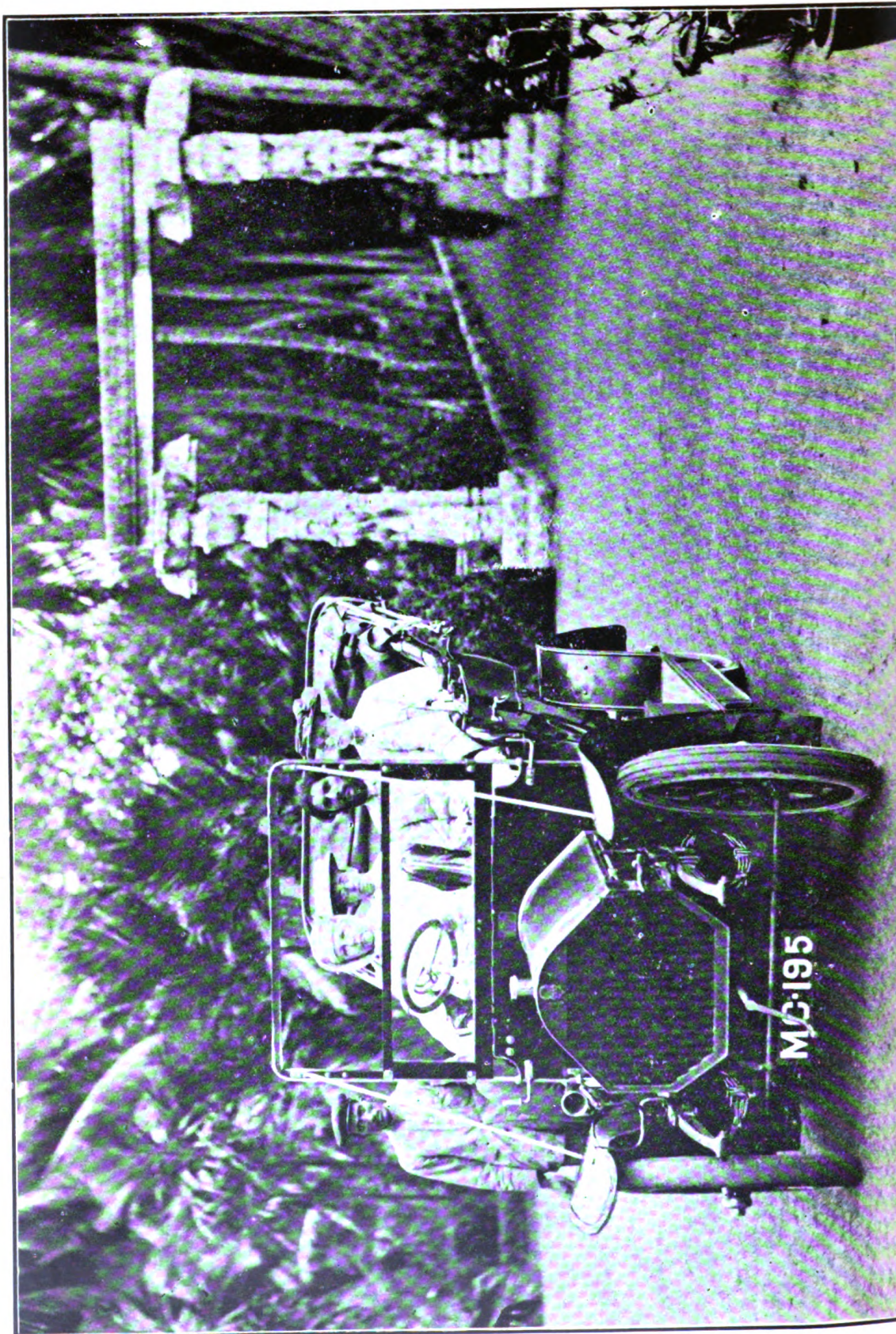


THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WHEN this reaches the hands of English readers, its writer will again be in England, engaged in the strenuous work fitted for the Island of the North. Once more the occupant of the Watch-Tower glances over roads of travel, of which brief record may be made. Miss Willson, my two Indian wards and myself left beautiful Adyar on March 22nd, in the motor-car so generously given to me by Mr. and Mrs. Leo; the occupants were not the same as those in our illustration, save the driver at the wheel, and the chauffeur who is standing beside the car; beside me, on our outgoing, where Mr. Wadia sits in the picture, was Miss Willson, and the tonneau was occupied by Mr. Leadbeater, Kṛṣṇamūrṭi and Niṭya. For the last time for many months to come I drove the car which has proved so faithful a servant, never misbehaving, and with absolutely no injury to its account to man, animal or object, since it arrived in India in 1909. We steamed away with the setting sun from Madras, not to return, if all goes well, till the 7th October. What will fill the months between the limiting dates of March 22nd and October 7th? It matters little, since all is guided by the Hands we know and love.

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There were three lectures in Calcutta on March 24th, 25th and 26th, two in a large theatre and the third in the Town Hall. The audiences were exceptionally large, and despite the fact that a night drive out of Calcutta was thereby necessitated, H. E. Lady Hardinge honored the Society by attending the second lecture. Rai Bahādur Norendranāth Sen—the old friend of H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott, and the sturdy supporter through good and evil report of the connexion between India and England—took the chair on the first evening and also at the Town Hall. It was courage of no common sort that was needed to stand unmoved through the storms of hatred which have swept Calcutta during many years as this sturdy veteran has done, and perhaps his lot was the harder because his frank criticism of unwise governmental measures and his independent attitude aroused hopes that independence meant hostility. One always feels proud to have him as chairman.

* * *

On the 27th March we reached Benares, where joyous welcome awaited us, and we settled down for a brief stay of three weeks. Money has been coming to the C. H. C. lately in considerable abundance, the result of the new life pouring into the College through the Principal and a group of faithful workers who have gathered round him, for it is the blessing of the Masters that brings all good things—the necessary money included. The attacks made on myself by the party which strove to wreck the Theosophical Society on the passing away of the President-Founder wrought much harm to the College, since I was and am the President of its Board of Trustees, and almost dried up the stream of financial help which had before reached it; for, from its inception, the College has been the child of the Theosophical Society, and nearly all its large supporters and its voluntary workers have been Theosophists. Hence, when the President of its Board of Trustees became the object of attack,

and some of her former colleagues became active opponents or 'passive resisters,' the College naturally suffered; the very orthodox and the materialists joined hands against it, hoping for victory at last over the representative of broad and liberal religion. For Theosophy means live Hindūism—as it means live Buddhism, live Zoroastrianism, and live Christianity—and this is offensive alike to those bound by traditions and to those who hate religion altogether. Happily a band of young and devoted workers sprang up, as by magic, openly declaring their love for the Society and their loyalty to its President as chosen by the Masters, and they saved the situation.

They revived enthusiasm both in and on behalf of the College, and now a steady stream of help is flowing in.

* * *

The chief objection felt to Theosophy by the very orthodox of every faith seems to arise from the fact that we believe, as living facts in the present, in the powers and the Beings in whom they traditionally also believe, relegating them to the safe seclusion of the past. The orthodox Hindū believes in Avatāras and Rṣhis in the past, but grows furiously angry with the Theosophist who believes in such Beings as active Agents in the world-process now; the Pārsi believes in a Prophet safely away in inaccessibility, but violently abuses the Theosophist who believes that a great Prophet may arise to-day; the Christian believes in a Christ "ascended into Heaven," "with flesh," but is much annoyed with the Theosophist who believes in a visible return of that Christ on earth. Why? We do not injure them, nor are we angry with them because they prefer relics to living Persons. Many members of our own Society agree with them, and prefer the cool stability of a corpse to the rushing torrent of life. Why may we not agree to differ, and follow our respective tastes? Because of the fact that the beliefs of the various religions had become polite anachronisms, with only a bowing acquaintance with reality and life,

Theosophy was sent to revivify religions, to breathe life into "the valley of dry bones." And there is much rattling among the skeletons naturally, as in Ezekiel's vision; but presently they shall be clothed anew with flesh, and shall stand again on their feet as living men. A new Hindūism is arising, a new Buddhism, a new Zoroastrianism, a new Christianity; but they are really the old ones as they *were* in their vigorous youth, awake and alive, not sleeping, comatose, dying. They arouse enthusiasm, they attract the young, they possess the future in fief. They arouse opposition—naturally; that is the inevitable reaction following on action. We must choose between action *plus* reaction and inertia. For my part I joyfully choose action, and calmly await the inevitable reaction, but I blame none who prefers inertia. Moreover, a certain amount of inertia is useful, though that is, in any case, present in the constitution of things, and we do not need a drag on a coach going up-hill. One particularly unpleasant part of the reaction is the unclean mud thrown by the baser sort, but that also has its part in the scheme of things, for it returns cyclically. The early Christians were accused of eating babies in their secret feasts, and the reflexions of Jews on the birth of Jesus were of the most unpleasant character. Christianity is none the worse for those whom S. Jude stigmatised as "filthy dreamers," and Theosophy cannot expect to escape the attention of their successors.

* * *

Another of the proofs of ancient civilisations, promised by the Masters through H. P. Blavatsky, has just been discovered by Dr. Leo Frobenius of Berlin on the West Coast of Africa. It is the remains of a great Atlantean city. Dr. Frobenius is a believer in Atlantis, and rightly claims that his discovery supports his belief; the newspaper report, however, makes him say that "the lost kingdom" was situated "in West Africa." Atlantis was not a kingdom but a continent, and was no more situated in West Africa than Asia could be said to be situated in the Caucasus.

But West Africa had, most certainly, Atlantean cities. Dr. Frobenius says:

I have made an incredible discovery. I have found in West Africa traces of a high and extremely ancient urban civilisation. I have unearthed wonderfully worked quartz pillars, remains of granite figures, burned-clay portraits of classic beauty and vessels and fragments of pottery splendidly overlaid with glazes of various colors. My chief discovery was of a hollow bronze cast of a head covered with fine tattooing. I have thus proved that, in the broadest sense, my Atlantis theory is correct.

* * *

A very important step forward has been taken as regards international peace. Sir Edward Grey has been speaking on a proposed general Arbitration Treaty between Great Britain and the United States. It has been argued that such a Treaty would be tantamount to a defensive alliance, and, as a cautious politician, he deprecated this view. He admitted, however, that if such a Treaty were made and became deeply rooted in the feelings of the two nations, and one of them were attacked by a third Power which refused arbitration, then there would be a "strong sympathy" between the two Treaty Powers. He pointed out that if other powers followed this example, there would eventually be something like a League of Peace. He wisely added that the thing could not be forced. The London papers have also discussed the matter, and the current is evidently setting in the direction of an Arbitration Treaty with America. When that is done, there remains the work of drawing in the third great Teuton nation, Germany, and then the peace of the world would be secured.

* * *

During the month of April the fourth International Congress of Philosophy is to be held in Bologna, under the patronage of H. M. the King of Italy. Many well-known and eminent men are taking part in the proceedings, which last from April 6th to 11th. In the Section "Philosophy of Religion" Theosophy is well

represented by Dr. Rudolf Steiner and Mr. Bhagavān Dās; the former will read a thesis entitled, 'Die psychologischen Grundlage und die erkenntnisstheoretische Stellung der Theosophie,' and the latter has sent a paper, 'The Metaphysic of Theosophy and Ancient Psychology'. It is for the first time that Theosophy is given a place at such a Congress, and it is satisfactory that its representatives are men who will do it honor.

* * *

The Rev. Mr. Scott-Moncrieff is working hard for Theosophy in England, and is at the same time doing his best to introduce into the Church of England the deeper and more mystical view of Christian doctrines. It is a satisfactory sign of *rapprochement* that while he was lecturing for the Bath Lodge he was invited to preach at the leading church of the city, and was so much appreciated that he has been invited to occupy the same pulpit for two future Sundays. It would be a great gain both to Theosophy and the Church if such a man could be established in London, where he would soon gather round him a large congregation of educated people who love the Church, but cannot any longer accept the crudely literal sense imposed on Church teachings by the unspiritual.

Christianity is getting more mystical and therefore liberal ever since the spread of Theosophy in Christian lands. In a recent number of the *Hibbert Journal* there appears a very remarkable article from the pen of the Rev. K. C. Anderson, D.D., of Dundee, entitled: 'Whitherward: a Question for the Higher Criticism.' To summarise, the article puts forward the view that the Gospel story is a myth or a parable; that therefore it does not matter whether or not Jesus ever was conceived, born, tempted, tried and crucified; that S. Paul troubled not about the historical Jesus, but preached only of the Christ within. He writes:

The idea that man is saved by an historical Savior who lived at a definite time in human history—a Savior external to himself—is the great error of the Christian Church; it is the great apostasy, the idolatrous materialisation of the truth. Man is saved when the "Christ" is born within him. To drag the symbol "Christ" down to mean a human being in this way is nothing less than a profanation of the message of the Eternal contained in the Gospels. The word "Christ" is the richest in our language. It means the Higher Self—the soul—in every individual man, instead of one who lived in the first century; apply that conception to the interpretation of the Gospels, and see what is the result.

The word "Christ" becomes a symbol of the soul in its spiritual aspect, or the Son of God, as Plato long ago explained the term. Now, this Christ is potential in every individual of the race. He is first a germ, then he is born and grows in consciousness and power. This, indeed, is the whole of religion, the attainment of Christ-consciousness, the realisation of God within oneself. The Christ within is the spiritual Self of every man, and is identical with the Divine Son of God ever living in the bosom of the Father. There is only one Son of God, but this Son of God is in every soul, and constitutes the real being of every soul. This is the light which every man brings with him into the world, the light which shines in the darkness that does not comprehend it. The Real Self is thus a ray of the Divine Light, a spark of the Divine Fire. It contains within itself all potentialities.

This is quite a Theosophical interpretation, as all readers of *Esoteric Christianity* and kindred books know. It is, however, curious to note that Christian preachers, after having stuck dogmatically to Jesus as the only son of God and the one only Savior for centuries, should, when they come to mystical interpretations, stick as bigotedly to the Christ within as the only hope of glory. It is not altogether true and Theosophical to say:

The "way out" is to follow the instinct of the masses, not the lead of learned critics, and make the central figure of the Gospels denote not an historical person, or a super-natural visitant from a far-away heaven, but a present Reality the Inner Self of all, the Eternal Divine Son that is in the deep background of every human soul waiting for development and growth.

While to the mystical temperaments the first and mystical sense will appeal, to the devotional the second and historical conception will be of great help. Both are true inasmuch as they aid men to live a nobler and a better life; followers of and believers in both are wrong inasmuch as each is trying to set up his own God and force the other to worship it, and say in the words of a poet:

Thou canst have no other God but mine;
 Of what avail is holy script?
 Who is this God thou call'st thine?
 He utters not from heart, but lip:
 Go get thee hence before thou rue;
 My God, my creed's alone sublime,
 Thy creed, thy laws, are all untrue,
 My God and mine alone's divine.

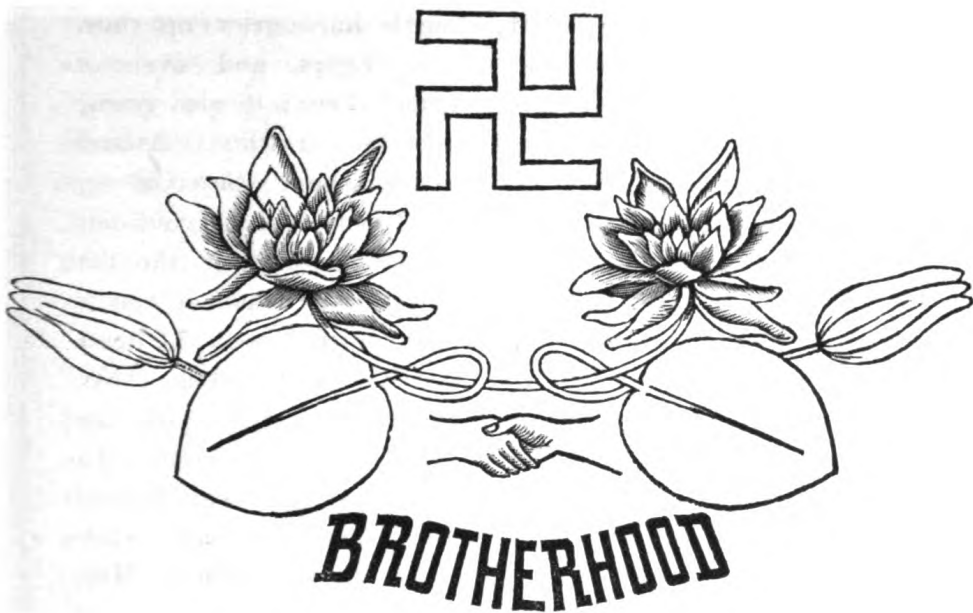
When will the many churches learn tolerance and cease to fight in the name of Christ!

* * *

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Besant's great University scheme is not going to fall through, as it was feared, because of the separate representations, backed by great influence, for denominational universities, made on behalf of the Hindū and Muhammadan communities. Our President has been visiting Allahabad in the interests of this work, and "it seems," she writes, "that the charter is very likely to be granted." We eagerly await the news, and wish the work all success.

* * *

The President left Benares on the 19th for Bombay, where on the 21st she delivered a public lecture on 'The Masters and the Way to Them.' She left on the following day and embarked with J. Kṛṣṇamūrṭi, Niṭyānanda and Mr. Arundale. Mr. and Mrs. Leo, and Miss Bayer, who have been residents at Adyar also left India by the same boat.



THE OPENING OF THE NEW CYCLE

*Public Lecture delivered by ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.,
at Adyar, December 26th, 1910*

(Concluded from p. 18)

ONCE more, those of you who are Theosophists are familiar with the idea of successive continents, each in its turn becoming the habitat of a Race, the centre from which it spreads, the throne of a world-wide civilisation. Those among you who are Hindūs are also very familiar with the thought, for your Purāṇas tell you of the rising of continent after continent, and even give you the names which they have borne, or will bear. The continent called Lemuria in the West, and in the Purāṇas Shālmali, the cradle of the third, the earliest fully developed human Race, vanished long since, and left only fragments to show where once its mighty rivers, plains and forests lay in the sunshine, lay where now the

Pacific rolls. The continent called Atlantis, or in the Purāṇas Kusha, followed Lemuria, and the huge and magnificent civilisation of the fourth Race grew up therein, laying its right hand on Egypt and even on India, and its left on Mexico and Peru; it also perished, and now the waves of the restless Atlantic sweep over the site where once shone the City of the Golden Gate. Now the Asia-European continent, the Krauncha of the Purāṇas, is the habitat of the fifth Race, and holds the sceptre of the world. Shall it last for ever, though its predecessors are numbered with the dead? The Purāṇas tell us: "No." The Occult Records tell us: "No." And now western Science, with lips somewhat pale and quivering, is asking what is coming on our earth. The Purāṇas call the new continent Shāka, and the Occult Records tell that it will rise where now the Pacific spreads, where once Lemuria stretched, the home of the sixth Race. Huge and wide-spread destruction, volcanic fires, earthquakes, tidal waves, will split North America into pieces and she will sink beneath the waves, and Shāka will arise, born of fire as fire destroyed Lemuria, and yield new home to a new Race.

This glance forward into the future has nothing of novelty for the student of our literature; but what is new is that western Science is beginning to look askance at our earth, and to ask if some tremendous seismic catastrophe is not preparing, which may destroy the human race, sweep it from the bosom of the earth. If Science knew more of Theosophical literature, it would not be so alarmed at the results of this immense catastrophe. Humanity has survived the previous cataclysms, and it will survive this, although tens of millions of its children be whelmed beneath tidal waves, swallowed up in the wide mouths of riven gulfs.

You will find an interesting discussion that took place at the last meeting of that eminently sober and respectable body, the British Association for the Advancement of Science—a body which is certainly not made up of "cranks and dreamers" like the Theosophical Society—

on this question of the rising of a new continent in the Pacific; and the results to humanity which might follow that tremendous upheaval. It seems that the new continent is beginning to show itself, the Bagoslof Islands having emerged with startling rapidity, one peak having reached a height of 1,000 feet above sea-level. During twenty months no less than 1,071 earthquakes have occurred in "the fire-ring of the Pacific," and already calculations are being made of the area of the new continent. Should it rise as swiftly as the islands have arisen, a tidal wave would be caused which would sweep over the globe. Yet need you not share these fears, for the rising is not so near at hand, nor the danger universal. America has still many centuries of developing life within her borders, ere the great tidal wave our scientists fear will sweep over her prairies and dash itself beyond her mountain-crests. It is true that a great catastrophe will come, yet shall Humanity survive it. Amid tremendous turmoil of rushing billows meeting volcanic fires in furious battle, amid crash of tumbling rocks and thunder of clashing clouds, the old continent will be broken up, the new will gradually arise. But it shall arise to be the home of a new and greater Race, the coming Race, the sixth, which shall establish on earth a brotherly civilisation.

Is it not a sign of the times that such a body as that of the assembled scientists should be discussing a question hitherto monopolised by paurānic stories, and the despised H. P. Blavatsky? Truly what men deemed her folly is proving wiser than the wisdom of the wise.

That great catastrophe, then, will mark the larger cycle, in which a thousand years are but as a watch in the night; meanwhile the smaller cycles must revolve, and the birthing of the sixth sub-race must come, and that sub-race must develop, to prepare for the building of the sixth Race itself. Already signs are visible in America of the coming of a new sub-race, visible to those who know for what to look, and who thus are able to recognise the early stages that might otherwise be missed. I keep

my eyes wide open for these coming changes, and so isolated facts, occurring from time to time, are seen in their true relations, and thus become significant.

In a late report by a leading Ethnologist of the U.S.A. it was stated that a new type was developing in America, and the characteristics of the type were given—the shape of head, the features, etc.—a very fine type. And in truth the observant traveller in the States may note the fact for himself, and, if he visits America at fairly long intervals, he may note also the rapid multiplication of the type. You cannot go into a public place in America without noticing it, if you are observant—the clear-cut features, the square jaw, the broad forehead, the face of a strong intellectual man. It is profoundly interesting to see these outer signs, and to perceive how science, all unconsciously, is supplying the evidences of the coming changes, and preparing the public mind. For the western world listens when science speaks, and however marvellous her tale respectful attention is paid to it. H. P. Blavatsky's prophecies of the coming continent will be read with very much more of interest and with a more open mind, now that the British Association has declared that that continent is on its way; and her statement as to the new race in America will be seen to be justified, as American ethnology collects and publishes the facts which demonstrate its beginnings.

Thus may we study the physical signs of the opening cycle, of the future home of the Root Race, of the appearance of the sub-race, and we may see these facts—which are isolated and non-significant to the ordinary observer—as fragments of a plan well-studied and well-known, a plan in process of working out under our eyes.

There are other matters which arise in this connexion that are of vital interest to us. I have spoken of the great spiritual import of the coming of the Supreme Teacher, and I have spoken of the signs in the physical world which indicate the approach of His mighty mission;

though He comes especially to shape the mould into which the thought of the sixth sub-race will flow, yet is that mission a world-wide mission, which will affect all the peoples of the world. His teaching will only really triumph in the sixth Root Race, in which He will become the Buddha, and which will be trained for its out-living by the gracious hands of His august Successor. Then shall His Kingdom be truly established in the mighty and brotherly civilisation of that enlightened and spiritual Race.

But before—long before—that Race comes to its continent, long before its members are recognised as anything more than a group of dreamers and visionaries, there will be great changes, leading up to a foreseen end, an end within the smaller cycle, in the comparatively near future. In that smaller cycle, within the coming centuries—for we may think in centuries for the smaller while we think in millennia for the larger—there will be other great changes in the world-drama. For the fifth Root Race, the mighty Aryan stock, has not yet reached its culmination, although it is rapidly approaching it. This fifth Race has to climb yet higher, has to grasp and wield the sceptre of the world, to wear the Imperial crown and rule the earth. For every Race has its culminating point, as well as its birth and its dying, and the fifth Race to-day is climbing to that point, and the conditions are being prepared which will enable it to reach its throne. Two nations above all others may be said to typify this Race, of which also Germania and America form integral parts; they are the root of the Race, now abiding in India, cradled in earlier days in central Asia, whence it sent out its children westwards to people the lands, to subdue, to civilise, to rule. From the central Asian cradle they went forth—the second, third, fourth and fifth sub-races, and they spread over the world, while the Root-stock left, at length, the cradle-land, and took possession of India, to build the Indian peoples. The mighty children of the stock

spread westwards, built an empire in Egypt and in southern Africa, raised a civilisation in Persia that lasted for 28,000 years, gave birth to the Art and Literature of Greece, shaped the Republic of Rome, trained France as the successor of Athens, founded the kingdom of Spain which spread over the Atlantic to Mexico and Peru, grasping at a World-Empire of which it proved unworthy; northwards and westwards still they tramped, making Scandinavia, Denmark and Germany, and lifting Britain into greatness; springing across the Atlantic to America, they founded the mighty Republic of the West and the sister State of Canada; hurling themselves across the southern ocean upon Australia, a fragment of old Lemuria, they planted colonies, they civilised New Zealand. Thus far has spread the Aryan Race, conquering and to conquer, and the day has come when the root and the branch which has rooted itself in the West are recognising their common life. Here, in India, Mother and Son have met, who have been separated since they parted in their early Asian home; they have come together in this ancient land, for mutual helping—Oh! may the High Gods grant it!—for the making of the Aryan World-Empire, to over-top all that has gone before. The youngest branch of the family has turned homewards again to re-root itself in the family domain; it is strong and vigorous, imperial in its instincts, mighty to rule. And see how in India herself the scattered peoples, the long-divided provinces, are, under this imperial impulse, gathering into a single nation; see the younger generation, full of life and of enthusiasm, eager to build the United India necessary for the coming work. Then see how there is growing up in the West a feeling of love for the land of the Mother, a realisation that India must be a partner in the home, a partner beloved and trusted, not a slave. Since the day on which our present Monarch struck the note of love in his famous Guild-hall speech—since he said that India must be ruled by

sympathy—from that day onwards attitude and tone are changing here. See how much more of effort to understand is animating the leaders of both peoples, how the attempt is being made to draw the two nations together, and see how he, the Royal One who made the Guild-hall speech is coming hither to be crowned at Delhi—the capital of the Paṇdavas for the Hindūs, the capital of the Mughals for the Musalmāns—in order that the Oil of Consecration and the Imperial Crown may be placed on his sacred head in the ancient Empire City, he, the Heir of both, crowned in England and in India, because in United England and India lies the centre of the World-Empire that is to be. Think you that these things mean nothing, that they have no significance? I tell you that they indicate the coming days, the nearing destiny: England and India stand together, rise together—or they fall together. If they would rise, they must rise hand in hand; they must take as the Ruler of their hearts and lives the doubly-crowned King-Emperor, symbol of the Unity of the Empire, which is not only the treasure-house of their hopes, but shall be the bulwark and protector of the world. They cannot do apart what they can do together, what they can do when their hearts beat as one.

And when Imperial Delhi has once more seen an Emperor, with his Empress beside him, pass in regal majesty along her streets; when the great new departure begins to show its results; when Viceroys are chosen more for proven sympathy and statesmanship than for political party reasons; when it is understood that mutual respect shall govern all relations between English and Indians, ah! then you cannot dream so fairly nor so highly that your dream shall not come true on earth. For in the union of these two peoples, so diverse in their natures, though one in their origin, who have been separated that they might learn different lessons only that each might the more effectively help the other—in the union of these two widely different children of the one home, in that union lies the hope not of England and

India only, but of the world. For that great Empire will be able to impose peace on the world at large. Who shall dare to draw the sword when the two united Āryan peoples, Indian and Teutonic, bid it remain ensheathed? who shall dare to make quarrel when they say Unity? who shall venture to whisper War, when they declare Peace, and stand, hand-in-hand, guardians of the destiny of the world?

That is what lies before us in the smaller opening cycle. That union will be one of the things which the Supreme Teacher shall make possible, He who shall join in Himself all that is noblest in East and West, He who shall weld together in His own perfect personality all that is most spiritual in eastern religion, all that is most commanding in western intellect. Wisdom incarnate, Love incarnate, He shall draw round him the flower of the East and West alike, showing that Brotherhood and Liberty are not a matter of color of skin, of shape of face, of method of speech, but that Brotherhood lies in the realisation of the one Life in which we all are sharers, that Liberty lies in the service of the one Truth, whose service is perfect freedom.

Such is the nature of the cycle that is opening, such the dawning of the day that is now flushing the horizon. It shall be a day which shall make the earth the gladder; which shall bid the sorrowful cease their weeping; which shall bid the rich stretch out the hand of helping to the poor, and the Brāhmaṇa, with gentle touch, lift up the Pariah child; it shall be a day when the antagonisms based on bodies shall have vanished, and the love that is God shall shine from the Spirit in men.

The signs of the dawning we can see; the opening cycle is around us; but who shall tell the glory of the zenith, who shall describe the splendor of the noon? Only we know that where there is Wisdom and Love, there all else that is good must follow, and that when East and West are blended the perfect human type shall be born on earth.

THE RELIGION OF MAZZINI AND GARIBALDI

AMONG the many inspired and inspiring writings that the great Italian reformer and thinker Giuseppe Mazzini has left us, one of those least known, at any rate in translation, yet peculiarly interesting to all to whom ideals are the main-spring for action, is the 'Credo,' or Religious Creed, of Mazzini as set forth by himself.

Taken as a whole, its broad outlook on life and its true catholicity of feeling cause one to realise how regenerating an influence it brought, like some great healthy breath of ozone, to all thinking minds whose vigor and elasticity had been dulled by the self-interested and cramping restraint of the Papal rule. Alas! that so much of the broader aspect, the really religious and mystical spirit of Mazzini and of many of his great contemporaries and co-workers should in the present day have been forgotten, and their thought and teachings travestied and degraded to the level of petty party-politics and grotesque anti-clericalism.

To a careful and literal translation of Mazzini's 'Credo,' I have subjoined the translation of an extract from a letter written by Mazzini ten years before the 'Credo'—for it is dated August 29, 1855—to Elisa Ferrari, the sister of Nicola Ferrari, a friend and co-worker of Mazzini, and one of the well-known patriots of 1848. The tenor of this letter foreshadows the many unorthodox yet far truer conceptions which Mazzini, like all great men ahead of their times, held, and which he concretised subsequently more definitely in the 'Credo'. I also append, as an interesting item, the translation of a letter from Giuseppe Garibaldi to Signora Carolina Giffard Philipson, originally published in the *Rivista* of Rome.

Though outlined in but few words, it is quite clear that Garibaldi, essentially a man of action and less of a mystic than Mazzini, was imbued with the same large, tolerant and truly religious spirit.

W. H. KIRBY

THE RELIGIOUS CREED OF GIUSEPPE MAZZINI¹

We believe in God, Intelligence and Love, Lord and Educator, Author of all that exists, living and absolute Thought, of which our World is a ray, the Universe an incarnation.

We believe, therefore, in a Moral Law, Supreme, an expression of His Intellect and of His Love.

We believe in a Law of Duty for us all, who are called upon to understand it and to love it, that is to say, to incarnate it if possible in our acts.

We believe to be one only the manifestation of God, visible to us, namely Life, and in it we seek the indications of the Divine Law.

We believe that as God is *one* so Life is *one*, *one* also the Law of Life throughout its two-fold manifestation, namely the *individual* and *collective* Humanity.

We believe in *Conscience*—revelation of the Life in the individual, and in *Tradition*—revelation of the Life in Humanity, as being the only two means which God has given to us whereby we may understand His Design; and that when the voice of *Conscience* and that of *Tradition* harmonise in an affirmation, that affirmation contains the Truth or a part of the Truth.

We believe that the one and the other, religiously enquired into, reveal to us that the law of Life is *Progress*: unlimited Progress in all manifestations of Being, whose germs, inherent in Life itself, successively develop themselves through all its phases.

We believe that Life being one, and one its Law, that selfsame Progress which takes place in humanity collectively and is revealed to us as we go along by tradition, *must* equally fulfil itself in the *individual*; and as unlimited Progress, dimly perceived, conceived by consciousness and pre-

¹ The following words are taken from one of Giuseppe Mazzini's writings in reply to an Encyclical of Pius IX. It was published in the *Dovere* of Genoa in 1865 under the title: *To Pius IX, Pope*.

announced by tradition, cannot fulfil itself completely in the brief terrestrial existence of the *individual*, we believe that it will achieve this elsewhere: and we believe in the continuity of the life manifested in each of us, and of which the earthly existence is only a period.

We believe that as in Humanity *collectively* every conception of amelioration, every presentiment of a vaster and purer ideal, every powerful aspiration towards Good transmutes itself, sometimes after centuries, into *realities*, so in the *individual* each intuition of Truth, each aspiration to the Ideal and the Good, though to-day ineffectual, is a promise of future development, a germ that must unfold itself in the series of existences which constitute Life: we believe that as Humanity *collectively* gains as it advances, and in a successive manner, the understanding of its own past; so the individual shall gain, as he advances on the path of Progress, and in proportion to the moral education he has reached, the consciousness, the memory of his previous existences.

