the order of the *Aṣṭādhyāyī* but with the numbering of *Siddhāntakaumudī* added to them, and between them, on separate lines and easily to be recognised (the former by an asterisk, the latter by a cipher), there are the Vārtikas and Gaṇas respectively belonging to the several Sūtras. That is to say, whenever some set of words *(gaṇa)* is alluded to in the Sūtra, the complete set is given immediately after it; or, whenever a Sūtra of Pāṇini has been supplemented by Kātyāyana, the former is followed by this supplementary Sūtra *(vārtika)*. An appendix contains the *Dhātupāṭha*, and another appendix the *Pāṇinīyā Sikṣā*.

F. O. S.

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*Through Evolution to the Living God*, by the Rev. J. R. Cohu. (James Parker & Co., Oxford. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

In his preface the author states: "The present work is written for the troubled and perplexed, for thinking men, whose faith in God is shaken by intellectual and especially by scientific difficulties." Haeckel's views as to science, and his matter-of-fact interpretations of Nature and of Man are the views mainly controverted; and the author thinks that Haeckel's day is over. The book fully sustains Mr. Cohu's reputation for a scholarly treatment of his material. It should prove very helpful to the class to whom it is addressed, and with many of its conclusions members of the T. S. and other advanced schools of religious thought will find themselves fully in accord. For example those who believe that "God's plan is Evolution" will rejoice to find Mr. Cohu writing "that Evolution is a self-revelation of God which provides a basis for religious faith which cannot be shaken". Again: "Evolution proclaims a living, loving, indwelling God.... In Him man and Nature live, move and have their being. Earth itself is 'crammed with God'." When one remembers that the author is a Rector of the Established Church, one recognises that Orthodoxy has indeed widened its horizon since Darwin's

*Origin of Species* provoked almost universal ecclesiastical wailing and gnashing of teeth. Mr. Cohu's views of the fall of man are rather original and decidedly advanced: "What is called the Fall was a necessary moment in the transition from a state of nature to a state of culture. It represents the dawn of moral consciousness in man." God is defined (of course in terms of personality) as a "Mind and Will and Heart or a loving Personality". And the unity of the Universe is strongly insisted upon: "From star to atom, from animalculae to man, it throbs with life, a life which sleeps in the rock, dreams in the plant and awakens to self-consciousness in man."

E. S.

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*L'Evangile de la Fin,* by Kristian Hus's. (Durville, Paris. Price. fr. 2.50.)

This book, written in violent and ill-chosen language, is a long diatribe against the faithlessness of Christendom, especially of France, and the incapacity of the clergy. The author's narrow and intolerant creed supplies no idea of a possible remedy for the existing state of affairs, except that God should subject the world to the most terrible punishment and curse it. He quotes from the Old Testament and the Apocalypse to show that the time has come for the destruction of the world by fire. Had he lived in the Middle Ages, Mr. Kristian Hus's would himself have lit the avenging torch!

Z. B.

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*Comment on Meurt, Comment on Nait,* by Charles Lancelin. (Durville, Paris. Price 1 franc.)

The author of this little volume belongs to the eclectic school, and believes only in such facts as are proved to him by various experiments he has made, chiefly along the line of magnetism. These experiments have revealed to him the following facts: that man has five bodies, the successive dropping of which constitutes what we know as death; the existence of an astral life, happy or unhappy according to the nature of the desires which have governed the last earth life; that a gradual mental detachment from his surroundings takes place which enables the man to ascend to superphysical planes; that it is desire to evolve on the part of each entity that

drives him back into incarnation; that the new body is taken possession of when it is seven years old. M. Lancelin does not approve of cremation, as that breaks the connection between the physical and subtile bodies too abruptly, nor of embalming as that preserves the former too long. He advises the practice of detachment from the affairs of the physical plane as the only sure method of avoiding suffering after death.