We believe not only in Progress but also in the solidarity of men in it: we believe that as in Humanity *collectively* generations link themselves on to generations and the Life of the one promotes, fortifies and helps that of the next, so *individuals* link themselves on to individuals and the life of the one helps on, here and elsewhere, the life of the others; we believe that pure, virtuous, and constant affections are the promise of communion in the future, and the bond, invisible but fruitful in effect, between those passed over and those living.

We believe that Progress, God's Law, must infallibly fulfil itself for *all*; but we believe that, as we must gain the *consciousness* of it and *earn* it by our deeds, time and space are bequeathed us by God as a sphere of liberty within which we can, by hastening or retarding this progress, acquire merit or demerit.

We believe hence in human Liberty, the condition of human responsibility.

We believe in human Equality; that is, that to all are given by God the faculties and forces necessary for an equal progress: we believe all to be *called* and *chosen* to accomplish it at different times according to the work of each one.

We believe that anything which hinders Progress, Liberty, Equality, and the Solidarity of Humanity is Evil: all instead that assists their growth is good.

We believe in the Duty for us all and for each one of us, to combat without rest, both in thought and in action, Evil, and to promote Good: we believe that in order to conquer the Evil, and to promote the Good in each one of us, it is necessary to conquer the Evil and to promote the Good in others and for others: we believe that no one can win salvation for himself except by laboring to save his brothers; we believe that *egotism* is the mark of Evil, *sacrifice* that of Virtue.

We believe the present existence to be a step to the future one, the Earth the place of trial where, by combating Evil and promoting Good, we must earn the right to rise: we believe it the duty of all and of each one to work to sanctify his life by making true in it as much as is possible of the Law of God—and from this faith we derive our morals.

We believe that the instinct of Progress, innate in us ever since the beginning of Humanity, and made now-a-days a tendency of the intellect, is the only revelation of God to men, a continual revelation for all: we believe that in virtue of this revelation Humanity advances from Epoch to Epoch, from religion to religion, on the way of improvement assigned to it. We believe that whosoever arrogates to himself now-a-days the right to concentrate revelation in himself and to place himself as privileged intermediary between God and men, is guilty of sacrilege: we believe Authority to be holy when, consecrated by Genius and by Virtues, the sole hierophants of the future

and manifested by the widest power of sacrifice, it preaches the Good, and, freely accepted, it guides visibly to it; but we believe it a duty to combat and to expel from the world as a daughter of Lies and a mother of Tyranny every authority not clothed with those characteristics. We believe God is God and Humanity is its Prophet.

This, in its main headings, is our faith: in it we embrace, with all respect, as stages of progress achieved, all past religious manifestations, and as symptoms and presentiments of future progress, all present manifestations of austere and virtuous Thought. In this faith we feel God to be father of all; Humanity all bound together in a communion of origin, of law, and of *end*; the Earth sanctified stage by stage by the fulfilling in it of the Divine purpose; the *individual* blessed by immortality, by freedom, by power, and a responsible artificer of his own progress. In this faith we live, in it we will die: in this faith we love and we labor, we pray and we aspire.

(Letter of Giuseppe Mazzini to Signora Elisa Ferrari.)

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I do not believe in Death. I believe in Life, potent affirmation of a force that proceeds from God, which cannot perish without that a part of the Divine thought should also perish. The law of Life is for me marked out by its universal, perennial aspirations: indications of its virtual essence and of the final meaning that it *must* reach; these aspirations speak to us of immortality, of indefinite progress, of an unfolding of faculties and powers that in the brief course of terrestrial existence cannot be achieved; it must therefore be fulfilled elsewhere. From the study of science which does not know Death but only transformations; from the cry of all humanity; from the instinct of the heart which is the intuition to the individual; from the reverence that, believers or no, we

have for the dead ; from the forms, all pointing to eternity, which our language spontaneously assumes when we, made better and therefore brought closer to what is true, pour ourselves forth in those supreme moments of love and virtue ; from the last words of dying Genius ; from the ray of faith which illumines the brow of the Martyr ; from the serene peace which often I have seen settle down on the face of those beings whose extinction cost most pain ; from the impossibility of believing the most holy affections a bitter irony, the most saintly sacrifices a delusion, the omnipotence of Genius a will-o'-the-wisp that the first material phenomenon can extinguish ; from every contemplation, from every study, from every presentiment, I have gathered that we are immortal ; that the law of Life is One ; that the progress felt beforehand and carried out by Humanity *collectively*, from generation to generation, is also unfolded by Humanity *individually*, from transformation to transformation, from Existence to Existence ; that this unfolding of progress implies the *consciousness* of that progress ; and that *consciousness* of progress accomplished and *memory* are identical words ; that we therefore keep throughout these transformations the consciousness and memory of our identity, and only reconquer slowly the one and the other, precisely as collective Humanity wins the knowledge of its past in the measure that it advances into the future. I have gathered that love is a promise to be fulfilled elsewhere, hope a fruit in bud, the bier a cradle of new life.

(*Letter of Giuseppe Garibaldi to Signora Carolina Giffard
Philipson.*)

DEAR AND GRACIOUS LADY,

In a previous letter of yours you said to me : ' I am unhappy to learn that you do not believe in God.' But you, most charming friend, must pay no attention

to my detractors. At Geneva, among other propositions, I put forward the following one: 'Let us establish the Universal Religion of God.' God, father of all nations without distinction of climate, frontier, sect, or color—God who wishes all human beings to be brothers and sisters—who represses and condemns all evil and wishes the good for all—in short who has as basis of His religion the holy precept: 'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.' If this is what is called not believing in God you may tell me in your next letter.

A fond remembrance to your family from

Yours ever,

G. GARIBALDI

ALTER EGO

Oh! Thou that towerest above me still,
 Calm as the great rock-sculptured saints of old,
 Between whose mighty knees I childlike stand
 And fret and buffet and am buffeted,
 By whirling phantasms of earth and air;
 Oh! silent Watcher of the endless fight,
 That with an endless patience, stirless calm,
 Can see me flinch and faint and oft-times fail,
 Keep me between thy knees secure from flight,
 Until the long grim dream shall have an end;
 Then to the better shelter of thine arms
 I can retreat, to seek a dreamless rest.

M. H. CHARLES

THE WORLD MISSION OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

THE article which follows is Chapter IV of a Russian biography of H. P. Blavatsky, written by H. Pissareff and translated by A. L. Pogosky. I have thought that it may be of interest to the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST, to become acquainted with this biography, written by a Russian Theosophist for the Russian public. It is divided into four parts: Chapter I is devoted to the childhood and youth of H. P. B. before her marriage; Chapter II is an effort to throw light on the mysterious twenty years spent by H. P. B. in her world-travels, and to show that these were not ordinary aimless journeys of a *femme oisive*, but a quite conscious aspiration to a definite aim, which ended in a long stay in Tibet with her Master. Chapter III contains a description of the well-known public activity of H. P. B.; the last chapter is an effort to give an appreciation of the world mission of H. P. B.

In this biography there are some details given which have not previously appeared; H. Pissareff received them from Mme. Ermoloff, who was the wife of the Governor of Tiflis in the years 1840—1850, and who knew personally the family of H. P. B. She describes her as a brilliant, but very fantastic young girl. She affirms that the house of the grand-mother of H. P. B. was visited often by Prince Galitzine, who had the reputation of a magician and of a Mason. He had long talks with the young girl, and some time after he went away, she also disappeared. This was the cause of great scandal in the province, and when she came back, her family made haste to arrange her marriage with Mr. Blavatsky, a functionary in the Chancellery of the Governor. He was no longer young, not interesting, quite a nullity. The family was prepared for a fight with the wilful girl, but

to its astonishment, Helena Petrovna gave her consent at once. It is clear that she wanted to be free from her family, and her departure from the house of her husband was arranged in her mind beforehand. Helena Pissareff supposes that Prince Galitzine introduced her to an Occultist who tested her psychic capacities, and that he helped her in her flight, gave her an address in Egypt of an Occultist to whom she went, and arranged for her to travel in company with another Russian lady. This supposition throws a new light on her disappearance with Prince Galitzine, and also on her marriage, which was for her in those days only a means of escaping bondage.

Perhaps these details may be interesting to English Theosophists.

The sketch which we send is Chapter IV of the biography.

A. K.

To be able to appreciate the universal significance of the revelations brought by H. P. Blavatsky, it is important to know how necessary and timely they were for our epoch, and for this, one must grasp the meaning of what humanity undergoes in our very sight. But the modern European consciousness, split into so many points of view, altogether disconnected with regard to the present reality, makes it very difficult for us to come to any general and concordant conclusions. The need for uniting in some general point is perhaps the most important need of our time, although the two main lines of thought—one, explaining all phenomena by material processes, the other by spiritual—serve as a certain generalisation, covering with their banner a multitude of contradictory theories and attitudes; but, developing in opposite directions, they split the consciousness and will inevitably lose the fulness of truth more and more if there shall not be found something to unite them, some common standpoint, which may

conciliate and gather them into a single harmonious system. Meanwhile, this uniting standpoint exists, and European Science has already come quite close to the generalising principle which equally underlies both the material and the spiritual life. This uniting principle, this hidden spring of every life, is EVOLUTION, the development of the complex from the simple, the perfect from the imperfect, in the world of forms as well as in the world of Spirit, leading us to a reasonable and noble aim. Taking the simultaneous evolution of form and life as a standard of human progress, we ascend at once beyond the contradictions of modern thought, and stand on such a post of observation as enables us to see the whole process of life in its entirety.

If we wish to find the root of all that happens within our view, we must look for it very deep, in the antiquity which served our race as a cradle. In those immemorial times, when the Aryan Race was in its infancy, its civilisation reached a high standard and brilliancy; this is clearly demonstrated by the excavations of the last ten years. To judge by the preserved specimens, there was no branch of human creative power in which that ancient people did not achieve high perfection. It is enough to mention their colossal, indestructible buildings, which required not only knowledge of higher mechanics and mathematics, but also some other science, which our modern engineers do not possess; or their wonderful water-works which transformed the glowing soil of the South into blooming gardens. According to the scientific researches of later years, not only all our religious ideas and symbols, but all the details of our home life, including our games and amusements—all these were known, all these came to us in one way or another from the East.¹

¹This statement does not come only from Theosophists, but also from representatives of materialistic science. Thus Professor Wipper expressed this conviction in a public lecture on the 2nd November, 1906, at Moscow. His lecture is published under the title—*The Light from the East*.

How then can we explain this? It is evident that these ancient people were the forefathers of our race, it is evident that they expressed the youth of it. How then could they reach such perfection of culture and know in their youth what we are learning only now, after thousands of years. The logic of things and the observations of nature's processes, wherein nothing is wasted and nothing is repeated in the same degree, makes us think that the ancient civilisations had aims quite different from our modern ones. Theosophy affirms this; it teaches that the earthly life of the whole of humanity has one common aim: *the development of all sides of the complex human consciousness*. For this a field of action is given: the earth; and on this field all nationalities, at different epochs, by means of manifold cultures, work—each on its own task—co-operating for the realisation of the one scheme common to all mankind.

In antiquity, where we have to look for the roots of all that we live through now, the bulk of humanity was yet in a state of childhood, the principle of individuality was yet in its beginning, consciousness worked vaguely and dreamily, creating indefinite thoughts without clear-cut facts, like the thoughts of children; but humanity then had an immense privilege: it acted under the immediate guidance of high Teachers, whose superhuman wisdom explains the high degree of ancient cultures. These Teachers are known under the one name of 'Initiates'; this name came from the elder 'initiating' the younger, *i.e.*, handing on his knowledge to him who by his moral qualities was worthy of becoming a guide to the young humanity. Among the esoteric traditions of all ancient races there is much information as to these Initiates, standing at the head of all departments of social life, who rose above egoism and personal interests.

In fact, we have no clear idea whatever of those ancient times; only a vague remembrance of them lingers in the legends of the 'Golden Age' of humanity. We

learn of the archaic civilisations when they were already at the end of their inner problem—the education of the young humanity, when only the outer forms were preserved, which always live longer than the life once animating them. This is why these civilisations give us the impression of decrepitude. The race itself may yet be very young, while its forms are outgrown, and they are weak, if they have already fulfilled their rôle and are preserved artificially when the growing life requires new forms; for this reason also each nationality which does not seek new ways, and remains too long on the old ones, becomes obsolete.

When the childhood of the Āryan race came to an end and the problem of *personal principle* and *independent initiative* took its turn, the Guardians of Humanity gradually receded further and further out of sight: it was time for the race to create its own problems and to realise them in its own way.

Esotericism has an expression: "Humanity has become an orphan." This just means this change to independent creativeness.

For the bringing about of the main aim of terrestrial creativeness—the development of every side of human consciousness—was needed all the endless range of historical experience which expressed itself in the succession of dominant nationalities, in planting various cultures, in developing various types of social forms. With this key in hand, the whole of human history is read differently, and one can guess what problem our own Western-European culture had to solve. It developed that side of consciousness which is best named the *terrestrial mind*, the lower manas; it brought it to definite clearness of perception, and, by the strain of egoistical tasks and strenuous forms of scientific discipline, sharpened the analytical mind to artistic perfection.

On the dawn of its youth, the Āryan Race enjoyed immediate guidance; we do not; but from time to time,

when the human consciousness passes through sharp crises, when new principles of life struggle with the old, humanity receives help in the shape of various spiritual impressions. Sometimes there are sent into the world disciples with a definite mission. Such a mission was given to H. P. Blavatsky at the end of last century. When we look back on the epoch when the Theosophical Society was formed, we shall see all the details of the Western-European culture brought to its full bloom. Owing to the egoistical reign of capital and materialistic lines of thinking, the outward life had taken ugly misshapen forms of hard struggle for existence, merciless competition, mutual hatred and wrath; while in the spiritual sphere there was going on a gradual extinction of the ideal, and a ruthless corrosion of all religious principle.

The fruit of this bloom has ripened under our own eyes; we witness an unprecedented scene of universal revolution, and at the same time, in the bottomless depths of the heart and thought of the whole of humanity, begins a change and an uplifting of a new phase of consciousness. If we try to imagine a picture of the European future, were it to go on along the same lines of uncontrolled egoism and extinction of all spiritual needs, it will be understood that it never was in such sore need of spiritual help than at the above-mentioned moment. It was in response to this need, that came the revealing of ancient teachings and the foundation of the Theosophical Society. Shortly before this time, in many places in America and Europe, spiritualistic manifestations began to attract attention. Spiritualism with its amazing mediumistic phenomena appeared in these years, not by mere chance; it represented that battering ram which made the first breach in materialism filling people's minds, and made them think. And we remember what a general uproar in public opinion, and what unrest among scientists, Spiritism called out at the time. Belief in the existence of the physical world alone was shaken. But

this was not enough. The whole life needed rebuilding and outward building must be preceded by inner transfiguration. But the latter requires faith, enthusiasm, a high ideal. Religious ideas, grown on European soil, separated from life and science, were powerless to influence consciousness. A flow of new spiritual energy was necessary. Such energy permeates the esoteric teachings of the ancient Initiates, who inspired the creativeness of all the antique Āryan nationalities. To reveal for the first time their hidden meaning fell to the lot of a Russian woman. And, as one might expect, her mission attracted the attention of all the world even down to the African Transvaal, before she was recognised in her own country. And yet nowhere else is the hunger for spiritual restoration so keenly felt as in Russia, perhaps because no one else has such a close organic spiritual proximity to Ancient India as we have. The best Russian people were always idealists, and ancient India is thoroughly permeated by the lofty idealism of her pure, ardent, limitless, religious philosophy.

If we reflect on the three objects put by the Founder of the T. S. on its banner, we shall find a striking conformity with the main spiritual needs of our epoch. We are suffering from the enmity of political parties, classes, and nationalities; Theosophy writes on its banner Universal Brotherhood, without distinction of race, creed and caste. We thirst for conciliation of thought and heart, union of ideal with reality. Theosophy brings us the scientific and religious synthesis of the Ancient East, in which all sides of human life—material and spiritual—represent a whole, bound together by the unity of religious consciousness. We have outgrown our psychological ideas, the more complex inner life of the modern man requires new methods of education, new methods of inner culture. Theosophy gives us a psychology quite new for the European consciousness, verified by *experience*, and scientifically based on the law of spiritual evolution.

Can Theosophy fulfil its promise? The reply is given by the more than 30 years existence of the T. S. Such a promise, if untrue, would have revealed its insolvency long ago; but the union of Theosophists continues to grow and become stronger, in spite of its not having any outward forms or dogma, nothing attractive from an outward point of view; it does not even require any vows; the unseen Power uniting its members appears to be so strong that it is able to gather into one family people of different nationalities, speaking a variety of languages, belonging to different religions and cultures. Another reply to the same question is given by the great, brilliant Theosophical literature, with its gifted representatives in all countries of the world, although so short a time has passed since H. P. B. laid the foundation stones of this literature by her works: *Isis Unveiled* (1877) and *The Secret Doctrine* (1888).

What then makes the power of Theosophy? Does it bring us a new religion, or, as some thought, does it introduce Buddhism in a masked form? Its power is in revealing the occult teachings of the ancient Masters of the Wisdom, whose knowledge comprises the *whole cycle of evolution of our race up to the end*, this is why it can give replies to all the questionings of our modern consciousness, including the poignant riddle of life and death, which stood unsolved before the human consciousness. I cannot enter here into the teachings themselves, but I can point those who are interested to the extensive Theosophical literature, which works out from many sides separate presentations of the Ancient Wisdom; if the reader will take the necessary time and give the necessary labor, he will have full opportunity of verifying my words. I will add a few words to those who misunderstand, and think that Theosophy calls humanity back to its infancy.

Yes, it calls humanity back; but in the sense in which every man returns to those lofty truths, which in

his childhood he accepted unconsciously, from which in his youth he drew back, because they were too deep for him, which he criticised later on, and accepted consciously and willingly in his ripe age. Every completed cycle of evolution runs round a full circle, and our consciousness having described nearly its full circle after a long experience extending over many thousands of years, through many civilisations, through rise and fall, bloom and withering, is on the eve of turning back to its starting point, to blend with it, but *consciously* and *willingly*.

To conclude: I wish to point out these results of H. P. Blavatsky's mission, which have already come to light during the last twenty years. All who are interested in India can observe different symptoms of awakening among the primitive populations of India, and an unprecedented tendency towards unity. People not participating in Theosophy, standing on the opposite pole of thought, agree that the source of the modern Indian movement is the recently born tendency toward religious unity. Religion always played the main rôle in the life of India; a multitude of sects and divisions, into which the six main brāhmanic systems split, and the division of Buddhism into the north and south sections, maintained the spirit of separativeness amidst the Hindūs. The turning-point towards unity and the impulse to inner regeneration above mentioned, were given for the first time by H.P.B. in her promulgation of one esoteric principle common to all separate religious faiths, and her energetic propaganda of religious unity in India—in co-operation with Henry Steele Olcott. The late President of the T. S. was a remarkably able organiser; he worked very successfully among the Hindūs for this cause, created many schools where teaching was given in the same spirit, collected a multitude of precious manuscripts which were constantly presented to the Theosophical Library by grateful Hindūs, and he unceasingly popularised the beauty and pure idealism of the ancient religious teachings of India.

The uplifting of the religious consciousness which was brought about by this loving attention to the spiritual need of the Hindū, an attention never experienced before—continues still, and, during late years, the revival of ancient Hindū thought is widely spreading, thanks to the unceasing efforts of our present President, Mrs. Besant. She strives to lay down the best traditions of ancient India as the basis of education for Hindū youth, and for this purpose she has created a great College, from which Hindū youths draw the inestimable treasures of ancient-Āryan religious thought.

The regeneration of the East and the awakened interest of the West for its spiritual treasures will play a big rôle in the near future, and will help human consciousness to rise to a higher plane.

It is difficult to imagine all the consequences which may result from the fusion of the broad synthesising ideas of the ancient East with the exact analysis of the European West, its high scientific development with the depth of the religious consciousness of antiquity.

The beginning of this fusion is going on under our eyes, thanks to the esoteric teachings which H.P.B. has brought to the Western world as a gift from the ancient East. These teachings, which in our modern language should be called a religio-scientific synthesis, harmonise all sides of human life, conciliating the material requirements of men with their spiritual needs.

And who will deny that the most imperative problem of our time, upon the solving of which depends all the future of humanity, is the harmonising of ethical problems with the social ones, the moral ideal of man with life's practice?

The whole power of Theosophy consists just in this fact, that its teaching is able to solve this problem without *killing earthly interests*. Theosophy must lead human thought because it unites the ripened experience of the modern West

with that of the ancient East, the full circle of the Áryan peoples' consciousness, both religious and scientific, which in conjunction gives—Wisdom.

One would ask why was H. P. Blavatsky selected for such a high mission? Because she was the only one among her contemporaries in whom a fine psychic organisation necessary for communion on subtle planes of consciousness was blended with high moral qualities, without which lofty spiritual purposes cannot be fulfilled. She possessed exceptional sensitiveness to spiritual influences, and at the same time a powerful will and a wonderful store of patience. An ardent enthusiasm and devotion to the ideas she served were united in her with an endless self-denial; this is what gave H. P. B. the claim to her great mission, and to the deep gratitude of all who knew and understood her.

HELENA PISSAREFF

GEMS FROM TIRUMANTRAM

The body is not real, it decays and dies. Wife and children follow you not at death. The discipline you practise and the knowledge you gain alone follow you.

The true pupil is one who has a harmonised mind, compassionate reason, truthfulness and tolerance, who ever follows the feet of his Master like a shadow, meditating always on the Real.

Seek the right Master; surrender your body, life and all at His feet; attend to Him without break of a moment; meditate upon the reason of things; thus you reach the place of peace and bliss.

INTERNATIONAL UNION OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

II

WE are going to speak of practical details this time. Let us speak of them then, but keep in view that all reform, all justice must be started from within as it is the Spirit that dictates and shapes matter, not matter that influences Spirit.

In this paper we are going to consider the means by which under *present* conditions we may bring some fresh breezes of the waking consciousness of the sanctity of work into some corners of its sphere at least, may consider whether it be not possible by love and wisdom, by devoted efforts and international interest, to create and supply conditions for a miracle of happy work to happen. One may call it compromise. Perhaps after ages of suffering, we may take even this humbly, if by it one can better the minutest particle of existing evils.

It is a matter of temperament. Some form principles and theories for good things to come for humanity, somewhere, sometime; never seeming to claim the realisation of these good things at once, under their very eyes, brought about and helped by their very hands. Have we yet begun *living* our lofty ideals? I think not. Have you ever seen an earnest, strong-willed man or woman who did not succeed in shaping the circumstances of their lives sooner or later in their own way? If this is not true, then all the theories about "thought is a deed," or "thoughts are things" are childish dreams. So there is plenty of hope for us, who are ready to give our efforts, our lives, if need be, to establish the forgotten truth: Work and Love

are one. If we are earnest we shall succeed, no matter how many mistakes we may make on our way, nor how many thorny paths we may have to walk through.

Just at this moment we will not touch in any way the work of artists, musicians, writers, poets, or preachers. The tangle before our eyes is too big, too motley. And also, we believe earnestly, that those who, like them, come nearer than any of us to God on the wings of their gifts, are already thinking these thoughts themselves, and preparing a grand epoch of momentous importance, all tending to the same goal.

We shall dwell in our minds among those more humble workers, who toil and fret in all corners of this earth, toil so unceasingly that they almost forget their former freedom, are almost hopeless of brighter days. In this state of hopeless despair brought about by ages of disharmony and injustice, by a broken law of equanimity, the toiler has no more time nor energy to think, to create, to fight. Some one must intervene, must take his cause to heart, must plead, must find the way where help lies, must think for him, as for his own self, must take his suffering as his own. If this be done, half of the evil will recede.

When we hear of the "idle poor," of their improvidence, of their vices and dirty habits, we get into a tangle, we suffer and are lost in controversies. What should we say of a doctor who, finding a patient showing symptoms of typhus, cholera, or any other dangerous disease, should get hysterical and run away so as not to see such awful things? What are dirty habits, improvidence and all the rest of it among the poor but *symptoms* of a more dangerous disease, which originated ages ago and is eating away humanity like cancer? It was brought about by injustice and ignorance, and the selfishness of men. Yet we pronounce it God's curse and run away, so as not to suffer ourselves from the sight of these

symptoms. We allow children and younger men and women to fall into the same pit of horrors!

The disease has many symptoms, many degrees of development. At some of its stages, one can see plainly, how a well regulated hygienic treatment may bring to the patient recovery, comparative health and strength.

There are very numerous centres of handicrafts for instance in France, in the Valley of the Rhône. The *petites industries*, what are called cottage industries in England, are reigning supreme there. They are little noticed by the big world's press it is true, but it is a little world of its own. If you were to spend one of your holidays there, and decide upon a good walking tour through the sunny, smiling valley of the Rhône, from village to village, leaving behind hurry and worldly conception of time, just giving yourself up to the present joy of life and movement, entering into this new rural world with an open heart and keen observing eyes, you soon would find as much as did once a famous traveller Ardouin Dmazel—to whose 27 volumes I may refer those who like to investigate further. Every village seems to have its own characteristics, its own sounds and ways. In some of them folks are making pipes, nothing but pipes of sweet briar; in others violins, and then you see the idea of the violin in all stages of evolution, everywhere up to the very roofs, drying, bleaching, ripening, and what not. Further we find a little factory, which produces only one shapeless thing in great masses—celluloid. And round it a group of villages shaping this mass into all sorts of elegant or useful things, too numerous to mention. And we hear of a peaceful evening, when the father rests in his garden among his little ones, watering his flowers and peas, and looks happy and independent.

There are some groups of villages in Austria, the famous Zakopane district, where the old Slavonia craft of wood-carving, brought from the ancient days of Middle

Ages right into the twentieth century, and, with the help of some of those idealists, who could not succeed in losing their love for the beautiful, it took lately (some 20 to 25 years since) a fresh impetus, and the district is now covered with schools, workshops, in fact has become a sight-seeing resort for tourists. The old traditions are sacredly kept by its leaders and teachers, but the twentieth century is clearly embodied in them, adding to the expression of the old Slavonic heart its new story of experiences. One need only to go to the Church on Sunday and have a look at some young mother with her baby, to have a quaint picture of living history and symbolism. Whoever saw the fine, artistic, most elaborate garments of the baby; its little embroidered cap, every little detail of its clothing up to the richly embroidered snow-white cover (which truly should range among church embroidery), and the rosy, healthy face of the mother in her picturesque snow-white embroidered cap, would hardly believe such a thing could be yet in existence in our time of hurry and disharmony. Truly the eyes of men, women, and children feeding, as they are even now, on beauty in nature, beauty in attire, and beauty in heart, are in a stage of development where they can be helped, where they must be helped. Is it absolutely necessary to have those graceful images broken, distorted and soiled, before they enter into a new cycle of progress? Could we not spare them the vulgarities of our so-called civilisation of to-day? Could we not be benefitted ourselves by helping them through this stage of evolution, preserving all the best of the past, the traditions of excellent workmanship, up to the next rung of the ladder? Help is wanted in *protection* of the craftsman in this dangerous passage from work, as a natural expression of Spirit, to work meaning manufacturing of goods in order to earn money, while land has become scarce and its tiller is obliged to take to some bye-industry.

Under just conditions, which are bound to come when we will alter our attitude into a just attitude of Brother-

hood, the tiller of the land, having plenty of scope for his activity, will not need to produce 'goods' of any other kind but the greatest produce of all—the food of humanity, grain. And in the leisure time allowed to him while nature rests and gathers forces, he, obedient to his mother, will also rest and gather strength; all his practical gifts will come into play, and the experiences gathered through the summer heavy work will flow freely through the functions of his intellectual gifts. This may find expression in many unexpected, heretofore undreamed of ways, of beauty. Because good seed in good conditions produces good fruit. We have forgotten the taste of such fruit, because we have made its growth a torture.

But I will take you now to some corners of the world in Russia, and show you some forms of industries.

Here is a small old town in central Russia. Its best street is not much of a street; a few brick houses, a few shops and bakeries, a market place with a good many deserted store-houses, a quaint straggling little house or shade with the public old-fashioned scales, where on market days the peasants weigh their loads of grain, hay, and other produce when they are fortunate enough to dispose of them. This town is surrounded by a motley crowd of still smaller houses, some of them mere huts made of logs and covered with straw, radiating from the town limits in all directions along the roads into the country. These minute insignificant grey-looking houses contain a larger population than the town itself. They belong to the so-called burgher class. The little town stands on a brisk little river and once was a centre of grain traffic, but the modern railway system shifted this centre to a new place, and the commercial significance of this little town collapsed, the storehouses were deserted, and the inhabitants of the suburbs, who used to get their living in a good many ways round about the once flourishing town, were left in desolation. No land, no earnings, no labor of any kind required any more.

In those days women saved the day. One by one they took to gold embroidery, and tapestry weaving, and leather work, led at first by nuns who had this industry at their finger-ends for ages. Soon these church embroideries turned into a more democratic widespread kind of goods, such as slippers, bags, cushions; the tapestry weavers made children's girdles and ties, also tapestry slippers and trimmings. The leather workers manufactured the same easily sold useful goods in their own technique. The goods were bought and sold by ordinary drapers in large towns. Later, another element came in and added a new feature to the industry of this suburb, now largely known. The War Office gave large orders for embroidery devices, marks and numbers for different regiments, both for officers and men. Of course these new important orders were managed through middlemen, and carried on for many many years without the public ever taking any interest in the matter. Even the nearest neighbors, even the local administration County Council never paid any attention to what was going on in the suburbs. The busy workers were there, their laborious lives also; one could not help seeing their faces bent ever over the frames, close to the small windows; the brilliant shops in the two capitals with all the showy gold embroidered goods, so well known as Toryok-industry, were before everybody's eyes. Yet no one ever tried to enter into the sphere of work, to learn how it was paid and managed. This indifference of the unthinking public is everywhere the best hot-bed for sweating and degradation. This came to Toryok nearer and nearer and the coils of the sweating monster squeezed tighter and tighter, and the victims still clamored for work.

Then a new era dawned upon the struggling workers. The first ray of compassion came from a good man, member of the local Zemstvo. The thought suddenly dawned upon him that it was his duty to examine how these neighbors of his fared, how these units of taxation, levied by the very Zemstvos of which he was a member, were served. He went

from house to house, and the information he obtained made him think and think deeply. Why, it seemed as if he were plunged into hell itself, or into a very pit of crime, where the evil-doer went about at his own will, subjugating all under his own boot by the power of his money, and no one else had anything to say to it. It was the prerogative of the spider to entangle and suck the feebly moving fly.

The good man thought and thought, then he made a decision. He went to S. Petersburg and found a way to the War Office. Among the many thousands of big and small wheels and screws of this elaborate institution, he found at last the spring of the machinery. He gathered courage, obtained and signed a contract for so many embroidered marks and symbols for the various regiments, studied the designs and samples, obtained the materials and returned to his little old-fashioned Toryok. He engaged a young lady by the month to distribute the work among the embroiderers and receive and pay for it when finished. A new wheel was thus added to the activity of the local Zemstvo, a new field for study and justice—a real work of love, was it not?

The next few weeks and months were like a working of an immense beehive, with a new Queen. At the end of this period, the good man went to the War Office again, delivered the goods, received the money for them and signed a new contract for more work.

Then came an amazing surprise. There was far, far more money than what they paid to the workers. He calculated again and again, hardly believing in the possibility of such a gain. Then he gave directions to add something like 50% to the former scale of payment. The workers fervently crossed themselves, yet old in experience, kept their joy in their own patient hearts.

A few more months, another delivery of goods; still more surplus money coming; another rise of the wages;

all this went on with progressing rapidity. In his official report, which I read with a beating heart at the great Exhibition of the Coronation Year, attached by a worn-out cord to the splendid exhibits—the leader put it very quaintly; “At last the wages reached 60 cop. a day (1/2) after which we considered them so abnormally high that we abstained from raising them any more and devised another plan of investment.” They, organised a permanent department of cottage industries as part of the County Council’s functions, took a house for the offices and stores, and started another branch of lace-making, reviving, as they went along, the ancient designs from a rich collection of lace lovingly preserved by one who loved beauty. Just now, after 18 years of steady progress, the centre has grown, trained artists have joined their efforts. At present these industries are in great demand all over Russia, and have a local wholesale depôt.

I do not mean to say that all the leading management is ideal and no better ways could be found; yet I note this instance with gratefulness, because it shows how much could be done even under the present commercial conditions of the labor market. It inspires hope, and works out some of the lines upon which the industries may be improved.

There is another corner of industries where darkness still reigns, where no loving heart yet sheds its life-giving rays; therefore this garden of workdom stands with blighted withered leaves, and flowers which have no power even to open—stands barren and desolate. It is a group of villages on the shores of the Volga, not far from the famous town of Nijni Novgorod. The shares of land allotted at the time of emancipation were very small, as is often the case where land is valuable (on the shores of large rivers, or rich soil of Central Russia, etc.) The brisk traffic in these regions brought a more than usual increase of population, and the shares of land grew smaller and smaller, till at last only one of ten

families could farm, the others had to take to some industries. Men took to boat-building, the majority sought earnings in other large towns, women alone remained at home. They were lace-makers for several generations. Every woman, old or young, every child from seven years old, made lace. Middlemen, or rather a whole system of them, acted as distributors, enforced sweating, tightening the screw more and more. Cheaper, cheaper and cheaper was the cry. The lace got looser and looser, it was handled in a disgraceful way, both parties vying with each other in getting the best bargain. It went on and on; the lace-makers earned less than the cost of bare rye-bread. To the English ear it would sound incredible, but facts remain facts. A lace-maker could not earn more than one penny a day, working early and late. At last this cruel system over-reached itself, as all evil will. The lace became so bad, that even cheap prices could not tempt any buyer and the whole industry of many thousand workers collapsed.

Statistics never registered items of such dramas. Then these women and children lingered, sickened, died out—no one of the outside world ever knew, ever wished to know. . . . During this period some of the more energetic women got occasional orders for some simple drawn-thread work. One or two earned some money at it. This sounded like a trumpet call. In a few weeks the drawn-thread work spread like small-pox. At every window one could see a bent-down face of a woman over a frame. The middlemen reappeared. They came with very poor pay indeed, but even this was life. They required ready-made goods. The poorest could not afford to buy the yard of cotton stuff and spool of thread. Thus a new subdivision was organised. Some of the workers who could afford to invest a few shillings for materials would take the order and give it out to the poorer workers at a lower price. Then there came a still more profitable system of sweating children. A woman sweater—a poor

wretch herself—provides the material and starts the first difficult part of the work herself, spreads large frames in her own house and takes children to do the mechanical work. Only one kind of stitch all day long, with imperfect light from small windows and all evening till late at night, with a poor smoky kerosene lamp, from day to day, from month to month, from year to year, all life long—always the same, no variety. Bent over the frame, sitting sideways, so close together that only the right hand is free to move, with faces as white as paper and transparent like wax, these young martyrs of ‘civilisation’ sit even to-day—yes, still stitching, stitching and stitching, and producing a vile stuff in shapes of tea-cloths, pillow-shams and d’oyleys, yet finding a market not only in Russia but even in Germany and England, because they are so very cheap.

Yet the very same woman could be made to earn ten times more if some kind heart would take trouble to provide protection and knowledge (Love and Wisdom). The middleman, as he exists now in Russia, can provide only a cheap market; he is unable to improve, to bring in ideas, to introduce better goods to a better class of buyers. He has only the coarsest methods and his only means are sweating.

I have no doubt that in every country similar causes and modern conditions must have similar results. We know something of sweating in England. From Dr. Coomārasvāmi’s excellent little book, *The Message of the East*, one gathers the assurance of this being the case in India as well. But I give here illustrations from Russian industrial life, because I myself know it better and am hoping our international friends will add their experience. I will give another instance of certain efforts to improve conditions, this time from a north-east province of Russia—Viatka. A truly peasant province this, as on account of its severe climate there are very few noblemen’s estates there, only the Tsar’s forests and the peasants’ shares of land. The mem-

bers of the County Councils (Zemstvos) have to be elected mainly from the peasant communities. Let us see how it told on the management of peasant industries.

After Moscow, it was Viatka whose County Council led the movement and awoke to its duty first. The first contact with the requirements of the local industries (the territory of the province of Viatka exceeds Great Britain) showed the fact of total ignorance of the subject. One part of the province did not know the other, no one could tell what was manufactured and on what scale, which of the goods were consumed in their own province and which and on what scale were they exported to other markets. A few large sweating firms in the city of Viatka knew a thing or two, but kept quiet. Naturally enough the Zemstvo, with the help of all its district branches founded a museum, and for this first step wisely selected a house right in the market place, where every man and woman coming to sell their hay or eggs or butter, could walk in and see. Soon a great collection of cottage-made furniture, utensils, toys, bowls, fancy boxes, wheels and agricultural implements, (as there is plenty of timber round about) fur coats, felt boots and shoes, linens of all sorts and lace was displayed in the new museum. This was followed by specimens brought from other parts of Russia, with a different technique; even foreign specimens found their way to this peasant museum, some 1,000 miles from S. Petersburg and some 500 miles from the nearest railway station at the time. A workshop was then added, and improved looms, with an instructor always ready to explain and demonstrate, attracted every market-day eager crowds of women. More workshops for other crafts were soon added, not only in the city, but in a good many villages, with evening classes for general instruction. Several lace schools were founded and maintained by the district Zemstvos. [The Zemstvos levy taxes on land to cover expenses of public education, roads, hospitals, and every other institution for the weal of its territory. The

peasants, being 90 per cent. of the population and living on the land, are the main tax-payers.]

But this movement could not go very much further without touching the main-spring of the cottage industries.

Indeed what was the use of improving the technique of anything, if the goods were destined for the hands of the sweater, who would not pay a farthing more for better-made goods? The Zemstvo of Viatka soon saw the necessity of controlling the market also. It opened a *depôt* in addition to the museum, a regular store, where furniture and other hand-made goods could be bought retail, or on wholesale terms. It also had a shop at Nijni Novgorod during the Fair, and in a few years the turnover exceeded £50,000 (500,000 roubles). This allowed the Zemstvo to control not only the prices for work but also to supply the workers with materials (such as thread, iron fittings, varnishes, etc.) at factory prices.

This put the necessary check on the former despots, the sweaters. They groaned, were furious with the Zemstvos, but had to submit to a real power. Again I will say, that all is not ideal; many things could, and should be more artistic, many mistakes are made through lack of properly trained leaders, but as we have no colleges for training leaders and managers of handicrafts worth speaking of anywhere in the world, we have to appreciate even these efforts and learn the offered lesson.

Thousands of instances could be described, but even these few will be sufficient for discussing the question—how to help workers.

Some day we can enter into details and take one industry after another and discuss the various requirements and means. To-day I will try to show a little of the general trend of help as it is given.

In Russia it is usually considered that help must consist in *teaching* the technique of various work. In a

centre of a certain industry, a school is opened, a cheap teacher from S. Petersburg sent for, and children made to learn lace-making or weaving. The teacher, as a rule is a young girl who went through three years of industrial education at the Imperial School of lace; before this she had learnt to read and write—nothing else. She is often very undeveloped and dull, without any ideas of how to teach. Sometimes an elderly foreign lady-milliner or old incapacitated governess, having some friends among the officials, gets this post of instructor, but as the pay ranges between £20 to £25 a year there are few applicants of this kind. The teacher teaches what she herself has been taught. The school with its ready-made cheap principles is brought from the town into a new world of peasantry, whose life, history, traditions are quite different and perfectly unknown to the town civilisation. The school brings the western methods; the peasantry lives by the eastern traditions. The teaching applies to the surface, the old traditions are concerned with the essence of things.

No attention is paid to what crafts were practised before the introduction of the school, nor what the methods and traditions were. No one ever thought of this. The grandmothers or even mothers may have possessed a craft with a past of a thousand years, may have possessed methods so elaborate and symbolical that none of these teachers ever could attempt to copy them. I can refer those who like to know more about such methods to the beautiful eight volumes with several thousands of illustrations of the Mordva Ornamentic and needlework by Dr. Hækel, Helsingfors. [Price 25 roubles.] If the children were left in their mothers' hands they would become as skilled themselves, inhale as it were the fragrance of the work from childhood, sharing its different stages with their mothers.

Knowing all this, knowing also this great value of inherited traditions, skill, taste, and symbolism, it is quite painful to see the results of school education. At present

all new 'science' (whether it applies to lace or embroidery, weaving or metal work) is chance work. Some 'fashionable' piece of machine-lace perhaps out of date in Paris at the time, some metal brooch of a peculiar style, *Art nouveau* made by the million in a factory to shine a week or two in high life, descends gradually to the lower classes, is sold then in the street for a penny; some 'interesting' effect of machine weaving—a fad of to-day, the object of disgust to-morrow—all these may take the fancy eye of the so-called undeveloped 'leaders and teachers' and serve as a model for laborious handwork. It goes then through these schools, and is engraved for ever in the young minds of the peasant pupils, as something new and desirable.

My memory keeps a multitude of facts, a multitude of efforts, rising and falling, histories of births and deaths of industries, alas, also histories of their crippled childhood, of their faulty, sickly growth. It looks to an outsider as a chaos. Not so to me. One red thread runs through all; its name is *separateness*.

The efforts, the workers, the leaders, the producers and the consumers do not love each other, do not know each other. They are groping in the dark, not knowing that they are limbs of one common body, under one common law, that they cannot do without each other. Instead of planned harmony they work in a chaotic, disorderly, disjointed way. What result can there be but degradation and misery?

In all countries, the handicrafts are going on in various ways, under various influences, driven often to degradation and death by ignorance or greed. Both workers and leaders, middlemen and consumers, are unaware of the colossal magnitude of this universal fact. They take it as purely local, or do not trouble their heads at all, save about cheapness.

One 'leads' in a far-away village, perhaps collecting and distributing work to order of some firm in a town; another, perhaps very well-meaning soul, living all the year round in

the country and having leisure time, and pressed by a famine year, gives small orders to peasants in a philanthropical spirit. Some friends in the same spirit buy and try to spread the goods. Perhaps a high official—friend of the initiator—may procure a yearly stipend; and lo! a new industry is afloat. It may end in a disaster, when there is no knowledge; the goods may not be marketable; or it may prove a success, especially when the initiator learns more than he teaches, brings out the best traditional quality of the workers, all the characteristic strong features; then such goods find their way abroad and get good prices. There may be larger efforts too. One Zemstvo opens a store of peasant industries in Moscow, another in Riazan or Viatka; there are some friendly societies or shareholding companies dealing with peasants' industries, also private shops and a great many local centres of industries scattered all over Russia. There are people eager to lead, to teach, to act as middlemen, some very honest and well-wishing, others greedy and ignorant, large and small sweaters, and there are immensely more workers who are in need of organisations. It is not a thing we can take or leave. It is there: unavoidable, chaotic, and calling for help.

All these channels of organisation and distribution of peasant work act separately. Their experiences are not shared or utilised, they do not know each other, they do not realise the common great aim, the common great source; they do not feel the support of a co-worker, co-thinker, co-lover. They repeat the same lessons, the same mistakes. The valuable experience of one is lost to the thousands of others. In Russia this separateness is inflicted by the general trend of politics. The rulers find it undesirable to allow union of various workers, as they know only too well that Union is Strength, and Strength is Power.

If such is the result of separateness in one and the same country, how much more it must reflect on inter-

national separateness—how much less do we know, each in our own country, of foreign tastes, and requirements, of foreign markets! Yet the twentieth century in its lines of life has in every way gone away from the nineteenth century. The world gets smaller and smaller. In olden times we thought of the limits of our village, and then of our province. Now we must study the life and ways of foreign countries, we begin to feel our international message, we begin to join our voice to the symphony of the world.

A Russian provincial may be indifferent to the characteristics and symbols of his own locality, but, bring into his small town Japanese or Hindū goods, or French or Spanish, and see what a commotion it will create. An English lady may get tired of many once tempting things of English make displayed in Regent Street, yet may be strongly attracted by the original Russian hand-made goods, novel to her eye and mind. It is quite natural that we should accommodate ourselves to those new lines. The thinker knows that this intercourse has a far deeper significance than it seems to have from the outside. The ways to the common aim get more and more interlaced, those who tread them become more and more brothers, more and more mutually needed.

The International Union of Arts and Crafts may try to lay the first lines of communion between the various countries. It may join and transcend the world-wide old organisations, add a new note, a new service to them, and draw strength and power through each of their branches, may, as it were, act in every corner of the world by friendly hands.

Central headquarters may be organised in London. This centre may attract to itself handicrafts from all parts of the world, reveal new fields to the seekers of beauty and originality, to the common hunter of novel goods, to the student of ethnography and antiquity, to the mere woman of

the world or housewife. From these, an exchange of goods may radiate throughout the world, bringing Hindū, English or Japanese work to Russia, Russian and Hungarian to India, and so forth.

To the leaders of industries, to the craftsmen, it will be a source of inspiration and study. To the workers supplying the hand-made goods, it will be an outlet and a market which will deal with them not only honestly but intelligently. The machine-goods have established such centres of information and distribution a long time ago. Money is well taken care of. It is only the world's handicrafts, whatever their magnitude, that are neglected, uncared for, because they run in separate efforts.

To-day the idea of work in unity with love seems yet utopian, too much in the sky; but so was any other progressive idea on the eve of its realisation in the concrete world. But if mankind is to progress, to evolve, these lines of unity are bound to evolve also, and then it will take proportions undreamt of to-day.

Large depôts of exchange of industries will grow like mushrooms in every large town of every nation; the honest loving service to workers and consumers is bound to tell on their popularity. The neglected industries will take up strength again; those who live on small plots of land, now unable to support a family all the year round, will then be secure during the winter months, and the towns will be freed from their over-crowded conditions, thus solving one of the greatest problems of the present age.

A. L. POGOSKY

WANDERLUST

Let me go, for the world is wide
And dear, new friends are calling to me.
Alas! they are dearer than all of ye,
Though your eyes be tender, your tears undried.
Let me go! for the world is wide.

Let me go! who are ye that sleep
With soft soul soothed to a tedious quiet?
My soul loves danger, my blood runs riot
And I want to laugh, and I want to weep.
Let me go, for I may not sleep.

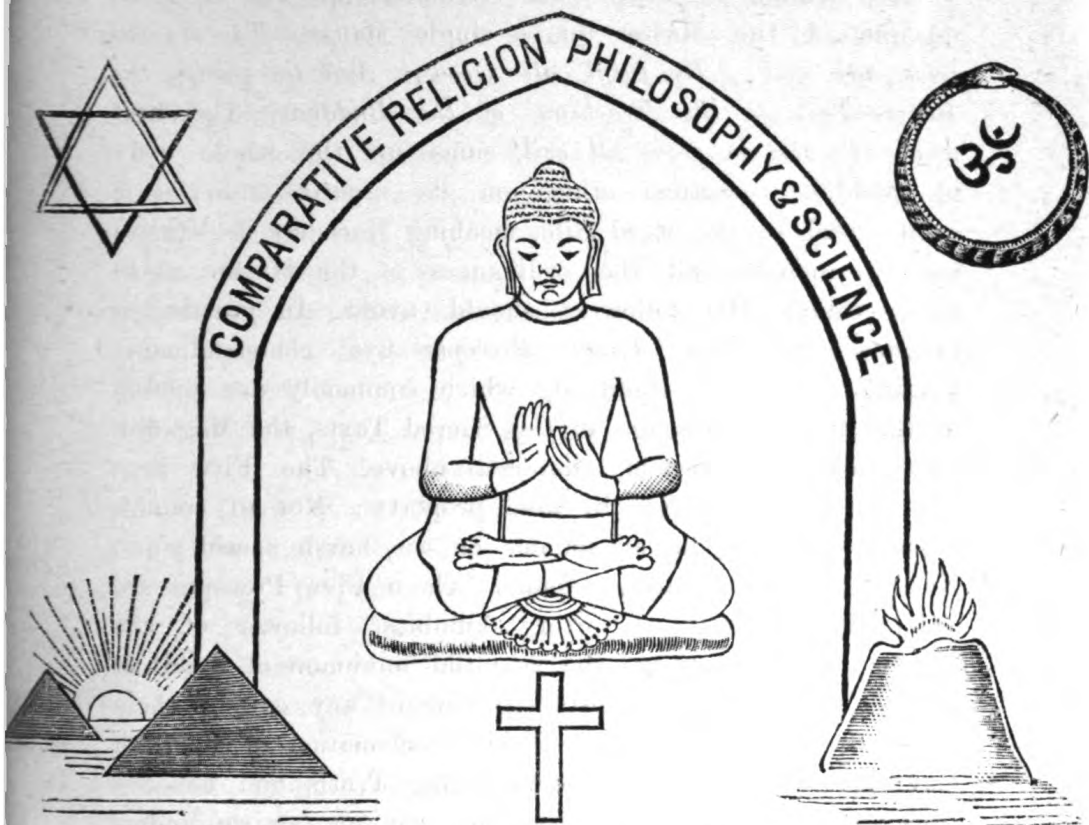
Let me go! I've a life to live,
Not a daily whirl of a dismal wheel.
I've a cause to serve, and a tremor to feel,
And a foe to slay, and a heart to give.
Let me go! I've a life to live.

Let me go! Let me sin my sins
Beneath the light of the desert star,
Where only the Sand and the Silence are,
Where Man is nought, and the World begins.
Let me go! Let me sin my sins.

Let me go! I am sick with desire,
For the mountain path, and the sunset's flame,
And the ragged mountain without a name,
And the sudden fight, and the old camp-fire,
Let me go; I am sick with desire.

Oh! Lovers of restfulness! How should ye know,
As I know ever, this longing that kills?
My soul cries out, and my being thrills
For the Force of the Fire and the Stretch of the Snow.
The Moan of the Mountain, the Howl of the Hills.
And the Lightning's speed, which is all too slow!
They are mine, and I yearn for them all.—Let me go!

ISABEL FOULKES



THE RELIGION OF BURMA

III

THE DHAMMA

(Concluded from p. 77)

THE DHAMMA (Skt. Dharma), the second of the Three Great Refuges, is then the Teaching which the Master left us in His stead. Derived from a root-word meaning 'to manifestly exist,' 'to palpably appear,' we may transcribe it as *The Truth*, as has been done in these pages; or as *The Law*, the causal sequence of the deeper things of Life. And, as a Law carries out a series of phenomena, or as clear Truth alone can carry us over the trackless waters of Life's Ocean to the Goal Unseen beyond, so also has the root *Dhar* the secondary meaning of 'that which bears, or carries, or conveys.'

All Buddhist Truth was summed up by a great disciple of the Master in a single stanza: *To abstain from all evil; To fulfil all Good; And to purify the Heart—This is the Teaching of the Buddhas.* The first term, *To abstain from all evil*, sums up the whole body of Buddhist practical ethics on its *negative* side; it is summarised in the word *Sīla*, meaning Harmony or Virtue; and it includes all the ordinances of the Master as to those things His followers should avoid. In practice it becomes the *Five Great Precepts*—five commandments binding on every Buddhist, which commonly are recited in the ancient language of the Sacred Texts, the Māgadhī, after the Refuge-formula detailed above. The Five are: Not to take life; Not to take property; Not to commit impurity; Not to lie or slander or use harsh speech; and Not to use intoxicating liquors. These Five Precepts are absolutely binding on every humblest follower of the Master; they constitute the essential minimum of Buddhist ethics, and he who constantly violates any one of them is no Buddhist, however loud his proclamation of his faith may be. Buddhism is Understanding Truth, and hence—since what we *really* understand, we *do* (as we understand ‘fire burns,’ and so abstain from touching burning coals)—hence it is *to act accordingly*. It is understood that men are human, fallible—that a man may break any or even all of these Five Precepts now and then; but if, considering (as the Buddhist is taught constantly to do) his conduct, he finds he has so erred, he still can set things right by *actual* repentance—by using his every effort to abstain from the like sin in future.

To this irreducible minimum of the Five Precepts, the pious Buddhist layman frequently of his own accord sets himself to observe three more: Not to take food after noon (as such is held to conduce to sloth and to impurity); Not to use high or broad seats or couches (which in the East, where the floor is the common sitting-place, betokens pride and luxury); Not to use

personal adornments, scents, and unguents, and to abstain from witnessing dancing, shows, and plays. These Eight Precepts—regarded, as to the three last of them, as binding only for the day on which they are assumed—are commonly taken on the Buddhist ‘Sabbath’—a movable fast-day or feast-day, dependent on the changes of the Moon, and so following roughly at intervals of a week. On these *Uposatha* days, especially during the period of the ‘Buddhist Lent’ (three months, roughly July, August, September, the time of the rains in the birthplace of Buddhism, the Gangetic valley), men, women, and children, and especially the elders, leave off work, and repair to the neighborhood of the local Monastery, where there is nearly always a separate rest-house for their accommodation. Here, in the morning-time, the women-folk prepare the day’s one meal for Monks and Novices, as well as for themselves and families; wait on the Monks before meal-time, and “take the Refuges and the Precepts,” Five or Eight according to their wish; in general it is the elders of both sexes who elect to take the extra three Precepts, whilst the younger generation take but the usual Five, and so can have their ordinary evening meal. After the chief meal of the day—which for Monks and Novices and those among the laity who have taken the Eight Precepts must be finished before mid-day—all generally repair to the Monastery itself, and listen to an exposition of the Dhamma by some senior Member of the Order; thereafter returning to their rest-house, where they spend the remainder of the day in meditation and the practice of their various devotions; not uncommonly—since the deep metaphysics of Buddhism are a favorite study in Burma, even with the laity—passing a part of the time in discussion of the preaching they have heard, or of some special point in the profound *Abhidhamma*—the portion of the Scriptures devoted to the consideration of the processes of Thought and of Life; or, as we might translate the term, the Metaphysic and Psychology of Buddhism.

Of the further extensions of *Sila*, Virtue, this first caption of the Law—the ten Precepts of the Novice and the 227 Rules which regulate the conduct of the Monk—further mention will be made in discussion of the Third Great Treasure—the Saṅgha-Raṭana, or Treasure of the Brotherhood. Here we need only call attention to the underlying *principle* of all these various commandments: they all involve the beginnings of *Self-restraint*; they are all imposed and have their rationale in that the commission of the actions forbidden involves the infliction of pain, of loss and suffering of some sort on others. Thus, from the very beginnings of his Faith, from the very commencement of his life, the Buddhist-born is trained up to Self-restraint—to the giving up of acts that would inflict loss or suffering on other lives. Thus early in the Law appears that Doctrine of Selflessness in practice, which, as we shall later see, crowns the whole edifice of Buddhist Teaching.

The second term of our threefold Dhamma-text, *To fulfil all Good*, sums up the next great chapter of Buddhist practice. This is termed *Dāna*—charity in every sense of the word—and it includes the whole of what we may term the *active* side of morality, just as *Sila* covers and includes the negative aspects. It is as though the Religion begins with the very lowest type of man—that base and ignorant type which is accessible by fear alone—by telling him: “This life is not all; nothing that is, but must in some form be again; out of this present life you must surely die, and just as surely take re-birth. See how unevenly are apportioned the lots of living things; some bound into low and loathsome forms of insects and of animals; and, even amongst mankind, some great and prosperous and noble—others poor and wretched and debased. None can escape from death, and death is but the portal of another life. Just as the thistle-seed gives rise to thistles only and the good rice to rice alone, so is it with the lives of men and animals—for through all life Causation reigns supreme. If

then, you would avoid these low, base, wretched, and ignoble lives—or others yet the sages wot of, lives filled with horror and remorse and pain for evil deeds wrought in the past—then you must practise Sila, Virtue, true morality; that is the one method of escape from all that threatening mass of pain.”

But to the man who—albeit from the basest of all motives, fear—practises even the mere Five Precepts, there comes an inward growth which makes of him a nobler, hence a happier man. For all that Sila is really *self-renunciation*; and when, growing thus wiser, the humblest follower of the Master comes to the second stage of growth, then the Law speaks a new, a greater Message: the Message of Dāna, Charity and Love. “It is not enough,” it says, “only to secure your freedom from the lower, pain-filled lives; there is a greater hope than this. If, in addition to mere abstention from the evil, you will fulfil and practise *Good*; if you will feed the holy poor—those who are sick and weak and old; if you will give of your substance to the world about you, taking thought for others’ sorrows, helping to relieve what suffering can be relieved by generous gift of wealth and food and care; then again will the great Law act in its inevitable sequences. By avoiding evil, you escape from base and evil lives; by practising Charity you further ensure to yourself lives full of happiness and joy; lives full of earthly bliss, or, higher yet than you can think of, lives of the bright, the Heaven-dwelling-Ones—the denizens of holier, happier spheres than this our world.” And so that man—still for no high, exalted motive, but yet for one not all so base as fear—so that man, out of *self-interest*, thinking, “Thus will I, giving now a little of my wealth, secure unbounded riches in the lives to come,” sets out in practice of this Second task; gives of his goods, his wealth, his help, his care to those less fortunate in life than he; relieves the destitute, is father to the fatherless, gives shelter to the homeless and unhappy; using his

worldly wealth no more for Self's sole sake, but for the aiding of the weak and poor.

And here again the Law of Life acts and re-acts upon the heart of him who gives—for such is the essence of Love, which, like a magnet, grows but the stronger the more it is employed in imparting its magnetism to other bars of steel. Starting to give for love of self, of self alone, the very contact with the lives and needs of others widens the erstwhile petty limits of man's self-hood. Giving to the poor, the weak, the desolate; giving to the holy—those who have renounced all that the world holds dear for sake of Truth and love of all; giving to these, the confines of his own heart's life grow wider to include their hopes, their sorrows, so that the kingdom of his mind, the inner purpose of his being, extends, enlarges and grows nobler each succeeding day. This is the second, deeper Truth the Dhamma has to teach us; how, like a flame of fire, Love kindles Love, grows by mere act of loving; and nowhere in the world is that great truth more understood—and so more followed—than in this Golden Chersonese. Never was there a people more generous, more full of charity than this; it has been the wonder of every author who has truly gained an insight into the hearts and lives of this most fascinating race. All the land is covered with tokens of their charity—from the golden glory of the vast fabric of the Shwé Dagôn Pagoda at Rangoon, gilded all over at intervals of a few years at a cost of lakhs of rupees, by voluntary offerings of the people—to the village well, or Monastery, or rest-house for chance travellers, down to the little stand containing a few chatties of clear cool water, which even the poorest can set up by the roadside and keep daily plished for the benefit of thirsty passers-by.

In a land where Charity holds so high a place, not in the talking, but the doing of its daughters and its sons, such poverty as India, as all Western countries experience, is utterly unknown. True, in a sense, the vast majority of

the peasantry are poor—poor, that is, as judged by the European standard of living, with its manifold and unceasing “wants”. But of the poverty that is cruel, harsh, base and sordid; the poverty of an Indian village or a London slum, there is naught at all. The poverty that shames and curses Western nations, that breeds crime and cruelty, that starves even little children to the death, such is unknown in Burma; and will remain unknown for just so long as they shall hold fast to their Love-teaching Faith. There is always food to be obtained, if not in the layman’s house, then in the Monastery; and the doors of the Monastery traveller’s rest-house stand ever open to the poorest wanderer, be he a layman or a Monk. True it is that in much of the ceaseless tide of Burmese charity is somewhat of wastefulness; pagoda added to pagoda, shrine built by the very side of shrine, great meals prepared, too great by far for their recipients, the Monks and Monastery-boys and wandering lay-devotees to eat, so that when all have fed, the very dogs can scarce devour the remains; but the Burman would justly answer criticism on this point by saying that one cannot have too much of what is truly good; and he does not merely *talk* of charity—he *lives* it in the smallest detail of his daily life. With growing national wisdom—for the Burmese as yet are but a youthful race, filled with youth’s joy in life, having the failings as well as the virtues and enthusiasms of youth—with greater experience, with their quick assimilation of the new conditions of life and the resultant wider understanding, the Burmese will grow, not less, but more wisely charitable. As it is, this second Teaching of their Law, their Truth, is so lived up to by them as to have become the common marvel of all who have seen it, all who have realised what it means.

Thirdly, and lastly, in our Text we read: *To purify the Mind*; and here we enter into that domain which differentiates Buddhism from all other Faiths; the realm of its Teaching as to the nature, content, and the Goal of Life; the

view-point of its doctrinal structure. Here it is that we pass forthwith into a religion so far alien, so strange to Occidental views of life, that most of the modern writers on the subject—the bulk of them, unhappily, men who believed themselves opponents of Buddhism (which is tantamount to saying they had not achieved its meaning)—have gone utterly astray. All other of the world-religions, even the wonderful philosophies, Vedānta, Sāṅkhya, and others, elaborated by the Indian Sages, have, following the obvious in life, centred their Universe in the concept of the Self; just as, in the old Ptolemaic astronomy, moon, sun, and planet, and the firmament of stars beyond, all centred in and circled round the stable wide expanse of earth. The lesser Self of man, the immortal Soul that tenanted this body of our flesh, that after life must leave it, as a man sets aside his worn-out clothes; that, and the greater Self, the Soul Supreme of the Godhead—whether the thought of it were limited and personal like that of the ancient Hebrews, or subtle and well-nigh impersonal like the highest transcendental concept of the Indian saints: those are the two ideas—ideas in fact interdependent and complementary, wherein all other creeds have centred their hope, their universe and goal.

And both, in this Buddhist Truth, are not merely absent, but actually denied. Just as to the men of the Middle Ages to whom Copernicus first propounded the doctrine that neither earth nor sun in fact was centre of the Universe, that there is in truth *no* centre, but only a constant, ordered flux of change, soon to be reduced to definite law by Newton's great discovery: just as to those who first, in geocentric times, heard this new doctrine of the non-centred universe, the very thought of it seemed monstrous and absurd, against the constant evidence of sense (for did they not daily *see* the rise of sun and moon and star, and their wide circling round the earth?), so, to those nurtured on the self-centred creeds and world-views outside Buddhism, appears at first the non-self-centred doctrine of the Buddha's Law.

Let not the student here imagine we are concerned merely with a dogma, with a view of life important but in men's imagination or belief. In the *Anaṭṭa*¹ Doctrine, or, as it might be rendered, the Teaching of Selflessness, we have the statement of a fact so profound, so true, that every action of the man who holds it must needs be modified from what he otherwise would have done. On it depends the whole of Buddhist Teaching, the three-fold practice of its ethics, morality, and charity, and this third term, *Samāḍhi*, or *Right Culture of the Mind*; to it, once more, is due that perfect Buddhist tolerance and freedom from all persecuting or denouncing spirit. Not least significant of all, it is the conception towards which the philosophy of modern science is steadily bearing the West Aryans; established already in the domain of physics, it now is finding ever wider and deeper acceptance amongst the foremost thinkers of the modern world.

Briefly stated, this fundamental principle on which the Buddha's truth depends is to the effect that there exists, in the light of the Highest Wisdom, no Self, and hence no not-Self (in the old metaphysical, antinomial sense of the term) at all. "*Whether high or low, great or small, gross or subtle, mean or exalted,*" to quote an oft-repeated passage of the Pāli canon, "*there is no Self at all,*"² and this astounding proposition

¹ *Anaṭṭa* (Skt. An-ātman), is formed from *Aṭṭa* (Skt. *Ātman*), the Self or Soul, with the privative or negative particle *a*; which here, because preceding a vowel, takes the *ṅ* for euphony. Thus the literal translation—obvious both from its derivation and from constantly-reiterated expositions in the Buddhist Scriptures (Northern and Southern alike) would be Soulless; Spiritless; Selfless. These words all have special meanings in English. We use the forms Not-Self, or Selfless to equate the Pāli.

² Whilst the above oft-recurring passage is taken from the Pāli of the Theravāda Scriptures (as the most ancient and authoritative sources of Buddhist Teaching), it is important to emphasise here that this *Anaṭṭa* Doctrine is *not* peculiar to that School, or to the Pāli Texts, as has been by some supposed. This Doctrine is one of the *fundamental* Buddhist Teachings common to both 'Northern' and 'Southern' Buddhist alike; and the 'Northern' Samskr̥t, Chinese and Thibetan Texts, reiterate it as do the Pāli Texts themselves. The same is true of the ancient authoritative commentaries and other early Buddhist expository works subsequent to the several classes of actual canonical Scriptures; e.g., the Commentaries of Buddhaghosa in Theravāda Buddhism, and the Mahāyāna works of Ashvaghosa. This fact needs emphasis here because, in some quarters, the idea

is the chief concept of all the final, Third Stage of the Buddhist practice: *Samādhi* or Mental Concentration so directed as to lead to *Pañña*, the Higher Wisdom or Insight. Put in other words, the meaning of this Doctrine of Anatta is, that *Life* in deepest truth is *One*—that the conception of the “I” and the “not-I,” or “the Universe,” as contrasted or separated entities is founded on a misapprehension far greater and much farther reaching than was the old delusion of the geocentric astronomy. *All Life is One*. There is neither in the heart of man nor in the heart of heaven any one separate and immortal being—an existence other and apart from aught in all the worlds. This One, this All of Life, so far as we are here concerned with it, is subject to Three Great Signata or Characteristic Signs or Marks: it is *Impermanent*, and *subject to Suffering*, and *Without a Self*, or separate soul.