M. C.

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*Srī-Bālamanoramā*, Edited and published by S. Chandrasekhara Sastrigal. (Teppakulam Post, Trichinopoly. Price Rs. 25 per copy for Public Institutions, Rs. 15 per complete set, or Rs. 10 per part for *bona-fide* poor students, and Rs. 20 for others.)

A great undertaking, commenced five years ago, has now come to a close, an edition, in Devanāgarī characters, of the *Siddhānta-Kaumudī* (being Bhaṭṭoji-Dīkṣita's famous exposition of Pāṇini's grammar) together with Vāsudeva-Dīkṣita's exhaustive commentary on the same, called *Bālamanoramā*. Of the latter this is the first complete edition, and the first edition in the Devanāgarī character, that has so far appeared.

The book consists of two large volumes each of which covers nearly one thousand pages.

The editing has been done so well that, though we have carefully perused several portions of the work, we have been unable to discover a single misprint. In using this book one feels that it is a work of love which could not have been undertaken except by an ardent admirer of the Saṁskṛt language and literature. Indeed, the editor, we are informed, has devoted to it the whole of his small fortune, and he is now in straitened circumstances. Let, therefore, all lovers of learning who can afford it help him by taking a copy of his work! The merit of *Bālamanoramā* is beyond question. *Siddhāntakaumudī* cannot easily be understood without a commentary, and of the existing commentaries this one is evidently the simplest and most lucid. It fully deserves its name 'pleasing the young,' for it enables the student to understand Pāṇini even without a teacher. Another great advantage of *Bālamanoramā* is its comprehensiveness, in that it takes into account all valuable information contained in the older commentaries,

and thus, by quoting them, acquaints us also with these to a certain extent. The value of the book is enhanced by the careful indexes of Sūtras, Vārtikas, and Paribhāshās appended to each volume, and by the list of Uṇādisūtras, Phitsūtras and Dhātus at the end of the work. This is a very remarkable publication.

F. O. S.

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*L'histoire des idees theosophiques dans l'Inde,* by Paul Oltramare. (Tome I. La theosophie Brahmanique.)

This work, of which only the first part has as yet been published, is a most interesting history of the growth of Theosophical ideas on Indian soil. The author traces them from their earliest rudiments to their final expansion. The plan of the work is the following:

1. To find in the most ancient Brāhmaṇical writings the germs of Theosophical speculations.

2. To trace the growth of these germs into a rich harvest of ideas and beliefs.

3. To study the organisation of these ideas and how they were grouped into definite systems.

All this is included in the first volume. In the next, the author intends to show how the Theosophical concepts of the schools acted upon the masses, were transformed into a religion—Buḍḍhism, or penetrated the extant popular religions—sects of Hinḍūism. The author then explains why he has called these directing ideas of the Hinḍū civilisation Theosophical. "Because," he says, "the word Theosophy seems very applicable to this set of theories inspired especially by speculations concerning the superphysical, and which without being distinctly philosophical or religious pertain to religion and philosophy." Then comes an interesting definition of Theosophy:

1. As religion, Theosophy attempts to solve the enigma of life and of the universe. Differing from religions, which admit for the solution of this enigma, the miraculous intervention of divinity in human life and in nature, Theosophy, putting aside all such ideas, proclaims itself as a science, a science based on the knowledge of laws and forces different from those we can reach by ordinary means of investigation.

2. As philosophy, Theosophy strives to bring back to an essential unity the infinite multiplicity of phenomena. Theosophy tries to penetrate the secrets of nature and of life, not by means of observation and analysis, of induction and deduction, the method of philosophy, but by a process infinitely more rapid —by intuition or illumination. It is true that only those who have reached a high degree of wisdom are capable of this spontaneous clairvoyance. Happily for the others, the truth is faithfully kept by Initiates who transmit it to the adepts by means of revelation.

3. Theosophy is not only a method and a science—it is also a power. As there is an inter-relation between the life of man and the life of the universe, the knowledge of the occult forces of nature means the power to control them. The great Initiates have harmonised themselves with the central principle of the universe; they have penetrated the secrets of the macrocosm, and consequently they are no longer subject to the ordinary limitations of human life. On the other hand, their exceptional faculties are alleged as proof of their wider knowledge, the guarantee of the truth of their teachings.