How first the Universe came to be; what was its origin, the First Cause (to use a phrase the Buddhist would deem self-destructive, because involving a contradiction in very terms, a Cause being really a link in a series which is endless like a circle); who or what “made” it, and all such futile questionings as these were answered by the Buddha with the sole appropriate reply; with what the Buddhist Scriptures term “*the Noble Silence of the Wise*”. Truth is, that to such questionings there is no answer; our world indeed had its beginning—it is detailed in an ancient Buddhist work in terms singularly like those of the modern nebular theory—but not the Universe; and, as the Master once explained, such questions do not tend to help us; they have no answers, or what answers one might frame to them bring us no nearer to our object, to the End of Sorrow, to the Goal and the Fruition of all Life. “*It is as if a man, wounded in battle by a poisoned arrow,*

prevails that ‘Northern’ Buddhism teaches the existence of a Self, Soul, or Ātman. That view is quite incorrect. It arose entirely from the mis-translation by Christian Sinologues of the Chinese word *Hsin*. Beale and others, reading through Christian-tinted glasses, translated this word *soul*; whereas, in fact, it stands for the Pāli *Citta*, and should be translated “*Heart*” or “*Mind*”.

should say to his friends, when they came with a physician and an antidote, and besought that he should let the doctor salve that poisoned wound, or ever the poison won into his veins: 'But no, I will not have the dart drawn out, or the healing salve applied, till I have learned whether the man who shot the arrow was short or tall, fair or dark, noble or base.' That man would die, *Mālankyāpuṭṭa*," answered the Buddha to His interlocutor upon these subjects, "or ever one of all these useless questionings could be replied to."

How true, and how appropriate to these problems as to the 'Origin of Sin,' of Life, of all the Universe; and yet—alas for the fatuity of human reason!—it is just about such useless and vain problems that men have spilt more blood, have waged more cruel wars and persecutions than over any other cause of human disputation!

So it is that we find, in the more 'doctrinal' part of the Dhamma, only that "Noble Silence of the Wise" where all such problems are concerned. But it must not hence be imagined that Buddhism resembles the modern Agnosticism beyond the limits of this simple fact: Buddhism is a *Gnosis*; it has a positive, an active as well as a negative or passive side in doctrinal affairs. Looking back, as the full Insight He had won enabled Him to do, over the long succession of His lives, the Teacher saw how through them all there reigned one ordered Law—the Law of Kamma (Skt. Karma) or of Action, the Law of the Doing of a being and its consequences on him and the rest of Life. What gravitation is to mass—its fundamental property, not turned aside from acting, though other forces indeed may suspend the visible manifestation of its action for awhile—all that, and more, is this Kamma to the conscious Life. It is the Law of Causation operating in the sphere of Mind, that is to say, of Life: it is alike our Character (since our present mental make-up is the outcome of our whole long line of lives) and our Destiny (since, in the Buddhist view, Mind, maker and fashioner of all that is, as it were *dramatizes* itself as our environ-

ment, according to the sum of all our bygone tendencies); and yet again, seeing that it is in the very nature of Causation that *like* effect should follow on a given class of action, it takes the place held by the Deity in Theistic creeds—bringing happiness in train of good, and pain in wake of evil acts. We *are* our Kamma, in fact; and just as the mind, in a nightmare following on some over-indulgence in food, dramatises part of itself as the demon that pursues or haunts us, another part of the seeming 'I' which is pursued, and yet another still as the environment—the World and Space and Time wherein the 'evil Kamma' of that indulgence operates—so is it with the wider stage-play of the visible world about us in the waking life.

But here the Occidental reader, trained in mental Schools of various ego-centric faiths and views, will naturally pause. "How then," it will be asked, "how then, if indeed there be no Self, no Soul that on our death moves onwards, clothed in some cloak of subtle substance, or taking some new body in the flesh; how can the Buddhist talk of 'earlier' or 'later' *lives*; or how explain the fact that often, in the Buddhist Scriptures, the Tathāgata Himself concluded some tale of bygone lives with the words: "*That very person was Myself*"—if indeed there be no Soul, no Self, who speaks, thinks, acts, and suffers; who dies and takes re-birth according to the tenor of his deeds?" To make the answer clear, recourse must be had to an analogy.

Two men are standing by the shores of a great lake or ocean, its waters heaped in undulations by the power of the winds. Both see the same phenomenon, but one is uninstructed—a man of clear intelligence, of the type termed 'common-sense'; the other learned in the modern physics, conversant with the scientific aspect of the phenomenon before him. The uninstructed man will say: "There, on the horizon, is a mass of water, piled up in a wave; this mass of water so moulded by the winds, travels towards us

over the ocean, and breaks at last here at our feet." But the instructed man will answer: "Not so, friend. What you see is but a seeming, a wrong interpretation of the facts your sight conveys to you; there is in all this wave-birth, wave-life, wave-motion, and wave-death, *no* single mass of water that so moves over the sea at all. Each wave in truth *is* in a sense one thing; but it is a child of *Force*, and not of *Substance*. All that is really happening is that *force* is being transmitted by these manifold waves; the water is moving, but with no motion of translation over the ocean's depths; it is but rising and falling as the *real* wave—the collocation of hydraulic forces which give to it a temporary, but even so an ever-changing identity—passes onward, in the end to break here at our feet."

We know, of course, that the instructed man is right, and this is just the understanding of the Buddhist as to the Transmigration,¹ the passing-over of each Wave of Life. All Life is One, as are all the ocean's waters; what goes on, not only from death to the new birth, but from hour to hour and moment to moment of our lives, is that the temporary collocation of life-forces called a being, resultant from the powers playing on that one life-wave (the winds of Nescience, Avijja: craving and hate and self-delusion, both in the past and now; interaction with other life-waves, and many other modifying forces) is passing onward over life's wide ocean, presently, perchance, to break upon Life's Further Shore, Nirvāṇa, the Great Peace and Rest. Gazing through the far-reaching Inner Vision which the Holy and the High can gain and use, both the Buddha and the other Indian Sages of olden time saw this phenomenon of the sequent lives.

¹ *Transmigration*—the 'Passing-over' (not of *Substance*, whether gross or subtle, but of a Mode of Motion, of a particular and thus-arranged collocation of *Force*) is thus the correct word to apply to the Buddhist conception of Re-birth: not *Reincarnation*, which implies the existence of a subtle and immortal principle, a *Substance* (howsoever subtle) which at death "as a man, casting aside old garments, puts on new ones," takes on another "Garb of Flesh."

But to the earlier Sages, as to the uninstructed man of 'common-sense,' there seemed (as apparently their vision told them) to be but one changeless mass of being, separate from every other 'Soul,' that, keeping its one Selfhood through eternity, passed from the far horizons of Life over its restless surface to the Goal. To the Buddha, seeing yet deeper, searching right to the Causation and the manner of it all, there was no immortal and enduring spiritual substance or *persona*—only a collocation of Life's fluxing forces, changing not only at death and birth—the trough and crest of each successive wave—but every instant of its life. So to His deeper Insight, as to that of the modern physicist, there was no Self, no separate mass of life at all; and what, for convenience of speech and as a designation, we term our Self—a 'way of counting' as the Scriptures well define it—that is in very truth only an ever-changing collocation of the Elements of Life, bound together by the power of Tendencies set going by this very dream of 'I' and 'Mine.'

Otherwise regarded, we may summarise the body of Buddhist doctrine under the headings of the formula used by the Master in His first lesson to the world, given to those same Five Disciples who had deserted Him in that sad hour when all seemed lost. That formula is known as the Doctrine of the Middle Way: the Way that leans neither to the Extreme of Austerity, as practised by the Indian Sages; nor to the Extreme of Worldly Life, given over altogether to the pleasures of the senses.¹ It consists of

¹ It is of interest to note here that the Great Teacher, in His last Life on earth, Himself, previous to His Supreme Enlightenment, had practical experience, in each case extending over several years, of *both* these two Extremes. So great a Being cannot, in His very Attainment-Life, *Himself* have needed either experience for the final perfection of His own character; and therefore it has often seemed to the present writer that His passage through these Two Extreme-phases; of the Worldly Life during His youth, when He even married, etc., and of the Life of Austerity, during the Six Years preceding the Abhisambodhi, was designed, in the course of what we may perhaps term His "Buddha Kamma" (*cf.* the use of the term *Ṭathāgata*—'He who has gone in the Way of His Predecessors'), for the benefit of His followers: to teach

Four Āryan or Noble Truths. First the TRUTH OF SORROW: How all this individualised Life, involved as we have seen in Change and consequent Pain and Self-delusion, is *inseparable from suffering*; since either we have, and (changing in our Kamma's ceaseless changefulness) we lose, some cherished object; or else we have not what we desire and so again comes Pain. The modern student of biology may get an insight into this First Truth if he considers the humblest origins of life; remembers how the lowest organisms move and act only in response to *irritation*—as the modern term accurately and significantly puts it. The Second Truth is SORROW'S CAUSE: How all *Suffering springs only from Desire*—desire to win for sake of Self-hood, for sake, in very truth, of an illusion. Truth the Third is SORROW'S CEASING: How, *by the culture of the Mind to see the Truth in all things*; by constant deep endeavor to weed out the old 'Self's' ill tendencies, to sow new seeds of Virtue and of Love, *comes Pañña, Wisdom, Insight*—in the light of which no more the darkness of self-born desire can dwell. And Truth the Fourth is termed the PATH-TRUTH: How, even in our very heart of hearts, there lies a Path, a *Way which leads from suffering Life to Peace*; an Eightfold Way whereof the members compose a threefold inner training; restraint of Body (*action*), of Word (*speech*), and of Mind (*thought*). Of that Noble Way the parts are these: (1) *Right Views*—meaning the Understanding that there is no Self in truth, for Life is One, and One alone; the Understanding that this One Life is pervaded in all its parts by the three Characteristic Signs—Impermanency, subjection to Suffering, and absence of real Self-hood; and the Understanding how

them, that is, by His own actual trial and example and abandonment of both, the fact that *neither* could lead to the Peace. At the same time, His trial of both made impossible the common cry, on behalf of the partisans of either Extreme "He preaches what He has not practised; and decries a way of life of which He has had no personal experience, and hence is incompetent to judge;" whilst on the other hand further proving to His followers that no man need think even the Supreme Attainment impossible because he had theretofore abandoned himself to one or other Extreme.

this Life, and the motion of its innumerable parts is subject throughout to the Causal Law of Kamma, which we can see in action every time we logically and in sequence think.¹ (2) *Right Aspiration*—the earnest desire to help reduce the Suffering of life, and, by self-restraint and self-reform, to bring the Great Peace nearer unto all the world. (3) *Right Speech*—loving and kindly and true. (4) *Right Action*—avoiding evil deeds and practising charity in all our ways. (5) *Right Livelihood*—following a mode of obtaining our daily bread which inflicts no harm or hurt on any living thing. (6) *Right Effort*—the constant endeavor to suppress our evil tendencies and to cultivate the thoughts, words, and acts which lead to good—further classified as the Fourfold Great Struggle: (a) the inhibition of old *evil* tendencies; (b) the inhibition of the acquirement of new evil habits and ways; (c) the careful constant cultivation, by dint of special mental practices, of *good* habits, noble and helpful thoughts (such as Love, Sympathy, Compassion, Charity,) already formed; and (d) the assiduous cultivation of such good qualities and habits of thought and life as are not already a part of our mental habitude. (7) *Right Watchfulness*—the continued observation of all we speak, think, do, following out in each the operation of the Causal Sequences, classifying each as ‘good’ (tending to reduce Life’s suffering), ‘indifferent’ (free from taint of Craving, Hatred, and Self-delusion, and so producing no new causal sequences at all), or ‘evil’ (tainted by one or other of these last three Modes of

¹ Kamma, it must be understood, is no dogma or hypothetical principle; it is, obviously and palpably, to one who understands the teaching, all the time working in the daily thought-chains of our lives. But for the fact that Kamma, Mind, or Life-causation, is the fundamental Law of Life, we could not for two consecutive seconds remember our past, or frame an intelligible sentence in the mind; and as to the Buddhist teaching that this Kamma, at a being’s death, causes an immediate re-birth to occur (a re-birth, according to Buddhist phrase, which “is not he, and yet is not other than he”), that is merely a logical extension of the constantly perceived Law on the basis of the principle of the conservation of energy. A man exists now: an immensely complex bundle of mental forces; these must have been set going, since all things are caused, and the nature of causation is that like breeds like; therefore the present mental make-up of a man must have had its origin in mental causes set in motion in a similar life. And the same argument applies to re-birth in the future.

Nescience, and thus tending to set in motion causal sequences *adding* to the suffering of life). Besides this observation of all our mental operations, and the discrimination as to their moral value (with the determination to cultivate the good in future and to avoid the evil), Right Watchfulness includes *the constant application to each and all of them of the Doctrine of Selflessness*—the practitioner thinking and observing, as regards each phenomenon, of action, speech and thought, of *every* mental modification that constitutes his life, without exception—*This is not I, this is not Mine, there is no Self herein*. And, lastly, we have (8) *Right Ecstasy*—the practice, according to the rules laid down in the books, of those high methods of Mental Culture which lead to the ‘Awakening’ in the various realms of conscious life; all directed to the entering and following of the Path of Peace, and the final Attainment of Arahanship, of Liberation from Craving, Hatred, and the Self-delusion.

Such is the briefest of surveys of the third stage of the Buddhist practice—the stage of Mental Culture; one from which we have been compelled, for want of space, to omit all but the most fundamental details. To the man who by the practice of Virtue and Charity, has come to adolescence in his mental and moral growth, the Most Excellent Law here brings its final Message. “By virtue and by Charity,” it says, “we avoid ill lives and win to good ones; but, seeing that all things pass to Change and Death, not even the good Kamma so made can last for ever. So long as we remain subject to Life and to Causation’s Law we remain also subject to Death, to the wearing out of good as well as of evil Kamma. He who is truly wise seeks to *deliver* that fraction of the One Life which at the moment is manifested as himself from this subjection; he seeks to *realise the Final Purpose* of all this changing, suffering cycle of existence and re-birth. Beyond the highest Heaven—beyond aught that in this Dream of Life we even can conceive—there reigns a State of Peace wherein there is

no Change for evermore; wherein is no more Suffering; the Goal and the Fruition of Life, the Incomparable Security of Nirvāṇa. If you can win to that, you bring all Life a little nearer to its Goal; to win to it you have to realise the final Truth—the truth that *there is no Self at all*—that this certain-seeming Selfhood is but a delusion, direst of all the Bondages of Mind, of Life. Enter, then, on this Way of Peace: enter it by Self-restraint, by Self-renunciation. Live, work, strive, no more for Self but for pity of all Life: so, by reforming what appears 'yourself,' you may in very truth help to relieve the suffering of the All of Life; and bring your little Wave on Life's great ever-surgng Ocean at last to break upon "Nirvāṇa's Further Shore."

IV

THE SAṄGHA

Third of the Refuges is SAṄGHA-RAṬANA, the *Treasure of the Brotherhood*—that community of Monks or 'Homeless Ones' which the Master founded for those who wished to enter on a way of life far more conducive to swift progress in the Path than ever the purely worldly life could be. Besides this function, it has another: that of maintaining the racial recollection of the Truth the Master found and taught; the passing-on of the Dhamma; the teaching of the laity. From what has gone before it will be understood that the Buddhist *Bhikkhu* or Monk in no sense is the equivalent of the priest of the Theistic Creeds; in a Religion in which there is no Deity, wherein Causation reigns supreme, and no petitional prayer or ritual can bring a man one jot the nearer to the Goal, there is no place for the 'priest'—for the intermediary, that is, between the layman and his God. Each man's own acts alone affect his future;¹ and no charms or rites or prayers

¹ So far, of course, as he makes any sort of (Mind-born) Doing, or Kamma, *his own*, by dint of mental functioning, that is, by dint of living it. This view does then of course by no means exclude the possibi-

can in the least alter the inevitable sequence of Causation's Law. But, as we have seen, *charity* is an essential practice in applied Buddhism; and seeing that, in a truly Buddhist land like Burma, there are none who starve for want of food, it might be difficult to find suitable recipients for the large and constant charity of the Buddhist, this function is fulfilled by the Members of the Order, who are absolutely dependent on the laity for each day's food, for their robes, monasteries, books, medicines, and in general for their entire support. The layman's object in giving charity is to 'make Merit'—to pile up, as it were, good Kamma to his credit in the bank of life, so that he may come to better and nobler states of existence—may win to lives in which the entering of the hard Path of Selflessness, now impossible for him by reason of his manifold desires, may be found the easier. Buddhist teaching also indicates that the effect of charity in producing powerful Merit depends on many things beside the mere value of the gift: it depends, for example, on the *motive* in the giver's mind, on the extent to which it involves a real act of abnegation to him; and, finally, besides yet other considerations, very largely *on the moral status of the recipient*. Other things being equal, the holier the recipient, the greater the Merit of the person helped, the greater will be the fruits of an act of charity, in the way of potent Merit, to the man who gives.

lity of one man's actions *affecting* another's Kamma. For example, we may hear of the Life and Teaching of the Buddha; if we *choose to assimilate* what we can of that Teaching, and *choose to follow* what we can of the Example of that great Life, then our Kamma may become, even in a single life, so profoundly modified as to seem almost a different Kamma altogether. And such modification of a man's Kamma by his religious Teachers, his loved ones, his friends, enemies—all who contact his life—is constant and considerable; it is analogous, in the wave-simile to the effect of surrounding waves, except, of course, in that in the intelligent, conscious life of man the element of *choice* comes in. Again, Kamma is far from being the *sole arbiter* of a man's Destinies: some sorts of Suffering (as a congenital disease) may, for example, be due to Kamma acting from past lives; but others may again arise from any of seven other causes: as, Heredity, Environment, the Seasons, and so forth. Thus the phrase must be regarded as, for the present moment, *conditionally* or only *mainly* true: it would only become absolute did we add the words "in the long run."

Thus, on the one hand, to him who finds himself so far advanced as now to need to devote all his time to the practice of Mental Culture, the Brotherhood affords a state of life in which all those worldly cares which are so harmful to the needed peace of mind are absent; he has no more, once in the Order, to take thought as to how he shall secure his daily bread. And on the other hand, to the layman, desiring to practise the highest active virtue of his creed, the Brotherhood, by reason of the special holiness of the lives its Members lead, is, as the Buddhist phrase has it, "an incomparable Field of Merit"—a field which will yield a richer harvest for the sowing of charity's good seed than well-nigh any other in the world.

The Brotherhood¹ consists of two classes—the Novices, who have Ten Precepts to observe (the Eight Precepts before given, one of which here is divided into two, thus making nine of what were given as eight; and in addition a precept as to abstaining from the acceptance or use of money, or of gold or silver in any form). Any male above seven years of age may be ordained as a *Sāmanera*, or Novice; and in general practice in Burma, every boy so enters the Monastery and undergoes its discipline at

¹ That is, using the term in its *widest* sense, as including every person who, under our Buddha's Dispensation, has adopted the 'Homeless Life,' received the *Pabbajja*, or 'World-renouncing' Ordination, and who wears the yellow Robe. *Technically*, fully-ordained, (*Upasampanna*) Monks, or Bhikkhus, only are 'real' Members of the Order; whilst, again, the *highest* (and the most restricted) sense in the word *Saṅgha* may be used: that involved when we speak of the *Saṅgha-Ratana*, the 'Treasure of the Brotherhood' to which the Buddhist turns as his Refuge and his Guide, is no more even the majority of the living Bhikkhus; it then consists of that far rarer Great Brotherhood of *those who have entered upon the Path*: the Holy Ones, alike of the past and present, who under our Master's Dispensation, have attained to one or other of the Four (or, according to another classification, one hundred and eight) Stages of the Way to the Incomparable Security. In this last sense, our *Saṅgha-Ratana* recalls the 'Communion of the Saints' of the Christian Creed. Thus looking on its third Member, we might regard the whole Refuge-formula as a species of conjugation of the idea of Attainment, Enlightenment, Awakening, in respect of the three Modes of Time. It is as though the Buddhist asserts: (1) In the *Past*, One—the Exalted Lord—attained and passed-utterly-away. (2) In the *Present*, in His Place we have Him living in His Dhamma—through which we may *now* attain; and (3) In the *Future*, even *we* may yet attain—as the Communion of the Holy Ones, the *Saṅgha-Ratana*, ever exists to aid and to attest.

some age between seven and twenty. Any Bhikkhu can ordain a Sāmanera, but only with the consent of his parents or guardians if a child; and, once ordained, the Novice can leave the Order at will at any time. He wears the Yellow Robe, takes food like the Monks, only before noon; and may own no property except such as is allowed to the Monks themselves. A Burmese lad is generally put into the Novitiate by his parents for a period of a few months, or a year or so; and thus well-nigh every man in the country has lived some time in the Monastic Order—a fact on which the immense esteem in which the Monk is held largely depends. Every man has lived in immediate contact with the Brotherhood, and is personally acquainted both with the high standard of purity and holiness and learning therein maintained; he also has practical experience of the restraints—so hard to a young and eager people like the Burmese—involved in the monastic life. In the Monastery, the Novice acts as attendant to the Monks—maintains order, draws water for drinking and bathing purposes, sweeps out the Monastery before dawn, sees that the sanded 'walking-place' is clear of life or leaves, and so forth. Besides these attendant's duties he learns from some resident Monk the special duties of his station; studies his Religion from the Sacred Books, and joins the monks at their united devotions, generally twice a day, at dawn and eventide. Before the establishment of secular schools by the British Government, the entire education of the male population of the country was in the hands of the Monks; and, apart from the period of the Novitiate (designed more especially with a view to instruction in Religion), a large number of Burmese boys still obtain their whole education in the village Monastery.

In commemoration of the Great Renunciation, the entry of a boy into the Novitiate is frequently made the occasion of one of those public festivals which delight the play, movement and color-loving Burmese heart.

Even poor parents will often save money for some time (a very hard task for the generous and, indeed, thriftless Burman) in order to give their sons a lavish *Shin-pyu* (making a Holy One), as the festival is called; and the *Shin-pyu* of a rich man's son is often a very grand affair. Personifying the Prince Siddhattha, the boy is dressed in regal robes and crowned; and, after receiving all his friends in state, the little Prince rides round the village, mounted, if possible, on a white horse, in memory of white Kanthaka, the Bodhisatta's steed. A procession is formed, and amidst a great display of royal canopies and insignia, hired for the occasion from some theatrical company, it marches to the air of stirring music round the village to the Monastery walls. Here the Princeling must dismount and music must stop: for the little Mystery-play has reached the point corresponding to the arrival of the Bodhisatta at the River Anoma, when He put off His Royal robes and donned the Ascetic's Garb. Entering the compound, the lad bathes and is clad in a temporary plain white robe, and, so attired, makes his request, in the ancient Pāli formula, that the ordaining Monk will, *Out of Compassion, and for sake of the Attainment of Nirvāṇa's Peace*, grant to him the Yellow Robe. The Monk, assenting, gives him the parcel of Three Robes, placed ready to his hand. The lad retires and robes himself in these, after having his head shaved; he then returns to the Monastery, where the ceremony of the Ordination is completed by his recitation of the vow to observe the Ten Precepts of a Novice.

Full Membership in the Brotherhood may only be conferred upon a male,¹ of twenty years and upwards,

¹ Men only can now receive the Upasampada or Full Ordination. Originally the Buddha founded a *Bhikkhuni-Saṅgha*, or *Sisterhood of Nuns*, as well as the *Bhikkhu-Saṅgha* or *Fraternity of Monks*; and some of His most eminent disciples were members of this community, which had its own Vinaya Rule, and its own Ordination, separate from that of the Brotherhood. This *Bhikkhuni-Saṅgha*, however, owing to the corruptions creeping into Buddhism in India, the fast-growing power of the Brāhmanical caste which caused this, and the increasing seclusion of women, which was one of the results of the priestly dominance, perished in

who must be free from debt, the king's service, and certain specified diseases and deformities. It can only be conferred in practice by a *Thera*—a Senior Monk, that is, one of at least ten years standing in the Order; and he can only perform the ceremony in the presence of a technical *Saṅgha*—a Chapter composed of not less than ten fully-ordained Monks.¹ The Office of Ordination, as used in the Buddha's time, is read out by the *Thera* in presence of the assembled Chapter in the ancient Pāli. It is customary in Burma, likewise, to go through it in the vernacular, since so much Pāli is not likely to be known to the novice desiring Ordination. The *Thera* who confers the Ordination is thereafter known as the *Upajjhāya* or spiritual Superior of the new Monk, to whom likewise an *Ācariya* or Instructor is allotted. For five years the Monk remains in 'Nissaya,' or 'dependence' on Superior and Instructor; thereafter he is permitted to dwell in a Monastery apart from such dependence; but not till he has acquired ten full years of seniority in the Brotherhood does he become himself a *Thera*, an Elder; thereafter he can himself, in presence of a valid Chapter as detailed, confer the Full Ordination, take pupils, and generally act as the Head of a community of Monks.

The Pāli title for the Monk is *Bhikkhu*, literally 'the Mendicant,' but in Burma this word is seldom employed outside the Order; the laity term their Bhikkhus *Hpon-gyi*, or 'The Great Glory,' and they are treated with the utmost deference and consideration. The younger Monks of

India, and indeed elsewhere also (since at one time there were Nuns as well as Monks in Ceylon) some five hundred years after the Nirvāṇa of the Buddha (about the first century of the Christian era);—as, indeed, the Master Himself had prophesied would be the case.

¹ Ten Bhikkhus are required to form a valid Saṅgha, or Chapter, for the Upasampada Ordination in a Buddhist land. But in *partibus*, in countries, like England or other Western lands at present, where the Religion is new, not yet technically 'established,' a valid Chapter for the conferring of the Upasampada, most important of all the official Acts of the Community, may be composed of not less than five Bhikkhus, inclusive of the *Thera* or Ordaining Monk, who here again must have at least ten full 'Vassā' or 'Rains' (that is, years) of standing in Full Membership.

a Monastery, accompanied by the Novices and the 'Sons of the Monastery' (boys, that is, who are placed for their schooling at the Monastery, but who do not take Orders as Novices, and so can feed after noon) commonly go in silent procession, early each morning, round their village to beg their daily supply of food; each Monk and Novice carrying a large earthen or iron bowl, sometimes, for convenience, slung in a string satchel over one shoulder; whilst the Sons of the Monastery bear each a large platter, or a pair of these, slung from the ends of a bamboo carried on the shoulder in the immemorial manner of the Far East, on which are placed various cups and dishes for the curries or seasonings to be taken with the rice. As the procession comes to each door it halts a moment, when the householder, or more commonly one of his womenfolk (who has been up long before dawn cooking the day's supply of food), comes out and places a spoonful of plain rice in the begging-bowl of each Monk and Novice; and, if any curry-stuff is to be given, this is placed in one of the dishes carried by the boys.¹ If that day there is no offering to be made, the householder comes forth and begs the Monks to pass onwards. The whole round is

¹ Such, it may be added, is the custom in Burma, and probably also in Siam. But in Ceylon this nice discrimination is not observed; not only rice, but *all* the food-stuffs offered, are placed in the Bhikkhu's bowl. This unpleasant method has the one merit (if merit it be) of antiquity: there was in ancient times no luxurious use of plates and dishes: the Ascetic's *sole* food-receptacle was his bowl, from which, sufficient being collected, he made his meal direct. The author—who has 'tried both' methods—is fain to admit, with, he fears, characteristic Occidental tendency to luxurious ways—that he prefers the differential, Burmese, to the integral, Sinhalese, method. By the time the Bhikkhu in Ceylon reaches his Monastery, all has conglomerated into the weirdest sort of composition: rice, different (*very* different: and O how strange!) kinds of curries, ghee, curds, sweetstuff, cakes, and peradventure little fishes and some milk or tea: all have agglutinated with a result that makes the recipient fully comprehend how, when first in an Indian village the Great Teacher, lately Prince, begged, bowl in hand, His daily meal, even His self-restraint for the moment failed Him, and He turned with loathing from the horrible mess! Whilst on the subject, it is interesting to recall the circumstance that the Bhikkhu's begging-bowl (or to be exact, the bowl) of the Master Himself, long cherished as a holy miracle-working Relic in India, has been very plausibly indicated by the learned as the origin of the tradition of the Holy Grail. Cf. the Buddhist tradition of the infusion by the Devas of the Amṛta, or some divine, life-giving-food, into the Bodhisatta's Bowl, plenshed by Sujāta with fresh curds and rice on the eve of the Supreme Enlightenment.

conducted, on part of Monks and Novices, in unbroken silence; and, when each house has been visited, or when in towns sufficient food for the day's consumption of all at the Monastery has been secured, the procession returns to the Monastery. Here the food, commonly re-heated by the Sons of the Monastery, is taken before noon; and the bulk of the day is passed by the Monks in teaching their scholars, in studying the Pāli language and the Scriptures; in writing with an iron stylus copies of some sacred Scriptures on the immemorial palm-leaf, which till lately formed the chief writing material of the East, and such-like simple, pious work. Some few Monks, further, devote themselves mainly to the practice of *Bhāvana* or Meditation—the Intent Contemplation of some object physical or mental, with a view to the attainment of one or other of those higher States of Consciousness of which mention has been made, and which form a very large subject by themselves, impossible here to deal with.

The Monk has to observe 227 coded Precepts; the whole course of his conduct being further regulated by multitudinous rules laid down by the Master as occasion arose. Of the three great divisions of the *Ṭi-Pitaka*, the 'Three Baskets' or collections of the Buddhist Dhamma, one, comprising five extensive works, to which, outside the actual Canonical Rule, is appended a still larger commentary-literature, is devoted solely to the Monastic Rule. There are Four Deadly Sins, each involving *ipso facto* expulsion from the Order: the breaking of the Precept of absolute Chastity—binding on Monks and Novices alike; the taking by fraud or violence of aught not given to him; the taking of Life (here it is only the taking of *human* life which involves actual expulsion, though taking even the life of an animal would be regarded as a grievous offence against the Rule); and, lastly, the falsely laying claim to the Attainment of Arahanship or to the possession of any superior, superhuman powers at all. This last is, with its minor theses, a most salutary rule,

and has served, even for the long period of twenty-five centuries, to maintain the Dhamma of the Buddha free from all changes; it has made impossible, for Theravāda Buddhism, any additional 'revelations' resultant from some Monk's proclaiming, for example, that he had had a vision of the Master commanding such and such an alteration in the 'Truth and Discipline' to be made.

The Monk may own but Eight Possessions—his three Yellow Robes, his begging-bowl (which forms also his dish), his Girdle, his Water-strainer (used to filter his drinking-water, lest he should destroy the life even of an insect), a Razor to shave with (the head of the Monk is commonly completely shaven, the members of a Monastery doing this service for one another), and a Needle with which to repair his Robes.

The Monks of Burma are held in the highest esteem by the people—an esteem which the purity of their conduct and the high excellence of their lives fully justifies. In Upper Burma especially (where the whole manners and customs of the people have not yet been so far demoralised by Western civilisation as in Lower Burma, where the British occupation has been much longer) the deference shown them is most marked; a Burmese layman there will never address a Monk except in an attitude of obeisance; whilst all over Burma the Monk has actually an entire set of words to denote respect, used for his daily actions; thus he does not, as we might translate, 'walk,' but 'proceeds,' he 'pronounces' instead of merely 'speaks,' and so on.

The Brotherhood of Burma dates back to the most ancient times, although local wars and other disturbances have on several occasions so reduced its numbers as to necessitate an application to Siam or Ceylon for fully ordained Monks to restore the impaired *Parampara* or Apostolic Succession (of the Ordination). Some two hundred and fifty years after the Buddha's demise there arose

in India a great Emperor named Asoka (the royal Author of the Edicts already referred to), who became a convert to Buddhism and a most enthusiastic patron alike of the Teaching and the Brotherhood. Under his patronage, the then Saṅgha-Rāja, or Hierarch, summoned a Great Council of the Order—the third that had been held—and from this Council, after a revision of the Canon, missionary Monks were sent forth to various distant lands. Amongst these were two, the Theras Soṇa and Uṭṭara, who came to Lower Burma, landing at what is now the town of Thaton, then a seaport, though now some twenty miles inland. This was the beginning of Buddhism in Burma. Into Upper Burma, it seems likely there later penetrated some sort of degenerate Buddhism—probably one of the much latter Tānṭrika, magic-working sects which sprang up in India during the period of the Buddhist decline, and which had entered Burma from Tibet through the mountain-barrier in the north. This degraded form was, however, put an end to by the Burmese king Anoratha, who, incensed at the insulting refusal of the then king of Lower Burma, whose capital was at Thaton, to give him copies of the Pāli Sacred Books, attacked and sacked Thaton, and carried away to Upper Burma, to his capital city, Pagan, the persons of the defeated king and his family, as well as every copy that could be found of the coveted Sacred Books. Thereafter, moved by the study of their contents to atone somewhat for his evil action in fighting, he became, like a second Asoka, a staunch adherent of the purer Buddhism, and made the latter alone the state Religion; the *Ari* or Priests of the degenerate faith then prevalent in his domains being given the alternative of becoming lay officials of his government, or of entering the orthodox Saṅgha, thus for the first time established in Burma proper.

Finally we may add but this, that, so long as the Burmese people shall remain, as now, devoted to their Brotherhood and the beautiful Teaching which that Brotherhood

not all unworthily enshrines, so long (and no longer) will they retain those great characteristics which have endeared them to every Western author who has really entered into their lives and understood the meaning of their remarkable charity, their hospitality, and freedom from dire, sordid poverty. Buddhism is well able, by reason alike of its beauty and its obvious truth, to hold its own in the hearts of the people; and, whilst the contact with the Western civilisation has produced in certain directions a lamentable effect on the old high standard of Buddhist morality,¹ there are already signs on every hand that the Religion is now in process of receiving, not a diminution, but a very active augmentation of its former strength. There are many evidences of the progress of this new Buddhist Revival: the appearance of great Monks, like the well-known Ledi Sayadaw, who, remaining no longer hidden in their Monasteries, go forth among the people and intensely stir them to better their ways; all over the land, again, there are new societies, in the new spirit of the age, forming for various religious purposes. Even the subject of religious education—too long neglected, save by the merest handful of far-seeing women² and men, is now beginning to secure attention. Not the least sign of all, perhaps, is the fact that the Burmese are beginning to awake to the ancient missionary spirit of their Faith; and perhaps a thousand

¹ The most terrible—and the most inexcusable—instance of this deterioration lies in the introduction of alcohol. The use of this curse was *practically unknown* in the days of Burmese independence; whilst now there is a spirit shop in almost every village of Lower Burma (British occupation fifty years) and this state is slowly approaching in Upper Burma (only twenty-five years' occupation).

² Nowhere in the world, perhaps, is the status of woman so free as in Burma; a fact to which is doubtless due the high degree of activity and intelligence possessed by the Burmese women. Two out of the three Buddhist schools in the populous city of Rangoon (and for long the only two) were started and have been maintained at no small expense by the far-seeing charity and wisdom of a Burmese lady, Mrs. Hla Oung; and to the same generous benefactor of her Religion the Buddhist Mission referred to was chiefly indebted for its support. The bulk, further, of the petty trade of the country is in the women's hands; and there are few Burmese peasant women who do not supplement the family income, often very largely by personally making and selling such wares as clothes and scarves. Formerly, indeed, every woman was an expert at the loom, and the hand-loom was in every well-to-do household; now, unhappily, cheap Manchester goods have well-nigh killed that industry.

years after the last attempt in this direction, a Buddhist Mission was, in 1908 C.E., sent out to England; which, despite the exceedingly small scale of its operations (consisting as it did of but a single Bhikkhu and a few devoted laity), yet succeeded in establishing in that country a small but earnest body of accepted members of the Buddhist laity. Besides these English Buddhists, the little Mission in question took part in the formation of the "Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland," a non-religious body¹ formed for the study of Buddhist questions, under the presidency of the veteran authority on Buddhism, the great Pāli scholar, Dr. T. W. Rhys Davids, who has done so much (more than any living man) to help to bring the knowledge of Buddhist ethics and philosophy home to the minds of the many members of that West Āryan race who, did they but know its Teachings, would so highly appreciate its value.

BHIKKHU ĀNANDA METTEYA

¹ The student desirous of further information on the subject is invited to communicate with the secretary of that body, care of Luzac & Co., 48 Great Russell Street, London, W.C., in England; or to the present writer, Director of the International Buddhist Society, at 1 Pagoda Road, Rangoon, Burma. At the former address a wide selection from the extensive literature of the subject can be had; and from the latter an account of the plans now in process of furtherance for a more general extension of Buddhist knowledge in the West.

KABIR

THE HINDĪ SAINT OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

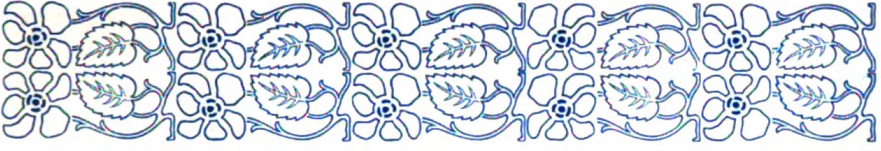
OF all the Hindū Reformers, no name is perhaps more familiar to the large uneducated masses of Northern and Central India, than that of Kabir, whom Sir W. W. Hunter rightly calls the Indian Luther of the fifteenth century.

Among those who acknowledge their indebtedness to Kabir as a spiritual guide are Nānak Shah of the Punjāb, the founder of the Sikh community, and Dadu of Āhmedabād, the founder of Dadu Panṭh, etc. The *Ādi Granṭh*, the sacred book of the Sikhs, gives much information concerning the life of Kabir and the nature of his teaching, Nānak Shah having enjoyed personal intercourse with Kabir.

The number of those who have come under the influence of Kabir is said to be very large; the Kabir Panṭhis in the census taken in 1901, numbered 843,171 and the actual number is probably larger, as in the United Provinces alone, many Kabir Panṭhis seem to have been returned as Rāmānandis and the figures for the Punjāb are not included.

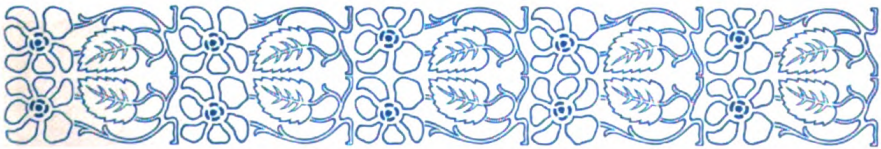
His teachings in the form of pithy sayings, or hymns called Sakhis (verses) are sweet, yet simple and far-reaching in their meaning, and, being free from sectarianism, they are sung and praised alike by Muhammadans and Hindūs, in all parts of India.

There is no doubt as to the greatness of Kabir's influence as a religious teacher; he is said to be the founder of Hindī literature. Unfortunately the material for a life of Kabir is rather scanty. The Rev. G. H. Westcott, M.A.,



KABIR CHARAN MATH, BENARES.

Reprinted from Rev. Westcott's book of "Kabir and Kabir Panth" with permission.



of Allahabād University who has, after long years of research, published a book called *Kabir and Kabir Panth*, from which most of the incidents herein related have been derived, states that if we confine our attention to traditions of historical value, we are left in uncertainty as to the place and exact date of his birth, name, the state of life in which he lived, married or single, and the number of years that he resided in any particular place.

According to traditional information, he is said to have been born in 1421 A.D. and to have died, after a long life, at the age of 126, in 1546, though, according to historical data, the Rev. Mr. Westcott puts his birth down to a later year, viz., 1483. Whether he was a Hindū or a Muhammadan by birth is not ascertained beyond doubt. It is however admitted that Kabir was brought up as a child in the house of Niru, a Muhammadan weaver, a fact which is also confirmed in one of his hymns, in which Kabir says: "By caste a weaver and patient of mind, Kabir utters with natural ease the excellencies of Rām (God)"; and in another place he says that he will shortly give up weaving and devote himself entirely to singing the praises of Hari (God). In another hymn he says that he had in a previous birth been born as a Brāhmaṇa, but had been reincarnated as a Julaiha (Muhammadan weaver), because he had in that former life neglected the worship of Rāma.

In none of the writings that can be traced directly to Kabir, says the Rev. Mr. Westcott, is any account given as to the manner of his birth, but the following legends have long been current in this country:

The first legend relates that his mother was a Brāhmaṇa widow, who went with her father on a pilgrimage to the shrine of a famous ascetic. To reward the intense devotion of this woman the ascetic prayed that she might become the mother of a son. The prayer of so holy a

man could not fail to find fulfilment, and in due course the Brāhmaṇa widow became the mother of Kabir. The mother, to escape dishonor, exposed the infant, who was discovered and adopted as her own by the wife of Niru, the weaver.

According to another version of this story Rāmānand, the ascetic referred to, said that he could not recall his blessing, but would arrange that the birth of the child should not be after the usual manner, but that the infant should issue from the palm of its mother's hand. His promise was realised, and the infant, after birth, was placed on a lotus flower in the midst of the Lahār Tank, and then it came into the hands of Nima, the wife of Niru, and was taken to her house.

The mystery surrounding the birth of the child was further deepened when Niru called in a Kāzi, in order to find a name from *Al-Qurān* for the child. He found the name Kabir; and from the same root come Akbar, Kubrā and Kibriya.

Finding such a name too high for this child of lowly position, as the Kāzi thought, five or six other Kāzis were called in, and when all of them, on opening *Al-Qurān* found the same result, they closed their book in astonishment and said to Niru: "You must in some way destroy this child." In obedience to their order Niru took the child within the house to put him to death, when the child gave utterance to this 'Shabḍa' (words):

"I have come from an unknown place. Māyā has deceived the world. No one knows me. I was not born of a woman, but manifested as a boy. My dwelling was in a lonely spot nigh to Kāshi, and there the weaver found me. I contain neither heaven (air) nor earth, but wisdom only. I have come to this earth in spiritual form, and of spiritual significance is my name. I have neither bones nor blood nor skin. I reveal to men the Shabḍa (Word). My body is eternal. I am the greatest Being. These are the words of Kabir who is indestructible."

Thus the Kāzis were defeated in their object, and the name of Kabir was given to the child.

As a boy Kabir gave great offence to both Hindū and Muhammadan playmates, and when, in course of play, he cried out: 'Rām, Rām,' and 'Hari Hari,' the Muhammadans called him a Kafir (unbeliever). To this he retorted that he only was a Kafir who was evil. One day he put a tilak (mark) on his forehead and a 'Janai' (thread) round his neck and cried out: "Nārāyaṇ, Nārāyaṇ." This action roused the anger of the Brāhmaṇas, since they regarded it as an infringement of their privileges. To their protest he objected and said:

"This is my faith; my tongue is Viṣṇu, my eyes are Nārāyaṇ, and Govind resides in my heart. What account will you give of your actions after death? Being a weaver, I wear a thread. You wear the sacred thread, and repeat the Gāyaṭrī and *Gīṭā* daily, but Govind dwells in my heart. I am a sheep; you are shepherds; it is your duty to save us from sin. You are Brāhmaṇas, I am a weaver of Benares. Hear my wisdom. You daily search after an earthly King, while I am contemplating Hari."

He was further taunted with being a "Niguru," one without the benefit of a spiritual guide. He was determined to remove that reproach. He desired to become a chelā of Rāmānand, but felt that there were difficulties in the way, which could only be overcome by means of some artifice. He knew that if he could gain possession of the 'manṭra' peculiar to this sect, his initiation must necessarily follow. He learnt that Rāmānand regularly visited a certain bathing ghāt and determined to lie down upon the steps of that ghāt in the hope that Rāmānand might step on him by accident. His hope was realised, and the holy man in his astonishment exclaimed: "Rām, Rām." Kabir knew that no words would rise so readily to the lips of this holy man, as the manṭra of his order; so he claimed that as he was already in possession of the manṭra he could no longer be refused admission to the order. When Kabir

announced that he had become the chelā of Rāmānand, both Hindūs and Muhammadans were dismayed, and a joint deputation went to inquire of Rāmānand whether it was true that he had received a Muhammadan boy as one of his disciples. Rāmānand asked them to produce the boy. The people took Kabir to him. Rāmānand asked the boy when he had made him his disciple. Kabir answered: "Various are the mantras that Gurus whisper into the ears of their disciples, but you struck me on the head and communicated to me the name of Rām." The Svāmi recalled the circumstance at the ghāt, he clasped Kabir to his breast, and said: "Beyond all questioning you became my disciple." The members of the deputation returned home disappointed.

Kabir returned to his house and set to work on the loom. When any Sādhus came to his house he would feed and serve them to the best of his means. His mother, Nima, was annoyed at this.

From the time of his initiation, Kabir is said to have regularly visited his Guru, and, as years went on, to have taken part in religious disputations with distinguished Paṇḍits who came to do battle with his master. Stories are told as to how, on several occasions, he mysteriously disappeared for a while from his father's house, and in miraculous ways supplied the needs of others.

Kabir is said to have married a woman named Loi, and to have had by her two children—a son, Kamāl, and a daughter, Kamālī. But it is generally believed otherwise, viz., that this woman Loi was not Kabir's wife, but his disciple, and came to live with him as such. The story runs that one day Kabir came upon a secluded hut near the banks of the Gaṅgā, where he found Loi living alone. The hut belonged to an old ascetic, who had found and reared her, and who died when she had grown up into womanhood. Seeing the great devotion and saintliness of Kabir, she asked permission to follow him, and came to live with him. It is also believed that the

two children above spoken of came to Kabir in a mysterious manner. The story being that they had died when young, were resuscitated by Kabir, and were then brought up in his house by this woman Loi, and received religious instruction from Kabir.

It is said that one day as Kamālī was drawing water at a well, a Paṇḍiṭ came up and asked for a drink. Having quenched his thirst, he asked whose daughter she was. He was greatly horrified when he learnt that she was the daughter of a weaver, and exclaimed: "You have broken my caste." Kamālī was at a loss to understand for what reason he had become so angry, and persuaded him to come and discuss matters with her Svāmiji—as she called Kabir. Before either had time to explain matters, Kabir, who could read the thoughts of men's hearts, exclaimed:

"Before drinking water, O Paṇḍiṭ, think on these things. What is defilement?"

"Fishes, tortoises, blood, salt, rotten leaves and the carcasses of dead animals are all to be found in water.

"Crores of men have been slain by Kāla; at every step you take, you tread upon the dead body of some man, and yet from such earth the vessels from which you drink are made.

"At meal-times you take off your clothes for fear of defilement, and wrap yourself in a 'ḍhoṭī' that has been woven by a weaver. The fly that visits the dung-hill settles on your food. How can you prevent this?"

"Dispel such illusions from the mind; study the inner meaning of Vedas and take refuge in Rām."

At this the Paṇḍiṭ was humiliated, and requested Kabir to give him further instructions, whereupon the latter instructed him in the doctrine of Satyā Nām and gave him Kamālī in marriage.

The plain speaking of Kabir and his general disregard for the conventions of society raised up enemies on

every side. The chief of the Muhammadans came to Emperor Sikandar Lodi and accused Kabir of laying claim to Divine attributes, and urged that such conduct as his merited the penalty of death. The Emperor issued a warrant for Kabir's arrest, and sent men to bring him to the court. Not till evening could the men who were sent, persuade Kabir to accompany them. Kabir stood before the Emperor in silence. The Kāzi exclaimed: "Why do you not salute the Emperor, you Kāfir?" Kabir replied:

"Those only are Pirs who realise the pains of others; those who cannot, are Kāfirs."

The Emperor asked him why, when ordered to appear in the morning, he had not come till evening. Kabir replied that he had seen a sight which arrested his attention. The Emperor asked what kind of a sight could justify him in disregarding his command. Kabir rejoined that he had been watching a string of camels passing through a street narrower than the eye of a needle. The Emperor said that he was a liar. Kabir replied:

"O Emperor, realise how great is the distance between heaven and earth; innumerable elephants and camels may be contained in the space between the sun and the moon and all can be seen through the pupil of the eye, which is smaller than the eye of a needle." The Emperor was satisfied and let him go.

Both the Brāhmaṇas and the Muhammadans were very jealous of Kabir, and they jointly contrived to instigate the Emperor against him. The Emperor issued orders to put Kabir to death, and it is said that in various ways they tried to bring him to an end. First by drowning him, secondly by burning him alive, then by causing him to be trampled to death by an infuriated elephant, from all of which, however, he came out unharmed and alive; whereupon the Emperor felt ashamed, asked forgiveness of Kabir, and expressed his willingness to undergo any punishment that he might name. To this Kabir

replied that a man should sow flowers for those who had sown him thorns.

There are many other stories connected with the life of Kabir, but we will only reproduce one more before passing on to consider the manner of his death and his teachings :

There lived in the Deccan two brothers, Ṭaṭva and Jīva, who were anxious to find for themselves a spiritual guide. They used religiously to wash the feet of the many Sāḍhus who visited their house, and listened attentively to their teachings.

At a loss to discover which of these Sāḍhus were possessed of real spiritual power, they devised the following test. They planted in the courtyard of their house a withered branch of a banyan-tree, and agreed to accept as their Guru that Sāḍhu whose power was such that the washings of his feet would avail to restore the branch to life. For forty years they waited in vain for one who could satisfy their test, when Kabir arrived upon the scene. The branch, when sprinkled with the water in which his feet had been washed, immediately returned to life. Kabir was accepted as their Guru, and gave utterance to these lines :

“The Sāḍhus are my soul and I am the body of the Sāḍhus, I live in the Sāḍhus as rain lives in the clouds.

“The Sāḍhus are my Ātmā and I am the life of the Sāḍhus, I live in the Sāḍhus, as ghee lives in the milk.”

All accounts agree that the earthly life of Kabir came to a close at Maghar, in the district of Gorakhpur. He died in extreme old age, when his body had become infirm, and his hands were no longer able to produce the music with which he had in younger days celebrated the praises of Rām. It was the wish of his disciples that Kabir should end his days in Kāshi, where so much of his religious work had been accomplished.

All who died at Kāshi, they urged, would pass into the presence of Rām. “Is the power of Rām so limited,”

said Kabir, "that He cannot save His servant because he prefers to die outside Kāshi, the city of Shiva?"

A difficulty arose with regard to the disposal of his body after death. The Muhammadans desired to bury it, and the Hindūs to cremate it. As the rival parties discussed the question with growing warmth, Kabir himself appeared, and bade them raise the cloth in which the body lay enshrouded. They did as he had commanded, and lo! beneath the cloth there lay but a heap of flowers! Of these flowers the Hindūs removed half and burnt them at Benares, while what remained were buried at Maghar by the Muhammadans.

TEACHINGS OF KABIR

Those of our readers who are desirous of knowing at some length Kabir's life and his teaching, may well be recommended to read the Rev. Mr. Westcott's beautiful book, already mentioned, *Kabir and Kabir Panth*, which he has brought out after nearly ten years of long and careful researches into all Hindī books of authority. In this book, he says, is probably written enough to show that it is not impossible that Kabir should have been both a Muhammadan and a Sūfī. The picture of Kabir, which is given as a frontispiece in his book, and from which our copy has been taken, is more likely, says the learned gentleman, to have been painted by a Hindū than by a Muhammadan; it represents him as having Muhammadan features. His grave at Maghar has always been in the keeping of Muhammadans. That a Muhammadan should have been the Father of Hindī literature may indeed be a cause of surprise, but it must not be forgotten that Hindūs also have gained distinction as writers of Persian poetry. Kabir, moreover, was a man of no ordinary ability and determination, and the purpose of his life was to get his message accepted by those who were best reached through the Hindī language.

In the days of Kabir the power of the Brāhmaṇas was very great. As some would express it, the whole

land was overcast by the dark clouds of priestcraft and sacerdotalism. Brāhmanism, invigorated by its triumph over Buddhism, asserted its authority over all, until the Muhammadans invaded the country and gradually extended their influence throughout Northern India. Then people saw that there were men whose views about religion were radically different from those of their own Paṇḍits. Among the Muhammadans none were more ready than the Sūfis to recognise the good in every form of belief, and to dwell upon the love of God towards all his creatures.

Before considering the character of Kabir's teaching, we have first to determine what his teaching was. It seems probable that the teaching of Kabir was delivered orally, and not reduced to writing till a later age. The earliest writings in which his teachings are recorded are in the *Bijak* and the *Āḍi Granth*. It is probable that neither of these books was composed till at least fifty years after the death of Kabir. We shall meet with teachings which immediately call to mind, says the Rev. Mr. Westcott, passages of scriptures. We shall admire the Teacher alike for his sincerity and his courage.

As regards the World and Religion Kabir says:

There are men who live in the world as though it were a permanent abode, men who take thought for the body and pay heed to its desires, as though it were a permanent possession. Men who accumulate riches as though they were free from the thraldom of death. Such men will never obtain the true happiness, nor will they unravel the knots by which they are bound, until they look to God for help. He who would know God, must die to the world. Men cannot serve God and Mammon. Only those who give their entire heart to God will realise their true self.

All who live in the world are liable to temptation; the black snake coils itself round the sandal tree. The poison of the snake received in the body works corruption and issues in death.

Those alone escape who place their trust in God.

Selfishness and pride of intellect are the enemies of spiritual development. Those only see God who have a forgiving spirit. The struggle against evil is hard to maintain, but slothfulness

is fatal. The opportunity lost may not recur. Now is the time to prepare for the journey that lies before us.

Man in this world is wholly sinful from his birth, and there are many ready to claim his body.

The parents say: "He is our child and we have nourished him for our own benefit." The wife says: "He is my husband," and like a tigress wishes to seize him. The children gaze at him and like the God of death keep their mouths wide open for support.

The vulture and the crow look forward to his death. The pigs and the dogs wait on the road for his bier to pass on its way to the burning ghât. The fire says: "I shall not leave him until he is utterly consumed." The earth says: "I shall obtain him." The wind thinks of carrying him off.

O ignorant people! You speak of this body as your house, do you not see that a hundred enemies hang about your throat? Beguiled by the illusion of this world, you regard such a body as your own. So many desire a share in your body that you will live in trouble all your life. O mad men! you do not wake up to a knowledge of this, but repeatedly say: "It is mine, it is mine."

Adding kauri to kauri, he brings together lakhs and crores; at the time of departure he gets nothing at all, even his langoti is plucked away from him.

Immense riches and a kingdom which extends from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof, could not equal the pleasure arising out of devotion to God: Of what use then is wealth?

Collect the wealth of Râm, that wealth is never lost. Fire does not burn it, the wind does not carry it away, no thief comes near it.

Without devotion life is spent to no purpose.

He (God) whom you seek is near you. He is always near to his devotees, and far from those who do not worship him.

What is muttering, what austerity, what vows and worship to him in whose heart there is another love.

The pride of intellect is manifold, now a swindler, now a thief, now a liar, now a murderer; men, sages and gods have run after it in vain; its mansion has a hundred gates.

In pride there is adversity, in sin there is suffering, in kindness there is stability, and in forgiveness there is God.

Unless you have a forgiving spirit you will not see God. You may speechify as much as you like, but without a forgiving nature you will never reach Him.

He who enters into intimacy with the highest Light, he subdues the five senses. Religious merit and demerit he discards.

Kabir's words regarding Religion in Life:

God is one; how has it come about that there are many religions? All men are of one blood; how comes it about that they are separated by religion and by caste? God is one; the Hindūs are therefore at fault in their worship of many Gods. These are in truth the creation of Māyā; they have their origin in sin, and are themselves the cause of sin in others.

Muhammadans put their trust in circumcision, Hindūs adore the Vedas and the beauties of Nature. The things which are seen are transitory. True worship should have as its object the unseen source of all truth, the unseen Creator of the universe.

What God desires is purity of heart. Hindūs and Muhammadans alike profess to fast, but curb not the desires of flesh; they praise God with their lips, but their hearts are far from Him. All such religion is vain. Vain too are the distinctions of caste. All shades of color are but broken arcs of light, all varieties in human nature are but fragments of true humanity.

The right to approach God is not the monopoly of Brāhmaṇas, but is freely granted to all who are characterised by sincerity of heart. He who reflects on Brahm is rightly called a Brāhmaṇa.

Hindūs believe in transmigration. If they would be free from the trials of this world, let them meditate on the Supreme and attend to the courts of His Temple.

Above all things let men speak and practise the truth. Suffer all men to worship God according to their conviction. Be not the slave of tradition and love not controversy for its own sake. Fear not to walk upon unbeaten tracks, if such tracks bring you near to Him who is the truth.

Men are saved by faith and not by works (ceremonies?). None can understand the mind of God; put your trust in Him; let Him do what seemeth Him good. Spiritual joy is felt, though it cannot be expressed in words.

Those who put their trust in God are no longer subject to fear. Perfect love casteth out fear.

I and you are of one blood and one life animates us both; from one mother is the world born; what knowledge is this (then!) which makes us separate?

What thou seest, this is passing away! Whom thou dost not see, on Him continue to reflect. When in the tenth

gate the key is given, then the sight of the Merciful One is obtained.

For the sake of bathing, there are many Tīrthās, O foolish mind; for the sake of worshipping there are many idols, but I (Kabir) say, no emancipation is thus obtained; emancipation is in the service of Hari (God).

All have exclaimed: Master, Master, but to me, says Kabir, this doubt arises; How can they sit down with the Master whom they do not know?

Coming to Reincarnation he says:

As fixed and movable things (minerals?), as worms and moths, in many and various ways have we been born. Many such houses will be inhabited by us, till at length we return to the womb of Rām (God). Having wandered through the eighty-four lakhs of wombs he (soul) has come into the world; now having gone out of the body he has no spot nor place.

Meditate thou upon the Supreme. Go to His house that thou come not again. Clear away the pain of birth and death, the pleasures of works, that the soul may be liberated from rebirth.

Truth :

To be truthful is best of all, if the heart be truthful. A man may speak as much as he likes, but there is no pleasure apart from truthfulness. He who has no check upon his tongue, no truth in his heart, with such a one keep not company. He will kill you on the high-way.

No act of tapas can equal truth, no crime is so heinous as falsehood, in the heart where truth abides, there is God in it.

Let truth be your rate of interest, and fix it in your heart; a real diamond should be purchased; the mock gem is waste of capital.

If fear of God springs up, fear goes, then fear is absorbed in the fear of God. If the fear of God subsides, then fear again cleaves to man; when man loses the fear of God, fear springs up in his heart. Where the fearless one is, there is no fear; where fear is, there Hari is not. The death of which the world is afraid, is joy to my mind; by Death the full perfect joy is obtained.

Kabir was a great believer in quiet reflexion as a means of approach to God. He recognised that the ancient Scriptures of both Muhammadans and Hindūs were of a certain value, but felt that their value had been

greatly over-estimated. He said that through the understanding of the heart and mind man becomes conscious of God's Existence.

Through his own powers man cannot attain to a knowledge of God, but God will reveal Himself to those who listen to his voice. He alone overcomes doubts and truly lives who has welcomed this message in his heart.

Men are not equally endowed with spiritual insight. The mass of men must seek guidance of those who have, through a knowledge of God, discovered for themselves the way. The true guide is one whose love is fixed on God, who recognises his own worthlessness apart from God, who lives for others and God, has entered into life, for such a one death has lost its terrors.

Guru :

Without the aid of the Guru, true knowledge cannot be obtained, without him true insight into things is not possible. Without the Guru man cannot know truth, therefore hail and success to thee, O Guru! Guru (Spiritual Teacher) is the form of Nārāyan (God); he is the pathway to knowledge, without him man's doubts and fear do not vanish, without him he cannot be free from the mind's wanderings.

The man who fixes his love on the true teacher (Guru) is contained in him. They could not be separated, they have two bodies but one spirit.

From heaven and hell, says Kabir, I am freed by the favor of the true Guru. In his (Guru's) society, thou wilt not die; if thou knowest his order, thou wilt be united with the Lord. Death, by which the whole world is frightened, is lighted up by the word of the Guru.

The Doctrine of Shabda (word): In the writings of Kabir, three thoughts seem to underlie such teaching. (1) All thought is expressed in language; (2) Every letter of the alphabet, as a constituent part of language, has significance; and (3) The plurality of letters and words now in use will appear as one, when the Māyā that deludes men in their present condition shall have been overcome. The two-lettered Rām seems to Kabir the nearest approach in this world to the unity of Truth—or the letterless One.

All Kabir Panṭhis have at their command a considerable number of Sakhis or rhyming couplets—said to have

been uttered by Kabir. These are varied in charm, some picturesque, some pathetic, some condensed, yet give such a volume of meaning withal and are so simple and so easy of understanding and remembrance that they make a lasting impression on all minds, that understand the Hindī language, in which these are written and published. His words are suitable to the occasion and to the subject matter he speaks about, and so exhaustive are the themes upon which Kabir has spoken, that not a single point useful and conducive to the good of humanity has been left over; but the real beauty of these most instructive verses is that he interweaves the name of God in all the subjects he speaks about, proving his utter devotion to and trust in Him, in whom we live and move and have our being. This is very beautifully expressed in the following couplets, which I cannot resist the temptation of quoting:

Whatever I have, is not my own, it is Thine; it is
Thine own that I give thee; what have I?

No body is mine, nor am I of anyone's seeing with
inner sight, it is God—all in all.

Kabir was a poet of no mean order, and gladly consecrated his literary gifts to the service of God. He knew that religious instruction given in the form of poetry was easily remembered. He knew that the singing of Bhajans was an occupation in which the people of India took peculiar pleasure.

In the days of Kabir, a knowledge of religious truth was practically confined to those who were acquainted with one or other of the two sacred languages, Arabic and Samskr̥t̥. Kabir urged that religious books should also be written in the vernacular that all might obtain that knowledge of God which was essential to spiritual progress.

Again, to the illiterate masses, teaching contained in books was inaccessible, and so it is that we find Kabir laying great stress on the importance of oral teaching.

Few men are qualified to become scholars, but all men are required to be good, therefore he urged his disciples to associate with good men, and through conversation with them to acquire such knowledge as is necessary. The study of books, he thought was too often productive of pride; to display learning and intelligence scholars were often tempted to enlarge upon topics of little value, while in private conversation heart speaks to heart of its own spiritual needs. Such were the views of Kabir, and in consequence the Guru in this Panth occupies a position of extraordinary importance.

Mercy, humility, devotion, equality, good nature, constancy, these are the ornaments of a devotee.

All those who desire to become members of the Kabir Panth are required to renounce polytheism and to acknowledge their belief in one only God (Parameshvar). They must also promise to eat no meat and drink no wine; to bathe daily and sing hymns to God both morning and evening; to forgive those who trespass against them three times; to avoid company of all women of bad character, and all unseemly jesting in connexion with such objects; never to turn away from their house their lawful wife; never to tell lies; never to conceal the property of another man; never to bear false witness against a neighbor or speak evil of another on hearsay evidence.

All who wish to approach God must become the disciple of some Guru, and to this Guru, when once chosen, the disciple must wholly submit himself, mind, body and soul.

B. P. M.

ASTROLOGY IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

(Concluded from p. 94)

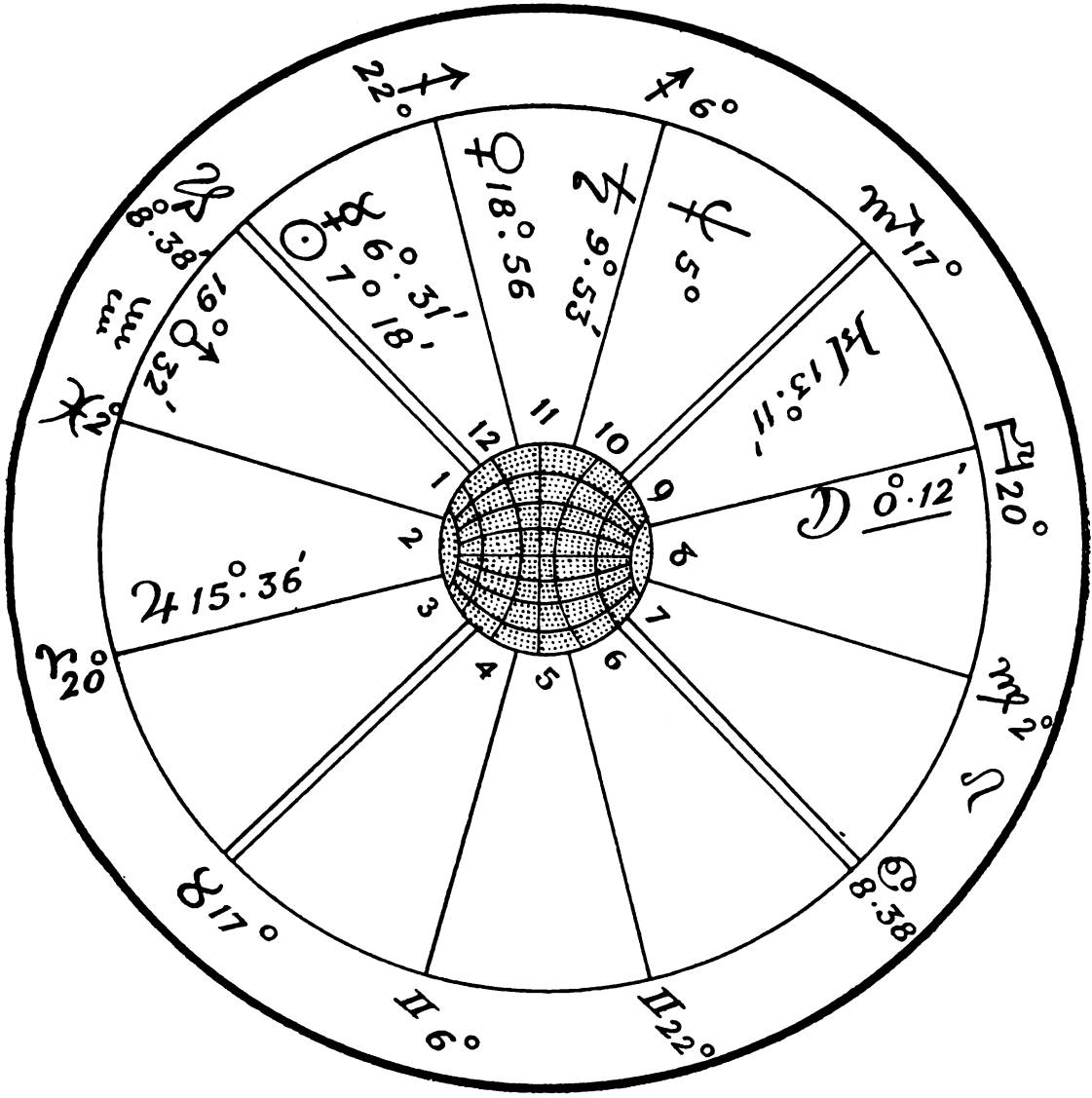
A little practice is worth a great deal of theory to those whose intuitions are not sufficiently operative to follow a series of elaborated ideas; therefore, a few illustrative demonstrations of Astrology will reveal more to many readers than a continued statement of its theories.