4. In fact, if not of deliberate purpose, Theosophy finds itself in conflict with established religions; its tendencies are individualistic, not to say distinctly esoteric. It therefore feels naught but contempt and repulsion for the popular and official organisation of the great Churches. Theosophy also invokes ancient authorities in support of its assertions, but the tradition thus invoked is not generally the one that serves as the basis of the contemporary religion.

These four great features that characterise Theosophy are most effectively put forward by the author, and the modern Theosophist can see each of them as a living reality in his Society. One question only arises in the mind of the student. With regard to the method of obtaining knowledge, are not observation and analysis, induction and deduction, used by Theosophists as well as the intuitive method? The author, in the first place, tells us that Theosophy gives itself out as a science. As such, does it not also use scientific methods in its investigations made with these uncommon means of research? Perhaps this type of investigation belongs to the 'Occultist' and not to the Theosophist as such? This question

is interesting and is worth an attempt at further elucidation. After having admitted that the philosophical-religious ideas of India have the four great characteristics of Theosophical thought and method, the author turns to their history.

*Part I*, entitled 'The Germs of Theosophical Thought' is divided into two chapters: A. Vedic antecedents of Theosophy; B. Brāhmaṇical antecedents of Theosophy.

A. The impersonal character of the Vedic Gods, considered as cosmic forces, is the germ of the later philosophical pantheism. The attempt to elucidate the problems of the origin of things leads to the making of myths which are rationalised but not rejected by the later philosophers. Thus Theosophy in India takes the place that philosophy took in Greece. The magical aspect of the ritual represents the third characteristic of Theosophy in India, the 'power' over nature obtained by him who knows.

B. The Theosophical 'germs' in the Brāhmaṇas lie in the two central ideas of their sacrificial or ritualistic magic: the magic power attributed to every spoken word, and the power of a thought directed to a certain aim or object. The first implies a correspondence between an object and its name, and finds its full application in the tremendous potency given to the right pronunciation of the syllable OM. The second leads to what may perhaps be called *the* fundamental idea of Hindū Theosophy, that of liberation by knowledge. The power of thought prevails at last over all other powers—in worlds visible and invisible.

*Part II.* 'The Formation of Theosophical Ideas' deals with the Upaniṣhaṭs. Their Theosophical features are:

1. Their allegorical interpretation of ancient rites and legends. As the Stoics and Philo in the West, we find them retaining but explaining legends too sacred to be done away with.

2. Their pessimism. The Vedic thought having reached the notion of an absolute Brahman as the sole reality, the consequence was that all that was not Brahman was necessarily relative, illusory and transitory—a source neither of knowledge nor of happiness.

Hence the two premises of the philosophy of the Upaniṣhaṭs:

1. Brahman, the universal soul, is the only reality.

2. The individual souls, by reason of their individuality and as long as this individuality lasts, are in a state of suffering.

These two premises allow a definite aim: to give the means of escaping from this cycle in which individual lives are imprisoned.

There then the basis and the tendencies of the Theosophical teachings of the Upaniṣhaṭs, that may be called respectively:

The doctrine of the Aḍvaiṭa, the doctrine of Saṁsāra, and the doctrine of Mokṣha.

*Part III.* The Systematising of Theosophical Ideas. Here the author deals with the Veḍānṭa, the Sāṅkhya and the Yoga systems. The Veḍānṭa system follows the most closely the teachings of the Upaniṣhaṭs. Yet the Upaniṣhaṭs wavered between two concepts which became respectively systematised in the Veḍānṭa on the one hand, in the Saṅkhya on the other. The first is that all phenomena are without any objective reality, being merely appearances, resulting from Aviḍyā—ignorance. The second is that the soul was individualised by using matter, and became, by its union with matter, entangled in the qualities of the latter. Thus we have the doctrine of Aviḍyā and the doctrine of the contact, Bandha, of the soul with matter, or the idealism of the Veḍānṭa and the realism of the Sāṅkhya.