For this purpose the authenticated nativities of three men of different types, in different stations of life, fairly well known to the world while alive, and born *under* the strong influence of the three distinct Gunas will be exceedingly useful.

The first illustration is the map of the nativity of the late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, for many years Prime Minister of England.

He was born with a cardinal sign rising and the cardinal, or rājasic, influence the most prominent.

The prenatal 'epoch' of this illustrious personality occurred at 5.42 P.M. on the 24th March, 1809, when the Moon was in the sign Cancer 8° 50. Libra, the sign of *Perception*, was rising; the Sun was setting in conjunction with the planet Jupiter and in trine aspect to Saturn. Pure and refined influences were then operating; therefore, the magnetic vortex generated at the time attracted an ego with an ideal for service and the capacity for applying it to the welfare of his fellow-creatures. 'Quickening' took place in the sign Scorpio with the Moon conjunction to the planet Uranus, and the astral link was formed in the humane sign Aquarius. Birth took place in the opposite sign Capricorn, the sign of *Absorption*.



The nativity of the late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

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The light flashing forth at Mr. Gladstone's birth at 18' past 8 on the morning of 29th December, 1809, under the latitude of Liverpool, was not only bright in itself, but it received the glorious rays of the rising Sun focussed within one degree of the ascendant, and applying to a sextile aspect of the planet Uranus from the midheaven. The Sun gave much strength and vitality through an abundance of prāṇa to this nativity, and the Moon, reflecting the 'epochal' moment, was in sign of the 'Balance,' harmonising the rājasic qualities prominent at his birth.

The Saturnian ascendant was translated into a Uranian melody which conferred upon him the genius of an orator and the power of rulership. From an astrological point of view nothing could prevent his becoming a famous politician. With all his abilities, however, for bringing honors and glory to his party, the troubles of his closing years are clearly shown in his nativity by the clashing of will and desire, represented in his nativity by the angular sphere of Mars and Uranus. From what has been said with regard to the planets and the signs of the Zodiac in relation to consciousness, it will be seen that in this nativity the lower mānasic consciousness had reached the highest pinnacle of its ambitions. Tinged with the Capricornian religious orthodoxy, the limit of expression in this consciousness on the physical plane was reached, and the end of his life brought a realisation which gave the opportunity to step into a new Dharma in the next birth.

An illustration of the fixed signs—Tāmasic Guṇa and the astral plane consciousness—may be obtained from the nativity of the late Mr. Stainton Moses, born on the 12th November, 1839.

This gentleman was well known as the Editor of *Light* under the *nom-de-plume* of "M.A. (Oxon.)" That he had special gifts of a psychic or clairvoyant nature is undoubted. Should this be questioned, then his remarkable interest and honest work in connexion with Spiritualism cannot be disputed. The third degree of the astral sign Scorpio

shone brilliantly at his birth, with the Moon and Jupiter in close conjunction, followed by the Sun and Mercury; Mars, ruler of the sign Scorpio was also rising in Sagittarius, the sign of *Introspection*. The higher and lower mānasic consciousness was harmoniously blended from the sign of *Perception*, and the whole resolved into an abnormal development of the psychic nature.

A full reading of this nativity was given by the Editor of *The Astrologer's Magazine*, now *Modern Astrology*, and published in the columns of *Light* some twenty years ago. In his comments Mr. Stainton Moses said: "I am not able to discover any statements to which I can except; some are singularly true and exact."

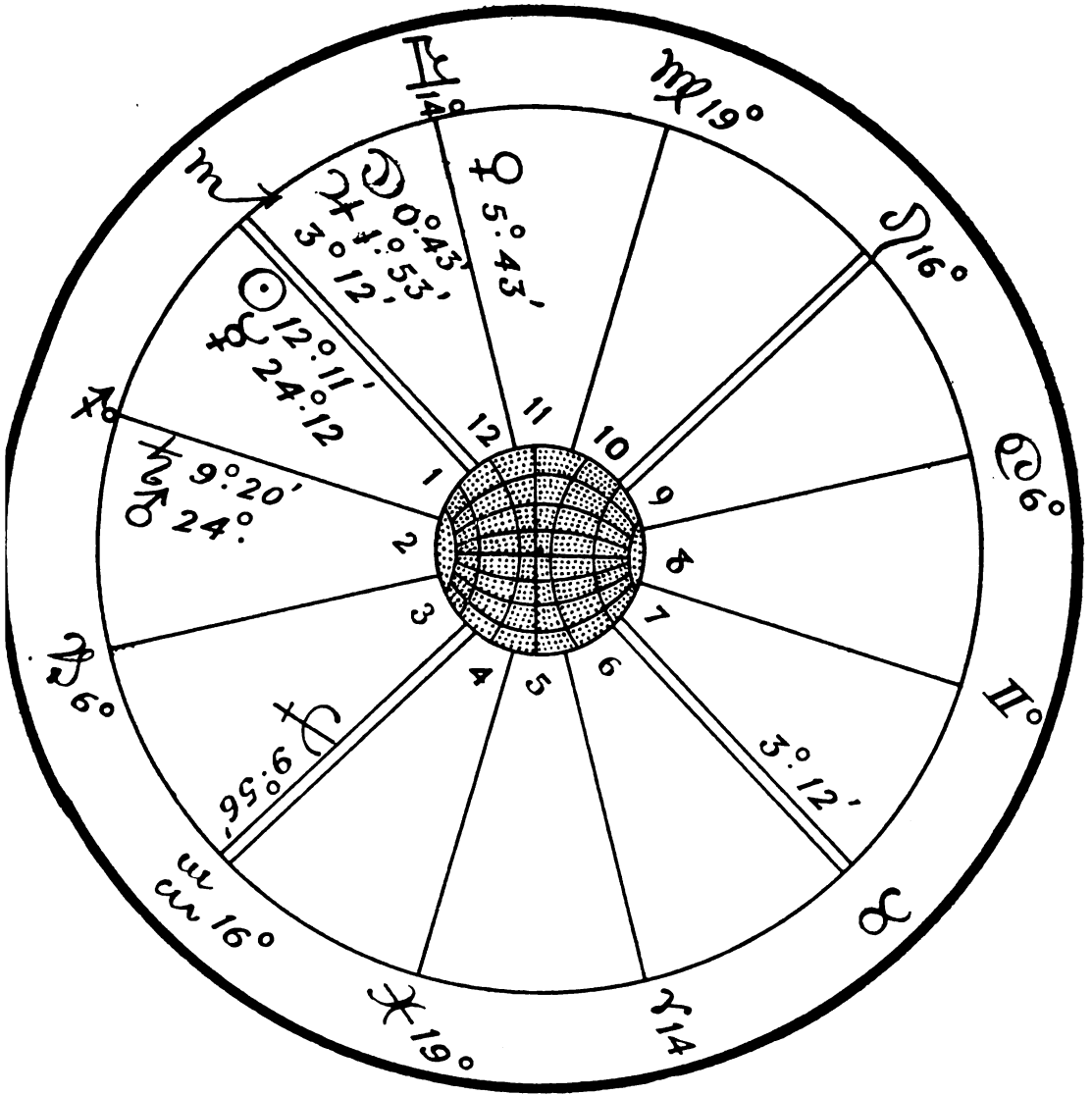
From an astrological standpoint "M.A. (Oxon.*)" was a born seer; from a Theosophic standpoint his ego had developed his psychic senses, and his personality was fitted to edit such an advanced paper as *Light*.

The final illustration may be taken from a nativity in which the mutable or Sāttvic signs are mainly in evidence. Astrologically they are the signs farthest removed from the physical, and govern the critical state *between* the fixed and cardinal signs.

On the 27th January, 1899, *The Daily Mail* published a facsimile of the birth certificate of the claimant to the estates of Hinton St. George, Crewkern, Somersetshire, showing the birth time to be 10.55 P.M. December 15, 1849, at Southsea.

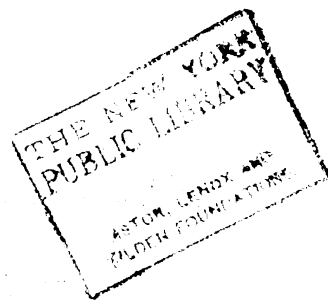
This claimant had for several years caused a sensation in London by drawing a barrel-organ through the streets upon which a large announcement was placed stating that he was Viscount Hinton, son of Lord Paulet. As is usual in such cases a great number of persons believed his statements, others ridiculed them, and a few interested themselves in his affairs, until his case was brought before the House of Lords.

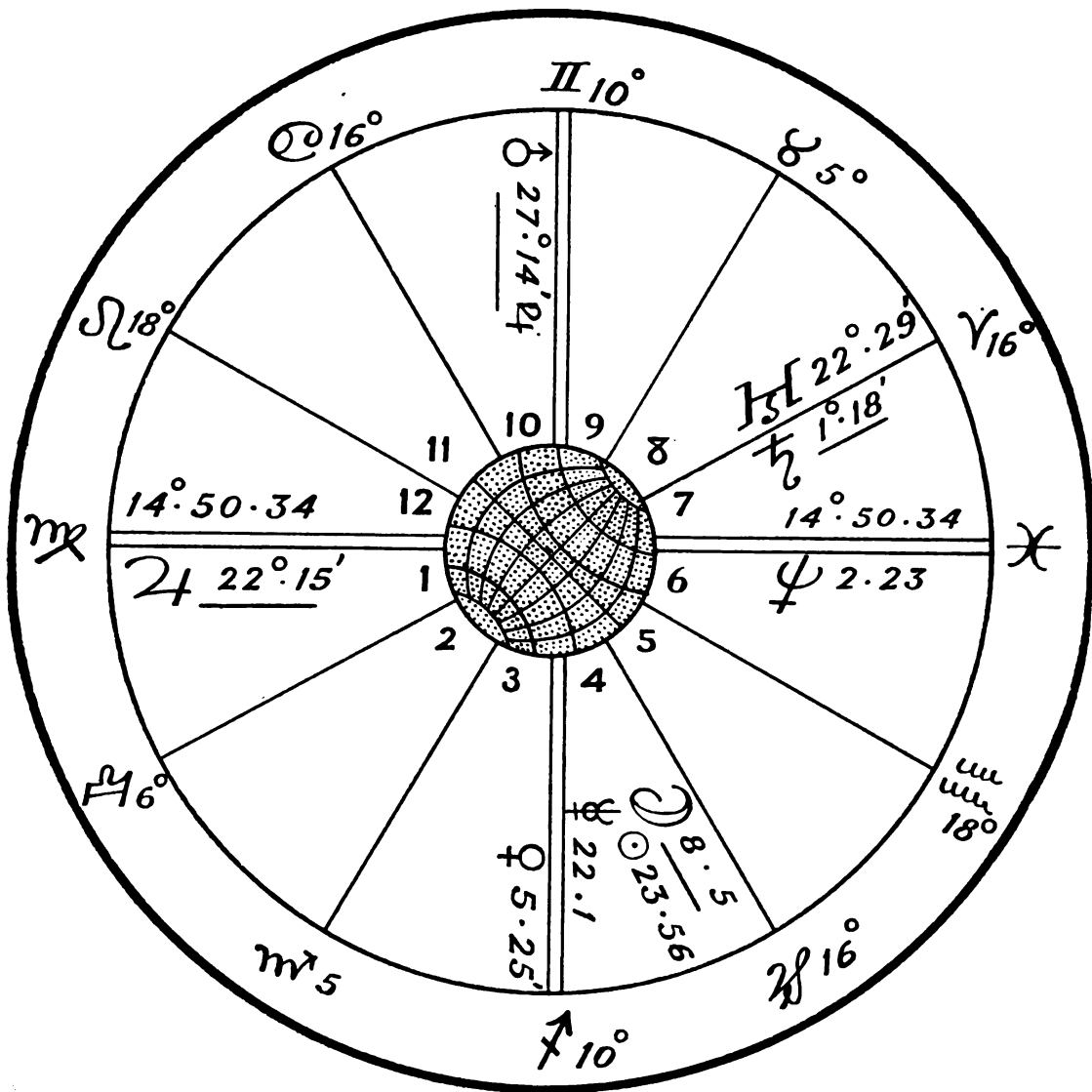
Such an opportunity for the astrological side of the question could not be lost; therefore, at the request of



The nativity of Stainton Moses, M. A., (Oxon.)

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The nativity of Viscount Hinton.

some literary men the horoscope and following judgment by the writer were published in March, 1899, in the pages of *Modern Astrology* :

“ *Will he succeed to his claim?* ”

“ There can only be one answer to this question, judging from the above map of his nativity. He will never inherit the title or the property, and nothing but misfortune can attend any efforts he may make in that direction. Even should he succeed in gaining a legal declaration in his favor, he would not retain it for any length of time worth the labor and pains expended in obtaining it. His nativity shows no success at law, and his only hope lies in public sympathy.”

He lost his case and died a few years later. Here we have a most unfortunate arrangement of planetary influences. The rising sign is Virgo. Jupiter is rising *in* this sign, a position in which it is weakest and most debilitated. The ruler, Mercury, is also in its ‘fall’ and the lowest planet, and although they are both in ‘mutual reception,’ mitigating their debility, Mars is in the midheaven, in the house of Mercury, severely afflicting both by opposition and square. This man was born to obtain notoriety with the Moon in Capricorn, which never fails to show an indifferent or illegitimate birth, and the personality of that life never fails to rise but to fall.

The meridian, denoting the mother, is marred by the presence of Mars in the dual sign Gemini, and Jupiter, ruler of the fourth house, denotes the father. The link between the father and the son is shown to be a tie of great sorrow, disappointment, and unrealised desires. The dual karma (Mutable sign), astrologically denoted by this horoscope, involved the honor, credit and welfare of four persons—native, father, mother and wife. Theosophically they were all reincarnated at the same time to reap the results of their mutual karma.

A little study of Astrology in the Light of Theosophy, will reveal to the thoughtful students the many stages of evolution through which an ego has to pass in his pilgrimage, by the arrangement of signs and planetary positions in the nativity, representing the various states of consciousness, and the quality of matter predominating at certain times and seasons.

An undeveloped ego will not find such an arrangement as will allow a free expression of the higher mental and moral tendencies, neither may we expect to find a pure soul working through coarse and lower grade materials. From an undignified position of Mars, afflicting the whole horoscope, to the subtle and refined influence of Uranus, reflecting the higher grades of genius, there are grades of influences describing every soul coming into physical manifestation.

For obvious reasons it would not be wise to state all the rules by which an expert astrologer judges the stage of an ego's evolution. Usually he sees in the composite figure, or map of the heaven, a clear picture of the native, and knows at what stage he has arrived by observing the normal state of consciousness likely to be expressed through that particular horoscope. The writer has often been asked to solve this question for those who are eager for progress, and it is often difficult to deal satisfactorily with such questions; there are, however, very simple rules that can be applied to Theosophical astrology, and, with the Editor's permission, an Astro-Theosophical chart has been prepared from the horoscope of the President of the Theosophical Society, a little study of which will explain a great deal to intuitive students.

Although this happens to be an exceptional case, the houses of the ordinary horoscope, and zodiacal signs *coinciding*, it will serve as an illustration of the remarkable manner in which the subjective and objective ideas of two great systems of thought can be harmonised.

TABLE II
Astro-Theosophical Chart of the President, T. S.

Sign and House.	ASTROLOGICAL		THEOSOPHICAL		Synthesis, Planets in Signs.
	Character.	Quality.	Tattwa and Guṇa.	Consciousness.	
	<i>Spiritual</i>	<i>Air</i>	<i>Vāyu</i>		SYNTHESIS.
♈. 10 ...	Memory ...	Fixed ...	Tamas
♏. 3 ...	Reason ...	Mutable.	Saṭṭva ...	MANASIC Planet Venus	...
♊. 7 ...	Perception ...	Cardinal	Rajas ...		☉. ♀. ♀.
<i>Critical State.</i>	<p><i>The above triplicity synthesises the signs. Between is the 'Bridge' separated by SATURN. The triplicities below represent the lower Quaternary.</i></p>				
	<i>Mental</i>	<i>Fire</i>	<i>Agni</i>		ANALYSIS.
♄. 1 ...	Intuition ...	Cardinal	Rajas ...		☿
♃. 9 ...	Introspection..	Mutable.	Saṭṭva ...	LOWER-MANASIC Moon.	...
♅. 5 ...	Faith ...	Fixed ...	Tamas
<i>Critical.</i>	<i>Emotional</i>	<i>Water</i>	<i>Apas</i>		
♁. 4 ...	Feeling ...	Cardinal	Rajas ...		D. 4.
♁. 8 ...	Attachment ...	Fixed ...	Tamas ...	KAMIC Mars.
♃. 12 ..	Emotion ...	Mutable.	Saṭṭva ...		♃.
<i>Critical.</i>	<i>Physical</i>	<i>Earth</i>	<i>Prithivi</i>		
♃. 10 ...	Absorption ...	Cardinal	Rajas
♃. 2 ...	Secretion ...	Fixed ...	Tamas ...	PHYSICAL Jupiter.	♃.
♃. 6 ...	Circulation ...	Mutable.	Saṭṭva
	<p>The Physical reflects the Ātmic or Will Aspects. ,, Emotional ,, Buddhic or Wisdom. ,, Mental ,, Mānasic or Activity.</p>				

In the above Table II, it will be seen that the mānasic consciousness is not only abnormally *active*, but the rulers of the higher principles are well stationed at the base of the higher triangle,¹ a rare condition with such a combination.

The ascendant is the intuitive, rājasic and active sign Aries, in which Uranus is placed, showing the will to be intuitive and free to act on the mental plane.

In the kāmic region we find the Moon and Jupiter on the active plane of "feeling." This denotes much physical sympathy and the power to *feel* for all who suffer on the physical plane.

Astrological students will note the value of 'mutual reception' and 'exaltation' in this scheme. The mental, and the physical are blended or united in the emotional region, and supported by Saturn, the *balancer* of the emotions in the sāttvic sign ♄ governing emotion, a very significant position.

Finally, Mars takes its place in the tāmasic sign Taurus on the physical plane, and represents the karma of the early life, and the power in the latter half of life to secrete all its energies and use them with the *will*, represented by Uranus.

The intuitive student will find much in this plan that will commend itself, especially if he is interested in Theosophising his astrology, or astrologising his Theosophy. Needless to say the whole scheme may be considerably elaborated and made very illuminative from an esoteric standpoint; for instance, the mutable and sāttvic signs are dualistic and form in themselves critical states between the planes they represent. Each triplicity of signs corresponds to Body, Soul and Spirit; or mental, emotional and physical.

If the numbers corresponding to the houses on which the zodiacal signs are placed at birth, in any given

¹ A diagram would have illustrated the idea better than a Table, but this would have been too elaborate, and somewhat confusing.

horoscope, are placed against the signs in the order of Table I the kârmic relations can easily be discovered.

The chief kârmic planets are ♁, ♃, ♄ and ♀ with their reflexions in ☉, ☽, ☿ and ♁, each modified or accentuated by the divisions in which they move, and by their relation to each other by aspects.

In this respect the planets represent spirit or mind, the higher and lower mental planes over which the rājasic guṇa presides. The zodiacal signs, the soul, or kâmic and physical planes governed by the ṭâmasic guṇa. The aspects, or relations between the whole, representing the 'bridge' or individualiser, are connected with the dualistic sāttvic signs.

In bringing this article to a conclusion it may not be out of place for the writer to say that, as a member of the T.S. for over twenty-one years, he has not only been surprised and disappointed in finding Theosophists indifferent to Astrology and its teachings, but especially to have met *many* who were unwise enough to state that as Theosophists they were no longer affected by the stars, an assertion tantamount to saying that they were no longer functioning in the solar system!

The statement has been often made, and it will bear repeating. None save an Adept lives *up* to his horoscope, and he *alone* is the wise man who *rules* his stars; all lesser men *try* to rule them.

To have lived beyond the vibrations of Mars alone is a great achievement, for this means the purification of the astral body, the transmutation of 'feeling,' the attachments and emotions, to such an extent that an impure thought or feeling cannot approach it without being burnt up in the fire of love so pure that nothing short of divine compassion can enter; even to live up to a few of the higher vibrations of Saturn would mean a patience and self-control so perfect as to bear the burdens of others without a murmur or thought of complaint or discontent.

Of the perfect grace and beauty of Venus, and the matchless adaptability of Mercury, it is needless to speak.

Even to have transcended the Zodiac means a first Initiation, to say nothing of understanding the vibrations of the planets apart from the zodiacal signs. Such is the life of a Master of Wisdom and Compassion. His relation to all the world is a series of aspects that blends and unites all things into a homogeneous whole, and He knows the steps upon the ladder which all aspirants *must* climb; and though it may seem a far cry from an uncontrolled and careless Martial influence, to which many respond, to a Uranian synthesis of all influences into the ONE, those steps *must* be climbed, if we would come within measurable distance of Their divine presence.

ALAN LEO

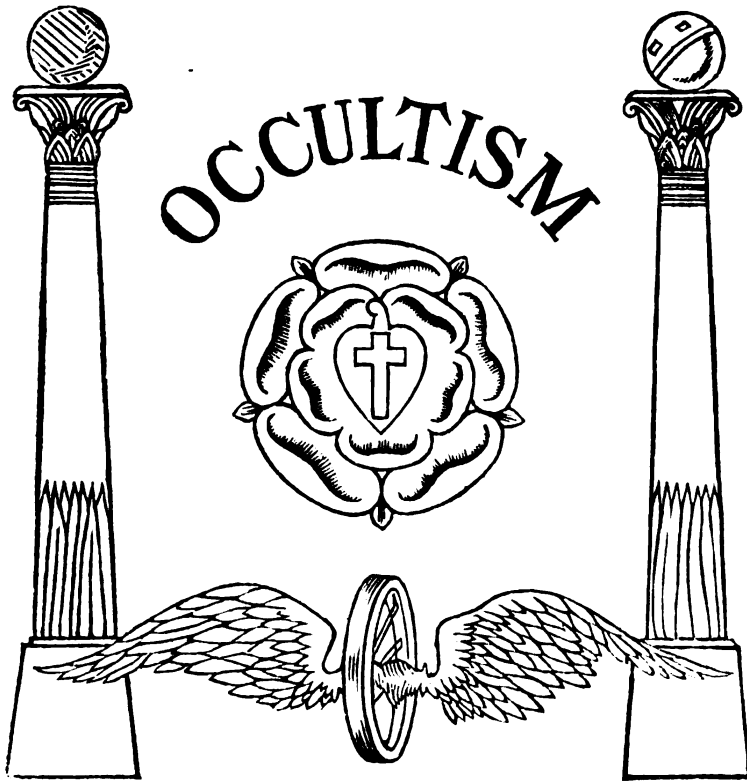
THE RISING SUN

I climbed up the hill and, panting with the exertion, reached the top in time to see the sun sink to rest in a flood of glory. I was not the only spectator, for there was a large band of merry-makers, who for the moment were rapt in silent ecstasy, as the huge orb slowly descended into the western ocean. We stood gazing till he had sunk below the horizon, leaving behind him a flood of the most gorgeous colors, which melted into one another till each combination appeared more beautiful than the last. When the shades had finally superseded the glorious panorama, I had time to look round me, and then saw a boy sitting apart from his companions. I went up to him, and putting my hand on his shoulder broke into his reverie: "Tell me," I said, "why are you not enjoying the magnificent spectacle we have just witnessed?"

He raised his deep blue eyes to mine and smiled:

"Have you not read your Kipling, that that which is alive is already on its way to death? My friends have been paying homage to a setting sun, the glory of which was bound to pass. I am content to gaze into the shadows, waiting for the coming of the new sun, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." His musical voice ceased; but, looking into his eyes, I saw a deeper meaning than appeared on the surface, and sat down at his feet. Together we passed the night in high and holy converse, till we beheld the first rays of the rising sun; then together descended the hill to work while it was day, bathed in the light and radiance of the new Divine Manifestation.

K. B.



RENDS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

THE LIVES OF ORION

IV

WE now come to a very remarkable series of three lives which may in many respects be considered almost as one life, since there is no interval between them. The first of these occurs in the Nilgiri Hills, where in 21,540 B. C. Orion was born into one of the hill tribes of Southern India. She was a remarkably good-looking girl, much above the average of the tribe; very clever also in gaining any object she desired, but unscrupulous as to methods. She intended to make her way in life, and

therefore she learned to read and write the Tamil language, an unheard-of accomplishment for a woman of her race. She engaged herself to serve a noble Tamil lady, living near Bangalore, in order to learn the habits of cultured life. She had developed some affection, and had a brother (Egeria) whom she loved very much. However, she loved power more, so she left him and her home, and took this service at the age of fifteen, rejecting with scorn the love of several suitors of her own race. She was appointed to attend upon the Tamil lady's daughter, Iota, a young woman of eighteen, and she soon succeeded in so pleasing her mistress that she became her confidante.

In this Tamil family, kept as an heirloom, was an enormous emerald credited with magical powers. It had been magnetised in Atlantis, by one of the Lords of the Dark Face, and it was supposed to win for its possessor whatever he most desired, but it always brought misfortune in the end, because those who used it became the tools of the original magnetiser. Iota persuaded her father, who idolised her, to give her this wonderful stone, and to arrange for her a marriage with a young neighboring King, Theodoros. She was not of royal birth, but the power of the emerald enabled her father to manage it. As the messenger who was sent to investigate reported the young woman as beautiful, the King accepted the offer, and sent an escort to meet her. According to the custom of the period, before leaving her father's house she put on a heavy veil, to be removed only by her husband. She took with her three attendants, our heroine being one of them. The journey occupied several days, and they encamped at night in tents.

During this journey a powerful temptation came into the mind of our heroine. Realising that the King had never seen his intended bride, that (owing to the custom of the veil) the escort had not seen her, and that she herself was about the same height as her mistress and not unlike her in general appearance, she conceived the

idea of murdering her mistress, seizing the magic emerald, and herself playing the part of bride. After weighing the probabilities carefully, she decided to try it, and stabbed the young lady when asleep. One of the other attendants heard something and came in, but after a short struggle was also stabbed. Our heroine then awakened the youngest attendant, Kappa, with whom she had formed a friendship, and threatened her also with death, unless she kept the secret and supported the scheme. The attendant was very much terrified, but was forced at the dagger's point to agree, and also to help to carry away the bodies of the two murdered women.

The young lady's escort was camped as a guard around her, so Orion had to carry the bodies of her murdered mistress and fellow-attendant through this camp and elude the watch. This was achieved after encountering many dangers and having many narrow escapes. As she accomplished this successfully, she must have been possessed of much courage.

In the morning, Kappa was made to announce to the escort that the bride had suddenly decided to dismiss two of her maidens, and had sent them back home. As the late mistress had always been capricious, this was accepted merely as a fresh instance of her whimsicality, and the party proceeded without suspicion, and duly arrived at its destination. The heroine had of course possessed herself of the fatal emerald, and King Theodoros, glamored by it, was quite satisfied with his bride, who was indeed a very presentable person, and had caught to perfection the manner of her late mistress. The marriage took place with great pomp and ceremony. The King, much in love, behaved very kindly to his young wife. At first she was always afraid of discovery, but grew easier in mind as time went on; she became much attached to her husband, attained great influence over him, and on the whole used that influence for good purposes.

The King was fond of hunting, and cared more for his pleasure than for administering with justice the affairs

of the State. Orion took a fancy for listening behind the lattice to the cases which came before him for judgment. Her sharp intuition, and her knowledge of the ways of common life as a hill-woman, enabled her to judge keenly and justly; and the King, by taking her advice, gained fame for cleverness in decision, and for just judgment, and was therefore much pleased with her. She did, however, allow herself to be bribed when the consideration was large enough. She had several children, and was on the whole content, though often haunted by the dread of discovery. For example, the father of her late mistress once journeyed to pay his supposed daughter a visit, and she was put to many awkward shifts to excuse herself from seeing him. From this incident she acquired the reputation of being proud and heartless, for of course the father thought it was because he was not of royal blood that she would not see him.

She specially loved her eldest son Cygnus, a fine handsome boy. After ten years the King took a younger wife, a princess of a neighboring house, mainly for reasons of state, but as our heroine retained her influence unquestioned, she tolerated the new wife and was kind to her in a rather contemptuous way. The new Queen also had two children, a boy and a girl.

Trouble, however, now came from the younger attendant, Kappa, who alone knew of the two murders. When enquiries had been made about the two attendants who were supposed to have returned, it had been thought that they must have met with some accident, or been captured by robbers, and though some enquiry was made, nothing was discovered. Kappa (whom Orion had advanced to great honour at court, and had married to one of the young noblemen who attended on the King) eventually revealed the story to her husband, and he at once began to blackmail the Queen in various ways. This continued for some time, causing her great fear and trouble, so that she began to carry poison on her person, to be used in case of exposure.

At length, encouraged by his success in blackmailing the Queen, this young nobleman formed a plot to seize the throne, and forced the queen to join his conspiracy. The plot was discovered, and the nobleman tried to save his life by revealing the whole story to the King, who was most astonished and indignant, feeling most of all the outrage to his royal line of having been deceived into marrying a hill-woman. The Queen was thrown into prison and condemned to death, and her children were banished. She was desperate at the failure of all her plans, but perhaps felt most of all that her beloved son would not now inherit the throne. She tried hard to obtain pardon or mitigation of sentence, but the King was obdurate. The day appointed for her death arrived, and she was in despair. As a last resort she seized her emerald, which she had been able to conceal about her, and passionately invoked any deity that might be connected with it to help her. A dark, strong-faced man appeared to her, materialising in the room in which she was confined. He listened somewhat contemptuously to her prayer, pointed out through the little barred window at a child (Sigma) playing in the courtyard below, and said:

“Throw out the emerald to that child, and I will save you.”

She at once did so, whereupon he ordered her to take the poison. This acted instantly, and as she passed from her body, the child also fell as if in a faint, for the magician forced out the child's ego from its body, and introduced into it that of the Queen.

V

At first everything felt very strange to her, because she could not at once gain control of the little body which she now occupied. However, the magician guided the child for awhile, and compelled her to secrete the magic emerald and bury it. When the guards came to conduct the late Queen to execution, she was of course found dead in her

cell. The great emerald could not be traced and was thought to have been stolen. The little Sigma, whose body Orion had taken, was the daughter of the King by his younger wife. Orion was a little dazed for a time, and in spite of all the care which she tried to exercise certain differences were observable, so that the child's reason was supposed to be affected, and although later she seemed to recover somewhat, she was never quite the same as before. However, as she was only a child of six, her condition was not much noticed except by her mother.

The girl grew up, and while still quite young was contracted in marriage to Leo, who was the Crown Prince of a neighboring kingdom. Her memory of her past life was perfect, and she had great difficulty in controlling her speech; but she learned by degrees to say nothing unsuitable to a child. Nevertheless, she occasionally forgot herself, and employed some of her old gestures or forms of speech, so that the mother half suspected that the dead Queen sometimes obsessed her. She never dared to show the emerald, but secretly dug it up before leaving home to marry the prince, and carried it with her.

Her husband proved on the whole good-natured, though arbitrary and subject to fits of passion when crossed. He was rather a dissolute man, but kind to her. After a time she showed him the emerald, alleging that the late King had given it to her when a child. He and his father the King were glad enough to possess the celebrated jewel, and it never occurred to them to doubt any part of her story.

This emerald had been magnetised long ago by a Lord of the Dark Face. It formed a link between the magnetiser and its possessor, so as to give the magnetiser a power over the other, who became his tool. The possessor's will to achieve that which he desired was greatly increased by that of the magician who had charged the gem with his thought. So on the whole the

person who possessed the emerald was likely to obtain what he wished. This desire was generally for the love of one of the opposite sex, or for power to influence another to do the will of the emerald's owner.

Its magnetism enabled Orion to dominate her husband, and since he acted under his father as governor of a division of the kingdom, she began to gratify her love of power by playing again her old part. She was ambitious, and craved a wider scope, so she urged upon her husband to try to persuade his father to retire to the jungle and give up the kingdom to him. Eventually, by bribing the old King's spiritual advisors, she achieved her end, and her husband was proclaimed King. To a large extent she dictated, through him, the policy of the country, and schemed to enlarge its territory and her own power. Intrigues of this sort eventually involved them in war with two neighboring kingdoms, which combined were obviously too strong for her, so she looked around for assistance, and decided to ask for it from the great Atlantean power.

The rulers of Atlantis at this time claimed the nominal suzerainty over much of South India, and they actually appointed governors for some districts, but more often the native Kings ruled practically without interference, though most paid a small tribute. This particular kingdom was entirely independent, but the Queen persuaded the King that it would be better to offer nominal adherence to the far-away Toltec Empire than to be conquered by their neighbors. The King therefore sent to the Toltec Viceroy of South India saying that he was desirous of enjoying the blessings of the Emperor's protection against other native Kings. The Viceroy accepted his offer of allegiance in the name of the Divine Ruler of the Golden Gate, and sent word to the enemies that that if they attacked the King, they would have to meet the Toltec armies as well. Consequently they

refrained, and the Queen's policy triumphed, but at the cost of the independence of the country, and many of the people grumbled.

Later she suffered from some internal disease, and gradually wasted away and grew weaker. When she knew positively that her disease was incurable and that death was drawing very near, she once more appealed to the Master of the Emerald. For a long time he took no notice, but at last he appeared to her in a dream, and told her that he would help her to take another body, and that it must be that of her own daughter (Theseus) whom she loved very dearly. She pleaded against this, but he quite callously remarked that it must be that or none. Thinking over it, the next day she resolved that she would not live at the expense of her daughter, but after many days of increasing suffering, she gradually came to the decision that it must be done. The instructions given in the dream were that she should take the child and drown it, then hang the emerald round its neck and drown herself, and then she would be helped to seize the little body as she left her own. With much reluctance and horror she carried out this programme; she took the child out to the river bank and with great difficulty held it under the water, until it lost consciousness; then she laid its body upon the bank, hung the gem round its neck and threw herself into the river. She sank, and her body was drowned and swept away, and presently she was aroused in her new form by an attendant who had found the child-body and was weeping over it and chafing it.

VI

It took Orion some little time to realise that a change had once more taken place, and she only gradually grew accustomed to this new vehicle. At first remorse troubled her, but she soon forgot her scruples in the interests of the new life. Naturally in many ways she was an old-fashioned child, but as this body was older than the

other which she had taken last time, it was harder to adapt. She was very impulsive, and thought only of herself, caring nothing for the discomfort caused to others by her whims. The body was ten years old when she took it, and as it grew she gradually obtained more control over it. But in this body she could not advise the old King, and he was much less successful and diplomatic when left to himself.

Discontent had long been smouldering in the kingdom with reference to the unpopular submission to the Toltec power, and advantage was taken of that feeling to promote a rebellion. A battle took place, and the King was defeated and killed. The Toltec Viceroy sent a force to suppress the insurrection, which was speedily done, and then he appointed one of his officers to take charge of the government, until instructions arrived from Atlantis. Alcyone, the son of Leo, had an unquestionable claim to be placed upon his father's throne, and had he pressed it the Viceroy could not have ignored it. But there were many points to take into consideration and many difficulties in the way; Orion's action had made the dynasty unpopular, and he could not have seated himself firmly on the throne without wholesale slaughter, to which he would not consent. So after long and careful consultation with his wise wife Herakles and with the priest Mercury he decided to let matters take their course. Indeed, as soon as he could be persuaded that his duty did not compel him to take action, he was glad enough to put aside politics, for which he had no love, and devote his life to study.

His sister Orion saw clearly that the days of the independent kingdom were over, and thought it might be politic to fascinate the officer in charge. As she was clever and pretty, she had little difficulty in getting up a flirtation, and acquiring considerable influence over him. She was however wise enough not to marry him, as she reflected that a permanent governor would probably be sent from

Atlantis, and she meant to lay her plans for ensnaring *him*. After nearly two years Sirius arrived as the new governor, a rather serious man of about thirty, just the age of her body, though she had held it only twenty years. She set to work to try her arts on him, but he did not seem very responsive at first. As she came to know more of him she was greatly impressed by his character, and ended by falling desperately in love with him. Under the influence of this feeling she put aside her arts, became natural, and therefore much more attractive to him, and he began to be strongly interested in her. Though before he came she had deliberately planned to marry him, she now experienced very mingled sentiments, passionately desiring his love and yet somehow fearing it.

At last Sirius formally demanded her hand in marriage from her brother Alcyone, who agreed, and she became his wife. He was a man of strong principles and religious feeling, and she now looked back upon her previous proceedings in an entirely new light. She often wondered what he would think about it if he knew, as she found that he had decided opinions about truth and straight-forwardness, and was apt to be scornful and contemptuous of those who failed in these virtues. So she was glad that he could not know her past, but inconsistently, as she grew more and more deeply attached to him, she constantly felt promptings to tell him. The struggle between these opposing feelings became stronger as the years rolled on, and she was worn out with it, and felt as if she was torn asunder.

Sirius saw that she had some trouble, and repeatedly asked what it was, but she would not say. At last she made up her mind to go to Mercury, a learned spiritual teacher whom she had hitherto rather avoided, and under the seal of secrecy she told him the whole weird story, asking his advice. He said that in order to break the spell a great sacrifice was necessary; that she must throw the emerald into the sea, tell her husband everything

and then renounce him and her six children and live as an ascetic. She was heartbroken, but was resolved to carry out his instructions; the teacher himself went with her to the beach, and she hurled the gem as far out into the sea as she could. Then the teacher pronounced over her some solemn invocations, blessed her and sent her home to tell her husband.

Sirius was very much shocked, upset and utterly confounded. At first he was too much dazed to do more than comfort his wife, but was soon able to rally his wits a little, and protested against the decision of the teacher that they must separate. He and his wife went together to call upon the teacher, and Sirius presented the case to him. Of course, he recognised that it was a terrible business to be connected with black magic, but he argued that for that very reason the two should stand together to see it through, for it was obviously the husband's duty to help and sustain his wife. He also urged that as there were six little children, it would be unfair to them to take away their mother. The teacher agreed that all this was true, but insisted that the husband must think of his wife's welfare as an ego; not so much of their common welfare and happiness in this life, as of her becoming free of this attachment to the black magician. The wife agreed, and named her trusted friend Helios as foster-mother of the children. She tried to persuade Sirius to marry this friend. He, however, while perfectly willing that she should take charge of the children, declined to make her his wife, as he said that if he did so, he should feel himself not thoroughly faithful to Orion.

Orion then renounced her husband and children, and retired to a cave to lead the life of an ascetic. Sirius tried to make everything as comfortable as possible for her. He arranged with the teacher that he be allowed to visit his ascetic wife once a month, and these visits were kept up until her death about twenty years later.

The magician troubled her greatly at intervals for a long time, often appearing to her and commanding her to yield herself to him. The bond already existing between them enabled him thus to attack her; but, following the advice of Mercury, she never failed to resist with all her strength, though the struggle left her utterly exhausted. Mercury encouraged her, saying that this acute suffering was part of the price that had to be paid, but that if she were steadfast, final victory was sure, and when that was obtained, it meant perfect freedom through all future lives from that particular evil influence. After a few years of almost incessant contest, she developed strength enough to become almost indifferent to the assaults, and the intervals of attack decreased, until at last she was annoyed no more.

After this Mercury congratulated her and gave her a message from some greater person, to the effect that this which had been done was well done, but it was part of the work only; that there were still many weaknesses to eliminate at the cost of much suffering, and many powers to be acquired; but that when after the storm the flower of her soul should unfold "she should become a Master-builder in the Temple, and through her the world would rejoice."

So Orion died as an ascetic, and was regarded as a holy person. Sirius resigned, had another person appointed as governor, and returned to Atlantis, Alcyone accompanying him, as has already been described in the lives of the latter.

Of all the lives which we have yet examined, this series of three is perhaps in many ways the most remarkable; indeed, we might almost include in that remark all the six lives of Orion which have been so far laid before our readers. To dabble in black magic to some extent has probably happened to all of us at some time or other in our past history; our very desire for knowledge upon occult matters is likely to have brought us into touch with it; but this

goes beyond mere dabbling, and involves much unscrupulous sacrifice of life. The eleventh life of Alcyone may be considered as in some way corresponding to this, for he (or rather she) was then born into undesirable surroundings among a race of barbarous religious practices; but he seems always to have regarded them with horror, and eventually he broke away from them at the cost of an absolute renunciation of all that he knew as life.

That, however, is obviously a case widely different from this, for it is impossible not to observe that Orion, in his life in Hawaii described last month, lived much as did his neighbors, not appearing to feel himself out of place among them, though cleverer than they. He continued in the same general attitude of mind until in the sixth life he came under the influence of Mercury, Helios and Sirius, which re-awakened in him qualities until then to a great extent dormant, and brought him into a condition in which the higher Self could once more dominate the lower.

Yet it is evident that in the first three lives of Orion we are watching, not the gradual upward progress of an ego who properly belongs to the semi-savage level of the people among whom he finds himself, but rather of one who is really much higher in evolution than they, and has been thrown down among them by the action of karma—probably as the result of some serious failure not long before the point at which we have taken up the enquiry into this series of lives. That something of this sort must have happened is shown by the fact that in 70,000 B. C., we find Orion as the child of Mercury, and as His grand-daughter in 32,000 B. C., so that he has evidently been one of the group from a very early period. That the karma of that fall, whatsoever it may have been, is not far from exhaustion is shown by the other fact that in this present twentieth-century incarnation (the 25th according to the numbering of this series) Orion has the honor of being put upon probation by Mercury.

Exactly what that means I have described in *The Inner Life*, p. 42; and it will be seen by reference to that description that a Master never admits a person even to probation unless He considers that there is a reasonable probability that in the same incarnation he will be able to enter the second stage—that of accepted discipleship. So we have every reason to hope that, as the years roll on, Orion will tread in the footsteps of Alcyone and prove an able lieutenant to him. Progress so rapid as Alcyone's has been in this life, is the result only of such a series of lives as he has lived, and it is not every one who can yet achieve that; but, as was said last month, the goal of discipleship is the same for all, though the ways by which we aim at it, and the rates at which we move, are as diverse as our own dispositions.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

IV

- IOTA : ... *Tamil lady's daughter. Attendants : Orion, Kappa.*
- ORION : ... *Brother : Egeria.*
- THEODOROS : ... *King. First Wife : Orion. Son : Cygnus. Daughter by Second Wife : Sigma.*

V

- ORION : ... *(In the body of Sigma). Husband : Leo. Sons : Alcyone, Albireo. Daughters : Theseus, Beatrix.*

VI

- MERCURY : ... *Spiritual Teacher.*
- ORION : ... *(In the body of Theseus). Husband : Sirius. Foster-mother to her children : Helios.*

NOTE—The full list of *Dramatis Personæ* will be found in the third life of Alcyone, Vol. XXXI, page 929.

A HELPER'S EXPERIENCES IN THE UNDERWORLD

(Concluded from p. 114)

On other occasions H. has found that his duty took him to certain places where evil influences had to be cleared away. One place in particular—a country house not a hundred miles from Dublin—was haunted by a man who had been a foolish practical joker in life and had not learnt sense since his death. He took great delight in frightening the superstitious peasantry of the country in various ways. He had to have severe treatment before his pranks could be stopped.

Once H. and some young occult students were gathered together in a certain place, when the conversation happened to turn on the famous mummy in the British Museum, which has caused such widespread devastation since it was brought to this country. It had, a few days previously, brought dire misfortune on two sceptics who went up to the British Museum and laughed in its face. One of the company, whom we will call J., who was always ready to tackle anything or anybody, suggested that it was about time that some investigations were made to find out what had caused the mummy to become charged with such a power of doing harm. Members will perhaps recollect that years ago, when the mummy was first brought to England, Mme. Blavatsky was asked by its then owner to see what could be done to prevent it from wreaking its vengeance upon those around it. Madame, however, on entering into the room where the mummy lay, was so taken aback at the dreadful influence surrounding it that she left it severely alone, and peremptorily ordered it to be taken out of the house. Having that incident in mind, H. suggested to J. that, as an Occultist

of Mme. Blavatsky's great power and experience had left the thing severely alone, it was hardly reasonable to think that raw young neophytes like themselves would be able to make any impression on it. J. however insisted that something ought to be done, and as H. did not like to evade any responsibilities or dangers his friend might be incurring, he agreed to investigate that night with him, while their bodies were asleep. The result was highly curious.

J. awoke suddenly in the night, in a state of half terror, half laughter, with the sensation of having been pursued by a horrible monster. He speedily recovered, and on the next occasion it was decided to make a vigorous attack on the creature. It was found to be what our President recently suggested it was—an artificial elemental of enormous power for destruction, made with conscious and deliberate design by some trained Occultist of those far-away Egyptian times, who knew very well what he was about. This elemental came into being like this:

It was the custom of those well-trained in Egyptian Magic to leave their bodies for days at a time. During the absence of the real man from the physical vehicle, the latter was carefully wrapped up and guarded; the longer the man was away from the body, the more elaborate were the wrapping arrangements. Frequently artificial elementals used to be made to protect the body, often so charged with force as to bring about physical results when some unwarranted intrusion caused them to discharge their stored-up magnetism. The longer the man remained away from his body, the greater Magician did he seem in the eyes of the populace, until in course of time they began to judge a man by the elaborate manner in which his body was guarded. Finally, knowing that death was only a temporary release of the soul from physical incarnation, they wrapped up the dead in a similar manner. On some occasions, when the gentlemen concerned were inclined to the black or grey side of things, they created artificial elementals of such force and power

that they would last thousands of years, provided that they were not called upon to discharge their force too often. Such at any rate seems to have been the case with regard to the particular mummy with which we are concerned. Here, in order to be quite precise, let me inform my readers that what I have called all along the 'mummy' is really only the top of the sarcophagus in which it was originally laid. The whereabouts of the actual mummy is not known; perhaps the High Priestess of Amen-Ra, who wore the body in question, has had some further incarnations since then.

The elemental, finding its *appui* gone, attached itself to the mummy-case, and was still busy executing its task of protection up to the time our investigators arrived upon the scene. Anyone who wishes to familiarise himself with the train of devastation left in the wake of the mummy's journey from Egypt till its arrival at the British Museum some twelve months ago, can find a full account of the same in *The Daily Express* for November 10, 1909.

The helpers had somehow or other to destroy this formidable creature, and, though they tried with all their strength, it took several nights' work before its teeth were fully drawn. Even now some influence still clings to it, but it is nothing like so strong as it was formerly, and we do not think it probable that our old friend the mummy will ever be able to do anybody any physical harm again. H. was much upset for several days. He was unable to sleep, and was much disturbed all round. At the end of the week, however, H. and J. went up to the British Museum and stood before the case, and the influences coming therefrom were practically nil; so they think they have settled that gentleman for good.¹

Quite one of the most remarkable events in connexion with the invisible helpers took place in one of the West-

¹ I believe our President is familiar with the adventures of the mummy in question. It would be interesting to have her opinion on it.

ern States of North America. It happened that H. on this particular night had no definite tasks to execute beyond the ordinary nightly round of cases. Members will remember that the 'Shepherd' of the Twilight stories tells us that each helper has to make regular visits to recently dead people, who are confined to the lower levels of the astral world during the early part of their post-mortem life. H. had, as it seems, already visited his most serious cases, and he was hovering about over the outskirts of a town in America when he came upon a restaurant garden, with a kind of theatre attached, where some entertainment was going on.

He came down to see what it was. It turned out to be a play, but he had some difficulty in following the piece, and finding himself rather bored, was on the point of going off when the people departed, the actors following suit immediately afterwards.

H.'s attention was attracted by a tall, handsome young fellow, who seemed to be having a heated altercation with another actor, a short, thick-set, sour-looking man. The two actors were walking in the garden. To the right and left of them were two artificial ponds decorated with fountains and statuary, in which swam placidly some gold fish.

The altercation was getting very violent, when H. noticed that the burly little man made a dash at the taller man, and suddenly hurling him into the water, did his level best to keep his head under it so as to drown him, at the same time shouting out: "I'll do for you."

The garden was by this time empty of people, though at the extreme end there seemed to be a group of noisy and semi-intoxicated merry-makers.

H. was now thoroughly awake to the seriousness of the situation, and decided that this attempted murder must be stopped at all costs. His first impulse was to try to attract the attention of the party in the distance—

but that proved futile, as they were too much absorbed in their revelry to be impressionable. Meanwhile the younger man was fighting desperately for his life, kicking and spluttering frantically in his efforts to keep his head above water. It was evident to H. that the fellow was getting weaker, and he felt that desperate measures were necessary.

He at once caused the murderer to fall headlong into the pond. In his fall he let go his grasp on his victim, and making the welkin ring with curses at his clumsiness he got inextricably tangled up in the long overcoat he was wearing, and was for the time out of the way. The young man seized the opportunity, and summoning up sufficient strength to climb on to the bank, lay there gasping for breath. The other man in the interim was splashing about in the pond. He crawled out swearing that he would do for his victim yet, and have another shot at drowning him. The younger man was so weak from his struggles to escape being suffocated, that he would be quite incapable of making any resistance a second time. H. saw plainly that the burly man would have no difficulty in accomplishing his object now, and a thousand different schemes to prevent a second attempt surged through his astral brain. He thought of rushing off to fetch the Initiate under whom he works, but he rejected that idea, deciding to put a stop to the whole thing himself. Just then a brilliant idea struck him. There were some heavy stones on the roof of the theatre; he seized one and caused it to fall heavily on the head of the would-be murderer as he was in the act of attacking his victim a second time. The blow stunned him completely, and the two men lay there side by side, one half-fainting for want of breath and the other quite senseless. The younger man thought that a miracle had occurred; he struggled to his feet, and, helped a little by H., managed to crawl to the far end of the garden where he attracted the attention of the party of revellers. H.'s work being over, he went off, but the memory of that exciting episode is stamped ineffaceably on his mind.

A piece of work done not long ago by a helper named O. who was in Bristol at the time, is worthy of mention. He found himself one night near Weston-super-Mare, and seeing what seemed to be a conflagration, he dived down below to see what could be done. It was as he thought; a hotel was in flames, and in it he found an old couple, half stupefied by the smoke. He managed to arouse them to the danger of the situation, but had the greatest difficulty in getting them out of the building. However, after a good deal of effort, he finally contrived to get them downstairs and out of the building into safety. O. brought the recollection of that night's work into his waking consciousness. Next morning, on reading his paper, he was not surprised to find that there had been a serious fire at Weston-super-Mare during the night, and that the only people saved were an aged couple who were acting as caretakers at the time. His feelings may be imagined, when he read further on that the old couple said: "We couldn't understand how on earth we ever got out!" thus showing they were in a measure impressed with the idea that they had both been providentially saved from death; and so they had, but it was providence assisted by O.

A curious characteristic in connexion with the workings in the astral body during the sleep of the physical is that excessive activity in the higher vehicles seems to produce disturbances in the physical body. H. tells me that that is so in his case, and he sometimes found that he had severe and repeated colds and general seediness if too active on the higher planes; hitherto we have been informed that the doings of the consciousness functioning in a higher sheath have no effect on the physical body.¹ However that may be, it is interesting to note in connexion with O. that, during the process of helping the old couple during the fire, a burning rafter (as he thought) fell

¹ It would be interesting to ascertain from other students whether such physical disturbance is ever caused.

and touched his leg. He moved quickly to avoid it, with the result that he awoke to find on the physical leg a painful burn. He decided to have it treated by a doctor, who was much puzzled by the nature of the wound; and after silently consulting with himself for some time, gravely informed O. that he was of opinion that it was a new kind of eczema.¹

Many are those who are burning with eagerness to be able to take part in the work of helping on evolution, but all of us should keep in mind the witty words of the President—that if we wish to work as Invisible Helpers in the astral world we shall first of all have to show that we are good Visible Helpers in the physical world, and until we do that we are not likely to be of much use on a higher plane.

Something is always demanded by the Great Teachers that stand behind, and that is that each aspirant should bring a little piece of fuel with him to keep burning the Fire of that Mighty Sacrifice by which the worlds were made; and the fuel, reader—well, that is service in the physical world.

H. O. WOLFE-MURRAY

¹Our President in her *Introduction to Yoga* mentions a similar case in her own experience.

THE SECRET NAME

THE DEATH OF BALDER

[The accompanying picture is the production of a gifted artist, Diana M. Read, who also writes the following description. Perhaps "The Death of Balder" would be a better explanatory title than "The Secret Name," though the latter better represents the central idea of the artist. The picture represents Odin holding the world in his hand and giving his benediction to the sacrifice of his Son.—SUB-EDITOR]

BALDER the Beautiful was the best beloved among the gods, and the most praised by gods and men. Therefore when there came to him, an immortal, foreboding dreams of death, all the gods gathered together at the doomstead to take counsel how such a woeful calamity might be averted. At last Odin, the ancient Father, himself set forth to ride downward into the Land of Hell for tidings of the manner of Balder's death, and to discover whether any atonement were possible. He was told that death, indeed, was inevitable, but the Father's anger was appeased by the prophecy of a mighty child to be born unto him who should avenge the woe.

Meanwhile Frigg (the Earth-goddess) had taken an oath from everything in the world not to hurt Balder; and this being done, the gods made sport in his honor, throwing stones and weapons of every sort at him, because there was nothing that would do him harm. Only Höder (God of Darkness), who was born blind, stood aloof and did not join in the sport.

Now of all the plants of the earth the mistletoe alone had been forgotten, for it was thought too insignificant to matter.

Then Loki, the God of the terrestrial Fire, and the maker of all mischief, plucked a bough of the mistletoe and taking it to Höder, said: "Why do you not also do



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honor to Balder?" and Höder replied: "Because I cannot see where he stands, and moreover I am without a weapon." Then Loki gave him the mistletoe, and guided his hand while he flung the bough at Balder. The shaft flew straight, and pierced Balder in the side, whereat he instantly fell down dead. Great was the mourning and the lamentation in Asgard for Balder the Beautiful, the best beloved. A funeral ship was prepared for him, and the shape of it was circular, and the masts of it were the trees of the world.¹ So vast was it that Thor himself was not great enough to launch it.

All the gods brought their best gifts as offerings, and Thor first hallowed the pyre with his mighty hammer; Balder's horse was brought with all its trappings, and the body of his dead wife—whose heart had broken for sorrow—was also laid by his side. Lastly came Odin, the All-father, and, first flinging into the flames his magic ring, he then bent down and breathed into his Son's ear the benediction of his Secret Name.

Thus Balder took away with him into the dark land of Hell, the Wisdom, the Power, and the System of the ancient Creator of all, there to keep it in safety until the coming of that day when the old world shall sink into the deep and be lost forever, and a new heaven and a new earth shall arise, wherein the war-gods shall dwell in peace together, and Höder and Balder shall be united in the Halls of Valhalla.

DIANA READ

¹ The ship represents the earth or body, and the dead Balder is the Spirit entombed therein.

IN THE TWILIGHT

“THIS comes from a lady friend in England, *not* a member of our Society,” said the Magian. “The facts of this story are known in the locality, and it seems to me interesting enough to read at our meeting.”

“Read away,” said the Vagrant, and the Magian read:

In a beautifully wooded part of the country in the Shire of—there stands a picturesque old Hall, surrounded by gardens and park, once well cared for, now neglected and dreary looking. The Hall itself, with its handsome gables, mullioned windows, fine terrace with stone balcony, and old fashioned sun-dial, looks as though it ought to have been the scene of happiness and contentment, not of the strange and sad events I am about to relate.

In the year which saw Napoleon banished to S. Helena, the last survivors of the family to whom the estate belonged were two brothers. The elder was an officer in the English army; the younger a clergyman, Rector of a small Church not far from the Hall. He was a widower, and had one child, a girl. Soon after Colonel N. came into his inheritance, his regiment was ordered to India; and, knowing that it would probably be years before he returned home, he placed the management of his property in his brother's hands, persuading him to leave the Rectory and take up his residence at the Hall.

Some years passed: communication at that time between England and India was neither easy nor frequent; and Colonel N., a keen officer, engrossed in his duties, soon ceased to write to his brother; and the Rector, settled at the Hall, absolute master of everything, began to look upon himself as owner, and upon his daughter, to whom he was devotedly attached, as heiress to the property.

Unfortunately however for his dreams and plans, Colonel N. married a young Irish girl, whom he tenderly loved. Her death at the end of two years, leaving him a baby girl, Mona, nearly broke his heart. Six months later the Colonel was attacked by fever; and feeling he would not recover, he began to settle his affairs, and to make arrangements for the future welfare of his child. He placed her in the care of his Indian servant, Hassim, giving him at the same time all his money and the jewels which had belonged to his wife, together with a letter to his brother, and papers proving the validity of his marriage. He made Hassim solemnly promise to take his little daughter to England, as soon as possible after his death, and deliver her into the guardianship of her uncle.

Hassim, faithful to his promise, after seeing his kind and generous master laid in his grave, started on his long journey with Mona; and, after a stormy voyage and many difficulties, owing to his imperfect knowledge of the English language, found himself and the child, one cold, foggy, autumn evening, at the gates of the old mansion.

Although unable to discredit his story, the Rector gave them a cold reception; and it did not take Hassim long to realise how unwelcome the little heiress was, and how gladly her uncle would get rid of them both, could he do so. This put Hassim on his guard; and as time went on, the difference made in the treatment of his little mistress and her cousin filled him with indignation and anger. While the one was surrounded with every luxury, and treated with kindness and consideration, as though she were the heiress, Mona, the rightful owner, was banished to the servants' quarters, and allowed to grow up in ignorance and neglect. Powerless to alter this terrible injustice, Hassim brooded over the poor child's wrongs until he could no longer keep silence. With a courage born of his devotion and fidelity, he one day sought Mr. N.'s presence; and in his broken English, deep emotion choking his voice, he reminded him how absolutely his

brother had trusted him with his daughter's happiness and welfare; that *she*, and not his own daughter, was owner of the estate; and implored him to treat Mona from that day with justice and kindness. Livid with rage, raising his hand as though about to strike him, Mr. N., in a loud and angry voice, commanded him to leave the room and *never* to mention the subject to him again.

Poor Hassim was overcome with grief at the failure of his appeal. Living at the Hall only on sufferance, a stranger in a foreign land, possessing neither money nor influence, he could only watch over his beloved charge with ever greater solicitude, hoping that as she grew older, her wrongs would become known, and that she would be restored to her rightful inheritance. With this end in view, Hassim constantly talked to Mona, telling her she must never forget that the Hall and everything in it belonged to her; and that when she was old enough, she must tell some one about it whom she could trust to send her uncle away, and help her to take possession of her own property.

Now, it is said that one evening, Hassim and Mona were sitting in a secluded part of the terrace, overlooking the lake, talking of her father, and of how different things would be were he alive, when suddenly the Rector appeared before them. He spoke sternly and angrily to his niece, and bade her return to her duties, and not idle away her time in foolish conversation. When she had disappeared, pale and trembling, the Rector turned to the Indian and threatened to send him away, unless he promised never to talk to his niece about these things again. Hassim, drawing himself up to his full height, his dark eyes flashing with righteous anger, called Heaven to witness the injustice done to his master's daughter, and pronounced a solemn curse on Mr. N. and his descendants, as long as the rightful owner was kept from her lawful inheritance. Mr. N., transported with rage, struck the Indian on the head with the heavy stick he

carried, and the poor man fell to the ground, dead, the victim of a cruel man's ambition!

The murderer was horrified at the result of the blow. With the usual instinct of self-preservation, his first thought was to hide the body. Dragging it to the edge of the terrace, he threw it into the lake. Then, returning to the house, he called the butler to him, and told him he had found it necessary to send Hassim away, and that he would never return. He also gave orders that his niece should be sent on a visit to a farmer living some miles away, saying that the change would help her to forget her servant.

It was easier in those days than it would be now to avoid suspicion, and Mr. N. hoped that now he was relieved from the presence he hated, he would be able to pursue his plans unhindered. The cruel murder was not however to go unavenged; rumors began to circulate among the servants that Hassim had been made away with, and that his ghost had been seen walking in the park. One night, the footman, who had been out late, came in shaking with terror, declaring he had seen the Indian standing at the edge of the lake, that he had suddenly disappeared, and that he had heard a loud splash, as though something had been thrown into the water. On another occasion, a laborer, returning from his work, saw the white-robed figure of Hassim standing in front of him, who, pointing to the lake, vanished. Moreover, strange voices which could not be accounted for were heard in the house. One evening, the butler vowed that when going into the library to close the shutters, he saw Hassim standing by the window, his hands raised as though in supplication.

Mr. N., overcome by a guilty conscience and cowardly fears, hardly dared to be alone, and never went out after dark; one evening he had been found by a gardener, crouching on a seat on the terrace, half dead with fright at something he had seen! From that

time nothing seemed to prosper with him. To his great sorrow, the daughter he loved so well, and for whose sake he had done so much wrong, had a severe illness which affected her brain; and the servants whispered with bated breath that she too had seen 'something' which had frightened her wits away.

After a time the Rector could no longer endure his life, and decided to shut up the Hall, and go abroad. With this end in view, in order to raise money for his immediate expenses, he told his agent to cut down some trees in the park, and sell the timber. The order was given, and the work of destruction began; but at the first blow of the axe, a voice, which seemed to come from the sky, said: "This tree is mine!" A second tree was struck, and again the voice said: "This tree is mine!" Urged by the agent, the terrified men began to cut another; but once more the voice said: "This tree is mine! this tree is mine!" The men could no longer bear it; throwing down their tools, they rushed from the wood; nor could they ever, either by threats or promises, be persuaded to return to the place again. When the agent, agitated by what he too had heard, told Mr. N. of the occurrence, the weird story proved too much for him, weakened as he was by the burden of his awful crime, and all the consequences he had had to endure. He was struck with paralysis, from which he never recovered, and died at the end of a few days. His daughter, brought up by strangers, was, although half-witted, forced into a loveless marriage, on account of her wealth, and died eventually insane. Her cousin's fate is unknown, but it is believed in the village, by the old people, whose grand-parents were young when these things happened, that she married a farm-laborer, and that they emigrated to America.

Hassim is still said to haunt the scene of his murder; and, to this day, the country people dare not walk through the wood at night, where the voices were heard. The

Hall stands uninhabited and desolate, a witness to the truth of the saying :

The Curse causeless shall not come.

"A good story," commented the Vagrant, "though the end is disappointing. Poor Hassim ruined his murderer, but failed to save the child he loved."

"And here is still another story from a different correspondent, this time a personal experience," said the Magian, and read :

I dreamt, on the morning of Thursday, July 14, 1910—between six and seven o'clock in the morning—that I was standing in a room in the company of others. I had the impression that I was abroad, and was standing in either a Chapel or in a large and lofty room in one of the historic Châteaux of France. But I saw no details of my surroundings, as my attention was concentrated on a girl who was acting as my guide, and who was dressed, it seemed to me, in one of the pretty foreign costumes now rarely, if ever, seen.

"Yes, it is haunted here," this girl said, "and I have the gift of seeing the poor .unfortunate one."

"Try to see him now," somebody—I do not know who—said.

The girl placed her hand on the panelled wall of the room, shut her eyes, and seemed to withdraw her consciousness inwards.

"I see him," she said, and then looking straight at me: "Do you not also see? It seems to me you should."

"I feel a dark and lonely presence. I see nothing," I answered.

The scene changed. I was taking part in an *al fresco* fête. The sun was shining, and all around me was gay and festive. Suddenly I became conscious of a man, dressed in sombre black, curiously cut and fashioned, re-

sembling somewhat a monk's dress, or the Geneva robe of a cleric, and whom, though he looked human and of flesh and blood consistency, I knew, directly my eyes fell upon him, to be the ghost of the room I had previously visited. This man approached me, and though he did not speak to me, his presence made me aware of his misery and his desire for help. His nearness conveyed to me the dreadfulness of the fate that was his, condemned as he felt himself to be—though why I do not know—to dwell betwixt heaven and earth, a habitant of neither, feared and shunned by all who could perceive him, lonely and lost in misery. And I knew that only in that old oak-panelled room could I do aught to help him.

And with the thought again I found myself in that large and lofty room, and now facing its ghostly occupant. But his mood had changed. No longer a suppliant, but defiant and triumphant, the man faced me, and I stood before him with my arms raised, my hands spread outward to ward off his closer approach; but he leapt upon me, crying, as he pressed his fingers to mine and I distinctly felt the contact of each finger, and knew his purpose was to draw vitality from mine: "You shall not! You shall not! You are human, and I too am becoming human again"—and as he spoke I felt his fingers as they clung to mine tighten their hold, become more solid, warmer, living, in a word, distinctly human: "I, at any rate, am now alive, am conscious of existence. If you work your will on me, how do I know what then will be my fate? I may vanish into space and nothingness," and, frantic with terror, it appeared he tried by brute force to bear me down. I stood firm. Slowly, firmly, I drew into myself the infinite strength that ever surrounds us; so fortified, I set every power I possessed on loosening the tie that bound the man before me to this place, and to his present fate. Suddenly he disappeared and was not, and I knew that my purpose was accomplished and I awoke.



D. A. COURMES.

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

DOMINIQUE ALBERT COURMES

ONE of our oldest members presents himself this month, M. le Commandant Courmes, of the French navy. He was born in Rouen on August 4, 1843, and at the age of seventeen he entered his country's service, and for thirty-five years he fought her battles in many seas, retiring finally in 1896, at the age of fifty-three, captain of a ship, having received many decorations, among them that of officer of the Legion of Honor, resigning all further opportunities of distinction for the sake of giving himself wholly to the service of Theosophy in France.

He had studied Spiritualism both theoretically and practically, and it was in the *Revue Spirite*, during 1877 and '78, that he published the first message of Theosophy in France, for in 1876 he had met some of the first writings of H. P. Blavatsky. During the struggle of the Commune in the streets of Paris, M. Courmes, then a naval lieutenant, had saved from destruction the spiritualistic records and a statue of Allen Kardec, and it may have been in gratitude for this that his Theosophical articles were accepted.