The aim of both systems is the attainment of liberation by knowledge, but whilst the Veḍānṭa, owing to its monistic idealism, insists upon the intuitive knowledge of Brahman as its most important feature, the realism of the Sāṅkhya indulges in an elaborate enumeration of ten principles in man and in nature. The Yoga system is entirely practical, and uses all the theories of the Sāṅkhya, building thereon its 'science of self-control,' the object of which is liberation.

This very interesting work ought to be studied by all French reading Theosophists who are interested in the history of the type of ideas that their Society represents.

M. d' A.

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THE ADYAR BULLETIN (April).—This bright magazine has, during the last few months, greatly improved in every way. It has had the advantage of an article from the pen of Mrs. Besant every month, and Mr. Leadbeater has been a frequent contributor. This month he concludes a very illuminating article 'Exoteric and Esoteric.' Mrs. Besant has written on a subject of which she has made a deep study, and her contribution is therefore especially valuable. Mr. Bibby, the well-known editor of *Bibby's Annual* gives an interesting account of how he came into Theosophy, and Mr. Woodward writes with his characteristic charm a sketch on 'Olcott Day at Galle'. The other articles are interesting and the whole number is of a high standard—a standard which we venture to hope the *Adyar Bulletin* will maintain in the future.

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*Alcyone and Mizar.*[1] (Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

A souvenir of the Twenty-Sixth Annual Convention of the American Section of the Theosophical Society in Chicago, 15th September, 1912, containing an excellent new photograph of Alcyone, Mizar and Fides taken last year in Sicily. The letterpress gives a beautiful and touching account by Mr. G. S. Arundale of his first meeting with the far-famed brothers, and indicates something of the charm which endears them to all who have been so fortunate as to come into contact with them. Speaking of Alcyone, Mr. Arundale says: "Think of him as treading bravely and with extraordinary rapidity that Path of Holiness which only the pure in heart may tread. Think of him as giving joy and hope to all who have the privilege of knowing him, and to the thousands to whom his book has been an inspiration. Think of him as a source of blessing to all living things around him . . . . . Our President has said of him that his presence is a benediction."

W. H. K.

*Annie Besant.*[1] (Price Ans. 8 or 8d. or 16c.)

An appreciation, dedicated to and written in honour of our President on her sixty-fifth birthday, October 1, 1912, by G. S. Arundale.

[1] THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

*Mottoes from "At the Feet of the Master."*[1] (Price Ans. 2 per single motto. Rs. 5 per set.)

A very nicely printed collection of carefully selected mottoes from Alcyone's well-known book, each one being on a separate page suitable for framing or hanging up, embellished by specially designed ornamentation drawn by Professor Kanitkar, with photo-vignette of Alcyone on each page.

W. H. K.

*Talks to a Few Students,* by G. S. Arundale. (T. P. H. Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 8 or 8d. or 16.)

This little book is dedicated "To Krishnaji," and is introduced to the reader by a few well-chosen words by Mrs. Besant. It is a collection of a few 'talks,' given to 'a group of earnest students,' all of whom have certainly rejoiced to have perpetuated in print some of that very valuable advice that, as an elder brother to a younger brother, George Arundale used to give at those informal evening gatherings at Benares. Who of us who during the day fails at some particular moment to come up to the standards his best self has set, does not feel helped when a kind and tactful friend indirectly and impersonally offers wise advice, points out the sources of error, reveals the methods of overcoming weakness and strengthening the character? These 'talks,' never personal, never 'preaching,' were of this nature; during their utterance each could draw deep into himself the refreshing draughts of wisdom and mature insight; each could depart relieved of his burden, clearer-sighted, happier, stronger. A little book valuable for all who have families and young people growing up round them who are responsive to good influences.

W. H. K.

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[1] THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.