In 1879, our hero was shipwrecked on the coasts of South America and was invalided home to Toulon, where he lay sick in the Naval hospital, and was cared for by the young Dr. Pascal, the resident doctor, and formed with him the tie which made them fellow-workers in the good cause. In 1880, M. Courmes definitely joined the T. S., and in that same year he translated Colonel Olcott's *Buddhist Catechism*; when, later, he visited Ceylon, the High Priest thanked him for having helped to spread in the West

what he called this simple but accurate exposition of a great religion.

In 1884, M. Courmes had the pleasure of welcoming Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, with whom he had corresponded since 1876, at Marseilles, and spent some days with them. Two years later he had the joy of leading Dr. Pascal into Theosophy—one of the greatest services he could have rendered both to Theosophy and to France.

He saw Madame Blavatsky shortly before her passing, in 1891, when he promised her that he would translate *The Secret Doctrine* into French, a great task since achieved. The French Theosophical magazine, *Le Lotus Bleu*, was at this time edited by M. Arthur Arnould, a devoted Theosophist, but when he died, in 1896, there was no one to take his place; and it was this which decided Captain Courmes to retire from the Navy, and give his life to Theosophy. He took up the editorship of *Le Lotus Bleu*, and also issued a useful *Questionnaire Theosophique Elementaire*, which was translated into English and Spanish, but is now out of print. It was in *Le Lotus Bleu* that appeared the translation of *The Secret Doctrine*, completed in 1910. He also translated many articles by H. P. Blavatsky, C. W. Leadbeater and Annie Besant, working indefatigably to spread Theosophical ideas. When Dr. Pascal came to Paris as General Secretary, he had the aid of his much-loved friend, and the two toiled side by side.

Until the Section was formed in 1900, Captain Courmes organised the Paris work, but then proposed Dr. Pascal as the first General Secretary. He also organised the first International Theosophical Congress at Paris in this same year, an initiative that later blossomed into the regular International Theosophical Congresses which are now held every two years in some European country. After thirty years of friendship, and fifteen of ever-harmonious Theosophical work, the two co-laborers, Captain Courmes and Dr. Pascal, were parted, for the Doctor passed away in 1909, and the survivor wrote a loving tribute to his memory.

His last important literary work was the translation of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* into his mother-tongue.

M. le Commandant Courmes has ever shown a perfect loyalty to Theosophy and its leaders, an upright and courageous character, and a chivalrous honor. As befits one who has had the advantage of naval discipline, and who has wielded for years the absolute authority of a naval commander, he is a lover of discipline and has a manner a little authoritative; but it sits well on him, and his heart is as tender as a woman's. Brave and gentle, he is a friend to be loved, a colleague to be trusted, and well do I know that, in an hour of peril or of treachery, I should never call in vain on *mon ami Courmes*.

A. B.

THE LIBERATOR

He comes with lightning, and tempest, and roar
Of mountainous seas that rush on to the shore;
Or stealthily stealing at dead of night
He closes poor eyes that are weary of light.

He takes the sick babe from the mother's breast,
With the aged and suffering he lays it to rest.
Through horror of battle, through anguish and pain,
He gathers his own in his strong arms again.

But how, when, or where? what matters to thee,
Who know'st that his coming is but to set free?

U. M. B.

ELEMENTARY THEOSOPHY

OUR ELDER BROTHERS

IN the previous article we traced the steps by which a man may climb to the status of the Super-Man. Let us now consider the relation to the world of Those who stand at that great height, and who yet are of the human family, our Elder Brothers.

All religions look back to a Founder, who rose high above humanity; all ancient history tells of lofty Beings, who laid the foundations of nations, and guided them during their infancy and youth. We hear of divine Kings, of divine Dynasties, of divine Teachers; the testimony of the past is so unanimous, and the ruins remaining of past civilisations are so mighty, that we cannot reasonably declare the testimony to be worthless, nor the civilisations to be the unaided product of an infant humanity.

It is also noteworthy that the most ancient Scriptures are the noblest and most inspiring. The *Classic of Purity* of China, the Upaniṣhats of India, the *Gāthās*—fragmentary as they are—of Persia, are far above the level of the later religious writings of the same countries; the ethics found in such ancient books are all authoritative, not hortatory, they teach “as having authority, and not as the scribes.”

No religion denies or ignores these facts, as regards its own Teachers and its own Scriptures; but, unhappily, most are apt to deny or ignore them where the Teachers and Scriptures of other religions are concerned. Students of the WISDOM realise that all these claims must be impartially recognised or impartially rejected; and Occultists

know that while many legends and fables may have gathered round these mighty Beings, none the less They, of a verity, have existed in the past and exist in the present.

The Occult Hierarchy which rules, teaches, and guides the worlds is a graded Order, each rank having its own multifarious duties, and carrying them out in perfect harmony, working out a portion of the plan of the Supreme Lord, the Logos of the system, in a service which "is perfect freedom." Two leading departments of our section of this Hierarchy are concerned, the one with the ruling, the other with the teaching, of our worlds.

Those whom the Hindūs call the four Kumāras¹ are the chiefs of the Ruling Department, and the Manus of Rounds and Races are Their Lieutenants, with below them the grade of Adepts which numbers among its members Those called Masters to carry out the details of Their work. Theirs to guide evolution, to shape races, to guide them to continents builded for their dwelling, to administer the laws which cause the rise and fall of peoples, of empires, of civilisations.

At the head of the Teaching Department stands the 'Enlightened,' the Buḍḍha, who, when He passes away from earth, hands the Teacher's staff to Him who is to become a Buḍḍha in His turn, the Boḍhisatṭva, the actual Teacher of the worlds. This supreme Teacher is the ever-living Presence who overshadows and inspires the world-faiths, who founds them, as they are needed for human guidance, and who, through His Helpers among the ranks of the Adepts, guides each religion so far as is permitted by the stubbornness and ignorance of men. Every great spiritual wave flows from this department of the White Brotherhood, and irrigates our earth with the water of life.

In the grade of Adepts alluded to above are those to whom the name of 'Master' more peculiarly belongs, in

¹ "The Ancient Four." *Bhagavad-Gītā*, x. 6. Says H. P. Blavatsky: "Higher than the Four is only One."

that They accept as chelās, or disciples, those who have reached a point of evolution fitting them to approach the Portal of Initiation, and are resolutely striving to develop in themselves the qualifications before described. There are many of this rank in the Hierarchy—Those who have passed the fifth Initiation—who do not take pupils, but are engaged in other work for the helping of the world. Even beyond this rank some will still keep under Their charge chelās who have been long devoted to Them, the tie formed being too sacred and too strong to break.

The Theosophical Society is an open road whereby these great Teachers may be sought and found. We have amongst us those who know Them face to face; and I, who write, add my humble testimony to that which has echoed down the ages, for I too have seen and known.

ANNIE BESANT

THE MAHĀTMĀS: AN AUTHENTIC PIECE OF EVIDENCE

I had the good fortune of being sent for and permitted to visit a sacred Āshrama, where I remained for a few days in the blessed company of several of the Mahātmās of Himavata and Their disciples. There I met not only my beloved Guruḍeva and Col. Olcott's Master, but several others of the Fraternity, including one of the highest . . . Suffice it that the place I was permitted to visit is in the Himālayas, not in any fanciful Summer Land, and that I saw Him in my own physical body and found my Master identical with the form I had seen in the earlier days of my chelāship. Thus, I saw my beloved Guru not only as a living man, but, actually as a young one in comparison with some other Sādhus of the blessed company, only far kinder, and not above a merry remark and conversation at times. Thus, on the second day of my arrival, after the meal hour, I was permitted to hold an intercourse for over an hour with my Master . . . These are all stern facts, and no third course is open to the reader. What I assert is either true or false . . . Of course I am fully aware that many will discredit my account . . . As for the majority who laugh at and ridicule what they have neither the inclination nor the capacity to understand, I hold them in very small account.

DĀMOPAR K. MAVALANKAR in

Five Years of Theosophy



REVIEWS

Ancient Mysteries and Modern Revelations, by W. J. Colville.
(William Rider & Son, London.)

This is not an encyclopædia, as the title might suggest, but a collection of lectures on a variety of subjects that Mr. Colville dealt with during his six months' residence in Washington. The author has travelled extensively and read extensively, and there seems hardly a topic that he cannot tackle, from the mysteries of Egypt to Halley's Comet. In all, he sees the great oneness of our humanity, and he looks to the ceasing of all race and class antagonism. Though Mr. Colville no doubt writes with the esoteric side in view, the present volume may be said to deal rather with the phenomenal and external side. He has the pleasing knack of discussing subjects without unduly straining the credulity of the public. The pages on Pythagoras are interesting, and one notices the influence of Ed. Schuré. Indeed, Mr. Colville is especially useful where one is looking up a subject for the first time, as the references quoted enable the student to trace out the subject in greater detail than Mr. Colville's treatment is intended to cover. There is however, a tendency to give sentences from other authors (unconsciously, we have no doubt) without stating the sources. Some interesting interpretations of Old Testament history will appeal to many. Several kindly references to the Theosophical Society and to Mrs. Besant are made. The last Chapter gives an appreciative account of the psychopathic treatment given at Dr. Sahler's sanitarium, Kingston-on-Hudson.

S. R.

Survival and Reproduction, by Hermann Reinheimer.
(John M. Watkins, London. Price 7s. 6d.)

In this volume we have a brilliant and compelling study of the questions suggested in the title. They are, of course, dealt with from the author's own special standpoint. Regarding nutrition as of cosmic importance, he expounds in the most

telling way its effects upon survival, and upon all phases of reproduction from simple fission upwards. This work of Mr. Reinheimer's is too valuable to be dismissed in a brief review. We propose therefore with this volume, as was done with the same author's previous volume on *Nutrition and Evolution*, to offer a careful and detailed study of its fascinating pages. We feel it imperative to call the attention of our students to the important issues raised by Mr. Reinheimer. Not that we are by any means prepared to accept them *in toto*—they are too subversive of much that we find in *The Secret Doctrine* about the stages of racial development. But that will not deter the student from trying to gain another view of the facts; it should rather enlarge and broaden his outlook, and add to his mind yet another "angle of Truth." We must not omit to mention here that the book is well and carefully arranged, and with the exception of certain unfamiliar and technical words, will be found lucid and comprehensible by the serious student. It is of portable size, well-printed and well-bound, and should be readily welcomed to our bookshelves.

J. R.

The Essentials of Character, by Edward O. Sisson, Ph. D. (The MacMillan Company, New York. Price 4s. 6d.)

This book is a practical study of the aim of moral education, and the author has written it with the idea that clear comprehension of the essentials which go to make up human character will be helpful to teachers and parents, and to all those who have to do with the moral training of the young. His main idea seems to be that character springs from native impulses and tendencies in the child, and that out of this original endowment, by organisation and co-ordination, and by enlightenment, character arises gradually by imperceptible processes. It should be the aim of moral education to direct all these native impulses into the larger service of human ideals. The intellectual element in character he shows to be a very important factor, pointing out that as ideas become united with emotional warmth and volitional power they become ideals that dominate the life, and therefore the intellectual content is as essential to the idea as the emotional warmth, for the ideal must contain the particular knowledge fitted to stir the heart and guide the conduct in the right direction. He truly points out that character makes destiny in the individual, and in the race. He admits that no training which ignores the

individual differences between children will ever be very successful and yet, at the same time, he thinks it is more necessary to "recognise and bring to perfection the universals than it is to discover and cultivate the occasional talent for music and art, or athletic prowess, or oratory." Here we think there is room for difference of opinion. The author seems to have no knowledge of the laws of reincarnation or karma, therefore gifts of character to him are something "bestowed" on the "chosen few," instead of being the result of efforts made in previous lives by the individual himself. When he tells us that "not only disposition, but practically all the elements of education and character, are habit," he does not realise how much the habits of past births which he speaks of as "native impulses and tendencies," show out in the present character of the individual. The book is wholesome reading and will well repay perusal, but it lacks the fulness of explanation that only a knowledge of reincarnation and karma can give. A very complete 'Bibliography' is given at the end of the book.

M. H. H.

The Awakening, by Archdeacon Wilberforce. (Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, London.)

Three sermons by the famous Westminster preacher, which give in a convenient form the essence of the Archdeacon's religious philosophy. A foreword by our friend Miss Woods introduces the work. A favorite proposition of the author is that creation is a spiritual process, and to him, the Christian doctrines are statements as to the growth and fruition of the Heavenly germ. At the same time, he shows that the inspired cosmogony of Genesis is entirely in line with modern science. Would there were more preachers of the Archdeacon's calibre, for such are truly preparing the race to accept spiritual religion. Here are a couple of quotations, and our readers should judge for themselves:

The secret of the Lord, that thought was before matter, that all that has been evolved was involved in the Eternal thought, that I am a thought of God.

Christ is the evolving spirit who is slowly transfiguring the race from within . . . He conditions Himself in a separate human personality.

We fear our recommendation will come too late for Easter, but the book would make an appropriate gift for that 'queen of festivals' by which we know, as our author reminds us, that life shall live for evermore.

S. R.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

ENGLAND AND WALES

The past few weeks have witnessed considerable propaganda activity in our National Society, most of which is due to the power of one penny per day! If a greater number of our members will wake up to the value of combination in providing funds for carrying on propaganda work, very much more can be done in the future than has yet been attempted. The Preparation Fund, with one penny per day as its basis, has done well, but less than half of our members have as yet responded to it.

In London, besides the regular Lodge and Headquarters activities, three courses of public lectures were given—one at Hampstead, where Mr. and Mrs. Alan Leo have long been tillers of the soil; Mrs. Larmuth, so well known in Manchester, is now President of this Lodge, which promises to extend its sphere of work in the near future. A second course was given in North London and a third in Croydon, in each of which places we have Lodges working. The attendance was good at every lecture, great interest was shown, and full reports were published in the local papers. Mrs. William Bell of Harrogate and Dr. Hancomb of Southampton both gave most valuable assistance in this work.

The People's Free Theatre, inaugurated a year ago by Miss Gwendolen Bishop, has again been active in taking free and noble entertainment to the poor. Maeterlinck's *Sister Beatrice* has been played seven times, and report says that the performances were crowded. Speaking of the stage reminds me that a very favorable reception has been given to a clever and sparkling comedy which that illustrious Theosophist Mr. A. P. Sinnett has written. In *Married by Degrees* he deals with the curious psychological problem of a charming girl with a double personality. A young man in every way eligible woos and wins one of these personalities, and is dumbfounded when the other resents his accustomed liberties.

He sets himself to the hard task of winning this second personality which, in the meanwhile, has become enamored of an Italian count of dubious reputation. A situation full of humorous possibilities is the result; one report says that Mr. Sinnett has made full use of them. A happy issue is brought about by the hypnotic blending of the two personalities, in the process of which, presumably, the wicked count is quietly squeezed out!

The work of Dr. Haden Guest and Mr. Scott-Moncrieff calls for special report. Dr. Guest has devoted himself unsparingly to the work of the new propaganda office, and has successfully arranged and carried through a fine programme of work; old centres have been vivified and new ones stirred. Mr. Scott-Moncrieff has done and is doing work the value of which it is difficult to over-estimate; in every part of England he has labored, and his programme is not yet completed. In Bath, to single out one place for mention, they had a most successful week, and Mr. Scott-Moncrieff was invited to preach at Christchurch, one of the most popular and influential of the churches there. Mrs. Despard has shared the labors of this country propaganda by speaking at Swindon and Cardiff. The Society is fortunate in having two such speakers to represent it.

The sixty-seventh conference of the Northern Federation was held at Liverpool in February. The General Secretary Mrs. Sharpe, was present, and Mr. Ernest Outhwaite presided over the discussions and gave an admirable closing address on "Theosophy and Social Problems"—a topic which seems to be a certain "draw" in these days of pressing problems.

We are all glad to have Mr. J. I. Wedgwood back with us; the work is the richer for his stay at our Theosophical Mecca, Adyar, and we hear most favorable reports of the value of his addresses. Recently he spoke for the Spiritualist Alliance, where he is always heartily welcomed, as befits a grandson of Hensleigh Wedgwood.

Speaking at Portsmouth recently to the Free Church Assembly, Sir Oliver Lodge gave further proof of his profound conviction as to the spiritual basis of the world.

After a close and searching investigation, said Sir Oliver, he had come to the conclusion that there was a range of beings, extending up from man to the Deity, who were able,

in certain favorable conditions, to hold communication with each other. He had no doubt that the departed dead could hold intercourse with the living. He said that the bare possibility of the existence of the miraculous had been hastily denied. It was not necessary to object to miracles on scientific grounds. They need be no more impossible, no more lawless, than the interference of a human being would seem to a colony of ants or bees.

Dealing with the real simplicity of apparently most complex things, the speaker said the idea of God was essentially simple. "No matter how complex and transcendently vast the reality must be, the Christian conception of God is humanly simple. It appeals to 'the man in the street,' and this is always the way with the greatest things. The sunshine is not the sun, but it is the human and terrestrial aspect of the sun; it is that which matters in human life. It is independent of study and discovery; it is given us by direct experience, and for ordinary life it suffices."

Sir Oliver concluded with a few sentences which made a deep spiritual impression :

"Thus would I represent the Christian conception of God. Christ is the human and practical and workaday aspect. Christ is the sunshine—that fraction of transcendental cosmic Deity which suffices for the earth. Jesus of Nazareth is plainly a terrestrial heritage. His advent is the story, His reception the shame, of the human race."

Some of us feel that the wonderful reception given on all sides to the proposal for a peace treaty between America and England is a hopeful portent and a preparation for the days to come. Years ago we heard from Occult students that such a peace was to be, and it is to be hoped that nothing will arise to set back again this desired end. That the public mind of Europe is turning towards the fair hope of a world-peace, driven thereto by this appalling pressure of the burden of armaments, seems evident by the way in which the suggestions of President Taft and Sir Edward Grey are being welcomed on every side; it is as though a saturated solution were being suddenly crystallised before our eyes, at one last magical touch. May nothing occur to mar the work!

H. W.

SCOTLAND

Here in Scotland the Theosophical Movement is spreading as the result of propaganda work. During March the Glasgow and Edinburgh Lodges are co-operating in the work, and lectures are being given in Falkirk. Lecturers are also going to Forfar. We had the great pleasure of a visit from Mr. Lazenby in February, and, as is always the case when a fresh effort is put forward, renewed zeal and vigor were the result of his two week-end visits—one to Edinburgh and Leven and one to Glasgow. In Edinburgh the Lodges had an address given by Mr. F. R. Benson on 'Symbolism in Art and Religion,' which was much appreciated by all. The Glasgow Lodges are arranging for the Niebelung Ring lecture, to be given in preparation for the performances of the Ring later in Glasgow. Aberdeen, Dundee, and Leven are also very active, and the various centres meet regularly for study. The sale of Theosophical literature keeps up well, and favorable reports of lectures have been given in various newspapers. All are working in harmony, and in Scotland we try to live the Brotherhood we preach.

S. R. G.

HUNGARY

Notwithstanding that this last winter has been very cold in Budapest, Society was at its best in February, and naturally we expected small attendances at our Theosophical gatherings. Happily, it was the contrary; the interest had not lessened; about forty was the usual attendance, and there is a growing interest along Theosophical lines. A little fire has been lighted here and there, and we find a group gathering round it. We have one class in French, and another in German; and the second talk by Mrs. Oakley, given at the five o'clock tea in a wealthy Hungarian house, was attended by a number of eager listeners.

According to the printed programmes which have been sent out freely, Mr. Nagy Dezsö gave a lecture on January 29th, in the Magyar tongue, on 'What is Theosophy?' Mrs. Cooper-Oakley spoke on February 12th on 'The Change of Life that men call Death,' and on February 26th Gaston Polak, formerly of Belgium, lectured on 'Reincarnation as applied to the Law of Rhythm.' These three lectures were given in Prof. Geschwindt's Private Concert Hall, to nearly one hundred listeners.

Reading and thoughtful questions surely show study along Theosophical lines, and the lending library at Mrs. Oakley's is well patronised. The bookstores are also beginning to order Theosophical books for sale, but as yet the prices are not satisfactory; all these smaller details will soon be adjusted, we hope.

The home lectures and classes in Mrs. Oakley's rooms on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays are now a settled thing, and are well attended. On Mondays at 5 P.M. there is discussion in French, German and Hungarian. On Wednesdays at 8 P.M. the talk is in English, with occasional sentences translated into Hungarian; last week the topic was Cause and Effect, or Karma; an interesting discussion took place between a Doctor and a Professor, which led up to many strong points where science and religion meet. On Friday mornings the study-class looks forward to a peaceful hour, when the Adyar pamphlets are read aloud, or choice bits from *The Theosophist*; but mostly we dwell upon the working of Consciousness and the Spiritual Life. On Saturday, five o'clock tea is served, and open questions are propounded; the social hours are passed instructively, and many a one remarks: "Oh! the atmosphere here is so harmonious and restful." The meetings come so fast and so often that it is impossible to write in detail the grand work as it goes on.

On February 19th, Mrs. Oakley was asked to speak at the Peace Meeting given by the Stephen Society of Budapest. The large auditorium was filled, and there were several speakers, music, and a generally interesting programme, on which Mrs. Oakley was placed as second speaker. There was much applause, and flowers were presented, after which the invited guests adjourned to the Jägerhorn Hotel for a banquet. Here the toast of Mrs. Oakley's health was proposed for doing so much for the Peace Society, not only by words but by sending in names of new members.

One of the most interesting meetings was on March 1st, at Mrs. Oakley's home, where about fifty persons came to listen to the delightful lecture given by Mrs. Zipernowsky on this selfsame Peace question, which is very near the heart of a country like Hungary, that has had storm clouds on all sides. The pleasing manner of the speaker, the thrilling words and heartfelt sentiments captured the audience, and when interpreted into English by Béla de Takách, the entire theme seemed to

grow under its double treatment. Mrs. Zipernowsky's speech was so Theosophical that she was particularly requested to send it to Mrs. Besant for publication. The practical result was that ten new members joined the Peace Society.

On all sides we hear of the interest in Theosophy being stirred up and furthered, as a result of the new propaganda now being carried on.

On March 17th we start for Kolosvar, the capital of Transylvania, where Mrs. Oakley will lecture, and we are planning to go to Brasso (a large town on the border of Roumania) at Easter, to carry Theosophy there, as two of our new members in Budapest have their families in Brasso holding important positions in that place. These ladies will accompany us, and Mrs. Oakley will lecture as often as possible during her visit.

L. O.

NOTES

We take the following from *The British Medical Journal* :

A hospital for fishes seems a striking enough novelty in its way, and the ingenious idea, needless to say, comes from America. Such an establishment has been set up at the New York Aquarium, and already a considerable number of finny patients have been attended to with an encouraging measure of success. The scope of treatment is naturally somewhat limited, and many of the diseases dealt with necessitate treatment of a very empirical kind, yet it would be too much to expect the piscine healing art to attain perfection from the very start. So far as we know, the diseases to which fish, especially fresh-water fish, are most liable are of a parasitic, protozoal, or fungal nature. These attack the skin and frequently give rise to extensive epizootics. Treatment of these cases has been attempted by the application of formalin and other antiseptics, as well as by the gradual change from fresh to salt water for a few days, which not infrequently kills off the parasite without doing much injury to the fish. Deformities and injuries are common enough, and these cases do surprisingly well under the skilful surgeon's hands. Tumours, benign and malignant, are of frequent occurrence amongst fishes, but they have not lent themselves as yet to operation. We have even seen a case, *post mortem*, of chronic pericarditis with cardiac hypertrophy in a fish, but there was unfortunately no previous record of the clinical signs and symptoms. It is not too much to believe, indeed, that fish are subject to the same ills as human flesh is heir to, and in spite of their undemonstrative nature, there

is no reason why we should not be able, if need be, to render them medical assistance in the same way as we do horses, dogs, and other animals which have come, voluntarily or otherwise, under man's fostering care.

Science is certainly moving in the direction of occult teachings, and that on many lines. A new proof of this shows itself in Dr. Coriat's book on *Abnormal Psychology*, which has just been sent in to us for review. In it are described many experiments which have been tried by celebrated doctors in various countries; and it is interesting to note the advance that has been made from the attitude which was generally held even only a few years ago. Hypnotism and suggestion are now spoken of quite freely as methods which are ordinarily used to effect a cure in the case of nervous diseases; and even crystal-gazing and automatic writing by the patient are admitted as means whereby information useful in the treatment of his case may be obtained. Medical science has also discovered that the thoughts and emotions of man create under certain circumstances a definite *something*, which then has an existence quite apart from the man, and may react banefully upon him. The fact that this *something* is called "a dissociated mental or emotional complex" instead of a thought-form or an artificial elemental does not perhaps matter very much. It may be remembered that mesmerism was utterly scouted by science, but was found quite acceptable a few years later when it had been re-labelled as hypnotism. A detailed review of this book will appear in our July number.

We are glad to welcome a new contemporary *The Pioneer*, published at 42, Westland Row, Dublin, Ireland, with the object of stimulating, organising and making articulate a growing body of thought which strives for nobler living. Our good colleague Mr. James H. Cousins is on the Editorial Board of this monthly, the first number of which is replete with good and instructive reading matter. We wish the journal all prosperity.

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

ASIATIC

The Adyar Bulletin, Adyar, April, 1911. 'Headquarters' Notes' speaks of the President's forthcoming tour and of her work in Calcutta. 'Prejudices,' by X. is concluded. 'The Mist of Yesterday,' by Isabel Foulkes is a nice little poem. Mr. Leadbeater writes in his usual thorough way an useful article on 'Clothes'. Marguerite Pollard begins a contribution on 'Theosophical Ideas in Modern Poetry' which promises to be interesting. 'A Vision,' by Dorothy Mary Codd has its own moral to impart. 'Spiritual Progress,' by H.P.B. is a reprint from a very old number of *The Theosophist*, but is as useful and instructive to-day as in the days gone by. 'Love Thou Thine Enemy' is a meditation in verse by F. T. Brooks.

Theosophy in India, Benares, March, 1911. There is nothing of particular interest to note.

The C. H. C. Magazine, Benares, April, 1911, is a very good number. We can give contents only: 'Karma,' by Annie Besant; 'Service of the Great Ones,' by G. S. Arundale; 'Study of the Purāṇas,' by P. K. Telang; 'Emerson,' by Miss Albarus; 'Koramdevi, the Mohil Princess,' by Josephine Ransom.

The Cherāg, Bombay, April, 1911. 'The Ten Divine Kings' is an original article; reprints make up the issue.

The Message of Theosophy, Rangoon, October-December, 1910 and January-March, 1911. We are glad to receive these again. The delay and obstructions in the bringing out of this monthly have improved it in printing and reading matter. We wish our Rangoon brothers all success in their laudable efforts for the spread of Theosophic knowledge.

EUROPEAN

The Vāhan, London, March, 1911, opens with a good review of our President's *Universal Text Book*. Reviews, news, and notes fill the rest of the space.

Theosophy in Scotland, Edinburgh, March, 1911. 'Symbolism in Art and Religion' is a report of an address by F. R. Benson; 'Occult Training' is a good little piece, and so is Mrs. Ransom's 'Indian Womanhood'.

The Lotus Journal, London, March, 1911. The place of honor is given to 'Buddha-Gaya,' by Alcyone; two pictures accompany the article. Mrs. Whyte begins 'Legends of the Round Table' and writes this month on 'The Birth of King Arthur'; B. M. Y. has a contribution on 'S. Gerasimus'; 'The little Fire-Fairy' is an interesting piece; 'The Brotherhood of Religions' is adapted from our President's *Universal Text Book*, and is to be continued; smaller but not less interesting contributions make up an excellent magazine, on which we must congratulate the indefatigable Editors.

Teosofisk Tidskrift (Danish), Stockholm, March, 1911. Among the articles are 'Two Roses'; 'Mysteries, Initiations and Christianity,' by Richard Eriksen; and 'The Power of Thought,' by Mrs. Besant.

Tietäjü (Finnish), February, 1911. A Reporter reports 'In the new Finnish Headquarters'; V. H. V. writes on 'The Primitive Civilisation of the Kalevala-people'; Aate tries to answer the question 'Why does materialism want that the soul should die?'; questions and answers are added.

Bulletin Théosophique (French), Paris, March, 1911. In this we find notes, news, an Adyar Letter from the General Secretary, who has been visiting our Headquarters, and some reviews.

Revue Théosophique (French), Paris, February, 1911, contains translations as usual, and among them the beginning of the Lives of Alcyone.

Sophia (Spanish), Madrid, January, 1911. The nineteenth year of this capital Theosophical Magazine of our Spanish brothers opens auspiciously with a fuller number than usual, full of varied articles from some of our principal writers: it contains also two photogravures, one of the late Countess Wachtmeister and the other of Dāmoḍar K. Mavlankar, and at the end is furnished with the customary Review of Reviews, bibliography and Theosophic news.

Bollettino della Società Teosofica Italiana (Italian), Genoa, January and February, 1911. This sectional organ appears in

new and improved garb, well-printed on better paper and with a more appropriate cover. Its contents are always well-selected, and it fulfils the important rôle of providing Italian Theosophists with the most recent Theosophical news and articles. A translation of Alcyone's article on 'Buddha Gaya' appears as a pleasant feature of the New Year's number, accompanied by two photographs. Among other matter Madame Ferraris gives a paper on Christian Science and the late Mrs. Eddy. The February number opens with Mr. W. H. Kirby's descriptive article on the thirty-fifth Convention of the T. S. this year in Adyar, together with Mrs. Besant's fine address 'The Opening Cycle,' at that Convention.

Ultra (Italian), Rome, February, 1911, contains among other matter: 'The Negative Side of Reality in Human Perception,' by Luigi Merlini; 'Pain and Joy from the Theosophical Standpoint' by Olga Calvari; 'Unity of Matter in Science and Spiritualism,' by Benedetto Bonacelli; 'A Vision of the Astral Plane in Plutarch.' The usual collection of anecdotes and excerpts from spiritualistic sources appears, and also a Review of Reviews, Theosophic and otherwise.

AMERICAN

The Theosophic Messenger, Chicago, February, 1911. Mrs. Russak writes a story on 'Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it'; 'Logos-Monad-Ego-Person'; 'Sacrifice'; 'The Fundamental Education of Children'; 'Hearken ye!' (a Parable of interest and value); 'Sacrifice in Service' and 'The Inner Round,' by W. V. H.; 'Vampyrism' and other papers, along with the usual columns, keep the magazine at its accustomed level.

La Verdad (Spanish), Buenos Aires, January, 1911. A good magazine. The chief article is a translation of Mrs. Besant's *The Coming Race* from one of her *London Lectures*. A story is told from Mr. C. W. Leadbeater's *Other Side of Death* and a good diagram accompanies the same writer's 'Lunar Monads'. A curious prophecy by Don Pablo regarding Pope Pius X and the future of the Vatican as seen in the vision of an Irish priest, is distinctly interesting and merits integral reproduction. There is a good review of magazines and periodicals by Prasio.

O Pensamento (Portuguese), S. Paulo, Brazil, January, 1911. This number announces the formation of an 'Esoteric

Circle,' of which, with masonic looking dots and abbreviations, it publishes the rules and regulations. The 'Circle' appears to be composed of what the promoters call 'Ṭaṭṭwas' (or 'centres of irradiation')—these 'Ṭaṭṭwas' have names, and among the first is 'Ṭaṭṭwa Atkinson' and later on we notice one called 'Ṭaṭṭwa Helena Blavatsky.' The object apparently of the above 'Circle' is to discover and cultivate the occult and invisible forces latent in Man and in Nature; so far so good; but if for the teachings they rely on the pseudo-occultism and dangerous practices, so prevalent in a certain kind of literature largely advertised and circulated by pseudo-yogis with imitation Indian names, they are likely to derive quite obvious harm to mind and body rather than reveal to themselves or to others anything esoteric that is good.

AUSTRALASIAN

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, March, 1911. Among the original contributions is the second part of 'The Ten Commandments' and the sixth of 'Random Shots.'

Theosophy in New Zealand, Auckland, March, 1911. 'The Formative Will' is the second Convention Lecture of Amy de L. Graham. Miss Christie writes a report of 'The Adyar Convention, 1910-11'. 'Establishing New Lodges' by H. M. C. is a useful little paper. 'Responsibilities of Motherhood,' by C. Porteous is the third of the Sectional Convention Lectures. K. E. T. contributes 'A Tribute from Adyar'.

AFRICAN

The Seeker, Pietermaritzburg, March, 1911. 'Confession' and 'Why Contemplate?' by A. Tranmer; 'On the Way in which a Man may conduct his Business on Ethical Principles,' by Mrs. Cook; 'Equilibrium,' by Grihastha; 'Adyar Letter of Mrs. Taylor' make up the contents of this growing monthly.

Le Chercheur, Mauritius, January, 1911, continues the good work in a far-away land, and we wish the Journal greater success and usefulness.

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